

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVII No.6 The University Community's Peeing Paper November 13, 1995

*"Student media isn't
doing its job unless it
shocks once in a while."*

-Shirley Strum Kenny

Yitzhak
Rabin

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Yitzhak Rabin: 1922-1995

שלוס חכר יצחק רבין

By Liv Ann Bacerra

Shir Lashalom

Let the sun rise and let the
Morning shine through. The
Purest prayer will never bring
Us back to life

He whose light is out and is
buried in the dust cannot be
Revived, even with
A bitter cry.

No one can return us from
The dark pit. No
Victory celebrations or songs of
Praise will help us.

So, just sing a song for peace.
Don't whisper a prayer. It is
Better to sing a song of peace
With a loud voice.

Let the sun pierce through the
Flowers. Don't look back
Leave the fallen
In peace.

Raise your eyes in hope,
Not through a gun sight.
Sing a song for love and
Not for war.

Don't say, it will happen some
Day. Bring the day yourself,
(Because it is not a dream). And
In all the squares, cheer for peace

The Vigil

November 6th at 2pm in the Staller Center people gathered to remember Yitzhak Rabin, the Prime Minister of Israel. Rabin was murdered on November 4 at a peace rally in Tel Aviv. Even though this tragic event happened on the other side of the world, it seemed as a friend to the University's Jewish and Non-Jewish community had died.

"I am amazed that this many people came to pay their respects," said Victoria Eaton, Vice President of Hillel. Eaton added, "It's a pity that it takes something like this to get so many members of the campus community together in one place." There were approximately 300 people in attendance on that clear beautiful afternoon, a major feat for the Hillel group considering no student group the past two years could muster that many people on equally important rallies.

To achieve such a goal the Hillel Organization spent all of Saturday night to Monday afternoon preparing and getting the word out about the vigil. "We haven't had a chance to personally think through what has happened," Eaton said. The vigil opened with a song called *Kol Ha'olam Kulo* beautifully sung by graduate student Melanie Birnbaum. Rabin supposedly loved this song because of its message of peace. As the song pervaded our consciousness, I looked

around at the aggregation of students and faculty curious to see what kind of people would be brought together like this and how would the campus in general would respond to this tragedy. But most importantly, curious at how many people would and could actually overcome the overwhelming apathy and just simply show up. Surprisingly enough, the majority of the people that



stopped by stayed for the whole vigil. The faces surrounding me were those that ranged from mild concern and curiosity to shock and grief.

The opening remarks were given by Ethan Brandler, Hillel Student President, followed by faculty and students that read selected readings, eulogies, Rabin's own words and Rabin's Last Speech. It was a simple and straightforward ceremony accentuating the brevity and depth of emotions that were in the hearts of many in the audience. A multitude of people were overcome with great emotion as the vigil progressed. The audience was reminded what Rabin meant to the peace process in the Middle East. Rabin, 73, had spent the last few years negotiating and fighting for peace. Last year, along with Peres and Arafat, he was awarded a Nobel Peace Prize. The vigil ended on a more relieved note than it started on because almost everyone strongly believed that Rabin did not die in vain. The tragedy was not in vain. As the *Hatikvah* was sung there was an air of resolve that permeated the group. There is still hope for the peace process. As Rabin himself said, "I believe there is now a chance for peace, a great chance, and we must take advantage of it..."

Reactions

At the end of the vigil I had the chance to speak to Victoria Eaton, Hillel Student Vice President, about the general reactions that most of the Jewish community was experiencing. Nearly all were outraged by this act of violence. Almost all felt mournful, even the ones that opposed his peace policies. No one has yet expressed any happiness about this turn of events, at least not around campus, no one had admitted to it anyway. Jews that kill other Jews are considered by some to be as deplorable creatures just as horri-

bly bad as the Palestinians terrorizing the Jews. "No Israeli, no Jew, no decent human being anywhere can help being shaken to the core, shattered to the depth of his and her soul ... nothing, absolutely nothing, is a greater blow to the life of the Jewish nation than fraternal violence", the editorial of USA Today summed up what Israel experienced on that day. A student, Rebecca, (last name withheld)

vehemently expressed what she felt about Jews killing Jews by saying that she'd "...like to take their yamakas and shove them in their throat". Others have a more calm view of the assassination; in fact, they expected this assassination to happen but just didn't know when. A Political Science major student said that "... you just knew it was coming...it

was going to happen one way or another judging from the recent events ...".

Everyone was affected by this. Eaton had a hard time expressing in words exactly how she felt and

just kept repeating how shocked she was and most likely it is safe to assume that a good number felt the same way she did. But all of us must get over the grieving part and continue on to muster strength and have the fortitude to be involved in this peace process.

Resolution

No one really knows if there are any resolution to this kind of tragedy. No one really knows what is to become of the Nation of Israel a decade from now. Then again, the same could be said of this country. But one thing is for sure; the Israelis are more aware of the situation now more than ever and maybe, just maybe, the martyrdom of Rabin can help expedite and facilitate the peace negotiations in the Middle East.

1922: Born March 1, in Jerusalem.

1948: Commands the Harel Brigades that defended Jerusalem against Arab Troops in the Middle East war.

1963-1968: Serves as army chief of staff.

1969-1972: Serves as Israel's ambassador to Washington.

1974: Israel's ruling Labor Party designates Rabin to succeed Prime Minister Golda Meir.

1977: Rabin resigns as prime minister over his wife Leah's illegal U.S. bank account.

1984-1990: Serves as defense minister in the Labor-Likud coalition governments.

1992: Wins election for a second term as prime minister.

1995: Prime Minister Rabin is shot and killed as he leaves a pro-peace rally in Tel Aviv.

Source: AP

" May He who makes peace in the heavens
Make Peace for us
And for all of Israel, and let us say Amen."

DJ Crusty Preston: Screwin' Mad Students

By John Giuffo

Aside from tinkering with the grading system and course requirements, getting a few new courses offered, or getting "input" into various decisions, student participation in university governance has accomplished little except to co-op students into helping administer the university for the goals of the administration and the governing board. Most significantly (to administrators) it contributed to the decrease in campus unrest. It has done nothing to change either the fundamental purpose of the university or the educational system, or to alter the basic power relationships within the university.

- from Are Student Governments Obsolete? by Ray Glass

Case in point, the current situation involving Administration's veto of The Show, a multiple-bill hip-hop concert featuring Wu-Tang Clan, Onyx and Method Man. The Show had been planned since the summer and approximately \$400 of student money had been spent in preparation. About six days before the event was supposed to occur, it was canceled by Vice President of Student Affairs, Fred Preston. Our student government, whose members' reactions ran the gamut from outrage to complacent reliance on the infinite wisdom of our administrators. Regardless, nothing much was done.

A rally was held outside the student union to protest the decision, but it amounted to so much flaccid yelling. Yes, it's important to have student voices heard, but by whom? If our collective voice was heard by Preston, the decision would have been reversed, or at the very least, there would have been an administrative reaction to the rally and the issues brought up by the Student Activities Board. Members of SAB called the universities where violence was supposed to have occurred as a result of the concert, and received highly disparate information from that given by administration. Obviously, something is up here. Either Preston and Public Safety are lying, or the officials SAB spoke to at Morgan State and Howard are. Public Safety claims the information they acted on was confidential and it therefore couldn't be shared with students. This is wrong. Decisions such as this can not be made with unsubstantiated claims of violence; it amounts to

administration disenfranchising students on whim, and not having to back up that disenfranchisement.

It should be common knowledge by now that this was not the first time a decision by Dr. Preston has tied the hands of SAB while screwing the students over at the same time. Time and again, he has invoked the holy grail of explanations: student safety. Student safety has been invoked every time Preston has made a decision that was unpopular. And what an excuse it is; whose going to go on record as being against student safety? By invoking this bogus reason every time, Preston has virtual Carte Blanche in terms of what he can and cannot do "to" and "for" the students. All he has to say is that he has decided that the planned event is considered dangerous, and BAM!, sorry kids, safety first. Now, I don't mean to imply that Preston is only out to screw students, but he has his own interests at heart before those of the students. Imagine, a student getting hurt at a concert he okayed! Why, that would wreak havoc on his spotless reputation. He doesn't realize that safety can be taken into account while at the same time considering student interests.

The man is genuinely clueless. He suggested BARBARA STREISAND for the homecoming concert. Yes, Barbara Streisand. Are you beginning to get the picture now?

This is why I suggested petitioning President Kenny to remove the decision-making power for concerts from Dr. Preston. It's naive to think she would actually go through with it, but it would give her the message that the students were fed up with his ignorant implementation of policy and perhaps pay closer attention to the flaws with our concerting system, and work with students to help better it. The proposal was voted down by the Senate, they felt it was going too far, that we should list suggestions for improvements, work with Preston toward change. They didn't hear what I was telling them about how I had tried to work with Dr. Preston for the last year and a half, with very little progress. The man is simply not interested in students opinions in this case. He continues to make decisions based on ques-

tionable evidence and ignorance.

As a senator, I have seen the senate at its best, and at its worst. Students complain about the senate not doing anything of importance. Senators even criticize the body for being impotent and powerless. There are few actual powers we have, and we hesitate to use them. Still, they chose to work with administration, for administration, on administration's terms, towards ends administration has dictated. Consider the following quote from Ray Glass:

"Student government leaders are usually worse than the student governments themselves because they tend to be status or status quo oriented, have a 'don't rock the boat' attitude, and they depend on potential adversaries for recommendations to graduate school, law school, etc. If students are slaves in the university and the educational process, then student government leaders are Uncle-Tom boss-slaves." Hmm...

To: All Stony Brook Students
From: Your Student Activity Board
Subject: Cancellation of "The Show"
Date: Nov. 7, 1995

The following is a list of expenses that was spent for the promotion of "The Show":

SAB T-Shirts	\$1375.00
SAB Advertising	
Polity Print Shop	\$434.00
Def Jam Posters	\$500.00
Telephone	\$unknown
Car Rental	\$200.00
Tickets	\$687.33
Food	\$200.00
Total	3396.33

Famous Quotes

Fred Preston: "I don't care how much money was spent, there still is no concert."

Richard Young: "It was not my decision, it's all on Fred Preston."

SAB has spent over \$4000.00 of our student activity fee to promote a concert that was approved and then reneged on at the last minute. STUDENTS TAKE A STAND IT'S OUR MONEY, NOT ADMINISTRATION OR STUDENT UNION ACTIVITIES.

We, as students have to stop accepting environments dictated to us by others, and start creating our own environments. I don't even see the need for administration to be involved in the concert decision-making process, students are intelligent enough to recognize when a situation is too dangerous and take actions appropriate to prevent danger. Public Safety has to work *with* students, instead of against them with *confidential* information affecting decisions. And students have to stop taking what's given them. We have money, we have space, we can put on shows without administrative approval, and fuck Public Safety should they try to stop us. Our strength lies in our numbers, and our voices. Change your environment.

N o S h o w

By Vic Alfieri

My brother is a simple person. He has simple tastes, beliefs and standards. There are just two things that he needs to survive in life. He needs Deion Sanders like some people need to breathe or eat. His life is full of "Prime-Time" stats, quotes and jerseys. He is probably the only white person in the world that can do any of the "Prime-Time" celebration dances. He has met Sanders several times, and the star actually remembered my brother this past season when he was at Shea Stadium with the Cincinnati Reds.

The second thing he needs is rap music. Not just any rap music, but that of Wu Tang Clan. My brother believes Method Man might just have the answers to all the world's questions stuck in that floating eye. Luck was on my side, at least for a little while. "The Show" was coming to Stony Brook. This was a tour of some of the rap artists from the movie of the same title. Wu Tang were to host the show and there was to be live performances by Method Man/Redman, Onyx, Erick Sermon and Suga.

In order to clear up some past problems between my brother and myself, I offered to cover this big show for the paper. With backstage passes and a chance for an interview, this was a once in-a-lifetime treat for my brother. This was something he could tell his grandkids about. It was a chance to see a hero up close. A chance to see the real man behind the front used on stage.

All of that was taken away by someone who doesn't

care about dreams and the right to pursue them. It was the SAB's dream to throw the party of the year. It was my brother's dream to see this show. Those dreams became nightmares with Fred Preston as the main cause of disappointment. Preston, Vice-President of student-affairs, canceled this concert due to what he called "a Public Safety risk." He cited problems with recent shows on this tour at other venues. The three supposed events that he cited from his "confidential file" were in Ocean City, Florida, Morgan State University and Howard University.

Here is the problem. SAB officials called these three places to confirm the reports that Preston offered. Preston said that in Ocean City there was a riot at the show. What he didn't say and what was found out after was that the riot occurred after the concert hall was already filled, and two hours after the show was supposed to start. One of the concert officials canceled the show. After hours of waiting for the show to start, people were going to be restless. If you cancel a show that late, you have to expect repercussions from that decision.

At the second site, Morgan State University, Preston cited problems with every phase of the concert. There were supposed problems with the entertainers' management pertaining to payment, illegal drug usage by both the entertainers and the crowd and several violent incidents in the crowd, including a shooting. Officials from Morgan State University have denied all of these

reports. They have stated that the show went smoothly and there were no problems of any kind.

The same thing occurred at Howard University. Officials at the school have denied any problems. The question now is did Preston intentionally lie to cancel the show, or was he misinformed? Conveniently, he happened to be at a convention in Texas and wasn't able to answer our questions. Either way, it doesn't matter. Fred Preston should not have the authority to take such control into his power-hungry hands.

This campus is for the students and should be run by the students. The student government has the power and authority to take away Fred Preston's power of veto. They should find the strength and confidence to do it. They should spend more time on things of this nature. Things that matter to the entire student body. Instead, they continuously try to do things like defund an organization that cannot be defunded and raise their own stipends. The SAB has spent thousands of dollars for this canceled show. That money is gone and it came from our pockets. Fred Preston is the reason for it and something should be done. He is a thief. He stole money from us. He stole opportunities from the SAB for future shows. They have now lost credibility. He also stole dreams from people like my brother, who felt that this event was more than just a show. Instead, it will be a dark spot in the pit of his soul, deposited by Fred Preston.

Polity Shows No Fangs

Last Wednesday, a number of Editors, members, and associates of **The Stony Brook Press** attended a Student Polity meeting; an event which proved to be a tragic waste of human and financial resource. Perhaps acting upon some fantastically bizarre maternal impulse, Polity has collectively assumed the role an on-campus media arbiter. The concerning issue (2.2 on the agenda, but discussed for almost an hour) was the recent behavior on behalf of **The Press** and **The Statesman**. If you hadn't noticed, suffice to say that there has been a general spirit of aggressive competition similar in character to the displaying that apes have performed for millions of years, and Polity has seen fit to pass judgment, if not sentence, upon the two squabbling newspapers. Bureaucracy, however, abhors a decision; true to their nature, Polity split into several groups. In reality, the meeting featured a cacophony of isolated individual agendas but after a while four groups began to distinguish themselves. First, there were the *Avengers*, those who felt **The Press** should be chastised for its actions against **The Statesman**. Not surprisingly, **The Statesman** sent no official representative- just "80/20 Guy" with a note which essentially said, "We're busy." Second, there were the *Moralists*, a humorless bunch who feel that both papers acted "childish" and showed "no respect." Third, there were those who either supported **The Press** (loyalists?) or just didn't give a damn. Finally, there was the animated group of *Press Haters*. This last had only two visible representatives, David Shashoua, a frothing demonstrator of Fascist incompetence, and the representative of the Health Sciences Center. Shashoua seemed to think it would be entertaining to distribute a resolution which was neither proposed nor voted upon- as usual, he was mostly ignored. On the other

hand, the chick from HSC deftly outstripped Mr. Shashoua as an icon of stupidity. After inquiring why **The Press** isn't delivered to the Health Science Center (ans: poor funding), she stated "We [the people of the Health Sciences Center] hate **The Press**, we would love to defund you." Since when is a limited distribution grounds for defunding? I'm not certain if this is evidence of bigotry or if the Health Science representative is assuming personal responsibility for HSC's loss.

As I stated earlier, the meeting was a waste. Nothing was decided, nothing was done. Go to a Polity meeting sometime. Can you name more than a third of them? Probably not. Do they seem to be competent representatives of student opinion? Doubtful. "But wait!" you say, "Listen to their egotistical ranting; surely they represent somebody?" Yes. They represent themselves.

If anyone were to express a legitimate interest in the affairs of the campus media, I would reply with the following suggestion: Write. This is the media, if you can express yourself clearly and concisely you'll most likely see your opinions in print. **The Press** loves to use opposing viewpoints!

On the other hand, if you have a serious concern, try to look before you leap. Before enacting some public foolishness, try calling the campus media advisor, Norm Prusslin. He's a nice guy, and far more effective than Polity.

When dealing with the media, the most important thing is to be informed. **The Stony Brook Press** has pissed off a great many people over the past sixteen years and shows no sign of slowing. Should you someday find your self at the wrong end of some double-barreled satire, remember to walk softly. If you make an ass out of yourself, we'll be there, grinning.

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Letters

Ms. Rosenow,

In your article on October 31, 1995, entitled "All They Could Do Was Watch," regarding a plea from a U.N. officer for military assistance during an invasion in Srebrenica, you wrote:

"Not a single thing was done. As the world watched, 6,000 people were murdered in cold blood."

Perhaps you should get out a little more. Because while 6,000 human lives may seem exorbitant, please keep in mind that nearly DOUBLE this many people were MURDERED in New York alone, JUST last year - and not much done about that either. I know it seems so tragic to you, how the world (America) sits idly and watches thousands of people all over the world being victimized by the wrath of global conquest. But the fact of the matter is that the billions of dollars required for us to continually mobilize and police the world could be used to save a lot of lives here in the United States. I really don't know or care where you are from, but there are many cities in America that are practically war zones, where it is a constant struggle for police to preserve basic order, where people are afraid to leave their houses

after dark. Its great that you are among the elite who are so privileged as not to have to contend with such violence in your backyard, but for the rest of us who have been plagued and victimized by troubled ways in our society, such ignorance is not affordable. In my lifetime, though I am quite young, I have seen an awful lot of very nice neighborhoods literally go to pot. So while you rant and rave (Rosenow-rant) about how people are dying on the other side of the world, several people will be shot dead on the streets and in their homes here in the United States. Something like once ever 15 seconds, a handgun is made here in the U.S. - and for the US 'market'. The crime rate (per 100,000) here in the America is FAR higher than that of other European countries, and I don't see other countries rushing in to help us.

Kirk Nechamkin
<knechamk@ic.sunysb.edu>

Dear SB Press,

I am a former Stony Brook student who escaped this year. I just heard the news today about you and the Statesman. I think it is a down right shame that people like

the ones who run the Statesman are allowed to walk god's green earth. They should be locked up. On behalf of all the former Stony Brook students now attending New Paltz, we give you our all-out support. We can offer military as well as moral support. We have twenty eight armored units in place, waiting for the call. We can also send ten battleships, two aircraft carriers and two dozen donuts.

We, the former SB students, would like to say that all who are involved with the Statesman are now our new sworn enemies. You at The Press are a good bunch of people, who should be treated with respect and held in high regard by all who think you are all of these things. Good luck in your struggle.

brother in arms,
R.S. Scarano.

Mr Scarano:

Thanks for the support. As for the donuts, we could use them even if we don't start a war with The Statesman. The food on campus sucks.

Dear Stony Brook Press:

Why don't you guys print Manning Marable's "Along the Color Line" any-

Urinate on doors Naked

more? It was always a great voice of reason and intelligence in the often shrill debate on race that is so necessary. I beg you to reconsider and bring him back.

Glenn Evwa

Mr. Evwa:

Our decisions not to run "Along the Color Line" are made by the editorial staff in the interest of printing more student-written stories. When space allows, we plan on running his column.

If you do send us type-written letters, please put them in either Palatino, Times, Courier or OCR font, at least 12 point. This makes it easier for us to scan your letters instead of retyping them.

Benito & Me

By Chris Sorochin

On October 17, St John's Law School, in its mission to expose students to differing viewpoints, proudly presented a question and answer session with Gianfranco Fini, a member of Italy's current ruling coalition. In a speech made shortly after the election, Fini called Benito Mussolini "The greatest Italian statesman of the twentieth century." One doesn't get the opportunity every day to spend the afternoon listening to a neofascist, at least not one from another country, so I made tracks to the Moot Courtroom.

Introductory remarks were by Judge Edward Re, who spoke to the audience in a tone usually reserved for children. Besides Italian-American pride, the judge seemed to think Italy was most noteworthy for its penchant for lying prone with no questions asked when NATO carries out 'operations,' like bombing Libyan civilians from airbases on Italian soil.

Fini himself was a letdown, mouthing platitudes about values, nationalism and the free market. He mugged and worked the room with hand gestures considered cute and folksy by those who think Italians are a comical and childlike people who are always stomping grapes and dancing tarantellas.

One student tried to drag him out with a question about resurgent xenophobia and right-wing nationalism in Europe. Brilliant maneuver, but no dice; just more about using economic development as a carrot to keep potential immigrants at home—and increased European Community restrictions as a stick.

Fini is unique among people from outside the US in expressing a desire to introduce a US-style health care system into his own country, claiming that their present state-run system is inefficient and expensive. I guess he doesn't know a great deal about the

US health care system. He'd apparently like a two-tiered arrangement with a privatized element for those who can pay, and the shell of a social one for everybody else. When questioned on the inequality of this, he merely gave one of his charming "Who knows?" shrugs and said that all systems have inequalities. He didn't explain how his system of inequalities would be better. Maybe, as in the US, it would be better for the private health care industry.

Fini would like to see Europe have a larger role in NATO so all the "burden" won't be on the US. I guess health care isn't the only thing he misunderstands about this country. He also said Italy is not prepared militarily to send ground troops to Bosnia. Translation: Italians are unwilling to have their sons die in some ill-conceived Balkan adventure.

Fini wants the EC to look southward to the Mediterranean basin for development instead of eastward, but at the same time deplores those in Eastern Europe who've discovered that capitalism doesn't equal Democracy and want to get some of their social protections back.

No one asked the question screaming in my mind, which was how much money the CIA had pumped into buying elections for the Christian Democrats, the party that held power for 40+ years and is currently being investigated for massive corruption. I believe the infamous 1948 election cost at least one million dollars, not lira, and more such interventions and subversions were authorized, particularly by Gerald Ford. It would also be nice to know if the spooks are still active in Italy's internal politics. Doubtless they are, and equally as certain I wouldn't have gotten a straight answer.

Throughout the proceeding, no one used the "F" word and Judge Re said in conclusion that every-

one in Italy was grateful to Mr. Fini.

I doubted that, so I called my friend Roberto in Milan. He told me that Alleanza Nazionale (AN), Fini's party, is the cosmetic mask affixed to the Italian Social Movement (MSI), a fascist party founded after World War II by Giorgio Almirante. Fini is Almirante's immediate successor. One of MSI's articles of faith is that fascism is the only form of government that reflects Italy's true soul. The party espoused extreme nationalism, and before joining forces with Berlusconi, Fini criticized the latter's bid to conglomerate the media as being an unhealthy "Americanization" of Italy's culture.

The presentation was alleged to be about "Renewal in Italy," but I'm given to understand that, besides unreconstructed fascists, AN also embraces a good many of the most corrupt factions of the disgraced Christian Democrats, like Publio Fiore, a former transport minister who was at the core of CD leadership. AN has, not coincidentally, tried to smear and bribe judges trying to clean up the cesspool of Italian politics.

Roberto also said Fini is resisting privatization, believing in a strong central "Corporatist" state.

Fini is reported to have expressed wishes for a new fascism for the next century, and has met with the blatant French xenophobe Jean-Marie LePan as well as leaders of the far-right racist Republikaner movement in Germany.

It will come as no surprise that Fini enthusiastically admires Newt Gingrich. It's a sad commentary that this information was not presented to students.

I can't wait for the day Vladimir Zhirinovskiy addresses law students to explain how his policies will renew Russia, and I as a Russian-American can swell with pride knowing the best part of my heritage is shining through.

TOBACCO ROAD

By Efraim Csuwoj

People from outside the metropolitan New York area seem to be under the mistaken impression that Long Island is running red with flaming liberals, enacting all manner of pinko legislation.

If only that were true. Little do they realize that Suffolk County is firmly under the hammy thumbs of businessmen and cops, and chock full of uptight, white flight, Neighborhood Property Values Committee, overbuilt pickup-driving, war industry-employed yahoos.

Those who live locally will recall the last election season's "anonymous" smear campaign against Representative George Hochbrueckner (a wishy-washy centrist) especially the stickers that mysteriously appeared on stop signs and light poles urging "Dump Hochbrueckner" and "Socialism Ruins." Yes, Comrade Hochbrueckner was a real radical, reporting directly to the Kremlin. Luckily, he was replaced with Mike Forbes, solid friend of the Pentagon and the National Rifle Association, and sworn enemy of those hordes of sleazy Mexicans who are flooding across our borders to take advantage of our lavish public health system while they break their backs for \$2.00 an hour.

Against this paleolithic social and political backdrop, the few true liberals that happen to be elected to office find themselves in a quandary. They can't implement a real progressive agenda, like taxing the rich or funding social programs or education to help the non-rich, or they'll be branded tax-and-spend liberals. Yet they must do something "progressive" to satisfy the constituency that elected them.

Consider Steve Englebright, our State Legislator, known for his superb record on the environment. I guess he's fallen under the spell of evil spin doctors and malevolent image consultants who've brain-

washed him into believing that clean air and water and preservation of Long Island's unique natural heritage are no longer things voters care about. He's also run afoul of the Law and Order at Any Price contingent by questioning the conviction of Christopher Loliscio in a highly emotional local murder case whose victim was a 14-year-old girl.

The first indication that something was amiss was when some of Englebright's campaign literature claimed that he's "tough on crime." I instinctively refuse to vote for any politician that sinks to this overworked and simple-minded device. Have you ever heard of one that claimed to be "soft on crime" (street crime, that is: they're all softer than Downey on white-collar and corporate crime)? I was really disappointed to see Steve Englebright hop on the bullies' bandwagon when I'd hoped he'd address the social and economic factors in crime and violence. But these matters are complex and can't be compressed into a neat little soundbite to appeal to those who've forgotten how to think, if indeed they ever possessed that knowledge.

Another popular faux-liberal tactic is to impose some clean-living moralistic regulation on those who have little or no power. This is no more blatant than in the ever-more-ridiculous antismoking crusade. It's not enough that certain spaces are off-limits to smokers; whole buildings must be. Smokers can't have one lousy room or one car on the train — that would be way too tolerant. These neo-Puritans must think that once we're rid of cigarette smoke, the air will be pristine and free of pollutants. If these people care about air quality, let 'em enact legislation making the cost of GASOLINE prohibitive. But then they'd have to take on the oil and car companies and the penis-heads that think a gas-guzzler is a symbol of their virility, and that would be disastrous.

The latest development in this orgy of brain

death is Mr. Englebright's proposal to criminalize smoking by persons under 18. Now it's only illegal to SELL tobacco products to them. What a great idea! The police can cruise schoolyards and shopping malls and round up any uppity little punks trying to affect attitude with fags dangling from their mouths. That'll teach 'em what a free society they stand to inherit. We already have medieval drinking age laws and mandatory drug testing for junior varsity sports to teach them to be good little sheep and let Big Brother examine their bodily fluids. We're one of the six countries on the planet (along with such models of democracy as Iraq and Iran) that execute minors. I can't imagine why young people aren't more grateful for everything they've got, can you?

One issue that occupies many of the white sepulchers in town councils here is Keeping Kids from Congregating at Night, as if adolescents were the moral equivalent of cockroaches. When the Port Jeff ferry has its summer teen cruises, they make a point of telling parents that police will be there when the boat unloads to show little Brad and Tiffany that they are indeed citizens of an embryonic total-surveillance state.

Maybe we'll next see proposals for values-instilling work camps for those between 12 and 21. We can put them next to camps for minorities, gays, political dissidents, the homeless, artists, feminists, and anyone else who would challenge middle-aged straight white male hegemony.

In the meantime, full and complete monitoring of the young will doubtless instill a profound respect for the law and government in them, to say nothing of the tender feelings they'll develop for their elders.

P.S. This proposed legislation has the full support of the proprietor of a certain antiquarian bookstore in Port Jeff. Last time I buy anything from him.

DIGITAL WASTELAND

A SAVAGE JOURNEY INTO THE HEART OF A NEW WORLD

By David M. Ewalt

Part Four: The World Wide Waste

The next time you open up a newspaper (a real paper, that is, not *The Press*), flip to the movie section and take a look at the ads. You'll see pretty much the normal stuff... pictures from the films, cast lists, praise from reviewers you've never heard of. If you look carefully, though, you'll see something new buried under the studio name and the rating. Take "Toy Story," for example; under "COMING SOON TO A THEATER NEAR YOU" is the inscrutable line "http://www.toystory.com." What the hell is that?

Answer: it's an internet address. More specifically, it's an address for something called the "World Wide Web." The "Web" is a simple way to access and distribute information on the internet. Users set up sites for their information called "home pages." These pages appear as text and pictures on the computer screen, and different tidbits of information can be accessed with a simple click of the mouse. People link their home pages to others, creating a web of computer sites. With a few clicks of the mouse, a user can go from the White House's home page to that of an Australian car salesman's. Pages can also be accessed by typing in a simple address, like the "Toy Story" one above.

Compared to other elements of the internet, the Web is a great invention. It's simple to use, presents information efficiently and home pages are easy to set up.

Ease of use may be the best thing about the Web, but it's also the worst. The web is so easy to use that any schmuck can set up his own site, and most do. As is so often true with the Internet, there is so much sheer crap on the web that useful or entertaining pages often get buried. For every page on the web that's informative, entertaining or useful, there are two dozen that are stupid, boring or pointless.

Why is that a problem? First, it means that when you're actually looking for something in particular it can be devilishly hard to find. Second, all that crap has to be stored somewhere. The loser who set up a page listing the first ten million digits of Pi did so on a publicly-funded university system. That memory costs money; add all the stupid pages together and tuition goes up.

The other problem that ease of use brings is one of overpopulation. The Web is so easy to navigate that millions of people use it every day. Unfortunately, the internet isn't designed to handle such tremendous amounts of people. An overload of users means that entire systems slow down to a crawl. A popular (all well-deserved) nickname for the web is the "World Wide Wait." Most of the time spent on the web is waiting and waiting for the next page to load onto the system.

So why do people bother? If the web is so slow and so void of useful information, why do people use it? Basically, because it's fun. Nobody surfs the web looking for important facts or great wisdom, but rather to see the odd, creative, and often maniacally twisted work of others. Of course, they do have to sort through all the crap to find the fun

stuff, but when all you have to do is click a button waiting isn't so bad... you can pick up a book or watch TV while waiting for the next picture to load.

Last semester the Stony Brook Press gained the dubious distinction of being the only campus newspaper on the world wide web. We had a small home page with information on issue dates and how you could contact us. This semester, we've expanded considerably.

Our new and improved pages start with a brief history of the paper and our current production schedule. From there, you can access all sorts of vaguely interesting stuff. From my perspective, at least, the best feature is the back issues of "Digital Wasteland." These articles have been converted into "Hypertext," which means that if I refer to a certain system or facet of the internet in my article, you can access it merely by clicking on those words. Other features include profiles of our editors, links to other newspapers around the country, and the stuff we want you to know about but can't print in the paper.

Our home pages are on the campus web system, under the "Clubs" heading. For the cyber-illiterate: from your main prompt, type LYNX. Then go to "Clubs," and then to "Stony Brook Press."

Those of you who don't have a campus account are pretty much out of luck. For some bizzare reason, the campus system administrators won't allow the Clubs pages to be seen by anyone off campus. Please take a minute to mail the administrator (afaskowski@ic.sunysb.edu) and tell him to open up our pages. Information yearns to be free...

SOVEREIGNTY IS A THING OF THE PAST

By Boyd B McCamish

The latest battle in the war over a united Canada ended last week. By a slim margin of .66%, Quebecers voted not to open the possibility of independence for Quebec. Many federalists felt that even though the "NO" votes prevailed against separation, the issue must finally be settled by and for all Canadians. Provincial Premier Jacques Parizeau and Parliamentary opposition leader Lucien Bouchard had rallied strongly in the days leading up to the vote. They felt that they would get the votes needed to begin negotiations for independence; they were almost right. Despite the loss, Parizeau felt "something extraordinary happened," and that Quebecers must press on for yet another referendum in the near future. Quite unexpectedly, Parizeau resigned the day after the referendum's defeat, opening the way for his colleague Bouchard, who will carry the cross for the next vote on the future of the province.

The modern sovereignty movement's roots can be traced back to the seventies. Henri Bourassa and Rene Levesque opened the first organized debate on the topic. These two men, both uncompromising and proud, insulted many Canadians with their talk of an "independent" Quebec. At the time Jacques Parizeau was a lieutenant for the Parti Quebecois. He built a reputation as a strong-willed individual who would not rest until Quebec was free. He coined the phrase "separatist," and came up with the concept of the "Quebec dollar." During this period Pierre Trudeau was Prime Minister; he was a Quebecer with a strong federalist view. He is considered one of the most eloquent politicians of our time and did much to quell the separatist movement, not with rhetoric, but with intelligent debate.

The federal government attempted to appease Quebec at the Meech Lake Accord, where the provinces met to try to add special cultural considerations in the constitution. It was unsuccessful, and many Quebecers pointed to it as an example of the federal government's total misunderstanding of their cultural and economic struggle. In 1980 a similar referendum was held. Sixty percent voted against independence, while forty percent voted for it. This vote created a massive disturbance for corporate Canada, and many companies shifted their offices to higher ground in protest of Quebec's "insubordination." Coincidentally, Montreal went from being the largest city in Canada to the third, mostly because of the mass exodus of english speaking Quebecers.

The largest building in Toronto is now the Bank of Montreal building. The financial group moved its offices shortly after the vote. To this day Quebec is not a signor of the Canadian constitution.

In 1993, parliamentary and provincial elections were held. The Parti Quebecois won a landslide in the province, and overnight they became the opposition party in the House of Commons. Suddenly, Canada became polarized.

In Quebec, Jacques Parizeau won the premiership riding strongly on the issue of separation. Quebec once again placed itself in the national spotlight. Because of the disturbance the Canadian dollar began losing value. The House of Commons was full of talk about Quebec's future, instead of the budget or easing unemployment. Resentment and animosity started to boil over and this very emotional issue started to grab headlines. Federalist and Reform party leaders like Preston Manning sought to crush the movement. In fact, the Reform

party was created solely so that western Canadians could voice their anger and frustration over the apparent loss of authority by the federal government. Current Prime Minister Jean Chretien is now being accused of not doing enough to counter the enthusiasm created by the Parti Quebecois. It was only a week before the election when the federal government realized that the Parti Quebecois had a fighting chance, and began serious information campaigns against it.

The question of what Quebec actually wants is still open to debate. Conflicting views by members of the Parti Quebecois further the confusion felt in Ottawa. The Quebecois says that they want to cut all ties to Canada, while provincial leaders wish to retain economic allegiances. This indicates that the practical application of their agenda is still a matter of internal debate. Whatever the case, Quebec's leaders vow to begin another campaign soon. What should be more of an issue amongst them is what real independence is. Canadians have made it clear that if Quebec chooses to leave the confederation, their business will not be welcome. The US government has said that if Quebec secedes they won't necessarily be entitled to the same privileges they have now, like NAFTA. So the question becomes, how much is Quebec willing to sacrifice in order to become free? And if the answer is "not much," than how "free" can a nation be without its own economic identity?

For more information see: "Towards a just society" By Pierre Trudeau. (In university library)
Internet: ALT.CAN.POLITICS

Collective Presidential Confusion

By Heather Irene Rosenow

"A conservative is a man with two perfectly good legs who, however, has never learned how to walk forward." Hmm. Bob Dole. Who is this man? The mere mention of this man's name makes many liberal Democrats either squirm or voice a collective "Huh?". He is alone at the top, so to speak, among Republican front runners for the ever-sought-after Presidential nomination. With the Powell question safely disposed of, Dole has begun to systematically put his shattered public ego back together. This is proving to be harder than he probably thought it would be. When you think Pat Buchanan and Phil Gramm, besides shuddering all over, you generally know what their inherently conservative psyches stand for.

What does Dole stand for? One of his own senior campaign aides reportedly said "If you ask Dole today, 'What's your message?' he'll say, 'Tenth amendment, family values, preserve, protect, and defend.' He's got the mantra down- it just doesn't mean anything." That's just great. He's either clueless or hiding something. The two leading political parties in our nation have apparently switched places within the last two decades. In the seventies and eighties the Democrats were notoriously left wing and unorganized, and as a result never won elections. They also humiliated themselves with candidates like Michael Dukakis. That was amusing to watch.

We now have the nineties parallel of this previously-Democratic phenomena. All of the Republicans from Newt Gingrich to Pat Buchanan

are scrambling to see who is the most inherently conservative. By doing this, they have succeeded in alienating the primarily centrist American voting majority. Dole has repeatedly brought up the point that it's "his turn" to run for office. That's funny. I thought getting into office depended on votes, not on a system of taking turns. Sadly enough I respect Newt Gingrich, whose policies I hate, far more than Dole. I know where he stands and I know he's considering Presidential nomination because he has a "revolution" to tend to and not because it's "his turn". As much as I detest his little "revolution", I can respect his determination and forthrightness. Old Newt just doesn't look as if he'd remain comfy with Dole as head of his "revolution". Dole and his campaign appear to panic at every little bump in the road, whether it be Powell or straw poll failures in Iowa (Dole reportedly fired one of his campaign organizers upon losing one of these little shindigs.) Just what we need; a vague, paranoid, overreaction prone President. Yeah. Sounds fun. Dole has been spending huge amounts of money on these little "straw poles". These polls mean very little and are actually just tools to test the political waters of an area. They're also really effective in giving candidates ulcers.

Colin Powell. There's an issue for you. He sent every potential campaign from here to high heaven into a frenzied rush for footholds. He even had Clinton and his minions thoroughly worried. Powell posed a major threat to everybody without even trying. I'm sure hopefuls across the nation breathed a collective sigh of relief upon finding out that Powell had declined nomination.

If he could gain that much support without even trying, a Powell political machine would most likely have destroyed everyone in its wake. He's still not out of the way in one respect. He, by setting everyone spinning while he sat perfectly calm, highlighted everyone's most annoying faults. This is not a happy thing for all those newly polished Presidential hopefuls. He, having not been engrossed in politics all his life, lacks those unsavory political characteristics everyone else in Washington was seemingly born with. His main threat to the Clinton camp was his All-American military man persona which has been proven to appeal to your everyday voter; a military man persona which Clinton glaringly lacks, a lack which has proven to be one of the plagues of his political career.

What will we do come voting time? The present political picture of our nation has media circus written all over it. The mass media is going to have a field day with the upcoming Presidential campaigns none of which have decided how to present themselves to the general public. It looks like our political system is having a really big identity problem, and the main victims of its inner turmoil will be the little people like you and me.

Madame President

By Anne Ruggiero

As the American media gears up for the 1996 presidential election campaigns, a variety of political contenders are warming up for the big race. Imagine, for a moment, among the Bob Doles and the Bill Clintons, a female presidential candidate. What an interesting thought, that somewhere in that sea of perfectly pressed suits, flawlessly coordinated ties, and combed-over bald spots that there would be one woman strong enough to face the challenge. And I don't mean the challenge of the presidency—any pansy can do whatever his aides tell him to—I mean the challenge of facing the American public and proving that you have what it takes to get on the ballot despite what a million years of sociology tells you.

What would you think of a woman as president? What would your doubts be? She's too soft? Too emotional? Would the US lose its status as a global leader with a woman at its head? Let's assume that the American public would even let a woman achieve the Oval Office. What policies might she implement as a direct result of her femininity? There are the classic arguments such as a ban of the NRA, gun control, more generous welfare and foster care allowances, growth of education and the depletion of the military budget. (There's a problem here???) Of course, just because the president might be a woman doesn't necessarily mean that she will automatically adapt these ideas, just as all of the presidents we've had so far have been men, yet they have all had varying policies. How would a Madame President fare in international politics? What about strictly patriarchal societies? Countries that blatantly refuse rights to women? How might she influence and converse with leaders if their custom forbids them to be on the same side of the room

as a female? Obviously, this foreign gender barrier might be an obstacle, yet other prominent countries (i.e. Great Britain) have had female political leaders and have managed to scale such obstructions.

Of course, a woman in the White House would have a much harder time in office than a male president. First of all, facing the American community as a potential leader raises problems. The present media, for example, seems to pay more attention to Hillary Clinton's hairstyle and dress size than her involvement in politics. Congresswomen who have been successful in office often have to surrender all self identity and "become male", be aggressive and forceful in the political arena in order to publicly compete with the men. Society has adapted to a certain mold, and it is increasingly difficult to break the people from their trained expectations.

There is always the fear that once a woman achieves the presidency the left wing feminazi radicals will take over, enforcing Affirmative Action and demanding the ERA. Truthfully, most women in public office have tried to avoid sponsoring such feminist theories and actually avoid gender topics so as to appear "rational" and "level headed" like the men are.

Life with a female president would certainly be an interesting change, and one that I would like to see, assuming that it is a woman who believes in her convictions. If what public opinion has stated about maternal instincts is true, then a woman in office might have a pacifying effect on the nation. But let's face it—it will be a while before we elect anything other than a middle aged, white male into the presidency of the United States. Until then, women shall continue to influence the world through their activism and education, and most traditionally, through their families.

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Along the Color Line

Pan-Africanism: Yesterday and Today

By Dr. Manning Marable

Exactly 50 years ago, in Manchester, England, black leaders from Africa, the Caribbean, Great Britain and the United States came together in pursuit of the liberation of the black diaspora. In its manifesto, "Challenge to the Colonial Powers," they declared: "We are determined to be free. We want the right to earn a decent living; the right to express our thoughts and emotions, to adopt and create forms of beauty. We demand for Black Africa autonomy and independence..."

The 1945 Manchester Congress, led by black scholar W.E.B. Du Bois, George Padmore and Kwame Nkrumah, was both the culmination of a historical process of black struggle which had begun a half century before, as well as a decisive political intervention to influence the events after World War II. Behind "Pan-Africanism" was the idea that people of African descent the world over shared a common destiny; that our forced dispersal through the transatlantic slave trade, our common oppression under colonialism in Africa and the Caribbean, and under Jim Crow segregation in the United States, through the exploitation of our labor power under capitalism, and the denial of political rights, had created parallel contours for struggle. Our kinship was also cultural, social and historical, and we found within ourselves the genius and grace of being which was denied us by the racist standards of the white world. By renewing our connections, we forged a consciousness of resistance which could be felt across the globe.

The perspective of Pan-Africanism was first advanced in the international context by barrister Henry Sylvester Williams of Trinidad and Tobago, in the London conference of 1900. It was at this gathering that the young scholar, W.E.B. Du Bois,

predicted that "the problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line." After Williams' death in 1911, the Pan-Africanist movement was continued by Du Bois. The Pan-African Congresses were later held in Paris in 1919; in London, Paris and Brussels in 1921; in London, Paris and Lisbon in 1923; and in New York in 1927. These Congresses created the context for black intellectuals, political leaders and reformers to challenge the prerogatives and power of white colonialism.

Last month, black scholars and activists from Africa, the Caribbean and the US met in Manchester, England, to mark the fiftieth anniversary of that historic Pan-African Congress. I addressed the gathering on the challenges of Pan-Africanism in the twenty-first century, and its continuing relevance to black Americans.

The future of Pan-Africanism as a strategy for liberation depends upon our ability to bring together young people, workers, political organizers, trade unionists, women activists and intellectuals behind a common vision of black empowerment at a global level. The new Pan-Africanism must first challenge the structures of patriarchy within black communities and black organizations, creating a more egalitarian relationship between black women and men. So long as we tolerate the oppression of our sisters, our liberation moment as black people will never succeed.

The new Pan-Africanism of the twenty-first century must take a progressive stand on environmental issues and state of the world's ecology. We must address the utilization of the natural resources of the world; our reliance on petrochemicals and carbon-based technologies which foul the air and pollute our water; and the storage of toxic wastes which shorten the lives of our children. In the United States, three-fifths of all toxic waste dumps

are found within a twenty-five mile radius of black or Hispanic communities. We need coalition strategy creating a dialogue with environmental organizations and green political parties, linking the struggle against racism to a safe, clean environment.

Pan-Africanism of the next century cannot define itself in biological, genetic or racial categories, but in terms of its politics and social vision. Race is a category of antiblack exploitation, a product of slavery, white supremacy, and economic domination. But race today also attacks the humanity of an entire spectrum of people: the Hispanics of California who suffer under the recently implemented Proposition 187, which denies their children access to education and denies their families admission to public health facilities; the Turks in Germany who encounter rampant discrimination and neo-Nazi gangs. The struggle against racism must be fought on a global, international level.

Pan-Africanism remains an essential democratic vision, to deconstruct and uproot the inequalities of racism; to challenge the unpopular capitalist "New World Order" represented by the IMF, the World Bank, and more recently by the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). Pan-Africanism remains vital as a political framework bringing together the collective perspectives of people of African descent in our eternal struggle to assert and to affirm all humanity. Our struggle for the empowerment of the African world is, as W.E.B. Du Bois wrote, "the last great battle of the West."

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

AIDS Theatre Project

By Angelique

The AIDS Theatre Project visited USB last Thursday as part of the LGBA's "Two Weeks of Pride." The Project gets people with HIV and AIDS to do plays about living with the disease. It's an experience that helps you to break away from the health class lectures and public service announcements about condoms. It brings you back to what we often lose sight of: thousands of individual human beings exist and struggle

and survive with HIV. AIDS lurks in their futures. They deal with their families, they try to get to know their children, they watch their friends die.

I watched four real people in front of me acting out the true agonies of their lives. David, Larissa, Tom, and Alvin taught me with every line they spoke. They told us about the dehumanizing doctors, always poking and prodding, the stress compounded by concerned family members, the fear, the isolation, the loneliness, the shame. I saw Alvin tell his sister "it's not easy being a fallen hero, especially in your eyes." Larissa quoted Isaiah: "Take heed, be quiet, do not fear."

After the play they stayed and answered our ques-

tions. Three of them had contracted HIV through what they considered "safe sex" at the time. Theirs was a scary reminder that it can happen to us too. Many of us feel that condoms are good enough. For them, good enough didn't do the job.

They explained their varying motives for being a part of the AIDS Theatre Project: self-expression, education, empowerment, the hope that they might save one person

from their fate. "I want to put a human face on AIDS." It's true, even for those of us who have been involved in working with HIV and AIDS patients it often becomes a vague depression of statistics and dogmatic precautions. The faceless masses become a heavy blur and the important issues get lost in the enormity of the problem.

Tom is a 20 year-old student of NYU. He found out he has HIV about a year ago. Seeing one of our peers really brought the risk back into perspective. He had gotten tested every 6 months and early detection may prolong his life years. He doesn't look sick, none of them did. That was a very sneaky reminder, the person you pick up at a club, the kid you've been dating for months, you could be infected. No one can tell until you're

already dying.

Larissa is a 27 year-old woman who contracted HIV through "safe-ish" heterosexual intercourse. She now has a diagnosis of AIDS. Her T-cells are extremely low. She's a hot chick. Her daughter watched the play with us. I can't even begin to guess how she feels.

The moral of the story is that we're all still in danger. Ignorance is not bliss. Go visit someone dying of AIDS — that ought to be the slap in the face to make you protect yourself and your partner. It's

"Take heed, be quiet, do not fear."

Isaiah 7:4

I watched four real people in front of me acting out the ironic agonies of their lives.

scary, it's ugly, it's sad. I saw a friend the day AIDS killed her. She could not speak or move, the morphine had taken that away from her as it took away the pain. The memory often haunts me. Her death will not be in vain. If you're not into being involved with AIDS work, do the bare minimum, deny the virus another body to destroy.

G O D L E S S D E A T H

By Louis M. Moran

There are questions that cannot be answered with any other answer but faith. You cannot know God's plan, because you cannot know God. You cannot know if God exists, and then your grammar is in question...do you capitalize the 'g' on God, or do you not capitalize the 'G' in god? Is God a he, she, or it? If you don't believe in God, do you capitalize the 'g' If Christianity is the real religion, do you go to Hell for being a Buddhist? If you're a Satanist do you go to Heaven as punishment because, after all aren't you trying to go to Hell by being a Satanist? Should you get what you want if you are ignoring the will of God? If you are ignoring the will of God, will you find out whether God is angry and vengeful or loving and benevolent? If you can't even get God to answer your prayers will, God be willing to reprimand you in this life? What if the Jews were right and Jesus was a carpenter who knew a few good tricks? All of these questions are not just ranting. Sometimes a tragedy brings you to these questions. Sometimes it is someone else's and it is up to you to nod and smile to all those questions. then you go to bed and you start thinking. Whoops! What if there is a God? Uh-Oh! What if God is all-knowing and knows you don't believe? Then you rationalize...God, as single entity, is an invention. You see that in order

to sell Christianity it had to be better than the old religion. It was difficult to frighten the alleged heathens into Christianity which was, of course, the first method. Fire and Brimstone don't mean a helluva lot to people whose worst nightmare involves a worm and a barren field. "Simplify and conquer" became the motto for Christian converters. Think about it; to simply worship Baal (a Fertility God, the one who the Bible authors are picking on in Genesis when a snake is the bad guy [snake/worm, very similar] corrupting the humans) alone you'd have to sacrifice a burnt offering once a month, prepare for six festivals a year, scorch a section of your earth (a good idea, it turns out, anyway) and offer up your own blood. That's just to get your crops to grow! Keep in mind there are a myriad of gods you have to do all this for...pretty soon your whole day is booked and you haven't sowed a single seed. Christianity, for all its bizarre rituals and guilt trips, is relatively easy to deal with...church on Sunday and no social life until you're thirteen. Which narrows your life choices for religion down to a sparse 50 or so versions of Christianity. Basically you become Catholic if you have no political aspirations, Kennedy's not withstanding. Episcopalian if you want to rule the world. No one, including the Episcopalians, knows why this is so, but it is. the rest are basically just nit picking one another.

Bureaucracy reigns supreme even in religion. So what does it all mean? What do you do to ensure happiness even in the afterlife? Of course, like with God and religion, you have to believe in the afterlife. Which is precisely the question I nodded and smiled at the other night when tragedy struck a good friend of mine. there has to be something after you die, right? You can't just be dead, and then nothing. Up until recently I hadn't given it much thought. I assumed you were worm food when you died. I've known people who wouldn't give up any body parts at their death so they could have a whole afterlife. I have always been a big proponent of hacking out everything that's still good enough to use, and burning the rest. the soul, I assume, is not located in the pancreas or any other body part. I still feel safe in my current death plan. I began to think about death. I began to think about the thing that might happen after you die. I figure it this way; either you die and go to wherever, or you die and you're worm food. Sure, there's no major revelation there but there is this. this week, besides my roommate's tragedy, I worked 8, 25, 12, 12, and 8 hour shifts at my job. I think I should probably be dead by Monday. I'm sort of hoping that there's no God; this way I can get some rest in my Godless death.

Can You Feel the Hate Tonight?

By Haniel Shen

Many people, upon seeing my bookbag for the first time, ask "How can you have a Nine Inch Nails patch and Disney pins on it at the same time?" Hell, even people who have known me for a while ask me that question. So, as a result of being REALLY fed up with being asked, among other reasons, I am now going to try to convince you that Nine Inch Nails and Disney is actually all about the same stuff.

At first glance, Disney soundtracks and Nine Inch Nails seem to be at opposite ends of the interest spectrum. This, however, is not the case. The nauseating combination of Boyz II Men and Nine Inch Nails pretty much fits THAT description. When you really take apart the music and lyrics, you can find lots of similar stuff. Nine Inch Nails ponders existence, purpose, repression, depression, anger, blame, and basically anything negative. Disney soundtracks consider existence, purpose, repression, depression, blame, and basically anything positive that can be learned from cleansing oneself from anything negative. And anyone who says Disney doesn't have any anger has obviously NOT listened to the "Mob Song" off the Beauty and the Beast soundtrack. That Gaston fucker was full of it.

Belle, Ariel, Jasmine, Nala, and yes, even Pocahontas all went through a lot of pain and anguish to find their loves, and to settle into their niche of the world. While Trent Reznor has not quite gotten there, he can be seen as a sort of bridge to eventual Disney enlightenment. The music on his many CDs highlight the stressful times in each of our lives, and especially those times experienced by those Disney gals. I would not be surprised if, upon inspection, Jasmine had a copy of *Fixed* in her CD collection. Can't you just see the sex-starved princess self-destructing herself while Rajah looks on? Or Ariel sitting in her treasure trove (this is before Triton blew it away in a classic example of parental abuse), wishing for legs as Something I Can Never Have plays in the

background. Nala surely would be able to appreciate the enchanting chorus of Closer. And last, but not least, Belle would enjoy Happiness In Slavery. Her "provincial life" would sound like a line from I Do Not Want This.

Nine Inch Nails and Disney are essentially the same thing, when you think about it. Sure, Trent focuses on the negative, but so does Disney. The difference is, Disney soundtracks have an eventual ending. Perhaps that's why Nine Inch Nails is so much more dangerous to listen to. There's nothing to look forward to, no happy ending to expect. It's all just a countdown to your demise.

Another reason to back my hypothesis up is the fact that Disney and Nine Inch Nails were simply MADE for each other acoustically. If you've ever done any mixing whatsoever, even if it was with a shitty Radio Crap dubbing bus like I have, you know that opportunities for samples run rampant in both Disney soundtracks and Nine Inch Nails CDs alike. If you don't believe me, ask me for a copy of my mix of "Something Jasmine Can Never Have", in which I borrowed dialogue from *Aladdin* between Jasmine and Jafar. You'll see they fit perfectly together.

So now you know that Disney soundtracks and Nine Inch Nails are really variations on the same themes. Being able to appreciate this similarity is besides the point, but at least now I can say that I have explained myself. And my German Disney soundtracks. And my pics of a muddy Trent right alongside a pic of Belle in the village.

This isn't really related, but anyone wishing to know anything more about Disney can read rec.arts.disney on UseNet. There's lots of fun stuff there, including articles on the physics in Beauty and the Beast, theories on gene differences in Ariel's sisters, and general criticism of that sorry excuse for a Disney animated feature, Pocahontas. And yes, I know I ignored the sexual undertones in Nine Inch Nails songs, but believe me, they apply too. Disney lyrics are CHOCK FULL of em, but I think I'll save that for another article.

OH THE HUMANITIES (LADIES)

Dear ladies of the Humanities Cafe:

We students here at SUNY-Stony Brook are asking you to take pity on us, the very people who pay your minimum wage salaries. We accept your kindness, helpfulness, and hair nets, but what we really want is an understanding.

Oh, we know that you have the power as you sit there behind the cash register. Yes, we know that this is your chance to give it to the man. We also know that as simple rational human beings, you can realize that it is not us students who deserve the wrath of your vengeance. Our parents were not even worrying about broken condoms yet when your lives took a tragic wrong turn down "4.50 Dollars-an-Hour" Avenue. You were all once youngsters like ourselves with starlit eyes towards a promising future, so you can all see that whether or not we take an extra cup for our coffee will not make us follow down that same path you have treaded once before.

What will make a difference in our lives are the third-degree burns on our hands from your scalding hot coffee you gladly serve to us every single fart-infested day. That extra cup we take will not make or break the Humanities Cafe. That extra cup we take will not make you fall into another manic-depressive fit. No, that extra cup makes no difference in anyone's lives except us students, the consumer. Give us a break, hairnet ladies of the apocalypse.

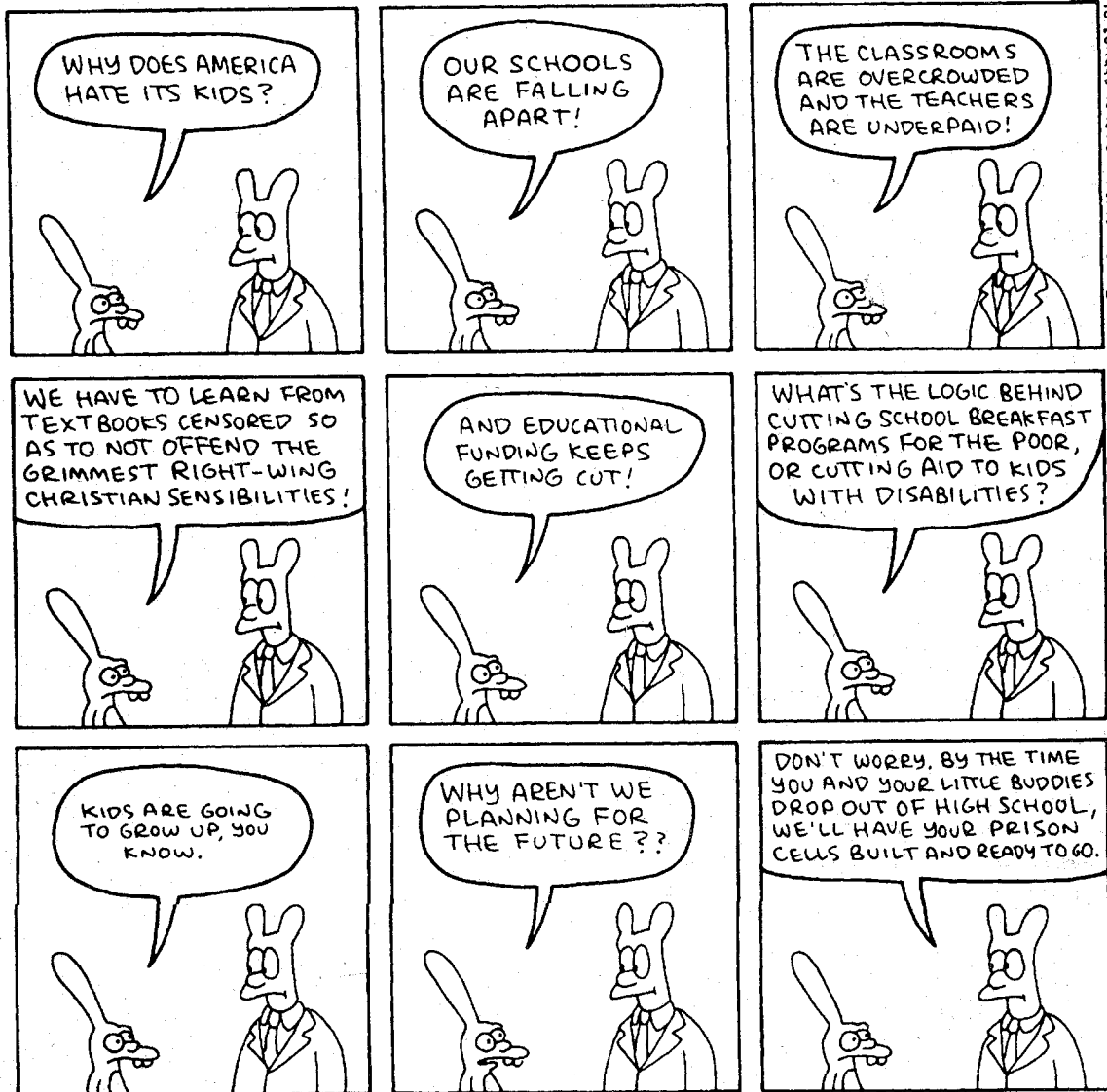
Another thing that irks us are the request of opening our pizzas in order to see whether or not we have mushrooms. What, that extra 25 cents is going to make a big difference in your

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

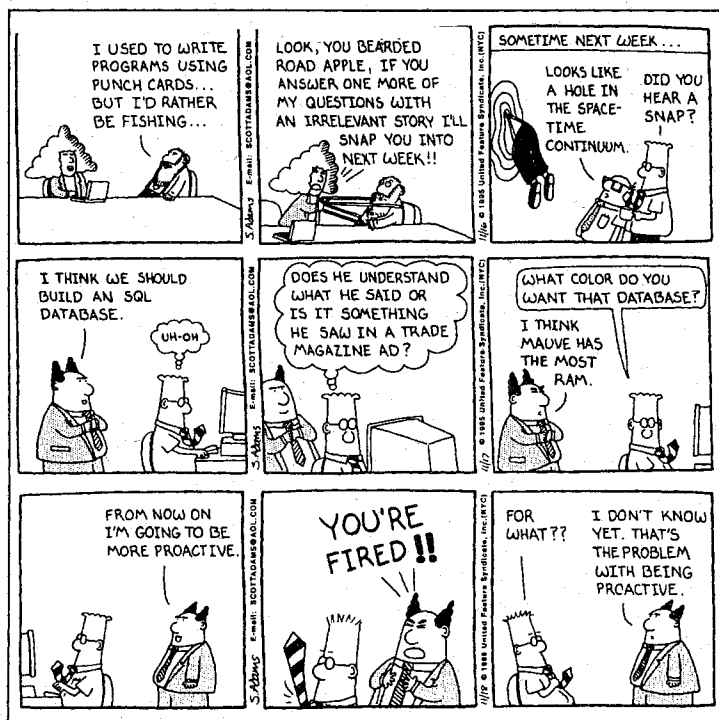
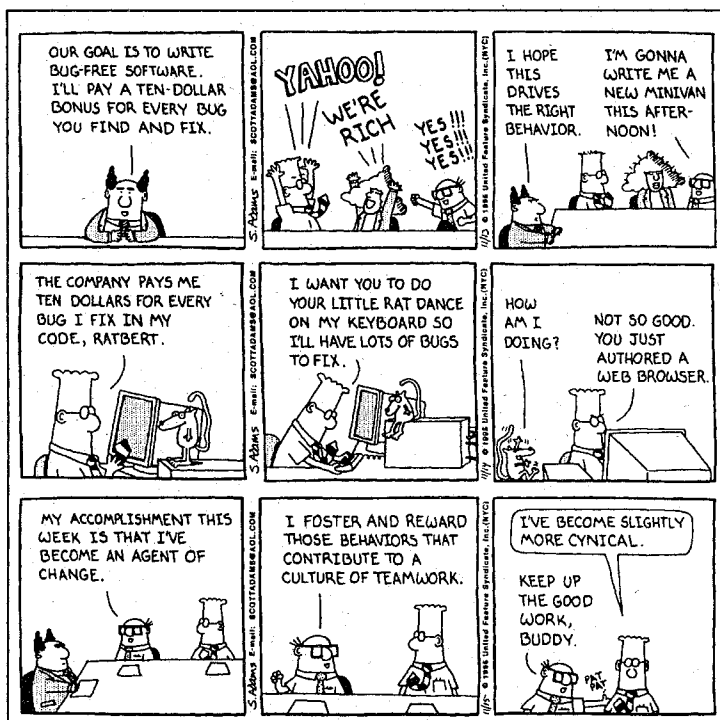
COMICS

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

O C E A N S I Z E

Dear Oceansize:

I have been wondering about this for a while now; why don't Handicapped Parking spaces have coin-op meters in front of them? Isn't it enough that they get the best parking? Does it have to be free too? What is the official reason?

Fully Functional And Pissed

Dear Darwinian,

Survival of the fittest is simply not PC and you'll have to get used to that. Despite the fact that you have a much better chance of beating a person who is "physically challenged" into submission and then taking the very best parking spot from them, things just don't work that way. The latter half of this century will be known for its lame attempts of atonement to the world. Each and every injustice, perceived and real, is being atoned for by exaggerating the punishment of the alleged crime. As if the first half of the century were the social Dark Ages. Now in the second half we all suffer for that which we could not have done, and pay for the sins of our fore fathers. That is, fore-fathers/mothers. You see, once a person of physical challenge would have been relegated to a side show or beaten and kept in a room or whatever heinous thing you can imagine (forced to read 'The Press' Tribute To The Writings Of Scott Lusk Issue), and now they are to be treated with kid gloves and blah blah blah. It is a good thing that ramps and wide doors and accessible stalls are provided to the handicapped population and that they aren't put to sleep, but it is bad to force everyone to pay for these renovations, especially on buildings that were built when the American's would have laughed at the poor handicapped person (for in its root, poor is the basis for all minorities complaints) who couldn't get in. Missing a bit of history there, then, aren't we? Handicapped Parking is not metered so that

"Capped" people will attempt to park there because those that aren't a minority (or whatever they're the majority of) are not just lazy, but cheap. Then they can be ticketed. Not just a standard parking fine mind you, but a huge Moral Fine replete with booting or towing. So survive fitfully my friend, but you will never enjoy it.

Dear Oceansize,

I have been really bummed ever since Kurt Cobain killed himself and I was wondering what I can do to cheer myself up?
Depressed From Death

Dear Morbid de Morte,

Try going outside. Get laid. Get drunk, go outside and get laid. Kurt was a swell guy to be sure, but let's face it he didn't have the guts (oh, I kill me) to deal with fame. Face it, the guy was an asshole. Speaking of hole; if you can have any woman in the world why do you hook up with and impregnate a road whore, slut, bitch, saggy wubbed, pig like Courtney Love? Bleah! "Ooooh I'm sooo depressed, I can't eat cause my belly aches and I can't decide if I want to fuck Cindy Crawford as a 17 year old groupie dressed as cat-woman, or that pig Courtney who just sucked off my Strat because she's strung out on dope and thought it was me..."

This is your hero? Please get a life. Worship Satan or something productive.

Dear Oceansize,

I surf the net a lot on my Pentium 133 with 32 meg, 3.6 gig HD and quad speed CDROM, usually at 28.8, and I found something you might like up there. It's the H.P. Lovecraft Secret Society. It's great. I really dig it. You know H.P. was

into a lot of serious shit and arcane stuff...and so am I, because well, you know computers, Sumerian gods, I'm sure you've made the connection. Surf On, Dude!

Chuthulu Calling

Dear Dope,

H.P. Lovecraft is a hack. He's a Poe wannabe and a total non when it comes to the arcane, occult or punctuation. The guy couldn't write greeting cards much less a scary story. Oh Oh people are having sex with fish...ooooo scary. Ah, Ah there are horrible mole people up there...yikes! Run away Run away it's the evil book The Necrominicon and it's Mad Arab....eeeeek! Here's a guy with a fleeting knowledge of the occult who feels that every time he's got to explain himself he's always got that wacky Necrominicon to fall back on. Oh I could, explain it to you but you'd go mad if I quoted the book. Another favorite is when he doesn't have the vocabulary to explain a creature he says, I could not describe it to you, for then you would go as mad as I. Beautiful. You're a dope, a geek and a lit-lite type. Stick to Stephen King and don't ever E-Mail me again or I will loose your bowels upon your Packard Bell!

All letters can be sent to:

Oceansize
Room 060
Student Union
or e-mailed to
SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU

Top Ten Colors

10. Burnt Umber
9. Purple
8. Hookers Green
7. Periwinkle
6. Raw Sienna
5. Puce
4. Chartreuse
3. Flesh
2. Pink
1. Kelly Green

All praise is due to the mighty Zumpano, for he is a wise and benevolent deity.

Outlaw Death

By Andy Preston

I was walking home and feeling really depressed, so I thought about my obligations. It was a perfect time to write my article! I called my mom last week, and I received some horrible news.

Somebody I knew in school died. His name was T. J. His death had an impact on hundreds of school kids. My old high school was caught in turmoil; no classes were held for a few days while the entire school underwent counseling.

Anybody who reads what I write knows that I come from a small town, with about 2,000 people living there. One person dying creates a humongous wave there, causing the homecoming dance to be canceled and a day of mourning within the town.

While I have been living on Long Island, I've been watching the news, hearing some disturbing, but obvious, facts. People die all the time. The news talks about a few murders each night. People kill each other on purpose. What a waste of life. T. J. wasn't murdered; he was involved in a car accident. However, his body was destroyed, and his soul was abruptly kicked out of his body.

It's sad to think about this, when all I hear on Long Island is the talk of deaths, kidnappings, hijackings, murders, suicides, and other nasty things.

Other people die all the time, too. It was the fact that I knew him which caused his death to be of significance. My friends from home are greaving their loss. I was told that T. J. wanted his ashes spread across the football field where he played Junior Varsity football. I was also told that the school board wouldn't allow the ashes to be placed on the football field because it is a health violation.

Imagine if you were dead, and you said that you wanted something to happen after you passed away. Temporarily assume that while you are dead you could feel emotions and hear things. If you heard that your wish would not be honored simply because a law doesn't permit it, what would you feel?

Well, I would be upset that my last request was not honored. If you were alive, you could force what you wanted to have happen. However, you are dead. You could not move your body, talk, or communicate in any way with the people who are now deciding the fate of your body.

I know one person who died. I hear news of a lot of people who die every day. How can people kill other people willingly? It hurts so much to have somebody you know die. Deranged people go hunting for people to kill. How could somebody do that?

Which brings me to my next point. Originally, this article was going to be about T. J. exclusively. However, when on Saturday I heard of Prime Minister Rabin's assassination, I needed to tie that in with my discussion of a friend's death.

The "accused" assassin (Damn it. He did it. He's not accused) said that he acted alone and under the will of God. He also said that he killed the Prime Minister in an attempt to stop the peace process.

He is Jewish. Jews are not supposed to kill each other. How could this lunatic kill somebody so important? Everybody knows that Rabin was perpetuating the peace process. He was working his ass off to get things going in creating peace between the Palestinians and the Jews. He was one of the most important people to live in this world for a long time.

Death is a difficult emotion to deal with. Most likely, most of us have had to deal with losing somebody you know, either a relative or a classmate. It is too hard to understand why people die. People go to psychologists, go through horrible personal trials, and otherwise have emotional problems.

We should find a cure for death. Of course, that's an absurd idea. You can't heal a dead person. It just doesn't work. Once you're dead, you're dead.

People shouldn't kill other people for any reason. Obviously. People shouldn't have to worry about being killed. Bodyguards shouldn't be needed. Police shouldn't have to go around and clean up murdered bodies. Killing sucks, bigtime.

Name That Food

continued from back page degree burns. Once they fixed the appliances, they substituted their food with toxic-contaminated imitations. S.E.W.A.G.E. was eventually sued, and Kroger and Stratton served jail time for procuring an unsafe cooking environment and sheep molestation.

A disgruntled student government entered the eighties with the right to find their own campus dining service, and their journey led them to D.I.A.R.R.H.E.A. (Department of the Investigation of Abhorrent Resident Response to Hated Eating Areas - okay, I'm stretching it!) D.I.A.R.R.H.E.A.'s comprehensive survey of student opinions of campus dining was not shocking. What was shocking was D.I.A.R.R.H.E.A.'s suggestion of B.E.L.C.H. as the answer to Stony Brook's problems. Soon after the rejection of B.E.L.C.H. and D.I.A.R.R.H.E.A., young entrepreneur Jeffrey Dahmer offered his dining service, and a contract was signed. If I need to tell you what happened, you shouldn't be in this school. Campus officials were horrified to learn that the forks and knives were being used by employees and employees only (get it, students couldn't use forks because they had no fingers, ha ha - whatever). Dahmer was imprisoned and eventually brutally murdered, but more importantly, Stony Brook was again left without a campus dining package.

That problem was left in the hands of student Robert Hoover, whose persistence and perseverance in finding a viable dining suitor led him to F.E.C.E.S. (Foundation for Edible Carcasses for Educated Students). Head chairman Doug

Niedermeyer developed a kill-and-eat method. If you wanted to eat hamburgers, they supplied you with a cow. If you wanted bacon, they got you a pig. If you wanted Canadian bacon, they got you a pig from Montreal. Either way, students were horrified. One student, Mandy Pepperidge, remarked, "I will never kill anything for my consumption. Now, where's my fur coat?" Tie-dyed student Kent Dorffman replied, "Although I am not a vegetarian, I am shocked by the lack of animal rights on campus. But, as long as they don't kill trees, it doesn't bother me that much." Student apathy and dim-wittedness was a result of poisoning from F.E.C.E.S.' "smorgasbord of animals previously alive this morning." Students ate breakfast in droves, however, when F.E.C.E.S. had a contest where if your chicken laid a golden egg, you won a free pretzel. Eventually, animal rights activists protested F.E.C.E.S., and Stony Brook was again left with nothing but mere pretzels from alumni entrepreneur New Marknew.

Stony Brook survived on pretzels until ARA-MARK took control of campus dining. Their contract expires next year. Although their food is not exactly enjoyable, it is a far cry from B.E.L.C.H., S.E.W.A.G.E., and the like. As one noted chef once stated, "Food sometimes feels better on the way out than on the way in." We should be reminded of that and digest Mylanta at every opportunity each time we eat campus food.

THIS IS A SUCKY HOUSE AD.

IT BLOWS BIG TIME, BUT IT DOES GIVE US
A PLACE TO TRY NEW FONTS OUT.

TO SEE HOW THEY WOULD
LOOK IN PRINT.

So Join The Press

And help us try out
These new Fonts.

We meet in Room 060 of the
Student Union.

At 1:00 pm every
Wednesday

AGAIN, JOIN THE
PRESS

SEE WHAT FUN WE HAVE

Absolutely no doors were
peed on in the making of this
house ad.

But we did skin a couple of
cats that we found living in
our office.

Join The Press

Because we know where
you live!

Why Things Are

By Joel Achenbach
Special to The Stony Brook Press

Q. Why does red mean stop and green mean go?

A. The first street traffic device was erected in 1868 at the corner of George and Bridge streets near Parliament in London. It used semaphores: A crossarm extended horizontally meant "Stop" and at a 45-degree angle meant "Caution." (There was no "Go" yet.) A red gaslight atop the 22-foot-high device accompanied the "Stop" signal, while a green light accompanied the "Caution."

The problem is, huge crowds showed up to just watch the traffic signal. You know how it was in the 1800s; after working all day in the coal mine or the garment factory, your average 9-year-old kid was amused by anything. Also, there were mishaps. A policeman lighting the gas lamps got accidentally blown up, for example.

This doesn't answer the green and red and amber question. Our sources at the Institute of Transportation Engineers in Washington, D.C. say the origin of the colors is lost somewhere in the mists surrounding the early years of train travel. When we turned to the Association of American Railroads, we learned that a green lantern hanging on a train meant it was moving, and a red lantern meant it was at a standstill. For what that's worth.

There's no real mystery to red, of course. It's the universal color of danger: Fire, blood, prostitution, etc. Although history may not record who picked which color for which task, it obviously made sense to use colors such as red, green and amber, because they are so distinct.

The real debate was never over green vs. red, but rather over whether an amber light was also necessary. One early plan in New York City called for amber to mean Go for north and southbound traffic, with green signaling Go for east and westbound vehicles.

In most places, amber was initially shown to stopped vehicles, preceding the green light, not the red. But this prompted what was known as "amber rushing." Motorists stopped at a red light would get the amber signal and hit the gas rather than wait. The city of Detroit

solved this in the 1920s by showing the amber to moving traffic, after the green light and before the red.

Now, people see amber and they know it means "Hesitate, Start To Hit The Brakes, Change Your Mind And Floor It."

Q. Why can you always tell when you're being stared at? (Part 1)

A. As the Why staff, in the autumn of its tenure, looks back on its storied history, we sometimes regret that certain answers were incomplete (though surely not incorrect). For example, long ago, possibly during the 1980s, we wrote that you cannot, in fact, tell when you are being stared at.

The basis of our answer was an experiment conducted at Stanford by psychologist John Edgar Coover and published in the 1917 book "Experiments in Psychical Research." Coover would stand behind his students, roll a die, and if it was an even number he'd stare at the back of their heads. If odd, he wouldn't stare. The students would then report whether he was staring or not. They were correct only about half the time—as you'd expect from random chance.

The problem is, there's a better explanation for the sensation of being stared at. The human brain can become aware of things unconsciously.

For example, you might be browsing in a bookstore. Suddenly you have a funny sensation that you are being stared at. You turn and see someone staring at you. What easily could have happened is that the person made a noise a minute or two earlier, which you "heard" without consciously registering the fact that someone was looking at you.

We recall what we learned from Daniel Dennett, author of "Consciousness Explained," who said that consciousness has multiple components, such as alertness, sentience and self-monitoring, and that they can

operate simultaneously and independently. Thus your brain can be alerted by sound to someone behind you even as you are lost in thought about something abstract.

The alertness causes a physiological change—a slight speeding of the heart, perhaps—and thus you get that creepy sensation that there's someone behind you. You turn, and if the person is staring at you, you will assume that you have a sixth sense, when in reality you just can't remember the sound that tipped you off.

There's probably some other explanation too, but, this year, we like this one.

The Mailbag:

Elizabeth Hanlin, spokesperson for the Campbell Soup Co., writes to point out that SpaghettiOs are made by Franco-American (a subsidiary of Campbell), not by Chef Boy-ar-Dee, as we asserted in a momentary attack of brain-death.

She sent along a sheet listing "30 Fun Facts To Mark SpaghettiOs' 30th Birthday," of which we will list only a couple, because there are limits to how much SpaghettiO-related fun this column can tolerate.

Fun Fact: The Franco-American brand originated in 1887 when French emigre Alphonse Biardot and his sons opened a kitchen in Jersey City. They were bought out by Campbell in 1915. Another half a century later, in 1965, the SpaghettiO product—canned pasta for kids—was introduced. This should clear up the confusion of the millions of

Americans who, when eating SpaghettiOs, wondered why it didn't seem very French.

Fun Fact: Grand Rapids, Mich., is the SpaghettiOs capital of America, with the highest annual per capita consumption of any city in the nation, totalling 3 million servings a year. (We always suspected that about Grand Rapids.)

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Real Halloween Bhoufies

By Diane Lewis

Try to remember when Halloween was enjoyable. You'd trudge off to elementary school, hoping no one would notice how the galoshes your mom made you wear took away the macho effect of your G.I. Joe costume. After class there'd be a parade out by the playground, with the requisite ballerinas, ghosts and hoboos in attendance. Then the cider and doughnuts (just the thing to boost a trick-or-treater's energy level). Then home, where you'd meet up with your neighborhood gang. You'd canvas the area, gather up all the booty, and divide it up back at home. Mary Jane's and Bit o' Honey's went in the reject pile, Snickers and all other forms of chocolate in another. If you were lucky, your dad took you back out after dark, to hit the neighborhoods with the best reputation for treat-giving. At night's end you'd ignore your mom's warning, and consume all the chocolate in one sitting (the Sweet Tarts and candy corn could wait until tomorrow). You went to bed happy. That was a long time ago.

There are real ghouls out there on Halloween these days. Not the silly, gap-toothed images of ghouls your teacher hung in the classroom in honor of Halloween, but true ghouls, who look like you and me.

Ghoul #1 is David Ramos, a 16 year old Queens

native who almost completely severed the hand of a 15 year old kid Halloween night with his razor knife. Ramos didn't want his victim, Fatmir Subasic, to trick-or-treat in his territory. So Ramos tried to hack off Subasic's hand. The play weapons we used to carry on Halloween couldn't have penetrated the skin of a grape; remember those goofy pirate swords you would wave in the faces of smaller kids? Well, the new weapons of Halloween cause actual damage. Doctors say that Subasic should regain 50-70% use of his hand, but finer movements (like dialing a lawyer on the phone) might never be possible.

Ghoul #2 is Albert Belle, superstar outfielder for the World Series-losing Cleveland Indians. According to radio station WFAN, Belle doesn't care for trick-or-treaters. The major leaguer told a group of kids at his door that he didn't have any "f—ing candy." He then advised the youths to "get off my f—ing property." The group, in the spirit of the night, started hurling eggs at Belle's house. Albert was not amused. He jumped into his car, and chased the kids down the street. He then brought new meaning to the term "home run hitter"; Belle hit one of the running kids in front of his home with his car. Apparently Halloween hijinks aren't limited to punks and street riff-raff. Multi-millionaire all-star ball players are now getting into the game.

Ghoul #3 is unknown, and on the run. This faceless ghoul shot and killed a 21 year old man in the Bronx Halloween night. The victim and three of his friends had walked into an egg-throwing fight, and punches were exchanged after an egg hit one of the friends. Some egg-chucking ghoul pulled out his gun and fired a shot, leaving Jabar Richmond dead.

Acts like these make one long for the good old days when hostile acts were less consequential, like pins being stuck into Three Musketeers bars or razors pushed into apples. Halloween has turned into something truly frightful. Real, not pretend. It's no wonder kids don't go door-to-door in the numbers they used to. Community or school-sponsored parties have replaced trick-or-treating in many communities; parents want their kids to have supervised fun these days. Of course, knife attacks, car run-downs and shootings aren't limited to Halloween night. These are daily happenings in America, and the violence we're now accustomed to is too large an issue to handle in one Halloween article. It's just a god-damn shame that the imaginary horrors we used to associate with Halloween (cackling witches, toothless zombies) have been replaced by these ghouls. Seeing how pins stuck into candy is now old-hat, can anyone imagine what Halloween in the year 2000 will be like?

Lip Service

By Vic Alfieri

Stony Brook finally had a chance to become part of the elite. We had a chance to show just how strong we could be. We had a chance to become a part of the social college crowd. With a gymnasium like ours, there should be concerts every weekend. Performers from every spectrum of music would want to play here. Rap artists, alternative bands and everything in between want to come here because they know that we know how to have fun. But some people do not think we can take care of ourselves. These people forget that our tuition pays their salaries, and the more they interfere with student activities, the less future students will want to attend this school. Then where will they be?

Rumor has it that several people tried to stop our one and only show of the year; Doug E. Fresh. They thought that somebody like Barbra Streisand would be more fitting. I would like to address that. The Homecoming show is for the students, not the alumni. If you want to lick the alumni's ass, do it on your own time. Not ours. This school also prints on their college brochures that they get "great bands like the Red Hot Chili Peppers." The last time this school had a "great" band play on this campus, half of the current students were still in junior high school dealing with puberty and Vanilla Ice.

By the way, where is Vanilla Ice? Probably living that tough life he told us all about in the Florida suburbs.

Pre-registration is here. A time when the gloves are off and even the pacifists are drawing blood in the fight for a full schedule. But have hope. Things are looking up, at least for English majors. The variety of classes available next semester is definitely larger than this semester's. Here are two helpful hints for English majors. First, if you have the pre-reqs, take EGL-380. It is a mandatory class

that you can get 300-level credit for. After next semester, the class will officially change to EGL-207. So take advantage of those three important senior level credits. Second, try to take EGL-375. It is a Native-American Literature course taught by Prof. Sheehan. The class is very interesting and Sheehan is a very good teacher.

If President Clinton had been the one that was shot last weekend, do you think that all of these world leaders would have come to eulogize him? I think there is a better chance of a Public Safety officer actually doing something to protect the public's safety.

Now that Colin Powell has decided not to run for President, it sets the stage for Dole-Clinton. Either way, it will be four more years of bureaucratic bullshit. It will be four more years before things like health care, education, the environment and the homeless are actually taken care of. The only thing Bob Dole wants is to kill rap music and Clinton just wants to keep a Republican out of the big chair. Neither of these people, nor their respective parties, care about the people. They just want to be better than the other party.

I have finally pulled out my skis. Now that it is getting colder, we can have some real fun.

Cindy Crawford cannot act, but I don't care.

It is about time that Rachel and Ross got together on "Friends."

I want my fishsticks crispy.

I want to change a statement from my last column. Leftovers actually aren't that bad. A real tomato sauce is always better on the second day. So is baked ziti. Generally, anything Italian is better the second time around.

If you like Hootie and the Blowfish, pick up Edwin McCain's "Honor Among Thieves." It is definitely worth it.

: Whatever happened to Right Said Fred? I guess

they were too sexy for the music business.

With all due respect to Sean Connery and Roger Moore, Pierce Brosnan will be the best Bond, James Bond. [Ed. note: The rest of the editorial board thinks that Vic is full of shit. Everyone knows that Sean Connery was the real James Bond. Pierce Brosnan may be better than Roger Moore, but not Sean Connery. He is Bond, James Bond.] James Bond gets more women than Wilt Chamberlain. Maybe they should show him getting an AIDS test in one of these movies.

Mark Messier just might be God. He carries the Rangers on his shoulders like most people wear backpacks. Only two other people have had an effect on people the way Messier has: Moses when he parted the Red Sea and Farrakhan when he decided to march.

Do you think Tiffany has stopped her "Mall Tour"?

I think the fact that Marcia Clark and Chris Darden are making money writing books on the "Trial of the Century" is as hypocritical as O.J. trying to make money by selling autographed pictures of the Bronco chase. Things like this could only happen in L.A. It's from breathing in all that smog.

"Welcome Back Kotter" is the best TV show on late night television. A day without Horseshack is a day without sunshine.

Goodbye and God bless Dylan McKay.

Michael Bolton was on "Showtime at the Apollo" this weekend. Seeing him on that stage is like seeing Bob Dole at a Wu Tang Clan show. It's a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. The crowd was very polite and respectable, but I wanted to see them boo him the way they do some of those people from the amateur contest.

It's time to call timeout until next time, but remember one thing. Win if you will. Lose if you must. But always cheat. Game Over.

Vox Populi

Our woman on the street, Zippy, has once again asked some probing questions in order to penetrate your minds and hopefully inseminate the campus with mind-altering statistics that will not only shock you but also make you erect or wet (depending on your preference).

•27% are so cheap that they don't tip the Subway guy. (Don't worry; he works for us and we don't tip him either. He sticks his dick in a fan.)

•20% of the students are anal retentive, and

•33% of them think that anal retentive is hyphenated.

•100% have never masturbated in a library and shot it in a book, and

•53% of them owe money to either Columbia House or BMG.

•7% have pissed on a door for Halloween (That narrows it down to 1500 students, Statesman!)

•100% do not know who Tom Flanagan looks like.

•100% of students who knew that Yitzhak Rabin died have never penetrated a dog anally.

•20% think that Fred Sanford is hardcore.

•86% think Fred Preston is a pussy.

•20% of students who thought that Scooby snacks were laced with marijuana are thinking of defecating off a balcony in Kelly Quad.

•47% folds instead of crumpling after they wipe.

•53% wipes balls to back instead of back to balls, and of the

•6% of students that refuse to wipe, 100% of them cannot scrape their underwear off.

•87% have wiped so much that they have bled, and

•40% of them knew Luke Perry was leaving 90210.

•100% know that the Statesman sucks.

How Zippy accomplishes asking people these questions we really don't want to know. So the next time some one asks you "if you crumple or fold" please answer her. This is all done in the name of science, so take time out to talk to her for a while, she really is a nice person and we thank her profusely for doing this for us.

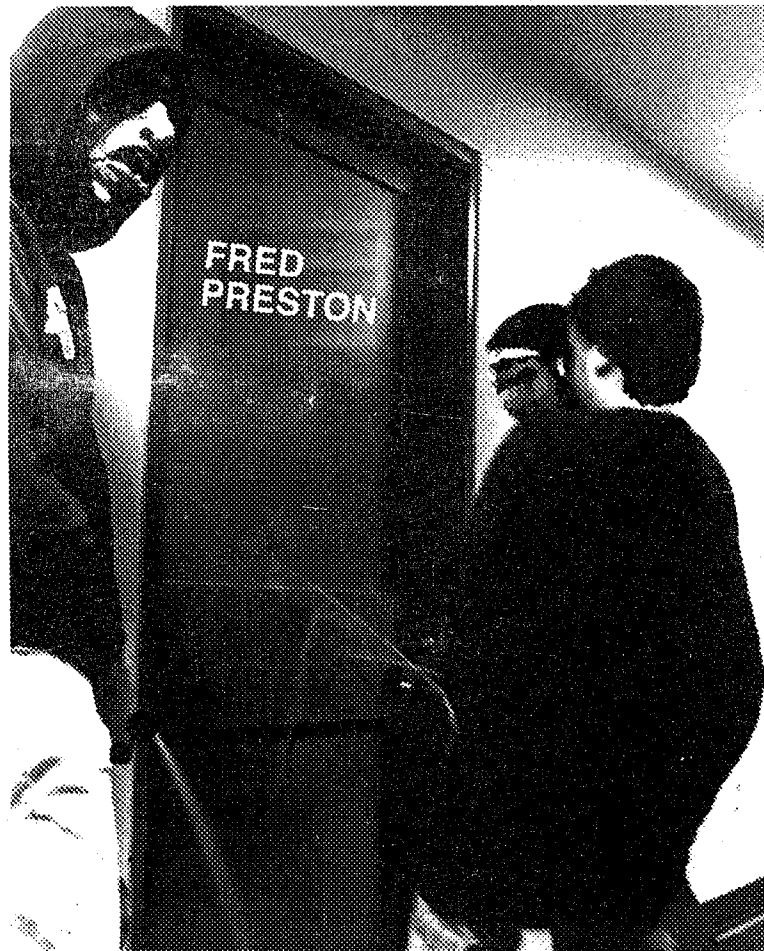


The Polity senator who represents the Health Science Center incurred our wrath this week. At the senate meeting which discussed our last cover, she made the incredible statement -apparently on behalf of every single person in HSC- that "We hate you.. and we would love to defund you." Our sensitive response: Bite me.

The Press' Hall of Shame

These people have offended us in one way or another this past week. May those who complained about our last cover now feel its wrath. As for the others... read on.

Public Safety first offended us when we heard of their gross fourth amendment violations (see last issue). They angered us further by agreeing with Fred Preston and cancelling the big SAB show last week. The final straw came when they came down to our office and busted us for burning an incense stick. You know, if the basement of the Union wasn't such an incredible breeding ground for fungus we wouldn't have to burn stuff to mask the smell.



Our old pal Fred Preston cancelled one of the few concerts to hit USB in years this week. We don't much like Fred and his joy-killing policies. Get us some decent activities or this campus is gonna revolt.

Why does the Senate receive the "Statesman Treatment?" For wasting an hour of our time interrogating us during their last meeting. For god's sake... aren't there more important things to discuss than whether or not those streams are really urine? A special salute goes to Dave Shashoua, who offered the Senate an amendment which would have defunded our paper. Dave, we love you so much... but you should shut up.



HOLIDAY TIME FILMS

By Chris Cartusciello

The holidays are approaching at an alarming rate, so while you are rushing around picking up those support hose for grandma and that fruitcake for Aunt Louise (you know, the one with the mustache), why not take a break and stop by the local multiplex? The slate of films Hollywood has to offer is both big and broad, like Aunt Louise. (Dates subject to change)

Home For The Holidays: Jodie Foster directs this comedy about a typical Thanksgiving get-together for the typical dysfunctional family. Holly Hunter is coming home to see her ultra-tight sister and brother-in-law (Cynthia Stevenson and Steve Guttenberg), homosexual brother (Robert Downey Jr.) and off-their-rocker parents (Anne Bancroft and Charles Durning). It took 10 days to film the dinner scene. This meant that the superb cast was treated to a total of 64 turkeys and 20 pounds of mashed potatoes. This is Foster's second shot at directing, her first being 1991's *Little Man Tate*. An all around enjoyable movie for the entire family. (Nov. 3)

Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls: Jim Carrey is once again that high-haired pet detective. This time he's in Africa tracking poachers. Carry had the original director tossed and hired his friend, and original Ace scripter, Steve Oedekerk. This is sure to be a huge hit but Carrey had better get himself in check. His on-set rantings have people avoiding working with him. He may be a funny guy, but without Hollywood backing him he's just another out of work clown. (Nov. 10)

Goldeneye: Bond, James Bond is back in a big way. Pierce Brosnan takes over the role he was supposed to get nine years ago. (NBC wouldn't let him out of his Remington Steele contract. They canceled the show a short time later.) This movie promises to be a throw-back to the earlier films. Plot twists, girls, nifty gadgets, girls, great stunts, girls, a 1962 Aston Martin DB-5 and, oh, did I mention girls? The trailers look incredible and the film had better live up to it. It's been six years since the last Bond, and United Artists is hoping that the public is still interested. They'd better be. Brosnan is already contracted for three more flicks. (Nov. 17)

Money Train: Wesley Snipes and Woody Harrelson team up once again. This time they are cops trying to stop a hijacking of, get this, a federal train loaded with gold that is traveling through the NYC subway system. The plot may be ridiculous, but the stunts are first-rate and the chemistry between the two Ws couldn't be better. Once again they need a Spanish girl thrown in and this time it's Jennifer Lopez (*My Family*). Lets hope she can talk better than Rosie Perez. (Nov. 17)

Jumanji: The name refers to board game that has, literally, sucked Robin Williams in when he was a child and has released him some 26 years later. The problem is that the magic of the game has followed him out and strange happenings start in town. The film has stampedes of rhinos, zebras and elephants but all animals were animatronic or computer-generated. (See what Spielberg started? If he had only used real dinosaurs...) Effects are amazing and you can't beat Williams for laughs. (Eat your heart out Jim Carrey) (Nov. 17)

Toy Story: The folks at Disney have done it again. This is the first completely computer-animated film. (Damn you, Spielberg.) Tom "give me another Oscar" Hanks is the voice of the cowboy doll,

Woody. He is the leader of all the toys in the bedroom until a hotshot astronaut figure, called Buzz Lightyear (voiced by Tim Allen) comes into the picture. All the toys decide to follow him on an incredible adventure. Don Rickles is Mr. Potato Head and Annie Potts is a Little Bo Peep lamp. You've never seen anything like this before and, if it doesn't work, you may never see it again. Advance word is great. (Nov. 22)

Nick Of Time: A movie like this isn't tried very often and the script has to be great for it to work. Johnny Depp is a father whose daughter has been kidnapped and he is told that he must kill the mayor to

get her back. The film is done in real time. This means that the film is an hour and a half long and all the action takes place in that time frame. This could either build suspense or bore the hell out of the audience. This is Depp's first shot at an action film but he's got Christopher Walken along to help him out. (Nov. 22)

Casino: Director Martin Scorsese brings us this tale of the rise of the mob in 1970s Las Vegas. Robert DeNiro, Joe Pesci and Sharon Stone star in what is the most eagerly awaited film of the season. The entire cast and crew started work at midnight every day and worked through to morning so as not to inconvenience the regular gamblers. They also shot in Reno since no Vegas casino would allow them. Don Rickles also stars (how did he get two films) as a casino manager. (Nov. 29)

Father Of The Bride: Part Two: The entire cast is back for this sequel to the 1991 hit. This time around not only does Steve Martin's daughter (Kimberly Williams) find out she's pregnant but so does his wife (Diane Keaton.) Martin Short is back too. The movie culminates with the two women going into labor at the same time. (Dec. 1)

White Man's Burden: John Travolta and Harry Belafonte star in this film in which the roles of blacks and whites in America have been reversed. Travolta is a blue-collar worker who has been laid off by his bigoted CEO (Belafonte). He kidnaps his boss and tries to put an end to the racial disharmony. A very disturbing film but one that makes you think. (Dec. 8)

Heat: Al Pacino and Robert DeNiro star in this Michael Mann-directed thriller. Pacino is a cop who is obsessed with catching ex-con DeNiro. The last time these two worked together was for *The Godfather Part II*, but they never shared screen time with each other. Val Kilmer is a rookie crook whom DeNiro takes under his wing. Filmed at night in the worst areas of West L.A., the cast always felt in danger. Security was very tight and nobody got in close proximity to the set without proper clearance. (Dec. 15)

Nixon: Oliver Stone's telling of the life of the ex-president will be a sympathetic look at what drove this man and caused his downfall. Anthony Hopkins is Tricky Dick, and is wonderful in the part. A sure Oscar nomination for him. James Woods plays H.R. Haldeman and Frasier's David Hyde Pierce is an uncanny John Dean. The big question is; will anybody be interested in the life of the most disgraced leader in our history? (Dec. 22)

Grumpier Old Men: In this sequel (if you don't know the original, this won't make a difference) Jack Lemmon has married Anne Margret and Walter Matthau has found a new woman to lust over (Sophia Loren.) It's doubtful that this film can catch the flavor and fun of the first, but the cast is

enjoyable to watch. Darryl Hannah and Kevin Pollak also return. (Dec. 22)

Dracula: Dead And Loving It: Mel Brooks returns to the formula that gave him his best film, Young Frankenstein. Leslie Nielsen is the count and it is hoped that he can bring in the *Naked Gun* crowd. Brooks has been in a slump as of late (*Spaceballs*, *Life Stinks*, *Robin Hood: Men In Tights*) but this should bring him about. He promises "100 laughs in this movie. 20 giant laughs, 30 wonderful laughs and 50 chuckles." (Dec. 25)

12 Monkeys: Monty Python Terry Gilliam directed this sci-fi thriller about a virus that has destroyed the majority of the world's population. The year is 2035 and Bruce Willis must travel back in time to try and stop the virus from getting out. Brad Pitt plays an eccentric animal rights activist and Madeleine Stowe is a therapist whom Willis kidnaps. Frank Gorshin, the Riddler from TV's Batman, also stars. This is a bleak look at the way the world is heading and what can be done to stop it. (Dec. 25)

Besides the films that are coming out, there are a wide variety of movies and specials that can be enjoyed in the comfort of your own home (or dorm).

The Santa Clause: This was a huge hit for Disney last Christmas, and Tim Allen is great as the put upon dad who must assume the big man's identity after St. Nick falls off the roof.

A Christmas Story: The story of Ralphie, a young boy who wants a Red Ryder BB gun from Santa. This tale is narrated by Jean Sheperd who wrote the book on which it is based, *In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash*. A truly funny movie.

The Year Without A Santa Claus: This is it! The one everybody wants but can't remember the name to. This is the classic television special with the Heat Miser and the Cold Miser. Go get it.

The Nightmare Before Christmas: Tim Burton's wonderful stop-motion film is great entertainment. The premise is that none of the holidays know about the others. What would happen if two were to meet? Seamless animation with great songs.

March Of The Wooden Soldiers (Babes In Toyland): Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy star in this film that I doubt some people haven't seen. The two were never better. Beware the Bogeymen!

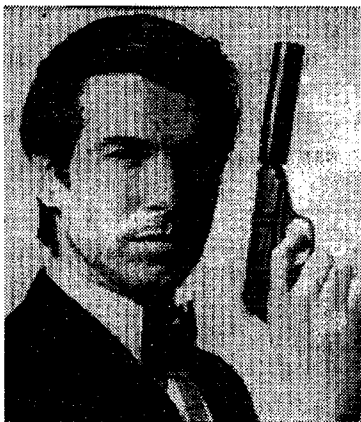
A Charlie Brown Christmas: This classic isn't shown on television much anymore, and that's a pity. A whole generation is missing the experience of growing up with the Peanuts gang. For a real treat go out and get the soundtrack CD.

Scrooged: Bill Murrey is hysterical in this re-telling of *A Christmas Carol*.

A Muppet Christmas Carol: Another re-telling of a story that has been done hundreds of times. This was the first film done after Jim Henson died, and his legacy lives on.

It's A Wonderful Life: 'Nuff said.

There are plenty of others to make your holiday viewing fulfilling and enjoyable. *Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer*, *A Christmas Carol* (any version), *The Simpsons Christmas Special*, and *Miracle On 34th Street* (even the new one). Some of them may sound childish, but just remember the fun you had watching them as a kid. Isn't that what this time of year is all about?



THE CACTUS GARDEN

By Katherine Zafiris

In the 1960's Robert Ward wrote a novel called *Shedding Skin*. It won national acclaim as well as a National Endowment for the Arts Award. The novel encompassed sex, the women's movement and materialism. It took the reader on a journey as unforgettable as the journeys portrayed by Salinger, Kesey and Conroy. From Baltimore to Haight-Ashbury, Ward captured the sixties and made it his own. Capturing love, drugs and a kaleidoscope of characters, Ward established himself as a serious writer.

Now he's back twenty years later with the perfect grown up companion to *Shedding Skin*. *The Cactus Garden* takes up where the eighties and nineties left off. With a background in television writing (having written for *Hill Street Blues* and *Miami Vice*), Ward encompasses this book with suspense, action and romance.

From Hollywood Hills, to the streets of Mexico, the drug cartels are like a virus, involved in every aspect of American life. The DEA has been hard at work trying desperately to dissolve their hold on the American people. Jack Walker is a DEA cowboy. He lives for action and thrives on conflict.

The novel opens up with a carjacking in front of the dragon at Mann's Chinese Theater, where Jack rescues the beautiful but mysterious Charlotte Rae Wingate. It is clear from this violent and action packed first scene that Jack's life will never be the same afterwards.

By saving Charlotte Rae Wingate, Jack gets immersed in the seedy drug-led life of Buddy Wingate, Charlotte's brutish husband. Hired to work for Buddy, Jack goes undercover to perpetrate this organization. As soon as he does, a romance begins with Charlotte, the unlikely heroine of the novel. Soon Jack must choose between Charlotte and the oath he swore to uphold.

The Cactus Garden is a gritty novel reminiscent of Pat Conroy and Scott Turow. The suspense and dialogue keeps the reader

"...the drug cartels are like a virus, involved in every aspect of American life."

immersed in the situation at hand. It is easy dialogue to understand, and there is no place where the reader

could get lost. The sparks between Charlotte and Jack fly off the pages of the novel. The character of Buddy Wingate reminds the reader of a kind of sleazy business man you see in B movies. These characters as well as a few others, add to the wealth of characters and stories of this novel. Filled with problems, every character's situation is reminiscent of society's problems today.

The interesting thing about the novel is that Ward carefully balances the issues of Los Angeles with the issues in the book. C.J. Jefferson is Jack's partner, and plays the typical African American family man. His big problem is that he does not

have enough money to send his kid to private school; considering that the neighborhood he lives in has been overshadowed with adolescent drug dealers. Robert Ward's portrayal of how drugs have infested the typical American way of life is fascinating. I give him credit for tackling such a big societal issue as this.

Robert Ward's portrayal of the DEA is very much in the fashion of a cheap Tom Clancy. Everyone knows that Tom Clancy writes amazing novels about the Intelligence Agencies of the United States, Robert Ward tries to imitate this fashion of writing but just does not tackle it.

Not a brilliant work, and not a novel that will be taught in English classes around the country, but still a well written novel. Good enough to keep the reader involved. I recommend this novel for anyone either tired of reading the classics we get in English classes, or who are not big literary fans and like novels that are entertaining but not thought provoking. I believe that if one would like to get the real feeling of Robert Ward as an author, read *Shedding Skin*. That was by far his best novel.

Robert Ward is the author of four books; *Shedding Skin*, *King of Cards*, *Red Baker* and *The Cactus Garden*. He has worked as a novelist, actor, screenwriter, producer and professor. In doing research for his latest venture, he was granted access to the insider view of the DEA. *Shedding Skin* and *The Cactus Garden* are available by Washington Square Press and Pocket Books.

COCA - Cabana

By Ted Swedalla

If you're like me and you get stuck here on the weekends and spend too much time in front of a computer, then you need a distraction sometimes; or else you'd go crazy and start nailing fuzzy bunnies to the wall. Since concerts are a no-go, then COCA movies are your only option.

COCA usually shows good movies, but for a buck you really can't complain. So every other weekend while working on *The Press*, we - my disturbed staff and I - take time out and see a movie.

But this semester it seems that most of the movies we went to see were cancelled or it was a different movie from the one advertised. So I decided to give COCA a call, mainly because I wanted quotes like "no comment" so I could rip them apart in this story, but I couldn't.

Last Friday we wanted to see *Braveheart* (as was listed in *Statesman*), Mel Gibson's 3-hour epic that I've only heard good things about, but alas it was *Something To Talk About*. Which I did not want to see. So I called to find out what happened to the story about Scottish guys hacking each other up.

The person I talked to, Nicole Barrett, vice chair of COCA, explained to me that *Braveheart* had been released back into the theaters, and therefore was unavailable for them to show.

She also told me that the best way to find out which movie is showing is to call their offices at 632-6472. Those messages are constantly updated and would have more information than a campus newspaper. There is always a sign posted by the ticket office window stating the times of the movie that is playing.

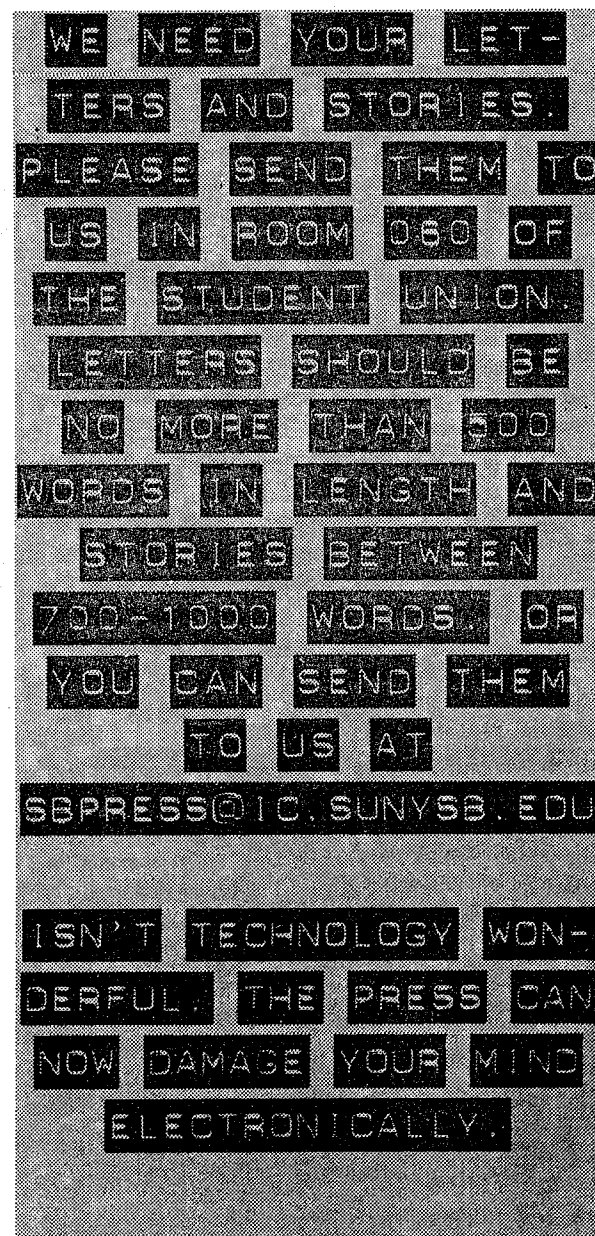
Also, the movies are now being shown in the Union Auditorium as opposed to last year, where the staff had to schlep over to Javits and sit in uncomfortable balcony seats. One of the reasons for the move was that COCA's amp and mixer were stolen from Javits. Barrett also said that alot of people think it's better in the Auditorium.

The move to the Auditorium is a major improvement. The seats are more comfortable; you can lean back in them and put your feet up on the seats in front of you without losing circulation in your legs. All things that are essential to proper movie watching. Now if they'd only let us bring popcorn inside.

She also explained to me that movies are only cancelled in "extreme circumstance." These include no staff, problems with the projectors and alien invasions. (Ed. Note - She really didn't say that, I've just been at this computer too long.) Then I asked her why *Congo* was cancelled three Fridays ago. Barrett said the movie was cancelled because there was already a function taking place in the room.

So both movies that I wanted to see had perfectly good explanations for not being run. Something which upset me because I had wanted to bitch about COCA, but couldn't.

Right now the COCA board chooses the movies themselves, but they are thinking about a questionnaire students would fill out, suggesting which movies they would like to see in the upcoming semester. This is a great idea; maybe SAB should take the hint and ask students what shows they would like to see.



The Real (Stupid) World

By David M. Ewalt

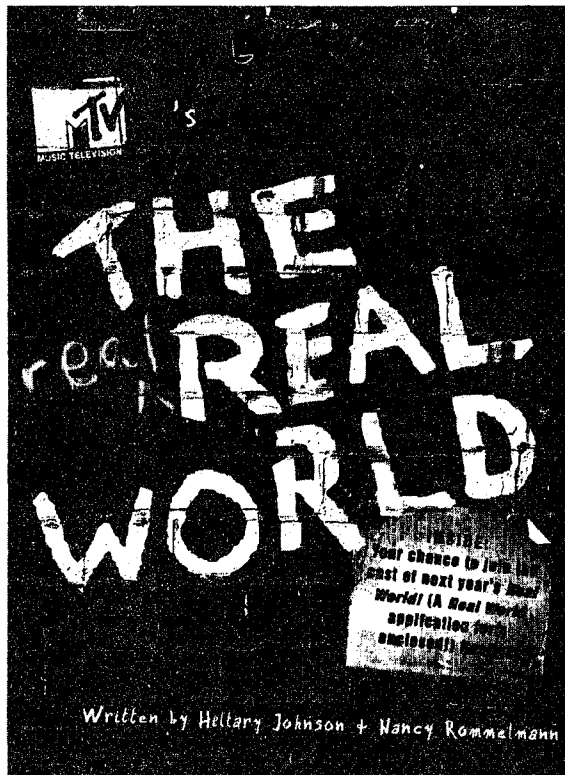
One of the fringe benefits of working for the Press is that we get sent lots of stuff from other media outlets, and occasionally you can snatch something for yourself. Record companies send us CD's, publishers send new books, and for some reason I don't understand we're always getting comic-book trading cards.

As Associate editor of the Press, one of my duties is to collect our mail from its box in Central Stores. Every Wednesday, after our staff meeting, I make the short walk from the union to pick up the mail. When I get back to our office, one of the few pleasures of my working week occurs; I get to sort through the letters and packages, and decide who gets what. I love being the first person to open up a hate letter... the first to rip open a big manilla envelope and smell the fresh plastic of a new CD.

Last week was no different from my usual schedule. I had returned to the office with my normal stack of mail, and was sitting at a desk opening the day's offerings. In typical anal-retentive fashion, I had organized my pile of mail by increasing importance; bills on the top, followed by press releases and letters to the editor. On the bottom of my pile lay the object of my postal adulation; the big brown padded envelopes that so often contain books, CD's, tapes and trading cards.

This particular week had brought a particularly large pile of mail. There were six or seven letters to the editors, a few catalogs, two handfuls of press releases and more bills than I care to think about. There was only one big envelope this time, but it was a particularly thick and hefty one. I plowed through the letters quickly, breathlessly waiting for the big payoff.

I was engrossed in a particularly riveting letter to the editor when my postal revelries were rudely interrupted by the sound of ripping paper. My head snapped up from the letter to find the source.



Before me stood Ted Swedalla, the Executive editor of our fine periodical. Eyes wide and with a leering grin on his face, Ted's beefy fingers were tearing into my big brown envelope, frantically trying to get to the goodies inside.

Upon viewing this hideous crime I nearly lost my temper. "Hey!" I screamed. "Gimme that back!" I flailed out wildly to try and retrieve the envelope, but it was too late. Ted had gotten it open.

"Cool!" he exclaimed. "The Real World!" Pulling out from the envelope a large red book, he brandished it for all to see. Indeed, it was "The Real World," a book about the popular MTV series. I had seen advertisements for this particular tome in between episodes of Beavis and Butthead... and I wanted to read the book!

But alas, it was too late. Ted took the shiny new volume over to a corner of the office, sat down, and started reading it. My heart broke as I heard the crisp crackling of the book's spine being bent for the first time.

Demoralized, disappointed and depressed, I returned to the now joyless job of going through the mail. Ted had stolen the best part of my mail pile, and in doing so had destroyed one of the few pleasures I get in this lousy job.

Eventually, after Ted had finished violating my property, he handed it to Vic, our Business manager. A half an hour later I finally got to see the book, but the joy was gone. It was sloppy thirds... all the excitement and novelty of the experience had worn out.

For the record, the book sucks. It's ninety percent pictures, and the words aren't particularly impressive. Anyone who pays sixteen dollars for this tripe should have his head examined.

But it's the principle of the thing, you know?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

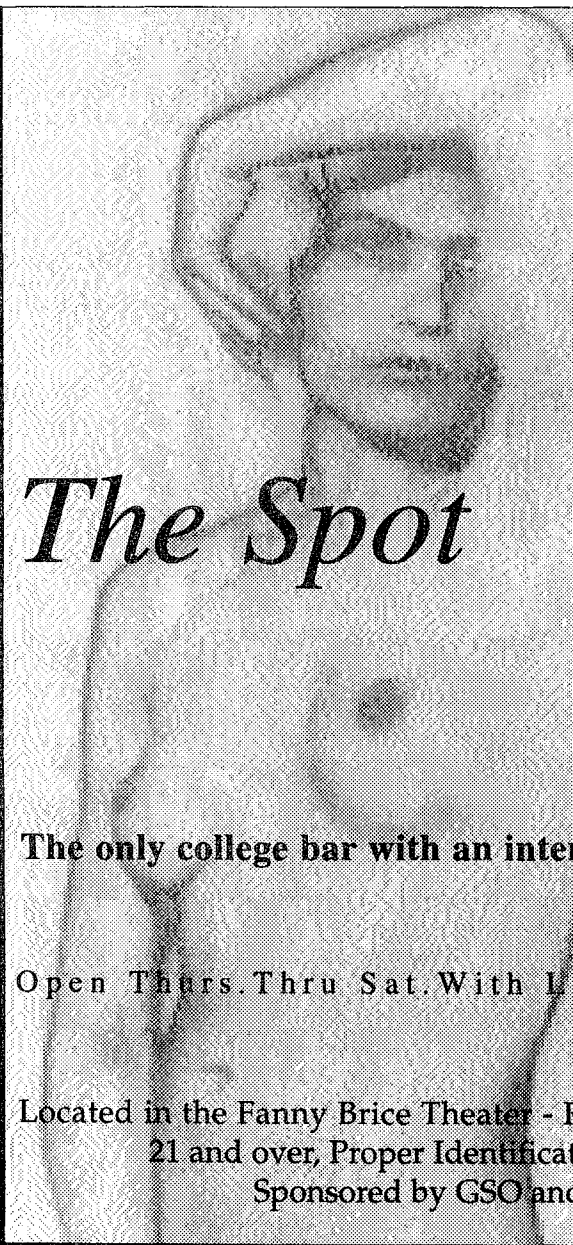
lives and the economy of Humanities Cafe? I've worked in a deli for two years. Whenever a customer ordered a sandwich, and I have had to add extra toppings, I would decide whether or not to charge them for the extras depending on their courtesy (and looks, but that's not important right now). Give us a break, hairnet ladies! Although that quarter will not impinge your minimum wage earnings, it kills us students in the long run.

Humanities Ladies, we are on your side. Help us understand what it is that gives you so much joy in screwing the students anally and economically, and how you can continually fuck up on the register after countless years on the job. We hope that this eventual resolution can evolve into a healthy and sturdy and monetarily viable relationship. Help us please!

Love always,
Disgruntled
Students

"Only a mediocre writer is always at his best."

W. Somerset Maugham



der Fleck

הנקרה

el Punto

le Place

il Posto

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Photo: Man Ray, 1924

HALLOWEEN TREATS

By Lowell Yaeger

Type O Negative w. the Electric Hellfire Club at Roseland, 10/31

Marilyn Manson w. Clutch at Irving Plaza, 11/3

Some bands take themselves way too seriously; others have their tongues planted firmly in their cheek. It's hard to decide which type of band is better off.

Type O Negative is one of the latter. The band's frontman, a towering thug named Pete Steele who reportedly started the band for the express purpose of "getting Goth chicks," sings/chants lines like "you had cock on your mind/and cum on your breath" with deadpan delivery. It took a while for the band to gain both popularity and acceptance, but eventually their third album, *Bloody Kisses* (Roadrunner), caught on, placing them on tour with Pantera and garnering them a spot in the Q104.3 Rogue's Gallery. On the strength of two hit singles ("Black No. 1," well-known for the line "loving you was like loving the dead" and "Christian Woman" — "would you suffer eternally, or internally?"), they went on tour with Queensryche, and returned to their native New York City on Halloween to headline a sold-out show at Roseland.

The crowd would've been an uncomfortable mix of Goths and metalheads, if they could have made one another out through the masks and costumes. As it was, the predominantly Q104.3-listening ticket-holders yawned through opening acts Lycia (as did I) and the Electric Hellfire Club, until the latter performed a campy version of AC/DC's "Highway to Hell." The EHC, whose vocalist Thomas Thorn was formerly a member of My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult, did not deserve the audience's lethargy: any band that comes out playing the Friday the 13th theme song and acts as their own roadies in a venue as big as Roseland

deserves a large amount of respect.

Type O Negative emerged shortly after 10 o'clock, throwing pumpkins and toilet paper out onto the packed floor. Pete Steele cuts a commanding stage presence for roughly 40 or 50 seconds after which point it becomes apparent that he has no intention of moving from his stoic, bass-wielding position in front of the microphone. Still, he gets the award for funniest performer of the year, delivering lines like "we wrote this song in 1783, shortly after the Dark Embrace... I hope you enjoy it" and "this is an Icelandic funeral dirge" without cracking a smile. Musically, the band was dead-on target, delivering especially spooky versions of songs like "Glass Walls of Limbo (Dance Mix)" and "Too Late: Frozen" with grace and skill. The high point of the evening came when Steele stated, "we're going to go take a shit... here's a real band in the meantime" and gave the stage up to the Misfits (minus Glenn Danzig, of course) for twenty minutes.

Part of Type O Negative's charm is that they clearly aren't taking themselves seriously. Anyone who sings lines like "I was looking for trouble/And boy, I found her" during a song that was prefaced with the comment "If you guys wanna take a shit, go ahead, 'cause we don't know this song so good" is not only putting on an act that is not intended to be taken seriously, but is having a damn good time as well.

Marilyn Manson, on the other hand, gave no indication that they are anything but viciously evil people bent on wreaking sociological destruction, and if they weren't as talented as they are, the show would have been a hideous bomb. As it is, the special guest, Clutch, was clearly included on the bill to attract as many kids to the show as possible; I haven't seen that many people present for the opening act since Nine Inch Nails opened for David Bowie. And speaking of Nine Inch Nails,

who is — coincidentally — Marilyn Mansons's mentor, the band's frontman, Reverend Manson, learned everything he knows from Trent Reznor's on-stage performance.

All of this aside, the band has formed from a cheap Florida metal group into a troupe of excellent semi-torturetech (not industrial; a few serial killer samples does not an industrial band make) musicians. The music was, note-for-note, flawless, and despite the obvious copy of Trent Reznor on Manson's part, he is a skilled frontman, cavorting back and forth in clown make-up and begging the audience to spit on him. Bizarre facial expressions and semi-epileptic gyrations brought life to songs like "Dope Hat" and "Cake and Sodomy"; interesting revisions of the Eurythmics' "Sweet Dreams (are made of this)" and Gary Numan's "Down in the Park" brought an experimental touch to the show, despite their having been previously recorded as b-sides.

In fact, if Marilyn Manson hadn't taken itself as seriously as it had, the show they put on would've been more shticky than scary, more Friday the 13th than, say, Jacob's Ladder. However, they achieved the perfect balance between faith — albeit faith in shock value — zealotry, and in doing so, managed to put on a show as good as Type O Negative's, if not better. All in all, a nice way to spend the week of Halloween.

A brief, closing word about Clutch. Clutch has managed to merge bluesy-rock with hardcore riffs to form a cross between Blues Traveler and Sick Of It All. I don't think fans of Blues Traveler will like it, though — and it's a good thing. I don't want them getting their grubby little hippy hands all over one of the best underground groups I've ever seen. Pick up a CD, give 'em a listen, you won't be sorry. Unless you like Blues Traveler, in which case forget all about this band.

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

Not much news to be reported this week. A bevy of interesting concerts shall be coming to town soon. Mr. Bungle will be playing the Limelight on November 25, shortly after Thanksgiving, and they are sure to put on the best performance of the year. Pigface, the industrial "super-group" whose line-up boasts Martin Atkins and Nivek Ogre, will also be appearing at the same venue on December 5, with opening act Genesis P-Orridge, well known for both Psychic TV and Throbbing Gristle; however, whether he will be performing musically or in a spoken-word capacity is not yet known.

The Red Hot Chili Peppers are coming to the Nassau Coliseum and Madison Square Garden in December. Please do not go. I pray fervently that everyone who raises their lighters during "Under the Bridge" is suddenly overcome with a fit of shaking and drops the lighter, thereby torching themselves into an insignificant pile of ash.

As a matter of fact, while we're on the topic of bands playing bad venues, if any of you reading this paper is a Timmy McVeigh/Kill-Yitzhak-Rabin type, please fill your car with "fertilizer" and drive to the following locations:

- Nassau Coliseum
- the Brendan Byrne Arena
- the Meadowlands Arena (preferably while the 3 Tenors are there, because Pavarotti makes a better target than the Arena itself does)
- Madison Square Garden (just be careful to keep Penn Station standing, because I do so love its old-world charm)

Next issue: Alice in Chains.

THE SEVENTIES ARE BACK

By Ted Swedalla

Break out your bell bottoms and fat gold chains, the 70s are back.

Just released in a combined effort between Pravda & Backyard Records is *Super Fantastic Mega Smash Hits!*, the best collection of 70s covers ever assembled. The absolute highlight of the disc is Fig Dish's cover of Carl Douglas' "Kung Fu Fighting." The whole staff has taken to singing it in the office, and even outside our little hole in the union.

You want CW McCall and Vicki Lawrence, they're here too. The New Duncan Imperials do "Convoy" and Vic Chesnutt, Live's favorite artist, does a spooky version of "The Night the Lights Went Out In Georgia." After listening to this album you'll be hearing K-Tel commercials in your mind and seeing guys in big hats with feathers in them.

Once unhip, these songs have gained a new life through the talents of Smashing Pumpkins, The Poster Children, The Slugs and Southern Culture On The Skids. Once these were songs that made you jump for the dial on your radio, and were the butt of jokes on every college radio station, but now — heaven. This CD is a must for all of you who love people covering songs and destroying them.

With Bo Bud Greene covering "Don't Go Breaking My Heart," Kiki Dee & Elton John are having col-

lective heart attacks while their memories of Club 54 are going up in smoke. Red Red Meat, Shadowy Men on A Shadowy Planet and Uncle Tupelo also chip in with classics from the "Big Shoe" decade.

The album closes with The Fastbacks doing "Rocket Man." I just hope it won't be a 'long long time' until there is another great disc of 70s covers. I can just see it now; The Presidents Of The United States covering "Billy Don't Be A Hero."

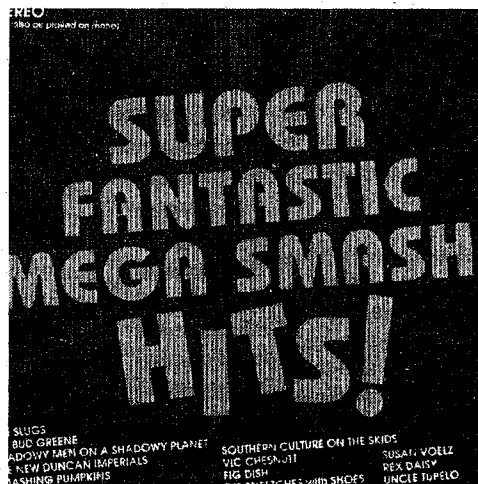
The other great disc to get is The Amps' *Pacer*.

Kim Deal couldn't wait for her sister, Kelley, to get out of rehab to continue with the Breeders, so she did the next best thing. Started another band.

Don't worry; the Breeders haven't broken up. They are just on hiatus, but The Amps sound so much like the Breeders it doesn't matter.

Pacer's sound is like that of old, classic Breeders — as if there could be such a thing. This album sounds eerily like *Pod*, and that is a damn good thing. There isn't as much sharpness as on *Pod*, but the guitars, as in all of Kim's bands, are the main focus here.

The band, which also contains Jim McPherson from the Breeders, tears through 12 songs in 34 minutes, careening back and forth between Kim's wailing and her warbling.



Name That Food!

By Steven Tornello

Simpsons Interlude: As the Simpsons sat down at the dinner table, Lisa asked Homer, "Dad, how was your day at work?", to which Homer replied "Can't talk. Eating."

Campus dining is never a pleasant experience, but students really can't talk about it while eating because it is hard enough to talk while trying to digest whatever they just ate. Be it Cafeteria, Bleacher Club, Bridge, Humanities, Campus Dining Delivery Service or whatever, quality is not exactly at a premium. Although it is not even close to mom's cooking, we must take solace in the fact that the food situation is must better now than what it was five to thirty years ago. This might surprise you, considering that our beloved Rat Family which resides outside Bleacher Club recently replied "No thanks" when offered a crueller from the deli. Yes, fellow students, food in our storied history was not even digestible (although that distinction might also be in question today), yet a noted dietician once stated that "Taste is something that is dominated by the perception of what one's idea of taste actually is." Let us analyze the lineage of dining here at SUNY-Stony Brook.

The late sixties not only signified the birth of campus living but subsequently the birth of food service. Campus food previously consisted of Mr. Goodbars and saltines, and Stony Brook officials therefore felt that the growth of campus dining would lay squarely in the hands of B.E.L.C.H. (Bureau of Eating Largely Contaminated Horseshit). B.E.L.C.H. President John Blutarsky stated, "Today, we at B.E.L.C.H. are doubly proud to serve SUNY-Stony Brook with our unique brand of cowsh...er, food. One day, people will see this

great institution and our great fertilize...er, food and say, hey, I'm sending my child to SUNY-Stony BELCH!" What became evident was that parents were sending their kids to the toilet. Menu choices included "Turkey Surprise", "Chicken Surprise", "Lamb Delight", and "Pasta Extreme". Although it sounded delicious, it was discovered that B.E.L.C.H. was using fertilizer and cow dung as their ingredients. A renown culinary scholar once said, "Sometimes food looks better on the menu than on the plate." The "surprise" came as you ate the food, the "delight" came after you got it out of your system, and the "extreme" came after you



died of severe stomach hemorrhages. After a reported 74 cases of food poisoning and a passionate outcry from the cow community, B.E.L.C.H.'s contract was repealed and voided.

Stony Brook then turned to T.O.I.L.E.T. (Taking Ordinary Indigestible Lard and Eating it Thoroughly) for their food answers. However, questions immediately arose. T.O.I.L.E.T. CEO Vernon Wormer proclaimed, "The union between SUNY and T.O.I.L.E.T. will feature students sprinting to dining halls." Wormer was right; the crappers happened to be located there. To their credit, T.O.I.L.E.T.'s food was better than B.E.L.C.H.'s. However, moldy bread, sweat-infested pizza rolls and West Hempstead Cheese Steaks did not entice students into enjoying their dining experience. However, without an alterna-

tive, they were left off with no choice but to comply with T.O.I.L.E.T.'s entrees of horror. Their contracts were to be renewed when the case of Daniel Simpson Day hit the campus forefront.

Day was a junior Linguistics major who prepared his stomach with two solid years of T.O.I.L.E.T. food digestion. The persistent vomiting ended during his second semester, and although he didn't lust for the food, he sort of acquired a tolerance for it. However, one fateful day in 1972, as he ate his BLT (Bacon, Lint, and Toenail) Sandwich, he felt a tsunami in his stomach. As his face turned green amid wails of "Someone help him!" and "What is that?", his stomach exploded onto the cafeteria. His bloody carcass laid there as Cafeteria employees picked up his intestines and placed them in a bucket. Paramedics and a priest were called, and, strangely enough, string linguini was served the following day. The mortician's report declared that the death was due to an "improper balance of nutrients in his diet." It was later confirmed that there were no nutrients in his diet. Day's death did have its implications; Wormer was fired, T.O.I.L.E.T. was ousted, and S.E.W.A.G.E. entered the fray.

S.E.W.A.G.E. (Students Eating Waste And General Excrement) was the brainchild of Eric Stratton and Larry Kroger, two SUNY-Stony Brook Alumni who instead of making things better for students decided to screw the system and to make them pay. (Things sure have changed, haven't they.) They actually gave students the ability to make their own food. A well-known sociologist once remarked that "a cook is only a good cook when their customers don't throw up all over them." Although students could not complain about the quality of food they cooked themselves, they could complain about the unhumanlike temperatures in the kitchen. Many a student was helicoptered to the hospital to regain their consciousness. Once S.E.W.A.G.E. was ordered to fix the temperatures, they then tampered with the actual ovens whereas the flames scorched the cooking student's faces with third continued on page 12

The Stony Brook Press' Contest To End All Contests

Bad news, kiddos... this is going to be our final contest for 1995. The good news; it's the biggest and baddest we've ever come up with. For winning this contest you or your team can receive up to a full page in the December 4th issue of The Stony Brook Press to do with as you wish! This is a value of up to three hundred and fifty dollars!

The contest is a scavenger hunt, and below is the list of items you need to find, and their point value. Whoever gets the most points wins. Deadline for entries is November 31st. Items must be brought to our office (Room 060 of the Student Union). Depending on the number of points the winner has, we will award between a full and a quarter page as prize; in other words, if the only entry is one guy with a couple of markers, he gets a quarter. If the winner has a whole bunch of stuff, he/she/they will get a full page.

Dry erase markers	10pts each	"Mr. Bungle" porn video	1000pts
Rolls of tape	10pts each	"Dark Forces" for Macintosh	250pts
A Picture of contestant and Dave Shashoua	100pts	A Scorpions CD	2pts
A Picture of contestant and the Seawolf	50pts	An automobile tire	80pts
An Out of State License plate	50pts	An issue of TIME from 1976	60pts
Dollar Bills	4pts each	A Chinese finger trap	40pts
A glow in the dark condom	20pts	A plastic "Gumby" toy	35pts
A nude photo of an X-Files cast member	15pts	A 1992 Cal Ripkin baseball card	40pts
An unpaid parking ticket	35pts	An ABBA 8-track cassette	50pts
A good issue of The Statesman	100pts	A "Yoda" Star Wars figurine	65pts
A 1993 calendar	50pts	A female condom (unused)	50pts
The autograph of ANT professor John Shea	70pts	A femur	60pts
Anything that says "For office use only"	10pts	A box of rolling papers (for tobacco, of course)	30pts
A poster advertising a holiday movie	20pts	A Star Trek toy phaser	25pts
A set of bed sheets with goofy things on them	70pts	A book checked out from the Sci-Fi Forum	30pts
(ex. Winnie the Pooh, Star Wars...)		An application for admission to USB	15pts

The small print. When you bring us the items in the LEFT column they become OUR PROPERTY. Items on the RIGHT may need to be copied by us for you to get the points. The Stony Brook Press does not condone the theft of any of these items and will not be liable if you acquire any of them illegally. The Stony Brook Press reserves the right to censor winner's submissions.