

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVII No.7 The University's Jolliest Feature Paper December 4, 1995



*The other reindeer never knew about Comet's
"special" relationship with Santa...*

Northern Ireland, The Middle East, Bosnia

Can The World Win The Peace Trifecta?

By Boyd McCamish

Last week, the president put into effect one of the most bold peace arrangements in modern history. Leaders from the Balkan region met with him in Dayton, Ohio to beat out and sign the "Dayton Accord" which will be officially put into action on December 15th of this year in Paris, France. The accord, amongst other things, calls for a 60,000 troop presence to be placed in a two-and-a-half mile demilitarized zone that will become a buffer for a republic that will find itself now officially separated by ethnic lines. Although the North American Treaty Organization is comprised of sixteen member nations, the U.S. will contribute one third, or twenty thousand ground troops. This reality has been cause for concern among now-prudent house Republicans. Quite routinely the president made the troop and financial commitments without congressional approval, yet many Republican Congressman have called the aggressive act "wrong" and "unprecedented."

At a special sessions hearing earlier this week, a time any congressman can take the podium for up to one hour for discourse on topics deemed important Representative Robert Dornan (R-Calif.) spoke of his concern in regards to the president's integrity. "How could a man who twenty years ago wrote to the draft board and told them he 'loathed' the military now commit 20,000 American men and woman to battle?" Dornan is an arch-conservative who has attacked the president on military issues from day one. There were others who likened our

role in Bosnia to that of Haiti and Somalia, however they were slow to draw parallels between the three, and clearly there were very few.

With the Presidential Election looming larger every day, Republicans seemed infuriated that they would have to submit to the president's foreign policy agenda once again. For Congress to in effect turn their backs on him now would be a massive political blunder toward U.S. credibility. Dole who has called this "intellectual America's war" and one that does not concern average American people, argues that America's elite needs a place to go and fight for ethnic equality to bolster the reputation of the U.S. in foreign countries. Dole eventually supported the agreement but his original statements clearly indicate the growing cultural gap between rural conservatives and liberal urbanites. With the cold war steadily defrosting, many people find themselves seriously unprepared to define America's role in the future.

After the signing, Clinton began a busy trip to Europe, starting in England. While addressing the British Parliament the president was purposeful in committing further U.S. military action wherever need be. He called NATO the "sword and shield of democracy," and in an act which might have shown too many of the president's cards, stated that the recent talk of isolationism in America was "wrong," and that "we will never go down that road again!!" All of this was met by roaring applause. Leading one to believe that now that there is no concentrated evil like the Soviet Union, NATO will find new enemies until democracy canvasses the world. The

reality is that if people in government voice their opinion that America should take a defensive stance in the years to come it does not make them isolationist. He took the opportunity to thrash conservatism, the primary force that has restrained much of his agenda. America will not stay home in the future. As I watched him deliver his clever speech I wondered what ever happened to the "peace dividend?" It seems that what many have feared for a longtime is now coming to fruition: our country's economic and social clout is anchored so heavily in the defense industry that to steer the other way, even if it is the right thing to do, is now an impossibility.

With that logic firmly in place it appears that U.S. foreign policy has much work to do. The Far East, and in particular China, seems a place where newfound wealth might pave the way for the implementation of democratic values. What better ambassadors for that than NATO and the children of the free world. Our involvement in Bosnia would appear now to be more of a display of military might than an attempt to right humanitarian wrongs. Surely we should or could have gone there much earlier but that would not be in keeping with the "wait till it's to late" philosophy of post-Vietnam America. President Clinton will surely win support for the mission, but it remains to be seen just how long that will last. This act would appear to guarantee him re-election in 1996, a notion that has many Republicans feeling victimized by a Democrat that has outsmarted them.

To All American Isolationists Out There

By Heather Rosenow

Recently I wrote an article covering one of the many mass slaughters which have occurred in Bosnia of late. I wrote of the 6,000 people murdered right in front of the world's conveniently blind face. I got a really interesting response. It reflected, to me, a growing new school of American Isolationists. Since, as we all know, history repeats itself, (just count the number of wars started on the basis of ethnic differences or hatred) this kind of mentality is not only ignorant, but dangerous as well. It gives a free license to murder, rape, and pillage to all the extremist groups around the world. Would Hitler have been able to kill so many innocent people so easily if we had intervened earlier? No, probably not. But once again, history's predictable patterns of repetition are proving more powerful than its ability to teach useful lessons to new and inexperienced generations. Bosnia is a prime example and should be looked at as such. The response I received told me that I "need to get out more" and went on further to point fingers at an elitist minority who ignores the problems of America while policing the outside world.

The author of this letter proceeded to recount statistics of the murders in New York last year, claiming that we should spend more time working on the crimes of the streets of America, than on some foreign country with whom we have very little contact with. Lord only knows how many people have brought up the fact that a friendly relationship with the people in the Balkans just isn't a lucrative situation. Ah. Capitalism, profit margins, and computerized statistics. The writer of the protest letter which I received claimed that twice as many people were killed last year alone in New

York, and nothing was done there. Well, to him I respond as such. First of all, no one is running around New York annihilating entire villages. Second of all, our country has an established system of government with a police force to keep order. The police don't sit on the corners of our cities and WATCH as thousands of people are killed before their eyes at one time. Thirdly, our country has two prevailing policies which, so far, have been able to co-exist; not only because they effect one another indirectly, but also because it is vital to the survival of our country in the greater

First of all, no one is running around New York annihilating entire villages.

global picture.

One is called Domestic Policy, and the other is called Foreign Policy. One can, in fact, exist while the other is in effect. We cannot afford to ignore the problems of the world around us until they become our own. We are the most powerful nation on Earth, and as such, it is our responsibility to come to the aid of others when left helpless in unjust situations which reek of war crimes. Richard Holbrook, chief US negotiator on Bosnia, through intervention in global affairs, managed to wrestle a peace agreement out of a situation previ-

ously deemed hopeless. Granted, the peace established is not only an unsure one in its' infancy, but also a peace imposed on a part of the world notoriously war ridden throughout history, but it gave some hope that the situation would not be allowed to escalate to the levels of WWII genocide.

The new peace agreement would entail, if President Bill Clinton can gather enough of a majority of support in Congress, a NATO led 60,000 man occupying army deployed to Bosnia (one third of which will be American, the other two thirds being comprised of French and British troops) under the orders to use any force deemed necessary. Based, however, on what I have read and heard in the general media lately I don't think it would be wrong to say that NATO really doesn't have a clue of what it's getting itself into. Which translates into refugee relocation, essentially becoming referees of sorts for the general area that they will be occupying, and the unabashed difficulty of eliminating hatred based on a generations-old blood feud. If anything, they should have picked up some clue from the unsuccessful UN intervention earlier this year (an intervention which went unacknowledged in world politics, despite the 209 UN soldiers who lost their lives in the line of duty in Bosnia.) This problem is no longer 'that distant war' mentioned every night on the nightly world news reports, instead it is now a war in which we could be involved very shortly. It is because of this fact that we should put more thought into the situation, and why we should not simply write it off as "not our problem." By doing this, we are not writing off our domestic situation as unimportant, we are instead saying that we are not a country solely concerned with our own welfare.

SPA Security: Friend or Foe?

By Angelique

These days before Thanksgiving I went to a concert not as a member of *the Press*, but as a fan. I had no intentions of writing this; I just wanted to hear Shelter play. However, by the end of the show, I was so pissed off at S.P.A. Security that it was either write or start bombing.

The problems started as soon as I walked into the Student Union. The line to get into the show was moving slower than the limes in Administration during the first week of the semester. Every person had to pass through a metal detector (they only had one to accommodate hundreds of people?), any chains (even from wallets) were confiscated until the end of the show as were any other objects which they felt might be "dangerous". This included my keys. Next, everyone was thoroughly patted down, we're talking crotch, armpits, the whole deal. After that, you had to pass two people who each checked your ticket, then you were in. Unfortunately because of the full body rubdown, er, I mean patdown, the chicks had to wait in a separate line. For some this was advantageous because our line was quicker, but it sucked for me since I went to the show with three guys and I had to wait a half hour for them to get through their line.

Needless to say, I was already feeling hassled and violated when I entered the show. My compatriots on the line, which was still filtering through after 10 P.M. (the show started at 8 P.M.), who got in much later than I did were even less happy when they got in.

Our tickets had warned us against any "violent dancing" and the orange vested security people were more than willing to enforce their rules (details later). Although I was relieved to finally get in to the show I was soon informed that if you

wanted to pee or smoke a butt, you had to go outside, do your thing, and then wait on line all over again (your brief exit could be a ploy to smuggle weapons or other contraband items into the show) with the metal detectors and the full body massage.

By the time Earth Crisis took the stage (everything seemed to be running late, hmm...could it be poor management?) the crowd was ready to enjoy themselves. Earth Crisis's lead singer was keeping energy levels high and a mosh pit had formed. When he attempted to crowd surf however, the security were swift and brutal in their efforts to return him to the stage. If you know anything about moshing, you realize that entering the crowd and attempting to wrench the crowd surfer to the ground is both dangerous to others in the crowd and potentially deadly for the crowd surfer in question. Obviously, S.P.A. Security was either ignorant to this fact or deliberately negligent as this is the strategy they used to prevent E.C.'s singer (what's his name anyway?) from crowd surfing. He returned to the stage, miraculously unscathed, and a jolly good show would have followed except for recurrent technical difficulties, and repeated bullying from the security people.

Earth Crisis ended up leaving the stage frustrated, their show cut short by time constraints. Next it was finally time for Shelter! By now the animosity between the crowd and the security was growing exponentially. The orange-clad minions of antagonism, aggression, and ignorance had already crossed the line between protection and power trip. When Shelter came on the security force was ready to fight. As the crowd once again began to dance, the S.P.A. warriors shouted and shoved against the obvious brutality of dancing kids? Ray from Shelter tried reasoning with them,

explaining that aggression and enthusiasm were two different things. He spoke to them about the scene, as the straight-edge and vegetarian fans cheered him on. Once again, the band began to play. At this point (I swear this) I heard one of the security guys (this one was in a black vest) tell the others, "If you see anyone jump up in the crowd I want you to start fucking swinging." The band was playing, the audience was dancing, and the security force of doom was hopping over the barriers into the crowd and dragging people out. They weren't being gentle. At this point Ray spoke up again, imploring the S.P.A. troops to back off. He tried to bargain that if we (the audience) would sit, could they (the schmucks) step back? We all sat down, just like on Romper Room, and still they stood their ground, ignoring Ray and our obvious efforts to make peace. Shelter played a little more and the show ended.

Anyone who had sacrificed their implements of destruction (keys, necklaces, wallets) at the beginning of the show, had to wait to get their stuff back and then it was finally over. I didn't have to stretch to see past scowling faces any longer. I could go home.

Obviously, S.P.A. Security was incapable of performing their duties in an appropriate manner. They are only one branch of security here at U.S.B., and I'm sure that they aren't all bad people. I'd also like to add that the S.A.B. (Student Activities Board) deserves thanks for trying to put the show on for us. We as students need to speak out against these inept ruffians and put the control back where it belongs, in our hands. This school is ours, we pay for it and that show was ours too. They should expect to receive a petition soon explaining what angry students want them to suck.

University Response Comes to USB

By Katherine Zafiris

(Please sing to the tune of "You've Got a Friend")

"When you're down and troubled, and you need a helping hand, and nothing, oh, nothing is going right, pick up the phone and call us and soon we will be there to brighten up even your darkest night.

You just call our hotline and you know whatever the time, we'll come running just to answer your call.

Winter, Spring, Summer or Fall, all you got to do is call and we'll be there (yeah, yeah) cause you've got a friend.

If the sky above you should turn dark and full of clouds and that old north wind should begin to blow, keep your head together and call University Response and soon you'll be feeling understood.

You just call our hotline and you know whatever the time, we'll come running just to answer your call.

Winter, Spring, Summer, or Fall all you've got to do is call and we'll be there ... hey ain't it good to know that you've got a friend when people can be so cold, they'll hurt you and desert you, well they'll take your soul if you let them, oh yeah but don't you let them. You just call 2-HOPE."

James Taylor and us

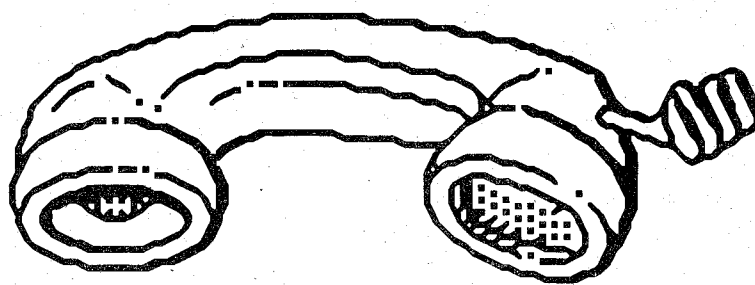
Throughout the past two semesters a campus project, lead by a select group of undergraduate students, has been striving in the hopes of establishing a much-needed and long awaited service for the entire student community. The project,

Brook students to turn to when the going gets tough. By using Response of Suffolk County (a crisis hotline servicing all of Suffolk County) as a prototypical model, University Response has been created as a 24-hour hotline service run by

students, for students. Students are encouraged to dial 632-HOPE (2-HOPE) as a free, on-campus call whenever feeling stressed, sad, alone, or simply in need of someone to talk to (prank callers need not dial — this is for real!). All student volunteers answering calls are telephone counselors well trained in crisis intervention techniques and listening skills.

Students interested in becoming counselors must undergo an extensive and rigorous training program which may ultimately result in their becoming a volunteer. Upon completion of the training period, volunteers are required to be available for at least one 4-hour hotline shift

per week. You can become a student volunteer and earn 3 credits for PSY 283 (community service) by calling 2-HOPE for training and registration information.



632-HOPE

known as University Response, was born out of the increasing need for students to have a source of confidential, emotional support. The growing demands on the University Counseling Center, located on the second floor of the Infirmary, clearly indicates the necessity of a place for Stony

A PACT With The Devil?

Earlier this week **The Press** received something slipped under our door. While this is not at all strange, what was proposed on said paper was strange.

New Commuter Senator Tom Masse proposed the formation of a political party in the senate. This party, called PACT (Party for Action and Change *Today*) [his italics, not mine], has as its sole intention "to find out what the students want and to find a way to give it to them." I have known Masse for a year and a half, and competed against him (as editors we have a blown-up sense of ego that it's my paper versus his paper) in that time, and know that he is the type of person who, once he goes for something, won't stop, and is an all-around good guy. (Plus he has a much better sense of humor than the social lepers that now run *The Statesman*.) He must feel that he can accomplish all that he suggested in this formation of PACT.

In his proposed political party Masse also calls for students to believe in him. He wants them to believe that the senate is truly working for the students, not just inflating themselves. He also wants to get the senate to truly do something, but he does not give any examples of what he wants them to do. He just says that the senate hasn't really done anything for students lately and doesn't blame them for losing interest, and faith, in the senate.

I, too, realize that Polity is useless and their egos are even more inflated than a newspaper editor's, but Masse is trying the impossible. He is trying to get students involved in something that they don't care about, and know even less about; this is like trying to pull teeth with a pair of tweezers. I think that Masse has forgotten all the apathy he faced in the student body when he was editor of

The Statesman. Trying to get students involved in working for a newspaper is darn near impossible, even with the benefits of seeing their name in print, hanging out with other cool staff members and the possibility of getting credits for your work. None of these things exist to get people to join Masse's party. It is a lot of work, with very little recognition. And the way students are today, they either need to get their ego stroked or get an invitation to an annual beer tasting festival.

On the other hand, I don't think that this 'party' will be all that helpful in the senate. It is a good idea to get students more involved and change is good, but this only looks good on paper. But, of course, so did communism. And as we found out after the 1994 elections, change for change's sake just isn't worth the aggravation that it spawns.

PACT might lead to the formation of other parties in the senate. Soon we might have three or more separate parties in the senate, all calling for different things, fighting against each other. What good would this accomplish? The senate, if it was divided into political parties, would be even more useless than it is today.

He specifically calls for senators to "vote for motions that call for action and change." Again this is very vague, and he never once puts down any sort of plan for this party he is forming. He could be trying to form a socialist state in the senate; hey, it's a change, isn't it?

If you are interested in joining PACT, all you have to do is tell Masse what you want to see Polity do. His phone number is 595-8741; leave a message and he will get back to you as soon as possible.

Well, good luck Tom. All the best and all that stuff.

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The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by The Stony Brook Press Inc., a student run and student funded non-profit corporation. The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of the staff. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (516) 632-6451.

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Letters

I have heard rumors that there has been yet another rape on campus. Why I have only heard rumors is the problem. Why doesn't public safety do something about it? Why does it seem like they want to cover up ever crime that goes on here? Is it because they don't do their job well and they don't want people to know it?

What is the real reason public safety cancelled the concert? Were they afraid that one of their rogue cops (probably the one who was accused of saying "Son, I hope you get shot") would start running around like Mark Fuhrman and cause another incident like the one with Rodney King? I betcha that was the confidential information. Some cop probably left a note on his captain's desk saying, "If the concert goes on, the Wu Tang Clan dies..." I really wouldn't put it past them. Have a good day everyone, and spit at a cop. You mother will love you for it.

Christopher J Pilkington
cpilking@ic.sunysb.edu

MAYBERRY, L.I.

One night last month, a friend and I were driving down Van Brunt Manor

Road, off 25A, when a police car pulled us over. A young officer, who reeked of cheap cologne, and who behaved as if he watched too many episodes of "CHiPs" told my friend he "didn't come to a complete stop" at a deserted crossroads. Apparently, Officer Friendly had been lying in wait in his own little Alabama-style speed trap on Long Island's exclusive North Shore.

Suffolk County Police? Not on your life. Erik Estrada works for the Village of Poquott, a snobby little nouveau-riche enclave too pretentious to be part of raff East Setauket. Things must really be rough if the creme de la creme have to resort to this sort of cheesy stunt to supplement village revenues.

All of which is nothing compared to Belle Terre, a cozy appendage of Port Jefferson just crawling with mildewed money. The main road ends in a roundabout with a great view of Long Island Sound, but if you park there to admire it you're liable to be ticketed by the Belle Terre Constable, a pathetic individual who takes great pleasure in bringing the full force of "la loi" down on those who would presume to usurp

the "private" view.

Head of the Harbor, Old Field, Lloyd Harbor - the area is full of these little Snob Hill areas which pay people to hassle you if you walk or bicycle through and dare to look like you can't afford to belong there.

This doesn't seem fair - cops don't sit in my neighborhood just itching to swoop down on scofflaws and vagrants. And I don't want them to. Who needs this sort of Stalag 13 atmosphere?

I'm told that in Sweden, rich people aren't allowed to pull this nonsense. The law there says that everyone has a right to enjoy the land and its natural beauty. You're even permitted to camp on private property for one night providing you leave nothing behind and do no damage. Now that's civilized.

Since these rich sleazebags have enough money to hire uniformed lackeys to harass the peasantry, maybe they're not paying enough taxes. Didn't NYPIRG recently discover that wealthy homes by the water in Nassau County were frequently underassessed? I hereby propose an Exclusivity Tax, by which all such communities will provide matching

Snowball Fight Naked

funds for extra police protection for citizens living in underprivileged areas, like Gordon Heights, Wyandanch and South Huntington. When writing your Legislator to protest all these senseless budget cuts, won't you mention my little scheme?

FILOMENA DUVY

LOVEJONES@aol.com

Thanks for the note, and we'd like to get a copy of your rag.

If you can, please send it to:

Love Jones

P.O. Box 17532

continued on next page

Response to Ruggiero's NYPIRG Article

By Virginia Youngblood

This is in response to Anne Ruggiero's article in the Oct. 16th issue, "So You Wanna Change the World." The article raises several interesting points, perhaps unintentionally, and I feel they are worth addressing.

Ruggiero's article is a commonplace blend of sarcasm, impassioned plea and guilt trip, intended to energize all us sloths. I've read a bunch of these; some inspired me to act, some I ignored. This one has made me angry. It illustrates why such articles often fail, and even tend to perpetuate Slothfulness. I support what I think was Ruggiero's ultimate goal. But I consider her methods sloppy and her language confusing. It's probably my thick skull, I know. But how can you support someone's idea if you're not sure what they're saying?

A quote, coming after a paragraph describing the Sloth: "For everybody else who still believes that we live in a democracy, stick around — we're not dead yet!" Here on SUNY Stony Brook campus, I see a corrupt bureaucracy making its own rules. We live inside many systems, all at once. Later on, Ruggiero writes: "Do you believe in paying more money for less qualified instructors and fewer classes?" Note the two uses of the verb 'to believe' in these quotes. In another part of the article, describing the third of three rules of successful campaigning as explained by Martin Brennan of NYPIRG, Ruggiero writes: "It doesn't matter what you say you believe in, or what you think you believe in, or what you want to believe in. Your actions are paramount. That's all, and nothing else." Now, it is glossing over a lot to say, "It doesn't matter... what you think you believe in." And this is coming from the same writer who made the two appeals to belief that are quoted above. Perhaps Ruggiero's 'cause' is campaigning for supporters by appealing to their personal beliefs, then wishing to mold footsoldiers using tactical advice such as, "In a real world, morality counts for nothing; power and mobility are everything," again citing Martin Brennan. Brennan's quoted view is an interesting comment on the origins of corruption. This process is also the way to make sheep. Win their hearts, focus attention on the practical details of the campaign, and no one will remember to question the leadership. In the high powered world of political campaigning, resources and influence may indeed be what 'gets things done.' But it is vital for the individual to understand his own actions. Perhaps

Ruggiero was trying to coax the Sloth away from paralyzing soul-searching and into productivity. But she didn't say that.

Inside Ruggiero's article is information about NYPIRG, and tips about successful campaigning from Martin Brennan. Some of these tips are good advice, I think, and worth repeating. "Educate. Never take anything at face value. Investigate for yourself... Organize. Educate others, use your power." Okay, I will. A few summers ago I did a typical student thing and canvassed for a Long Island organization, working on various environmental issues. While there I learned a little about the nature of canvassing/lobbying organizations. NYPIRG has done a lot of good. So have many organizations. They don't do it singly. Often, several groups are involved in the passage of a bill. The publicity may or may not tell you that. NYPIRG is addressing some issues relevant to this university. In this article I mean no criticism of NYPIRG, though I do criticize Brennan's stated viewpoints. But one should remember that there exist many activist groups, both on and off campus.

After the thirtieth reading of Ruggiero's article, I realize that it is just a plug for NYPIRG couched in inspirational rhetoric. Oops. My thick skull. There's nothing wrong with a plug for NYPIRG. But, you see, I grew up without a television. Ruggiero's article is written in a certain style. The human voice and face can lend meaning and nuance to what is inscrutable in print, and perhaps the article would be clearer if read aloud. As is, it reads like the script of an infomercial. Makes NYPIRG seem like Buns of Steel. It seems that Ruggiero's wish is for couch potatoes to transfer their unexamined and vapid loyalty from the TV to NYPIRG. This is what makes me mad. The political situation in this country is changing, and the discussion surrounding it is in language that depends on comedic timing for its meaning. For example, let me supply the Third Principle of Reform with a set of possible vocal inflections. 1) It doesn't MATTER what you say you believe in, etc. Your ACTIONS are paramount. 2) It doesn't matter WHAT you say you believe in, etc. Your ACTIONS are paramount. 3) It doesn't matter what you SAY you believe in, etc. Your ACTIONS are paramount. Of course there are many more. Situation 1: Imagine a heated demonstration involving two groups, lots of signs, insults, police, possibly physical harm. Right then, your actions are indeed paramount. Hopefully, in the heat of the moment, you're not dis-

tracted by pricks of conscience, or you might get hurt. This is how I read 1). I think it's very true. Your beliefs have been chosen; time for action. Situation 2: This implies that I could say, think, and want inflammatory, dangerous, and/or irresponsible things, and it would all come to nothing, if my actions were separate from it. Two words: time bomb. Situation 3: This implies that saying, thinking, and wanting are in some way less than doing. As far as I know, this is a time-honored philosophical debate, without a clear 'answer.' I submit that this argument makes the Sloth feel peevish and low, though, which proves its value as a recruiting tactic. I think Ruggiero had 1) in mind. But her language also allows 2) and 3), which puts very different spins on her point. I'm sure that Ruggiero chose her style, which is why I'm writing. If I thought she couldn't help it, I wouldn't bother.

One last quote: "Put your all into your cause." This, from the aforementioned Third Principle of Reform. It suggests dedication, selflessness, zeal. Also lots of free time. That language is incompatible with the reality of busy schedules. Many people do not have time for activism as devotional activity. But there are many ways to participate in the political process. Perhaps there is a vast reserve of Sloths just waiting to be indoctrinated. Perhaps whoever gets to them first will win the current war of issues. If I were a Sloth, I would make the effort to educate myself about something, one thing, anything, before an activist's slinging run-on metaphors got hold of me.

In all seriousness, *the Press* employs an informal, irreverent style throughout most of its issues. I know you're a feature paper, and I understand that. In this case I think you wasted an opportunity to be relevant. The article "We're Number One" by Efraim Csuwoj was refreshingly practical. It offered concrete information about avenues for individuals to become involved as individuals, not as members of organizations. Accepting the call to action did not require accepting philosophy or sloppy language. Now, I admit it: I'm a Sloth. I'm off to the library, the newspaper, and the voting booth! In conclusion, while I realize that there are many important organizations out there that need support, it is crucial that individuals not give up their capacity for free thought in exchange for revolutionary zeal. As Ruggiero said at the end of her article, "Get involved." Good idea! But she follows it with, "Get a cause." It's crucial that newspapers such as the *Press* pay careful attention to the arguments they print.

Letters

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Beverly Hills, Ca 90209

Look for a Live album coming out in December. You have to mail order it @1.800.4 LSC.LPS. They are also putting out Powerful Pain Relief on vinyl. Two 10" white discs with a gatefold and extra track.

Thanks again,
Barry the bassman

[Ed. Note - We had e-mailed Love Jones a few weeks ago complimenting them on their outstanding albums Powerful Pain Relief and Here's To The Losers, and how they had become staples of our office CD player. We also invited them to play our staff party at the end of the year, but they didn't mention anything about that.]

In reference to the letter printed in the November issue of *The Stony Brook Statesman* titled "Preston had students"

best interests in mind," written by a Mr. William M. Peragine, I would like to say, EXCUSE ME!! This issue has now gone way beyond concerts and violence, to the "something much worse" censorship. Yes ladies and gentlemen the BIG C (censorship). By stopping this particular concert Fred Preston wasn't saying that he was afraid the performers would attack the crowd. That wasn't the danger he was referring to. He was saying that us "kids" wouldn't be mature enough to listen to the lyrics of the songs without rioting. He needed an excuse to express his dislike of Rap, and well, he heard some rumors and jumped the gun.

Mr. Peragine also mentioned something about the \$4,000 being worth it. It is insane to believe that Preston's version of our "safety" is worth wasting \$4,000. Are you trying to say that us ignorant college students, who pay an arm and a leg just to have programs and classes chopped and hacked at, deserve to have \$4,000 dollars

of our student activity fee wasted in the name of "Our best interests?"

Let's just discuss "our best interests" for a moment, shall we? Last time I looked we were all (well most of us anyway) adults with free will and the ability to decide for ourselves whether or not something is dangerous. I mean, for christ's sake, if we have the power to decide who will run the country for the next four years, I think we're mature enough to survive a little rap concert.

I would also like to comment on Mr. Peragine's closing sentence; "This incident serves as a reminder that we don't always know what is and isn't in our best interests." Well excuse me, but when is one man's judgment stronger than that of a whole community of ADULTS? Wasn't this the same rationale that white men used during the 1800s to deny women and people of color the right to vote? Or how about them Communists? Are we so incapable of making our own decisions,

that we need someone to tell us which concerts are safe, and which aren't? IF that's your own personal character flaw, I accept it and hope for a speedy recovery, but don't you, or anybody else, dare try to make MY choices for me.

Philip Russo

Thank you for your continuous comments about Dave Shashoua from the *Statesman*...as one who has that annoying little insect in my Political Science class, I can tell you that the entire class has appreciated your many comments about him....(especially the ones regarding stuffing him in a paper bag and lighting it on fire).

We circulated that among the entire class one period when Dave was being exceptionally irritating. Keep up the literary excellence...

One Big Foul Up

By Anne Ruggiero

Okay, it's Saturday afternoon, I just got finished writing a huge paper and I have somewhere to be in fifteen minutes. I really, really, really, really do not want to write this article right now, but the News Editor is up my ass about getting five hundred words in print before Ted kills her, so basically, this article is going to suck. In fact, you can stop reading right now if you want because the next half page is going to be a rant on the political imbeciles in Washington.

I'll get right to the point. What kind of assholes shut down the American government for five days??!! Assholes with nothing better to do with their time, that's who. Hey boys, don't worry about doing what's best for the country or anything. Feel free to use the political system to play out your little power fantasies. Never mind that you put several thousand government employees through hell for almost a week, wondering whether or not they would be able to feed their families a month before Christmas. Forget that you have just an ounce of responsibility to the American public who pays for the simple services that you rendered unimportant enough to get rid of. I know that nobody is perfect but this was one major fuck up for the immature idiots on Capitol Hill. I swear that I have socks with more intelligence.

Let's begin with our esteemed leader, Mr. Bill Clinton. I do believe that there is an election year

right around the corner, and old Billy boy knows that he has to get in good with the voters. The way I see it, Clinton figured that he has to look like he's doing something worthwhile in office, and he has to seem as if he is accomplishing something. So he figures that attacking the federal budget will sound nice to all those hard-working people back home. Of course, Congress sits on its ass and



whines that seven years is too short of a time to balance the bankbooks, and sends Clinton scuttling away. Naturally, Clinton's pissed (his brilliant plan was ruined), and so he dusts off the old

federal law books and discovers a neat little clause added under the Reagan Administration (go figure) which specifies that if either the president or Congress blocks the passage of a budget code, the contesting party may conveniently begin to shut down government services until an agreement is reached (Kinda reminds you of nursery school, doesn't it?) Of course, Congress can't be bossed

around by one executive (this is a democracy, after all), so they stubbornly refused to do anything. Well, in a nutshell, that's what happened. Big, macho politicians crying because they couldn't get their way. Now of course one could argue that the budget needs to be fixed and desperate times call for desperate measures. But shutting down the government??!! Are they insane? Scare tactics can be so irritating.

Basically, that's all I have to say. The representative morons in Washington have no concept of reality, and frankly I am tired of hearing their juvenile bullshit. There. My article is written, but it probably is not long enough for

my editor, who is determined to keep me chained to this computer. Alright, I am done. This is all that they are getting out of me tonight.

A Doleful Existence

By Liv Ann Bacerra

Talk of censoring the entertainment business was at a feverish pitch on Monday, last week. The impetus for the debate was the torching of a subway token booth by two males. The police force readily assumed that this was a copycat act from the newly released movie, "Money Train," that contains a similar act. There were circumstantial talks about the pair of thugs having seen the movie before committing the despicable act. How do we know that this is the circumstance in which the pair acted upon? There is no concrete way of proving that the direct result of this provocative movie would be the near-destruction of a life and hundreds of dollars worth of repair.

When Republican Senator and presidential candidate Bob Dole raised the issue of censoring or controlling the entertainment business, there was a telltale sign that the morals and values of this society are just about nonexistent. He was blaming movie writers, studios, directors and actors and actresses for the

decline of the American Society. Censoring or controlling the media or an artistic venture, be it a movie or a book, does not repair the gaping hole of a bullet or eradicate the dysenteric-like dysfunctional folkways the way an enema cleans out the bowels. The media

should not be held accountable for this crime as well as other crimes.

The whole society is, in part, responsible for enabling these social diseases. Therefore it has an obligation to remedy the illness. However, it is not the government's responsibility to "discipline" social ills like this one. Especially social ills that lack empirical evidence. Everyone can be influenced in

different ways by many different things making it hard to pinpoint the varied causes and effects. There really is no efficient way to analyze and infer this. There is no panacea for any social deviance. For lack of a better phrase, it has to be noted that there is a line and it has to be drawn.



Join the Press.
We've done some
scientific calculations,
and determined that we've
got over 75 inches
of virile manhood amongst our
staff. We've also
got four feet of
vaginal joy for
your pleasure.

Spirit of '76

By Chris Sorochin

The fine autumn Saturday before Election Day found us at a forum on the crisis in electoral democracy our country seems to be experiencing—you know, when 20% of the electorate is able to pack Congress with the John Birch Society. Appropriately, the forum was held in a beautiful colonial-style church on the New Haven Green. At any moment you expected to see the ghost of Tom Paine come stomping out in knee breeches and powdered wig to gag on what's become of the democratic experiment.

Five expert speakers held the floor for most of the afternoon.

Karen Bursteln, who was narrowly defeated in last year's race for New York State Attorney General, spoke on how even the most independent politicians feel themselves beholden and kindly disposed towards those that fund them. As the Texas saying goes, "You dance with who brung you."

William Dyson, head of the Connecticut State Legislature's appropriations committee, made several trenchant points, most notably that the left will continue to get beaten if we don't stand for any positive program, and that Colin Powell is an unindicted war criminal. Dyson excoriated progressives who go soft on Powell because he's black and mouths liberal platitudes on domestic issues. Dyson also brought up that convicted felons lose their right to vote, and suggested that this may be one reason the powers that be are so keen on locking up potential voters of color.

Both Dyson and Bursteln stressed the urgent need for government funding for elections, to

remove the pernicious influence of big money from the political system, and I can't agree enough. We'll only have our democracy when monied interests don't call all the shots.

Don Rojas, once a member of Maurice Bishop's government in Grenada (before Ronnie Reagan reasserted our role as hemispheric heavy by invading that very small island, bombing a mental hospital and taking some unarmed Cuban construction workers prisoner) said that the mass media must also be democratized, i.e. rescued from the exclusive control of corporate interests, in order to promote a truly democratic society.

Katha Politt of *The Nation* spoke on voter alienation and how, if people are told that they are stupid and powerless for long enough, they'll act accordingly. Everyone on the panel agreed that this disenchantment was healthy insofar as it means the electorate really does know that the system is rotting and are fed up and ready for a change.

The most memorable image of the day was contributed by Howard Zinn, a historian from Boston University. He likened the US electorate to those who suffer from battered-woman syndrome—they don't leave the men who consistently abuse them and treat them like garbage because they've been brainwashed into believing there's no place else to go. Zinn also reminded us that from the very beginning this country and its government were set up to serve a small economic elite, and the only time things have changed for the better was due to agitation at the grass roots of society, not as a result of wise and enlightened leadership. Contrary to conventional wisdom, the elite has always believed in big government when it serves their needs.

If we must look to the 104th Congress, we see that they're busily giving business interests and the wealthy as much freedom (and welfare) as possible while working to demolish constitutional protections for individuals, most specifically the Fourth Amendment, which forbids unreasonable search and seizure. The recent police harassment and invasion of privacy covered in the Press is a case in point.

Why the incredible lack of outrage at the ruling class? One panelist hypothesized that besides a slanted, bought-and-sold media, many Americans still think that someday they're going to be rich ("All you need is a dollar and a dream") and they don't want to mess things up for themselves when they reach greener pastures. Someone else put forward the wishful thought that once it becomes obvious that the American Dream has been assassinated, the populace will awaken like Rip Van Winkle and pick up where we left off before the unnatural prosperity of the post-World War II era softened minds and dulled consciences.

We're at a pivotal juncture in history, and there are those who would like to see us thrust into a future of sci-fi feudalism in which high tech robber barons are castellated against ever-increasing masses of post-industrial serfs and peasants.

But if only if we peasants-to-be let them.

The event was sponsored by the Yale Black Political Forum and WPKN (89.5 FM), sister station to our own beloved WUSB. PKN is totally listener-supported, accepting neither corporate nor government funding. As such, it is, like *the Press*, one of the few remaining uncensored and uncorrupted voices of democracy. Give them a listen. You'll be glad you did.

DUTCH TREAT

By Efraim Csuwoj

Overlooked cinematic treasure of the year: "Sex, Drugs and Democracy," a documentary on the permissive policies of the Netherlands in regards to such controversial issues as soft drug use, prostitution, homosexuality and other topics that cause so many here to go so incredibly ballistic.

The Dutch take a pragmatic view of human nature. There's prostitution in every modern society, no matter how strictly it's forbidden, their reasoning goes. So since it's going to be here no matter what, why not regulate it and make it as humane as possible? It generates tax revenue for the government, and those involved receive periodic examinations to prevent the spread of disease. Since it's a legitimate business, the prostitutes have legal rights and can refuse any customer or activity and they aren't under the control of an exploitative or abusive pimp. There's even a special handicapped accessible brothel because, as one comely hooker puts it, they also have sexual needs.

Gays and lesbians in the Netherlands have full civil rights, including the right to marry. They openly serve in the military and join the police force.

Sex education and contraception are regular components of Dutch school curricula. And there's no evidence that this leads to any greater promiscuity. As in other countries that provide this information to teenagers, there are lower rates of sexually transmitted diseases and unwanted pregnancy. The United States has very high rates of both and that seems a pretty high price to pay for the non-existent sense of moral purity that we're told makes us God's favorites.

Because the Netherlands is a signatory to international agreements, there are laws against drug use and possession that exist on the books, but they're not enforced when it comes to soft drugs.

You can buy hashish, marijuana and LSD quite openly in "coffee houses." Quality is assured, the government raises money and organized crime is cut out of the equation.

Besides government-sponsored treatment programs, heroin addicts get free needle exchange, which does not lead to increased rates of addiction. Again, disease transmission is kept to a minimum. Again, we're not allowed this eminently sensible precaution.

The Dutch constitution stipulates all speech is to be free and without prior restraint. It also requires the government take an active role in providing education, health care, culture, environmental protection and, most amazingly, distribution of wealth. How did they achieve this? How can we?

The film intercuts tourist-brochure footage of tulips, windmills, wooden shoes, etc. with the "window girls" and hash houses of Amsterdam, crowds smoking giant spliffs in town squares, live sex shows, nude beaches and the world's only hemp museum. One scene I first thought would be a prurient throwaway was one of women learning Thai kick boxing—until they showed the women boxing with, and coming close to walloping, men. How revolutionary is that?

Commentary and explanation are provided by various Dutch authorities and ordinary citizens. Especially wonderful is a chief of police who keeps flashing onscreen to clarify the common sense attitude towards victimless sins, and that's it's nobody's business if a police officer is gay as long as he/she is effective.

A full 20% of Greenpeace's worldwide membership are citizens of the Netherlands.

Various people of color explain that there's no racism in the Netherlands, unlike the rest of Europe or other Western countries. The country also seems to lack any right wing neo-fascist political entity as well as the skinhead thugs and immi-

grant bashing that is enjoying such a resurgence in so many other places.

Don't get the wrong idea, one of the officials states; the Netherlands is not a society without control. Guns are strictly regulated and extremely difficult to get.

All this sounds unbearably utopian. Evil cynic that I am, I feel compelled to mention that the Netherlands was a brutal imperialist power in Asia and the Caribbean, and the Dutch were known as among the cruelest exploiters of Africa in their quest for gold, diamonds, cacao and the resulting trade that made their country so prosperous. Like other European powers, they were heavily involved in the slave trade. The racist Afrikaners of South Africa are partly descended from Dutch Boers, or homesteaders. I'd also like to have heard some critical voices, since they exist in every society.

But it's baffling why the conservatives in the U.S. who are always plugging our "European" heritage as, (appropriate metaphor,) a dike against the rising impurifying tide of a multicultural society refuse to look at the very real social and environmental progress made by many contemporary European nations. If we're going to be "European," let's be European in the best, rather than the worst, sense of the word, and adopt a social welfare state.

I saw "Sex, Drugs and Democracy" at the Cinema Arts Center in Huntington. Needless to say, it won't be coming soon to a multiplex near you, even though it would probably do quite well, given half a chance. It raises too many questions about our failed legislated moralities, and too many Americans still have too much emotionally invested in believing that there's more personal freedom here than there is anywhere else. COCA, are you listening? Instead of feeding us the latest commercial pap, how about films like this that are political, thought-provoking and still fun?

Recap of Polity Senate

By M. Chemas

In the interest of public information, and because this will be the last issue of *The Press* for this semester, I have decided to give you some senate highlights. The following pertains to the senate activity of the last 40 days. Think Jesus in the desert. With the interest of objectivity in mind I will refrain from calling anyone a god or a fool.

The first senate meeting I attended was on October 25th. It was at this time that I started to be a senator for CSA. All of the meetings since shared some common threads. After attendance and approval of the minutes President Annette Hicks gives a report on what she's doing and then leaves the floor to Vice President Nicole Rosner. Rosner does a very good job of making sure the meetings are conducted in an orderly and efficient manner while Dave Shashoua wows us with his command of parliamentary procedures. One or two people usually straggle in late and at the end of the meeting, that NYPIRG guy usually fills us in on his doings, (that guy is everywhere, there must be two of him.)

It has been reported before in the USB media that the senate is ineffective. To this I will say that any democratic system will function more slowly than a totalitarian one. If anyone thinks that a totalitarian student government is the way to go, then please let us know which one individual you would like to control the entire organization. I await an answer.

First Meeting- This meeting regarded signing up to get involved on the committee that would, in conjunction with the FSA, take and review the bids for the food service contract that will be coming up for renewal shortly. The people on this committee will decide if ARAMARK will keep servicing us in all the dining facilities (the food you eat every day), or if someone else can do it better or cheaper or both. Also, Joshua Prever started a group to investigate the feasibility of opening a coffee house on campus.

Also discussed was a plan to react to the states' inability to take financial responsibility for much-needed asbestos abatement in several dormitory buildings. If a reaction is deemed necessary, the school would do the repairs and the cost would (obviously) be passed along to the students.

Additionally, *Statesman*'s threat of a lawsuit against the senate for violating the freedom of information act was mulled over. It was resolved that the threat was unfounded.

Second Meeting- As it was seven days before school elections, this was the first topic discussed. A motion submitted by Robin Aylward was passed to make it possible for HSC students to vote, although scholastic

activities would keep them far from campus on election day. The senate resolved to continue campaigning to keep the student activity fee mandatory, so that all organizations funded by Polity would not spiral down into non-existence (including Polity itself). The referenda to keep the student activity fee mandatory did indeed pass.

Nicole Rosner, not acting as the VP, handed out copies of the Halloween issue of *The Press* and voiced her concern over the message of vandalism it was sending out. A hot debate ensued. The popular consensus was that the cover shot was protected by the First Amendment, like it or not. A representative from *The Press* and from *Statesman* were asked to the next senate meeting so the senate could air their grievance and encourage the two tabloids to do what they do best- the news. Also that night was excitement revolving around the first arena concert to be held in four years, which was planned by the student activities board. As you may or may not know, the concert was canceled on the day of 'The Show' by Dr. Fred Preston because of security reasons.

Third Meeting- *The Press* and *Statesman* forum convened. The high points included: David Ewalt defending *The Press* cover as a Halloween prank, and something not to be taken too seriously, and HSC Senator Robin Aylward telling *The Press* that she hated them. No one from *Statesman* showed up to defend their side of a feud that Senator Joshua Prever described as "The least humorous thing in the media," and which I went on record describing as "Self-serving."

It also was decided that the Student Activities Board and Dr. Preston should meet to iron out ideological differences after Senator John Giuffo's motion to petition President Shirley Strum-Kelly to remove Dr. Preston from the concert decision making process failed.

Fourth Meeting- Carmen Vasquez, the new Dean of Students spoke about the new student activities center. It will be bigger and better than the current one, if it ever gets completed. The funds necessary for its completion are frozen right now by the state of New York. She was both enthusiastic and friendly during her chat with us, although she left some questions (still) unanswered. Vasquez also attempted to smooth out differences between HSC and the rest of the senate. The HSC wants to secede. I think Staten Island does too.

The Junior representative, Cherri Lee resigned citing lack of time for scholastic activities as her reason.

The controversial "Perks for Jerks" idea was brought up again. A motion made by Joshua Prever to investigate its viability and to search for implementation measures

passed. The controversial idea would make senate participation worth one credit per semester with each member serving at least one hour a week in the office. Some thought the idea was bad because it only served the interest of the members, while others thought it would increase active participation and give more of a sense of responsibility to those involved. The motion passed by a narrow 10-8 vote.

Fifth and Final Meeting- The council declared its support for the new US direct lending plan (student loan plan) although its reasons for supporting it were rather diaphanous. Security was again an issue, with all members receiving a memo from Senator John Giuffo regarding what he felt were confrontational tactics on the part of SPA. Security problems on campus were also noted.

During this last meeting we also got the Treasurer's report, and are now in the process of being assigned to Senate sub-committees to negotiate the budgets for all Polity funded organizations for the next fiscal year.

Also that night a vote was taken to see if the sale of cigarettes on campus was something that the Senate supported. Endorsement passed by a slim margin.

CSA Senator Tom Masse made a motion to start a six person committee to take a survey to find out what the students really want from Polity. After two other Senate members amended the motion in what Senator Masse perceived to be an unfriendly manner, the motion passed. Senator Masse also went on to make a motion to seek publication of the results of student course evaluations- but they are already being published. A senator whose name I did not get went on the record asking that anyone who wanted to contribute to the senate discussion please research their topic and not waste time. It almost got exciting at this point.

I have spared you the constant stuff that would be even less interesting to someone who is not familiar with the everyday happenings of Polity. I give you here what stood out most from the last five meetings. If each meeting runs about ninety minutes, then all of this was accomplished in about seven and a half hours, about one workday.

If you feel that more can be accomplished in the time we take then I beg of you- join the senate - there are openings. If you think we are bumbling and inefficient then I extend to you a personal invitation to our January 24th meeting which is the next time the senate will meet. If you think we are doing a good job, then tell the apathetic.

Regardless of what you think, you can always drop a note or call the Polity suite. Feedback makes a difference. This is the end of my public service announcement.

BOOK'EM, DANO

By Chris Sorochin

I hear that the great minds running Suffolk County are hot on fingerprinting welfare recipients to detect and discourage cheating. A laudable idea; I'm sure nothing lifts the spirits of impoverished women with hungry kids more than the added degradation of being treated like criminals. Family values at their finest. Maybe we can have a special pre-Christmas crackdown.

In case anyone missed the microscopic news coverage, New York City tried just such a scheme. They spent thousands of dollars to fingerprint thousands of beneficiaries of the Aid to Families with Dependent children program. They managed to catch all of 43 chiselers. Do the math and ask yourself if it was worthwhile.

I have a more cost-effective proposal; it's been documented that white-collar crime relieves its victims of about eight times as much as street crime. The savings and loan debacle of the 1980s, in which "respectable" white guys in suits and ties gambled depositors' money on junk bonds in a freshly deregulated stock market and

lost big, is an example of this white-collar crime. The US taxpayers had to bail them out to the tune of about \$250 billion, or roughly \$1,000 for every man, woman and child in the country.

Not only do I personally think my grand could have been much better spent, say, on education, health or fighting poverty, but what enrages me most is that not one of the criminals ever went to jail.

So I propose that, as a precautionary measure, we fingerprint, and keep under scrupulous surveillance, all members of the white-collar criminal class, especially bankers, investment brokers, bond traders and politicians of all descriptions.

Now, some bleeding hearts will have the misguided urge to coddle these potential lawbreakers. They'll whine about constitutional rights and how it's not fair to hold an entire demographic responsible for the potential misdeeds of a few. But I say we're in a total war against lawlessness and we can't afford such niceties. Let's bring back law and order!

The Stony Brook Press would like to thank everyone who contributed to making this a great semester. This semester we had one of the biggest staffs in recent history, and we consistently published 20 page issues.

We also bought a new computer, went on line for the first time and acquired a scanner to make our paper look even snappier than it is.

Thanks again for a wonderful semester. See you in 8 weeks. Merry Christmas.

By No Default Our Own

By Katherine Zafiris

It has been said that English Majors at the State University of New York at Stony Brook are English majors by default. By default, the faculty of this institution of higher learning is saying, as students of English Literature and Language we could not handle any other major because we are either not smart enough to handle anything else or else we do not have the brain power to handle any sort of science class that this institution offers.

To me, as well as many of us in the English major, find this all bullshit. Who, unless they had a love for literature and language, would dedicate four years to reading novels and writing papers. No one outside of the English major that I know would dedicate that much time to something they don't love. Does the school think that we read Shakespeare and Victorian literature for the simple fact that we can't find something else to study. Sure, I know about fifty people who would love to read *Paradise Lost*, but just can't find the time.

Literature has made the world what it is today. Where would society be without Karl Marx or Thomas Jefferson? Where would the United States be without Ben Franklin or Thomas Paine? Each of these men have contributed great works of literature to the world and I bet that half this school don't know who these men are or that they even wrote anything. Great works of literature has shaped American leaders and this country. Novels and books have provided ideas and knowledge, for better or worse, that has shaped generations of this country and the world. What about *Huckleberry Finn* or *Catcher in the Rye*?

What about T.S. Eliot and Earnest Hemingway? The list of novels and authors could go on and on for pages and pages. Literature is just not stories and fables, they are products of society. Just as Charles Dickens wrote about England of the 19th century, Darwin and Freud wrote about the sciences of their times. But, according to the State University of New York at Stony Brook, why is it important to know this? As long as you can tell the brain from the heart or an amoeba from a protozoa, what else is necessary to know?

Today, an English degree maybe worth something, but if the school continues to have this attitude, it won't be worth much.

Don't worry about knowing how to read the newspaper or what a newspaper is, because you now know how a cat's cell works. Science will overcome the world. That's why students in Japan and Holland know more about American literature and history, then college age students in America. Because institutions, such as this one, do not find it necessary to train it's students who are interested in anything but the sciences.

The funny thing about this argument that the school is bringing up is that the Ivy League

schools embrace their English departments. Does Stony Brook think it's above Princeton, Harvard, or Yale? Does it think it knows a secret that Columbia and New York University don't? Amazing enough our own president has a Ph.D in literature. Does she think that this school could still be considered a university without an English, Foreign Language or Humanities departments? No wonder, everyone who enters these departments wants to leave after two years. It is not the professors in the departments; they happen to be excellent and worth hundred times more than what this school gives them, it's the school's attitude. The attitude here is that students are worth nothing, but money.

A lot of people say that Stony Brook is an excellent school and worth every penny we pay out. A lot of people say that the Stony Brook name is worth a lot when we get out to the professional world. I say that, that was true maybe five years ago. Today, an English degree maybe worth something, but if the school continues to have this attitude, it won't be worth much.

My advice to this school is that if it continues to do away with these departments and continues to concentrate only to the sciences, don't consider yourself a university. Turn into a college, because obviously, this school can not handle any sort of knowledge that it feels threatened by.

PMS VS. ESPN

By Steven Tornello

It has come to my attention that women have premenstrual syndrome because men have ESPN (The Total Sports Network). Calm down, ladies, I'm not belittling females. I'm just stating a fact. If men did not have ESPN, women would have no need to unleash the PMS monster upon us.

Let me prove my point. It's Monday Night, and your lady has just finished watching "Melrose Place" on Fox. Being 9 P.M., she comes by and sees you watching...college basketball! Hell, at 9 P.M., you've got the Big Ten game, and Dick Vitale is hamming it up for you as Indiana and Michigan are about to tip off. If it's as good as the Villanova-Georgetown game you just watched, then you're in good shape. She tells herself, "Look at him, he's listening to some bald-headed basketball junkie using words like 'Diaper Dandy' and 'dipsy-doo dunkaroo' and he's not even paying attention to me. Well, I'll get back at him." So, after the 11:30 U.N.L.V.-New Mexico State game is finished, she has ammunition to use against you. Vendetta is a dish best served to a horny male. So she does her P.M.S. thing and makes your life miserable.

Now, if there was no ESPN, what would have happened. After you both watched "Melrose Place" (which would happen), you decide to watch a female-oriented show on Lifetime, and your female would be happy. She would have no right to complain, and PMS would go the way of the Pet Rock.

Don't deny it, females. We have figured out your devious plot to deprive us from happiness of "The Total Sports Network". We won't give it up, though, so get used to it.

By Deborah Brovniak

As far as mainstream periodicals go, *Newsday* is one of the more tolerable, especially beware of Robert Reno, an economist who writes like a thinking, feeling human being, and John Anderson, who brings a social conscience and intelligence to the often banal province of movie reviewing.

But to reach these two exemplars of scathing wit, one must navigate through much of what passes for objective news reporting. I was merrily leafing through the November 3rd edition when I came upon two prime samples of the society-in-crisis spin the corporate media is so proficient at.

The first was a little blurb informing us that Bill Clinton has finally summoned the courage to tackle that most pressing issue: drinking and soft drug use among teens. Yes, every flaccid political hack with nothing significant to say is crowding onto the "save the youth from themselves" platform.

Funny, if they care so much about the young, why are they trying to cut education and social services, financial aid, school lunches and job programs? I guess those boot camps they're planning will replace all that.

The second, and of more interest to the university community, was a side-bar on alcohol abuse among college students. It seems some overfunded (I smell a right-wing think tank) social scientists at the Harvard School of Public Health have determined that binge drinking in college may be the first step down the slippery slope of alcoholism!

Cute predictably, the next step down the slippery slope of the internal Cold War of social repression will be a call for a crackdown on campus—a continuation of the process begun in the mid 1980s, when the legal drinking age was forced to 21 by the Reagan administration. In a nice bit of irony, 18-to-25-year olds had voted overwhelmingly for Ronnie the previous year.

At Stony Brook, student staff was pressured by one Dallas Baumann to become morality police and inform on and harass any students who failed to properly sneak around behind closed doors in their consumption of mind-altering recreation.

Phase II will herald more surveillance and stepped-up policing. They're obviously grooming the next generation to swallow an ever more fascist society.

Maybe the incident of warrantless police intrusion into student quarters reported in *The Press* on October 31st is just a small appetizer of what we can expect. Maybe law enforcement will be empowered to enter without knocking on the mere suspicion that alcohol is being consumed on the premises.

Furthermore, if these pseudo-scientists need groups to study for scapegoating, I understand that there is a growing drug crisis, but it's not among teenagers, but middle-aged men. And it's mostly prescription drugs, not pot, coke or heroin. How about studies and a crackdown on them?

Or why don't they study the 1% of the US population that controls 40% of the wealth and is always looking to control more? The same goes for all those CEOs who reap lavish salaries while laying off workers with families to support. Why don't they study these people to find out what makes them so damned greedy?

Or study Gingrich, Pataki and the other crackpots and find out if they've had their consciences surgically removed, or if they never had them in the first place.

Labor is just awakening from a 45-year slumber. African-Americans are finding new unity and purpose. Proposition 187 has galvanized immigrant groups. Women's and gay rights groups are responding to attacks from the Christian right. You know that the senior citizens aren't going to take the slashing of Medicare lying down. Dontcha think it's time for youth rebellion to come back into its own?

Why Things Are

By Joel Achenbach

Q. Why does someone always boil water when a woman unexpectedly goes into labor?

A. What most of us know about birthing babies is what we've seen in old movies. We know that if a woman suddenly goes into labor in our little cabin on the prairie we are supposed to "get some sheets and boil some water." After that, we close our eyes and stick our fingers in our ears and hope for the best.

The movies never explain what you are supposed to do, exactly, with the sheets and the boiling water.

There's one obvious explanation for the water, which is that you'd use it to sterilize instruments, like a knife for cutting the umbilical cord. But there are some nagging problems with that answer. For one thing, no one ever says anything about getting a knife; all the emphasis is on the water. Moreover, we are led to believe by sources that the boil-the-water tradition is centuries old, but until the late 1800s no one knew about the spread of germs, and doctors didn't realize they had to wash their hands or sterilize any equipment.

In fact, it was an obstetrician, Ignaz Semmelweis of Austria, who first understood that doctors' were spreading "puerperal fever" from one mother to another as they made their rounds. Semmelweis would wash his hands with carbolic acid, and he excoriated his fellow obstetricians for failing to do the same. That so many people ignored his warnings drove him batty, and he eventually died in an asylum.

(It's easy to sympathize. In life there is absolutely nothing more maddening than being the only person who understands what is really going on.)

So if sterilization wasn't the purpose, what was? Perhaps the goal was simply to have some warm water for cleaning the mother and child. A book called "A History of Childbirth" quotes a French

obstetrician in the mid-1700s instructing doctors and midwives to use the household cauldron to "take the chill off" the water that will be used to wash the mother and child. So a full century, at least, before the advent of antiseptic techniques, water was heated when a woman went into labor.

And there's a good reason for using warm water to wash the baby: Newborns lack the ability to regulate their body heat. They have never had to worry about it, because they've been living in a consistently warm marine environment for nine months. If not kept warm immediately after birth, they will turn blue. So the sheets are used to wrap the baby.

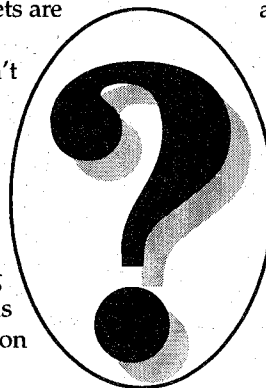
We still say, however: Don't try this at home.

Q. Why do countries still test nuclear weapons even though we already know that they work?

A. The problem with testing a weapon to see if it works is that, if it does work, the weapon is vaporized.

Also they seem to have so little suspense: We have never heard of a nuclear test that wound up a dud. They always blow up. You never see footage of anyone creeping up on a nuclear bomb that for some reason didn't go off. (The person who has this job steps very softly, on tippy-toes.)

Nuclear weapons haven't been used against an enemy since Nagasaki, but countries have continued to detonate them in "tests." The discovery of strontium 90 in cow's milk led to the ban on above-ground tests in the 1960s, but bomb-makers still blew up nukes underground, and only a couple of years ago did the United States and Russia agree to stop testing. France and China are still conducting tests.



The paramount reason countries test weapons is: Politics. You want your rivals to know that you can still achieve massive destructive power. The French, for example, constantly need to remind everyone that they are not just a bunch of effete snobs hanging out in cafes reading Camus.

There are a couple of practical reasons for tests. One is to develop a new weapon. The French this summer tested a new warhead that's slimmer and sleeker and thus, when it descends in the atmosphere, goes faster. The goal is to have a warhead that is harder to shoot down. The Russians maintain an anti-ballistic missile system around Moscow; the French think their faster missile can get through.

Another reason why tests are considered necessary is that the old parts on aging missiles wear out. Sometimes the companies that make those parts go out of business. Replacement parts from different manufacturers may not work quite right.

"It's much more complicated than an automobile," says Ernest Graves, former director of military application for the Atomic Energy Commission. "And if you put your automobile in a garage and left it there for 15 years up on blocks I think you probably wouldn't be that certain that it would start if you came back."

The exotic materials in a bomb may also cause problems. A hydrogen bomb is filled with tritium, which is a form of hydrogen with two neutrons. Tritium can change with time: It can decay into helium. Helium is poisonous to a nuclear weapon because it soaks up the stray neutrons that need to be knocking around freely for a chain reaction to occur. So bombs have to be tested to make sure the tritium is sticking around and the helium isn't building up.

Naturally we know much more about constructing a nuclear weapon than we can reveal right here. National Security, you understand.

JOIN THE
PRESS AND
BRING
MEANING
TO YOUR
PITIFUL LIFE.

PLUS WE
HAVE BEER.

I-CON: The Biggest And The Best

By Chris Cartusciello

If you ever wanted to hob-nob with aliens, authors, artists, or just plain old curious people like yourself, then Island Convention is for you.

"I-CON is the largest sci-fi convention on the east coast," says Blaine Atkins, in charge of advertising sales for the show. "Between 5500 and 6000 people attend each year."

Those people who do attend expect to see several things. One is an array of special guests, ranging from science-fiction authors like Damon Knight and Alan Dean Foster to media stars, such as last year's guest Siddig El Fadil of television's Star Trek: Deep Space Nine. Another attraction for these people is the largest merchandise dealer's room in the northeast. This room, which they use the indoor arena of the gymnasium for, contains over 125 vendors. These dealers sell everything from movie props and posters to games and books. Attendees can also sit and join in a round of role-playing games, such as Dungeons and Dragons, and watch movies that run all day long.

I-CON, as the convention is known, is run totally on a volunteer basis. It is presented by ICON Science Fiction Inc., a not-for-profit corporation that is a separate entity from the State University at Stony Brook. Between 30-40 people run the actual convention for the weekend while some 75-100 volunteers, from the school and surrounding community, work the show for a free T-shirt.

Although the convention takes place on April 12-14, 1996, the work starts long before that. It takes the staff almost a full year to prepare for a

show. There is deciding what guests to try and obtain, making deals with the school for the use of the facilities and trying to acquire volunteers and putting out advertising material. This is all done in weekly meetings that take place on Tuesdays at 6:30 p.m. in the Student Union, room 226.

One of the major discussions this year is the budget. Since New York state has put such a tight squeeze on the entire SUNY system, it forces the school to raise the price they charge the convention for use of the buildings. I-CON is forced to pass on this expense to the public.

"We haven't raised our ticket prices in, I couldn't tell you how many years," says Atkins. "Unfortunately, since our cost went up, we have no choice. But, we are still the cheapest con around."

Some of the notable guests I-CON has had in the past 25 years that the show has been around are authors Harlin Ellison and Isaac Asimov, and Star Trek creator Gene Roddenberry. This year the volunteers are currently in discussion with Ethan Phillips from Star Trek: Voyager and Billy Mumy. Mumy is the child star of Lost In Space and currently can be seen in television's Babylon 5.

"I've been to I-CON every year for the past six years," says Stony Brook senior Ed Champ. "I went before I was a student here and I'll continue to go after I graduate."

Everyone is welcome to help out. "We always need more volunteers," says Atkins. Anyone who might be interested can show up to one of the meetings or can go to the I-CON office in the basement of the student union. I-CON can also be contacted by phone at 632-6045. "There is

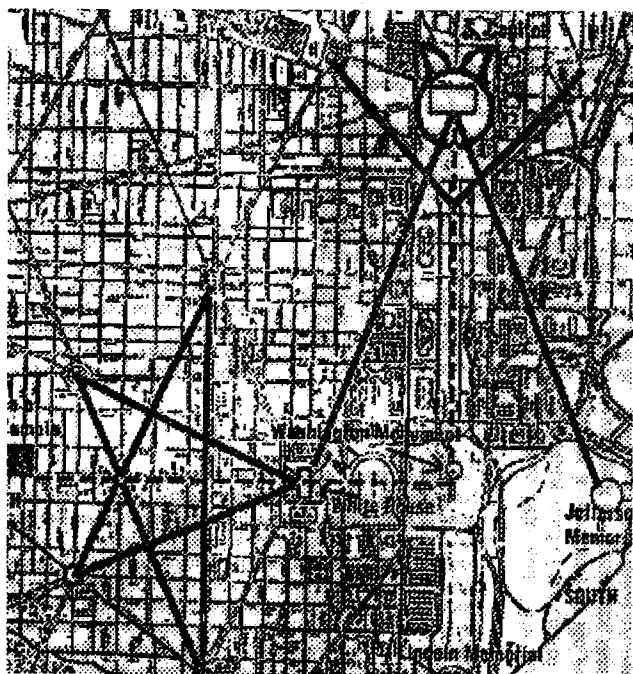
Talk About Conspiracies

By Louis M. Moran

The United States of America is a country of Masons. It has been that way from the very beginning. The fact is even reflected in the Constitution

itself, as the first part of this lesson in history will attest. Many of our presidents were high Masons. An inordinate number of members of Congress have been, and are, Masons. Many of the preachers within the Judeo-Christian community are Masons. And that is the major reason they are Judeo-Christian. Also, there is no question that it is far easier to succeed in business if you are a Mason.

Lafayette, a personal friend of the Masons among the founding fathers, was a Mason. It was Lafayette who designed the layout of Washington D.C. Study the map of Washington that is presented in the MASON.GIF



file. You will see the significance of allowing Lafayette to design the layout of the city.

Facing the Capitol as the head or top of the compass, the left leg is represented by Pennsylvania Avenue, and the right leg, by

Maryland Avenue. The square is found in the usual Masonic position with the intersection of Canal Street and Louisiana Avenue. The left leg of the compass stands on the White House and the right leg stands on the Jefferson Memorial. The circle drive and short streets behind the Capitol form the head and ears of what Satanists call the Goat of Mendes, or Goat's head. On top of the White House is an inverted 5 pointed star, or pentagram. The point is facing south in true occult fashion. It sits

within the intersections of Connecticut and Vermont Avenues north to Dupont and Logan Circles, with Rhode Island and Massachusetts going to Washington Circle to the west, and Mt. Vernon Square on the east.

The center of the pentagram is 16th Street, where, 13 blocks due north of the very center of the White House, the Masonic House of the Temple sits at the top of this occult symbol.

The Washington Monument stands in perfect line to the intersecting point of the form of the Masonic square, stretching from the House of the Temple to the Capitol Building. Within the hypotenuse of that right triangle sits many of the headquarter buildings for the most powerful departments of government—such as the Justice Department, U.S. Senate and the Internal Revenue Service.

It would be great to know that your national Capitol is bathed in continual prayer and to believe that its buildings and monuments have been dedicated in prayer. But every key Federal building from the White House to the Capitol building has had a cornerstone laid in a Masonic ritual and had specific Masonic paraphernalia placed in each one. The cornerstones of all these buildings have been laid in Masonic ritual, dedicated to the demonic god of Masonry—Jao-Bul-On. That is the secret name of the Masonic god, the "lost word" in the rite of the Royal Arch degree. "Jao" is the Greek name for the god of the Gnostics, Laldabaoth, "Bul" is the rendering of the name Baal, and "On" is the Babylonian name of Osiris. The Washington Monument is a phallic symbol upon which Speculative Masonry is based. The blocks of stone, with which the monument was built, were donated by Masonic Lodges throughout the country.

WOMYN (CQ)

By Chrysa Pikramenos

Steve Fabian is one of the few men who belong to an organization of women at the State University at Stony Brook.

"You're either welcomed with open arms or spit in the face," Fabian said. "Fortunately, I was welcomed. In the beginning it was weird walking into the room though, because I felt like everyone saw me as some guy there for the sole purpose of picking up ladies. Many women feel men are walking erections."

Fabian, a 20-year-old junior and multi-disciplinary major, is one of the public relations coordinators for the Center for Womyn's Concerns. As public relations coordinator, Fabian tries to inform students of upcoming speakers, events, forums and discussion meetings.

The Center, which is a Polity funded student organization, is committed to fighting oppression and discrimination against women through various programs concerning violence against women, date rape, safe sex, campus safety, AIDS, eating disorders and multi-culturalism.

A few samples of these programs are the annual "Take Back the Night March", in recognition of female victims of sexual harassment, assault and rape. "Womyn's History Month", which presents art exhibits, guest speakers and different projects and events for the purpose of educating people about various women's issues. There are also rallies such as the National Organization for Women rally which takes place in Washington.

"One of the greatest experiences that I've learned through the Center was at the NOW rally in Washington, said Rebecca Zaretsky, vice-president of the Center. "We went with buses that NOW provided and I helped to recruit people."

As vice-president, Zaretsky, a 21-year-old sociology major, makes decisions and delegates responsibilities.

"The Center is slowly improving in raising awareness among the campuses about issues affecting women, but there is still a lot of stuff that we need to address," Zaretsky said. "There's just not enough members and we also have a problem getting women of color involved with women's issues. We don't want the Center to be a white women's center."

Meetings are held every two weeks on a Wednesday, and peer support sessions once a week in the Student Union, room 214. The usual meetings consist of 15 to 20 people sitting in a circle and discussing women's issues.

"There is an unfortunate reluctance of women to join the organization and come to the meetings partially because of the preconceived notion that the Center is a group of lesbian man-haters who don't shave their legs," Fabian said.

Because of these preconceived notions, there are many campuses whose centers have trouble gaining members, such as the State University at Binghamton, and there are campuses who don't even have a center, such as the State University at Albany.

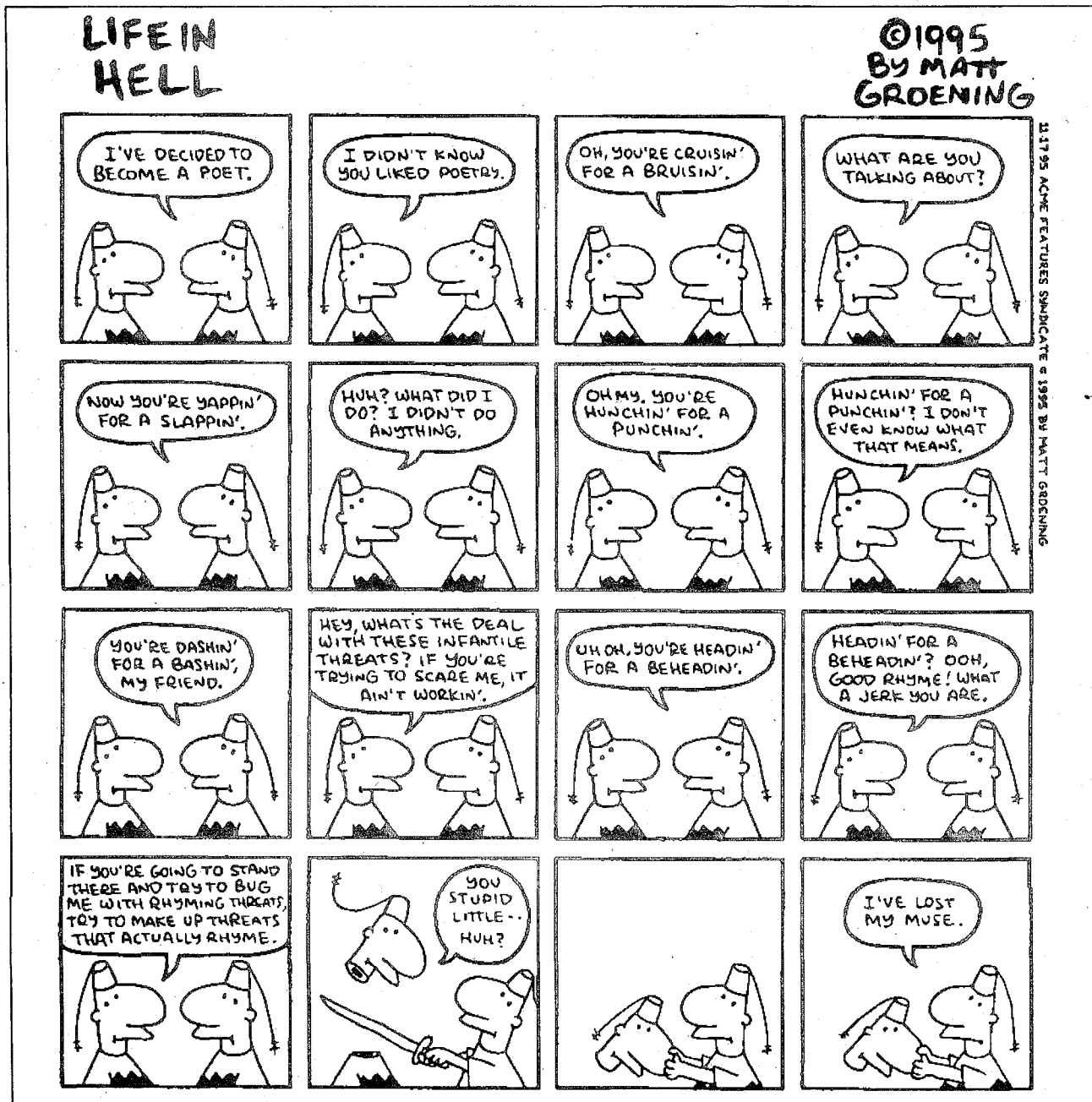
"There are far too many misconceptions about feminism. People don't seem to understand why it's called feminism and not humanism," Fabian said. "I think it's because men are not the ones in the hole, because it involves women moving, not men. People, especially men, need to wake the f— up!"

Womyn—The Center for Womyn's Concerns, at the State University at Stony Brook(cq), is fighting oppression and discrimination against women through discussion meetings and events. The Center is slowly improving in strengthening the rights and issues, such as violence against women, date rape, safe sex, campus safety, AIDS, eating disorders and multi-culturalism, due to the few people who attend meetings and students' misconceptions of what the Center stands for.

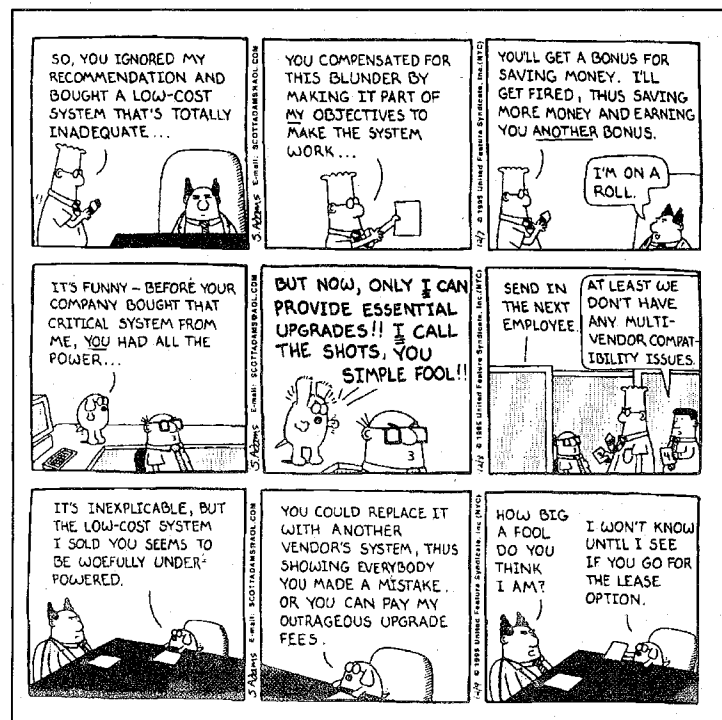
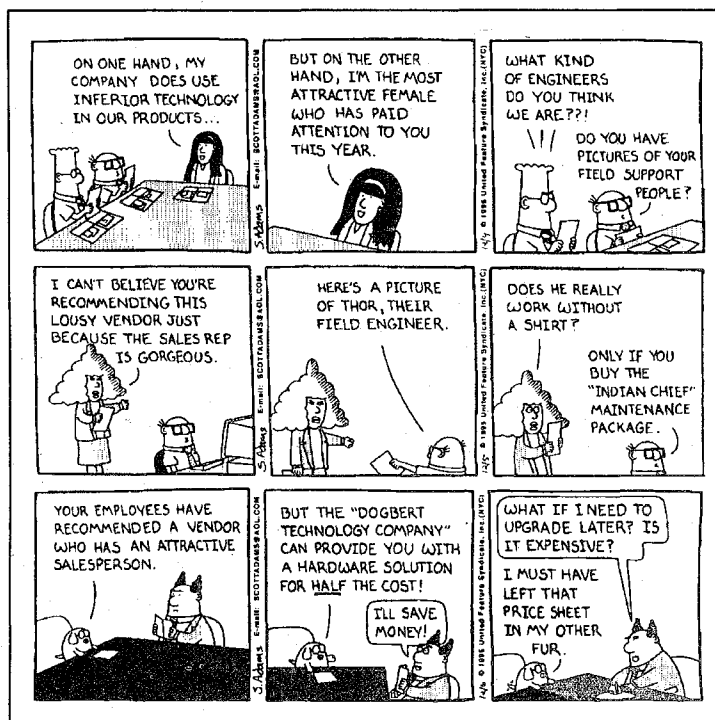
CONTEST NEWS

Well, here we are. Three weeks later and not one person out of seventeen thousand has submitted a goddamn thing for the last contest. Look people, it's not that hard. Collect the stuff, bring it down, win a page. Simple, easy. We know for a fact that you weirdos down at the Sci-Fi Forum were working hard on collecting things. Do you honestly want us to believe that out of the millions of volumes of pornography that Forumites own, that one damn copy of Mr. Bungle can't be found? Put down the damn *Deep Space Nine* tapes and drag your asses down here fer cryin' out loud. It's a page. A full page. You could even talk about Troi for a full page! Get your shit together. We've extended the deadline to Dec. 12. In case you've forgotten, we're in room 060 of The Union. That's the building sorta near Harriman, y'know, the one with the arcade. We're waiting. We know who you are. We know where you live. Stay on our good side, you don't want to see us angry. Just ask that Cubie guy. He's crying in his helmet somewhere, trying to find the words to get us back with. He'll be busy awhile.

COMICS



Dilbert® by Scott Adams



The Ghoul Pool

By Staff

Wanna play a twisted game? All you have to do is guess who's going to die in the next twelve months.

When the idea of "The Ghoul Pool" was first proposed at our staff meeting, the meeting broke down and names were thrown around about who would be on everyone's list. Names like Courtney Love and George Burns sprung to the forefront, and everybody seemed excited to take part in the pool, since most people have a secret wish list of people the world would be happier without.

The idea of "The Ghoul Pool" is not unique to us, in fact the idea was lifted from an article Newsday ran about this sort of game. It exists across the United States, is played in offices across the country and involves thousands of people. As the article retold, some people who play this game on a national level spend time 'researching' those that they think are going to die. These people find instances of cancelled concerts, the loss of a recent loved one or the collapse in the tub; then use these as signs that the person is on their way off this mortal coil.

But as we found out, not everybody is thrilled at this 'game.' Some of the staff thinks that we are wishing death on the people we chose. And others thought that it was just too morbid to print in the paper, and is probably among the most horrible things we've ever done. (It didn't take us long, or many examples, to point out many other tasteless things we've done, and that this is just a game, however tasteless it may be.) It was explained that the game was to pick people we think will die, not a list of those we hoped would. We have nothing against (most) of the people on our death list, and wish them years and years of life to come (even though we don't think that'll happen). If this list were of people we *wanted* to die, you'd see the names of a great many more campus figures on it.

The rules were easy enough for the whole staff to understand, as was the point system. Pick ten people who you think, not hope, will not make it through the 1996 calendar year without dying (actually Dec 4, 1995 - Dec 3, 1996). The people must also be famous (like Tom Cruise or Snoop Doggy Dogg), or once-famous (like Grandpa Al Lewis or Abe Vigoda), in some way, so it would be known if that person died. Obviously you couldn't pick your aunt, or drug-dealing neighbor, as there would be no way for others to know these people and how close they were to pushing up the daisies.

For each decade under 100 years old the person is when he/she dies, you get 1 point, so a person in their 90s would get you 1 point, in their 80s 2 points, and so on. This led many people to avoid geezers like George Burns, who will be worth no points on January 20, 1996 (his 100th birthday) and tend to chose the younger, faster living people, like Johnny Depp or Macauley Culkin.

Our Associate Editor pointed out that in our final issue for 1994, he had made a similar list of 5 people he thought would perish in the next year. So far he hasn't hit one, although every one he picked was hospitalized at some point this year, so in effect he's been knocking at the door, but no one will let him in.

As the 'draft' day got closer some people were hoarding over their lists, keeping the names secret. Especially those that they believed to be 'sure things' to kick the bucket, as to keep the names away from those who hadn't completed their lists. Others were sweating over which rock star to cut from their list, trying to narrow a list of 25 down to 10.

Some people tried to get more than 10 people on their list by asking if they could put the band Silverchair, or the Olson twins as one person on their list. But this obviously went against the rules, so it was quickly thrown out. To choose the Olson twins, your list would have to include both Mary Kate and Ashley. At 10 points a piece they wouldn't be a bad choice, but they would take up precious room on your list, and unless you had secret knowledge that they were into the Young Hollywood

Night Scene, it would be better to put a couple of ex-presidents on there.

Still others tried to get bonus points for picking a "daily double" of sorts - William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy, both of Star Trek fame. But again, these attempts to increase the points of old people were shot down.

Soon, everyone had their lists. When announcements were made very few names had to be explained, not on the reasons why, but who they were. Others had to be redone because they contained illegal entries for various reasons, like being a cartoon character (Abe Simpson). But the lists all

went smoothly, and a couple of names brought exasperation from the rest of us, because we didn't think of these people for our list. Gary Busey, Gene Wilder and a few others fit this list.

Sounds like fun, huh? Well, you too can join the depravity. Below is an entry form where you, the reader, can pick your own ten people for the ghoul pool. Make your choices carefully and then bring or mail us the form below. Our offices are in the basement of the Union, past the craft center in the dank, smelly region that is the student media wing. If we're not there, you can just slide your entry under the door. We will keep track of all the forms, and next year at this time we will announce the winner. There's no prize offered to the winner... just the satisfaction of having outwitted your peers and seeing your name in print proclaiming it. Good luck!

OUR PICKS

FIVE VOTES

Macauley Culkin

FOUR VOTES

Tom Masse

Ronald Reagan

Courtney Love

THREE VOTES

Pope John Paul II

Richard Pryor

Johnny Depp

Perry Farrell

TWO VOTES

Princess Di

Mother Teresa

Boris Yeltsin

James Brady

Jim Nabors

Gary Busey

Katharine Hepburn

Marlon Brando

Bob Hope

OJ Simpson

Mark Fuhrman

Morrissey

John Popper

Eddie Vedder

Snoop Doggy Dogg

Lowell Yaeger

ONE VOTE

Billy Graham

Bob Dole

George Bush

Newt Gingrich

Strom Thurmond

Jesse Helms

Ted Kennedy

The Queen Mother

Saddam Hussein

Caspar Weinberger

Jimmy Carter

Shimon Peres

Chelsea Clinton

Queen Elizabeth

David Letterman

Sean Penn

Charlie Sheen

Tom Cruise

Kate Moss

Corey Feldman

Elizabeth Taylor

Abe Vigoda

Paula Barbieri

Emmanuel Lewis

Gary Coleman

Billy Barty

Roseanne Barr

Jason Priestley

Melanie Griffith

Stan Lee

Heather Locklear

John Wayne Bobbit

Charles Shultz

Jimmy Stewart

Walter Matthau

George Wendt

Keifer Sutherland

Donald Sutherland

Drew Barrymore

Paul Reubens

Grandpa Al Lewis

Martin Short

Timothy Hutton

John Tesh

Gene Wilder

Evel Kneivel

Howard Stern

Gary Dell'Abate

Sy Sperling

Sally Struthers

Harrison Ford

Jack Lemmon

Hugh Hefner

Yolanda Vega

Christopher Hewitt

Roger Ebert

Leonard Nimoy

William Shatner

Chris Farley

George Burns

Anna Nicole Smith

Dick Clark

Daisy Fuentes

Phyllis Diller

Papa John Phillips

Scott Weiland

Dr. Dre

Prince

Al Jorgenson

Flavor Flav

Elvis Presley (again)

Bob Dylan

Trent Reznor

Bob Weir

Keith Richards

Alanis Morrisette

Ted Nugent

Billie Joe

Francis Bean Cobain

Lenny Kravitz

Barbra Streisand

Dennis Rodman

Paul McCartney

Darryl Strawberry

Joe DiMaggio

Brian Boitano

Phil Rizutto

That Cubie Guy

Doug Vescuso

Note: Our picks were made by sixteen members of our staff. Each staffer made a list of ten people. The results were tabulated and are reprinted as what you see above.

THIS IS AN ENTRY FORM FOR THE S.B. PRESS 1995-96 GHOUL POOL

Name: _____

My picks for the Ghoul Pool are:

1) _____

3) _____

5) _____

7) _____

9) _____

2) _____

4) _____

6) _____

8) _____

10) _____

Return entry forms to the Press offices:

060 & 061 Student Union

SUNY at Stony Brook

Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200

The Earth knows nothing as large as the ocean... tuesday's gone, gone with the wind... 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,
Could you adjust the tides to affect the alignment of semesters to better facilitate the life of a college student? I mean, who needs to be taking finals right before Christmas?
Burnt

Dear Burnt,

I have been asked to adjust the tides for a lot of things, some more selfish, some more evil, some more political, some more illegal, but none so outright pathetic. You wimp. You sit in your dorm room typing me an E-Mail on your PowerBook complaining that you're Burnt from all the pressures of Christmas time and school all coming down on you at once. Your weakness is repellent and loathsome. You should be able to deal with a few tests and shopping. A few extra hours at work got you down? What will you do when you don't have college to shield you from the real world? Assuming your major affords you the opportunity to excel somewhere in the world. Considering your attitude and fortitude I doubt it! You should take a good hard look at your work ethics, you gelatinous fungus. After all the money the State and your loinsprings have sprung on you the least you could do is cope with a little adversity! I suppose you'd like it very much if we all started the school year off in the beginning of August and ran it until November, leaving you all of December off to frolic! Well life doesn't work that way because...well, *HEY WHY DOESN'T IT WORK THAT WAY?* Yeah why the Hell not, I'll give it a go! August to November... everyone would be happy that way. Man why didn't I think of that?

Dear Oceansize,
I am doing horrible in the Football Pools this year, much worse than last year! What am I doing wrong? How can I get better at this?
Jets Maniac

Dear Maniac,
Stop betting on the Jets.

Dear Oceansize,
I was in Macy's the other day and they were paging someone for, like, an hour or so—ding, dinggg, ding—and I think the dings were telling me to kill everyone at the Fragrance Counters. CK, Joop!, Eternity, PA, all of them had to die! I know it sounds crazy but I am certain that those beeps were trying to control me, make me do unthinkable things to other humans...I had to get out of there but I couldn't at first. The place is so badly merchandised I was falling over displays and stock! The escalators were full of people who just stood there. Passive...I wanted to scream. I wanted to go to the cutlery display and liberate the ninety-five dollar knives from their plastic and Velcro sheathes and murder the women who wildly sprayed napalm snake-oil onto innocent passers-by! Kill, kill, kill! I got out in the nick of time and had another Mocha Lotta and large Cinnabon just to calm myself down. OS, it was really scary. How can I stop this from happening again?

Mind Strong, Will Weak

Dear Nutcase,
Anyone who consumes two Cinnabons and two Mocha Lottas in one day is going to be prone to hallucinations and paranoid thoughts, but to actively want to kill Fragrance Counter People is absolutely sick! Some of my best friends (who never write me, I suppose they think they are well adjusted) are Fragrance Counter People. I found the dinging annoying when I still fit on land, prior to my deification, but never did I consider killing anyone over it. I did smack a small appliance salesman in Macy's once, but he was bitchy and in need of a good slapping. Anyway, you should stay out of Macy's anyway, they operate on a 400% mark-up anyway. Ever notice that their prices are absolutely insane? How do you think they pay for that fucking parade anyway? Kill the motherfucker who blows up those goddamn balloons; that's who you ought to kill!

All letters can be sent to:

OCEANSIZE
C/O The Stony Brook Press
Room 060
Student Union

TOP TEN UNWANTED CHRISTMAS GIFTS

10. Box full o' treats from ARAMARK
9. Def Leppard CD
8. The Glory Hole commemorative tissue paper wad
7. Fred Preston Grooving to Barbra Streisand CD
6. Shirley Strum Kenny 1996 Swimsuit Calender
5. Cubie A-La-Mode
4. Surprise Facial from David Shashoua
3. Tom Masse "Buns of Steel"
2. Public Safety Patrolling your Neighborhood
1. Lifetime subscription to the Statesman

The Return of the Native Americans

By Katherine Zafiris

On November 17, 18, and 19th, the Huntington Cultural Center participated in and held the First Annual Native American Film Festival. Presented there were dances, lectures and artwork that dealt with the Native American plight. The biggest attraction though were the films. Each film dealt with Native American subjects and problems. There were documentaries, like *Warrior*, *The Life of Leonard Peltier* and Hollywood type films, like *The Pow Wow Highway*, as well as artwork and Native American artifacts.

The interesting thing about this festival is that there has never been a film festival like this on Long Island before. The festival is the first of its kind on Long Island to bring awareness and teach a community at large about the Native American plight.

The one film that hit a nerve with me was the one about Leonard Peltier. *Warrior: The Life of Leonard Peltier* is a documentary that documents the rise and fall of AIM, the American Indian Movement, and the rise and fall of real, true-to-life Indian warrior.

If you have ever asked yourself how foreign governments can imprison their citizens illegally and refuse them fair trials and the right to be heard in a courtroom free of racism and biasness, just look inside your own country and hear the story of Leonard Peltier. Leonard Peltier, America's very own political prisoner.

Leonard Peltier is a Native American of a Sioux tribe. Since he was six years old, Leonard Peltier has been a victim of the United States ethnic cleansing of its native people. Leonard Peltier has always lived on reservations given by the government. He has seen the distress and poverty of his people increase with every broken treaty and every acre taken away from them. He has seen the government wage war against innocent people in the name of greed. And lastly, he has seen the prejudice and violence that this country was founded on first hand. Leonard Peltier is a victim of the ideals and laws of this country. This is his story.

At six years old, while living with his grandmother, Leonard Peltier and his cousins were sent by the government to boarding schools. Some of them were sent to the south and some of them were sent to the north to go to school. He came back to the reservation when he was 14, and that's when he started attending elders meetings. At these meetings, he heard about all the political and social problems on the reservation. He heard first hand about the government's broken treaties and promises. These meetings lit a spark in Leonard Peltier. They became his greatest influence.

A few years later, Leonard Peltier moved to Portland and then to Seattle. While he was in Seattle, he became involved with his first Indian movement; to get the land of an old military base in Seattle which was being closed. Under Washington law, any land that was not wanted by the city or government was to be given over to the American Indians. Because of opposition by the government, and even though most of the population of the community wanted the Indians to have the old base, Leonard Peltier and the others occupied the base and took it over. Finally, after government consideration, fifteen of the twenty acres were finally given to the Indians. Today this base is the Daybreak Star Reservation.

Where Leonard Peltier's real claim to fame came is when in 1972 a ranch hand named Yellow Thunder was killed by a white man, outside the Pine Ridge reservation. This murder was never properly or justly investigated by the police or by the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). The members of the reservation decided to take action into their own hands and organized AIM, the American Indian Movement. There was a standoff on the reservation between AIM members and law enforcement. Three men were later accused of the killing of Yellow Thunder, but only one served any sort of time.

Later that year, AIM organized the Trail of Broken Treaties to Washington D.C. Once in Washington D.C., AIM occupied the Bureau of Indian Affairs building. Upon this occupation, AIM members came upon documents that related how the United States Government agreed to and participated in the forced sterilization of Native American women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six. Amazingly enough, our own government agreed to this form of ethnic cleansing. So much for the freedoms that our constitution provides for us.

After the BIA occupation, the Federal Bureau of Investigation officially targeted thirty or so Native Americans, one of them being Leonard Peltier. This targeting was unfair and against any sort of truth. The FBI targeted any man or woman whom they

and the minerals away from the reservation. According to official documents, \$350 million could be made from just strip mining 800 acres. Dick Wilson, the tribal president, would get kickbacks from the mining company and, in a sense, from the government for the land he would give up for mining. The day before the shoot-out that would eventually send Leonard Peltier to jail, land was given up that was on the Pine Ridge reservation for Uranium. It has been said that the United States Government organized the shoot-out to attract publicity away from the land purchase. What the government didn't know was that this shootout would leave two FBI agents dead and would lead up to the greatest miscarriage of justice that this country has ever been responsible for.

On June 26th, 1975, two FBI agents Coler and Williams wandered on to the Pine Ridge reservation looking for Jimmy Eagle. They entered into the Jumping Bull House and asked if anyone had seen him. No one in the place had seen Jimmy Eagle, so the agents left. Soon after, the two agents wandered on to reservation and finally decided to set down in the middle of a field. Soon after three men pulled up in a red car, and the shooting started. The shooting lasted until past midnight and when it was over, there were two dead FBI agents and a slain Indian boy. For

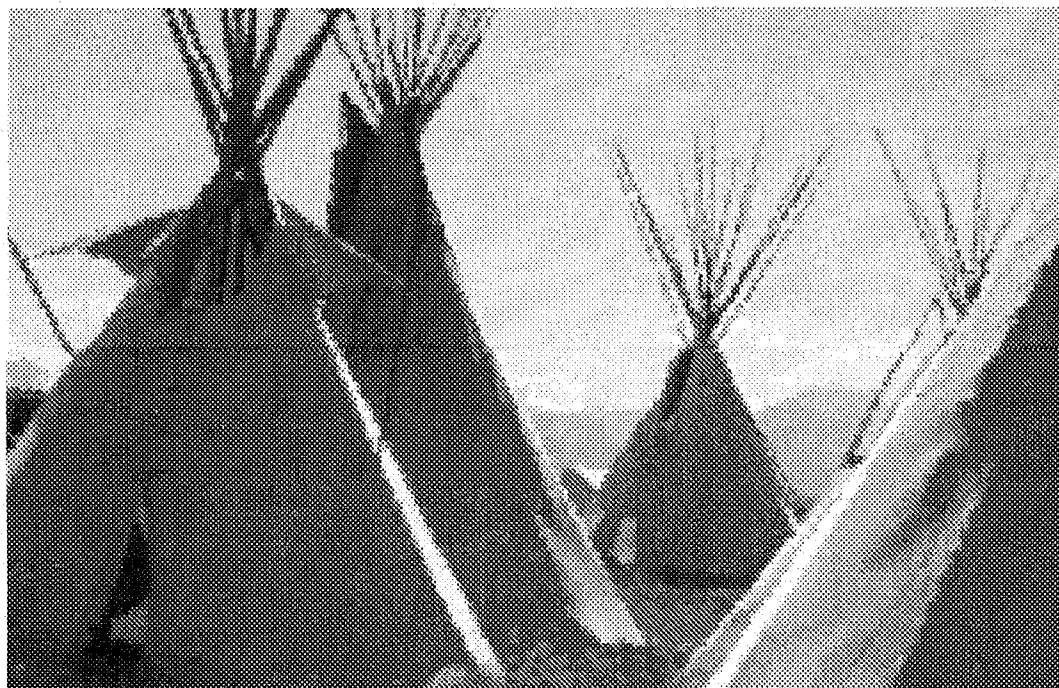
weeks and months after the shooting, the FBI created a paper trail that would lead only to confusion and lack of evidence and false truths.

There were three men who were originally accused of the murder of the FBI agents. Their case was later dropped, because the judge of the trial ruled that the FBI had provoked the shoot-out and started a reign of terror on the reservation. After the original charges, the government turned their eyes on Leonard Peltier.

Leonard Peltier was arrested and accused of murder, and according

to the Constitution, was truly convicted of murder of the two federal officers. Leonard Peltier is now in federal prison serving two life sentences for a crime he neither committed or was present for. His whole court case was a great miscarriage of justice. The government made up physical, ballistic, and circumstantial evidence for the trial. The government perjured themselves on the stand. And in the end, when there was no evidence to link Leonard Peltier to the scene of the crime and to him actually pulling the trigger, the United States Government changed their accusation. They would go after him for Aiding and Abetting, which in cases of murder is the same as murder one.

Leonard Peltier is a political prisoner. He is in prison for a crime that he did not commit. Even the appellate courts, which has reviewed his case many times, admits that they are uncomfortable with his verdict. This was a judicial case that turned into a political case. The FBI and the official government were too far deep into this case. They destroyed it and destroyed justice. Leonard Peltier is the product of this destruction.



felt were a threat to the government. It was also election time then, and Nixon and his government did not like the embarrassment or the coverage of such happenings. Better to nip this thing in the bud, rather than let it grow.

Between the years of 1973 and 1976, the FBI funded contra type forces to handle the Pine Ridge situation. The Pine Ridge community, scared of what might happen, invited Peltier and others to move to Pine Ridge and help establish and run AIM. By now, Pine Ridge had been divided down the line. There were traditionalists who backed the tribal president Dick Wilson and there were the nationalists, AIM, who did not. It has been said that Dick Wilson had been receiving kickbacks and money from a mining company who wanted control of the Black Hills of South Dakota.

The Pine Ridge reservation lies just on the edge of the Black Hills and they are considered sacred by the Native Americans. What happened here was that the government knew that there were four hundred million acres of the Black Hills that was full of minerals. The Pentagon wanted these minerals. So, the Pentagon and this mining company made contracts to deal with getting the land

Goin' To The Chapel

And The Hall, And The Photographers, And...

By Louis M. Moran

So I'm engaged now, thank you. It's like that, I say I'm engaged women coo, and men say, "congrats, when's the funeral." Morbid as it sounds, I wish I were planning a funeral, it'd be a lot easier. People always have great wisdom nuggets like, as soon as you have a date call my so-and-so because he did a great job at so-and-so's wedding and he's really cheap!

First off, let me tell you, that getting a date was the most excruciating experience of my life, and I've had nearly ever bone in my body broken at some point! My beloved and I picked a date, pretty much out of a hat because neither of us is organized enough to remember when we met, or kissed, or if we even decided to go steady at some point. So since we both like the fall, we picked October 12th, 1996. It's a Saturday. Everyone gets married on a Saturday, and that Saturday in particular is booked. From here to Goddamn China it's booked. Satanist churches are booked for that day, we checked. So hey we're flexible. We changed the date to match what was available in 1996 because my beloved won't get married in an odd numbered year...that's right, my previously sane girlfriend refuses to be wed in 1997. No one gets married in December. She didn't think to say, "Are you freaking NUTS?!" to the guy who offered her December 14th, 1996. If you get married in December two things happen: One, everyone gives you really crappy gifts because they are broke, and two your wedding is prefaced by the phrase, "That goddamn wedding in December." All of my friends are in retail and I doubt they could even make a Saturday wedding ten days before Christmas, and I doubt my friends on commission would even want to. So hey, we're flexible, we changed the day of the week....

I thought to myself Friday, Friday is a good day. We can party all weekend, go on our honeymoon on Monday and everyone gets a three day weekend. No. Friday is no good. If I thought a December wedding was inconvenient then what about a Friday wedding. Everyone has to take a day off (isn't that why people get personal days, dear?), people have to drive all the way out here on the LIE, people.... Nope, no, no way, Sunday it is. Hey I'm flexible, Sunday. Sunday is not without its

problems, people have to go to work the next day, but.... OK Sunday. So we picked Sunday November 10th, 1996. Great; we had the hall, we could call so and so and get a great deal and all we have to do is get a church date, boom we're in. OUT! No church on the planet will marry us except for one, and guess what, it's booked. Swell, I don't want to get married in a church anyway. It's kind of a drag and then you have to go from the church to the place and that's always inconvenient because there's a long wait.... I'm a happy Lou.

I was wrong to be happy because my favorite little redhead's parents want us married in a church, before the eyes of God, to be blessed and blah, blah, blah. I try to explain; the last time I went to church, a guy in a black robe tried to drown me and I never went back. They don't even smirk. OK, we're flexible, we'll see what we can do.

We scramble, drop back and throw the wedding ball in the air and

it lands on September 15th, 1996 and wouldn't you know it the stars are aligned that day boom, we're going to the chapel and the hall and we're getting married, thank you. Now no one asked me what I wanted, but if they had I'd have gotten married in an aircraft hangar with a P-38 (or some other WWII art), a barbecue and all my friends, said, "I do, because I love you," and partied until I passed out or died. No one asked me and apparently (they say) that was for the best. Well I'm done, we have a date, it's over. Nope.

We have to pick out china. "Why do we need china," I query. "Because"; after a while the word "because" grates on you like a rat tail file on your teeth. So we go to pick out china. I want china that I can put in the micro wave. "That's everyday plates," I'm informed.

"Come again...."

"We have to have china, and everyday plates."

"So we're not going to eat off of these plates?"

"We will now and then."

"Now and then! These plates that are one hundred and thirty dollars? Now and then? I can buy us plates for twenty bucks!" I protest.

"These are a hundred fifty a setting."

"What...for three plates?"

"And a cup. Besides we need service for twelve." "Twelve! How can we afford to serve twelve people when we spent our last dollar on two thousand dollars worth of plates?!"

"You have to get them when you get married."

"My mom never had these, and she's been married a hundred times!"

"She has them, you just weren't allowed to use them."

"Lies! Subterfuge!"

"Remember when you were ten and you got grounded for breaking the microwave because the plate had gold on it? And it shorted out the microwave?"

"Yeah...it turned blue on the edges. Pftzzt!"

"That was them."

"Hey, how do you know that? I didn't know you then."

"I talked to your mother about china. We like the Lennox and the Noritake."

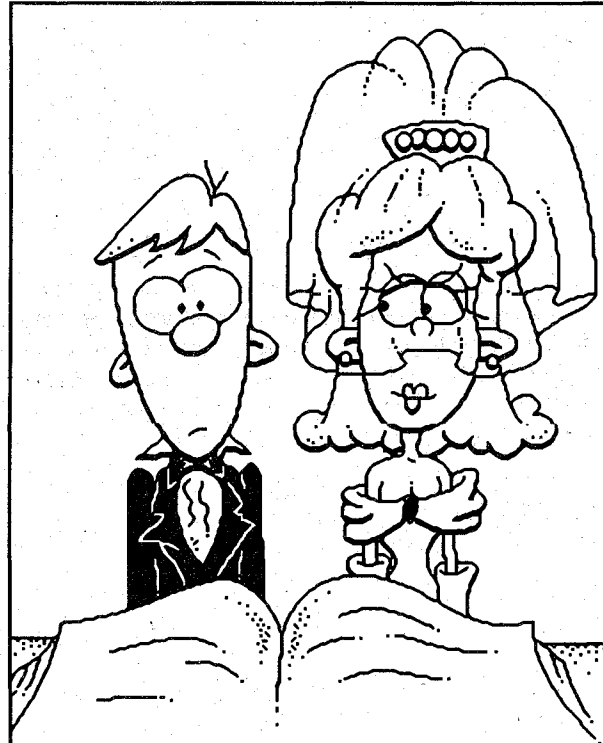
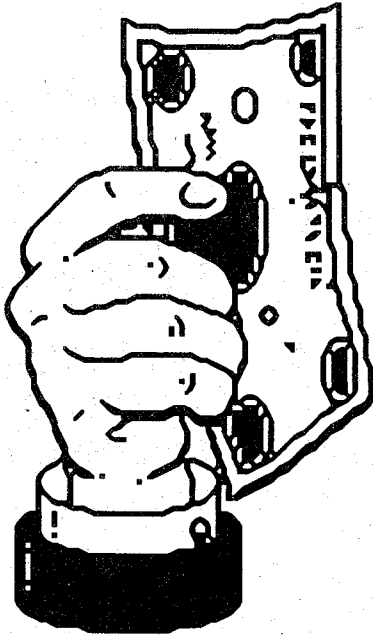
So we looked at china. I thought, white, simple, stark. She thought, white looks like lace, don't let him touch it. Turns out I pick out this plate that has a border that looks like birdseye maple (a rare wood used primarily for guitars). I like it a lot. She says it's "too manly" but her mom liked it and then my mom liked it so we're getting that plate. Bowls, not

included. Gravy boat (gravy boat?), not included. Salt and pepper shakers, not included and sold separately. If you think you need it it's not included. Again I'd like to mention I could buy plates for twenty bucks.

Because of my heinous act of picking out the china, I have been excluded from the flatware and stemware (glasses) decision making process. I probably can't name the kids either. And I

don't want the damned plates in the first place. If people are going to chip in and buy me stuff for my wedding, let 'em buy me a TV or a car or something good!

It's not over. The wedding is a year from now and every day I have off will be spent getting a photographer (booked) and band (marching band OK, they can march in place!) and all the other junk that goes with this. You know I love Lynda, my girlfriend (whoops, "fiancee") I don't need all this to prove it. I wish we could get on a boat, float out to sea, and I, declaring myself captain, get married to her under the moon in international waters. Sorry sir, the boat's booked that weekend.



**Join the Press
or we'll tell
all your brothers and sisters
that Santa doesn't exist**

Room 060 Student Union Meetings Wednesdays 1 P.M.

Mechanical Ecstasy

By Matthew Kleckner

Alcohol is amazingly easy. It is easy to find, easy to buy, easy to consume. It doesn't require a needle or fire, and only rarely requires a bottle opener or corkscrew. If you have a valid ID that says that you are, in fact, 21, or even a convincing face, it will be sold to you. If you have enough money to buy a movie or two, YOU have enough money to buy alcohol which will last you far, far longer than the movie. Delight of delights, alcohol has even been known to be interactive, which movies are not. Not yet, at any rate. I recommend against alcohol if you're going to be driving or operating heavy machinery. Otherwise, alcohol is very good stuff.

Not to be too flagrant about defying the law, but marijuana is an interesting alternative to alcohol. Certainly, it isn't as easy to get a hold of. The local grocery store doesn't carry it, and it requires heat of some sort to partake of. Nevertheless, any truly determined person on a college campus ought to be able to get a dime bag without much difficulty. Aside from the law, which is negligible anyhow, the possible consequences of pot aren't nearly as dire as those of booze. No hangover, no blackouts, and no worship of the great porcelain god come five in the morning. Provided you can tolerate your sense of time coming and going in a strobe-like manner (this also recommends itself quite highly.)

Sex. Why do we engage in sex? It isn't as easy to find as alcohol, it's not available at the local shopping center. One might have to make a special trip to the city to buy it. Even when one does get sex, by money or otherwise, there's not much guarantee that it will be good sex. People don't come with proof labels, although perhaps they ought to. Flip Dave over, check his butt. When you see he's only 20 proof, flip him back around and send him on his way. I won't settle for anything less than 80 myself. How good that would be. As it is, we have to settle for whatever we can find.

Although it doesn't leave one hung over, the con-

sequences of sex can be much more severe than those of either booze or pot. People don't seem to like pus, and aren't too fond of warts either. The thoughts of children and death both seem to strike people with the same amount of dread. Why do people engage in sex? As far as I can tell, it's because the potential high from sex beats pot and booze hands down. Also, we have an innate biological urge to engage in sex. It is the rare person indeed who has a bodily organ dedicated solely to alcohol; pretty much every woman in the world has organs dedicated to just sex. It's hard to deny the force of something like that; it's really quite wonderful. And provided one is careful, one should be able to avoid the dire consequences of sex. Nearly everyone has had a hangover. I doubt most people have had syphilitic chancres.

In short, as long as one is careful, you ought to be able to engage in all these activities if you'd like. Drink water with your booze; make sure there's a hood on that cock. Pot is nice because it's really hard to screw up. As long as you don't drive, you're safe with pot. Now that I think of it, I can't recommend driving with any of these three things.

In all, these are mechanical forms of ecstasy. They appeal to your body in one way or another. I do strongly recommend, in addition to the occasional foray into their wide, wild worlds, something less mechanical. Television doesn't count; that's nirvana, not ecstasy. It is a tragic fact that none of these three things tend to improve one as a person. Tragic because, if they did, SUNY Stony Brook would be quite a wonderful place, populated by amazing people. I, myself, would be a much better person than I am right now.

In short, I'm a big fan of mechanical ecstasy. I love it. Most people do, and good for all of us. I love other things as well. I will not become a mechanical person. I hate people who are mechanical; they bring me great sadness. Be satisfied, not stunted; distracted but not addicted.

Handwritten submissions
will be used to wipe
reindeer piss off of the
Statesman's door.

Submissions should be
typed. Letters should be
between 200-500 words
and Stories or Articles
between 700-1000 words.

Submissions sent with
nude female photos will
be given top priority,

we're not joking.

Dr. Fistfuck Gets Shitfaced

By Andy Preston

I went home for Thanksgiving. While I was home, I visited some of my friends. While I was visiting my friend Carl, his parents started asking questions about my college experience; they wanted to know how it has changed.

Apparently, college life hasn't changed at all in the 20 years they've been out in the real world. Ah, well. Kids will be kids, aye? Anyway, they asked me what the weirdest thing is that happened to me since I've been at college. I'd have to say that the weirdest, or maybe scariest, thing I encountered since I left my home town was a night when most of my suitmates were drinking alcohol and using other drugs.

Most of you have probably experienced alcoholism from the inside out. That is, you have been the drinker, while others have watched your crazy antics. I have only drank a grand total of about 11 beers in my entire life, with most of that drinking occurring while I was a very young child, when I wanted a drink and the closest thing was my father's beer.

So, I wish to give my outlook on alcohol and other drugs, as an outsider. I haven't taken anything at all since I've been here. None of those caffeine pills, no alcohol, no pot, no nothin'. So, here are some of my thoughts on the subject, based on one man's experience.

I got into my room after the "fun" had already begun, so I don't know how it started. However, after the very beginning, I can tell you everything I saw. I

walked into my suite, sniffing the air, wondering what smelled awry. As soon as I walked in, I figured it out. People were laying, sitting, and sleeping all over the common area. The group was watching Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, so I decided I would join them. I hadn't seen the movie, so I figured I might as well enrich myself.

While I was watching the video, many people were trying to talk to me in some incredibly slurred dialects. I almost understood a few attempts at communication. One of the people in the room asked me if I had any doobs (doobies?). I said no, and he fired some rude comments at me for not being so endowed. The insult was nothing compared to what was going to happen in the next few minutes.

As I sat watching Pink shave his eyebrows and chest, I suddenly heard a retching sound. I looked over just in time to see one of the attendees recovering from throwing up on the carpet. "Lovely," I thought, "now I have more fun to look forward to tomorrow night." Later, another visitor quickly got up and ran to the bathroom. I wondered what was wrong, being naive like that. Then, I heard forced ejection of chunks. Yes, the kid was spewing. Lovely, huh? I just keep watching Floyd on the TV.

Then, one of my suitmates emerges from his room. A huge breath of horrible air, with some pot smoke intermingled within it. Of course, I had no idea what made that air smell so bad; I just went along with everybody, dodging drunken bodies and ignoring requests for various drug paraphernalia.

My suitmate stumbled into the common area

and proudly announced that he needed to vomit, not necessarily in those words. So, he proceeded to vomit in the toilet, commenting on the previous visitor's aim in hurling. My suitemate then came out of the bathroom, walked a few feet, stumbled, and fell on his face. He turned himself around, and put his feet on the television set. A different guest hollered at my suitemate to get his feet off the television. I then went to bed, allowing everybody else to calm down and fall asleep.

The next morning, I came out of my room and was greeted by the putrid stench of vomit. I decided to mask the vomit until I had time to actually clean it correctly. Eventually, that Friday night, the suite was cleaned, the carpet scrubbed, and all sources of smell were vanquished from the common area.

So, now that I have related that story to you, I have questions. Why would anybody want to drink alcohol? The effects, I have been told, include dizziness, overconfidence, slurred speech, impaired judgment and nausea. I witnessed many of these things on that night. Is it a good feeling to throw up? Every time I spewed, I felt worse. My mouth tasted dry, and I felt basically horrible.

Mixing alcohol and other drugs appears to be even worse. The people who used marijuana in addition to alcohol seemed to be more impaired in their judgments than those who didn't. Why would you use drugs in addition to alcohol?

This has been a sobering experience. I won't ever drink alcohol and this night definitely reinforced

WHO'S DRIVING THIS THING ANYWAY?

By Chris Cartusciello

The wheels on the bus go round and round, and the person in the front seat is responsible.

"I don't think a lot of the people who ride the bus know what we have to go through just to get this job," says Jason Terhune, a 23-year-old senior at SUNY Stony Brook who has been driving the bus for two years. Like the other 34 student drivers at the school, Terhune had to go through rigorous training to acquire his commercial driver's license.

All prospective drivers, who must be full time students at Stony Brook, first have to fill out an application and bring it to Eileen Saylor, Risk Manager for the Transportation Department at the university. After Saylor has determined that the applicant is at least 21 years old and has a clean driving record, she assigns them to a training class. The first half of this training is a 20-hour session in five parts.

"The students come in here and not only learn how to drive, but how the mechanics of the bus work," says Saylor. "From the engine to the brakes, they have to know the what and the why of the entire bus."

After the in-class session, the students must go to the Department of Motor Vehicles and pass a three-part written test in driving safety, passenger transport and the workings of the air-brake system. "You'd be surprised at the things you have to know," says Terhune. "I never thought I'd have to worry about how an s-cam turns."

The hopeful drivers then have to be fingerprinted to be sure they don't have a criminal record. This is because the license they are trying to get is a federal license. They then go through 40 hours of on-the-road training, driving the buses they will be respon-

sible for when they are on the job.

"I start them in the parking lot," says Saylor, "and then after about a day or two, depending on how comfortable the driver is, I take them out on the road. The biggest thing they have to get used to is the length of the bus. A lot of curbs get run over before they learn where the rear of the bus is."

After this they must pass a road test administered by the DMV. When all of these steps are successfully completed the students are then eligible to drive for the school.

After the students are on the job they then get training on how to transport disabled students with wheelchairs or crutches. There is also annual re-testing to assure that the drivers remember what they were taught and perform their job safely.

"There is a pretty big turn-over rate here because so many people graduate at the same time," says Terhune, who will be graduating this December. "There are always new drivers coming in. I guess that's why a lot of people feel uncomfortable riding the bus. They're always seeing someone new."

As Terhune sits in the driver's seat, he is constantly looking for safety problems. "Probably the biggest hazard you have to be careful of is people who step out in front of the bus," he says. "We are supposed to give pedestrians the right-of-way, and most of the time we do, but it's not easy to stop a 30,000-pound bus when a guy steps of the curb."

Now something new has been thrown into the mix. Starting January 1, 1996 all drivers must pass drug and alcohol tests. This is in compliance with the Omnibus Transportation Employee Testing Act of 1991. The testing is unannounced and completely random.

America's First Family

By Steven Tornello

When one thinks of television families, one immediately evokes the names of Ricardo, Flintstone, Clampett, Munster, and even Brady. However, not one of them can be as realistic as Homer, Marge, Bart, Lisa, and Maggie. Let us review what it is that makes them so special.

Lisa is your brainchild which every family has, and she is also gifted in the arts (another common family trait). She is rational, calm, and future-oriented. Bart is the trouble maker, and one who couldn't care less and is out to have fun without respect to other's considerations. Every family has one of them, too. Maggie doesn't talk and therefore cannot be evaluated.

Marge is your caring housewife who is the glue of the family. She is hard-working, gentle, and "Donna Reed"-esque in her manners and sincerity. Her maturity in situations and crises enable the Simpsons to go on with another episode.

And that leaves us with Homer, the quintessential do-no-good with the pure heart but the intellect of a toad. He tries, but just cannot do good. Every family has and needs one of them to break up the everyday doldrums of family life. Face it, most mistakes happen with good intentions in mind but with poor judgment behind it.

The Simpsons give a complete critique on family life. Family life is a cavalcade of laughter, misery, troubles solved and unsolved, and dealing with everything involved. The Simpsons are able in a half-hour to make a complete mockery of what we Americans have and/or aim for in our everyday family lives.

Vox Populi

Once again, we sent our woman-on-the-street out, the ever appropriately named Zippy, to ask you, the student body, what the hell it was you were actually doing with your time here at the 'Brook. What we received was a candy-cane-shriveling array of responses. To be quite honest, you people scare the shit out of us. Stay the fuck away. Merry Christmas.

- 46% of students have heard of the Hanukkah Squirrel
- 50% of the students who believe that Santa is bi-sexual also believe that he has molested elves.
- 23% of students who found out about Santa after the age of 13 believe that Santa molests reindeer.
- 15% of students who have ever gotten a vibrator in a stocking say they like Christmas.
- 15% of students who believe Santa is a pedophile know what Kwanza is.
- 38% of students think Zippy is the most hardcore of the reindeer.
- 15% of students who believe that Mrs. Claus cheats on Santa on X-Mas have blown a blood vessel in their ass after a huge X-Mas dinner dump.
- 15% of students who believe Lowell is an Elf think that Ho, ho, ho stands for TLC.
- 7% of students who said Santa turns them on have had sex under a christmas tree.
- In order of descending popularity, the most hardcore reindeer are listed:

- | | |
|------------|------------|
| 1. Zippy | 2. Blitzen |
| 3. Prancer | 4. Dancer |
| 5. Pippen | 6. Rudolph |
| 7. Greg | 8. Phil |
| 9. Randy | |

Our Christmas Wish List for Stony Brook Celebrities

To the beloved Statesman, our friends in print: We offer them a sense of humor, a Spell Checker, and pliers to take the poles out of their asses...

to our friend Fred Preston, we wish a copy of Rolling Stone Magazine (so he could see what's groovy this decade), Wu-Tang Clan autographs, and ears, so he could listen to students...

to David Shashoua, we wish nude pictures of Robert Dole molesting little boys, the thing that dentists put in your mouth to suck up saliva, and a libido...

to Polity, we wish something constructive to do, such as doing something for the good of the campus rather than for their own individual needs...

to the fire marshals, who have nothing better to do, we wish a book of matches...

to Public Safety, we wish self-esteem aids, respect for the people who pay their salaries, and an apple to put in those pigs mouths...

to the person who pulls fire alarms at 4 A.M., we wish an alternative form of entertainment, such as strapping their balls to a meat grinder.

to the students of Stony Brook, we wish for you something other than complaints. This school has so much wrong with it, but with a little effort, we could do something about it. We wish you persistence and courage to stand up for what you believe in. Merry Christmas, Happy Hannukah and Happy Kwanzaa.

DIGITAL WASTELAND

A SAVAGE JOURNEY INTO THE HEART OF A NEW WORLD

By David M. Ewalt

Part 5: The Source

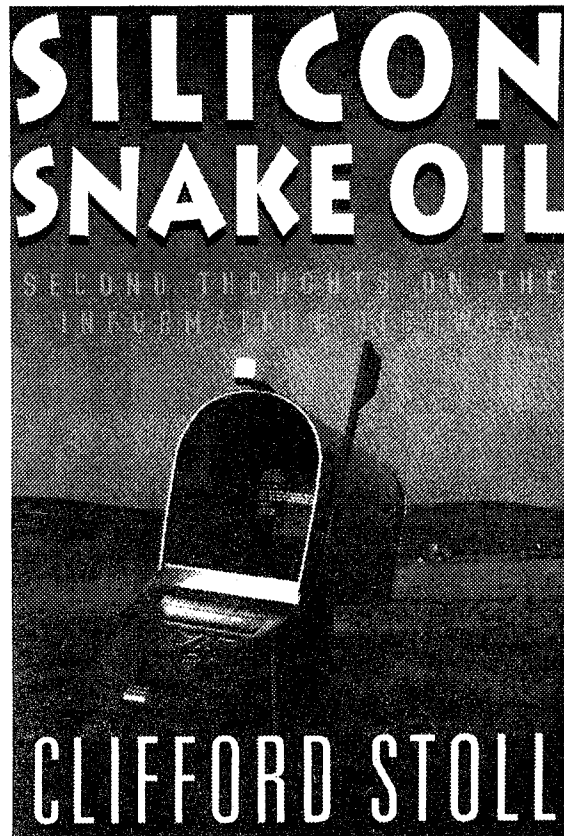
When I was a little kid, I had a certain strategy which I used when writing reports for school. When doing my research, I would check out at least a dozen books from the library, whether I needed them or not. I'd use only one or two of them as actual references for my paper, but I'd include the names of the whole stack of books in my bibliography. My thought was that if I listed lots of sources my teacher would think I read them all, and be impressed by the apparent depth of my paper.

Of course, it never worked. Oddly enough, my teachers would pay more attention to what I wrote than what I checked out of the library. With this edition of *Digital Wasteland*, I'd like you to do the opposite; my words pale in comparison to those of my inspiration.

In the 1980's, Berkely astronomer Clifford Stoll made the news by catching a group of West German computer hackers who were breaking into government databases over the internet. Shortly afterwards, Stoll released a best-selling book, *The Cuckoo's Egg*, describing the experience.

Before *The Cuckoo's Egg*, America was largely ignorant of the existence of the Internet. The net was used almost exclusively by academics; and mainstream America had no exposure to the new technologies. However, when *The Cuckoo's Egg* became a best-seller, the country began to realize that there was a whole new world developing online.

In a sense, *The Cuckoo's Egg* was to today's "digital revolution" as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to the civil war; a seemingly innocent novel which helped to kick off a revolution.



If *The Cuckoo's Egg* signalled the beginning of our current obsession with all things wired, Stoll's newest book, *Silicon Snake Oil*, is the leading edge of an information backlash.

Subtitled "Second Thoughts On the Information Superhighway," *Silicon Snake Oil* is a reflection on how information technology has been sold to the people of America as a cure-all, a wondrous tool which will boldly lead us into the next century. Stoll wants us to stop and take a look at just what these new technologies are doing for us; in the rush to 'get wired', he contends, tremendous amounts of waste have been created.

In his characteristically friendly first-person writing style, Stoll examines the current state of information technology, and how much things have changed in the past decade. Citing examples from his own life, he shows the readers how computers and the internet are often not the panacea for the ills of society that has been suggested, but rather, 'snake oil,' an expensive cure that doesn't really work.

Computers, Stoll contends, are great tools... but nowhere near as great as the recent media frenzy has made them seem. He also analyzes the value of virtual reality compared to 'actual' reality; "No computer program can compare to a walk in the forest," he contends. "Sensation has no substitute."

Silicon Snake Oil was released this summer in hardback, so it may now be in paperback. It'll make a great Christmas/ Hannukah/ Kwanza/ Saturnalia gift, whether you give it to your favorite Luddite or the guy next door who hasn't left his keyboard all semester.

While you're at the bookstore, you might do well to pick up *The Cuckoo's Egg* as well. It's a great mystery story, with cops, robbers, Communist spies and hippy computer geeks. Best of all, it's all true.

Have a good break, everyone...

...and don't take any virtual nickels.

Please, Please Don't Sit Next To Me

By Ted Swedalla

School's just about over, and you're getting ready to leave, and can't wait to go home. There's only one problem: the trip home. Especially if you live far away and must travel home without the benefit of getting picked up by your parents. Then you're familiar with the deadly game of "how do I ignore the freak in the seat next to me?" Whether it be a crying baby aboard the plane or that geeky guy, with big feet, playing Doom on his laptop on the train.

Of course, there are a few ways to ignore the freak. One way is to talk to yourself and act more freaky than the person next to you, but the drawbacks are immense. They might talk back, and if you don't talk to yourself much, it's hard to keep up a conversation with yourself for three hours. Other ways include sleeping, listening to your walkman, etc. But these too have drawbacks. The instant you open your eyes it is inevitable that the 'freak' will be looking your way and try to talk to you, and the tape will eventually end in you walkman, and you will be forced to put in another tape, and that will be the moment that you will get accosted by the 'freak.'

The only real foolproof method is to read. You never have to change the batteries in a book and you can always use the laminated cover as a mirror of sorts to see if the 'freak' is still next to you.

Station Rage and *Incident at Arbuk* are perfect books for reading on the trip home. They both belong to the *Star Trek* series. *Station Rage* is book 13 in the *Deep Space Nine* series, and *Incident at*

Arbuk is book 5 of the *Voyager* series.

Anyone familiar with either of the television series will enjoy these books. Both books are quick reads and are very similar to any episode you might have seen lately.

In *Station Rage*, like every *Deep Space Nine* episode, Sisko fights too much, O'Brien must fix something that broke, Garak does something slimy and Odo does cool stuff with his ability to shapeshift. The story revolves around the crew finding dead Cardassians in an air-tight chamber in one of the docking pylons. These 'dead' are then brought back to life, and it's revealed that this is the High Gul and his honor guard.

They wreak havoc aboard *Deep Space Nine*, with the intention of taking it over and returning Cardassia to its former glory.

But, of course, Sisko saves the day, outsmarting the man who was the only one ever to gain the title High Gul and was the greatest leader in Cardassian history. Sisko and the High Gul have their end-of-the-book exposition that makes everything in the sector fluffy again. But Sisko seems to be becoming more and more like Hawk, not just on TV, but in these books too.

Like most of these books, there is very little character development, but the action is constant and intense. To make up for the lack of development, they make use of destroying large parts of *Deep Space Nine* and the *Defiant*, both of which would cost huge bucks on TV, but nothing in print.

The other book, *Incident at Arbuk*, deals with Captain Janeway and her rag-tag crew aboard the *USS Voyager* 70,000 lightyears from home. The fifth

book in the series, which is a little over a year old, wanders a bit, and the story is weak and things are not explained as well as they could have been. *Voyager* comes across a device similar to the machine in the original *Star Trek* episode "The Doomsday Machine." The crew struggles against time trying to understand this sector of the galaxy and its inhabitants. All the while trying to get home, acquiring much needed supplies and staying away from Neelix's pagaloaf.

Too many things happen with crew members who will never be seen again, but like most *Voyager* episodes, they all have the same thing; Janeway thinks too much, B'elanna must fix something that broke, Neelix cooks something slimy and Tuvok does cool stuff with his Vulcan mind abilities.

Too many things are happening at once, many story lines are of no use to the overall book and they portray characters in different lights than the TV show does. Tom Paris is shown as even more of a sex-crazed helmsman than he is, Kes is portrayed as a flight nymph whose only job is to love Neelix and Chakotay is all but invisible. And the new race of aliens, Sperians, are very forgettable. Compared to the other book, this was a disappointment, but if you want to read about Ensign Kim getting lucky, or Tuvok losing emotional control, then it is for you.

Both books are available from Pocket Books for \$5.99 and are available at most book stores. So if you are looking for a way to pass time on the ride home, these are good alternatives to the usual 'hide and seek' games you play avoiding that freak in the next seat.

K I L L M E N O W

By Lowell Yaeger

MR. BUNGLE at the Limelight, 11/25. MELT BANANA opened.

When I found out that Mr. Bungle was going on-tour to support their newest album, I was ecstatic. I was more than ecstatic, I was in a state of continuous low-grade orgasm. For the first time since I had heard their debut, "Mr. Bungle," a record I bought in high school, I was going to see the anthems that shaped my college existence made flesh. Songs like "The Girls of Porn" and "My Ass Is On Fire" would be performed in all their glory by a band whose newest album's advertisement ran: "If dead serial killers had their own Saturday morning cartoon show, this would be the theme music."

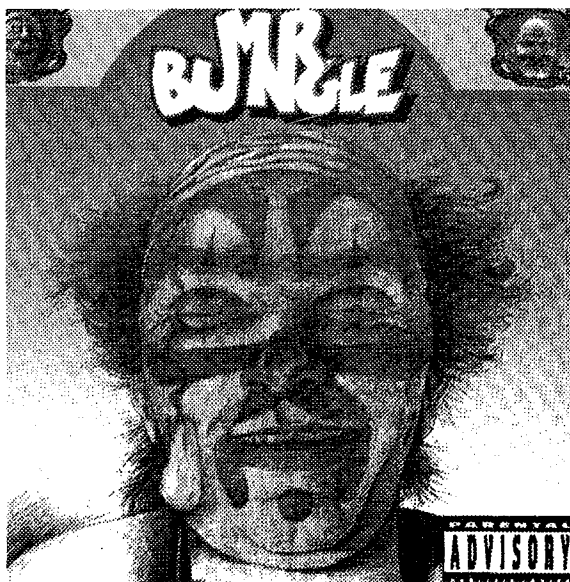
It was the ecstasy caused by what was to be the high point of my year that carried me through Melt Banana's opening set. Have you ever heard of the Boredoms? The Boredoms are a forgettable — eagerly forgettable — Japanese band whose music belongs to the genre of "noise," which is basically free-form screams and howls and drumming. Literally, "noise." Melt Banana's music follows the same vein. They're from Tokyo, Japan, and they should go back there and get jobs doing something else. The lead singer looks and sounds exactly like a cross between Yoko Oh No and Chun Li from *Street Fighter 2*. Every song they played was the same, except for the differences in length of time. The song wasn't even good; it was just guitar sounds with the vocalist's hideous yapping, more akin to the agonized shriek of a dog in a blender than singing, played over the mix.

Mr. Bungle came on-stage shortly after 9:30, the various members taking places behind keyboards, drums, a xylophone, an upright bass, and something only referable to as "the Bungletron." The Bungletron was a combination of keyboards, speakers and microphones, manned by the band's scatological frontman Mike Patton, of Faith No More. The

show kicked off with a cacophony of hideous howling (quite possibly an impersonation of the opening band) and then went right into "Chemical Marriage," a jazz instrumental from the new album.

Three songs later, it became viciously apparent that Mr. Bungle was not playing. No one resembling Mr. Bungle was playing. Mike Patton was on-stage, yeah; other members of Bungle were on-stage, yeah; but Bungle wasn't playing. It was clear that Patton and the gang had absolutely no intention of delving into the past for tonight's performance.

Instead, they featured only one song from 1991's



brilliant debut ("Quote Unquote," also known as "Travolta") and stuck to the newer material, which, while not quite BAD, wasn't why we came. People screamed out song titles from the first album, but the band continued to blissfully ignore them, pausing only to say things like "We love you too" in between bits of improvisational jazz. The high point of the show was a cover of Loverboy's "(Everybody's) Working For the Weekend," introduced as "a tough

song for a tough town — the crowd-pleaser."

Everyone left irritable and upset. It's a surprise that no one tried to attack Mike Patton during the encore, when it became apparent that "The Girls of Porn" — or anything else from the first album — was not going to be played. People continually tried to get up on-stage to stage-dive, and that skunk-faced little alienist Patton kept shoving them off. Do you know why they were stage-diving, Mike? Not because they wanted to mosh, but because they were BORED.

After having to sit through the opening "band" (nothing more than a foursome of idiots from an island which brought us elderly businessmen who want to drink teenage girls' menses), I and everyone else in the crowd deserved to hear what we came to hear. Instead, Mr. Bungle decided to stroke their collective meager egos and piss on the crowd's expectations. Mike Patton has some issues he needs to work out, and he worked them out on us, choosing to make the audience's evening miserable as a way of elevating his own mood.

The performance, in fact, was an utter waste of a bunch of good musicians, people who have been known to play their original songs for hours and hours. Instead, Mr. Bungle stuck to the most boring possible compositions, tooting flutes and banging xylophones until it sounded like a 1st grade music class. Mike Patton sat, crouched like an ugly little skunk, and wiggled the keys on his Casio until the feedback almost blew out the speakers.

This band cannot escape their past. If they are so eager to do so, they should change their name to "The John Zorns" and make it clear that they have no intention of performing their previous material live. Mr. Bungle doesn't want fans? Fine. But don't make us pay hard-earned money to learn this fact. Mr. "I'm-28-but-I-look-like-I'm-50 shit-eating skull-fucking skunk-looking" Patton owes me and everyone else who went to that show an apology and our money back.

On The First Day Of Christmas...

By Disgusting Guy and Puke Girl

It's now December and the holidays are peaking around the corner. I think it's time to start thinking about what you should buy your relatives, friends, and that significant other. I suggest that you go shopping for your family on Christmas Eve because they are supposed to love you and will like anything you buy them. It is even easier to shop for your friends. If you are a guy, don't buy a present for a guy friend, because guys don't buy shit for other guys. Girls, on the other hand; you are on your own because I am not a girl. The hardest person to shop for is your mate (from now on, she will be referred to as slambunny).

I will only write about what a guy should buy a girl, and what your slambunny has to do to earn it. There are certain ground rules that you have to follow:

1. Never buy jewelry unless you have been going out for six months, unless
 - a. You slept with your slambunny's twin sister.
 - b. Your slambunny is a gymnast and/or double jointed.
 - c. Your slambunny prefers to swallow.
 - d. Your slambunny is currently pregnant.
 - e. Your slambunny is a three input woman.
2. Lingerie is good, unless:
 - a. Your slambunny is a beastly amazon woman. Remember, you will see her in it.
 - b. Your slambunny is quadriplegic.
 - c. Your slambunny resembles Courtney Love.
3. Never tell your slambunny that you got it on sale.

4. Never tell your slambunny's friends what you plan to get her because:

- a. They will ask their boyfriends for the same thing, thereby making those guys mad at you.
 - b. If they all have the same thing, none of them will ever wear it.
 - c. When they go shopping, her friends will not stop your girlfriend from buying the gift for herself, thereby forcing you to get a bigger and more expensive gift.
5. If you plan to break up with your slambunny get her a cheesy sweater, and wait until after presents are exchanged to break up, and make sure that there are no heavy projectile objects within her reach.
6. Never tell her how much you spent, and don't ask her what your slambunny spent. But if your slambunny forces you to tell her, exaggerate.

Ahh, the holidays. Stressful times. One of the biggest problems of the season is getting that extra special something for that extra special person in your life. As my esteemed associate already told you the do's and don'ts for all you male shoppers out there, I am going to give the ladies a few tips.

This is what happens every Christmas—you spend hours of your precious time scouring the crowded malls, desperately avoiding sticky, wailing children and annoying perfume spritzers, searching for the perfect present for your stud-man. Why? You know that whatever you get for him he'll hate anyway. Not to mention that you are going to spend good time and

money looking for a great gift and he's only going to get you some tacky, uncomfortable piece of lingerie which is more for him than for you. So here's the plan, girls—a few easy steps to find a hassle-free gift that he'll love.

1. Never buy him video/computer games. He'll love it, but you'll never see him again.
2. Stay away from silk boxers!! Too cliché, and real men wear cotton.
3. Sex toys are good, but choose carefully—you'll probably have to use them.
4. A prescription for Rogaine is usually a bad idea.
5. Clothes are always a plus because:
 - a. You can structure his wardrobe to suit your tastes.
 - b. He has to wear it around you to prove he likes it.
 - c. Simple, easy, and if you really like what you get him, you can borrow it.
6. As a last resort, gift certificates to a music or software store are good—
 - a. It's hassle-free, takes five minutes.
 - b. He can get whatever he wants.
 - c. It's not exactly ultra-romantic, but guys don't usually go for that shit anyway.
 - d. Drawback: he'll know how much you spent

As you can see our staff has had a great deal of experience shopping for the other sex, so take our advice to heart when you're out shopping this year for your slambunny. Merry Christmas.

DEBTS REPAID, LIVES REBORN

By Lowell Yaeger

Alice In Chains' newest album, creatively titled "Alice In Chains" (Columbia), opens with a lyric that more or less defines the period between their previous release and now: "In the darkest hole/you'd be well advised/ Not to plan my funeral before the/body dies."

After their 1992 breakthrough, "Dirt," a stunning tour-de-force of drug addiction and the eternal recovery it conveys, Alice In Chains went on to co-headline Lollapalooza with Primus, firmly rooting their Seattle sound (remember that?) in the minds of millions of American teenagers. The single for "Rooster," a haunting dirge which evoked memories of both Jerry Cantrell's (the band's guitarist and founder) soldier/father and the term "rooster" as it applies to needles in drug slang, was one of the first "alternative" tracks to go mainstream.

Then the Seattle thing ended. Soundgarden released an album that was about as Seattle as wonton soup, Pearl Jam decided that plugging their guitars in could cause electric shocks, and people began to laugh off the whole grunge movement as a fluke. Hootie & the Blowfish and their better half, Live, took over the groove carved out by the *Singles* soundtrack. Pearl Jam quit touring because of Ticketmaster fighting, Soundgarden disappeared, and Kurt Cobain took a gun to his head, leaving in his wake a screaming mimi of a wife. Alice In Chains released an EP, "Jar of Flies," which was meant to be a follow-up to their first EP, an equally-subdued masterpiece called "Sap." Some of the songs, like "I Stay Away," made it to mainstream radio; metal and grunge fans alike despised the effort and sold away their copies. The band that had merged glam metal with semi-gothic rock disappeared once again, emerging only now and then in the form of guest appearances. The last we heard from them was the singer, Layne Staley, as he crooned acoustically on a disastrous Top 40 project, *Mad Season*, with members of Pearl Jam and the Screaming Trees.

Rumors began to fly that the band had broken up, that Layne Staley was using heroin again, etc., etc. For their part, Alice In Chains kept their collective mouths shut and stayed under their blankets until

late October, when Columbia broke the news that a new album was expected within a few short weeks.

To their credit, Alice In Chains wasted no more time putting the album out; I expected a series of irritating delays, delays which just didn't happen. And now it's out, bearing a choice of colored jewel boxes and a grimacing dog gracing the cover. And is it good? I don't know.

The songs are a mix of the grunge/metal noodling that made "Dirt" so powerful, and the acoustic jamming that made "Jar of Flies" so heinous. It's nice to find that Layne and Jerry have discovered the idea of optimism, a feeling which graces tracks like the first single, "Grind," and the confrontational "God Am," a song which finds Layne looking for the root cause of his misery instead of simply wallowing in it. Other tracks though, are not so uplifting; some of them are just plain bad. The attempt to mix acoustic with electric guitar on "Heaven Beside You" comes off sounding like the music your parents listened to, while the bleak "Head Creeps" ("No more time/Just one more time") and the terrifyingly reminiscent "Sludge Factory," about drug abuse, are fascinating explorations of misery and pain.

There are throw-aways, to be sure, and their king is "Nothin' Song," a groovy ode to a long day in the studio with nothing to show for it. This would have been much better as a b-side, as would have the overly-simplistic "Again," which features Layne Staley's shout of "Hey!" about 40 times too many.

Over all, though, this is not a bad album. Does it reach the level that "Sap" and "Dirt" reached? No, not by a long shot. But it's almost as good as "Facelift" their glammish debut, and for a band who's had to overcome as many hurdles as Alice In Chains, it's an accomplishment.

As a fan, I wouldn't hope for much more; the final song on the album, "Over Now," is ostensibly about a failed relationship, but sounds a hell of a lot more like a message to the fans that this particular family has divorced for good. Or it would, if it weren't for the optimistic note conveyed in the guitar and vocals. Maybe when Layne sings lyrics like "Yeah it's over now/but I can breathe somehow/When it's all worn out/I'd rather go without," he means the attachment to heroin that poi-

soned so much of his life. Or maybe the line "We pay our debt somehow" is an indication that this is the band's last album, a final message to the fans that it's all over but the shouting.

With the potential death of one band comes the birth of another, although the two are by no means connected. When the members of Living Colour decided they'd had enough last year, their true fans wept; after "Stain," one of the best aggro albums ever released, it seemed that the band had finally settled into a home it was comfortable with. But appearances can be deceiving, and off they went.

Arriving to fill their space (and the space left absent by those slackers Tool and Rage Against the Machine) is a British band called Skunk Anansie, led by the imposing figure of Skin, a black muscle-bound skinhead/lesbian. Mixing punk, thrash and funk, Skunk Anansie, whose name is a hybrid of the stinky animal and a mythological eight-legged mischief maker in Jamaican stories, grabbed up Sylvia Massey, the producer behind Tool, and were signed to Epic/One Little Indian before ever having released an album.

Their live show, which gathered notoriety on the UK festival circuit, is so involving that "we could be on Mars. It doesn't matter," according to Cass Lewis, the band's bassist. The guitarist, Ace, agrees. "We're essentially a live band."

They have effectively captured this live sound on their debut, the unforgettable "Paranoid & Sunburn." And rap on the first single, "Selling Jesus," to the lilting but no less moving "100 Ways to Be A Good Girl."

Skunk Anansie is making quite a name for themselves with the release of this album, nabbing spots on the *Strange Days* soundtrack and covering Bjork's "Army Of Me" at the Icelandic elf's behest. With most up and coming bands, they've got a rough road ahead of them — this band, more than any other, is going to have to deal with the allure of money and fame as a result of this album. But anyone who can write songs like "It Takes Blood & Guts To Be This Cool But I'm Still Just A Cliche" is destined for greatness, hurdles or no hurdles.

CHIN SLINKY

By Lowell Yaeger

All right, we've got a lot of ground to cover so let's get going. News, for anyone who's interested: Ministry's newest is set to come out in January (we've all heard that one before), and the Red Hot Chili Peppers cancelled their tour because the drummer, Chad Smith, broke his hand (we've all heard that one before — that excuse is about as convincing as Kurt Cobain's "stomach medicine").

A few interesting albums were released this month, so let's hit them first. Pigface, the industrial super-group who first recorded Nine Inch Nails' "Suck" and has boasted members of KMFDM, Skinny Puppy, Psychic TV, My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult, and Ministry in an ever-changing lineup, has released an album of re-mixes which DOESN'T suck. Re-mixes are usually an attempt by a band to make people remember they exist without having to actually write any new songs. In Pigface's case, they're sonic reconstructions, not consumer reminders, and if you like industrial music you should pick this album up. It's entitled "Feels Like Heaven... Smells Like Shift!" and is on the Invisible label.

Back in 1994, a little known aggro band from Los Angeles toured with Tool and just about blew them off the stage. They were called Failure, and after that show, they completely vanished. Over the course of time, the bassist of Tool, Paul D'Amour, left to join Failure, who picked up a fourth member and began recording an album of covers under the name Replicants. Their self-titled effort is out on Zoo Records now, and while it shouldn't have worked — a whole album of reconstructed pop songs? — it does. They threw the music of the original bands out the window and only kept the lyrics, leaving the words to things like Paul McCartney's "Silly Love Songs" over bleak feedback landscapes. And the songs are hooky, oddly enough. It provides a nice lay-over until both Tool and Failure release new albums next year.

Do you like Fugazi? I don't. But Schtum's "Grow" (Work) sounds exactly like them, with loopy guitar structures and preachy lyrics. In fact, this might be Fugazi under a different name; it sounds that much like the DC band. But if you like preachy whiners and indefinable guitar rock, then this album is for you (even though they ARE on a

major label).

Mercury Rev's newest, "See You On the Other Side" is out on Sony's Work label, and it's a piece of work all right — my friend Jessica described it as sounding like "the music in the background of a Sesame Street piece." That's pretty apt; the only difference I can see between Mercury Rev and the Flaming Lips is that the lead singer of Mercury Rev isn't a whiner. If you like weirdo, Floydian stuff — like the Butthole Surfers without the nihilism — then this is a good album for you. If your musical tastes are more down to earth, avoid this album like the plague. Objectively, though, it's an interesting effort; any band that can get thrown off of the Lollapalooza second stage because they're "too weird" deserves credit in my book.

And that's it for this semester, folks. Have a Merry Fucking Christmas, don't drink too much eggnog (it gives you the trots), and if you see Jessica LaMantia on-campus, be sure to wish her a Happy Birthday.

BOND

&

TOYS:

TOGE

THER

AGAIN

By Chris Cartusciello

The 18th James Bond movie, *Goldeneye*, opened recently and is a treat for any fan of Her Majesty's most famous secret agent.

This time around 007 is out to stop a double agent who has teamed up with ex-KGB soldiers to take over the world's money supply.

Pierce Brosnan is the fifth actor (sixth if you count Woody Allen's Jimmy Bond in *Casino Royale*) to take over the role, and he is simply superb. With his charisma, class and sarcastic attitude he is definitely the best Bond since Sean Connery owned the part. Brosnan is a breath of fresh air after Timothy Dalton's dark, broodish Bond, and he brings credibility back to the character after Roger Moore made a joke out of it. With a definite two more films in his contract he could prove to be the best Bond ever.

Bond's chief nemesis is 006 (Sean Bean), his old friend, who's decided that crime does pay. He joins forces with what is left of the Russian KGB. These soldiers know nothing but brutality, and being out of work has made them bitter. They steal a satellite weapon called Goldeneye. It seems that this orbiting armory can shoot an electromagnetic beam that renders all electronic equipment useless. If the name of the film and the weapon sounds strange (especially after *Goldfinger* and *The Man With The Golden Gun*), it is named after Bond creator Ian Fleming's estate.

The female opposition this time around is Femke Janssen as Xenia Onatopp, and believe me that's where she likes to be. Onatopp kills her prey by crushing them between her powerful thighs during sex. She gets orgasmic delight out of pain and her s&m fight with Bond is thrilling, to watch. Janssen is fantastic in the part and brings back something that was missing from the Bond series as of late - a strong female presence. The fair maiden in peril here is Izabella Scorupco. She plays Natalya, the lone survivor of the siege on the Goldeneye compound by the KGB. It is a not-much-to-do part that gives Bond another girl to conquer. He saves her, makes love to her, saves her and so on.

Parts of this movie are classic Bond and bring back fond memories of the best the series has had to offer. The stunt work is fantastic and, as expected from Bond, totally unbelievable. A freefall dive to a falling plane is breathtaking to watch but makes you wonder how he can fall faster than an airplane. We know it is unreal but we accept it because it is Bond. The final fight scene between 006 and 007 is easily one of the best in recent years. Probably the best part of the film is the car chase through the streets of St. Petersburg. The one catch here is that Bond is driving a Russian tank, rolling over cars and through buildings.

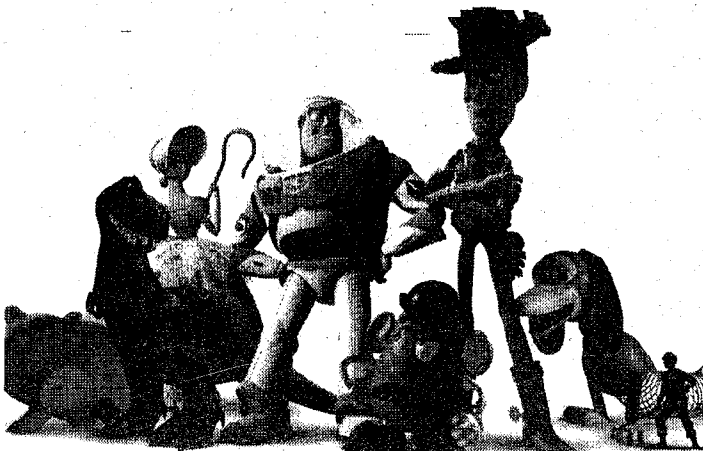
Also back are those cool Bond gadgets. There is an exploding pen and a belt with a grappling hook and line. The always-present scene between Bond and Q in the gadget lab is usually the most enjoyable and lightest part of the film. This is true here too, although it does go a little too far. The jokes in this scene are straight out of a *Naked Gun* movie and just don't fit in this genre. If you are looking for Bond's new BMW, which has been hyped and advertised more than the film itself, don't blink. This great looking car, with fantastic possibilities,

makes its screen debut for all of three minutes. He doesn't even get to use the headlight missiles.

The action and the toys almost make up for the long, drawn-out script. Understanding that an action movie has to slow down at points to give it that roller coaster feel, the screenwriters have to learn not to stop it completely. What the screenplay does do is give us the first Bond film to deal with the fall of the Soviet Union. Bond is basically a cold war hero whose time has passed, and the last few movies haven't lived up to the series' name by taking him out of that situation. *Goldeneye* deals with the passing of the torch from one era to the next. The opening credit sequence has, among the naked dancing girls, images of stone statues of the Soviet leaders, such as Lenin, falling and breaking apart. Later on in the film Bond and 006 discuss the new world while standing in a "graveyard" of these fallen leaders.

This film also updates the Bond character while bringing him back to his roots. He is still a womanizer and can seduce any lady put before him, including a psychologist sent to evaluate just these tendencies. He can also give sexual innuendoes with the best of them, only now he is taken to task for it. Moneypenny tells him that she can sue for sexual harassment and even his boss M, who is now played by a woman (Dame Judi Dench), calls him "a sexist, misogynist dinosaur." We also learn more about Bond's past, such as that he is an orphan. Little touches like this make the character more real.

Director Martin Campbell (*No Escape*) knows how to give action and he does an admirable job with this film. The best part is clearly hearing Brosnan say those five famous words. "The name's Bond. James Bond." Welcome back.



Disney has done it again!

Last year they gave us the funny and heart-warming film *The Santa Clause*. This holiday season they bring out a true classic-to-be, *Toy Story*.

Toy Story is the first fully computer animated feature film. It is the story of what happens to toys in their spare time. What do they do for fun and how come they are never where you left them?

Tom Hanks is the voice of Woody, a pull-string cowboy who is Andy's favorite toy. Andy plays with him, dresses like him and has his pictures hanging on his wall. Being the favorite, Woody is also the leader of the rest of the toys. These include a Mr. Potato Head (Don Rickles), a shy dinosaur (Wallace Shawn from *The Princess Bride*), a slinky dog (Jim "Ernest" Varney) and a Bo Peep lamp (Annie Potts) who has a crush on Woody.

Whenever there is a chance of a new toy coming in to the house, the other toys go into action. They send the little green army men on a reconnaissance mission to find out what it is. (Mr. Potato Head is always hoping for a Mrs. Potato Head). On Andy's birthday and Christmas, the army men slide down a jump-rope and hide in the plants while they relay back what presents Andy got. This particular birthday Andy receives a new action figure, Buzz Lightyear (Tim Allen). Buzz quickly becomes Andy's favorite as Woody feels jealous and is tossed aside. The other toys are amazed at Buzz's "hi-tech" gizmos such as a flickering lightbulb laser. Buzz is a great guy who wants to do good things. The problem is that he doesn't know he's a toy. He thinks he is real.

The work that went into the making of this film is incredible and it pays off in dividends. The computer animation is seamless, almost making you forget that what you are watching is not real. Painstaking detail went into the design of each character, right down to the thin, plastic flashing around the army men's heads. (You know, the stuff you used to pull off with your teeth). They even have injection mold marks on their backs.

But great animation alone does not a great film make, and Disney knows this. The script is also first rate, with jokes and sight gags constantly flying. Mr. Potato Head is always losing an eye or ear and, at one point, re-arranges his face and proclaims, "Look, I'm Picasso." References like this were made for the adults in the audience and the producers know that they are the ones who pay the money. One of the best scenes is when the toys link together the arms of the monkeys from *A Barrel Full Of Monkeys* and lower them out the window trying to save Buzz. Some scenes may not be for very small children either. Andy's next door neighbor is Sid, a boy who tortures and destroys his toys. In his room he has "monsters" put together from parts of different toys that seem to swarm all over new toys. Upon seeing this Woody exclaims, "They're mechnibals!"

Disney also likes to put in their own product placement. As Andy and his mom are in the car "Hakuna Matata" is playing on the radio. Also the toolbox in Sid's room is from Binford Tools. Binford is the fictional tool company on television's *Home Improvement*, a Disney production also starring Tim Allen.

The action in this movie comes when Woody and Buzz are separated from the other toys and must make it back to the house. There is better and more action here than in all the Steven Seagal films put together.

My only wish for this film is that the human people in it were real. As much as I appreciate the work that went into animating it, and the results are astounding, if the people were real then that would bring out the magic of the toys coming to life even more. Now the people look like toys more than the toys themselves do. Also, the scant 1:17 running time is a little short when asked to pay \$7.50.

This is truly a movie that everyone can enjoy. There is the animation and the story for the kids. There are the inside jokes and knowledge of who is doing the voices for the adults. There is also the memory of playing with the toys that are now on the screen. Now many of us can't reminisce about our Slinky going down the stairs or drawing squiggly lines on our Etch-A-Sketch. It is nice to see that Hollywood can still make wholesome, family films like this that can be this much fun.

Grandpa's Fashion Guide For Young Men

By Antony Lorenzo

With winter all but upon us, dressing stylishly and keeping warm poses quite a dilemma for the young male. Trying to keep up with the latest styles and trends of today is practically impossible. With constant transformations of fashion, what is complimented by the girls one day is just as easily ridiculed the next. Before you know it, the mysterious enigma that is fashion will persuade you to dust off the acid wash and break out the Air Jordan's Mark I.

Rather than compete in this farcical charade, rather than emulate J Crew models and various 'fashionable' television stars, you needn't look further than that old geezer you never pay attention to. Grandfathers are the undisputed gurus of the fashion world. They alone have unwittingly blended the hippest and most comfortable trends of the past 60 or so years, and fused them into one snazzy look. If anyone is to be emulated, it is them.

Shoes happen to be the most important part of any young man's wardrobe; often times they are the first thing to be noticed by the opposite sex. Many grandfathers don the classic Payless Comfortmasters. Primarily worn to ease scaly, corn-ridden feet, these shoes define the word "style" and facilitate our ever-present need for comfort. Although the vinyl doesn't breathe all that well, the easy-to-attach Velcro strips are ideal for those days when you're running late for class. Layered with Dr. Scholls orthopedic inserts, tired feet and a sore back won't ail you during those endless nights of drinking and fun. For those of you who enjoy the odd rave now and then, the slick, gripless soles are essential for mastering all the latest dance moves. The Comfortmasters are

also "Mosh Friendly" in that you won't have to feel guilty about kicking people in the head while stage-diving at your favorite bands' gig. A good majority of grandfathers are also fond of the bluish-gray polyester trousers. Through their unrivaled drabness, such pants spit in the face of all modes of bandwagonesque fashion. Not too loose, yet not too tight, they will undoubtedly keep you warm on the streets and cool at the clubs.

Polyester shirts with stiff collars always come back in fashion every five or so years, so right there you can't really go wrong. Marshalls usually has piles of them, as does your local Salvation Army. Another good look to pick up on is Grandpa's woolen button-down sweaters. Often covered with cat hair, wearing one the next time you

go out will surely attract all those sultry women who happen to love animals.

Many grandfathers have a classic scent that also deserves a mention. Very often one is smelled before one is seen, and these balmy first impres-

sions are quite important. My own grandfather has always been a fan of the bittersweet aroma of Old Spice. No longer prevalent with young people, women of today will surely hone into its mysterious, yet pleasant, aroma. You may also want to stick one or two mothballs in your pocket. Though slightly pungent, mothballs indirectly remind girls of their own Grandfather and, in turn, they will feel an immense sense of security while talking to you. A plaid, Taxi Driver hat will unquestionably compliment the clothes described above. Not only that, such a hat will surround you with a distinguished aura, irresistible to the average woman on the street.

As you can see, in imitating your Grandpa's dress, you can't really go wrong. When he gets his well-deserved break from the nursing home during Thanksgiving, offer him some more potatoes at dinner. Hell, even mash up his vegetables, if he asks you to. (You may even have to pretend to be interested in his incoherent gibberish about the war he was probably never in). Just be sure to pay attention to what he is wearing. He may not be around for much longer and it is up to you to carry on his stylish tradition. If you can't be bothered searching for all his cool threads, take his clothes when he kicks the bucket; he'd probably be proud, and most of all, flattered. All the while, you will be a fashion virtuoso in your own right, fending off screaming girls while climbing your way up the plateau of future successes.



X - F r i e n d s

By Ted Swedalla

Two of the biggest cult shows on TV this year are *Friends* and *X-Files*. The cultists that have grown up around these shows arrange their lives so they don't miss their favorite show. Whether it be talking about Ross and Rachel around the watercooler on Friday, or being the first to post that picture of Scully on the Net after the show ends, these two shows are the foci of people's lives.

The biggest misconception of these shows is that *Friends* is the true representation of the Gen-Xer's and the *X-Files* is pure science fiction. It is the opposite that is true. *Friends* is more sci-fi than the *X-Files*. It is Mulder and Scully that are truly Gen-Xers, not Chandler or Phoebe.

I'm mad, you say. Well, look at the facts.

Most of the cast of *Friends* have jobs that pay very little, but where do they live. In killer lofts. There must be a monetarial anomaly that allows them to live like gods while holding jobs like masseuse, waitress, part-time actor and unemployed chef.

Also it seems that they are the only ones who sit on the couch in Central Perk. How is this possible; wouldn't most of the other patrons love to sit in the most comfortable chairs in the shop? What other explanation could there be except for a hyper-static force field that keeps non *Friends* from sitting on the couch.

Have you ever seen people who look as good as the cast of *Friends* do? Probably not, and why? Easy; because they are aliens from the planet called Southern California. There all is perfect, everyone looks good all the time, skirts are short, hair is perpetually perfect, guys have nice butts and it never rains.

On the other hand, *X-Files* truly represents our generation. People working hard, having little luck

with the opposite sex and always getting beat down by the nameless, faceless superiors. Sounds almost too familiar, doesn't it?

Mulder and Scully, like all Gen-Xer's, get the shit that nobody else wants to deal with, accomplish alot before another disaster occurs, figure out what's going on, never get any credit - if indeed it is resolved at all - and always get rained on.

The best way to see the opposite in the shows is to point out some of the major players in the shows:

Ross (*Friends*) A paleontologist hanging out with his loser sister and friends. Yeah right, this might happen in the real world. How is it that we never know which museum he works in? Well, because he is actually an alien and is a Human Paleontologist, collecting specimens of 20th century man for his home world. Why else would he feign interest in Rachel? Not because of her intelligence, but because she is a perfect breeding specimen (god I love her hips) for the alien's human circus.

Phoebe (*Friends*) A masseur with a collection of self-penned songs with names like "Smelly Cat." How can she keep an audience when singing songs that have no chords or no forethought? Mass hypnotism.

Monica (*Friends*) A cook that doesn't seem to eat her own food. Ever notice how skinny she is? Also she never seems to have dates. Why is this? Well, she has a tail. Not in her hair, but extending from her rear. It's about 8 inches long and is a major turnoff among guys, trust us.

Joey (*Friends*) An out-of-work actor in New York City. How original. Only someone interested in hiding something would become a thing so faceless as a struggling actor in New York City. What has he got to hide? How about the fact that he feeds off the woman he sleeps with, or maybe he conducts

experiments on them. Why have we never seen any of the girls that he sleeps with? Is it because they contracted a horrible disease after he sleeps with them, or that he implants a chip into their mind causing them to never remember him? Only time will tell, but don't worry; the truth is out there.

Mulder (*X-Files*) Just another worker in a large company, who has fellow employees that give him rude nicknames. Like us, he too is jerked around by the government. Telling him where to go, what to do and when he steps out of line.

Scully (*X-Files*) A medical doctor with a scientific mind like a razor blade. She is as unlucky in love as most of us. One date in two-and-a-half years. The government runs her life to the point of tampering with her very thought processes. Sounds hauntingly, familiar doesn't it?

Assistant Director Skinner (*X-Files*) A middle management person who gets foggy orders from those above him. He does his best to try to cover up the incompetence of his underlings, but usually tells them they're on their own. Has receding hairline.

Cancer Man (*X-Files*) A higher-up with an agenda of his own that he won't even share with middle management. Unless he has a gun to his head. Never plays by company rules, he makes his own.

It is plain to see that the two of the most talked about shows this year are not what they seem. *Friends* is a harbor for sci-fi and the general fallacies that perpetuate our generation, and the *X-Files* shows us how the real world is. How crappy our lives are and how they will turn out to be. It shows us that we are more likely to come in contact with ghosts and serial murderers than to be locked in an ATM vestibule with a lingerie model or to sleep with an ex-fiancé in an orthodontal chair.

Stony Brook Social Blues

By Steven Tornello

Fellow Seawolves always ask me what is wrong with this school, and I usually reply, "Nothing...if you look the other way." Besides the obvious problems (budget, class sizes, apathy for undergraduates, etc.), this school has a long way to go in order to be a place that students enjoy. You're probably thinking, "Well, schmuck, if you don't like it, why are you still here, huh?" Well, with only twelve credits left to graduate, it really wouldn't make much sense to transfer. Plus, I have a solid group of friends and without them, I would have flown the coop a long time ago. Yet, although this school has major problems administratively, there are deeper rooted problems socially. Maybe most of these problems stem from the location of the school. Stony Brook is not exactly a prime spot for a university. We are not exactly fawned over by the community, and the lack of bars nearby doesn't lend itself for a healthy inebriated college environment. Actually, Long Island and the prissy stuck-up attitudes that come

along with it doesn't exactly endear itself to the idea of a state university which features diversity. Anyway, besides the obvious, I would like to address some social problems that may not be mentioned but do exist at Seawolf U.

1. "Real School". Administrators and campus leaders believe that we will one day be like schools such as Ohio State, Louisiana State, Florida, Notre Dame, and so on. What a joke! This will never be a "real school". Most high school seniors envision college life to be like "Animal House", and, to be honest, there are "real schools" which are. Actually, "Animal House" is based on a true story from Dartmouth College in the early 1960's. Other universities I have visited have had parties, tailgates, bars, and even people staying on campus on weekends. Obviously, this might come as a shock to Seawolf students. Yes, it is possible to have a good time and go to school simultaneously. Here, it seems so unrealistic that a university could have a party (with alcohol and the like) or a tailgate (What's a tailgate? Do we have a football team?) or a variety of bars to choose from. Let me give an example of a "real school". My roommate and I went to visit our friend Tommy at Georgetown. Now, Georgetown unequivocally kicks our asses academically. It's not even close. We went down there thinking, "Hmm, we're not going to have a good time. They have to study." Ha ha, what a Stony Brook mindset to have! We went out on a Monday night in the spring (when there's no football), picked a bar at random, and it was packed with students drinking alcohol, dancing to a band with a record label, and having a blast. Impossible, you might say, but it is true. We got loaded on a Monday night. As we walked back, our friend Tommy actually apologized! He said it was dead! Are you kidding me? Their Monday night was undoubtedly fifty times better than our best recent Thursday night. If an academically prestigious school such as Georgetown can party on a Monday night, then Stony Brook

students should at least be comatose on a Tuesday morning. Also, "real schools" tailgate before football games. For each student here who doesn't know what a tailgate is just adds another tenet with the other evidence to support how lame this school is socially. Yes, we do have a football team here, but we have no tailgating. Why? Well, we might be a "real school" then. God forbid! Partying, alcohol, good times; Stony Brook? Never! To be fair, though, the problems above arise because of...

2. Bars. Since there is nothing else to do, we students must amble our way to saloons. However,



The End of the Bridge

the watering holes here are absolutely pathetic. Let's start with the Bridge. Let's see, you have to pay a cover to get in. You have to overpay for beer in a cup. You have to listen to cheesy guido music. And, on top of that, the company isn't so hot either. Plus, that beer all comes from the same tap. "Hey, I'd like a Heineken, so could you pull the Heineken knob so I could pretend I'm drinking something other than Busch." For a campus bar to be so stringent on ID's is ridiculous, too. There is no need for Public Safety to be by the door. It's no surprise that it has faltered so much this semester. Since I am now 21 legally, I've matured enough to bypass the Bridge and head directly to the Park Bench. However, to call the Bench adequate is like calling Alanis Morissette emotionally sound. Let's start with the line outside to get in. You wait for, oh, let's say thirty minutes, and after a thorough investigation and inquiry of your ID, you enter the 150 degree sauna. Within three minutes, you quickly ask yourself, "Why am I here, and

did I actually wait on that line to get in?" You need a Swiss Bank account to buy beer. Being a sportsbar, it offers its wide variety of fights from the lightweight to fraternity divisions. Do you want to dance? I see a square tile on the floor that's avail-

able. What other bar offers you the opportunity to drink with the athletic team coaches? I despise a bar where you have to perform once you get there. You must act like the environment it creates in order to have a semi-decent time. I would go to Port Jefferson, but once you enter a bar out there, they throw a bucket of dirt on you so you can fit in with the surroundings. The Tavern was nice when the weather was nice. Hemmingway's/Carrington's is a guido bar, and not really worth the effort of mentioning it. The Spot is really cool, offering imported beer at Bridge/Bench prices, and it features students out with the sole purpose of having a good time. I'm not saying that students elsewhere are not trying to have a good time. I'm saying that students elsewhere on this campus are majoring in...

3. Rudeness. People here are so damn rude. Nobody is polite. Nobody is courteous. Nobody is helpful. (Obviously, I'm stereotyping the whole campus on a majority opinion. Not everyone is like this, but they are in a severe minority). It's definitely contagious. I am a nice person, and if I see you walking towards the door I am currently opening, I will hold it for you. I guess that's because of the way I was raised. But "Fuck you" if you don't say thanks! I've had people slam doors in my face in lieu of keeping it open for me. Let me offer up an example of rudeness here at the Brook. My roommate (Mark) is an RA, and he found someone's meal card on the floor. Besides the fact it was his duty to do so, Mark, being a nice person, not only picked it up and returned it to the college office, but he went beyond the call of duty. He searched the alpha list for her phone number, called her up, and told her she could pick it up. If that happened to me, I would be overly grateful that it was being returned to me unscathed. She came down, yanked the card from his hand, and walked away with not a single thank you or sign of gratitude. Mark could have called Domino's with her card, but he didn't. And it's my opinion that most people on this campus would have. However, he didn't, and he was repaid with rudeness. I work

for telecommunications, and I spend a lot of time answering phones. Students who call have a hard time being polite, and it is frustrating to be rational with someone incensed and/or socially unacceptable. Every day you see someone try to scam their way out of waiting on line at the sinc site. Try to listen to a movie played by C.O.C.A. You can barely hear it over the ruckus from the crowd watching it. The Bleacher Club is a haven of rude people cliques. It seems that Stony Brook encourages people to be rude, impolite, and insensitive.

Stony Brook has major problems, and for someone to argue that point

would be ignorant. However, it seems that the budget and administrative problems will heal more quickly than the social ones will.

