

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

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FLAG BURNING

MUPPETS

THE REAL WORLD

BOSNIA

WOMEN'S
CONFERENCE

WUSB NEWS

LANGUAGE BARRIERS

MOVIES

OCEANSIZE

THE
DYSFUNCTIONAL
FAMILY CIRCUS

COMICS

Inside:

DIGITAL WASTELAND

BURN, BABY, BURN!

This article appeared in *The Stony Brook Press* Vol. XVI No. 16, and is being rerun for the sake of new students.

By John Giuffo

Campaign rhetoric, like Christmas, begins earlier every year. This especially holds true for presidential election years. Phil Gramm and Bob Dole have already started their bickering on the Senate floor and in the American political arena in their attempts to win the nomination for the Republican presidential candidate (which resembled nothing so much as two rapists with their eyes on Miss Liberty, arguing over who gets stuck with sloppy seconds), New Hampshire has already been courted by the three major Republican candidates, and that perennial favorite target of the right wing is once again under attack—the First Amendment.

Along with issues such as freedom of speech in electronic media, and the attack on Rap music and lyrics, comes the debate over flag burning. It is an issue that can be potentially very valuable for those that want to pose as the moral guardians of this country—if you support the constitutionally-protected right to burn the flag, then you are easily labeled Anti-American. It is a dangerous label to have attached to you, especially in the wake of the so-called “Republican Revolution.” Democrats are tripping over their own feet in an attempt to out-Republican the Republicans, and right-wing political mainstays have been getting signed into law in record numbers in the Democratic Party’s attempt to keep up with what they see as a change in the political climate of the country.

We have seen the debate over flag burning rage in Washington for over twenty years, except now, there is a dangerous chance that legislation will be passed outlawing the activity of burning the flag, despite what the Supreme Court says.

Last time the issue came before the court, they

declared it constitutionally-protected free speech. This, apparently, does not sway the love-it-or-leave-it robots, because the activity is being attacked with a new fervor that carries more of a threat backed by the rabid dog that is the Republican-controlled Congress.

The issue is not a simple one, and I confess I do not know whether or not I agree with the activity itself, although I support the RIGHT to burn a flag. Those who choose to do so, obviously do it as a form of protest against the government, and whether or not you agree with it, you must admit it is an effective form of protest. It gets attention. Perhaps protesting the activities of a government you don’t agree with is not enough of an excuse to deface the symbol of this country, although enough crimes have been committed in the name of the country, that the symbol itself might be inherently

wrong by now. I know that there are many groups of people that believe it is.

It is the same flag that was flown over the burnt and broken bodies of the Native Americans, in a young country’s attempt to acquire as many riches and as much land as possible. It is the same flag that was flown on many slave ships bringing their human cargo to these shores. It is the same flag that adorns the office of many of those interested more in personal gain than protecting the ideals this country was founded on. It is a symbol, though, and symbols can be pliable. It means different things to different people, indeed, the country itself means different things to different people. Is the United States of America that David Duke believes in the same United States of America that

Bill Clinton believes in? Or that you believe in? No, it isn’t, and neither is the flag which represents it. Shit, I’d burn the flag that represents whatever country (or planet) it is Newt Gingrich believes he lives in. Problem is, it’s the same flag that represents the country I believe in.

I do believe in most of the principles our country was founded on, those of personal freedom and equality (however skewed these principles have become), and I do love the flag. It is no mistake that God and Country are often mentioned together; they mean very different, very personal things to every person. I believe in the United States of America that lets me think and say whatever it is I wish, or whatever it is you wish, or whatever it is David Duke wishes (as distasteful as that may seem). People express themselves in a myriad of ways, and flag burning is just one of them.

I remember being in an art class where one of the other painters in class decided he wanted to paint the city of New York with a three-inch border of his own shit that he had saved from the previous Thanksgiving, symbolizing, he said, the way he felt about the city. Did I like the painting? Fuck no, it smelled like shit. Would I try to get all shit-bordered paintings banned? No.

Different people interpret things differently, and the meaning of the flag is no exception. Laws that attempt to make illegal personal expression are wrong. And so are those that support such laws.

Dangerous precedents are set when such attempts at limiting freedom are left unchecked. Who knows, pretty soon it may be illegal to paint a portrait of Jesse Helms enjoying a bullwhip up his ass with a three-inch border of human shit

saved from the last time you had a really bad stomach virus given to you from the meat you had in that taco from Taco Bell that came from a cow that was raised free of government regulations outside a combination nuclear power plant/school gymnasium. And that would truly, truly be un-American.

It is the same flag that was flown on many slave ships bringing their human cargo to these shores.

Who knows, pretty soon it may be illegal to paint a portrait of Jesse Helms enjoying a bullwhip up his ass

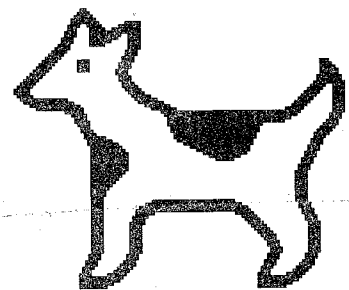
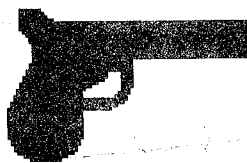
It Was 200 Years Ago Today...

On September 5th, 1995 the United States celebrated an auspicious anniversary. In 1795, the American Government paid Algerian pirates 1 million dollars ransom for 115 seamen. Although this would never be tolerated by the current government, we would have bombed Algeria into a parking lot, our country was less than 20 years old, and was very weak in global warfare, plus our ships were made of wood.

But it did lead to a trend that would help the United States for the next 75 years. Buying things that we wanted, and most of them at basement bargain prices.

For \$15 million we bought the Louisiana Purchase, okay it gave us the Cajans, but it also contains some of the richest farming land in the world. Then for a mere \$7.2 million we bought Alaska from the Russian. Considering how much oil we found in that frozen land, we definitely made out on that deal.

It would take a couple of massacres against declining world powers that would force the light into our eyes. We could kill people for their land, instead of buying it from them. Although there was no official holiday to commemorate this transition, it has become an American tradition.



If you don’t want to see us kill this dog (or cow or whatever it is), please do not handwrite your submissions. They must be typed, handed in on disc or sent to us at our e-mail address SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU. If you don’t want to see this dog’s brains splattered all over the front page of our next issue, be nice and type.

The Stony Brook Press is located in room 060 of The Student Union. Meetings are every Wednesday at 1:00pm.

DIGITAL WASTELAND

A SAVAGE JOURNEY INTO THE HEART OF A NEW WORLD

By David M. Ewalt

Part Two: Sex

When the first videocassette recorders came out in the early 1980's, sales were lackluster and interest low. Prices on the machines hovered around seven hundred dollars, and few people saw a need in their lives that a VCR could fill. At the time, missing a TV show was no big deal... you would just catch it when it came back in reruns. The VCR was on the verge of joining eight tracks in the realm of "good technology, bad idea" when an unknown entrepreneur had a flash of brilliance. Forming alliances with several of Hollywood's less reputable studios, he released a series of pornographic movies in the new videocassette format. Sales were incredible. Porno movies had always suffered low business because of the embarrassment factor involved with going to an adult theater, but now that people could satisfy their prurient interests in the comfort of their own home, the industry exploded... as did sales of VCR's.

Just as porn fueled early VCR sales, it has also been the driving force behind the growth of the Internet.

Internet users - and providers - will claim that they use the net to increase productivity and expand horizons, but most users do nothing of the sort. Sex has been and always will be the driving force behind the net.

The most common

sources of libidinous thought on the Internet are the USENET newsgroups. Newsgroups are a sort of electronic bathroom wall, where anyone can send a text message to the rest of the world expounding their personal philosophies and/or

perversions. The USENET is primarily divided by a handful of categories, including "sci" (science), "rec" (recreation) and "comp" (computers). The

largest of these categories is the "alt" hierarchy, a melange of all the newsgroups that just won't fit anywhere else. "Alt" is in turn broken up into more categories including alt.fan (fan clubs) alt.tv (discussion of TV shows), and the mammoth collection of alt.sex groups. The text box to the upper right lists just a few of the many alt.sex groups - perhaps a tenth of those available on the net.

In these alt.sex groups people from around the world discuss some of the foulest and most perverse things known to mankind; like in alt.sex.stories, where unknown authors post pornographic narratives involving the Power Rangers.

Earlier this year, a Michigan college student posted a first person story in alt.sex.stories wherein he brutally raped and killed a female classmate. If the story wasn't perverse enough, the student used the real name of a female associate... and because of that, he was arrested and expelled from school.

The other newsgroups are no less deviant... and their individual perversities are easily gleaned from their descriptive names. Even the smallest of these groups receives hundreds of messages a week.

Yet another category of "alt" newsgroups provides a different sort of online sex. The "alt.binaries" and "alt.sex.binaries" hierarchies allow the more twisted members of our society to actually download pornographic pictures, videos and

sounds. Through a somewhat esoteric process, computer users can convert pictures into text codes and then post these text files. Once posted,

anyone across the globe can retrieve and view thousands of different pictures a day. It's worthy to note that a tremendous majority of these files have been illegally copied from pornographic magazines. More Copyright violation

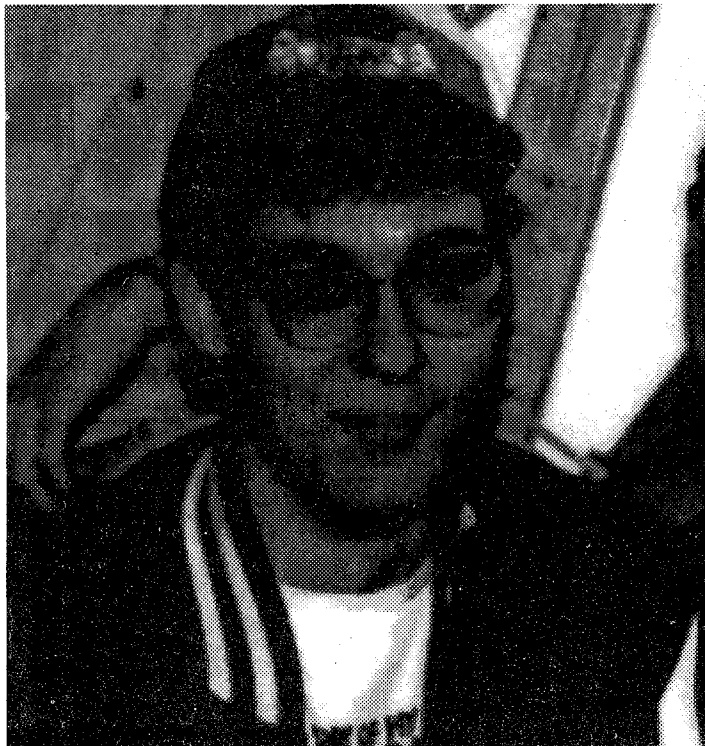
alt.sex.anal	alt.sex.guns
alt.sex.bestiality	alt.sex.hello-kitty
alt.sex.bestiality.barney	alt.sex.homosexual
alt.sex.bondage	alt.sex.intergen
alt.sex.ethulhu	alt.sex.magazines
alt.sex.enemas	alt.sex.masturbation
alt.sex.erotica.marketplace	alt.sex.motss
alt.sex.fat	alt.sex.movies
alt.sex.femdom	alt.sex.necrophilia
alt.sex.fetish.amputee	alt.sex.pedophilia
alt.sex.fetish.diapers	alt.sex.plushies
alt.sex.fetish.fashion	alt.sex.services
alt.sex.fetish.feet	alt.sex.sounds
alt.sex.fetish.feet.toes.opps	alt.sex.spanking
alt.sex.fetish.hair	alt.sex.stories
alt.sex.fetish.orientals	alt.sex.stories.d
alt.sex.fetish.robots	alt.sex.strip-clubs
alt.sex.fetish.sportswear	alt.sex.telephone
alt.sex.fetish.tickling	alt.sex.voxmeet
alt.sex.fetish.watersports	alt.sex.wanted
alt.sex.first-time	alt.sex.wizards
alt.sex.girl.watchers	alt.sex.woody-allen

DIGITAL WASTELAND ONLINE

Attention net-nerds! The Press is happy to present DIGITAL WASTELAND ONLINE, a hypertext version of this article, complete with links to sites mentioned or alluded to in the text. To access it, go to Instructional Computing's web pages and check out the Press's web page under the Clubs menu. Unfortunately, you can't access the Instructional Computing pages from off campus, so once you've checked out our site be sure to mail our campus webmaster, Andrew Faskowitz (afaskowi@ic.sunysb.edu), and tell him to hook us up to the rest of the world.

CONGRATS, LOU AND LYNDA!

Much to our surprise, Lou Moran, our flat-assed Copy Editor, recently summoned up the cuhngas to ask his long time girlfriend, Lynda, to marry him. Lynda once helped us by typing some stories up on a production night, so we really dig her... Lou, on the other hand, has never been much more than a pain in the ass. You're certainly a lucky man, Lou. And Lynda, you're, um, not entirely unfortunate. We wish you the best of luck and all that stuff. Oh, and if the two of you decide to reproduce, please keep the baby away from Doug.



Hollywood Online?

There's a new movie coming out called "Hackers." You may have seen the previews for it: It's about a couple of young, flashy, fashionable computer hackers who find themselves hunted by some mega-corp... the usual Hollywood garbage.

Needless to say, real hackers hate this movie. Computer hacking is neither flashy or fashionable - usually it's a geeky guy sitting in his room at two in the morning, keeping the volume down on his computer so that he doesn't wake his parents up.

A few weeks ago the P.R. people for Hackers set up a site on the internet to promote the movie. Then they posted messages all over the internet asking for real hackers to come to their site and share their hacking stories.

A few days later, they showed up. Some unknown hacker busted into the site, deleted all the files, and put up his own propaganda, praising himself and slamming the movie.

Of course, some might say this still served the P.R. people's needs... press for the movie. Heck, we wrote about it right? So, to combat the "any press is good press", our advice:

DONT SEE "HACKERS"!

THINK TWICE

Earlier this year, after two years of taking the train, I got my license back, bought a car and began driving again.

I love driving.

It doesn't matter where, or for what reason, I love it. It's the only place I can sing out loud without having people screaming at me "stop making those horrible noises." Whether it be the Go Go's, Steely Dan, or Morphine, I love singing off-key in my car as I'm driving along; even if it's to school. Driving and singing is more fun than I should be allowed to have.

There were times when I'd drive for seven consecutive hours, only stopping to put gas in my car after going 500 miles. Yes, I was speeding, do the math. But being on the open road with the window down- fuck air conditioning- singing along with "I Knew The Bride When She Used To Rock And Roll" is one of the best things I can think of, that I can do alone.

The reason I couldn't drive wasn't mental or physical, it was because of a DWI. Now with the stricter laws, a first offense will get you six months without a license. Even though it was my first offense, they got it on video and basically I was screwed. During the two years I was without a license I never released how much I missed this pastime.

My drinking problem can be traced back to my first semester away at The University of Hartford. During my first semester, I got into the habit of drinking whenever I wasn't in class, then it was pot. Before the first semester was over I was thrown out of the dorms. Usually the first semester living away from college is the roughest. You are a virgin to living on your own, and all you've thought about for the

past year and a half is what you would do once you got out from under the dictatorial rule of your parents- party.

And on a college campus there is never a lack of parties (except on Stony Brook.) So finding some way to whet your thirst in the quest of the never ending buzz, you use things to excess. [Ever hear of the 'freshman fifteen?'] So what most people do when they taste freedom is over do it. Which I did in abundance.

When I returned home from my year away, [I also blew my scholarship so I couldn't afford Hartford anymore], these patterns continued for the next four years. Weekends starting on Thursday and running through Monday, drinking until I couldn't see or walk and waking up the next morning with an odd collection of things. It seems I stole things off of bar counters while I was really drunk, things like tips, ashtrays, glasses...you get the idea.

Then one Monday morning I woke up in the back of a patrol car after driving my car into a pole in Farmingdale; not some back street, but Fulton and Main in downtown Farmingdale. To this day I have no recollection of the accident.

It changed my life. It made me realize that there are still many ways to have a good time without turning my senses into a puddle of nothingness. The only thing I haven't done sober that I did when blitzed was karaoke and I'm working on that.

Drinking also took away one of my favorite things- driving. And it is a trade-off I wish I had never made. So next time someone asks you if you want to play quarters and use vodka in place of beer, think twice.

Letters ✉

"PLEA"

Editor,

This letter will likely be one of the most unusual you've read. I sincerely hope it doesn't offend or repulse you.

This is more of an urgency plea than question or request as my community ties are virtually none. I am an inmate on death row at Arizona State Prison.

I've been on death row for ten years fighting for a new trial for a crime that I was convicted of that I did not commit. I know that everybody says that they did not do it regardless if they did or not and I guess that makes it heard for those that are truly innocent.

I have been studying law since I got here simply because I can't see myself sitting here hoping someone else will look into my innocence.

Law study is also how I occupy my mind but even then without some sort of free world

communication life becomes suffocating.

Death row has to be the ultimate of loneliness an despair for anyone to conceive even in a mere thought. To share views and opinions with others can cast great light where now there is nothing but darkness and gloom.

Would you please consider placing this in your campus paper as it may result in correspondence or pen pal? I don't know what else to say other than would you please consider my "PLEA".

I THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME AND UNDERSTANDING

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Naked**

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HELL HATH NO FURY

By Heather Rosenow and Anne Ruggiero

The Fourth Conference on Women, sponsored by the U.N., was welcomed to Beijing, China with hostility which was furthered by the unwelcoming and many times confrontational attitude of the Chinese Government. Despite repeated attempts of sabotage, the conference marched on determined to expose the Chinese government for what it really is. China is an equal opportunity saboteur however. In addition to giving the U.N. sponsored conference trouble, the Chinese government found the time to give the Non governmental Organization for Women's conference some trouble as well. The Non governmental Conference threatened to cancel its forum due to repeated harassment by the Chinese security forces. The conference rallied on, however, despite the continued harassment which included video surveillance of the delegates. China's intolerance of any foreign presence was exposed by this persistent harassment.

The tens of thousands of women from across the globe who met in China overlooked these violations in order to demand their rights not only as women but as human beings. The ceremony opened with an impassioned speech by Pakistani Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto and continued into the week with speeches given by Hillary Rodham-Clinton, Madeleine Albright,

and Gertrude Mongella. The women had very specific reasons for welcoming this haven of human rights violators for the conference setting.

against the Chinese Government by lashing out against the long practiced tradition of female infanticide. "It is a violation of human rights when babies are denied food, or drowned, or suffocated, or their spines broken simply because they are born girls." Hillary Rodham Clinton was back in fine form, unapologetically offending her host country by exposing a long list of crimes against humanity practiced within the Chinese borders. China also drew negative attention against itself by its repeated attempts to sabotage the conference. In addition to the harassment of the security forces, maps and information signs erected for the conference were mysteriously torn down, and hundreds of women were prevented from attending the conference because the Chinese Government denied them visas which the U.N. had already approved. In addition, 15 protesters were captured and executed in Beijing in the "interest of protecting the conference". Uh-huh, sure. Whatever.

In spite of the Chinese interference, the women persevered and the conference was declared a success. As Gertrude Mongella said in her speech, "Women are not guests on this planet. A revolution has begun." We have rights and feelings, and the ability to express our demands. Just like men, if you kick us down it hurts. But we will stand up again all the same.



Essentially, it was to expose China's marred human rights record. Bhutto gave a direct hit

Where Was Billy Cook?

By Boyd McCamish

The case of Mumia Abu-Jamal has evoked debate not only here on campus but around the world. Jamal is a journalist from Philadelphia who is convicted of fatally shooting officer Daniel Faulkner on the morning of December 9th, 1981. The controversy surrounding the case involves police wrong doing, and the possibility that Jamal was a marked man due to his radical activities. Jamal was a Black Panther from the age of fifteen and spoke out robustly against police brutality.

As with any legal case there are literally mountains of paperwork to review and review again. Since I am a "coffee shop" attorney, I was able to extract and review one legal document "The Petition for Post-Conviction Relief." This document is sent to the judge of the court to review in the hopes that it will persuade him or her to retry the case. Below are some of the questions of the case.

The initial events leading up to the murder are undisputed. On the morning of December 9th, Jamal, employed as a cab-driver, observed a Volkswagen being pulled over on Locust St. in Philadelphia. One of the occupants of that vehicle was Billy Cook, Jamal's brother. Another occupant got out and struggled with the officer. Jamal ran to the scene. At this point there is a void in the description as to what Jamal did or did not do, all that we are sure of is that soon after both Officer Faulkner and Jamal lay in pools of blood.

The witnesses: the prosecution presented three eye witnesses, who say they saw Jamal shoot Officer Faulkner. Cynthia White, a thirty-eight time convicted prostitute, claims she was on the corner of 13th and Locust while Dessie Hightower said she saw her half a block west. White was the only witness who claimed to have seen Jamal with the weapon in his hand. Shortly after her testimony, White received police protection and was seen working the street with plain clothes police officers guarding her. Robert Chobert confirmed that Jamal was

shot first and on the night of the shooting told the police that the shooter was a totally different man. In addition he told a police captain that the shooter "ran away." Remarkably, half an hour later Chobert retracted his story at the police station. It is impor-



tant to note that Chobert was on probation for attempted arson and quickly implicated Jamal at the station. The third prosecution witness was admittedly drunk at the time and conceded he could not positively identify Jamal as the shooter. In any event both sides agree that the only lighting available was that of the police car flashers, so let us assume in fairness that none of the witnesses could identify the shooter as Jamal or

any other man.

Where is Billy Cook? The biggest question needed to be answered was where are Billy Cook and the occupants of the Volkswagen? Without them how can anyone dispute the eye-witnesses? It would seem only reasonable that if the world is to believe Jamal these men must come forward. The incident at the vehicle is the foundation of all the acquisitions and unless someone refutes them their merit will grow with each passing day.

The bullet: the most striking piece of evidence comes not from the eye-witnesses or Jamal's attorney, but from the medical examiner. The bullet that killed Officer Faulkner was a .44 caliber round, the gun that Jamal had on his person was a .38 caliber weapon. At no time have the police claimed that Officer Faulkner was shot by his own weapon. Also pathologist John A. Hayes Jr. agreed with the defence that the shooting as described by the police was medically impossible.

There are numerous other instances of questionable characters and of less than objective police work. Through all of this one thing comes to mind, what if Jamal had not been a journalist, what if he had not enjoyed considerable notoriety in Philadelphia? Would we be speaking of him today? If not, is his case unique? How many laypeople are convicted in similar circumstances and never heard from? This has nothing to do with Jamal and everything to do with the rights of citizens. If law enforcement and the justice system become selective as to who is entitled to due process of the law then it would appear that this republic has made only marginal gains over the evil it has damned for many years. I believe that this case is an exception to a rule, but when we deal in justice we must deal in absolutes.

Photo By Jennifer Beach

BALKING IN THE BALKANS

By Anne Ruggiero

You've read about it in the papers. You've seen it on television. You've heard the news correspondents on the radio. The major global crisis of the decade has been the eternal situation in the Balkans. No kidding—as if we didn't know. The worldwide media has only been stalemated on this issue for the past three and a half years, waiting for the west to decide whether they are in or out. Well, the wait is over. After several chickenshit protests barely more audible than a mouse fart, NATO has taken its balls out Serbia's pocket and has given an answer: they are definitely in.

Oh really? Are we sure this time? Maybe not. But after several failed peace conferences, U.N. imposed no-fly zones, and countless individual warnings. The western leaders have finally united in a

direct hit against the Bosnian Serbs.

NATO pulled its thumb out of its ass last week when a disastrous mortar attack in Sarajevo killed thirty-eight Bosnian civilians. Top western military officials demanded that Serbian leader Gen. Ratko Mladic withdraw heavy artillery from a twelve-mile radius of the Bosnian capital, and U.N. officials now hope for yet another peace talk, this time under the supervision of U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke. Serbian officials have so far refused the ultimatum, stating that removing their weapons will leave their troops open to attack.

Surprisingly enough, NATO actually made good

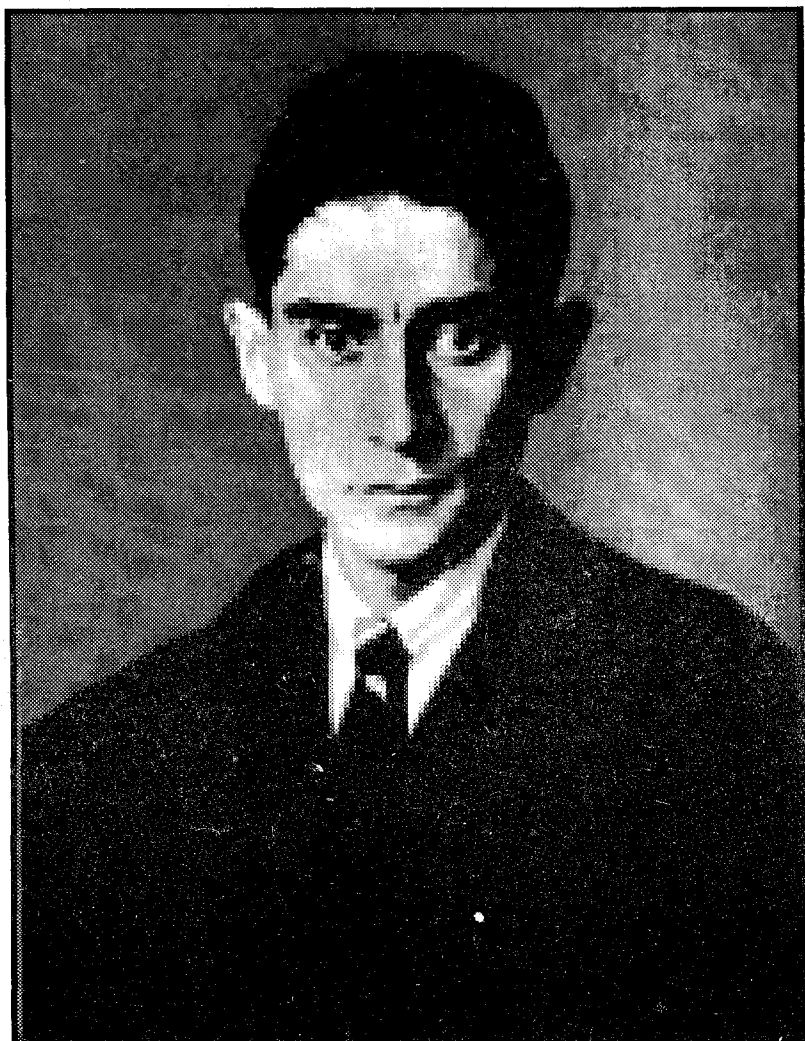
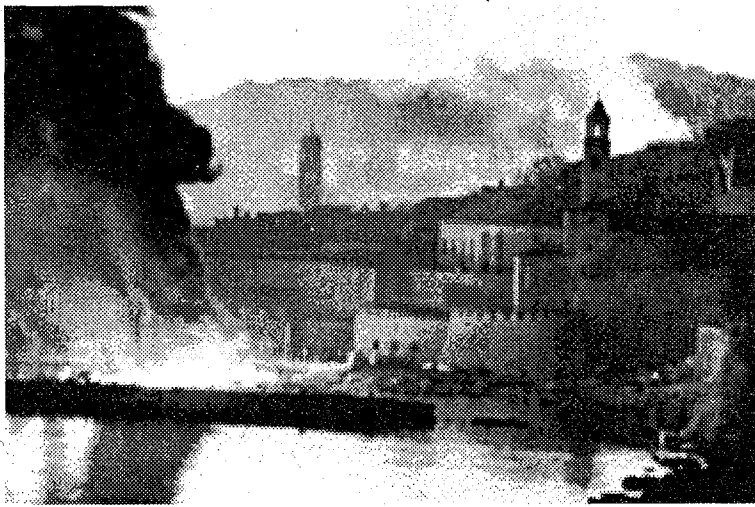
on its threat and began shelling earlier this week. So far, the Bosnian people seem relieved that the Allies are taking action, although it could still turn out to be a mis-marked plan.

Serbian chief-of-staff Gen. Manojlo Milutinovic has released a statement that his troops have suffered only "minor losses" from the bombings, and that NATO attacks intended for military targets have killed up to one hundred civilians. (Nice going, guys.) In addition, a spokesman for Mladic said that there is no reason for the attacks, since the Serbs have already accepted Allied demands, having reopened airports and ended the sieges on

U.N. safe havens. NATO denies that the Serbians have made any attempt to cooperate, claiming that they rearranged their artillery in order to feign the removal of tanks. Okay, so who to believe? Mentally disturbed, ethnocentric, militarist assholes or the world's largest congregation of

delusional chickenshits? What a choice.

NATO claims that its primary focus in this offensive is only to channel the Serbs into attending more peace conferences. Whatever NATO's purpose is, the underlying fact remains that they finally responded actively to the eternal mess in Eastern Europe. But is that good or bad? Do we really want to get involved with people who have been fighting amongst themselves for the past seventeen hundred years? Who knows. Maybe it's just another chance for our power-tripping leaders to fuck up.



If Franz Kafka were alive today and living in Stony Brook, he'd doubtless be writing for The Press. Our office bears more than a passing resemblance to "The Castle", Polity would no doubt remind him of "The Trial", and our Music Editor, Lowell, is more than slightly reminiscent of Gregor Samsa.

If we're good enough for Kafka, we're good enough for you. We are now accepting submissions for our Fall Literary Supplement. All stories, poems, pictures and such are due by October 10th.

SUNY-section

By Heather Irene Rosenow

It's wonderful to know that our representatives in government are working for our benefit. Never would they do anything or create a situation where we would be left at a disadvantage which would effect us for the rest of our lives. Yeah. In an ideal world perhaps, but as of yet no such idealistic realm exists. According to a top official, our hard working Governor George Pataki apparently has a hell of a lot to do with the huge increase in the retirement of SUNY employees. More than thirteen hundred to be exact. Lets take a quick inventory shall we? Out of 43 thousand employees, one thousand three hundred and twelve of them have accepted early retirement. My, my, what wonderful timing Mr. Pataki. I guess that he decided that the budget cuts just didn't do enough damage. At a time when the SUNY system has become more impersonal than any of us could have predicted, this new blow just alienates those who deal with it daily even more than before.

William Scheuerman, the president of the United University Professions, the union representing the SUNY faculty and staff, says the University is losing a lot of experienced people. Many of these people will not be replaced. Can the nation's largest University System afford cut backs of any form that will alienate those who should be benefiting the most from it? Pataki has apparently been talking tough about the productivity of the SUNY faculty. His administration's commitment to funding higher education has made a great many faculty members anxious about the long term stability of their jobs. Scheuerman has said many saw early retirement as a last ditch opportunity to get out. Lets look at the rough facts shall we? According to SUNY, almost half of those eligible for the early retirement benefit took advantage of it. At SUNY Oneonta, 91 percent of the Professional staff eligible for this type of benefit took advantage of it.

It should interest all you students here at Stony Brook that out of all the SUNY schools, we lost the most. Our already bread and water faculty has lost 137 more employees. The campus center at Buffalo was close behind with a loss of 132 employees. The union William Scheuerman represents has been working without a contract since July. Do the rest of you feel as uneasy as I do about our unstable learning environment? I thought you would. I would also think that during unsure times like these, more emphasis would be put on the importance of establishing a stable future through education. Apparently our self serving government doesn't agree.

The Stony Brook Press recently conducted some surveys around campus and we came up with some distressing numbers:

- 100% of the people who are into anal warts would kiss David Shashoua for \$1 million.
- 0% of the people asked knew what felching is
- 100% of the males who have not been to the Science Fiction Forum think their own penis is cute
- 100% of the people who don't know what cunnilingus is don't know who our next president will be

These, and more, are some of the interesting facts found out by our woman-on-the-street, Zippy.

WUSB: Long Island's First Station In the Nineties

By Staff

On Friday September 8th, 1995 after almost 14 years of politicking, the WUSB transmitter finally found a new home. Once on the Graduate Chemistry Building, it has moved to a site in Farmingville seven miles away.

The official ceremony was held in Room 237 of the Student Union, across the hall from the WUSB studios. Emcee Norm Prusslin, General Manager of WUSB 90.1FM, began the ceremony at 5:00 pm by breaking away from "The Drive-In Show."

He thanked everyone involved with the move, from Steven Adams, the Polity Lawyer, to the incoming and outgoing WUSB Program Director, Michael DiLaurenzo and Christina Biglin.

Prusslin also thanked Frank Burgert, Chief Engineer, "without whom none of this could have been possible."

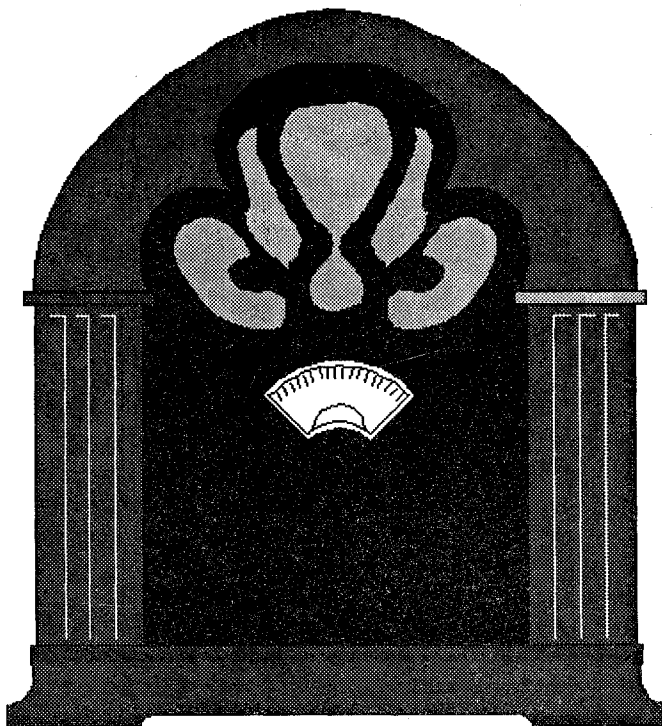
Univeristy President Shirley Strum Kenny and Polity President Annette Hicks mad speeches. During her speech, President Kenny said, "University Presidents should get nervous once in a while if the programming is what it truly should be."

When Prusslin went back on the air at 5:20 he asked Burgert to switch the transmitter from the Chemistry Building to the new tower. With little fanfare it was done, and 90.1 FM was being broadcast from the Farmingville tower, 580 feet above sea level, compared to the 223 feet it stood at when on campus.

Completing this move finally resolved problems

the station has since its inception June 7, 1977, but it has increased the net coverage 94.5%, to almost 400 square miles.

Most of these problems revolved around the fact that a 4000 watt transmitter was located in the



middle on the campus. When it was installed in 1977 there was no cable TV, so many of the people who lived in close proximity of the campus got

nothing but 90.1 FM on their TV's.

"I remember going to a house across Nicolls Road and hearing 90.1FM on channels 5, 6 and 7," Prusslin remembers.

"It also messed up most of the equipment in the chemistry building," Prusslin says, "many of them were picking up the station, even when they weren't on."

These problems continued until Dr. Marburger announced that in 1981 that WUSB was to find an alternative location for the transmitter. For the next eight years the station tried to find an off-campus site.

Then in December of 1989, the relocation ran into a problem. Sacred Heart University filed for 89.9FM, which, if granted would block the WUSB transmitter from ever moving, effectively blocking the station in its current location.

Then came four years of legal battling with Sacred Heart and other applicants for the 89.9 FM slot, with the result being in favor of WUSB. The station was granted the site change. Now all that had to be done was to install the yet to be ordered equipment.

On August 10th, the transmitter was installed, at the highest spot on the tower and testing began. A month later, a new chapter in WUSB history began, almost 15 years after the initial move was proposed.

WUSB 90.1FM is a volunteer run radio station that operates 24 hours a day 7 days a week, with its best show coming on at 3am on Monday mornings. So listen.

STUDENT HEALTH CARE SUCKS

By Andy Preston

So, we have a "Student Health Center" on campus, right? Well, what do they do? I'm not quite sure. According to their pamphlets, they take care of all the minor things that ail you while you're here. Okay, so that would imply that they would give you a cough drop if you have a sore throat, a "plastic adhesive bandage" if you have a little cut, or other minor things like that.

Well, I came to Stony Brook all messed up. I recently injured myself, requiring stitches and physical therapy. Also, I needed allergy shots for my continuous sneezing, wheezing, etc.

So, I go to the Health Center and ask them what I could do for these ailments. They tell me that they can't do physical therapy (which I CAN understand) and they can't do allergy shots (which I CAN'T understand).

Allergy shots require a nurse "supervised" by a doctor (there has to be a doctor there to get sued if somebody screws up) to push a small needle into a person's arm and then squirt 10 cc's of allergy medication into that person. Doesn't sound that difficult, does it? There's a doctor and a nurse all right there. All it takes is two minutes of their time, and I feel better for 3 more weeks. Sounds like a good deal to me.

So, they don't do allergy shots. Okay, I could handle that for a few minutes until I left reading one of their brochures. I lost it since then, but in part, it read something like, "You should be covered by some type of medical insurance in case we need to perform tests which must be sent to private labs, such as biopsies, blood tests, and other such tests."

Whoa! Wait a minute. They can take blood out? They can take SKIN out? But they can't put 10 cc's of allergy medication in? What the hell? Biopsies (when I had one) are classified as minor, outpatient surgery. They perform surgery, but can't put in allergy medicine? C'mon. What a crock.

So, therefore, I say that we should revolt. The medical care here sucks.

Oh, but there's even more. The Health Center performs ANNUAL pap smears, and other gynecological tests for the females. So, they stick a cotton swab into a female's vagina, possibly infecting her and therefore sterilizing her, and they can't do allergy shots? This is fucked up.

So, again, I say we should revolt. This medical care sucks.

Senator Tongue

Senator Bob Packwood resigned his Senate seat last week after the Senate Ethics Committee released a 10-volume indictment of his conduct as senator. On September 6, the committee voted unanimously to expell him from the Senate. Packwood called it his "duty to resign", when in actuality, the weasly prick would've been ousted anyway.

Included in the evidence the committee gathered were Packwood's own diaries which contained material Packwood himself considered "incriminating" and "damaging". 17 women accused Packwood of sexual misconduct, accusations which he dismissed as "a few stolen kisses". Proof of illegal campaign contributions and evidence tampering also surfaced, exposing Packwood for the slimy little dildo we all knew he was.

What gets me about the whole thing is, Packwood's defiant attitude and persistent lies throughout the proceedings, and his portrayal of himself as the victim of a political ploy. Let's see, was the crying Bobby on the floor of the Senate, hugging his cronies and reminiscing, the same little Bobby whose tongue was forcibly shoved down the throats of 17 female acquaintances? Or was it the same widdle Bobby who conciously deleted damaging evidence from his diaries before submitting them to the Ethics Committee.

Justice can't end though, at his ousting from the Senate. He must be prosecuted for the 10-volumes worth of misconduct he perpetrated. The old-boy network will see to it that he isn't though.

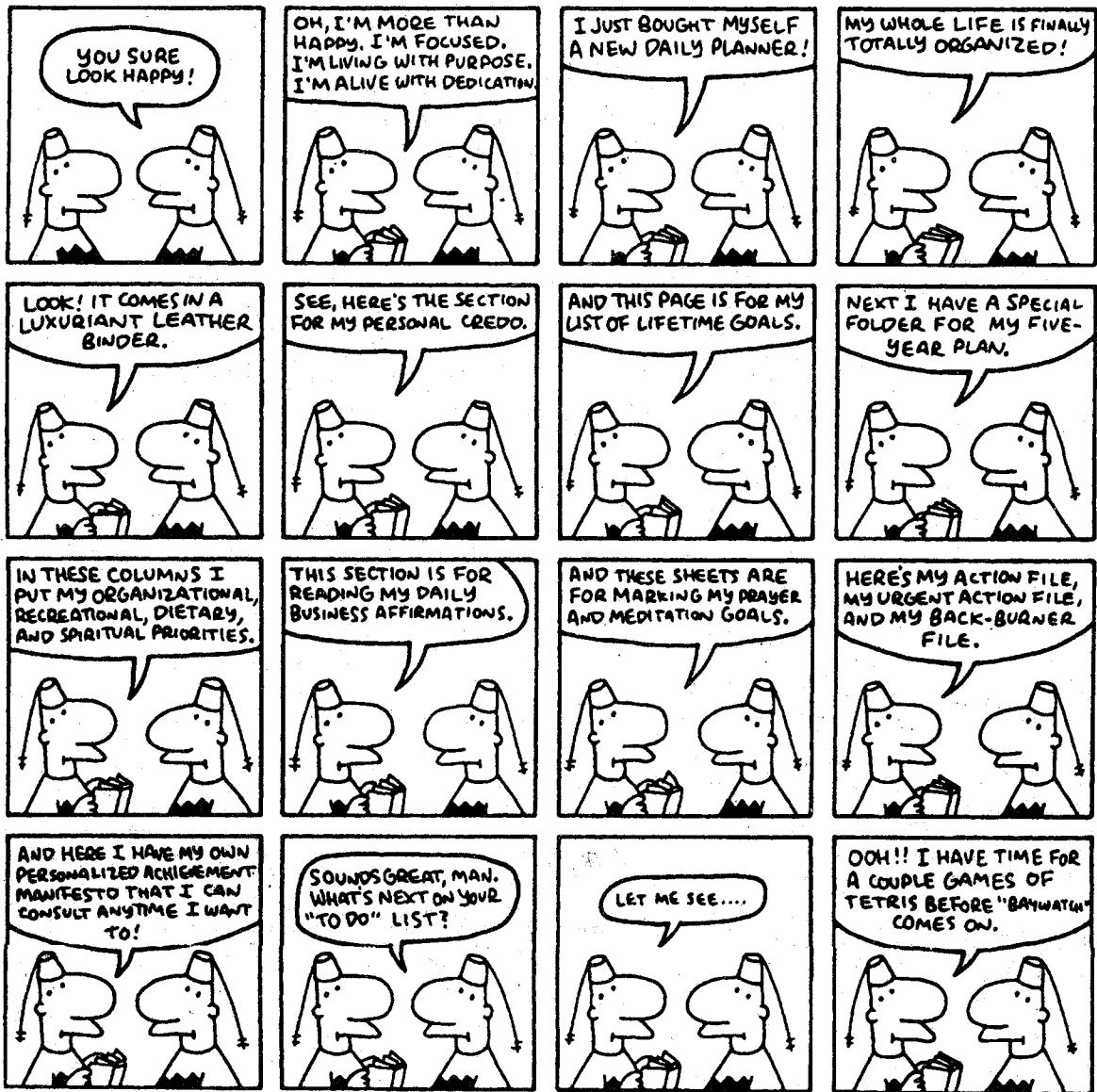
**"Belief can be manipulated;
only knowledge is dangerous."**

-Frank Herbert

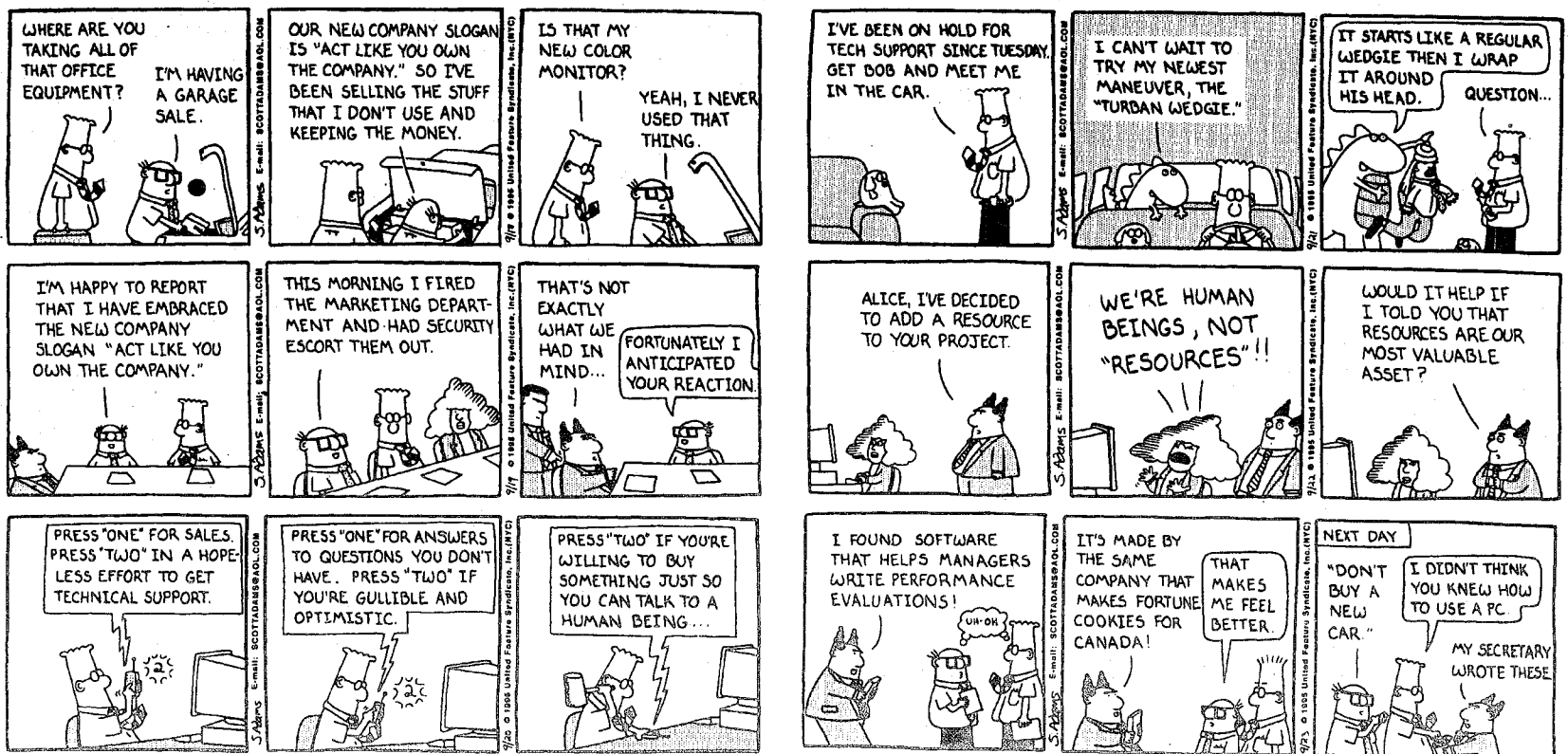
COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

©1995 BY MATT GROENING



Dilbert © by Scott Adams



The Earth knows nothing as large as the ocean...they cannot move you, man, no one tries...no one knows a mind as expansive as mine (nor an ego as deserving.) It is from this vantage I give you

OCEANSIZE

Dear Oceansize,

Every weekend I spend countless hours working my wrists. Not in the way you'd think. I'm an internet junkie. I have no life anymore. I sit at home and spend my time pulling files off of alt.sex.hello-kitty, and printing them out on my new Hewlett-Packard Color Jet 500. Please help me.

Run Raw

Dear Lowell,

You are a loser. Get a life. There is alot more to the internet than the pornography and the pursuit of sexual deviancy...there is, well, waiting and...well that's about it. Sorry, you're on your own.

Oceansize,

I thought when you went away to college you were supposed to have a good time. But it seems the only good times that are to be had are at places that play rap music. I still haven't had a good time on campus yet. And I don't even want to get into the part of not being able to get laid. I thought college was a large orgy with a few classes thrown in to give you a chance to recover to your electrolytes. But I can't even get a girl's number, and it's only 4 digits long. Please help me.

Disgruntled Freshman

Dear Loser,

You are even more helpless than Lowell. The only thing you can do is learn to stomach rap music and go to The No-Loot Jams that cover this campus, because your chance of seeing a real band on campus is almost nil. Due to long standing campus restrictions, bands who play music that people can mosh to are not allowed to perform here. As for the orgy part, that is a common misconception about college. It is folklore that is passed down from older brothers to their younger brothers. You must be part of a socially acceptable group to have a chance at sex. Whether this be a frat or a sports team, but the down side to this is that all the women who travel in these circles are usually a bunch of disease ridden tramps, basically your are playing Russian Roulette with your testicles.

Dear Oceansize,

I am planning to get married to my girlfriend. It seems that now that I am a paranoid middle-aged, flat-assed bag packer it is my duty to join the ranks of the married people. I know that only 50% of all marriages these days succeed, but since I blew so much on the ring I have to make it succeed or I'm out \$5,000 and half of all the money I will make for the rest of my life. How can I make this a successful marriage?

Medium Ass-Boy

Dear Freak,

Good luck. Just remember not to fuck the VCR while you're watching your wedding video. It usually ruins the VCR and it stains the tape beyond any further use, trust me, I know. Another hint is not to break into a chorus of "Deutschland Uber Alles" during the wedding ceremony. An alternative would be to wear kilts or something.

Dear Oceansize,

I am an upper level Administrator and have recently become enamored with my immediate boss. I walk by her in the hall and drop pencils just so I can ask her to pick them up for me. Her tits and ass get me so hard that I can't stand up and must sit behind my desk for 10 minutes until I go flaccid again. Also due to cutbacks I am not allowed as many boxes of tissues I once was, and now the brown towels in the bathroom chafe too much. I need to find a new receptacle for my man-seed. Please help me.

Roderick P. Treston

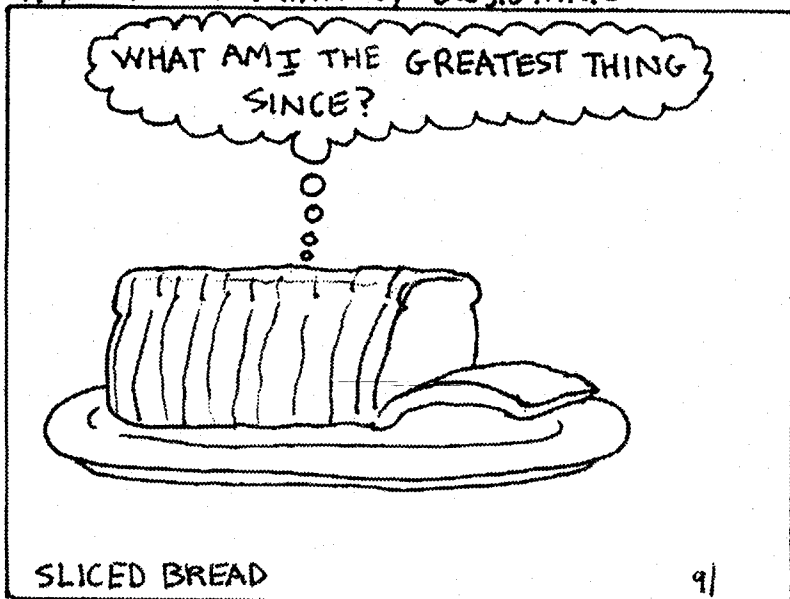
Dear Further,

Nail your secretary, and make her wear a cowboy hat and yell in a southern drawl.

All letters can be sent to:

Oceansize
Room 060
Student Union

WHAT THINGS THINK by Gary Shaller and Doogie Miller



WHAT THINGS THINK by Gary Shaller and Doogie Miller



"The way things are going, they're gonna crucify me."

-John Lennon

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, JOE DIMAGGIO?

By Vic Alferi

In this day and age, the professional athlete is constantly in the news for matters that are not pertinent to their respective sport. Whether it is Warren Moon being charged for beating his wife or Brian Blades being charged with manslaughter, the image of the athlete in the 90's has been tarnished. As values and morals are continuously lowered in this country, these athletes have done little to help matters. Regardless of whether they want to be role models or not, these athletes have become just that. Most brush off the responsibility, but there are some that have taken their role seriously.

In a world where the professional athlete is constantly selling himself out to the highest bidder, it was a pleasure to watch Cal Ripken break a record that was thought to be unbreakable. To play in 2,131 games consecutively is an extraordinary feat. But to do it as a shortstop, is truly amazing. Consider this, in the time it took Ripken to set the record, the other 27 teams used 522 shortstops. For a student to do what Ripken just did, he or she would have to go to school every day from the second grade until graduation.

To Ripken, he wasn't doing anything special. He was going to work. To some of us, even that is a task. He became overwhelmed by the response of the fans. After ten minutes of standing ovations, he wanted to go back to work and play ball. He was

forced to take that lap around the stadium and it was one of the most amazing scenes in all of sports. There are very few athletes like him left in sports today.

Compare that to Rickey Henderson, who recently could not play because his "heart wasn't in it". He had heard trade rumors involving him and was depressed. So he did the professional thing and told his coach he couldn't play. For the amount of money he makes, he should be out there regardless of whether his heart is in it or not.

Why is it that every time somebody does something right in football, they have to take off their helmet so the whole world can see them. In the opening night of Monday Night Football, Emmitt Smith felt it necessary to take his helmet off after each of his four touchdowns and shove his face into the closest camera. Every football fan in the world already knows what he looks like, so why does he have to show himself off?

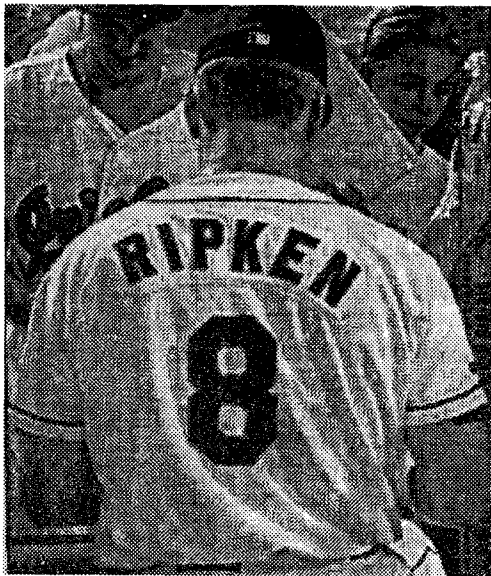
When Deion Sanders released his single "Must be the Money," it was exactly that. Because if you heard the song, you would know that it wasn't for the talent. Sanders is the epitome of the mercenary athlete of the 90's. It started

when he was drafted by the Yankees. Even though he was batting .189 in Double-A baseball, he wanted a multi-million dollar contract and a guarantee that he would start in centerfield and lead off in the batting order. When the organization would not go for that, he signed with the Braves and played part time. Now, every year he sells himself to the highest bidder in the NFL. This year his circus will pull into Dallas.

The word "loyalty" is not in the vocabulary of the present day athlete. Take Ulf Samuelsson

recently traded to the New York Rangers. After spending the past five years as a teammate of Mario Lemieux, he was quoted as saying, "I know exactly where Mario Lemieux's back hurts and that is where I'll be hitting him." Alvin Harper after winning two Super Bowl rings with the Cowboys, decided to sign with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers for more money. Considering the amount of money he was already making, one would wonder why he would opt for more money with a really bad team.

Children constantly idolize athletes that are continuously in trouble. They try to replicate what they see on TV. It's no wonder that people think the younger generations are nothing but trouble. When people like Dennis Rodman are your idols, it is only a matter of time before trouble is knocking on your door.



What's The Frequency, Michael?

Last issue we reported how Bill Gates paid Mick Jagger 12 million dollars to use the Rolling Stones song "Start Me Up" in his new ad campaign for Windows '95. Apparently, Mick wasn't the first musician Microsoft approached. Before going to the Stones, Gates tried to buy "It's The End Of The World As We Know It (And I Feel Fine)" from REM's Michael Stipe. Either too moral to sell out or too stupid to realize how much money he could get, Stipe told Microsoft to go scratch.

This makes us wonder: just what the hell is with this Stipe guy? He's real big on charities and action groups. doesn't he know how much a group like Greenpeace could do with 12 million bucks? Dammit, Michael, I don't wanna hear you asking me to donate to PETA again after you could have given them eight figures. And besides that, just what was going on at the MTV Video Music Awards? When REM came out for their live set, Stipe was sporting funky glasses, an earphone, and what appeared to be blue Chicklets glued to his temples. Is gum suddenly a fashion statement?

TOP TEN REASONS WHY TOM MASSE LEFT THE STATESMAN

10. Finally realized he was working for The Statesman
9. Obsession with Annette Hicks was interfering with his work
8. Found a Taco Bell in New Mexico that's open 24 hours a day
7. Tired of hearing Mike Kramer's effeminate whining
6. N.A.M.B.L.A. needed an editor for their newsletter
5. Brooke Donatone threatened to kick his ass
4. Hamburger stipend ran out
3. Tom Flanagan's flatulence kept screwing up computers
2. Ran out of shelf space for his pulitzers
1. Newsday ran a want ad for an "obsequious peon"

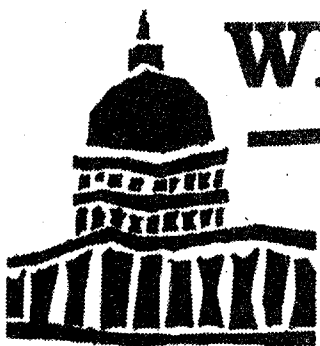
DEATH of EDUCATION

MARCH & RALLY

WHERE: Staller Pit

WHEN: Wednesday
September 13, 1995
12:40pm

WHY: THE U.S. CONGRESS HAS PUT EDUCATION ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK! IT'S TIME TO SHOW YOUR CONGRESS AND YOUR PRESIDENT THAT STUDENTS WILL NOT ACCEPT CURRENT BUDGET PROPOSALS THAT SLASH FEDERALLY FUNDED STUDENT AID PROGRAMS BY OVER \$700 MILLION!



WEAR BLACK

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STONY BROOK
STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

Fraternity & Sorority Fair



I Think That I Shall Never See...

By P. Milaré Ovis

You may have noticed that around the new union, there are trees. These trees are apparently growing out of bare red rock. I guess grass is part of the phase two which got killed by Governor Pataki.

So I did a little research. It seems that these trees are not normal trees. They are a strain of oak tree that grow only in Burkina Faso. There they grow out of the side of buildings, on the sidewalk even out of statues. It seems they have adapted to growing in the red rocks that dominate the country.

These trees have become the major export of this West African country. Once dominated by rubber exporting, the small country has taken to growing the trees all over to maximize their profits.

The official name for the tree is the Davis-Schmel Oak. It is dominated by its leafless branches and purplish-black bark. The wood is tough, splintery and resilient to heat.

Expensive, you bet. But nothing but the best for the SUNY system. This is one of the reasons that phase 2

of the Union did not pass through the new Governor's budget. Each tree costs about \$1,500 a piece. Where as normal oak trees only cost about \$200.

But, of course, there are drawbacks.

These trees must be watered constantly. So you may walk by and see sprinklers watering the rocks. Also, they require a weekly pruning. But these

pair of silver-bladed shears.

The biggest problem is the trees' natural enemy.

The Silver-Spotted Nut-Breasted Throat Warbler.

This bird is the bane to all of the Davis-Schmel Oak farmers in the country. The bird is about 6 inches high, weighs 8 ounces and has silver and brown feathers with a bright blue beak. This bird

eats the small unripe budding leaves of the tree, which it needs to live. Without these leaves the trees grow brittle and eventually explode, shooting shards of wood out in a 50 foot radius, penetrating even steel.

Thankfully, these birds are native only to South-East Asia and West Africa. If they do gain a foothold on the North Shore then these birds are almost impossible to exterminate. To kill one of these birds you need to drive a glass cross through its skull.

Again we should

congratulate Stony Brook on their choice of flora.

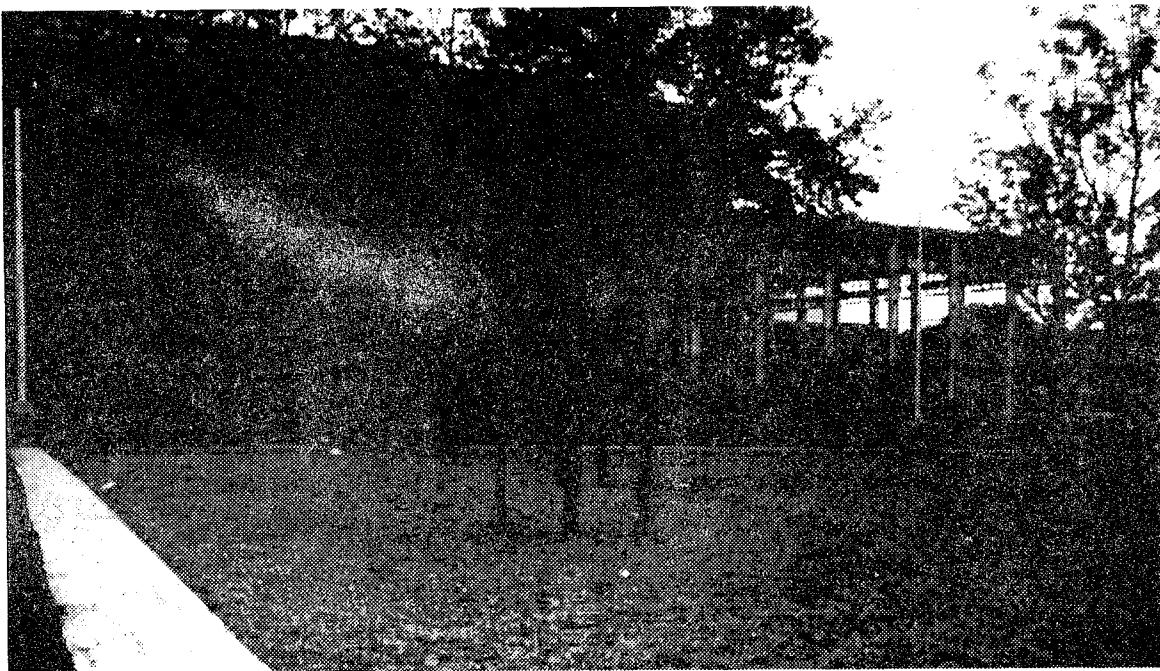


Photo by John Guiffo

prunings can only be done at night. So, again you might see people walking around the trees with a

Beach Music

BOOK REVIEW: Beach Music By: Pat Conroy
By Katherine Zafiris

Very rarely in the course of reading what the publishing industry calls "summer reading" do I come across a novel that totally engrosses me to the point that I am unable to put it down. Beach Music by Pat Conroy was exactly this kind of novel.

Pat Conroy is the author of five books, *The Boo*, *The Water is Wide*, *The Great Santini*, *The Lords of Discipline*, and *The Prince of Tides*. The last four you may know more as movies than books. I can almost predict that Conroy's latest venture will most definitely be made into a top grossing movie.

Set in the small southern town style of South Carolina, Conroy brings a small town boy home from the all encompassing European style of Italy and Rome; to try and find peace with his dysfunctional family, the trauma of his wife's manic depression and suicide. In the middle of all this soul searching he becomes involved in the search for the mistakes he and his childhood friends made during the Vietnam war. The novel makes an expansive trek through past and present South Carolina and Europe. It brings to question the ideals and actions of parents in the fifties and how it has affected the lives of their children; whose children, marriages, and occupations become the dysfunctional products of their childhood.

The novel revolves around Shyla McCall's suicide. Shyla was the daughter of two Holocaust survivors and wife of Jack McCall, the novel's second main character and narrator. Everything in Jack's life fell apart from the moment his wife jumped from a bridge and her life.

The novel begins with a prologue. It is Jack McCall's account of his fleeing to Rome after Shyla's suicide and a custody court case, where his in-laws were fighting to take his child away. Conroy tells this in an eloquently and harrowing way. He sets the mysterious stage for the rest of the novel and the haunting events that surround the leap from the bridge.

I found the strongest characters of the novel to be the women. Ledare, the southern belle who was Jack's first girlfriend and who falls in love with him through the course of the novel. His mother-in-law Ruth Fox, a woman who married a man who never could love her and who survived the

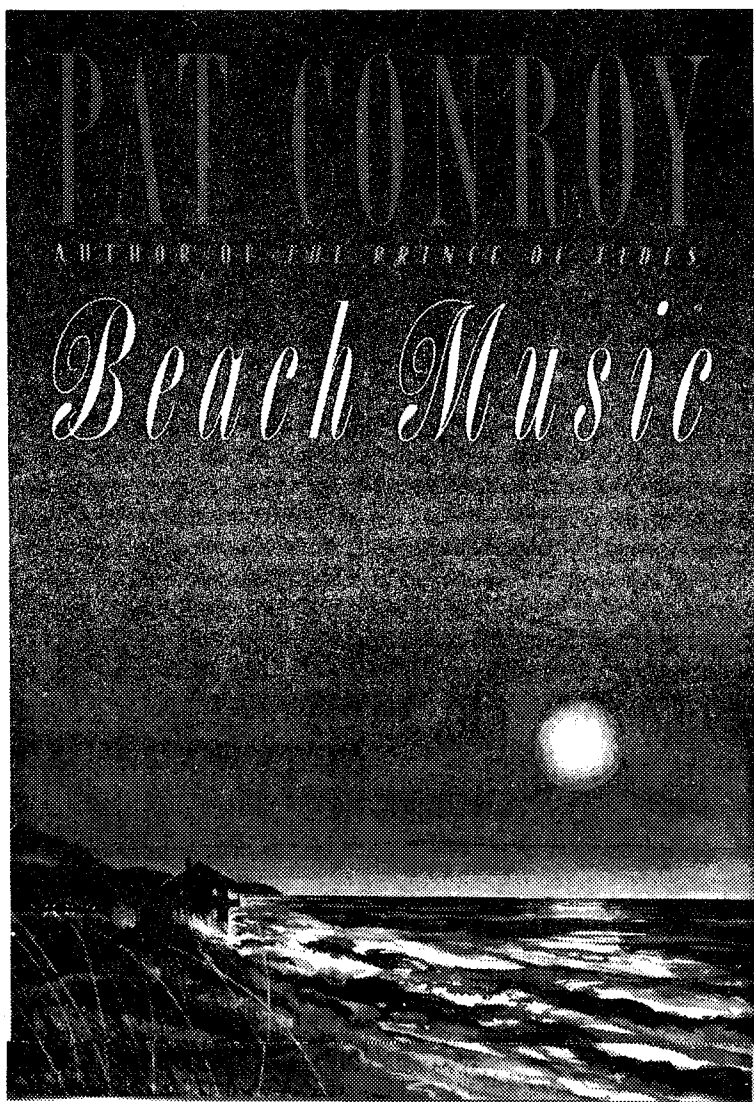
alcoholic, child abusing man and lover of nature. She is both the smartest woman in the book and the least educated. She picked her self up from her rural three-room shotgun house to be the belle of Waterford, South Carolina. She is the strength and weakness for everyone in the book and is able to bring life and death to the minds of everyone who is around her.

It is this town of Waterford, South Carolina that holds for all the characters the demons of their past. For Ruth and George Fox, it holds the images of the Holocaust and lost family. For Ledare, it holds the images of what being from the South meant. For Jordan Elliot, a priest and old classmate who went underground during the Vietnam war, it holds the images of a barbaric father whose idea of child-rearing was to drive him to a crime he could never runaway from.

For Jack and Shyla, it holds the images of parents mistakes, childhood nightmares, and a love that would not die with a leap off a bridge. Yet, it is this leap that surrounds the novel. This leap that propels everyone in the book to search for answers. In the end, it is the truth, both shocking and liberating that provides the answers. The truth that spans almost fifty years of past. Only through this searching does the truth come to light by one step off a bridge.

Pat Conroy has filled another book with deep feeling and humor. He has once again taken family secrets and provided a rostrum for his stories. Part autobiographical, part fiction Conroy has developed the South into another grand masterpiece.

Beach Music is available in hard-cover by Doubleday. His other books are also available in paperback. I suggest the *The Great Santini* and *The Prince of Tides*.



Holocaust and a daughter's suicide.

By far, the strongest woman in the book is Lucy McCall. Mother of Jack and four sons, ex-wife of an

Lip Service

By Vic Alfieri

Welcome back to the world of books, papers and professors that don't make any sense. They say that our generation has sustained-attention disorder. If that is the case, then this column won't be too much for anybody to handle. Even the fraternities will be able to keep up if they could find somebody to read this article to them. This column is for the focus-impaired. Short statements, comments or opinions put together in a brainstorming kind of way. If you read something you don't like, pick up a pen and write back. Not only will the paper run your comments, but I will personally answer them in the next issue of *The Press*. Now that the rules are out of the way, let's play.

*I think that Mark Fuhrman should be dropped off in front of the Apollo Theater. I want to test his survival skills.

*It is truly amazing how police officers can complain of the lack of respect they receive from the general public. After the N.Y.P.D. episode in Washington D.C. and the Fuhrman tapes, the word "respect" doesn't quite come to mind.

*I think Senator Packwood would have been the perfect speaker at the Woman's Conference. He and Hillary could have gone twelve rounds for the

title of toughest man at the conference.

*Senator Bob Dole is single-handedly trying to stop the world of hip-hop. The chances of that happening are the same of there being a donut left in Rush Limbaugh's dressing room after each show.

*As if the French weren't bad enough, they have started testing nuclear weapons. After continuous embarrassments on the battlefield, they've decided to get tough. But how could anybody look tough when they are wearing one of those queer berets.

*Hugh Grant's business partner, Divine Brown, was sentenced to six months in jail and fined \$1,350 for her exploits with the British actor. Those six months are three months longer than Grant has left to his career. In his next movie, he co-stars with the pig from "Babe."

"Babe" made more money than "Nine Months." Now you know who gets the bigger trailer.

*Joey Buttafuoco is going back to jail. His freedom is like Peter McNeely's stardom; going, going, gone.

*The Yankees will go down to the wire, but will not make the playoffs. Don't you wish you could turn back the clock to last year.

*Why did the Yanks sign Darryl Strawberry?

*I think it will be a long season for football fans in this area. Combined, the two teams will not win 10 games.

*I will be the first to admit that a tear came to my eye as Cal Ripken took his "Victory Lap" after he set the record. There are still true athletes out there.

*A tear also came to my eye while watching the MTV Music Awards. Apparently they hired the writers from "Saturday Night Live" for their jokes. Watching the presenters continuously humiliate themselves by reading the horrible lines is like going through root canal without Novocain.

*I think that Bon Jovi would look better in a dress than Patrick Swayze.

*So would Dennis Rodman.

*Courtney Love looked like she had just spent the last twelve hours working West 42nd Street.

*Janet Jackson and Drew Barrymore looked good.

*So did Liv Tyler.

*Madonna looked like Marsha Brady after she broke her nose.

*Listening to Dennis Miller tell jokes is like personally lancing the hemorrhoids off your own ass.

*I could care less which side of the plate Michael Stipe swings from, but he still looks like an AIDS patient.

That's it for now. If anybody wants to play, you know where to find me. If not, then...GAME OVER.

The Real Damn World

By Ted Swedalla

For the fourth consecutive year MTV has tried to force a show called "The Real World" down our throats. The Real World? Nothing could be farther from the truth, this so-called 'real life' documentary is just a bunch of hand-picked individuals that MTV wants you to believe actually exist in 'the real world.' But it is damn good TV.

Sounds odd, doesn't it. The show is built on garbage principles and MTV is knowingly putting out a product that they know isn't what it claims to be, but people, like me, are obsessed with the show. I can name all 31 people who've appeared on the show and most of their occupations. Sickening isn't it.

What makes the show so entrancing, isn't the well written scripts. I know you're thinking that there are no script for a show that is supposedly 'real life,' but how many times have you and your roommates found tickets to Mexico in your incredibly well-furnished house on Lombard Street. My guess is zero. It's the people.

The people are fake, hand-picked and thrown into situations that most of us have never heard about in folklorish tales of living with people. Soap box derbies, bands showcasing themselves, studying to pass their medical boards, all things normal people usually don't have to deal with from roommates. But not on MTVs "The Real World." It's a cornucopia of fakeness.

Do you really think that Rachel, from RW3, was the best looking and smartest Republican wanna-be they could find? Probably not. So, they picked a bug-eyed, whiny bimbo who was enthralled by a man with disgusting personal habits. Was Tammy the most talented singer, and biggest tramp, they could find. Again, probably not. But they chose these people over the people they could have chosen just for being MTV. Which would include the lower echelon of the Hollywood scene, like the other Baldwin brother, Bruce; or the rich sons and daughters of bad television producers..

We could have seen hordes of perfect bodies, with perfect jobs and people fighting over things that were real to them. Who's got more gold cards, who drives a better car and who's got richer parents. But then what fun would they have been. No,

they had to pick people who have some deficiencies, or they couldn't have called the show "The Real World."

Dominick (RW3) is an alcoholic, Becky (RW1) is untalented and Mike, from this years show is an American. Usually not a problem, but since it is from London, they had to get an American with a closed mind to spout racial comments about the Europeans.

The deficiencies in the show are played out to their fullest extent, and the basic blueprint of the original seven members of each household has remained the same.

There are seven general stereotypes for "The Real World." Only two of the 31 people who have appeared in the show do not fall into one of these category. Your quest is to figure out which two. In no particular order they are:

1- The Angry Black Man - The smallest of all the stereotypes, but the one that causes the most trouble in the house hold. Kevin (RW1) and David (RW2). [Mohammad (RW3) was not angry, he has lots of money.]

2- The Token Non-Caucasian Woman - I know that this is racist, but then I'm not MTV and setting the stereotypes. Heather B (RW1), Tammy (RW2), Pam (RW3) and Sharon (RW4).

3- The Model- A straight-forward category with a couple of entries. Eric (RW1), Aaron (RW2) and Jacinda (RW4).

4- The Hick - These are the people who had no idea of what they were getting into and it seemed who had never been out of their ZIP code ever. Julie (RW1), Jon (RW2), Cory (RW3) and Cat (RW4).

5- The Homosexual or The Sexual Deviant - Another MTV must. It seems MTV chose sicker and sicker people until they finally killed one. The sexual deviant is Jay from the new show, he's dating a 14 year old. Norman (RW1), Beth A (RW2), Pedro (RW3) and Jay (RW4).

6- The Obnoxious Substance Abuser - The stereotype that has given us the most quality time, and the biggest laughs. Andre (RW1), Dominic (RW2), Puck (RW3) and Neil (RW4).

7- The Annoying Untalented Person - The largest of all stereotypes, this is basically the group that most of these people fall into, and most of your

friends would fit into if they were to appear on TV. This category could be divided into two sub-categories if you really want to get technical. The Annoying Untalented Musician, and The Generally Annoying Person. Becky (RW1), Glen (RW2), Beth S (RW2), Mohammad (RW3), Rachel (RW3), Jo (RW3), Lars (RW4) and Mike (RW4).

If you haven't figured out which two "Real Worlдер" do not fit into any of these groups are Irene (RW2), she was too clean cut to fit into any of these decrepit stereotypes. The other is Judd (RW3), he was just to plain boring to be anything but a big blah.

But I do watch. More faithfully than I've watched Seinfeld or The Simpsons for the past four years. Why have I spent the past four years of my life tuning into MTV to catch a glimpse of Dominick passed out in the sand, or Norman and Becky in a bath tub, or Puck wiping a booger on a piece of furniture?

Why, because most of our 'real worlds' are less exciting than MTVs, and they know how to package a show called "The Real World," when it's obviously not, and make it seem like it is.

How do they do this? How do they apparently suspend the laws of physics, to make us forget about how unreal it all is?

They do this by giving us what we want, while holding back the real commercial aspect that they could be giving us. Dirt. Plain and simple, without any of the whiny shit that we would get if the show was full of princesses.

I thank MTV for not going overboard on their selection of who is going to be on the show. On the other hand I curse them for not choosing more normal people, like accountants or fat ugly girls or teenagers with really bad acne.

But I can't have both and neither can MTV, so they chose the more profitable of the ways and have been hiding the fact that "The Real World" is not as real as it could be. MTV doesn't push this show too hard as real life, and it's a good thing. It is one of the least realistic of the shows that are currently on TV, but in some ways it is the most realistic, because there are rarely happy sitcom endings or dreary drama ending. It's like watching a family reunion where the family barely tolerated each other...but they all end up crying in the end.

In their last issues, The Stony Brook Statesman averaged .8125 articles per page, while The Press averaged 1.125. For you non-math majors, that means The Press had 28% more articles than The Statesman. Check out these other statistics:

	<u>The Statesman</u>	<u>The Press</u>
Number of articles in issue:	13	18
Number of those articles written by students:	6	18
Number of student-written news articles:	1	5
Number of pictures of Fabio:	0	1
Number of pictures of Phyllis Diller:	1	0

The facts speak for themselves!

Join The Press...

...because The Statesman sucks.

The Bible: Part II

By Chris Cartusciello

It is a little known fact that there exists additional text to the Bible that was not printed and released to the general readership. To be specific, a 23rd chapter to the book of Revelation which tells of a second angel war in heaven. This is the premise that Gregory Widen's film *The Prophecy* builds on.

As this film would have us believe, this war started on the day that God gave human's souls, and has never ended. The angels are split into two factions: the side which still give their allegiance to God and the rebels who oppose the fact that God cares for these mortals so much. The latter group is led by Christopher Walken as the angel Gabriel. Gabriel is searching for the one soul that could help win the war. That of a, just deceased, sadistic army general. What he doesn't know is that Simon (one of the "good" angels played by Eric Stoltz) has stolen the soul and put it in the body of a little girl. Elias Koteas plays Thomas, a would be priest turned cop, who stumbles into the middle of all this.

The entire film has an ominous presence about it, at times making the viewer squirm in their seat. The thought that angels, who we were taught were protectors through out childhood, could be capable of such violence and destruction is somewhat disconcerting. The scenes of the war, with the remains of angels impaled on stakes and hanging in air, are few and far between. This visual image is a welcome change since we are told so much about the war but are really never shown anything but a few wayward angels battling on earth in human form. It is said that the eyes are the windows to the soul and, with rather graphic effects, we are shown that these creatures have neither. Their almost black blood flows freely too.

Walken is as campy and enjoyable as he always is. When told to go to hell he replies, "Heaven. At

least get the ZIP code right." Eric Stoltz does very well with the limited part he is given and Elias Koteas gives the standard cop caught in the middle take. Virginia Madsen, as a schoolteacher trying to protect the girl, plays it tough and is believable. The part of Lucifer is given a rather bland treatment by Viggo Mortensen. This is not the performers fault but rather the lackluster portrait of the devil within the script. The prince of darkness should be bigger and more powerful than shown here. A very good performance is given by Steven Hytner as a coroner left to examine one of the dead angels. Hytner is one of those actors whose face will look familiar but name will elude you. First time writer/director Widen gives us a film that is enjoyable and disturbing and could very well offend some.

Movie Review Angst

It is not my policy to take other people's work to task as I know mine is not perfect, but when I find mistakes as blatant as some of these I feel it is my responsibility to bring them to light.

In the June 19th issue of *The Statesman* there appeared a "review for Mel Gibson's film *Braveheart* by Thomas Masse. I generally agreed with this review as it truly was a spectacular movie. Much of the article was a history lesson on William Wallace's life, the subject of the film. As much as I believe that this should have been a separate article from the review, that is the writer's style and I have no objection. One of my problems is Masse's description of Peter Hanly as "...convincing in playing a deceiving role: his marriage to Isabelle is pre-arranged, but he apparently has the hots for a young English noble." Deceiving? Hanly's depiction of the homosexual future king was about as subtle as Scott Thompson from "The

Kids in The Hall". Also, Masse must have seen a condensed version of this film. The one I saw ran 2:58, a whole 13 minutes longer Masse's.

The real crime came a week later in the June 28th edition of *The Statesman*. David Chow wrote a review of *Batman Forever* that is one of the sloppiest pieces of journalism this reviewer has ever had the misfortune of reading.

First, Chow refers to the director of the film as Bill Shoemaker. Who is this? As far as I know Joel Schumacher is the man responsible for the travesty known as *Batman Forever*. Spelling his last name is bad enough but where did that first name come from? Chow also continuously misspells Jim Carrey's surname leaving out one "r". The "e" is left off of Nicole Kidman's first name but I'll give the benefit of the doubt that it was a typing error. Real people's names aren't the only thing that Chow misspells. He also can't seem to get a character's name correct as he, on several occasions, spells Dick Grayson's name without the "y". These mistakes are just plain lazy. All of these facts could have been easily checked out, many of them in the ad which accompanied the review itself.

Another problem is Chow referring to the various Batman movies as *Batman 1, 2 and 3*. This is just wrong. To call the films the first, second and third Batman film is acceptable but not changing the names just to suit the writers prerogative.

Even though these articles appeared in the summer issues of the paper when not many people were on campus, it is no excuse to lower the quality of the reporting. I realize that many people don't consider movie criticism real journalism but I take great pride in my work. It hurts the entire profession, and especially the reputation of the school's papers, when articles as poorly written as these are allowed to be run. For, what is supposedly, the university's main paper to allow this is careless at best and sickening at worst.

PRIMARYLY GOOD

By Patricia Ann Hyland

A more interesting group of young men have yet to be seen when you compare them to Primary Colors, who played at The Spot this past Friday. Talented isn't the word, in fact I don't think there is one word to describe what I saw the other night. To say they are good isn't enough. I suggest you see for yourself at The Spot on Thursday, September 21. I'm sure you'd like to know who's who and what's what, so on with the list. Michael Liu, vocals, Ei Kato, guitar and vocals, Ritchie Santiago, drums and vocals, Yoshi Makita, bass; they form what is known as Primary Colors. They do songs by Hootie, Green Day, Nirvana, and some classics like the Beatles and Elvis. In fact they did one of my personal favorites, "I can't help falling in love". They sped it up a bit but they did a fair job with it, okay it was more than fair. The group is a wonderfully talented bunch of young men and I'm not saying this to be nice. But they could change a few things, such as a little more lights (I really don't know what could be done about that), and turning the bass and the volume down a bit could help. Hey, it's a suggestion and it could be a plus (trust me on this one). The loudness just overpowers the vocals and it seems that you're trying to hide something. There is always room for improvement. You decide, come see for yourselves at The Spot, Thursday, September 21. Must be 21 or over to get in...but they are so good it's worth it. By the way, do you guys do requests?

A DIFFERENT KIND OF POT: HOLES IN SOUTH P-LOT

By Heather Irene Rosenow

The other day I was almost permanently maimed by a parking lot. Not by anyone in the parking lot, but by the parking lot itself. Do you know where this happened? Right under our University's collective nose. I am not the only person who has been affected by the disrepair that South-P has fallen into. For all you non-commuters, South-P is a commuter parking lot kept out in the middle of nowhere by our illustrious University. On the aforementioned day, I had just stepped off the lovely commuter contraption some like to refer to as a bus. As I waved off the smoke produced by the gas eating monster, I bopped happily along looking forward to reaching my peaceful little home. As a rule, while walking, I always look where I am going. Yet nothing could have prepared me for the Viet Cong jungle trap lying in the middle of a grassy knoll right here in the sleepy town of Stony Brook. Suddenly, mid-bop, I was thrust forward and down by some unknown force. As I fell to the ground, exclaiming various obscenities as I went, I came to the terrible realization that I was falling into a hole. Well, part of me was at least. My right leg had been sucked into a mini-well of sorts. I sat on the ground where I had fallen, surrounded by the books that had been strewn around by the unusual incident, and tried to figure out what the hell had just happened to me. My leg had fallen a

good two and a half feet into the earth and had just barely missed being cut open by a ragged sharp stick which was on the inside of the hole. I only avoided a bloody mess because I was lucky enough to have been wearing jeans. Someone else had not been so lucky. I was unable to attain a name, but apparently another young girl ran into trouble in the South Commuter Parking lot. She may not have fallen into a ditch, but she did trip over an ignored tree stump and break her ankle. Thanks to some campus police who happened to be near by, she had her leg splinted and was able to attain immediate medical attention. I shudder to think what would have happened to that poor creature had there been no one to help her, or if this incident had happened at night when not many people venture to South-P. I'm sure that incidents like these could be prevented by simple procedures to insure that the students utilizing the University's properties are safe from harm. We have put up with the cement jungle formed by endless construction, but how much are we expected to take? Simple actions like walking to one's car have become dangerous. In my opinion, the existence of such situations is ludicrous, unnecessary, and a waste of our money. Let this be a lesson to our University. There are always people around to notice when something goes wrong. They're just lucky that neither I nor the unnamed girl are a part of America's lawsuit-happy majority.

Lawn Guylandish

By Steven Tornello

Simpsons Interlude: While preparing for her upcoming role as Blanche Dubois in A Streetcar Named Desire, Marge Simpson decided to stay in character, so she spoke in a Creole accent. To help her acclimate better, Lisa also spoke in a Creole accent, but the wiseacre Bart followed with an Oliver Twist/British accent. Upon hearing these different accents, Homer, in a fit of confusion, yelped, "I'm living in a cuckoo clock!"

And Stony Brook is a veritable cuckoo clock in reference to the many different languages we can overhear in just the short walk from the Bookstore to the Union. Japanese, Chinese, Russian, Spanish, and a cavalcade of other native tongues have become commonplace to even English-hearing ears. However, one language barrier has yet to be destroyed. One language still lingers around like the heinous odor of a specialty dish made at any cafeteria on campus. One language is still developing and amorphing to the point where it's embryonic beginnings are all but nonexistent. Even a New Yorker like myself cannot comprehend this phonetic phenomena I like to call "Lawn Guylandish."

Once you cross the Queens-Nassau County border, you not only cross over from city to suburbia, but from English as we know it to a language that one noted linguist deemed to be "a giant shitstain on the English speaking underwear." The differences are vast and plentiful, and they stick out like a toupee on a Hare Krishna.

Listen, I've got to level with you. I live less than an hour away from Long Island. Being a city boy (albeit Staten Island is as much of a city as Croatia is a profitbale vacationing spot), I've heard, experienced, and, yes, even talked with a certain New Yawk accent. But no accent is so extreme where total incomprehension is anticipated. Lawn Guylanders have an accent which is somewhat similar to what we speak here in the city. So it's not how they speak, it's what they

speak that is so ridiculous and so like Long Island that one noted sociologist was quoted as saying, "What we experience here in Long Island is confined to only Long Island and cannot be used outside it's boundaries without full separation from that society."

Before we study this language, we must first explore it's history. As Long Island was being settled by the British during the seventeenth century, the little talked about but very influential tribe called the LikeWhatevers decided that since their main source of armaments were twigs and pebbles, they would be friendly towards these foreign strangers. A noted historian once described the LikeWhatevers as being "an odd lot, much like the people nowadays who do Elvis impersonations, except minus the velvet jumpsuits and sideburns." They called on their High Cheif Aslf and his able-bodied band of diplomats and toilet attendants to not only begin trade but to also assimilate themselves in this unique European culture. The British were immediately thrown back by these natives and their weird talk. Their high pitched song of "Like Whatever or Something Mall Mall Mall" pierced the air throughout the night and even into the early light of the morning. This catchy tune was ingrained in heads of the British and it eventually bred a lifeblood of it's own. And once a "superlanguage" was formed, the British and the LikeWhatevers lived in harmony until the Great Alcohol Squabble of the the eighteenth century. Once more English settlers arrived, the LikeWhatevers eventually were bartered off to the Dutch in exchange for a good parking spot for their horses outside what was the beginning of the SmithHaven Mall. However, their influence was still present, and the basis for "Lawn Guylandish" was already a staple of the area.

Let us now explicate "Lawn Guylandish." To fully immerse yourself in this vernacular, one must merely set foot inside one of the many malls you can find on every block in Long Island. Once that has happened, you must now burn every book of grammar you have ever read, written in, or even heard of.

Now, you must endear yourself to words such as "like", "something", and, of course, "whatever." When speaking, substitute them liberally without respect to the rules of grammar. Remember, those rules of grammar are burning away quicker than the asbestos is in our lungs. Put those words wherever you want. It's okay. Do it. Now, disregard periods and commas. Every Long Islander has been working on a run-on sentence since birth. Also, end conversations abruptly if you are confused or if you want to talk about yourself or about something not related to the previous conversation.

Let me illustrate. Let us take a classic in American oratory, "Who's on First," by Bud Abbott and Lou Costello.

Costello: What's the guy's name on first base?

Abbott: Who.

Costello: The guy's name on first base.

Abbott: Who.

Costello: What's the guy's name on first base?

Abbott: What's the guy's name on second base.

Costello: I'm not asking you who's on second.

Abbott: Who's on first.

Costello: I don't know.

Abbott: Third base.

And now, the Lawn Guylandish version:

Costello: Like what's his name, the guy on first base or something?

Abbott: Like, who.

Costello: The guy on like first base.

Abbott: Whatever. Did you like lose weight or something?

Lawn Guylandish is distinctly Long Island. It is the official language of the area which has produced the likes of Joey Buttafuoco and Joel Rifkin. It's something that takes years of total immersion to fully reap it's repercussions of vernacular suicide. It is the Stony Brook language, and it helps make Stony Brook the cuckoo clock of the world.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

MISSING: DAN HEALY, STAFF MEMBER, THE STONY BROOK PRESS
LAST SEEN: AUGUST 26, 1995, IN THE PRESS OFFICES



Have you seen this man? Dan Healy, one of our staff members, has been missing in action ever since he made a brief appearance in our office the weekend before school started. He hasn't been seen since. We suspect his disappearance may be the result of foul play or personal abuse: Dan has been known to use his penis to stop electric fans. If you see Dan, please tell him to check in with us.

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THIS IS A TEENY TINY HOUSE AD.

Please join The Press.

The Statesman sucks.

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We definitely won't pay you, but you do get to play our computer games.

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Or call us at (516) 632-6451.

Email: sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

Mmmm, Mmmm, Warm Cherry Pie!

The New Juice magazine, published in Berkeley, reprints this article from the Mainichi Daily News, Japan: "Fresh Saliva is the latest specialist product to be marketed by the Wakayama Company aimed at Japanese men with an obsessive interest in female high school students a.k.a. *joshikosei*. Last year we began selling *joshikosei* used panties in our stores, and sales were so good that we've invested in new vending machines for them... It's now easier for the girls to sell saliva than their panties, and if we get regular supplies, we're planning to start bottling *joshikosei* menstrual fluid next year."

Homunculus Dementia

A Seminal Discourse on the Autoerotic Tendencies Inherent in the Works of Jim Henson

By Professor Lowell Yaeger (graduate Sum Cum Loudly, Suffolk Community College)

A recent project revolving around an analysis of children's television yielded a surprising result for my coworkers and I: Jim Henson, the creator of the Muppets and *Sesame Street* (not to mention numerous other projects, including the ground-breaking 1980s hallucinogenic allegory, *Fraggle Rock*), is a clear example of an artist stricken with severe emotional problems, frantically seeking an outlet for his dementia in his work.

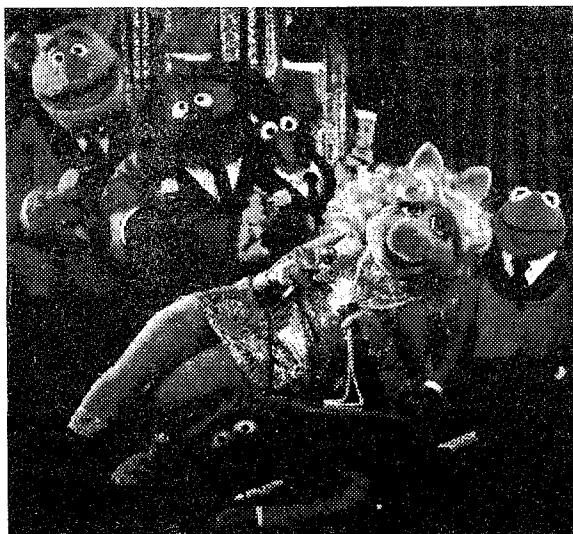
Let us begin the exploration of this deceased puppeteer's mind with an analysis of the puppets found on his late 1970s send-up of variety shows, *The Muppet Show*. The show is hosted by Kermit, one of the few puppets to appear in more than one place (he also appears in the children's educational show and PBS mainstay *Sesame Street* — see below for a more complete description of the subconscious carnival rides found in that particular text), a frog with a severe self-esteem problem and a tendency to be over-anxious about things, two symptoms of a childhood fraught with trauma and possible sexual abuse. His esteem problem manifests itself in songs like "It Ain't Easy Being Green" and his over-anxiety is clear at just about every turn of the show. Furthermore, his desire to uncover these locked, hidden memories of the past are presented in his career as a newspaper reporter, a role in society whose traditional job is to uncover hidden truths and bring them to light.

Other cast members with mental disorders include Scooter and his sister Skeeter, both of whom spend entirely too much time with one another backstage, suggesting a possible sexual/incestual relationship. Fozzie Bear, a grizzly comedian with a repertoire of poor jokes, has ADD, better known as attention-deficit disorder, which may stem back to a childhood in which he was neglected by his parents — not a great surprise, since after all, Fozzie is a bear, and most bears spend at least half the year asleep. Fozzie also has a large variety of hat tricks, which may indicate his desire to pull something else out of a hidden spot, perhaps himself out of the closet. Is Fozzie gay? Gonzo, besides being afflicted with a schizoid personality that compels him to be as bizarre as possible, is also into bestiality, as seen by his tender care and numerous sexual double entendres towards his chicken, Camilla.

Waldorf and Statler, the two elder statesman perched upon the theater's balcony, are both afflicted with the beginning stages of Alzheimer's

Disease. They are aware of this, and unable to fight its dreaded progress, they take their anger out on the rest of the show, compelled to criticize anything and everything they see. The Swedish Chef, a cook known to speak only in Scandinavian, is not, indeed, speaking in any recognizable Eastern European dialect, according to Doctor Andy Preston of the Linguistics Department at SUNY Brockport, but is rather suffering from a rather common form of Tourette's Syndrome, a neurological disorder characterized by a compulsion to talk in a strange, sing-song language only the speaker can understand.

Miss Piggy is an obsessive type whose need to mate with an animal of another species (namely a frog) is rooted in her own inability to come to terms with her weight, which far exceeds the



norm. Bunsen Honeydew and his assistant Beaker are engaged in a sadomasochistic homosexual relationship, with Bunsen as the dominatrix. The relationship appears to be entirely against Beaker's will, as seen by his continuous anxiety and fear when he is in his master's company. Last but not least, the orchestra that plays the music for the show is a company of drug addicts. Mr. Teeth is on just about every drug known to man; Zoot, the saxophone player, can attribute his large nose to frequent cocaine use. Janice is a pothead, and Animal is a full-blown angel dust addict.

Exploring another vein, the more mature but no less problematic *Sesame Street* is fraught with a variety of characters possessing equally severe personality disorders. The hyperactive Grover is manic-depressive; as if this were not enough, his tendency to dress up in post-World War II mythological superhuman garb and refer to himself as Super Grover, an invincible hero of the downtrod-

den underdog, is a reflection of a Jesus complex, the first symptom seen in the development of spontaneous schizophrenia. Another blue-colored anthropomorph is Cookie Monster, a profoundly retarded creature whose vocabulary is limited to one word ("Cookie") and a chorus of mono-syllabic grunts whose frequency is dependent upon the proximity of sugar. A hypoglycemic sugar deficiency and a compulsive overeating disorder make life especially bad for his tragic figure.

Big Bird, besides being an androgyn clearly out of touch with his own sexuality, is also delusional, hallucinating the existence of a woolly mammoth named Snuffaluffagus. This delusion is so pervasive that it extends to the other residents of Sesame Street, a mass psychological disorder on the level of that which affected the Manson family. Snuffaluffagus, on the other hand, is not free of psychological disorders, but instead is a severe depressive prone to long, black periods of moroseness and morbidity. Ernie and Bert are NOT gay, as one might assume; however, Ernie is a regressive, as seen in his bathtub behavior with an inflatable child's toy ("Rubber Duckie, you're the one"), and Bert is anal retentive, as seen in his explosive reaction to Ernie's consumption of cookies in Bert's bed. Bert also has possible bestial tendencies, apparent in his obsession with pigeons.

Oscar the Grouch is obsessed with filth, as seen by his choice of abode — namely, a garbage can. This, perhaps, stems back to a preoccupation with masturbation, and the social stigma that accompanies this activity, perhaps making him feel unclean and dirty and compelling him to immerse himself within the object of his anxiety.

As a matter of fact, the only puppets free of stigma are those that appear only periodically, those that have little bearing on the theme of the show, and a few select individuals like Rowlf, the piano playing dog, and Elmo, who really isn't anything more than a cutesy money-making scheme anyway. So in summary, let us review the possible problems Jim Henson has sublimated into his creations: filth-fixation, anal retention, bestiality, regression, delusions, depression, overeating disorder, retardation, mania, a Jesus complex, drug addiction, repressed homosexuality, obsession, Tourette's Syndrome, Alzheimer's Disease, schizoid personality, ADD, low self-esteem, and over-anxiety. It is hard for this professor to believe that a talented puppeteer such as Mr. Henson found time to sublimate his dementia at all, possessed as he was with such a motley crew of mental disorders.

Last Week's Winning Entry:
I could not go to the **Satanic Ritual** because I was **Masturbating My Iguana**.

Congratulations to last week's winner of the "Fill in the Blanks" contest, June Laul! June's entry was clearly the best of those submitted, producing a myriad of emotions in the hearts of the Press' editorial staff. Her composition smacked of literary genius, evoking feelings of both elation and pathos in all who read it, and a desire, at least from the Photo Editor, to ravish her with the fruits of his years of sexual exploration. June, Kudos to you, congratulations to your Iguana, and call us, we'd love to hear from you. Let us be your Iguanas.



THE PRESS "LITIGATION SUCKS" CONTEST

This week's contest is not, technically, legal. We are convinced, however, that Bil Keane is such a cool guy he would never sue a couple of struggling college students.... right, Bil?

The object of this week's contest is to write your own caption for the "Family Circus" cartoon at left. Write as many as you like, and then drop them off or shove them under the door of our office, room 060 in the Student Union. You computer folks can even e-mail your entries to sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu.

The most entertaining entry will get an eighth of a page in our next issue to print whatever they want. May we suggest, however, that you might want to print just what a great guy Bil Keane is? I mean, this guy is amazing... a real voice of sanity and good old fashioned moral values in an increasingly depraved world. I'll bet he doesn't even have a lawyer.