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Infighting and charges of unconstitutionality rock the Editorial Board of *The Statesman* and leave the paper's future uncertain.

# Buchanan, Back Again

By Boyd B. McCamish

With the Iowa, New Hampshire and Louisiana primaries now final Mr. Patrick Buchanan has with a limited degree of success repeated history. It was four short years ago when Buchanan upset then President George Bush with 37% of the vote in the New Hampshire primary. At that time he was seen as a rabble rouser among the Republican party. It was his strength in New Hampshire that later became the fiat for his now fabled Republican Convention speech in which he attacked the foundations of the party and its direction. Indeed Pat Buchanan does not mince words, his conviction is unparalleled amongst his primary opponents. However, it is his conviction that stands to become his greatest liability. In his own words he said after his latest victory "...we have lost the element of surprise." And it remains to be seen whether or not Buchanan can drive the uphill battle to the nomination with his foot off the pedal.

Patrick Buchanan has spent all of his political career on the sidelines. He is most recognizable for his co-anchor position on CNN's *Crossfire*. The show brings an expert or two into an arena of political debate and Buchanan and a liberal co-anchor mediate the discussion. This may have been his best and least expensive form of self promotion. Most people who have watched the show, regardless of political position, are impressed by his logic and inherent ability to cast light on ultra-conservative issues with genuine tone.

As is true with most individuals who concern themselves with public issues, Mr. Buchanan is not without his contradictions. For one, he often refers to the Constitution and its literal value. Yet, the creators of the Constitution explicitly intended it to be deciphered differently through the course of time. For example, the Second Amendment which literally allows people to have and maintain arms was meant to preserve national security in post-revolutionary America. Obviously, if North Carolina was attacked by sea in say, 1799, the Connecticut National Guard or for that matter the Virginia mili-

tia wouldn't be able to arrive within hours as they could today. The second amendment was an answer to that problem in that all people could bear arms for communal security. Buchanan and groups like the National Rifle Association would have us believe through their literal interpretation that one should be able to, without so much as a photocopy of a driver's license, own automatic weapons like AK-47's and M-16's. The logic clearly falls short so these elements must produce massive campaigns of disinformation to serve as ballast for their otherwise hollow arguments.

Despite Buchanan's claim to understand and concur with the Founding Fathers messages and values, he often deviates greatly from their innate wisdom. Buchanan has long preached the necessity of teaching creationism in our schools. This is the biblical interpretation as opposed to the evolutionary view of how the world was created. As a basis for his argument, Mr. Buchanan often reflects upon the revolutionary period when God and country were apparently first and foremost in the hearts of all Americans and Christianity ruled the land. What Buchanan fails to realize is that deism was alive and well in the new world. It is quite probable that the first four presidents were deists. Thomas Jefferson certainly did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Legend has it that when Jefferson was elected president, old women hid their Bibles and shed tears. Tom Paine attacked the Bible and all subsequent Christian theology calling them absurd and profane. Paine wrote "all national institutions of churches whether Jewish, Christian or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions, set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit." Of course, these comments cast Paine into obscurity and he never was able to retain his previous status but the quest for truth and logic in theology continued for many years. It is of questionable merit to suggest that the founding fathers promoted creationism or for that matter Christianity in general. The point of this argument is not to discredit Pat Buchanan for his opinions but rather to raise the question, does any great text like

the Constitution have but one valid interpretation? If the answer is no, then the question is, do you believe in Pat Buchanan's?

Perhaps it is best to let Pat Buchanan to speak for himself. Here are a few excerpts from Buchanan's web page, subtitled "Buchanan on the Issues":

**Economic Nationalism.** Rather than making "global free trade" a golden calf which we all bow down to, and worship, all trade deals should be judged by whether: a) they maintain US sovereignty, b) they protect vital economic interests, and c) they ensure a rising standard of living for all our workers. We must stop sacrificing American jobs on the altars of transnational corporations whose sole loyalty is to the bottom line.

**Restoring the 10th.** Many functions of the federal government are, de facto, unconstitutional, wholesale violations of the 10th Amendment that reserves such powers to the states. The federal government should be cut, with Cabinet departments abolished, the money they spend returned to citizens, the duties they assumed returned to the states.

**Immigration Control.** Illegal immigration must be halted, and no illegal alien given welfare. We need a nationwide Proposition 187, a closing of the Southwest border to illegals (with the National Guard, if necessary) and our new immigration law where we Americans decide who comes, and when. Our first concern must be peace, stability and unity of our own country.

**The Culture War.** All federally funded institutions, from the Smithsonian to the National Endowment for the Arts, will manifest a respect for America's history and values; and all monuments, battlefields, and symbols of America's glorious, if sometimes tragic, history will be protected.

In the months leading up to the convention it will be interesting to see whether it is the voters or the Republican party that deny his bid for the presidency, I tend to believe the latter. Make no mistake about him, "He says what he means, and means what he says."

## They're All The Same Anyway

By Anne Ruggiero

Who the hell is Lamar Alexander? Suddenly appearing like a flannel-clad messiah after finishing well in Iowa two weeks ago, he may just be the savior that the Republican Party has been looking for. Quieter than Dole, saner than Buchanan, Alexander, as a former governor of Tennessee and Secretary of Education under the Bush administration, offers a different option from the same old token candidates of the G.O.P. Or maybe he's just another insincere politician.

So far in the nominations race, Lamar Alexander has been painted by the media as a reliable, down-home public servant with an angelic, hopeful outlook for America's future. Thusfar, however, his biggest contribution has been to pose a political threat to fellow contender Pat Buchanan, who, in turn, has posed a threat to party front-runner Bob Dole. Alexander has been continuously compared to Buchanan and his ultra-conservative viewpoints. Aside from having worked with Buchanan under former president Richard Nixon, Alexander seems to stray as far as possible from the cliché Republican candidate. He takes a self-professed pro-life stance, yet he draws support from both the Christian Coalition and pro-choice advocates and his wife was a member of the advisory board of

Planned Parenthood. While Buchanan opposed The Great Society's civil-rights act in the 1960's, Alexander clerked for a judge who defended James Meredith's entry into the University of Mississippi. Although both candidates have varying viewpoints on issues, Alexander rarely mentions abortion or race, and he refuses to discuss his differences from Pat Buchanan with the media.

Alexander has been pushing an I'm-your-friend campaign, placidly firing against Dole for his negative ad-campaigning. As far as political issues, Alexander professes the attributes of free trade to boost the national economy. He sells himself as the "outsider candidate" who is new and fresh on the political scene, and even though he has worked in government for years, his naive approach may very well ring true. Recently, Alexander developed a rather stupid welfare-reform program where he would like to take welfare out of the hands of the federal and state governments and give control over to private charities. He claims that governmental programs are not radical or effective enough and that a combination of federal and private sources would benefit the poor and would efficiently combine funds for food stamps, foster care and child support. Alexander also proposed a tax break for private citizens who donate five hundred dollars or more to a charity. The main prob-

lem with Alexander's welfare platform is that private charities cover a broad area and people tend to dedicate money and supplies to their favorite causes, which may leave the welfare pool unbalanced with certain charities (and thus low-income communities) receiving more than others. As Diana L. Aviv, the director of the Washington of the Council of Jewish Federations, said, "...favorite charities may not be the ones who need [money] the most." Essentially, Alexander's proposal is unorganized, premature, and naive. By transferring control and, therefore, money over to private organizations, he is opening the door wide open for various embezzlement scandals and fraud within the establishment.

Alexander has not revealed much about his campaign platform as of yet, so far he has simply painted himself as guy-smiley, the "good" candidate. But perhaps he isn't really so good. Alexander does have a history of using political connections to cushion himself financially. So much for a fresh face in the Republican Party. Maybe Lamar Alexander is just another political floozy selling his soul for the Oval Office. But he's doing it differently from Buchanan and Dole. That will be what sells him.

# The Statesman Schism

By David M. Ewalt and John Giuffo

The *Stony Brook Statesman* sank further into the depths of journalistic peril this week as infighting between editorial board members complicated the already difficult operations of the newspaper.

Following a difficult week wherein Polity senators accused *The Statesman* of racism, a rift has opened between two distinct camps of the paper's Editorial Board. On one side is former editor Tom Masse and the Executive board of the paper, consisting of Editor-in-Chief Alexandra Cruz, and Associate Editor Paul Wright. On the other side, most of the other editors of the paper. Allegations of wrongdoing, unethical and even illegal behavior have been tossed around *The Statesman* offices between these two factions.

At the top of these allegations are charges from an anonymous source on *The Statesman's* Editorial Board. These charges include illegal usage of computer equipment, tampering with staff meeting minutes, and the unconstitutional appointment of Editorial Board members in the effort to influence editorial votes.

The conflict began a few weeks ago in *The Statesman* offices. On February 4th the Editorial board of *The Statesman* gathered for their weekly meeting. During this meeting, Editor-in-Chief Alexandra Cruz motioned to make Thomas Masse the Managing editor of the paper. Masse is a former Editor-in-Chief of the Statesman, and he was just returning to the paper after an internship at *Newsday*. Later in that meeting, Editorial Page Editor Joe Fraioli moved to reduce the stipend which *Statesman* editors are paid. The motion passed.

However, the issue of stipends was far from closed. Sports editor Scott Lewis was not present at the February 4th meeting, and he protested when he heard about the reduction. At the next meeting of the board, on February 11th, the board discussed returning stipends to their higher level; that motion failed by a margin of 5 to 4.

Now the lines were clearly drawn. One party consisted

of Masse, Cruz, and Wright, who supported the stipend reduction. The other party consisted of most of the rest of the editors, led by Lewis and Features Editor Tom Flanagan, who were against the reduction.

From then on, things started to get nasty. Flanagan motioned to remove Masse from his position as Managing Editor... a position which he had achieved only the week before. Flanagan cited portions of the paper's constitution, which clearly showed that Masse was not eligible to hold the position. Nonetheless, when a vote was taken Masse retained his position.

The following week, Masse recanted. Admitting his rise to Managing was unconstitutional, he resigned his post. Moments later, Cruz and Wright tried once again to place their cohort on the Editorial board. Wright motioned to make Masse Associate Copy Editor, but soon rescinded. Next, he nominated him as Associate News Editor, and Cruz seconded. The board took a vote, and the motion failed 2 to 3, with four abstentions.

Now Cruz and Wright were stuck. How to get Tom Masse back on the board, and keep stipends the way they wanted? The other editors had voted them down, so the only way to get what they wanted was to go over their heads.

On Sunday, February 25th, Cruz and Wright held an emergency meeting of the Executive board at 12:31 AM. They were the only members of the newspaper staff present. While executive board meetings do not have to be announced, *The Statesman's* constitution clearly states in Article III, Section C that Executive Board meetings "are informal." However, Wright and Cruz passed a number of motions which may violate the definition of informal. The two editors went over the heads of their fellow staffers by appointing both Tom Masse and Rob Bonfigli to the position of Assistant Editorial Page Editor, essentially stacking the deck of editorial opinion in their favor. In addition, they gave voting rights to Eneil Ryan de la Peña, another supporter of their faction. This act may too be unconstitutional, as the constitution states in Article V, Section II, that elected members must be "at least 18 years of age at the

time they assume office." De la Peña, who is only 17, may have been wrongfully given the right to vote.

Whether or not Cruz and Wright overstepped their bounds is still a point of debate. One faction of *The Statesman's* editorial board contends that their actions were unconstitutional, and that Cruz and Wright are guilty of violating the constitution. Sports Editor Scott Lewis supports the contention that Cruz and Wright violated their powers; "Vacancies must be decided by the editorial board," he told us, "and our editorial board is completely against our executive board."

Masse disagrees. In an interview with the Press, Masse stated that the constitution "was purposefully left vague" and that "sometimes the executive board has to make some kind of decision... it's open so that they can make whatever decisions they need to make."

Whether or not the late-night actions of Cruz and Wright were unconstitutional is a subject still very much in debate. Lewis has promised to take the issue before the Polity judiciary, and to seek the resignations of the entire Executive board.

But what could be the motive behind the midnight meeting? Our inside source claims that the Executive board (which consists only of Cruz and Wright) is being manipulated by Tom Masse, who wishes to take control of the paper for himself. "See, Masse has a control thing," he told us, "A major control thing." On the other hand, Masse contends that his critics are concerned more with stipends than putting out a newspaper.

So what's the bottom line? Apparently, it's this: *The Statesman* is falling apart. The editors all can't stand each other, and they're pulling every possible constitutional trick they can think of out of their hats to support their positions. Keep an eye on *The Statesman's* staff box in the next few weeks... there will probably be a great deal of changes made. Expect resignations, and maybe a few impeachments. Once all those changes are made, the Statesman should stand stronger and prouder, perhaps with an entirely new editorial organization.

Let each become aware!

## Extremism And Rhetorical Disquisition

By Heather Rosenow

Here we find ourselves at the end of another primary season. Surprisingly enough Bob Dole did not come out the official winner in the Republican Primary in New Hampshire, competing in the still ongoing race for the Republican Presidential Candidacy. Instead I find myself quivering from confusion and disbelief at the results. Pat Buchanan, Mr. Anti-everybody not WASP, anti-woman, anti-foreign relations, and anti-moderation, has broken through in the ranks of the Republican party and stands at Mr. Dole's back door howling about packing the supreme court with constitutionalists. Yes, Mr. Buchanan wants to overturn *Roe v. Wade* and is making this one of his primary campaign goals. I must admit that I never particularly liked Mr. Dole and his conservative views, but Buchanan makes him look like an angel. I'd much rather risk Dole winning the White House instead of Buchanan, Mr. Fascist. Does anyone remember Buchanan's now legendary speech given in 1992 which articulated his view that the country was engaged in a "Religious War"? There's a way to get attention; alienate half the country. Well it cost him the nomination and hurt the Republican party as a whole. Mr. Dole has, as of yet, not bent to the pressure of the Christian Coalition, who has repeatedly asked him to stop criticizing Buchanan for his support of them and their views. Dole has been reported as saying "I don't work for anybody in Washington, I'm the candidate; they're not." While I'm not sure that is completely true, I would prefer that disquisition to Mr. Buchanan's extremist views. Most of these views are his own, but some are fed to him by right wing groups such as the aforementioned Christian Coalition.

He has compared a woman's right to abortion to the Communist Empire. "The abortion industry is built on the same lie that the Communist Empire is built. The Communist Empire is built on the simple ideas that human beings have no intrinsic value. The state is God." Personally, I don't think Mr. Buchanan has any business putting himself in a position akin to a "God" by telling women what they can or cannot do with their lives and bodies. He did, however, admit that he did not support the view of some hard line Pro-Life activists, that women who have sought abortions should be thrown in jail. Yea. Thanks for the moderation Pat. While Mr. Dole has campaigned for Pro-life support, he has not said that he would support a constitutional amendment to overturn *Roe v. Wade*. Mr. Dole recently said "I'm not going to alienate anybody-unless they feel women are somehow inferior or that we out to expand rather than contract the availability of nuclear weapons."

It is these extreme Pro-lifers who advocate jail time for women who have had or sought abortions who support Buchanan, and frankly, he is also supported by racists. It has been confirmed that one of his advisors is a member of a group whose sole purpose is the advancement of white people. That translates into a group whose sole purpose is to push their ideas of white supremacy to the forefront of politics. Wonderful. You think racial tension in the United States has increased lately? Well, it would explode if Buchanan got into office. Mr. Buchanan also calls for a "trade wall" of sorts to be "built" around the borders of the United States. If you think we're having economic problems now, wait till you see what would happen if we sealed our markets to foreign factors. Dole does not support this "protectionism" but does believe

the United States should react accordingly to countries who have not been very "open" with regard to their trading practices with our country. A little battle over extremism has erupted between the two men and has gotten some media attention. Dole has been reported as calling Buchanan an "extremist", though he later tried to redefine what he meant. This prompted the editors of the *New York Times* to print the official definition of the term "extremism" recently, perhaps to clear up any doubts the Republican hopefuls might be having.

Mr. Buchanan's regard for foreigners isn't too high either. (Does he approve of anyone other than himself?) When an international reporter from abroad tried to question Mr. Buchanan, he identified himself as such and Mr. Buchanan went on to say that he wanted to see more American reporters questioning him; since America is what he's about. I wonder if Buchanan is suggesting a modern version of the American Isolationism which ran rampant in the post WWI United States. I do have problems with Dole, mind you. He has been reported as calling the present race "a struggle for the heart and soul of the Republican Party." Oh, I'm sorry, I thought Presidential races were about the entire country. Call me idealistic, but I believe the government should represent the entire country, not just one Political Party. Dole wants to represent one party, Buchanan one religion. Neither sounds too appealing. To tell you the honest truth, I don't like either of the men I have discussed in this article. I'm voting for Bill Clinton. But if you must support a Republican, please think before you vote. The country is at stake.

# YOU CAN'T ESCAPE YOUR PAST

The *Statesman* has gotten itself into trouble again.

At the Wednesday February 14 Senate meeting, Stony Brook student Andre English charged The *Statesman* with impropriety in the publication of the Police Blotter in their February 8 issue. It seems in listing the week's incidents, they only indicated race in one of the descriptions, an occurrence involving, in their words, "seven black males." English and others found this to be yet another in a series of borderline racist comments made by *Statesman* writers. The Senate had resolved to ask the Editor-In-Chief to come to the next Senate meeting to answer the charges. The *Statesman* ran an editorial in their February 19 issue which sought in part to apologize for what they called "an editorial error." They also sought to blame Polity President Annette Hicks for attempting to "advance her own vendetta against The *Statesman*."

Therein lies the problem.

The *Statesman* is wrong in not seeing how or why people can be upset at what they perceive to be racism in that paper. They seek to distance themselves from the Richard Cole debacle that created the current rift between The *Statesman* and a large part of the campus population, yet they don't apologize for anything he said (they defended his right to say the

things he said during the whole defunding effort that followed the publication of his racist tirades), nor do they apologize for subsequent insensitive comments they made.

To not see how students can get angry at the slightest hint of racism goes to prove how out of touch they are sometimes. Richard Cole hurt race relations on this campus. Richard Cole delegitimized the *Statesman's* voice. Richard Cole wounded. The wounds remain. The *Statesman* seeks to ignore those wounds and continue on as if nothing has happened. True, the police blotter incident was nothing more than a small editorial mistake, but taken in the context of a history of racist comments, a small mistake can become the last straw.

The *Statesman* should actively pursue healing remaining wounds. They have found out the hard way that there is a large portion of the student body that looks at the *Statesman* as a racist newspaper. It is their responsibility to change that attitude and their image; they created it.

Perhaps they should look to extending their sensitivity to student opinion, rather than calling efforts to stop racism "silly," and a "waste of time."

It's time for the *Statesman* to lie in the bed they've made.

## Letters

I just have a comment that you might be able to use in your future publications: Did you know that the university is spending millions of dollars on a second student union, i.e. student Activity Center, which is 5 min away from the old union, while instead it could spend the money to build a new parking garage in the same place for the students?  
Nima Dayani <ndayani@ic.sunysb.edu>

### Racism In The Senate

Here I am sitting in on a Polity Senate meeting, trying to see what the student government does and how they do it. Now I'm a little confused, I thought that we were supposed to be the educated ones, the ones trying to "change the world," but all I see is a bunch of people fighting over the same thing people have been fighting over for the last couple of decades. The school newspaper printed the words "black men" in a column about campus police actions. All of a sudden everyone in and related to the newspaper are classified as racists. The fighting went back and forth for hours. Included in the fighting were personal threats, name calling, and walkouts. It was an amazing thing to behold. If it weren't so absolutely pathetic I'd laugh. It was like watching a bunch of adolescent teens fighting over a girl.

As the fighting continued I found out a truth of life. I think I knew about it before but didn't want to believe it. The people who want the most to be integrated into

society are the first ones to try and leave it. They start groups that only allow a certain type of people to join. While they're in their own little piece of the world they are ever vigilant, looking for someone to even imply insult or slander the members of their group. Instead of "black man" they see "nigger" and "Spic" instead of "Hispanic." They always seem to translate an ordinary descriptive term into an ethnic slur or a direct insult. (I'll even wager that some people right now are going, "Look, he said they. He's saying we're, ethnic minorities, all racists or instigators.) Then instead of looking for a solution all they do is complain, gripe, and threaten. Someone once said, if you look hard enough you'll begin to see things that aren't even there. This is a perfect example.

For two hours I sat there and listened as the newspaper tried to apologize for any possible transgressions they might have inferred and all the opposition would say was, well that's not good enough, or that the paper was not sincere. They wouldn't or couldn't offer any reasonable action for what they may or may not have meant. An acquaintance of mine had said that she thought that the senate was being used as a battle ground. I agree with her, the newspaper tried with all effort to try to come up with some reasonable action. No ideas from the newspaper was accepted. One woman even implied that a black editor of the paper was a racist and if circum-

stances were right he would be the first to sell black people into slavery. The editor showed much more composure than I thought even possible. He just paused for a moment and then continued.

At the forced end of the session people were still looking for a fight, and in the midst of it all the senate had lost quorum and therefore could not make any motions or vote on any actions. All in all this whole situation was a sad reminder that we can't go on in the world because we still would rather fight with ourselves.

Magnus Dragoon

[Ed Note: In the interest of fairness, we asked Polity Senator John Giuffo to respond to this letter.]

Wipe your mouth, you drooling idiot, you miss the point entirely. I was at the very same meeting you were, yet I came away with an entirely different interpretation of the evening's events. Where you saw insulated, closed-minded integrationists, I saw wounded, organized, justifiably angry students addressing an issue of serious concern to the student body. The *Statesman* has a history of racist comments, and many saw the recent Police Blotter incident as yet another in a series of insensitive slights on the part of our campus newspaper [See above Editorial]. What is so difficult to understand about the situation? Do you think it's entirely even-handed to only indicate

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# Occupy two seats Naked

race in one out of dozens of reported crimes? Do you need a bulldozer to drive home the point that this helps to reinforce the image of black man as criminal? What's sad is that you sat there for the whole time and came away with nothing more than what your oh-so-well written letter indicates. Catch up: racism is still alive and well, and there are still people either too blind or too unwilling to admit that it still has a profound effect on the way society views certain groups. Oh, and your letter DOES say that all minorities are instigators. Reread it, slowly, sound out the words, and think. Close your mouth, too much shit is spilling out.

# Senate Drops Nerf Hammer on Statesman

By M. DelRey

The Polity Senate's most recent meeting took place on February 21st. As always there was an agenda distributed before the meeting commenced. Item number 6 on the agenda simply read "Statesman". It looked innocuous enough, but the evening that followed seemed to prove that age old cliché about how looks can be deceiving.

The Statesman had been summoned to appear before the senate a week earlier when Andre English, a Stony Brook student had contended that Statesman had exhibited racist tendencies in a police blotter where no mention of race was made save for one reference to "...seven black males...". The student also contended that this was simply one more attack on the African American community at USB by Statesman. In a motion made by Senator Joshua Prever, Statesman was asked to appear at the next Senate meeting to answer questions regarding the claim made by English. The motion had to be taken to a vote and subsequently to a tie-breaker because the vote was split and many Senators abstained from voting. The motion eventually passed.

The drama began at about 9pm and before it was over at least 6 attendees were cited for being out of order. Paul Wright, Associate Editor of Statesman made an apology and asserted that Statesman's blunder had been an editing one, and most definitely not a racially motivated one. At this point the crossfire ensued. Jim Cronin, a member of the cam-

pus's faculty, attended the meeting and advised those who were offended by the Statesman's oversight to vote down the coming referendum that would determine whether or not Statesman would continue to be funded by Polity. In rebuttal to this, Statesman Sports Editor Scott Lewis explained that only about 10% of Statesman's budget is derived from Polity and that the newspaper could, and would, continue to operate in the unlikely event that they should be defunded. After this a barrage of personal attacks were directed at Paul Wright by the large majority of the students of who had attended the meeting in order to take issue with Statesman. Repeatedly, Statesman asserted that they were not in any way a racially biased newspaper and that the incident had been an editing error. They also pointed out that an apology had been run in the editorial section of the paper immediately following the complaints they received. To the offended and disgruntled students who attended the meeting, this seemed to be a false apology and the accusations of racism persisted. At some point during the 95 minute hearing it was pointed out that the two highest positions at Statesman are both occupied by minority students and it did not seem feasible to believe that they would be bigoted against African Americans. This was also not found to be satisfactory. Throughout the night very few suggestions were made as to what could be done to reconcile the situation, and very much was done in the way of showing that a group of people can dis-

cuss an issue for more than an hour and a half and not reach a resolution. Perhaps the most worthwhile thing that came of the meeting was Polity Vice President Nicole Rosner's suggestion that a Race Relations Forum be created, so that future issues can be attended to more productively.

The somewhat productive interaction actually took place when the meeting was over. It was then when there was no crowd, no tape recorders, and few spectators, that some measure of conciliatory gestures actually took place. It was at this time that the rival camps could be seen trying to talk out their differences without the sometimes constricting weight of bureaucracy on their shoulders.

Other attendees to the meeting included Statesman Editor-in-Chief Allesandra Cruz and former Managing Editor Tom Masse, Polity Secretary Keren Zolotov was not in attendance. This last absence is rather surprising since she was one of Statesman's most vocal critics during the previous Senate meeting. Polity President Annette Hicks was at the Senate meeting, but left soon after the Statesman issue was opened.

All in all this episode of Stony Brook history will go into the annals as a sad reminder that race relations are not as good as so many of us thought or hoped them to be. Perhaps with renewed interest we can attempt to forge new relations, and possibly not live in the shadow of the checkered past.

## I Know Your Momma's Grieving

By John Giuffo

There are those that say that the job of a policeman is a very dangerous one, and that this is why they have "earned" the respect many people feel obligated to give them. I say it has a lot more to do with them having a gun. I imagine a sanitation worker has a tough day on a regular basis, yet I still haven't seen a sanitation worker haul off and beat someone along his route for improper garbage disposal. I've regularly experienced such practices from pigs.

There is a difference between a "pig" and a "police officer." A police officer fulfills his responsibilities as police officer on a regular basis; fine, wonderful, fucking great, give the civil servant a medal. A pig fucks with people for the sheer fun of it.

A pig can be a loudmouthed asshole or a murderous psychopath. I guess I should be thankful my recent run-in was with the former. This particular pig was a Transit Pig. This transit Pig happened to be grunting and rooting his way around the LIRR on Friday night, in a valiant pig attempt to keep the peace on those crime-ridden LIRR cars.

I guess this was a slow night, because Wilbur decided to fuck with me.

Y'see, the Press staff was on it's way back from seeing a taping of The Conan O'Brien show, and we were a bit loud, nothing terribly rowdy was happening, but I guess our volume level was too high for the pig's sensitive swine-ears.

"There are children on this train along with many people coming home from a hard day's work and they don't need to hear your loud mouths.", he grunted. Not satisfied with the tension level, he continued, "So why don't you keep it down, O.K? And you can start by taking your foot off that seat," he said to me, with all the self-assurance and masculinity his five feet could muster.

"Yes, sir!", I returned, feeling that if he bran-

dished a knife and threatened to rape my mother he couldn't have come off as more of an asshole. This apparently satisfied him, because he then proceeded to breathe deep, expanding his ever-so-manly chest, and turned to continue on his way, proud of his merit-badge-earning effort.

Sitting to my left, Lowell tossed him a Nazi salute. I almost peed. I followed suit. He turned, saw me, and turned Elmo-red. I saw he meant business.

When the rest of the staff stopped laughing, I heard Wilbur issue a demand for my I.D. I was told I was being issued a summons, apparently for having a more well-defined sense of humor than he was blessed with.

"Just for that, I'm issuing you a summons. You think you're funny, huh?" Yes, I do.

"I was only responding to your nastiness, Officer. There were nicer ways for you to tell me to put my foot down."

"DON'T TELL ME MY JOB!"

"I'm not, it's just that you started it with your attit-..."

"NO, YOU FUCKING STARTED IT BY ANSWERING ME WITH THAT LITTLE THING YOU DID!", don't forget about the children you were so concerned about, Officer.

"You don't have to shout"

"Fine, but I'll tell you another thing, you're getting off at Jamaica with me so I can finish writing the summons," Touche. Two hours in the cold seemed like a very dick-like, cop-like thing to do

to me. Good thing he'd finished the summons before the train arrived at Jamaica, despite the slowest writing effort this side of Corky from "Life Goes On".

"Here's your summons. You must appear at court on this date."

Was that slop on his breath?

I stared at him. I was sure that by opening my mouth, I'd earn me a Rodney King-ing.

"You got another problem? You want me to take you in?" Soo-wee!

I stare, imagining an apple firmly planted in his copper-choppers.

"I thought not." He left. Was that his ego dragging behind him? I hoped so.

I was pissed. I needed alcohol. I wanted drunken abandon-fueled cop homicide fantasies running

through my head. We're publishing them on page 12. As for Officer Arnold Ziffle, I thank him for reinforcing a long-held belief of mine; simply, that cops suck. Cursed with, as Lowell poetically put it, "Atrophied Penile Syndrome," they attempt to compensate for their deficient masculinity by picking on unarmed people they don't like for whatever reason they deem important.

It was my turn on Friday. I have to go to court in April. I'm sending this article along with a personal letter to the pig. I hope he enjoys being ridiculed before 17,000 people. I hope it was worth it for him. I hope it makes for infuriating reading.

I think I'll go listen to the Body Count album now. I'd forgotten how funny Ice-T can be.

I got you, Babe!

...There is a difference between a "pig" and a "police officer"

# THE PLUNDER OF NIGERIA

By Joanna K. Wegielnik

On November 10, 1995, Ken Saro-Wiwa, Dr. Barinem Kiobel, Saturday Dobee, Paul Levura, Nordu Eawo, Felix Nuate, Daniel Gbokoo, John Kpuinen, and Varibor Bera were executed by the Nigerian government on trumped-up charges of murder, treason, and conspiracy. Mr. Saro-Wiwa, a prominent Nigerian playwright and Noble Peace Prize nominee, and the other eight activists, were all vocal critics of Nigeria's military regime and campaigned against environmental degradation brought about by oil company operations in the Ogonilands of Southeastern Nigeria. Days before the executions were to take place, the world learned of the impending death sentences, and international outcry ensued. Nevertheless, the Nigerian government wasted no time and after a staged and unfair trial, the nine defendants were swiftly hanged. While all too easy to dismiss the executions as an isolated, impulsive act on the part of a military junta with a history of corruption and brutality, there are many players involved and the responsibility for the executions should be distributed accordingly. All facets must be examined in order to better understand the current state of affairs in Nigeria, namely, the role of Shell Oil and other petroleum companies in the region, the role of international agencies such as IMF and the World Bank, and US intervention in enforcing the guidelines set forth by these agencies.

## Shell & Co.

Shell, Mobil, Chevron, and Texaco generate more than 80% of Nigeria's annual revenue. Shell happens to be the largest operator in the country and is responsible for over 50% of all of Nigeria's oil production. At first glance, the figures are rather impressive. One might even be led to believe that the presence of Shell in Nigeria is actually a good thing, stimulating the economy, providing jobs, security, etc. However, upon further scrutiny, a very different reality presents itself.

For example, oil production in the Ogonilands annually yields approximately \$12 billion, yet, the region is one of the poorest sections in Africa. Where does the money go, you ask? Right into the private pockets of Shell Co. and its dubious part-

ner, the Nigerian government currently under dictatorship of General Sani Abacha. The regime's responsibilities include the facilitation of business activities for Shell and the suppression of any and all opposition to the company and its operations in the Ogoni region.

More phenomenally, the Ogonilands lie in the midst of the Niger Delta, one of the richest oil reserves in the world, yet gasoline shortages across the country are commonplace. How could this be? Where does the it all go? You got it, Shell-Abacha Inc., further financing a small corrupt elite while immiserating the vast majority of the remaining population.

Wait, there's more! Of the 5,000 people Shell employs in the country, 88 are native Ogonis. So much for job security!

Perhaps, though, the worst crime Shell is guilty of is the complete and utter destruction of the Ogonilands environment. Once one of the most pristine areas in Africa, complete with mangrove habitats and coastal rainforests, it is now the most endangered river delta in the world. All of the ecological destruction sustained there is a direct result of nearly four decades of oil exploitation.

During the past ten years, nearly 6.4 million gallons of oil have been spilled, a figure significantly higher than that of many of this century's worst oil spills, including the Exxon Valdez. Oil, even though contained, has a tendency to leak, further poisoning the land. Plumes of black smoke fill the sky on a daily basis and at night, the land burns as gas flares ravage forests and farmland. The rivers and lakes in the delta are so polluted, that people push aside films of oil before dipping their water buckets in.

This environmental pollution has had a devastating effect on the Ogonis, who never see one penny of the oil revenues, yet are made to bear all the environmental costs. Babies are often born with abnormalities. Children and adults suffer from allergies, bronchial diseases, and other pollution related disorders. Poverty runs rampant throughout communities and unemployment is high.

Ken Saro-Wiwa was agitated at the situation in his native Ogoniland. In 1990, he founded the Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People (MOSOP). The organization published an Ogoni Bill of Rights, demanding among other things,

autonomy and self-determination for the Ogoni people, more national representation in the government, just monetary compensation of all oil that has thus far been the Niger Delta, an international embargo on all Nigerian oil, an international boycott of Shell Oil until the company halts all operations in Nigeria and a discontinuation of "structural adjustment programs" implemented by the IMF and World Bank, which grants loans to Nigeria under conditions set forth by these agencies which often depend on further exploitation of the Ogoni people and their oil.

Needless to say, Ken Saro-Wiwa was never invited to any corporate functions nor did he win many allies in the government. Matter of fact, he was pursued by the regime for over five years, was arrested on numerous occasions, and repeatedly charged with phony accusations. As his grass-roots campaign gained momentum, and he was receiving international acclaim, the government decided that enough was enough, and cracked down. Recently, there has been some speculation that Shell collaborated with the government in persecution of Saro-Wiwa. According to Michael Birnbaum of the UK Human Rights Committee, two key government witnesses, Charles Danwi and Nayone Ankpa, swore affidavits that their evidence was false and that they, and other prosecution witnesses were bribed by Shell in order to give false testimony against Saro-Wiwa during the trial. Days after the executions took place, Shell announced that it was going forward with a \$3.6 billion natural gas project that was temporarily halted during the controversy surrounding the impending death sentences. Even more disturbing is the fact that Shell received international pleas from countless human rights organizations and concerned individuals to step in and prevent the executions yet it did nothing. Everyone knows that the company is a potent political force in Nigeria, sits tight with the government and has considerable influence on its policies. Predictably, Shell remained silent, Saro-Wiwa and his colleagues were executed. When news of the executions drew international criticism, the company replied. "We condemn this violence, but it has nothing to do with us. We do not get involved in politics."

continued on page 14

# LINGERING DOUBT

By Chris Sorochin

Odd, isn't it, how the only real fiction produced by the Persian Gulf War seems to have been the official misinformation and media spin that was fed to the public to squelch protest and dissent. Those of us for whom it was an earth-shaking, illusion shattering, life-changing moral catastrophe have been enduring the almost surreal silence, waiting for the great, illuminating Gulf War novel.

Well, it's here, kind of. You have to go to the Young Adults section of your local library to find it—although a data base search of my countywide system tells me that at least two branches have consigned it to Adult status, perhaps to protect young minds. The book is quite scathing in its indictment and I could see bannings on "patriotic" grounds.

*Linger* is by M.E. Kerr, a Long Island writer of fiction for young people who is the recipient of many awards in the genre. *Linger* takes place in a small, almost stifling Pennsylvania town. Those who hail from such communities themselves will instantly recognize the static conformity and everybody-knows-your-business hypocrisy of Kerr's Everytown, USA. The town is named for, and dominated by, the Dunlinger clan. Mr. Dunlinger owns the only nice restaurant in town (a situation

he preserves in a very amoral way) and is the book's only character that could be called evil. Greedy, manipulative and two-faced, he represents the "all-for-me" mentality of the '80s blended with the pseudo-patriotic sanctimony of the '90s.

His daughter, Lynn, on the other hand, the local dream girl, is a budding peacenik who's further rebelling by entering into several romantic attachments Daddy wouldn't approve of, one with Bobby Peel, working class rebel without a cause, who left town under somewhat mysterious circumstances to join the army and is sent to—you guessed it—Kuwait.

Events unfold through the eyes of Bobby's younger brother, Gary, although letters and Bobby's diary entries transport us to the actual war—with no punches pulled. Gary is ambivalent about the war: on one side is his concern for Bobby and public sentiment and on the other are his contacts with Lynn (whom he also feels drawn to) and his English teacher, Jules Raleigh. Raleigh is a Vietnam veteran who sustained a permanent, debilitating injury and has become a local antiwar activist. To complicate matters, he supplements his income by providing dinner music at Dunlinger's restaurant, *Lingering Shadows*.

Kerr never sinks to the level of preaching or sen-

timent. Facts, occurrences and opinions are presented and the reader is left to draw his/her own conclusions. And the plot moves along so briskly that we never feel we're-being given several lessons not only about war, but also about capitalism, racism, freedom of expression and our national dependence on TV for information and consensus.

My recollection of opposition to that war war that of two main demographic groups standing up and being vocal older, retirement-age activists and young people, high school and college students. Where were those in the middle? Too brain-washed, too intimidated, too unsure? I think lots of people wanted to say something, but being in the workaday mainstream restricted them. Gloria Steinem said in a recent *Mother Jones* interview that women are the most free before 13 and after 50, i.e. at marginal "non-productive" ages. The fact that this pioneering book is written for young adults speaks volumes about what segments of our society are most aware.

So, how about it, writers for "adults?" How about a dynamic Gulf War novel for our generation, not that we deserve it. Until then I urge all adults to commune with their inner adolescent and get their hands on a copy of *Linger*.

# GOOD OLD DEVIL

By John Gomez

For the 200 some odd years that the North American Babylon has existed there have been men and countries which have served as counterpoints off which the American identity could assert itself. Through the invasion and oppression of foreign countries and peoples these modern day Babylonians have found unity Nationalism, solidarity, and this sense of unity has always been associated with war.

Slave owning colonialists decided they were tired of paying high taxes and thus rallied behind the popular "freedom" cause to do war against the English monarchy, from its origins and until the Civil War the United States generally restricted its aggressions towards North Americans; American Indians, black slaves, and Mexicans. Later came the Spanish, then the Germans, again the Germans with Italian and Japanese friends, finally the Soviets and anything the State Department chose to call Communist.

Through all these confrontations Babylon has united. The decades which followed these conflicts were often prosperous. The civil war brought unity and the completion of the Industrial Revolution to all (except the South that lost the war), the first World War ended a depression and left the roaring 20's. The second World War ended all questions of the American international position and left in its wake fishtailed convertibles and *Leave it to Beaver*.

Since the last big one though they've been in a rut. Korea didn't succeed, 'Nam was a disaster, and then came a recession. There were small shimmers of the good ol' days thanks to a senile old man and

other old men who had things to prove. It's not hard to remember the sense of righteousness felt when F-14's bombed that hated terrorist in Tripoli leaving his young daughter as "collateral damage." There was a decent boost when the Tyrannical empire of Grenada (the size of Rhode Island ) was toppled after trying to install an air strip to improve it's tourism. Hitting the drug dealers where it hurts by invading Panama felt good, and the dramatic effect that had on the drug trade felt even better.

Lately there have been almost no countries to bomb (openly) or small states to invade, what to do? answer, Fidel.

The cold war gave Babylon hundreds of targets to deem Communist and thus justify all actions taken against them. It's 1996 and the list has grown thin. But there's still good old Fidel, the last remnant of the fallen "evil" empire. To the average American the anti-Castro propaganda that has been dished out for almost forty years has been thoroughly effective. Fidel Castro is thought to be everything from Communist to a psychotic tyrant. The truth is he is none of these, nor is he Christ in fatigues.

Yes, he is a Communist-socialist but so is the Republic of China whose population of over one billion persons should call more attention to itself (if fighting communism is the objective as claimed) than the fifteen million Cubans. What Fidel Castro is and what has caused all American actions against the state of Cuba from the invasion attempt at Giron to the current crippling embargo held on the island, Fidel Castro is a sovereign leader of an American country. He has had many triumphs in improving Cuba, he has also failed and committed injustices against his people. He is not condemned

for his errors but for his pride and for his conviction. Fidel Castro has never bowed to the colossus of the north. Like Bolivar, Sandino, and Touissant, he has defied the ruling power successfully for over three and a half decades. What he wants is to be treated like any other member of the international community, to be free to lead as he and his people see fit. Without American intervention, oppression, and economic discrimination if his policies don't happen to fall between the lines of what the state department considers good policies for Cuba. Who the hell are they? Have African countries been consulted on the issue of civil rights in this country? Should John Major put in his two cents as to what he believes would be a good balanced budget policy? I have seen American Military helicopters over a major city in my country, can you fathom seeing a Colombian military helicopter hovering over the pond in central park?

The next time you hear proponents for the isolation and denunciation of the Cuban state ask yourself why you're sneakers and jacket say "made in China."

One of the US largest trading partner is China country with a deplorable record of human rights abuses. When was the last time Cuban soldiers were accused of opening fire on thousands of students. Have you yet heard of Cubans testing nuclear weapons (which are a global threat) as French are doing? Individual and civil rights they cry. Ask Korean immigrants in Japan if the racist abusive regime they live under is civil to them? But we can't isolate them, I drive a Toyota. Are you aware of the expansive individual and civil liberties available to Saudi Arabian women? Oh right, the oil and gas for the Toyota. Point made.

## Books Books Books

By Mitchell A. Gough

Here it is, the beginning of another semester and along with the stresses of getting back into the swing of things, such as awakening early to make it to a 9 am class and being jolted from a restful slumber at 4 am by the fire alarm, it's also time to buy books. Now maybe I am the only college student who has ever had such thoughts, but I was wondering: why are the books we buy for our classes so ridiculously over-priced that it's almost necessary to take out a loan to afford them all? Is the paper that college texts are printed upon treated with a special chemical which when inhaled transfers the knowledge directly to the brain? Is this what increases the cost? Or is this some sort of Republican conspiracy designed to shrink the middle class further and to increase the upper-class' tyrannical control over our government and social systems?

Well, maybe not a conspiracy but the phenomena of over-priced books is a form of social control since there is little to no competition for the university bookstores, thus forcing students to have no choice but to pay the exorbitant fees charged.

And why has no one done anything about it? Well, it's something we in social welfare call "submerged in one's oppressed reality." That is when a group of people feel as if they have no control over an aspect of their lives they give up trying to fight and internalize the belief that they really don't possess any power to change it.

Following is a letter that I transcribed November 5, 1995, which as of yet has gone unanswered:

To: Chief Administrative Officer, Matthews Bookstore, Health Sciences Center

From: Mitchell A. Gough, Student, School of Social Welfare

*As a social work student with very few financial resources I and many of my colleagues remain heavily burdened partially due to the unreasonably high cost of text books and supplies. I would hate to believe that university bookstores are to blame for bleeding a profit off of struggling students. Or, are the publishing houses at fault? Any help you can give in either rectifying or helping me to understand thus matter more fully will be appreciated.*

CC: Junior Class: School of Social Welfare  
Signed,  
Mitchell A. Gough

Hmmm... why do you think this letter went unanswered? Could it be that some administrators in this university feel as if they have no responsibility to answer the cries of immature and powerless students? Well, it's a great possibility that this is true and these people need to be reminded that WE are the people who sign their paychecks. WE are not children and WE are investing large amounts of OUR money in this institution. Hence, WE deserve adequate services in return for this investment.

In closing, I hope that I have raised some pissed-off-tivity levels around campus and that you, my brothers and sisters will join me in my protest against being treated unfairly in regard to book prices. Put aside your beer for a moment and take time to write a letter or call an administrator to say, "I'm a paying customer here at Stony Brook and I think I'm being treated unfairly." Would you not do the same if you purchased a gallon of milk at PathMark and was charged \$100 for it at the register?

Handwritten submissions will be tied to squirrels and thrown in the road for Anne to run over with her 1995 Red Subaru Impreza. We will all laugh as she cries for crushing the rodent with her Goodyears.

Send the typed to:  
The Stony Brook  
Press  
Room 060  
Student Union

# Sharpton Issues Challenge To African-American Youth

By James Atwater

Saturday, February 24th marked the official end of Black History Month activities here on campus. The celebration came to a roaring close at the semi-formal held in the ballroom in the student union. Over 200 people attended the festivities which included an opening speech by Dwight Bartley. Jamel Thomas, one of the coordinators of the event said "we're very happy with the number of people that turned out [although we were disappointed that not many if any of the non-black students cared to join us. This was for everybody.] As he quickly made his rounds throughout the ballroom Thomas remarked "The theme of the semi-formal is, where is the love. It's basically about all types of love in life in various forms," he said, while making sure everyone had been fed before the caterers closed up shop. When asked if there was a need to shorten, lengthen or increase Black History month events here on campus Thomas remarked, "I really don't know, everyday is Black History Month for me!" That seemed to be the general feeling around the room, lots of people enjoying one another's company.

At around 9:30 the keynote speaker Reverend Al Sharpton arrived and a staggered hush fell over the crowd. Sharpton generally an outspoken Black activist seemed subdued until he broke the first chain of laughter about five minutes into his speech. He made a rather blunt assertion to the audience

that "generation X" was one not fully aware of how well they had been endowed by previous generations of blacks. Citing past heroes of the civil rights movement he said that the closest thing to a hero for African-Americans in the nineties was "Snoop-Dogg." He issued a fundamental challenge to the students attending to "be aware" of their cul-



ture and what others had done to get them where they are today. He stated that blacks weren't attending college and obtaining corporate positions because society welcomed them with open arms but because generations before had given their lives to

empower this generation.

Sharpton was mobbed after his speech for photos and autographs and seemed to enjoy the attention. He was whisked away later in a late model BMW. In the New York region Sharpton has become a bit of legend in his campaign for social awareness. Although Sharpton's speech was timely and effective it should be noted that he, like many others demands hefty speaking fees for his services. It seemed rather ironic that as he preached about being unselfish and paving the way for others that he had done quite well paving the way for himself. In the nineties its every man for himself and Sharpton is no exception.

After the keynote Lorraine Lowe provided the audience with some very eloquent poetry. Perhaps he said it best "Where is the love? It must have gotten stolen, got lost, or even...got caught up somehow when we were too busy looking behind, not staying ahead, looking ahead of us instead of in front of us, to see who is truly ahead, or trying to get there first. 'Cause all the distractions of lust, hatred, greed, animosity, envy, malice, disrespect, were placed in our way to progress, hinder us, to keep us in traction, never..fast enough, but to keep a slow pace, neva to regain our true spotlight.

Though we must always hold tight, with all our might, fight we must to bring back the love; true love, real love, BLACK LOVE! where is the love?"

## The McDonaldland Mayoral Race

By Steven Tornello

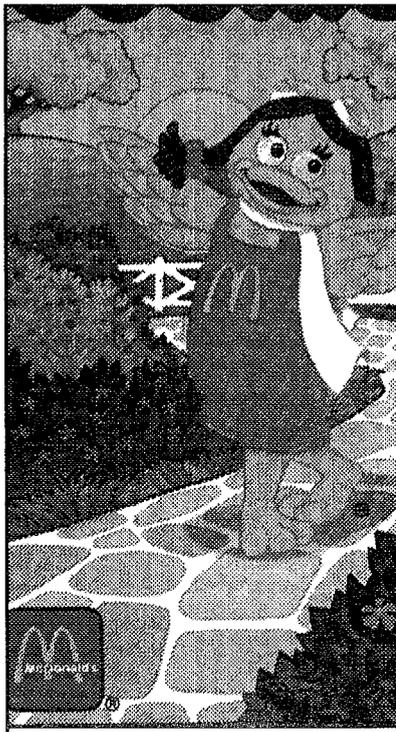
special political correspondent for *The Stony Brook Press*

With Mayor McCheese ending his unprecedented fifth tenure as the leader of McDonaldland, the airs of change have recently been swirling around this esteemed hamburgertown. As everybody should know, McCheese's twenty-year reign could be characterized as being advantageous for the Fry Guys populace. In a USA Today/Gallup Poll taken in November, McCheese had a mind-staggering 79% acceptance rating. However, with the recent lowering of status of McDonaldland to the White Castle in world hamburger dominance, the residents of McDonaldland have recently begun to question whether McCheese's often-monikered "tyrannical regime" is actually for the good of the country. These events have led to an interesting election year in which a strong candidate with the right breaks could actually overtake McCheese for the leadership role in the land of Ronald.

Enter Grimace. Grimace, the much-maligned but ever-resilient leader of the Onion Ring Coalition, has begun rallying supporters in his expected chase for the mayoralship. In a recent primary held at Ronald McDonald's House, Grimace virtually destroyed any hopes of his competitor's chances for the nomination when he out-commercialized and out-spoke Birdie. In his final speech to the voters, Grimace promised to legalize ketchup, a strict foreign relations policy with the Burger King and his

minions, and a flat tax. Yet, a USA Today/Gallup Poll taken on January 15 showed McCheese had a 82% acceptance rating over Grimace. However, a recent turn of events has shaken the race.

A rumor spread by an informant who wants to be known only as "All Beef Patty" claims that



McCheese has been having an affair with Wendy, the double pony-tailed hamburger princess whom McDonaldland residents generally abhor. McCheese has denied the rumors with disdain, claiming that he would never do anything to harm the nation. "All Beef Patty" has stated that he/she has pictures to prove the relationship. The rumors have taken their toll, as McCheese has lost an incredible 27 percentage points, turning a probable blowout into a struggle.

McCheese will continue on his "Lettuce and Tomatoes Today and Tomorrow" campaign tour across eastern

McDonaldland, while Grimace will hold a rally in the western district to raise funds for the eventual bullfight for the mayoralship.

I will stay on the campaign trail to inform you about the happenings and travails of the incumbent and the rising candidate, and future reports will be issued exclusively to *The Stony Brook Press*.

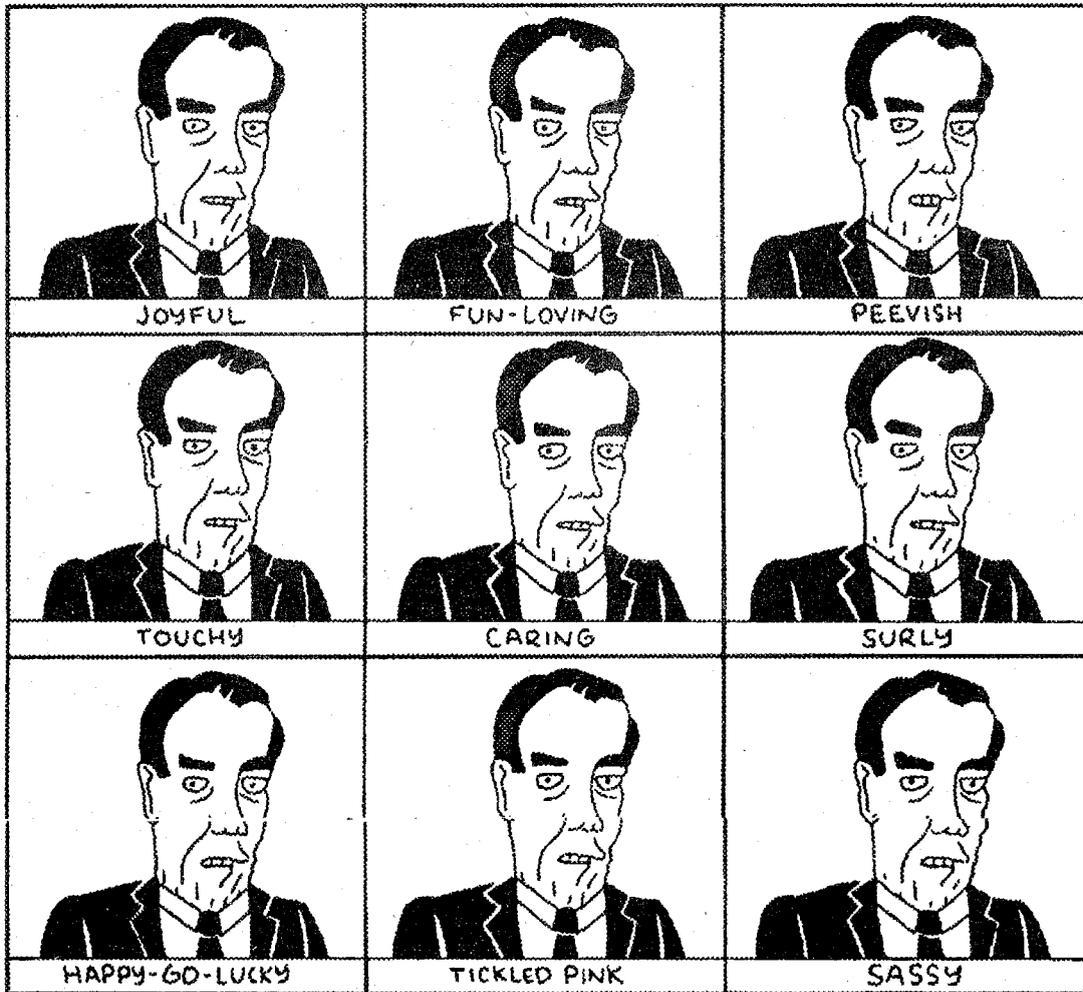
**Come to our meetings and hear Lowell unravel the mysteries of the universe. Like why people would do mushroom rooms. Room 060 Student Union Wed. 1 pm**

# COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

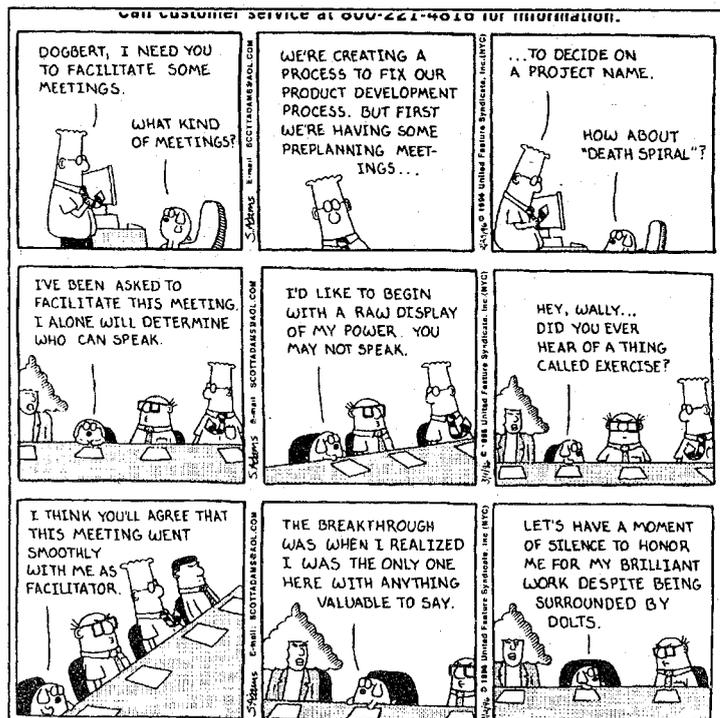
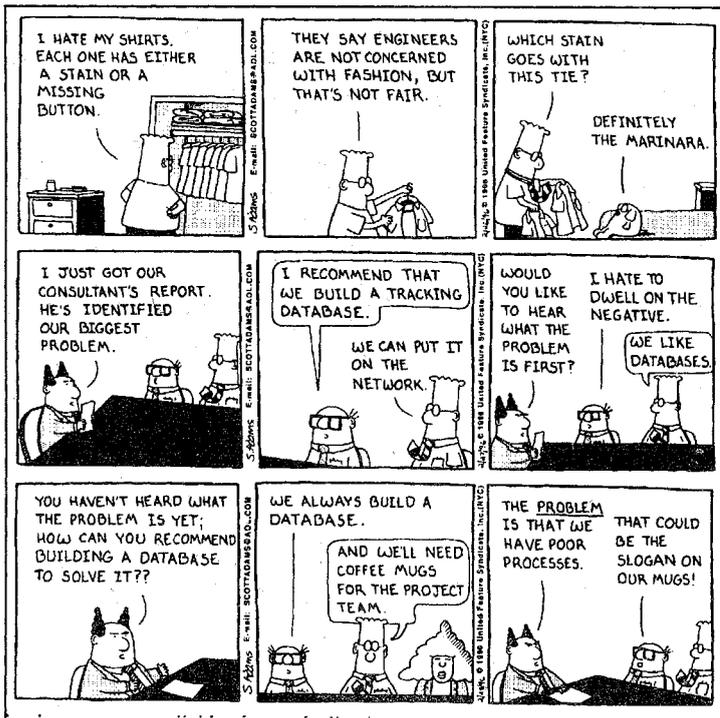
©1996 BY MATT GROENING

## THE MANY MOODS OF BOB DOLE



THIS MOOD IS A PART OF THE PROJECT'S SUCCESS. ©1996 BY MATT GROENING

Dilbert © by Scott Adams



By Ted Swedalla

When the staff was first approached about doing a 305th anniversary issue, the first question was 'Why 305th issue? Why didn't we do a 300th?' The answer of course is that we didn't realize how many issues we had until they were counted four weeks ago. Which if you know *The Press*, means that it would have been only two issues ago, well after the 300th issue.

Why didn't we lie and say that this would be the 300th issue, and make a whole big production out of it? Well, one reason is that we didn't think that we could fool the people who've read every issue of *The Press* and who know exactly how many issues we've done. The other reason is that we wouldn't be *The Press* unless we did something strange like a 305th issue.

Going through all the old issues did give me a sense of history of the paper (plus it helped me find another 1047 words to fill the paper with) and made me realize how much we've changed over the past 17 years.

The story of how *The Press* began can be equated with the greatest story ever told. No, not the story of how one editor choked another in the office, but that of the creation of man from the bible.

Many years ago man (read: *The Statesman*) was ignoring the cries of the oppressed on campus and acting only in its self interest. Then a higher power (read: future *Press* members) concocted a plan to begin a competing paper on campus that would allow all students equal access to portray their views.

So the higher power caused a great sleep (read: broke into the office and took over all the equipment) on man and printed their own paper, thereby separating themselves from the unfeeling campus newspaper. This begat *The Press*. Since the birth of *The Press* on a cold October morning in 1979, they have done things their own way. Many

of the early stories of these intrepid pioneers is chronicled in *The Story of The Press*, a fine little book that anyone can read. The only catch is that you must come down to the office to get a copy.

Since then 305 issues of *The Press* have rolled across campus, some good, some bad, some totally blank and some stolen by the College Republicans. But what ever the quality of the paper has been, the underlying message behind the paper is the freedom to say what needed to be said.

It was interesting to go back and read some of the stories from the older issues. (We've included some stories from the past issues. In the interest of history we've included stories from the 5th, 105th and 205th issues. Although the contribution from the 205th issue is a comic and makes little sense by itself, it was the only thing in that issue worth printing. Hey, everybody goes through down times.)

The earliest issues are filled with ads and sports, things that are now very rare, if not extinct, in the current issues of the paper. There was more of a hard news edge to those early issues as well, but when you have an political issue that will affect the whole student body, you tend to get hard news stories about it. Of course I'm talking about the law that would raise the drinking age from 18 to 21.

Until the law was changed, just about every issue of *The Press* had a story about how this bar on campus was in debt, or that vandalism was up around the school's Hard Rock Cafe. (I'm not making these things up. Just about every building on campus had a bar in its basement and the school once had a Hard Rock Cafe.) The story we include from the 5th issue (Vol. I. No. 5) deals with this liquor on campus vein, and how the school only wanted to sell hard liquor in the union. Can you imagine putting a liter of Absolut on your declining balance?

Also one of the stories that is included from the 105th issue (Vol. V No. 20) talks about how the students put enough pressure on the governor that he

backed down on a \$200 tuition increase!

That's right, the student body on our campus, and the other SUNY campuses, wrote enough letters, protested enough, to get the government of our state to withdraw a proposal that would increase tuition by \$200.

If they did it, why can't we?

It probably has to do with the same Generation X thinking that had me write about the bars on campus, before I got to the triumph of student solidarity: we only care about getting drunk.

The contribution from the 205th issue (Vol. X No. 14) is a comic. Why we chose the comic is easy to see when you read the rest of the issue. Not among our very best. The lead feature had to do with the problems a student had with creating a 'Women of Stony Brook Calendar,' which in itself is a very scary thought.

Some of the other issue we read gave us a deeper insight into what this campus really was like. One issue called the Clash concert the 'best of the year.' I know you're thinking wow, cool, The Clash was here. But when you hear about the other concerts that The Clash beat out that year for the honor of the best, you'll want to transfer. In that year alone, besides The Clash, Elvis Costello, Eddy Grant, Iggy Pop, David Johansson, Billy Idol and others played on Stony Brook. That's a good decade for us now.

The journey we took through time reading the archives, although not as exciting as Conan O'Brien's time traveling, was enjoyable, except for the musty smell. Stony Brook was a much different place 300, 200 and even 100 issues ago, as it will be 100, 200 and 300 issues into the future.

And if you're around in the Spring Semester of the year 2002, look for the 405th issue of *The Press*, of course that number will only hold good if the staff continues to do the same number of issues per year and doesn't spend our Polity money on drugs.

## Dorm Bar Curtailment Proposed to SB Senate

By Melissa Spielman

This initially ran in Vol I No. 5

Anticipating a crackdown on bars by the University, a campus group is proposing to the SUSB Senate that the sale of hard liquor be moved out of the dormitories.

David Grossman, Chairman of the Residence Life Advisory Committee, said he is asking the SUSB Senate Student Life committee to recommend that hard liquor be sold only in the Stony Brook Union. In a memo to the committee, Grossman proposed that the Union remain open 24 hours to accommodate bars and other facilities.

"By taking the bars out of the dorm areas," the memo states, "it will reduce vandalism. A centralized facility in the Union can be controlled better than can the facilities in the halls." The memo also states that any bars moved to the Union should remain student run.

Grossman said his committee is making these recommendations because it fears the University will close dormitory bars in response to severe vandalism. He added that the administration has been working with Albany to possibly close the bars. "They (the administration) have been sending memos upstate. The Dormitory Authority has been against bars in the dorms since they opened. Now, they're going to come down on us," he explained.

He added that vandalism in Benedict, where dormitory damage is most severe, is being blamed "directly on people coming out of the (Benedict) Saloon." Saloon Manager Donny Thaler said, "People do not go to the Saloon to get drunk. They

go there to socialize."

One Albany official does not share the student's views, however. Ronald Bristow, SUNY Assistant Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs, said, "There's a very clear linkage between alcohol abuse and vandalism." He added, "We're examining the hours pubs can be open."

Though the committee only serves in an advisory capacity to the SUSB Senate, if the proposals are accepted, they will go for approval to Dr. Richard Schmidt, the Acting University President. Schmidt, who has ultimate authority over alcohol policy on campus, said the bars are not in jeopardy. "There are no plans at present for bars to be closed as long as they continue to be legal operations."

He added, "There have been many suggestions coming from students that the bars be distributed throughout campus or centralized. There have been discussions about a large central place where students can socialize, but we do not have any plans at present for it."

A spokesman for the state dormitory authority said that the University is fairly free to establish its own policies. "We don't tell (the Universities) how to run their dorms, as long as any use of the dorms is in a safe manner," said George Feiden. He added, "It's pretty hard to pin it down and say a bar in the dorm is definitely bad," explaining that alcohol available elsewhere could be just as harmful.

Grossman said he feels that only SUNY Central would close the bars. "The University will not do it," he said. "They could do it, but there would be too much controversy. But if SUNY Central does it, they'll just be following orders and passing the buck."

"The actions that might be taken by campuses to reduce vandalism really have to be initiated by the campuses themselves," said Bristow. But according to Grossman, several administrators here are pressuring SUNY Central to crack down. Among them are Schmidt and Business Manager Paul Madonna, who both said they have no plans to close the bars—unless guidelines are being broken. Most campus bars have been open and closed all year due to various violations.

Administrators at other state schools have limited alcohol use because of its link with vandalism. A student spokesman at Albany said alcohol consumption there has been restricted due to vandalism. Barry Calder, Director of Student Activities and Services for the Buffalo student government, said, "They will not allow any more than three half-kegs in the dormitories because an end-hall lounge was ripped apart." Neither of these schools have dormitory bars.

Grossman said his Committee's proposal may help keep the campus from going dry. "If the order from SUNY Central comes down," he said, "they'll close every establishment that sells liquor." He added that beer and wine establishments should be left alone. "I don't think the University is against them," he explained.

Students here have said that closing campus bars could be inconvenient and dangerous. Bars within walking distance from campus have minimum age limits of 21 and 23. "If they want to close these places down, we'll have to go off campus," said Thaler. And if students drive to bars, he added, "Someone's going to get hurt."

## Tuition Deadlock Broken

Last-minute deal axes \$200 tuition increase

By Joe Caponi

This was taken from Vol.5 No. 20

Just one week before the state budget is due to be passed, Governor Mario Cuomo has apparently backed down on his proposed \$200 tuition increase for SUNY students. State Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson and Speaker of the Assembly Stanley Fink met with Governor Mario Cuomo at noon today, and told reporters afterwards that they "had both agreed on the basics of this year's state budget, and that there will most likely be no tuition increase for SUNY schools," according to Eveline MacDougall, SASU representative.

MacDougall noted that while the Governor's office has "all weekend to fool around with this thing, it's pretty obvious that Cuomo won't go against the Legislature on this issue."

Speaker Fink also stated at the press conference that there will be increased funding for the State's Tuition Assistance program (TAP).

SASU President Jim Tierney applauded

the legislature for its support. "The legislature must be commended for a job well done. They saw the need to preserve access to quality higher education in New York State, and they acted on that need."

Students from Stony Brook and many other SUNY schools had lobbied state legislators in Albany for the past month, and Tierney attributed much of the push for the defeat of the increase to those efforts.

Polity Media Coordinator Paul DiLorenzo, who is in the process of organizing another lobbying trip for Monday (see related story, this page) stated this afternoon, "This is a major victory that shows student power statewide. But there are still other statewide issues such as the dorm rent hike, and the Utility Fee increase and local issues such as dorm cooking that still demand student action. Already," he added, "it looks like our next victory will most probably be the 21 year old drinking age bill, which in September was thought to be able to pass easily, and now finds itself deadlocked in committee, and seems to be withering every day."



The Stony Brook Press is not a puppet of Polity, though the student government has funded this first edition. The Stony Brook Press is not a leftist newspaper, even though the Red Balloon in an off-handed sort of way helped it get started. The Stony Brook Press, however, is biased because it is geared to the students at the State University at Stony Brook.

Following an occupation of the Statesman offices by a coalition of members from different campus groups, and the subsequent publication of the newsletter Statesperson, the announcement was made that the campus would have a new paper— independent of Statesman and Statesperson. While Statesman seems to be an event-oriented paper, it was decided that The Stony Brook Press would gear its editorial content towards investigations and high quality feature writing.

Members of the University Community have periodically mentioned that Stony Brook might benefit from another publication. Some people felt that there is a need for another news medium to fill the holes between Statesman, Fortnight, Black World, other campus publications and WUSB. A need was felt for a publication that would go beyond the surface of important issues and dig into their true measures. Some people feel the campus needs another publication; others do not. We hope that we do not disappoint any group with high expectations, and we also hope that those who thought the University Community did not need another publication find something appealing in The Stony Brook Press.

If you have an opinion about this first issue, we ask

**THE STONY BROOK PRESS**

∞

**Founded 1979**

∞

**The University Community's Feature Paper**

When I'm not out banging my underage slave girls, I like to kick back smoke some of my homegrown and read the *Stony Brook Press*. The Press' commitment to liberty and irreverant wit never ceases to entertain, enrich and amuse me. I love the *Press* and I'm sure you will too.

-Thomas Jefferson  
 3rd President of the United States  
 Author of the Declaration of Independence  
 Recreational Drug User  
 Sexual Deviant

The Press staff meets on Wednesday afternoons at 1:00pm in room 060 in the basement of the Student Union. So come join The Press and bask in the adulation of Thomas Jefferson.

that you let the student government know what it is. We ask that you let the Campus Community know what it is through Statesman or The Press. We ask you to let us know your opinion.

The Stony Brook Press has received enough funding from Polity to cover the costs of its first issue. It will be published bi-weekly, every other Thursday. With the editorial strength and financial support that come with time, it is intended that The Stony Brook Press will be a weekly.

**The Stony Brook Press**

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**Business:** Perry Kivolowitz

## Top 10 things to say as you plunge a knife through the heart of the cop who gave you a ticket for "occupying two seats" on the L.I.R.R.

10. Say hello to Goebbels for me!
9. Your mother screams *just* like that.
8. This is for Colin Ferguson, BITCH!
7. I'll take two tickets to the Policeman's ball.
6. Next stop, PINELAWN!
5. OLE!
4. 1 down, 1,999 to go!
3. This little piggy went to market, this little piggy went home, this little piggy DIED LIKE A BITCH!
2. It takes a dead cop, a bottle of lighter fluid, and a match to make a Jimmy Dean Smoked Sausage.
1. My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die.

Hey, Kids! Play the "Cop-Stabbin'" game! Just add the words "bitch," "in bed," "but not with Pat Buchanan," and/or "cold fusion" to any one of this week's top ten items! Example: "This is for Colin Ferguson, BITCH, BITCH, cold fusion!" OR, "Your mother screams just like that, but not with Pat Buchanan in bed, BITCH!

P.S.: This page is an editing mistake. The Stony Brook Press in no way condones, endorses, or has ever been involved with violence against police officers. The great majority of police officers are fine, upstanding civil servants, who we both love and respect. We just happen to have a problem with one particular jackbooted thug who just happens to be a police officer. S. A. T. I. R. E., find out what it means to me...

## Top 10 reasons why there are three+ top-ten lists

10. See number 2.
9. We're seeing triple.
8. Imp + LSD = Trouble. Trouble. Trouble.
7. Cause Ted went home to watch porn and we can do whatever we want.
6. Nobody is sober enough to talk us out of it.
5. It makes us three times as funny as Letterman.
4. Or thrice as lame.
3. Because one list cannot contain us.
2. See number 10.
1. My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die.

## Top 10 reasons why we should impeach Ted

*[Ed. Note - I have to remember never to leave them alone again]*

- 10) Won't let us play Maelstrom. *[Fuck you Lowell]*
- 9) Won't share porn, and people who don't share porn aren't your friends. *[They don't know I have the Mr. Bungle video.]*
- 8) His name doesn't have a cool ring to it. *[Like Dave does.]*
- 7) Stubbornly refuses to get a court summons when all the other cool kids are doing it. *[I've been to jail twice]*
- 6) "Shut up, I'm playing Civilization." *[And/or Spaceward Ho!]*
- 5) Because he went home early and didn't keep an eye on us, and GODDAMMIT, we just don't feel loved. *[Cause I Don't.]*
- 4) He ka'nt spill fer shhit. *[Especially John Guiffo's name.]*
- 3) Carbonate/Caffeinated beverage fascist. *[They forgot about the popcorn.]*
- 2) See number 3, previous list. *[See number 7 from last paper.]*
- 1) My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die. *[I don't get this one at all.]*

## Top 10 reasons why we didn't stop at three.

- 10) Nightmare on Elm Street didn't, why should we.
- 9) We're having too much fun to call it a night.
- 8) Because the following bastards didn't come in and write their articles:  
Anne Ruggiero, Katherine Zafiris, Liv Bacerra, Chris Cartuciello, Dan Healy
- 7) See number eight in the second list.
- 6) Because we don't have to wake up for class tomorrow.
- 5) We're road-testing Lowell.
- 4) The come-down is a cold, cold, bitch.
- 3) Because Joel Rifkin didn't.
- 2) Because it's our god-given right to make fun of ourselves in tighter and tighter incursive loops, like an Escher equation in Schroedinger four-space.
- 1) My name is Inigo Montoya. You kill... aw, fuck it.

# FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED

By Efraim Csuwoj

Q. What nuclear power, also claimed to favor nuclear disarmament and nonproliferation plans to detonate one in a sparsely populated area of great scenic beauty that is home to aboriginal peoples?

A. If you said 'France' or 'China', give yourself only partial credit. Our own marvelous leaders are planning to further contaminate the western desert. On June 18th of this year, the Los Alamos, Livermore and Sandia laboratories, well-funded temples of the bloody-fanged priesthood of nuclear weaponry, will conduct "subcritical" (euphemism alert) testing 980 feet underground at Yucca Flat, 65 miles northwest of Las Vegas. An official of the Livermore Laboratories has called the Nuclear Testing Moratorium Act signed by George Bush "a mistake."

Just one year after the fiftieth anniversary of you-know-what, when a majority of people see the incredible folly of these devices, this tiny group of government terrorists and their counterparts in other countries will hold a loaded plutonium gun to the world's head.

This summer will be the fiftieth anniversary of the Bikini Atoll tests in 1946. US Navy personnel were deliberately exposed to atomic radiation from two atomic bombs; one exploded above ground and one underwater. Many of the sailors developed radiation sickness, cancer, tumors and other health problems. When they tried to sue the government, the case was dismissed on the grounds that since the government operates in the public interest, they're above responsibility.

Japanese fishermen working in the area also con-

tracted radiation sickness and the indigenous Marshall Islanders suffered extraordinary high rates of bizarre and horrible birth defects.

Not satisfied with abusing the Pacific, they did tests in the Nevada desert all during the 1950s. People used to put on sunglasses and watch the shit from Vegas! In several tests, troops were again sent into the detonation area to see what combat conditions would be in a nuclear war. (Same results for the participants.)

In addition, we got our own homegrown hibakusha, Native Americans and Mormon ranchers, who came to be known as "downwinders." (Same cancer, tumors, birth defects. Same foot-dragging, denial and secrecy from those in power.)

I've never had much sympathy for those who manufacture these monstrous instruments of destruction. I think it takes a special brand of amorality, akin to that of people who knew what was going on in concentration camps but kept silent—or even those who tended the camps themselves—to feed your children by the development and manufacture of things designed to wipe out other people's children in the millions. In fact, I think they're worse, because there's no dictatorial government forcing them into this line of work. They could leave at any time.

Even they have been affected ("live by the sword..."). Los Alamos is a tight, conservative community. It's so tight that no one talks openly of the poisons in the land, air and water around it.

General Electric's nuke plants have provided the company town of Hanford, Washington with great wages and a high standard of living for years. They also have provided the community with—

guess what?—a poisoned environment! There's a documentary called "Deadly Deception" on it, but you won't hear much about it because G.E. also controls numerous media outlets, like NBC. And fellow death-merchant Westinghouse controls CBS. It must be vital to national security that the public be kept uninformed of how much of our territory is contaminated.

Reports come from Oak Ridge, Tennessee, site of more nuclear doings, about strange deaths of forest animals. Is there a leak? Was something improperly disposed of? Funny thing about radiation: just one little slip up and things are ruined for eons.

Then there were the experiments on various marginal groups of people: prison inmates, the retarded, the elderly, even pregnant women. It's been revealed that they released radiation into subways and the Nevada tests spread the stuff all over the country and into Canada—contaminating milk as far away as New England.

Make no mistake, these tests are to generate more nuclear weapons. And we dare to have the hypocrisy to tell other countries they can't develop their nuclear capabilities.

Hopefully, there'll be international outrage over this and maybe even a boycott of US goods. French exports and tourism have been hurt by such a boycott led by Australia, New Zealand and Japan.

What would make me proud to be an American would be if the US people yelled loud enough and put enough pressure on our ruling cretins and put a stop to their madness. The US war machine is like Frankenstein's monster. It won't stop until someone puts a stop to it. That someone is us.

## My Feet Smell

By Andy Preston

What are the similarities between a guy's heart, a Budweiser beer box, some other cardboard boxes, a whole shitload of leaves, a tissue, and my feet? They are all things that were found on the ground while I was walking to a class. How can people around here be so inconsiderate of the earth? It's a planet. We need to walk on it. I'd hate to walk on a pile of garbage instead of dirt. (Actually, I might be safer, considering I almost fell down again this week on the wet, slimy mud.)

Where I live, we let the ground take care of itself. I live in the middle of nowhere, where there are more cows than people. Nobody litters, and even if they do, it doesn't matter; the ground takes care of itself. People drop a cardboard box, it rots away in a few days. Actually, it probably gets run over by our car so many times that it just gets buried into the mud in the road. From there on, it decomposes. No problem.

Here, though, I see lots of cardboard things still around months after they got put there. I hear people throwing beer bottles at other people. It makes a nice sound, but it also leaves glass lying around on the cement for a few weeks. That wouldn't normally be a problem, but I have a great big hole in the bottom of my shoe. So, if I step on anything it goes directly to my foot.

Don't throw shit on the ground. It's not cool. I hate looking at it and somebody needs to clean all that crap up. Those public clean up guys (you know, the guys that shovel the snow a few weeks after it falls) probably need to bend over, examine the stuff, do a few chemical tests, wait for the lab results to come back, and then think about when the next time is they can come back to look at the stuff again so they can theorize on the probabilities of the locations of the origination of the garbage.

Why don't we clean up the stuff ourselves? Because we're generation X, and the kids that fall just under that generation. We don't fit anywhere, we hate people, we aren't sane, and we need Prozac to keep ourselves tolerable to other people. Nobody likes us, everybody hates us.

But in reality, why don't we clean it up? We don't have enough time. We don't care about the environment except when we bitch because our parents don't care. We are a bunch of messed up people.

The next thing that I hate: I'm being consolidated. Sounds like I should be a large corporation instead of a person. Why are they consolidating? So the university can save money. Hey, we need money really bad, but I don't see how the we'll save money by packing the people even tighter in the dorms than they already are. What kind of money will be saved if they close down one room in a suite? Where are they losing money without us packed in?

Let's try to understand this. Costs incurred by dorm students: We have janitors clean our bathrooms for us. That's good. I enjoy not needing to clean the bathroom. We have RA's who keep us under control. That's okay, too. They're necessary. Costs incurred by packed in residents: The same. Janitors will still clean the bathrooms, the RA will keep us under control, and nothing will change in cost efficiency. What will happen, though, is that the kid's original suitemates will share the shower with only 4 people instead of 5, and we'll need to share the shower with an extra guy. Oh, and they'll lock up a room in a suite for no good reason. So, now instead of two kids in two separate rooms (thus using up more space, thus looking better on the reports to the government) they'll have two kids in the same room and an empty room. The empty room will just stay there, taking up space with no utility to it. How does that help anybody?

I don't see the logic behind this. One of the administration's higher ups must have figured it out in their infinite wisdom.

I don't really know what I'm bitching about, though. At least I'm not the poor guy that is being forced to move. By the looks of the form I got, the university has the right to tell people to move at this point in the year. That has to really suck. Sounds like a waste of time to me. The poor kid has to pack his stuff all up, move it down the hall, and then unpack it again in my room.

{An addition, just before printing time: The college people tried to consolidate me again. First, they wanted to move the guy from down the hall to my room. Great. Well, somehow, the guy got a roommate, so he couldn't be consolidated (I guess he felt about the same way I did about moving down the hall.) So, that's great. I got lucky. Then, the college folks tried to move me up a floor. Again, I didn't want to move. I guess I got lucky again; the guy bought the double/single option on the room, thus not being consolidatable. Whoohoo.}

Do you remember when I was talking about having the hole in my shoe and getting mud to slosh up through that hole? Well, the reason I was walking in the mud was because I left an original piece of paper in the copy machine in Javits. When I got there, it was still there. Somebody had used the machine since I had been there, but they just put the original off to the side of the machine. To whoever used the machine after I did and just left the original document off to the side, I thank you. I appreciate your trustworthiness. You are the epitome of a student at Stony Brook.

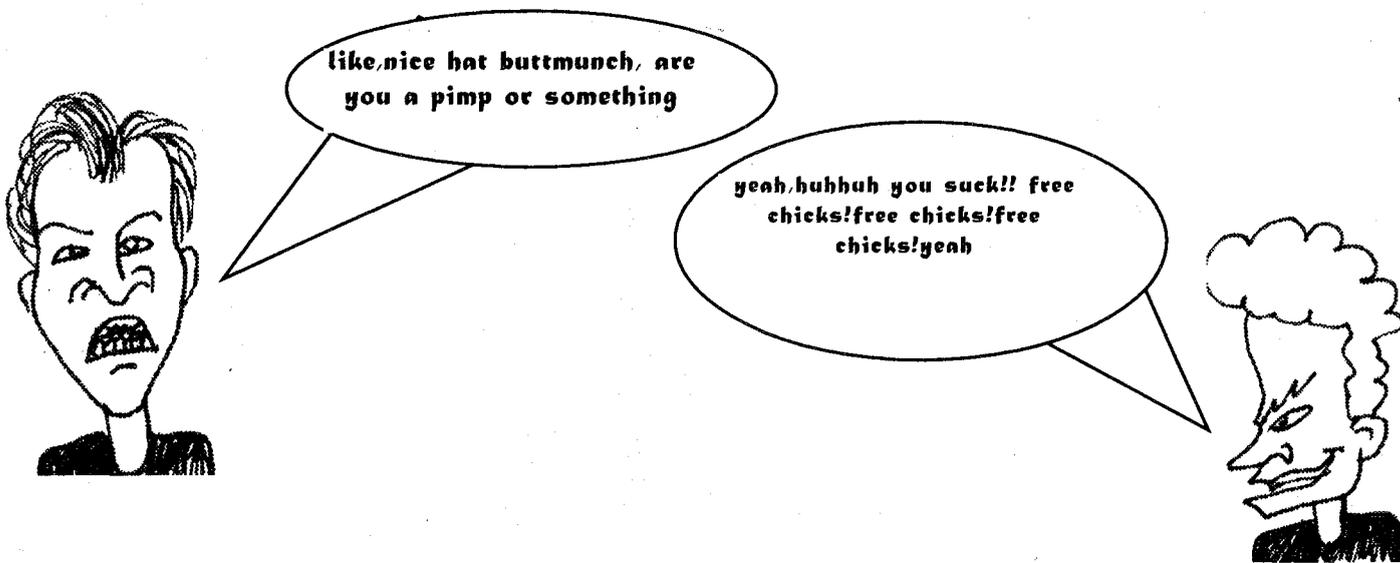
Okay, maybe I poured it on a little thick, but you get the idea. Thank you, whoever you are. I appreciate it.

Have a good coupla weeks, and don't worry. I'll find something else to write about for next issue.

**The enlightenment would have never happened if Rousseau hadn't read the Stony Brook Press Literary Supplement.**



**"All power is corrupt!"  
"We are all politicians!"**



**Look how far we've come  
Submissions are being accepted in room 060 of the  
Student Union until Thursday March 7th**

## **THE PLUNDER OF NIGERIA (CONTINUED)**

continued from page 6

### The IMF, the World Bank, and Uncle Sam

An aspect receiving little play in the media, is the role of World Bank, IMF, and USAID agencies in Nigerian politics. Mitchel Cohen's article in the current issue of Z Magazine is one of the few accounts available. He writes, "At issue is not just the role of a particular corporation or a particular government, but a system of global capitalist domination, spearheaded by the IMF/World Bank?/USAID 'Structural Adjustment Programs' (SAP's). In Nigeria, as in the rest of the world, structural adjustment programs have destroyed the environment, busted unions, privatized resources, immiserated huge numbers of people, and systematically denied human rights."

"The IMF/World Bank/USAID axis adds a new dimension to old fashioned colonialism and imperialism, it strives not only to rip off resources and labor from whole regions of the world as in the past, but uses its economic muscle to bring about political requirements which recipient countries have to meet in order to receive desperately-needed funds. It then uses inability to repay the debt as political blackmail, exhorting ever-more favorable conditions for the indiscriminate looting of resources and labor. In most countries, the debt escalates dramatically with their acceptance of IMF-World Bank economic recovery measures. The Nigerian debt, for example, rose from \$20 to \$30

billion in the 1980's, after a Structural Adjustment Program was introduced."

The US has traditionally dominated the IMF and World Bank agencies, therefore bears direct responsibility on the current economic crisis of Nigeria. The SAP's of the new Globalization of the Economy, the New World Order rhetoric we've been hearing so much about. The fact that they do nothing but serve the interests of banks, investment firms, and provide public subsidy for US agribusiness receives little media attention for obvious reasons.

SAP's take already weak and unstable economies and further ravage them. By inducing the principles of American liberalism on countries such as Nigeria, Haiti, Somalia, India, etc., the US policy ensures that they become dependent on the US for food, further undermining their domestic food production, helping to convert them into agroexport (which means they export food) further benefiting US transnational food industry and producers of fertilizers and chemicals. If anti-SAP riots should ensue in any of these countries, United States sends in troops for "humanitarian/peace keeping operations" and at the same time forces compliance with the programs. That's why troops were sent into Somalia, and most recently, Haiti.

We as citizens of the US, have a tremendous responsibility to the rest of the world. Our government's policies influence countless lives half way around the globe. We must stand up to our policy

makers and let them know, that we will not tolerate blatant disregard for human rights, destruction of environment for the sake of profit, and irresponsible corporations and de facto governments operating without impunity. If we remain silent, what is happening in Nigeria will continue on indefinitely.

While I understand that there is a great deal of apathy amongst students at Stony Brook, and it's nearly impossible to muster support up for anything, those of you who drive, who have friends that drive, ride buses, or live in homes that use oil heat, have an obligation to act. Below are the addresses and numbers of influential people whom you can contact. There are over 17,000 students at Stony Brook and hundreds more faculty. Even if half of you would make a few calls or sent a few letters, the response and impact we could generate would be great. Stand up to the hypocrisy of the US government pretending to be concerned about what happens in Nigeria. Stand up to Shell and others and let them know you're watching and that they will be held accountable for their actions. Those of you who commute, boycott all and any Shell products. Those of you who don't, tell your parents, your friends not to purchase Shell products. You now know the story, you have the information, you have the facts, you know who to contact. Please act accordingly.

# THEY CALL ME DR. LOVE

By Louis M. Moran

One of the most trying experiences a young man can endeavor into is getting a date, or in layman's terms, asking someone out (oh, the colorful verbiage of the commoner.) It is a time of great stress and anxious moments full of torment and hopefully rapture. Yet getting the courage necessary to actually do the deed of asking can be lessened if the asker remembers these two simple facts: One, women have poor spatial distance comprehension. Two, men have far superior direction sense. These two factors must be used to their full advantage, for the wiles of women are many.

Women have nearly no ability to "sight" distances. It is joked because men are always saying that this (hold thumb and index finger apart) is nine inches. Also women are hopelessly lost when blindfolded; women need landmarks to find where they are going. Men do not, that is why men rarely ask for directions. It is important to remember that women want to be "asked" which doesn't mean they want to "go out," but simply that they enjoy the gesture. Whether it be to bask in the warmth of knowing someone likes you enough to hurdle the barriers of fear, or to laugh at the pitiful bastard who is stammering in front of them, women want to be noticed.

Here in my LOVORATORY I have devised a nearly fail-proof way of getting women to say yes to that old question; Want to grease up and slide? Whoops! I mean that other age old question; Would you like to go out with me sometime? The first problem lies within the question itself. Using the exact phrase "Would you like to go out with me sometime?" does not play onto the woman's natural weaknesses, and tragedy can strike when you leave it up to them. This is an actual transcript of women's answers to that particular question:

Q-Would you like to go out sometime?

A1-No.

A2-When?

A3-I'm busy that night.

A4-My grandmother died.

A5-I just contracted AIDS, but I guess so.

Now you can see why it is so very important to ask the woman out using a specific time, date, and place. By asking and including a time date and place you are using the woman's weakness against her. So by rephrasing the question; Would you like to out with me on Friday, seven o'clock at Joe's Diner? You are getting closer to the "Yes" that you so desperately desire. What is happening there is that the woman doesn't really understand the spatial distance between the day and time you asked and Friday at seven o'clock, mostly because there is no spatial distance, but rather a distance of the clock's hands. Also, she can't get to Joe's Diner as well as you because she cannot follow directions. Yet even with the myriad of confusion you have lain before her it may not be enough, so it is back to the LOVORATORY!

First you will need a good friend, preferably of short stature and possessing fat fingers. Second you must find an obscure, but shallow topic that you can appear right on with your every word. We found Goat's Milk Fudge vs. Cow's Milk Fudge to contain the correct balance of shallowness, obscurity and politicism for our purposes. When all of these are in place, get a large straight bar magnet and put it in your pants. This is a fail-safe in case the woman you are asking carries a pocket compass.

Next begin speaking to the woman and as you are facing her, turn so that you are facing west and stand about three feet away from her. Note that you are facing north and eighteen inches apart and slip that casually into the conversation. Now the woman to be asked is confused and bewildered, because as you know she is facing south and is three feet (or thirty six inches) away from you, making this a nearly excellent time to ask. Hold, hold, man! Or as Frankie once said, "Relax, don't do it." Now is the time for your short friend with

the thick digits to act.

He grabs the woman's buttocks and begins kneading furiously. The woman will undoubtedly spin around to look for the cad, but you quickly regain her attention by bringing the Peruvians into the Goat's Milk Fudge conversation. Your friend begins spreading and squeezing her buttocks all the while whispering "Shit...Shiiiiit...shit" in long drawn out breathy syllables. The woman through physical and subliminal suggestion believes she desperately needs to go to the ladies room. While this would be an excellent time to ask because she might be willing to agree to anything, what with her impending bowel movement...wait.

Now your friend takes his hands and begins to stroke, with varying pressures, the genitalia of the woman to be asked. He must continue his "Shit" mantra. She is overcome with a desire for you. Her thought process will go something like this, "...Hmmm, when I'm around him I am aroused, I thought I had to go to the bathroom." Now your friend should take his index and ring finger and make them touch at the tips so that the middle finger is free, then fold back his pinkie and thumb and insert this into the woman's vagina and muck about in there for several minutes. Up and down, side to side, opening and closing the fingers, ultimately using the combination that elicits the most favorable response. Then the middle finger should begin rubbing the clitoris. When the woman's eyes roll up into her head as she reaches orgasm you move in close, moisten your fingers with your friend's fingers (perhaps a "low five"), and using your index, middle finger, and thumb finish the arousal process. She is bound to say "Yes" at this point because she believes that your oratory skills have brought her to an orgasm. This is the path to success with women. If all else fails you could use the other genetic factor men have over women, brute strength, and besides you do have a two pound magnet in your pocket.

## OOPS

By Dan Healy

After today I realized that people should have a better view of Campus Police. Really, do you think that they are trying to hurt you? Do you think that they are trying to spoil your fun? They may do stupid things some times (I will get to that later), but don't we all? I cannot tell you what bad things they may have done; I myself have never had an altercation with them in that way. Please, don't think I am a perfect model citizen, because I'm not. I just seem to get away with a lot of things I do.

I had my first run in with the Campus police today. After a hard day of classes, (Or should I say class?), I approached my car in the parking lot. After having thrown my bag in the trunk (I always do that first, because I don't want anyone to see anything tempting in my otherwise repulsive Oldsmobile), I hopped into the driver's side and got a tape out of the glove compartment. I had to rewind the tape to a specific song, so I could give it to my music teacher. In order to do that, I had to turn on my car. As the tape was rewinding, my friend Chris happened to walk by, so I decided to jump out and talk to him. In the process of that I locked and closed my car door.

Now you would realize it if you locked yourself out of your running car, wouldn't you? I didn't. I kept right on talking to my friend and his girlfriend. Then, for some reason, I patted my right thigh. I normally don't go around patting my thighs, but in this case I did. In doing this, I did not

feel my keys, so I checked my other pockets. No Keys. Then I got that feeling that you get when you're drunk and you look for your keys in one pocket and you realize that they were really in the other pocket but this time they were in my car.

This situation sucks. Not only am I locked out of my car, house, and room, but I am also parked illegally in the faculty parking lot. Fuck you, Chris! If you had never walked by this would never have happened. At this point I was beginning to become insanely mad. I walked over to the nearest phone and called Campus Police. The lady on the other end of the phone was extremely helpful. She seemed nice and I was able to coerce her into getting a Slim Jim sent to my car.

About a half an hour later, someone came to my car with the Slim Jim and asked me to give it a try. He could not do it because I have power locks and if he breaks them, the school is liable. Finally, after several tries, I managed to get the lock open and that was the end. I went home with everything I needed and didn't even get a ticket for where I was parked.

The only thing that pissed me off thoroughly was that I was never asked for any sort of identification. Some loser could have walked by, having seen my keys inside the car, and called Campus Police. With one phone call, they could have had my car and everything in it. That is the one stupid thing they did. I know what I did was not too smart, but who ever said I was smart?

Liv just told me that this house ad doesn't have to be flashy, then she babbled on, (blah blah blah) and I tuned her out about half way through.

Ted was brought out of his dazed state when I flung the ceramic ashtray four inches above his head.

Read the Press  
Join the Press  
room 060 Student  
Union  
Wed. 1pm

# My Evening With Conan

By David M. Ewalt

About a month ago, I was sitting in my room late at night, watching TV and drinking coke. Truly, I was a piteous site. Few things are sadder than a six-foot-three behemoth crammed onto a dorm bed, watching a ten-inch TV. Nonetheless, I was enjoying myself. I've made a nightly ritual of watching "Late Night with Conan O'Brien," the talk show that fills David Letterman's old time slot, after the Tonight Show.

Most people are suspicious when I tell them I'm a big Conan fan. They tend to figure either that I have no taste or that I'm lying to them. The truth is that Conan rocks. In the time since his critically reviled debut, Conan has blossomed. He's a great host, and his comedy sketches are some of the best on TV.

So, there I was, zoning out in front of the tube. My mind was clear and nearly devoid of conscious thought, approaching the zen-like state of relaxation only couch potatoes can reach.

On the screen, Conan was leading into a discussion of "Grady," the character from seventies sitcom "Sanford and Son." Conan was leading a search to find Whitman Mayo, the actor who played Grady. That night, he presented several photos which alert viewers had sent him -possible clues to the current location of Grady.

Suddenly my mind snapped out of its' malaise and went into overdrive. People sent in these pictures... and Conan showed them on TV. What if we printed something about him in the paper... I bet he'd show it on the air! Even better.. what if we

did it on the cover? We'd be sure to get on TV!

The next day was Friday, the beginning of a production weekend for the Press. I told my fellow editors of my idea, and they cautiously agreed. Nobody else had any ideas for the cover... so, what the hell?

As it turns out, our cover did more than mention Conan. The whole page was dedicated to him. The words "WHERE IS GRADY?" were splayed across the page in three inch high letters.

The day after the paper came out, I express mailed several copies to Conan's office... and wouldn't you know it, Thursday night Conan held up our little rag on the air. Man-oh-man, what a rush.

The next day, I pounded out a couple thank-you notes... and wouldn't you know it, when they got those, Conan's people called again! This time, they offered us tickets to the show...

Flash forward to last Friday. Eight members of the Press' Editorial Board sat anxiously in the frigid confines of Late Night's studios in downtown Manhattan. We sat patiently through the warm-up-guy, a tolerably funny guy who I'm pretty sure I've seen on Comedy Central before. He made fun of audience members for a while, gave us the rules for the taping, and then introduced our host.... Conan O'Brien!

Upon the announcement of his name, Conan surged out a side door into the studio and up into the audience, only a few feet from where I sat. The band took up a rocking beat, and Conan belted out a terrific version of "Hunk of Burning Love." You wouldn't think this beanpole irishman would be able to rock and roll, but there it was, live and in

our faces. He even danced a bit with some of the audience members, including the Press' own Steve Tornello, who thrilled the audience with his spirited "butt dance."

After a minute or two, Conan slipped off the stage to prepare for the show. The band played tunes for ten minutes or so... and then the program began in earnest.

For those of you who've never been to a live taping of a TV show before, I can tell you it's not much different than watching at home. The set is pretty far away from where you sit, so you tend to watch most of it on the TV monitors spaced liberally throughout the seating area. There is, however, a special buzz you get in the theater, a feeling like you're part of the production.

The show that night was great, and the guests were very cool. I'll spare you a retelling of the episode, but needless to say when Al Franken compared Pat Buchanan to Hermann Goebbels, I nearly wet myself.

So now the show has ended, and our adventure is over. The Press will return to the business of putting out newspapers and will no longer concern ourselves with grandiose self-promotion. At least for a while. I've got some new ideas brewing, and I think some of them are worth a try. You think maybe if I sent a paper to Letterman... nah, he's too much of a big-shot. Maybe Charles Grodin, or that guy who does Saturday nights on the Spanish channel... ooh! Or Spaceghost! What about Dennis Miller? Then there's the guy on CNN...

## Duckman v. Duckman

By M. J. Molloy

Many of you out there have recently heard the name of Lorin Duckman bantered about in the news. For those of you who are uninformed, Duckman is the Brooklyn Criminal court judge currently embroiled in controversy as a result of his letting Benito Oliver, a man with a twenty-year criminal record that included rape, out on a much reduced bail of \$2,000 for violating an order of protection filed by his girlfriend, Galina Komar. Three weeks later, Oliver shot and killed Komar at her place of work before turning the gun on himself. During court proceedings, "His Honor" (and I use that term grudgingly) was evidently convinced that if Komar were to have returned Oliver's dog to him, all forms of abuse and harassment attributed to Oliver would have stopped.

Well, as the Brits would say, that's just ducky.

But, it's okay. I think I have an solution that would even save the city a few bucks in the process.

Instead of Lorin Duckman on the bench, how about we appoint the cartoon Duckman to be a jurist? It would be so easy, the mayor's office wouldn't even have to change the nameplate on the judge's chambers. And as crude as the cartoon Duckman can be, we would still have an improvement in judging all manner of things.

As proof, let me compare certain aspects of their lives. I am quite sure that you will agree.

**WOMEN:** Cartoon Duckman is someone who is, well, jaded when it comes to his views of women. The woman who is closest to Duckman, Bernice, who lives in his home, is continually referred to as "bitch". He also is constantly opining on the size of her ass (On this he's right; even by cartoon standards, that puppy ain't petite). Of course, Duckman's the kind of guy that likes a woman to answer to his every beck and cail, without a question. His misogynistic attitude recently landed him in an asylum, (oh, if only real life imitated art) and Bernice had never even missed his presence. Another episode had him looking at a woman's "knockers". HE, at least, was conscious enough of his less-than-chivalrous attitude toward women when he notices the lady's lack of protest. As a matter of fact, he spends a large portion of each show either attempting to, or succeeding in ogling, groping, or

otherwise mentally undressing women. BUT, at least, he likes them alive and breathing.

Lorin Duckman, on the other hand, is a real-life, flesh and blood person who reportedly accused prosecutors of exaggerating injuries suffered by Komar. He also is known to have said, in the court record, that there was... "no disfigurement... no broken bones". He also called into question if there had been, aside from bruising, any "actual physical injuries."

Ducky.

Hey Judge, have you ever realized that physical injuries heal? Emotional scars take much more time and care.

**VISION:** The cartoon Duckman seems to have an excellent ophthalmologist. He knows he's a slob and a jerk, yet he sees this clearly with his glasses and he is contented with this.

The judge and I seem to suffer from far poorer vision.

The Judge, through glasses that apparently give him warped vision, could not see that two other judges had kept Oliver's bail at a much higher level (as high as \$7,500), and that these two judges had kept full force Komar's order of protection

I wear no glasses, but I seem to be shortsighted.

I can't see the judge's career continuing much longer.

**TITLE:** Cartoon Duckman: 'Private Dick'.

The Judge: Well... You're all bright, creative college students... Make up your own damn joke!!

**EGO:** The Judge-It's been reported that he seems to be a superior-minded #\*\$% who believed one of the previously mentioned judges was under pressure to assign a higher bail to Oliver. Additionally, he also questioned a female judge's bail by terming it not "reliable". Duckman then limited Komar's order of protection to the extent that Oliver could only be arrested if a police officer actually witnessed Oliver threaten Komar. In court records, Duckman stated that he did not believe that the level of fear and danger that Komar felt did not call for the level of security that the protection order dictated. Apparently, Duckman knew all. He didn't want to hear Oliver's 20-year record of violence, and he must have known enough case facts that he could afford to tell prosecutors, at one point, that "all you are doing right now is making things up."

Cartoon Duckman-He has no ego. He's just a simple grunt of a guy. He faces the world knowing that he will be

given no respect. But he never has said anything that's so out of touch, he would lead an observer to believe that he may have quacked-up (Groan!).

All humor aside, the point is clear: In a city that has a female figure in its harbor that we call "Lady Liberty", there sits on the bench a man who refused, despite a great preponderance of the evidence, to believe that a woman, who had been threatened at the point of a butcher knife was in danger. The severe lack of prudence by this jurist essentially denied this woman a chance at liberty by allowing a man with a long history of violence to continue to stalk and then kill her.

Maybe the judge is confusing the cartoon and his life.

This is a man who takes his name literally. For all I know this man may believe that his world is the world of his cartoon counterpart. It has been reported that his home is quite ducky. With the motif, that is.

Despite several parallels, there is one glaring difference between the two worlds. In a recent episode of the show Duckman in the electric chair lets a man die because he chooses to sleep past the time he could have called to save him. The other Duckman had evidence to support Ms. Komar's case, but he chose not to hear it.

In the cartoon a man comes before Duckman and, as a result of the poor way that Duckman wrote his contracts with his clients, didn't have to pay if he chose not to. Of course, the other Duckman let Benito Oliver get away scot-free by allowing a low bail and ignoring the clear evidence.

And, if any of you Saturday-night demons saw the episode I've mentioned, you know that Duckman was sent to the mental institution because he had pled insanity in court.

As for our friend, Lorin Duckman, insanity does seem to reign in his courtroom

And this is the reason that Duckman, the cartoon should be on the bench rather than the human Duckman.

In the cartoon, the duck knows he's a little crazy, so at least he faces his shortcomings in judgment. A far better choice to one who is blind to his

Lastly, cartoon violence is unreal. In the show, hand-grenades explode in the mouths of characters and yet everything is alright; no one is hurt; no one loses his life. By the end of the show, everything is set right.

Too bad for Galina Komar that not all duckmen are in cartoons.

# EVERYBODY LOVES TO CREME

By P. Milaré Ovis

In this column I will answer the age old question. Not the one involving a sixteen ton weight and Kathy Lee Gifford, but the one about how to tell when spring is starting.

That overgrown squirrel in Pennsylvania has no idea, nor do the people who write the Farmer's Almanac, and neither do the people who pretend to forecast the weather on TV. (Except for Jodi and Jill on the Weather Channel, but my fixation on them is a whole different story.) The real prognosticators of spring are the people at Cadbury.

That's right, spring really starts when the first Cadbury Cream Egg hits the stand.

No candy is greater than the Cream Egg, hell, few foods can stand up to its delectability. Surely if god rested on the 7th day, then on the 8th day he created the Cadbury Cream Egg. (Then, of course, for days 9 through 22 he recovered from the sugar high.)

Never in the history of the world has there been a greater candy, or a marketing strategy. When these chocolate balls of heaven hit the stand I know it's time to break out the summer wardrobe, because spring cannot be far away. I've checked and for the past 9 years they have unerringly predicted the coming of spring.

For example, I saw them for the first time this weekend, and what happened? All the snow that

had been accumulating all winter suddenly melts in constant 50 degree weather. I know I should blame the weather on the high front, but I give all credit to those people in the Hershey Food Corporation.

I know some people absolutely loath these things as freaks of the candy world, and who can blame them considering almost two-thirds of their gross weight are sugars.

But once you taste the soft fondant-creme center, you forget the fact that you have just fulfilled one-fifth of your daily allowance of saturated fat.

As the side of the box says, these eggs are made of milk chocolate, sugar, corn syrup,

invert sugar, egg whites, vanillin and artificial flavoring and are manufactured in England for Hershey Chocolate USA.

The side of the box does not explain what exactly is in the center of the eggs. I guess it's like the special herbs on the Colonel's Fried Chicken, or what fondant is. I've heard of fondue and fondle, but never fondant, so I looked it up.

**Fon•dant** (fon'dant) *n.* A soft, molded confection.

So that's what it is; a molded confection. I guess that explains why it has to be manufactured. Still not satisfied, I looked up 'confection,' and besides saying it was an article produced by mixing or compounding, it listed sweetmeat and any compound of drugs or spices, in the definition of confection.

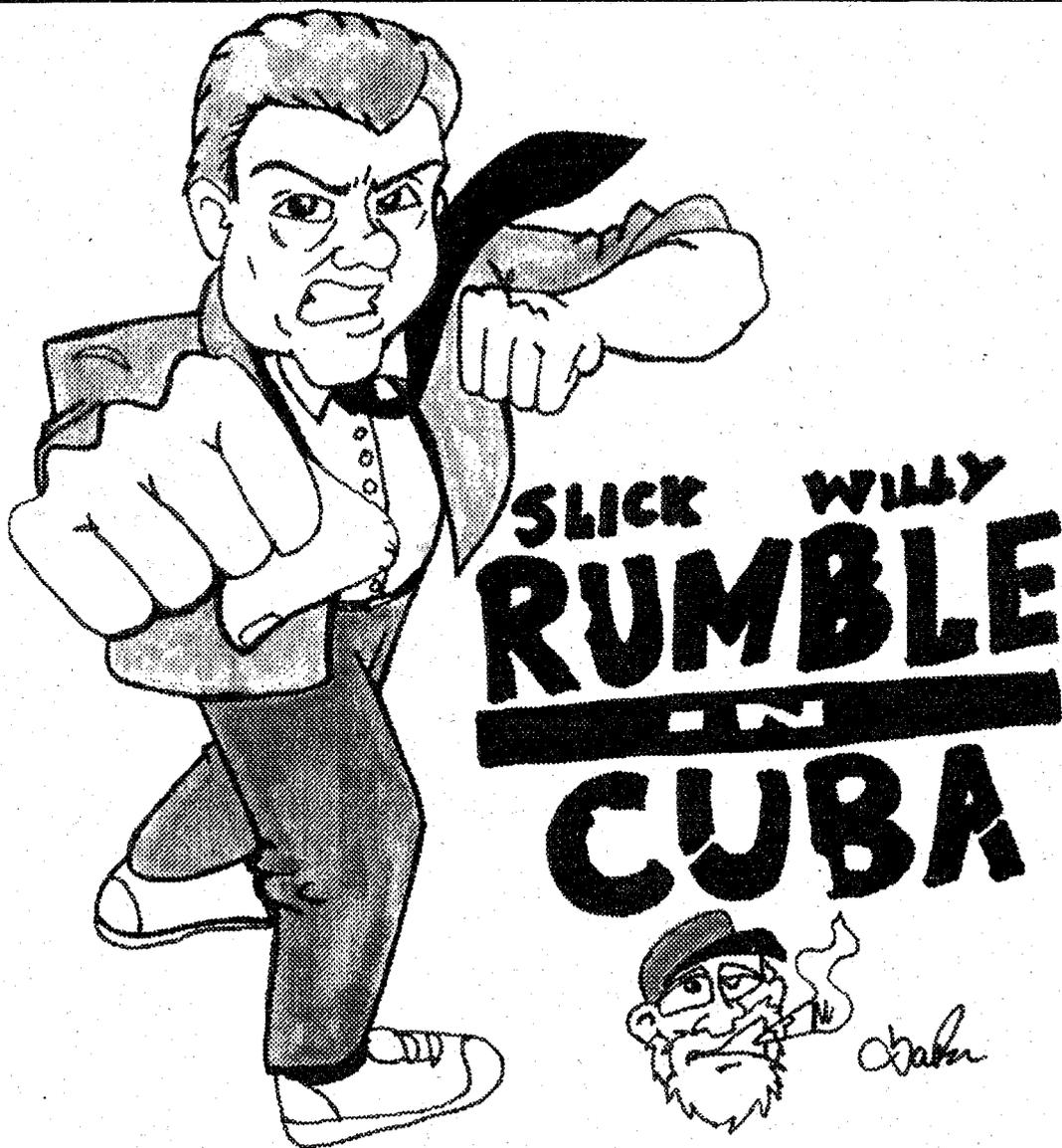
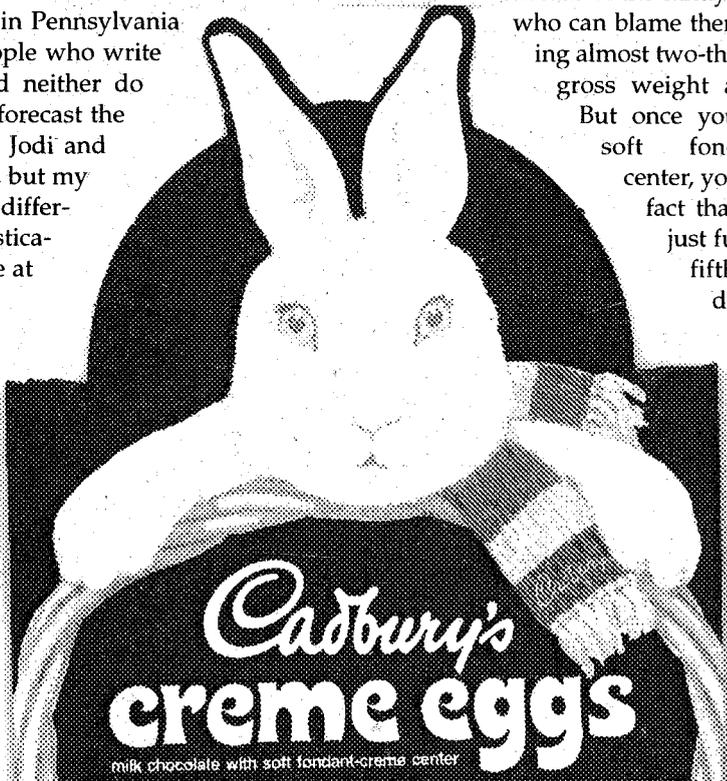
That explains many things. So if I defined the words correctly, then you can call 'fondant' a soft compound of drugs. No wonder they're so good.

The other stroke of genius in Cadbury, besides initially making this wonder, is their marketing of the product. The Creme Eggs are only out for about two months, which gives adequate time for sugar withdrawal, and only gives people a taste, not allowing their taste buds to visit nirvana continuously.

It's like only being allowed to have sex for two months every year, and the rest of the time you're locked up in a monastery learning dead languages. When you get the chance to have sex, nothing stands in your way of acquiring it. It's the same way with Creme Eggs, of course on a much larger scale; nothing stops you from getting those chocolate bits of manna. Fuck your diet, there's always time to starve yourself after the eggs are gone.

The second half of the marketing coup lies in their commercials. Everyone who grew up watching Diff'rent Strokes and Family Ties knows the familiar strains of the Creme Egg commercials. "Tanks east'r bonny. Bock bock."

Those two kids standing next to each other, one in a suit, the other dressed as a bunny holding the eggs, has lasted till this day. That commercial is a good 10 years old, yet it is seen every year as the Creme Eggs flood the market, only to be withdrawn in two months. Hershey and Cadbury force us to wait and blunder through another winter, until they deem it time to give us Spring in the shape of a small chocolate egg.



# CHINSLINKY

By Lowell Yaeger

Before you ask, my editors (who are white and one Filipino) made me change the name of the column back because: a) it would eliminate confusion, and b) the meaning of "mi stoke il cigarillo" is unknown to even me. So, here we go.

This month saw the release of Nick Cave (he's white) & the Bad Seeds' (they're white, although a Caribbean did play drums at one point in their career) newest, *Murder Ballads* (Mute/Elektra), and it's a bruiser. But then again, Nick (he's white) has always cut quite a disturbing figure. After forming, fronting, and ending the seminal Goth-punk band The Birthday Party (white), Nick Cave (white) went on to create The Bad Seeds (white) with Einstürzende Neubauten's Blixa Bargeld (white). Meshing tales of degradation with a unique lounge-blues-Goth hybrid, Cave (white) commands a degree of respect abroad which is frighteningly large — so large that his was the only band not to get booed off the stage at the 1992 Reading Festival. Unfortunately, when he (white) played the Lollapalooza Festival a few years later, his band was the only one booed off the stage... except, of course, for the accurately-named Boredoms (Japanese), who deserved it (but not because they're Japanese).

But maybe that was because of the sappy album, *Let Love In*, that Cave (white) was coming off of. The band's pattern has always been dull album, sharp album, dull album, which means that *Love's* follow-up, the recently released *Ballads*, was slated to be a sharp piece of work. And it is, in every sense of the word. Cave (white) has assembled an impressive array of guest stars, from the talented and pop-

ular P.J. Harvey (white) to the talented and unpopular Kylie Minogue (white), to go with his songs of death and destruction. Moody, acoustic Gothic rock (whatever that means) provides the perfect backdrop for these narratives, which come from every point-of-view possible — murderer, murdered, involved and uninvolved witnesses alike. High points of the album include the jaunty, carnivalesque "The Curse of Millhaven" and a remake of the blues standard "Stagger Lee" with violent lyrics that would do any gangsta rapper proud: "She cried 'oh no the bartender can't be dead' / I said 'take a look at the six bullet holes in his fuckin' head'." An interesting buy, even for people who aren't usually fans of Cave's moody brand of pop.

The number of talented Long Island indie-bands is growing, apparently. I recently received a sampler from Good Guppy Records, based in Huntington, and it's really, really good. The CD's first band is Bello Lamb, a pop outfit whose music reminds me of R.E.M., King Crimson, and the Pixies, with a sharp, frenetic edge reminiscent of the Butthole Surfers. The band also shares a trait with the fellows above: wonderfully bizarre lyrics whose true meaning remains absolutely unknown.

Vitriola is the second band on this disk, a trio mixing Goth, industrial, and cello. But it works. Karen Mittelstadt, the group's vocalist, has a sound that could be compared to Toni Halliday's, the beautiful siren that used to front Curve before they broke up. It's refreshing to find a Goth/industrial band here amongst three bands that could be labeled "indie-pop" — you can bet your bottom dollar Matador's never going to sign a band that professes to heavy use of synthesizers.

Egghead is like the Dead Milkmen with guitar training. While they've got a punky, aggressive attitude, they're not snotty; they remind me more of They Might Be Giants than any punk band I've ever seen, but they're not arty enough to be compared to the boys from Brooklyn. Their lyrics cover everything from former girlfriends to the besieged scapegoat of that deserted isle, Gilligan. I don't really like punk, but objectively, this is a good piece of work.

The last band, Sidedoor Johnnies, sounds something like the Who, as fronted by Matthew Sweet. This is pure pop, with little to no distortion — and little to no cute tricks, something straight-forward pop bands are afraid to do these days (which means they're not straight-forward pop, but anyway). While they are, in my opinion, the least individual of the bands on this compilation, the Sidedoor Johnnies are still a good listen, and I guess that's all that matters.

[I do not pretend to know the race or color of any of the performers on this compilation.]

Just in case you're interested, the city is about to be assaulted by a tidal wave of shows. The Foo Fighters, Ministry, Radiohead, and Life of Agony will soon be playing Roseland (separately) while Frank Black and NOFX will be playing Tramps's (also separately). All of them are sure to be good, and with the exception of Ministry, they're pretty cheap, so if you're looking for a good time, head in and enjoy yourself. My editor wants me to fill up a few more lines worth, so, um, let's see, what else can I talk about, oh fuck it. Ted Swedalla's show sucks. Don't listen to it at 3 am - 6 am on Monday mornings, 90.1 WUSB, it sucks a lot.

## Beckett's Twisted Space

By Katherine Zafiris

In Beckett Space, A Modernist Carnival, the idea of nine plays simultaneously playing is presented in a concise and audience appealing fashion. Directed by David Z. Saltz, Beckett Space allows a different approach to Samuel Beckett's works. By presenting different chambers and mixing live performances with technology, Beckett Space is not only a surprise but a breath of fresh air to the ordinary theater going experience.

I have to say at first I was not very interested in the idea of seeing any of Samuel Beckett's works. Having read Beckett a number of times and been turned off from taking Beckett this semester; I went into this play not too fond of Beckett. I was to be pleasantly surprised throughout the evening, that I was wrong.

The first surprise that I came into contact with was that the director David Z. Saltz came out to greet the audience before we even made it into the theater. This was great, because rarely do you meet a director, let alone does he come out to explain a play. But, in this instance it was a good thing; considering the complicated idea and situation of Beckett Space.

Soon, the audience made its way into the theater. We were greeted with nine areas in which we could choose to see whatever play we wanted. I chose "Ohio Impromptu" to go to first. Peter Winkler did an amazing job performing against himself on video. He would knock various times on a table, controlling the second character on a video screen. According to the director, a computer synchronized the live and recorded performances during the play. The

play was interesting to view, but the problem that I found was that I would like to have known more about the play before viewing it (I couldn't grasp the main idea of it).

Out of the nine areas of Beckett plays, there were two in general that I was greatly impressed with, "Eh Joe", and "Play". "Eh Joe" was presented both live on a stage and live on a television screen, concentrating mainly on Joe's face. The idea of this play is that of a monologue taking place in Joe's head. Throughout



the twenty-one minutes, whoever is in Joe's

Peter Winkler in "Ohio Impromptu"

mind, berates him with past events. Anthony Commorato Jr. and Fred Martinez were excellent as Joe 1 and Joe 2.

I found the best play was "Play". This play consisted of three characters who were placed inside urn-like things. Twenty minutes long, "Play" is about a love-triangle and what happened in it. Jim Van Valen, Marissa Longo, and

Joanna Tobin were the best by far in the whole production. They did a superb performance in what I thought was the most difficult of the performances. Most of the actors in the plays performed did not have a word script to memorize. Most of the actors had to play off a recorded script with physical acting. While this is hard to do, in "Play" the actors had a much more difficult job to do. They had to memorize lines, which were to be played off the other characters who were situated in different chambers. The

actors had a difficult time being confined in a urn, having a light shone in their eyes, and having their lines being cut-off or interrupted by the other actors. I have to say that this was the best play of the whole production.

I liked the whole production immensely. My only problem was the acoustics. You could hear all the other plays while you were in one chamber. Then, when you were in the chamber

that you wanted to be in, you had a hard time hearing it. Also, I found that it would have been nice if there was a short synopsis of each play given at the beginning of the performance. It would have been easier to follow what was going on. But other than that, I found this whole experience to be truly what it was titled as; a Modernist Carnival.

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## Spring Flicks

By Chris Cartusciello

Now that the Oscar nominees have been announced (I'll get into that next time) the studios figure that they can slack off and release some of their less than auspicious films. The ones that you'll go to see just to do something on a rainy March night. This is not to say that all of the movies released in the next few months are hold-overs from a time when they would have gotten no notice what-so-ever, although that is exactly what Mary Reilly is. Some of the Hollywood big-wigs just thought they could add a little spice to an otherwise dull season. This is where films such as *Broken Arrow* come into play. An actioner such as this would have done fine during the summer but in the spring it becomes a blockbuster. Got it? Good. Now on with the show. (And no talking please.)

For the films that have already been released there is not much to say. Most people would have already heard about them and decided which ones they wanted to see. For those of you in a closet, here is a quick rundown.

*Mr. Wrong* - Stand-up and sitcom star Ellen DeGeneres tries to break up with Bill Pullman, a psychopathic boyfriend who just won't let go, in this black comedy by Touchstone Pictures

*Happy Gilmore* - Another moronic attempt at "comedy" by ex-SNLer Adam Sandler as an inept hockey player who tries his hand at golf.

*Black Sheep* - This generation's Abbott and Costello, Laurel and Hardy, Lewis and Martin, ect... Chris Farley and David Spade take another shot at trying to make us laugh. You know the formula by now. Spade plays straight man to Farley's childlike dope. Somebody, please stop them!!!

*Muppet Treasure Island* - They may not be everybody's cup of tea, but there is no denying that they are funny. The whole gang is here, Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie and the Great Gonzo. From the title you can figure out the plot. Tim Curry plays Long John Silver. And if you doubt the popularity of these cute little inanimate balls of fuzz just remember that "The Muppet Show" was at one time the most watched show on TV. Later on this season they try their hand at it again with a new show, "Muppets Tonight" Jim Henson's legacy lives on in his son Brian.

*Before And After* - Meryl Streep and Liam Neeson play the parents of Edward Furlong, a boy accused of murdering his girlfriend, in this thriller by director Barbet Schroeder (*Single White Female*) Great performances all around even though the plot is a bit contrived.

*Rumble In The Bronx* - Star Jackie Chan is the most popular movie star in the world, yet he is barely even known here. This film could change that. Chan has been doing this for 20 years and he is the only star who does all his own stunts, including a 30 foot leap from a rooftop to a fire escape. Even if the film bombs in this country, it will make a mint everywhere else. He at least deserves an "E" for effort.

Below is a list of some of the other films scheduled for release within the next few months. Release dates are subject to change.

*Down Periscope* - Kelsey Grammer, of TV's "Frasier", plays the captain of a slightly off-kilter submarine crew. This could be the one that makes him a film star, but it's doubtful. The story is pret-

ty standard stuff and it's been seen a hundred times before. Lauren Holly (*Dumb And Dumber*) co-stars. (March 1)

*Up Close And Personal* - Michelle Pfeiffer and Robert Redford star as a novice newscaster and a veteran journalist, respectively. Originally based on the life of newscaster Jessica Savitch, this film underwent serious re-writes and now only has a passing resemblance to the late NBC anchor. (March 1)

*The Birdcage* - An update of the French hit *La Cage aux Folles* with Robin Williams and Nathan Lane as a gay couple who must play straight for the



*The Kids In The Hall: Brain Candy*

sake of Williams' son's future parents-in-law. For once Williams is the more subdued of the two. Lane is a great comedic actor and a Broadway star. (March 8)

*Executive Decision* - Kurt Russell stars as a CIA operative trying to save a hijacked 747 in mid-air. Steven Segal also stars but has been put on the back burner as far as advertising goes. Right now Russell is riding high coming off of *Stargate* and going into *Escape From L.A.* Segal's star is fading faster than his marriage to Kelly LeBrock. (March 15)

*Ed* - I don't watch the show and I don't have much desire to see their movies, but for those of you who do, this is the first film of the season to star one of the "Friends." Matt LeBlanc stars as a minor league baseball player who bonds with the team's new third baseman, a chimpanzee. I don't think this one will make it out of the park, much less past the pitcher's mound. (March 15)

*A Family Thing* - Robert Duvall plays an Arkansas tractor salesman who is searching for his long-lost brother. Turns out that his sibling is Darth Vader himself, James Earl Jones. They gave Jones a stutter when he speaks so as not to sound too ominous. (March 29)

*Sgt. Bilko* - Steve Martin takes over the role made famous on television in the 50's by Phil Silvers. He plays an officer who swindles his way through the army. Dan Aykroyd and Phil Hartman co-star. (March 29)

*Diabolique* - Sharon Stone, fresh off her Oscar nomination, stars in this remake of the 1955 French film. She plays a schoolteacher who, along with

her lover's wife (Isabelle Adjani), bumps him off. Stone reportedly threw the producers out of her trailer when they insisted she do a nude scene. How times have changed. (March 29)

*Primal Fear* - Laura Linney (*Congo*) is a prosecutor and Richard Gere is the defense attorney trying to protect an alterboy accused of murdering an archbishop. They are also ex-lovers. (April 3)

*Celtic Pride* - Damon Wayans is a basketball player for the Utah Jazz who gets kidnapped by Celtic fans, Dan Aykroyd and Daniel Stern. (April 5)

*James And The Giant Peach* - Producer Tim Burton once again teams with *Nightmare Before Christmas* director Henry Selick to bring the popular children's book to life. It starts out real-life and moves to stop motion when he enters the odd world of the peach (April 12)

*The Kids in The Hall: Brain Candy* - Those cross-dressing Canadian comedians are all back one last time for their first feature film. It's basically a longer form of the show, which has ceased production and can be seen in repeats on Comedy Central. (April 12)

*Mystery Science Theater 3000: The Movie* - Mike and the 'bots take on a movie that is not all that bad in the first place, 1954's *This Island Earth*. Hopefully this will bring them to a broader audience and the show can continue. Comedy Central is already reviewing their cancellation MST3K saying that it was all a big misunderstanding. Maybe all the letters addressed to C.C. president Doug 'Dickhead' Herzog had an effect. (April 19)

*Stephen King's Thinner* - Based on one of King's Richard Bachman books, it is the story of a 300 pound man who starts losing weight and can't stop. (April 19)

*The Pallbearer* - The second film to star one of the "Friends" is the story of Tom Thompson (David Schwimmer) who agrees to give a eulogy for a high-school classmate. Problem is, Tom doesn't know who this guy is. How original. Can't wait. (April 19)

*Mulholland Falls* - Nick Nolte, Chazz Palminteri, Chris Penn and Michael Madsen are members of a crimefighting group called The Hat Squad, referring to their ever-present fedoras. The action takes place in L.A. during the 1950's. (April 26)

*Feeling Minnesota* - Cameron Diaz is forced to marry sleazy Vincent D'Onofrio but then falls in love with his nice brother, Keanu Reeves. Now she has to choose what to do. Betcha I know what she decides. (April 26)

*Barb Wire* - Pamela Anderson Lee, she of the plastic body, stars as a mercenary who must save the country during the second civil war. Does she have two atomic bombs hidden somewhere or is it that when they see her in that tight leather and spike heels they just lose all control? Is that a scud missile in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me? (May 3)

*Last Dance* - Sharon Stone (again) plays a convicted killer on death row. Rob Morrow, late of TV's "Northern Exposure" is the lawyer trying to save her. (May 3)

*Flipper* - Based on the 60's television show, Elijah Wood plays a city kid sent to live with his uncle (Paul Hogan) on a remote island. There he befriends a dolphin and the film starts. Kind of like Free Willy, only smaller. (May 10)

# The Board of Education

By Steven Tornello

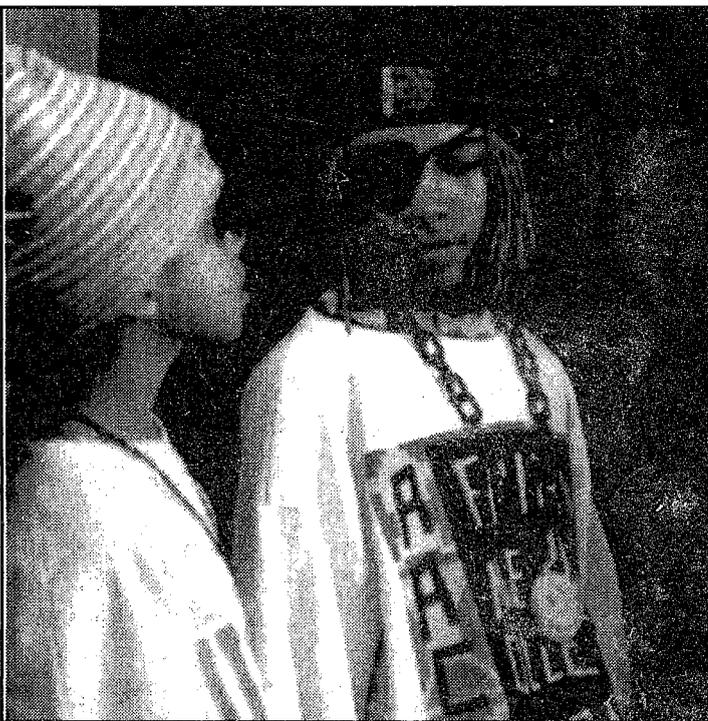
This really happened to me on Friday night. On the L.I.R.R. on the way to the city for our appearance on *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*, a little eight-year old prick (either the Daddy Mac or the Mac Daddy, whichever you prefer) tapped me on the shoulder with authority. Startled, I looked at the thug who, with extreme disdain, made a flailing motion with his hand to construe his desire for me to remove my "Bimblins" from the vacant train seat across from me. If he wasn't such an asshole, I would have gleefully exited my feet from the area it was occupying. However, before I could administer a courteous and respectful "Fuck you dick!", he took the effort of removing my feet from the seat for me. What a gent! I stared at him, and with extreme enthusiasm, I kindly asked him, "Are you fucking serious? I would have moved them myself if you fucking asked me?" He lowered his earphones from his ears and retorted, "You don't own the fuckin' train." Now, at this point of the reparte, I had three options:

1. I could have said, "No, I don't own the train, but I do own five fingers, and when clenched together in a fist-like form, they do serious damage to an eight-year old's face, can you dig it?" The problems with this response is that I am a person who believes that fighting is merely a failure of intelligence, and to yell this at a kid who had a Mighty Morphin Power Ranger in his back pocket would be an instance of myself wielding my "I'm older nah nah nah" sword. Plus, I would just become the same bully that this prick will become when he grows up. So this option wasn't feasible.

2. I could have said nothing. In doing that, I would be handing over my testicles to a ten-year-old who probably thought they were ben-wa balls or G.I. Joe helmets (that is, on a larger scale, of course, yeah). To do nothing would be to immortalize myself as the writer who wimped out to Kris Kross. So that option became impossible.

3. What I did was laugh. However, this laughter had intention. I intended to startle Daddy Mac/Mac Daddy into a silence and to prove my

machismo to my colleagues without having to back it up. (To be honest, if I had something witty to say, I would have said it because things tend to flow out of my mouth before I get a chance to analyze them). The plan worked to perfection with the help of our very own Music Editor Lowell Yaeger, who managed to preoccupy the neophyte with his orchestral phlegm symphony. Mac Daddy/Daddy Mac quickly scampered to another part of the



Daddy Mac and/or Mac Daddy

train, probably to verbally accost another unsuspecting L.I.R.R. commuter. Maybe he got hit this time, though. Anyway, I was finally able to put my "Bimblins" back up for my comfort.

However, to my amazement, this little episode did not startle me. After all, I've been a New Yorker for twenty-one years, and I've seen and heard much worse. As I look back upon this escapade, I realize that my desensitization to this rudeness shouldn't be. I should be appalled and dismayed by the incredulousness of impetuous youths in the five boroughs and Long Island. Yet, I accepted this prick's behavior as being just another minute in the day. This can't be! How could this be?

Shouldn't people have respect and courtesy in a manner that befits the way human beings should treat each other? I've always learned that you should treat people the way you would like to be treated yourself, You know, the Golden Rule. Why is it that nowadays you see more people practicing golden showers rather than the Golden Rule?

This antipathy should be stopped immediately before another generation of disrespectful assholes is bequeathed to us to put up with. However, this is not something that we could just tell people to do. How, then, could we get our point across to a mass of people whose ears are shut due to the blaring of generic pop music in their walkmans? My philosophical search led me to a place where every person hypothetically should spend their misguided youth: school. How could school teach punks like Daddy Mac/Mac Daddy "the meaning of the word respect"? I say bring back the Board of Education.

Ask your parents and even your grandparents about the Board. You misbehave in class, and the teacher "breaks glass in case of asshole", and whips out the paddle. The teacher teaches the cretin respect by making the accused's ass redder than Ted Kennedy's nose on St. Patty's Day. The accused will never misbehave or sit again.

You may be sitting there thinking, "Yes Steve, you do have a point, but would this work in today's society?" To answer that question, you must ask Michael Fay if he will ever spray paint cars again. The Singaporeans have got it right. Michael Fay will never ever even misconjugate a verb again. Do you think Daddy Mac/Mac Daddy would wise off to me if we were in Singapore? I truly think not. The little prick wouldn't even think about asking me to politely move my feet without genuflecting beforehand. I say, use the Board without discretion and with force. Also, I believe that some people should get a regular ass-kicking because mere words and a paddle just wouldn't get the point across.

In closing, I cannot wait to run away from this state to a land where people are nice and I can put my feet on seats without the fear of being verbally abused by a fetus. If we stopped Daddy Mac/Mac Daddy from being a prick in his early stages, we wouldn't have to worry about them when they actually have some sort of authority (God forbid!)

## 3TV Programs Now and Later

By Marvin Kittmen

3TV has announced some new programs for the upcoming Spring semester. I had the opportunity to view one of them upon its airing on Monday night and the other I viewed under its production.

*USB Video Debris* has begun its second semester of providing the campus with a video show coupled with campus chicanery. If you happened to watch the show last semester, you would remember that Will, Katie, and Steve would do a skit and then introduce a video. The videos really weren't that great, but the sketch comedy was mostly entertaining. Anyway, *Video Debris* underwent a metamorphosis this semester. With Will in Hawaii and Katie exploring different avenues (she got a job), Steve had to recruit at least another host, and he found his man behind the camera. "I chose Lenny because he knew what was the general gist of the show was by being behind the camera. I didn't have to indoctrinate

someone new to the show." The episode I watched was somewhat amusing, but being that this was the first show they did without Will, who was the creator and manpower behind last semester's show, it wasn't as bad as they thought it would be. The episode featured Lenny and Steve doing their laundry, a student poll of the week, "A Beer's Night at the Park Bench", and a public service announcement by Devon "Hollywood" Gibbs, plus an announcement of a special contest to close the show. It also featured videos by Soundgarden and selections from the "If I Were a Carpenter" compact disc. Steve stated that they have innovative ideas for future shows, such as "*Video Debris* in Georgetown/Hawaii/Mardi Gras", "*Video Debris* in your Dorm", and "*Video Debris* Newsflash". The program airs Monday night at 7 P.M., but check the 3TV listings for future airtimes.

The second show I previewed was *Press Uncensored*. If you haven't guessed by now, it

is the *Stony Brook Press*' own television show. It contains outtakes of the regular meetings on Wednesday, their production nights, and other eventful nights which transpired last semester. "It's us" said John Giuffo. "It's a real look at the lighter side of what really happens here. It emphasizes more of the silly side of us, and we hope to bring this out in future shows, when we interview celebrities." Most people don't get a real look at what happens at a *Press* meeting. I was struck with laughter and shock upon viewing this episode. *The Press* urges people whose interests are piqued by the television show to come on down and see the whole thing in person and to maybe join in on the fun. This forty-five minute show has yet to be aired on 3TV, so again, you should check your listings for future airtimes.

My analyses of these shows is :watch them. At the very least, it's your very own students actually doing something worthwhile. At its best, it's quality campus television and very entertaining for the viewer.