

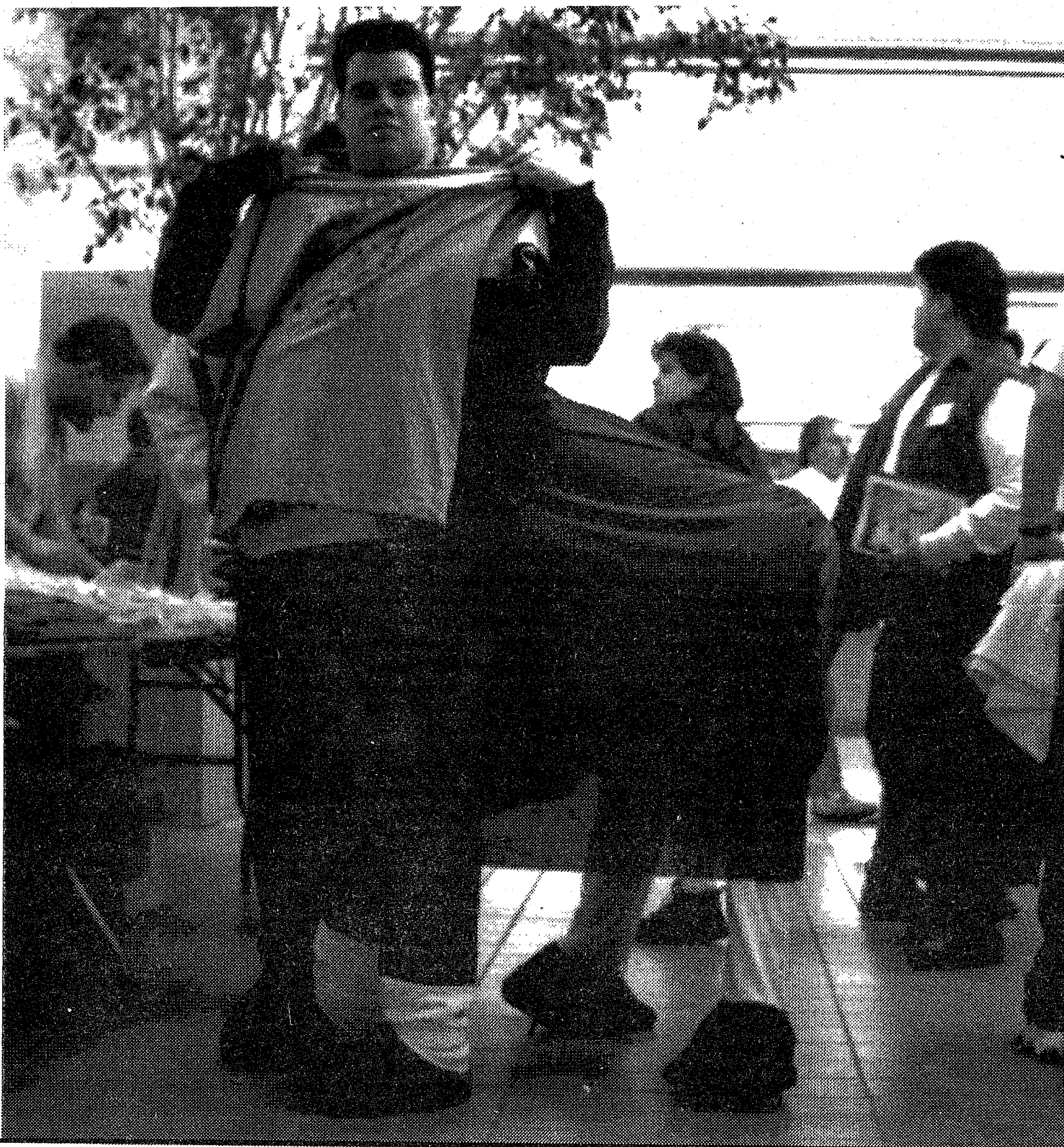
THE
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The Judas of Journalism

April, 15th 1996



"You're not going to make fun of us
like you did last year,
ARE YOU?"

Free To Pervert Justice

By Heather Irene Rosenow

Recently problems have arisen between a militia group who call themselves "The Freeman" and the United States government. What

needs to be clarified for many people is that this would-be standoff should not, and cannot, be compared to Ruby Ridge or Waco. Obviously the federal government made mistakes in the past, the inferno at Waco being the most painfully publicized, but here I believe the only ones to blame are the Freeman. They are not holed up in their compound, which they refer to as "Justus Compound", for any truly ideological reasons. They are instead running from the government because they have committed very legitimate crimes. Charges filed against them include mail fraud, forgery, and threats against government officials. Instead of fighting for something that they believe is right, they are preying on an unstable general public still reeling from economic stresses which caused many to go under with no apparent hope of recovery on the horizon. These Freeman, as they call themselves, have given seminars on how to evade the law, practice successful fraud, and get what you

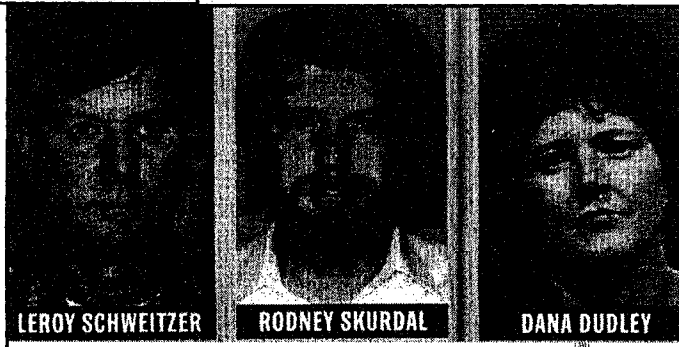
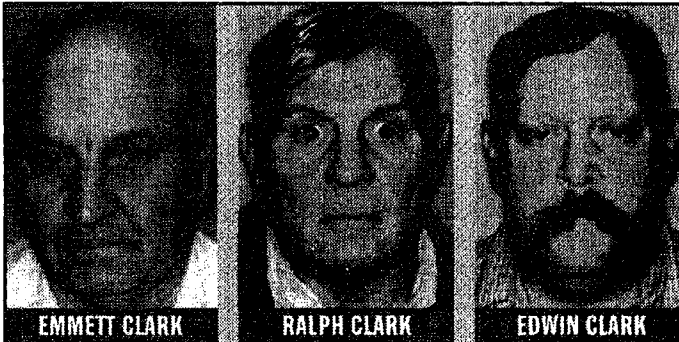
want through intimidation. By teaching this and practicing what they preach, they have managed to do very well for themselves. Not only have they been so bold to do this right under the governments' collective nose, but they have also threatened local officials and put bounties out on them if they try to intervene and stop the illegal games they play.

Janet Reno is afraid to act deci-

cumbing to a confusion inspired cowardice. Something must be done or a dangerous message will be sent to militia groups everywhere; step on the toes of the US government and very little will be done. Various militia representatives have already said they are against what the Freeman are doing because they believe they are nothing but common criminals, but the basic message remains. Reno knows that her political career is over if she lets another standoff go up in smoke. That's what this sad little dance the government has been performing for the country is all about.

Politics has managed to interfere with the law once again. The unfortunate result of this political paranoia is a demonstration of complete incompetence on the part of the government on both state and federal levels in dealing with internal crises covered by the media. They've just recently realized that the masses pay attention to what they do, and it fazed them a bit. While very little has really been accomplished, a move toward progress manifested itself in the form of two arrests. Leroy Schweitzer and Daniel Peterson were taken into custody on April 1st. Both are high ranking Freeman leaders who have been involved with the group since the 1970's. When brought into court both refused to cooper-

continued on page 5



THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN CRIMINAL

By Katherine Zafiris

This week the infamous "Unabomber" was found and captured by the FBI. He was secured by a simple twist of fate. It seems that The Unabomber's brother, David Kaczynski, had found in the attic of his mother's home, papers that seemed suspicious. These documents contained information that seemed reminiscent of The Unabomber's ideas and thoughts. After a long, and probably, threatening moral dilemma, David Kaczynski showed the FBI the information that he and Susan Swanson, a private investigator, had uncovered. The original notion that Ms. Swanson and Mr. Kaczynski set out on was initially ruled out Theodore Kaczynski as The Unabomber. But the similarities proved to be too much.

There was much corresponding evidence to the contrary notion that Theodore Kaczynski was not The Unabomber. The similarities that were evident were that Theodore Kaczynski had been places that The Unabomber had been thought to have been. The biggest similarity was in the papers and letters of Theodore Kaczynski, that were found in his mother's attic. The contents of these documents were very similar to the ideas of The Unabomber in his antitechnology manifesto. It also became known through further investigation that Theodore Kaczynski had played with chemical explosives as a child and was fascinated with rockets. And finally through a letter writing friend of Theodore Kaczynski it became known that he liked to carve things out of wood.

The most interesting fact about Theodore Kaczynski was that he was highly educated. A Harvard education and a teaching stint at the University of California at Berkeley. This is an interesting fact because of his choice of how he lived. Theodore Kaczynski lived in a one room hand-

made cabin in rural Montana. He had no electricity or running water. He survived by working odd jobs and hunting rabbits. In a letter to his pen pal Juan Sanchez Arrola, Kaczynski wrote that he was in extreme poverty with only \$53.01, just enough to stave off hunger without hunting for rabbits.

In letters to Arrola, Kaczynski also wrote in detail about hunting and trying to work odd jobs. He said in one letter that if he wanted to travel to see his friend, he would have to stop eating for year to save up the money. It seems that Theodore Kaczynski's brother had been sending him money for along time but suddenly stopped after a while. Kaczynski also wrote in depth about how horrible he found the government and how he found the injustices of the government to be unbearable. He called the officials in the government liars and that they would do anything to carry out their injustices.

Another surprising fact to Mr. Kaczynski's life that was that he wrote letters, but did not like to receive advice. In one letter he wrote, "If you want to be my friend, don't give me advice." It seems that Theodore Kaczynski began to withdraw from society after he quit his teaching job at Berkeley. It seem that his parents reprimanded him often about quitting and soon after he wanted nothing to do with his family.

With all the information that has surfaced in the past week about this case some things just don't fit. The FBI wants you to believe that they caught a man who has avoided capture for 17 years on a simple twist of fate, and that his brother was the one who turned him in. Why would a man supposedly very intelligent just leave all kinds of evidence like documents in his cabin, just waiting to be discovered?

Has anyone been able to go inside the cabin or has anyone ever been inside the cabin to say "Sure I saw a bomb in the corner" or "Sure, he used to

preach antitechnology to me over dinner." No. No one knew The Unabomber, no one had been inside the cabin to say that whatever the FBI has found there was really there. So, this man had strong views about the government and about technology. I know four people off the top of my head who have similar views. I myself have similar views about the government and have strong views about immigrants, social security, and welfare. My views are usually not widely accepted, but that doesn't mean that I still don't believe in them. There is someone on staff here at the paper who thinks NASA is watching him through his television. He's written and told people his views. Does that mean that one day he'll send bombs to astronauts in response to his paranoia?

My whole point is that it seems to be a little too convenient. It seems that the FBI took the one loner who lived like a frontier man, had harsh views about the government. His brother was probably sick of him and turned him in and the FBI jumped all over it like cockroaches to a plate of spaghetti. If that is all that is needed to become an infamous criminal in the eyes of the American public, then there is a man down the block from where I live that has the same disheveled appearance and that lives in a three bedroom house with no heat and collects newspapers. Maybe he's the one who really killed J.F.K.

As an educated intelligent person, anyone who has read the papers and seen the news knows that Theodore Kaczynski has not yet been linked to any of The Unabomber's crimes. There is mounting evidence and there is speculation; but the question to ask yourself is, how much do you trust the United States Government? How much do you trust a government that is founding a whole case on a man's constitutional and inalienable right to write down what he feels and thinks? If

continued on page 9

Let Each Become Defunded!

By Martha Chemas

The results of the Polity elections are in. A surprising 3089 ballots were cast, more than the usual 10% of the Stony Brook population. No real surprises as far as the candidates are concerned, most ran uncontested. For the position of Polity President

Keren Zolotov scored a victory receiving 1272 votes to her opponent Kedar Desai's 730 votes. In the VP race current Sophomore Rep. Monique Maylor beat Senator Joshua Prever with the vote count 1404 to 531. Current Freshman Rep. Kelvin Innocent ran unopposed and not surprisingly, won the seat as Polity Secretary. All those running as Class Reps. won since they all ran unopposed as well.

Also during the election seven referenda items were up for grabs. Five items were for the continuation of funding for current or new organizations/projects. All five passed, meaning that NYPIRG, PSC, SPA and 3TV will continue getting a cut of your student activity fee, additionally, the Roth Regatta will begin to receive a piece of the fee.

Now for the slightly less expected part. USSA and *Statesman* both went on referenda asking for an increase in the amount of money they get from the student activity fee. The USSA increase passed, the *Statesman* failed. This would not be all that important except for the fact that the student body in voting down an increase to *Statesman's* budget, also voted down whatever funds *Statesman* was receiving prior to the election. The problem was that it was not made clear during election time that voting down an increase would mean voting down any existing support.

This was a concern to people outside of the *Statesman* office. Election Board Chair Kim Douglas appeared at last Wednesday's Senate meeting to discuss the ramifications of the vague wording on the election ballots. Implicit in requesting an increase is the stipulation that if the increase does not pass, the prior funding is shelved as well. This was not clear by simply looking at the ballot. Senate Alternate Secretary Dave Shashoua, in light of the situation, motioned to have the wording made clearer (to avoid any misconceptions) and to

bring the referenda back to the ballot. There were objections and the motion was taken to a vote. The outcome was 11-9 in favor with two abstentions.

"...there is not enough money left in the Election Board Treasury to hold another election."

All present thought that this was the end of the issue, the referenda would be tried again, and this time, if it failed, nothing could be said about it. This is not what happened.

Friday morning the Polity Executive Council held their regular meeting. During this meeting, a motion was made to veto the Senate's ruling. When the vote was taken the Senate's ruling was defeated. Annette Hicks, Keren Zolotov, Andre Vasquez, and Kelvin Innocent voted in favor of vetoing the Senate's decision, while Erika Abel voted against doing so. Nicole Rosner and Monique Maylor abstained.

The reasons given for the veto were logistical. According to members of the executive council, there is not enough money left in the Election Board Treasury to hold another election. Also noted was the contention that *Statesman* did not promote themselves enough. Perhaps the most bizarre reason given for the veto was that the USSA referenda had the same wording and it still passed.

There are many question to be asked. The final vote count in the *Statesman* referenda question was 778 in favor of an increase and 1215 against the proposed increase. Worth noting, however, is the fact that 779 ballots were discarded, presumably because they were illegible. The more than 25% of votes discarded, applied to any of the contested electoral races, could easily reverse any of the final standings. As for

"Why did more than 25% of the votes end up in the rubbish pile?"

the lack of funds, I have in my possession a copy of the minutes for an emergency council meeting, held March 25, 1996 where a motion made by Erika Abel is passed. What motion? To fund additional polling sites in HSC and the Gym and in case of a run-off election to add funds to the Election Board Treasury. What gives?

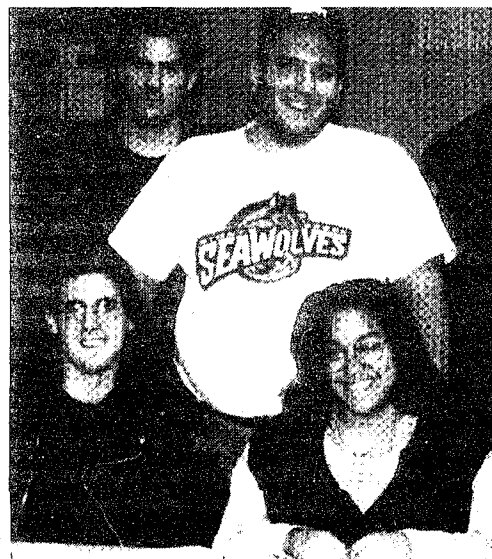
In an attempt to clarify my confusion I called Annette Hicks (did not return my call), Keren Zolotov (phone was answered, then hung up), Monique Maylor (said she'd get back to me, but didn't), Erika Abel (phone real busy), and Nicole Rosner (got back to me). Andre Vasquez and Kelvin Innocent's numbers are not listed.

According to Rosner, there is no money for a new election, she said, "I will not vote against the Senate...but logistically it would have been impossible to have another election."

As it stands, the situation is diaphanous at best. Why was a motion passed to allocate moneys for a run-off election and then lack of funds cited as the reason for not having an election? Why did more than a quarter of the votes end up in the rubbish pile? Why was I

not asked for a student ID when I voted?

Statesman Associate Editor Paul Wright, thinks he has the answer. Recent editorials written in *Statesman* have been hyper-critical of Polity President Annette Hicks. Wright feels that the veto is a manipulation on the part of Hicks to silence *Statesman*. In an interview he stat-



Statesman Editors, Past and Present
Standing, foreground: Tom Masse
Sitting: Tom Flanagan, Alexandra Cruz

ed, "I question the decision handed down. To me, it [the council's veto] reeks of censorship. Why...would the election board spend all but \$4 of their budget?...Suppose there needed to be a runoff election? I firmly believe that if certain candidates or referenda items were in our position, the council would find the money for an election."

Perhaps there is an abuse of power taking place here, perhaps *Statesman* is crying sour grapes in light of their defeat. The problem is that now, the situation will never be cleared. Without a re-election we will never know for sure if the student body did not realize voting against an increase would mean voting against current funding, or if they were sending a clear message to *Statesman*, namely that they are not interested in subsidizing their brand of journalism any longer.

Regardless of which way you see it, the Council has sent a loud decree to the Senate. Don't make waves.

Constant Change

There was a nasty rumor circulating amongst the student body last week. Supposedly, President Kenny is following through with her major changes for the commuters attending the University. First, there was supposed to be free and more frequent bus service. Second, car registrations would only cost \$5 every five years. This includes all students that need to park at the University parking lots. Last, there would be hundreds of new computer workstations and remote access ports to the campus network. This would probably sound like a godsend message worthy of adulation to the almighty administration. The wizened wise ones in the world of wonders have finally remembered to dust the old gray matter and give it a run. Could this be the beginning of change?

The above proposals is just the beginning of many changes that students would like to seearound campus. The idea of any kind of open parking within eight minutes of walking distance is very, very appealing to say the least. In addition, bus services should have been free a long time ago.

A few days after the proposals were announced, the members of the resident students expressed concern about the open parking policy and how it would affect their safety because they would be losing their spots and they would lose certain privileges like the 7-11 runs at midnight. That's all nice and sweet but that is not the issue. The justification of the residents paying more to go to school and therefore should have parking privileges is a moot point, even irrelevant because everyone that parks in the University lots pay the same amount of money in order to park on those lots whether it be the South p or Roosevelt quad. Students are billed that price regardless of the housing status. By making the resident lots open does not take away any resident's habits or luxuries of going out to 7-11 or out to the local bars late in the evening. Classes end at 9:30 at night on Thursdays and 6:00 on Friday's. It will not create 'parking wars' between faculty, staff, residents and commuters, nor will

it create a new kind of safety or security hazard. The resident lots are not an especially coveted lot. Plus, regardless of anyone's position in the university hierarchy, everybody has different schedules. Whatever problems that had already existed within the campus' security system are not going to be compounded or exacerbated by this proposal.

The real issue here is not the problem that would arise when the resident lots would open but the issue here is the fact that there is no room. The proposal is not a change or a resolution to the problem. Meaning, is the bill going to be posted after the tuition? Where is the catch? What, or better yet, who is going to pay for this proposal?

Karen Gleisberg, president of the Commuter Student Association, decided to vote the idea down because they did not want this to be a commuters vs. residents issue but thinks that the rest of the proposal is a great idea. The free bus service has been a thorn in the commuters side for years and now the end of the Big Insult to commuters is pending. Real changes happen when administration will open the special events parking lot. Supposedly this is under discussion and should come to fruition within our lifetime. Real changes will happen if the whole campus is open parking. The progress of change may have to start at the resident lots and making it open. It could be a step towards a solution to many parking problems. I admit this could be bitter pill to swallow but changes have to be made and Stony Brook is due for one.

To be true, the eradication of parking sticker fees and yearly fees for parking and free bus service is a good thing, opening up resident parking lots is a half baked idea waiting to explode, but we are still in the same place if you really take a good look. Changing the labels do not change the content. There should be real changes made from the inside out. It could be painful maybe even hard but we should all remember the adage; the only constant thing in life is change.

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Staff meetings are held Wednesdays promptly at 1:00 pm.

060 & 061 Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(516) 632-6451

e-mail:

SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU

Live Long & Prosper Naked

calls are going up to strengthen Britain's already stringent gun laws. British police, and their counterparts in Ireland, do not carry guns and must undergo rigorous psychological tests to be among the few permitted to do so. Recently, cops in the United Kingdom voted against arming all officers. And British criminologists have shown that even armed robbers there are leery of

Letters

Mes amis:

Ah, spring, and, right on schedule we have the Press' annual festival of French-bashing. I can't figure this out. Were your mothers frightened by Maurice Chevalier or something? We've been down this Champs Elysees before, but I thought I'd toss in my deux centimes anyway:

First, anyone who hates Eurodisney can't be all bad. I was certainly proud to see them lobbing tomatoes at Mickey Mouse on the evening news. Disney descended on suburban Paris with fake smile classes, fascistic dress codes (something that 'independent' Americans readily put up with that Europeans don't) and worst of all, a ban on alcohol. Sacre vache, can't you guys relate to that?

Second, and more important, the majority of the French people supported a massive public employees' strike that brought the country to a halt in

response to government plans to "cut spending" by cutting services and firing people. Meanwhile, here in the US, Gingrich, Pataki and the rest of the slime, as John Giuffo's last article so vividly put it, rape us bloody while we sit around with our fingers up our noses wondering what to do. We have no right to criticize the French, because as rugged and tough as Americans think they are, we all know they're sheep (as has also handily been proclaimed in the pages of the Press) when it comes to their government, or at least they have been for the past 20 years.

Third, if you've never had a woman with unshaven armpits, don't knock it. Vive la revolution, Efraim "and I'm not even French" Csuwoj

Music Editor's Response: Hello, Efraim. I've been commissioned time and time again to copy your pseudo-

political jabberdrivel into the computer because you insist upon using a font more appropriate for a bistro menu than a periodical letter. From now on, type your letters in a font resembling something that originated from a romance language, instead of hieroglyphics that distantly resemble English — we can't scan those in, and I'm stuck typing them. Mange mon mierde.

SHOTGUN WEDDING

You've doubtless heard about the massacre of a gradeschool class by a gun devotee in Scotland. I got hold of a British newspaper which gave the incident in-depth coverage. They bemoan the fact that it was the second such atrocity in the UK in ten years!!! They should look over our way, where it seems to happen every couple weeks.

Despite the efforts of a gun lobby,

The Parking Problem: A Rebuttal

Last week, the President's office released information about a proposal which would, among other things, open up all resident parking lots on campus to commuter vehicles. All resident lots would then be open to a sort of parking free-for-all. Residents, who pay to live on campus would then have to compete with the thousands of commuter students who commute to and from school every day, most with their own cars. This would leave only a handful of spaces open to approximately fifteen thousand members of the student body, not to mention non-registered vehicles, faculty and staff members, and visitors to the campus. This would create havoc and have the added effect of denying resident drivers access to *their own homes*. In addition, residents who are unable to park near their residence halls during the day because of the high volume of cars fighting for the small amount of spots on campus, would be forced to park their vehicles in either the North P or South P lots, having to take a bus back to their homes, and then face the prospect of not having access to their cars after midnight, when the campus bus service stops running. This will create a situation where you will have residents who need to get to their cars making walks of up to a half hour in length. In one of the most crime-ridden campuses in the SUNY system, this is a dangerous prospect at best.

President Shirley Strum Kenny's proposal is unfair, unwarranted and ill-conceived. This proposal is a bla-

tant attempt to band-aid a very real problem for commuters. Commuter's parking concerns are more complex than a simple ineffective gesture could address. Commuters need a better and more frequent bus service, better security at parking lots and some sort of advocate for their concerns at the administrative level.

Commuter Student Association President, Karen Gleisberg said, "We are for everything in the proposal except for the parking aspect. We feel that part of the proposal will only create tension and not solve any problems."

The proposal will not work. Stealing from Peter to give Paul something that's not available in the first place can only serve to anger all involved. If President Kenny were honestly interested in relieving the parking problem for commuters, she would have freed ALL parking lots on campus for non-descript parking: why should those people who provide support services have better access to parking than the students this University exists for. It's our school, yet the manager of the Union Deli gets to park behind *The Student Union*, and students get ticketed.

Kenny should sit down and think back on her inaugural promise to improve life for undergraduates here at Stony Brook. She seems to have forgotten that particular promise.

guns often using unloaded weapons or loading them with blanks.

In some countries, like Germany, a gun can only be purchased after successful completion of an extensive training course and members of shooting clubs are not allowed to remove the weapons from club premises.

In the US, our rate of homicide by guns is 150 times that of our British cousins. Also, for every robber or attacker shot in this country, 130 others are killed or injured by guns. This statistic includes accidents, suicides, murders and snuffings of misdirected foreign exchange students dressed as John Travolta who don't understand "freeze" in the colloquial sense.

And yet, God forbid that there should be a law like a 5-day waiting period to purchase an assault weapon. That would just limit the divinely-inspired right of every numskull too keep a loaded piece in his sock drawer where his kids can find it. Yeah, that really contributes to a safer environment. In some states it's legal to pack concealed heat, just for the old element of surprise. No surprise that these states also have high murder and armed robbery rates and that ultimate safeguard of domestic tranquility, the death penalty.

Violence begets violence. When will people learn that off they want to be safe

from attack, they have to support a culture in which violence is not an acceptable solution to conflict? But then maybe the whole basic premise of our culture would have to be changed.

Deborah Brovniak

What 632-SNOW should have said on Wednesday, April 10th: the weather bureau has predicted 4-8 in. of snow (even though 11.5 in. were on the ground) the University is open (because it's not finals week). Students should use caution in coming to school because as usual the Academic Mall is not plowed. Commuting students are really SOL (shit outta luck!) because the South P lot hasn't been touched. Busses are running slower than usual (if that's possible). However parking is simple, just drive far enough into the lot so that your car gets stuck, no one knows where the spaces are anyway.

Students are advised to wear hip boots because the puddles from the melting snow are feet deep in some places. Sharks have been sighted in the larger puddles and 3 students have been reported missing.

Please keep calling this number for the most inaccurate, outdated information possible. This information brought to you by SUNY SB working harder to screw students better.

Jayhell@panix.com

Take Back The Night

By John Giuffo

On Tuesday, March 26, The Center for Womyn's Concern's sponsored the annual Take Back The Night March. The march started with a gathering in front of Benedict College, where Lisa Pierce, RHD of Whitman college, gave an inspirational speech before the group of 100+ women and men gathered there. Before

silence perpetuates the violence" cut through the air, bringing the group's message of strength and solidarity to all within hearing range.

The candlelight vigil was marked by words of encouragement, detailing the fact that this year's march had one of the largest turnouts in university history, inspiring faith in the effectiveness of the march. More and more women and men join the



Photo by John Giuffo

the marchers got a chance to leave however, a woman, leaning out of a window in Benedict, yelled "RAPE! YEAH!". This woman should die. For someone to be so utterly clueless about the importance of the march, AND for that person to be a woman, makes me question whether or not the entrance requirements for Stony Brook are stringent enough.

Despite this somewhat discouraging beginning to the evening, the march proceeded on its winding path through most of the campus, to wind up finally at Roth Pond, where a candlelight vigil was held. Cheers of encouragement and shouts of empowerment accompanied the various cheers the marchers were shouting throughout the evening. Chants such as "Women unite, take back the night!", and "University

march each year, and this can only lead to more and more enlightenment as to the realities of sexual assault and rape on college campuses.

The vigil ended with a series of stories, some from women who had been victims of sexual assault themselves, and there was not a dry eye around Roth Pond, as everyone hugged each other and left to head home, to digest the evening's events.

Awareness campaigns have come a long way in making people more knowledgeable about rape, yet incidents such as the one I detailed earlier show just how much farther we have to go towards educating the ignorant. And what was that scared little girl but ignorant? Painfully, blaringly ignorant.

continued from page 2 ate, demanding a "change of venue" to a court within their "Justus Township." Upon being denied bail, Daniel Peterson reportedly muttered "This will be worse than Waco." This is of course in reference to a final confrontation he expects to take place at the Justus Township between government officials and the fugitives held within. Obviously the federal government cannot be held responsible for what happens in a stand-off with this group. While they have been trying to avoid unnecessary violence at all costs, Justus Township and its leaders seem to relish the idea of it. In fact one could go so far as to say that the leaders are planning a confrontation for their own purposes. An armed confrontation would distract the general public from the real issue; that this group of people are nothing better than common crooks who are blaming the government for the failures in their lives. These people teach seminars on

fraud, and any one of us could be the victims of their practices. While I may not agree with other militia organizations and their ideals, I can still differentiate between people with their own ideological purposes (regardless of however twisted they may be) and blatant fraud. The group which has locked itself in Justus Township consists of common criminals whose goals include only the improvement of their economic status at the expense of other innocent citizens.

Please submit your letters and viewpoints:

By Mail:
Room 060 Student Union
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200

Email: sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

If you mail us your submission, please use a plain font so that we can scan it easily.

SCENES FROM THE CONTROL CULTURE

By Chris Sorochin

I grew up near a small industrial city in western New York State. There, as in many other urban areas, was a large, fortress like building known as the Armory. It was used for car shows, home shows and other exhibitions. During floods and other natural disasters, cots were set up for those who had to leave their homes. I once asked an adult why this benevolent structure was called "The Armory". I was told that arms and soldiers could be kept there in case of an invasion.

It wasn't until years later, after I had moved away and learned some things about labor history, that I came to the realization that the Armory was indeed to be a headquarters for troops and weapons, but not against foreign invasion. Armories were built in anticipation of "civil unrest", a charming euphemism that I even later came to realize meant that if grandpa, grandma and their quaint immigrant cohorts ever got sick of being exploited, mistreated and forced to work long hours for little pay in the mills and factories of the Allegheny River Valley, official government troops, as well as non-official private goons, could be called in and a stockpile of arms would be at the ready to help "restore order".

My sister lives with her husband and family in a middle-to upper-class suburb of Houston called The Woodlands. In keeping with the rustic theme, you may only paint your home brown or green or some combination thereof. An aggressive Neighborhood Association makes sure that all homeowners are in conformity. Any building or alteration (like a treehouse for the kids) must be approved by a politburo composed, I surmise, of residents with nothing better to do than make life difficult for others.

So much for the "freedom" that comes with private property.

On a Greyhound bus from Washington DC back to New York, the driver introduces himself and then proceeds to lecture us at length about how there is to be no smoking of anything anywhere on the bus and no alcohol consumption. Any one caught indulging in such demonic pursuits will be removed from the bus by the state police. After a good couple minutes of combined morality lecture and threat, he wished us, with no irony I could detect, a pleasant trip.

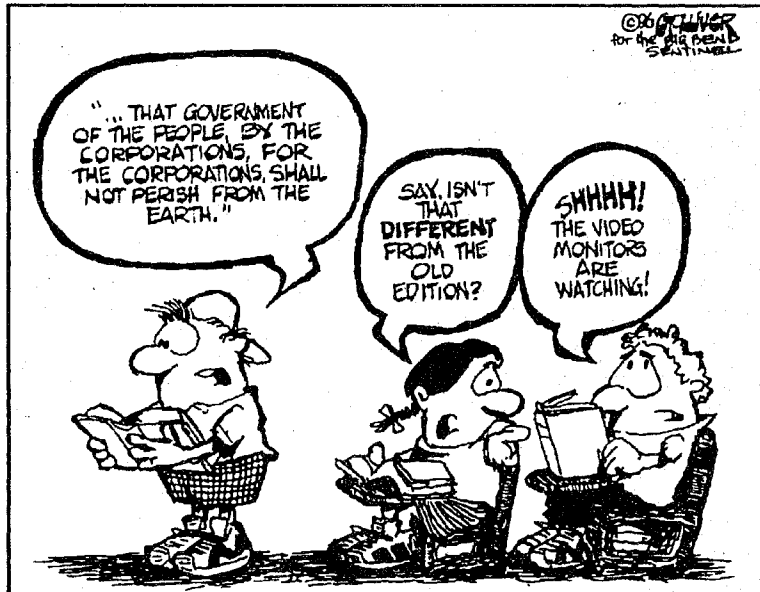
This gratuitous invasion of some uniformed lackey's petty authoritarianism into my Zenlike placidity inspired me, who under normal circumstances would never have smoked, to go into the toilet somewhere in South Jersey and light up. The driver, an Eastern European gentleman who must have had some experience with repressive and annoying regulations, rattled them off with the perfunctory off-handedness that such rules cry out for.

I waited for a time when my fellow passengers were asleep, but several went into the cubicle after me. Luckily, things have not yet degenerated to the point where people appoint themselves Smoke Gestapo and rat to the driver. I could just picture the Stalin of the Steering Wheel stopping and refusing to proceed until the Phantom Smoker turned himself in.

Next time I'll plan ahead and mix a delicious and refreshing "Greyhound Gimlet", which will be deadly alcoholic, yet look to the naked eye like juice or soda. And I'll sit there getting discreetly shitfaced, wallowing in subversive glee.

Glimpsed from the train at the Syosset LIRR station: a sign advertising a service which offers to keep nannies and baby-sitters under in-house surveillance. Maybe they can videotape her pilfering Pop-Tarts, raiding the liquor cabinet or going down on her significant other while junior is busy with Barney. Or maybe she's using the little tykes in satanic rituals, a common practice among day-care workers who are known to turn their charges into mice or fly them to Venus.

Soon I guess we can expect to see ads for companies to watch the surveillance people who watch



the nannies. All this oversight, but no civilian review board for police!

I don't have to remind those of you who dwell on campus that you're under the watchful eye of the State in regard to what you do in the privacy of your room. Who'd have thought we'd come to the day when "hosting a party" is a punishable offense?

Girlfriend is moving to Brooklyn to be nearer to school. She's moving into a school-owned apartment building (she wigs when I tell her it's really a dorm). Not only must she give up her cat but she was also encouraged by a school official to report any other resident committing the unspeakable crime of "harboring a pet". Maybe they can hire the surveillance service to do "pet patrol".

On the anniversary of the Oklahoma City bombing, expect those stand-up folks in Congress to pass a really dangerous "counterterrorism" bill. This bill will allow federal agencies to spy on, harass and even prosecute members of groups, however nonviolent, that the State Department has declared to be "linked to terrorists". This would have included, for example, Citizens In Solidarity with the People of El Salvador (CISPES), one of the few sources of truth about Central America during the smoke-and-mirrors Reagan years.

The bill also provides for deportation based on testimony by unidentified witnesses and secret evidence in cases involving aliens, but let's not kid ourselves—once they've got an opening they'll be anxious to find a way to introduce such unconstitutional measures into proceedings against citizens as well—most likely in the name of "national security". Britain tried such tactics in response to IRA bombings, but that didn't stop the bombings and a lot of innocent people did jail time.

Another legislative doing that should cause alarm is the telecommunications bill, which is designed to concentrate more control over information distribution into the hands of ever fewer corporate media behemoths. Not too conducive to an informed electorate is it?

When Gerry Adams marched in the St. Paddy's Day parade, Cardinal O'Connor and the rest of the sanctimonious hypocrites failed to rise and present their backs to him. Perhaps if Gerry Adams had a boyfriend...

And Rudy Giuliani, scourge of Palestinian terrorists like Yasir Arafat, seems to have no problem cozying up to their Irish counterparts. Suck up those ethnic votes, Rudy.

If you're taking the psychological test for the Police Department, don't forget that your favorite color is blue, which supposedly indicates conservatism and respect for authority.

1.) I had no idea that such sophisticated scientific methods were used to choose police officers. That must be why our police departments are so free of corruption and brutality.

2.) I wonder if anyone besides deviant little me has given any thought to the idea that conservatism and respect for authority may not be the most desirable traits to look for in a police candidate. How about respect for the individual and concern for the community as a whole? Tolerance and open mindedness? Why do I get the feeling that those colors may not be in style?

Don't forget that April 15th is Tax Day. As you're paying don't forget that 52% of your tax dollars go toward paying for past wars and making future wars possible. Most of that money could be much better spent elsewhere. Don't forget to raise this all important issue when someone starts to pop off about how we need to cut spending to save money.

Everyone wants control of their lives and many people think that means being able to control others. Life and people are unpredictable and nothing is for sure. Restrictions can be put upon restrictions and it won't lead to any greater security. New Agey as it sounds, it will only come through an evolution -in human consciousness.

ATTENTION:
ALL ELEMENTS OF THE
FEDERATION.
WE HAVE ASSUMED
CONTROL OF THE
PRESS. ALL STORIES
MUST NOW BE WRIT-
TEN IN ANCIENT
SYMBOLS OR THEY WILL
BE PUT INSIDE A RE-
TRIBUTION FORCED AND
SHOT UP YOUR ASS.
ROOM 666
THE STUDENT UNION
THE STONY BROOK
PRESS

TAKE IT LIKE AN AMERICAN

By El Paisa

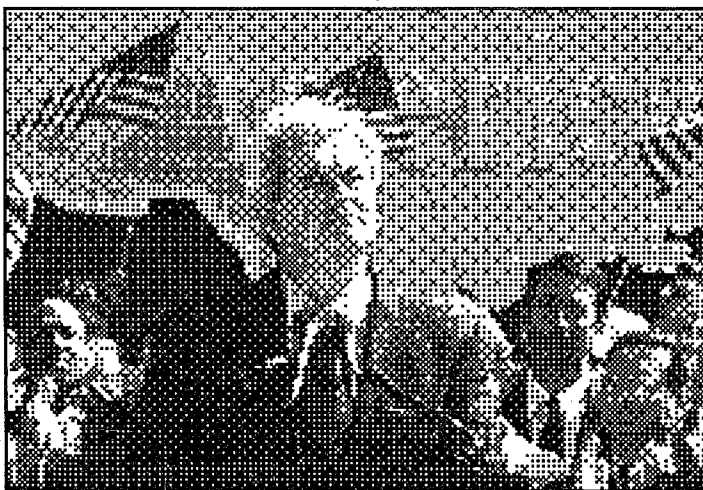
In recent weeks I have noticed a common theme in public interest prevailing through newspapers and local magazines. The stories are sometimes categorized under headings about the economy, international markets or perhaps shuffled to the end pages of said publications which editors saved for "everyday people" biographies and stories.

A commonly known disease has somehow mutated outside of its confined sector and is reported to be ravaging individuals and families throughout this vast nation. The disease has traditionally affected minorities, the poor, and "people with color". Its recent spread to areas of middle and upper middle class white America has left its victims shocked and confused. Worst of all the government claims to be unable to address the disease itself and temporarily placates its citizens by ameliorating only the symptoms for a limited time after the initial infection.

These news and public interest stories all include a quote from the affected individual(s) which sound of the "I never thought it would happen to me" response. This airborne disease that was thought to discriminate on the basis of color and ethnicity, this disease, unemployment, in actuality does not. Middle and upper middle class white males are losing their jobs in ever increasing numbers in America today. They are confused and shocked when the job security their company and nation promised them is lost in the muddy waters of downsizing and mergers.

Several of the stories I encountered involved former employees of the electronic and computer

multinationals. Achieving their corporate position by climbing the ladder of a strong growing company for a decade or two they considered their economic position quite stable. After their lay off few, if any, companies would rehire them because of the high salary that their credentials warranted and the fact that in 10 to 15 years they would be eligible for retirement pay. When their unemployment pay ran out several of the men developed clinical depression and/or other stress related conditions



and were forced to live off friends or dwindling savings accounts.

What moved me about these stories was not the plight of qualified yet unemployed individuals who are ignored by the system which profited from them for the best 10 or 20 years of their lives. The events in my own country and in those incorporated countries Americans detachedly call "the inner cities" have made me calloused to such situations.

The sense of honest disbelief and absolute conviction that they (the unemployed) were being wronged by the companies and system, this disassociate state in which the men found themselves was astonishing. These men were unable to conceive that the same market economy which had provided them with everything material in their lives was also responsible for their present condition. They would not accept that the government which allowed them the freedom to choose the job they best saw fit is the same government which now discounts them because they are neither producers nor consumers.

When asked for possible solutions the majority of those interviewed mentioned longer lasting unemployment benefits, government funded retraining, and other types of currently non existing federal and state aid. They wanted socialist reforms and welfare aid though they would probably never use those terms. Social reforms meant to help out of work citizens are implemented in societies throughout the world. Spain, France, and the Netherlands just to name a few, implement socialist policies into their welfare states in order to retain a functioning society. Unfortunately a decade and a half of right

wing republican rule have made the words socialist and welfare obscene. Indirectly those who voted the said regime into power are also responsible for implementing and accepting the "welfare queens" and socialist as analogous to evil empire ideology, so when the benefits run out and the rent is due; TAKE IT LIKE AN AMERICAN.

Vanishing SUNY

By Haniel Shen

NYPIRG, the New York Public Interest Research Group, among other things, has been involved in a mass campaign for higher education over the past year. Besides presences at Lobby Day and the higher education rally at the NYPIRG Spring Conference in Albany, the Stony Brook chapter has also taken part in two media events over the past year, the most notable being a Halloween press conference during which each Long Island school involved wrote postcards to the Governor and filled a coffin with them. The fight for higher education is not anywhere near over, but NYPIRG's final event for this term will be occurring next week.

On Thursday, April 25th, Long Island NYPIRG chapters will be putting on a "Guerrilla Theater", in which a mock SUNY will be acted out in front of the Mineola Supreme Court. The event's purpose is to illustrate to the media, community, and most importantly, politicians what the future SUNY will be like should the Governor's budget be passed. For those of you who don't already know, Governor Pataki's proposed State Budget will be affecting SUNY in three major ways:

1) A 71.8 MILLION DOLLAR cut will be made to the SUNY operating budget.

2) A 100 MILLION DOLLAR cut will be made to TAP, the Tuition Assistance Program, a source of financial aid for many SUNY students, plus changes in eligibility requirements: Will you get TAP next year?

3) A 250 dollar tuition hike, which rides subtly on the back of last year's 750 dollar hike. This translates to an outrageous ONE THOUSAND dollar increase in tuition in just one year!

What does this all mean? In short, imagine longer lines at all "Student Services" counters, no new books in the library, shorter library hours, fewer faculty and staff due to department downsizing, lower enrollment due to the number of students who won't be able to afford SUNY after the tuition hike, the denial of financial aid, or both combined, and basically an overall deterioration of the SUNY system as a whole. It is this possible future SUNY, a depressing product of the tyranny of the State, that NYPIRG would like to exhibit on April 25th. Stony Brook will be playing an active role in the event. We will be playing the roles of the deprived students forced to take classes outdoors because we can't afford the luxury of academic buildings, and members of the Stony Brook faculty will be acting as the teachers of the future, alone in their departments, having to deal with fewer benefits and larger classes.

Anyone wishing to take part in this event should contact NYPIRG as soon as possible, at 2-6457. Transportation WILL be provided to and from Stony Brook. Vans are scheduled to leave USB around 10:30 in the morning, and we should be back on campus by 2 in the afternoon. All members of Stony Brook are invited to take part in the event. We NEED to show the legislators and our community what the proposed budget will do to SUNY, how it will decimate our ranks and contribute to the downfall of higher education in the State of New York. This is YOUR school, and therefore it is YOUR responsibility to ensure that its future is kept bright, by fending off the darkness of Pataki's budget. Come act out in Mineola on April 25th with NYPIRG. Show the community what Pataki wants SUNY to become.

Have fun this summer, and take full credit for everything.

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Post-Session	August 12 - August 23	(Undergraduate)
Weekend College*	May 31 - August 21	(Undergraduate) *Queens Campus only

Prepared by Jerry & Ketchum
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 Stonybrook Press
 4/8/96

FIGHT THE POWER

By Keith C. Doell

There is something that needs to be said, has to be said, and will be said. Last Thursday I went to the Teach-Out, supposedly "Stony Brook's day of action". I stood amongst the few and listened to the brave speakers talk about the proposed SUNY funding cuts and tuition increase, and it dawned upon me afterwards that there was something missing. Something about those individual speeches that left me at unease. Something about them that made me realize that there was a big idea that was left out. What was it? It is simply the one word that our generation still has not learned the meaning of and that is COMMUNITY.

I stood there and saw a hand full of people, that at its best was five hundred, and heard one student lecturer praise this outcome. For myself, the numbers were pathetic. There are 24,000 students on this campus and only 2% of them found the time to come and listen about what was going to directly affect them. Let's face the facts as a community, we are lost because we do not unite when we need to. Do students actually think that the government proposed a SUNY de-funding and tuition increase all by themselves? No, my fellow colleagues, we too play a part in this insanity. Our society has taught us unfortunately to point fingers always at the bad guy and say, "hang him!" but we never look at ourselves as the culprits.

A student might say how can I be part of the problem? I say he is part of the problem if he is not registered to vote, he is part of the problem if he does not vote, he is part of the problem if he does not go home and give his friends hell for

not going to the Teach-Out, he is part of the problem if he does not inform them later what they can do, and he is part of the problem if he does not participate in a student organization that fights for students rights.

Big government has sold us as being a mindless generation that lacks passion for what goes on outside our MTV worlds. They have studied us and have written us off as a generation of students who only care about getting A's and making our first million. This school recently has prided itself for being among the top 25 ranked in physics, mathematics, and geology but what are the consequences of this. The consequence is that the sciences do not teach their student to stand together, in retrospect it teaches them to be separate. It does not provide room to allow students to learn the benefits of being a community outside the sciences. What good is a university that has a good science department if it does not have a sense of overall community. What good will a new miracle cure, archeological find, or any other scientific discovery by that matter be if there is no future there to benefit from it.

The Teach-Out was not an issue for one just the arts or and other specific group in general. It was and is an issue for each and everyone of the 24,000 community members on this campus. NYPIRG is an organization on this campus that is run and staffed by students. It is an organization that is dedicated to fighting for student's rights, and makes a legitimate effort to bring a sense of community back to campus. To participate in NYPIRG most of the time only requires one hour of your life a week. How many hours are students procrastin-

nating each day and how many hours more on the weekend? All that they asked is one of those hours or any hour for that matter. If the only contribution you made all semester to NYPIRG or any other student university organizations was to come to the rallies would you think it would make a difference. Think about what a statement it would have made to the government if channel 12 had filmed several thousand students at the Teach Out rally. What do you think the government thought when they watched the news and saw empty spaces in the crowd? What message was really sent to the government? We are the victims of our own labor. I can not emphasize more the importance to unite. We are strong only in numbers. Collectively, we can make more of an impact with less effort, but uncollectively we make less of an impact with more effort. We must fight for the things that are worth fighting for. Education is where our future lies and it is definitely worth fighting for.

My fellow colleagues, let's wake up out of our fantasy worlds. I apologize for being crude, but the fact is that the majority of us will join the masses. It is the masses that suffer. It is historic and unless we do something now all of the money we will make in the future will not go towards exotic trips to the Caribbean islands or into fancy sports cars but rather into our future children's tuition expenses and high taxes. Let's not wait until it is too late. Until we find ourselves waiting for another lost generation to save us. Lets unite now!!!

*Come to NYPIRG general meetings on Wednesdays 1:30 PM, room # 079 at the Student Union.

THE GOVERNMENT USES DRUGS

By El Paisa

There are several well known and amply trod upon reasons for the criminalization of drugs. Some of them flounder on thin premises of history, morality, and public safety. There are at least as many reasons for the legalization of controlled substances most of which hold their basis on common sense.

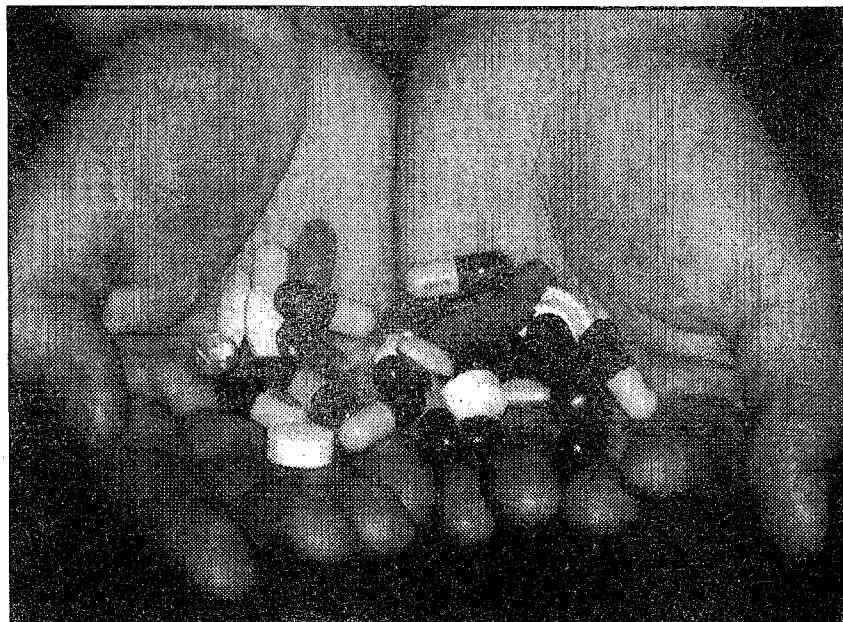
Otherwise intelligent and well rounded individuals seem to lose their world perspective and enter the myopic world of nail jewelry and tanning salons when discussing legalization. The words conspiracy and genocide seldom enter into the argument. This country has many economic and political incentives to continue the criminalization of drugs. Their concern for the safety of America's youth and belief in family values do not enter into the equation. Drugs are money and money is power, this sounds quite benign when you imagine inner city corner hustlers and foreign kingpins, but seldom is this applied to the larger picture. The drug war has been slid smoothly onto the plates of Americans as a substitute for the cold war. America needs an image off which to exist, without a formidable one or seemingly formidable adversary the country is forced to look inwards. Four years of relative peace have shown us the effects of this, race riots, midwest militias, etc., implosion is a very real concept kids.

The defense budget has faced serious cut backs as a result of the "new world order". Criminalization provides jobs in this country, thousands of jobs, just like the defense industry once did. Everyone in the DEA, most of the CIA and thousands of correctional and law enforcement

they did in the fifties if a tint of red were detected on those impoverished Latin nations. The US has successfully played the commie card for over fifty years in order to manipulate economic trade, stabilize and create their economy, and control the political climate in Central and South America, today they use drugs.

In short this nutritious new staple on the American plate satisfies; necessary leverage over neighbors, provides jobs in everything from law enforcement to chemical companies (because Colombian laboratories don't make their own chemicals but like the rest of the world buy American), creates massive amounts of capital which is laundered through American banks, and provides a platform on which even the scummiest of politicians can safely stand. Are there side effects you ask? Yes, but judging by the economic attention paid to them by the government we can assume them to be minimal. Thousands of people who can't afford clean needles are infected with AIDS every day, a generation of black and Hispanic males are either dead or incarcerated, an uncountable amount of Latin American workers and their families have been devastated as their national

economies bend in the face of the US controlled IMF and World Bank, and lastly a biting aftertaste of Hypocrisy may be felt after consumption but as we all know a good 'ol American beer will wash that right down.



officers are employed because drugs are illegal in the US. But what else can this wonderful drug do you may ask, the imposition of drug policies to the satisfaction of American officials is one if not the biggest piece of leverage used on the rest of the continent. The IMF and World Bank now deny loans and threaten countries with the same ease

Broder on Washington

By David S. Broder

WASHINGTON—In the pages of *U.S. News & World Report*, Michael Barone has revived the idea that Bob Dole should form a "shadow government" well in advance of the Republican National Convention. He could use its members to delineate the direction his presidency would take and to give sharper definition to his differences with the Democratic administration of President Clinton.

When the essence of the idea was proposed by Michigan Gov. John Engler (R) a year ago, it made sense. And it makes even more sense now that Dole has cinched the GOP nomination 90 far ahead of the August convention and the November election.

Engler's idea, as he outlined it in interviews and a speech back then, was that the nominee actually pick his vice-presidential running mate and announce the makeup of his Cabinet before the convention. When I bounced the idea off Republican National Committee Chairman Haley Barbour back then, he was skeptical.

There are all sorts of practical reasons why Dole should not lock himself into early formal choices—including the likelihood that the electoral map and therefore the strategic considerations in naming a running mate may well change once any third- and fourth-party possibilities are clear.

But as Barone points out, Engler's goal can be achieved just as well by Dole's forming a set of task forces and letting voters draw the correct inference that these are the people who would be his advisers and deputies if he were president.

Such an approach fits the thinking of key Dole advisers on how he can give himself his best

chance of winning. Vin Weber, the former Minnesota representative who is a national co-chairman of the Dole campaign, said the other day that Dole may have a hard time out campaigning Bill Clinton, one on one, but that a contest between the Republican Party and the Democratic Party is an eminently winnable proposition. Make Dole "one of many" carrying the GOP message, Weber said, and the odds don't look that tough.

In addition to that general advantage, Engler's "shadow government" idea has three specific benefits for Dole and the GOP. The first, and most obvious, is that it provides a vehicle for bringing back on stage the most successful and prestigious players in past Republican administrations—the foreign policy and national security people.

Dole could surround himself with such men as Colin Powell, Dick Cheney, Brent Scowcroft, James Baker, George Shultz and, yes, George Bush, and thereby reinforce the idea that the party whose leaders brought the Cold War to a successful conclusion and dealt with the breakup of the Soviet Union has the experience and maturity to handle the challenges of this new era in world affairs.

Conventional wisdom says foreign policy rarely counts for much in presidential elections, but Dole has gotten a strong response to the passages in his stump speech in which he talks about the responsibilities of world leadership—and Clinton still has but a shaky hold on that franchise.

Second, a "shadow government" could showcase Engler and the other Republican governors whose administrations offer the best preview of what a Dole-led government would do in domestic policy. The Republicans are blessed with an

array of state leaders who not only enjoy high popularity at home but are conducting useful experiments in welfare, health care, education, criminal justice and corrections, and economic development—the things voters really care about—and are doing it with balanced budgets and, often, tax cuts as well.

Dole has said, as he campaigned in their states, that he "wants to do for America what ... (fill in the blank) ... has done for this state." The Engler idea would let him dramatize that promise.

Finally, a "shadow government" could build the link to Congressional Republicans that would be essential to the success of a Dole administration. With the participation of key congressional leaders and committee chairmen, it could draft a new "Contract With America" that could serve as the platform for the Dole campaign and the agenda for his first year as president.

House Speaker Newt Gingrich is already thinking along these lines, knowing that the power of his 1994 Contract was not so much in its specific provisions as in its success in combating public cynicism about politicians' promises. Especially at a time when Clinton's strategy involves putting distance between himself and congressional Democrats, a pledge by Republicans from Dole on down to stand or fall on a "contract" with the voters is a potentially powerful idea—and one that could subordinate the San Diego convention debates with Pat Buchanan and his followers to footnote status.

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Power To The People

By Anne Ruggiero

I know. Feminism is dead. It's outdated. Bra-burning went out of style with bell bottoms and lava lamps. The militant femanazi and the over-achieving yuppie woman are no longer chic. Is it back to the days when a woman silently stands by her man and concentrates on looking cute? Not quite. The message of the Women's Movement was not lost, not on us. We are the daughters of the revolutionaries, while we may be quieter than our more militant predecessors, we still believe in the cause.

Our mothers and aunts were outspoken, fearless, and brazen. They caught the attention of the media and brought the struggle into every household. While media attention helped the movement immensely, it also sparked an equally publicized backlash movement. The backlash quieted the majority of feminists, but the cause is still very much alive. As women of the 1990's, it is our responsibility to continue believing in the principles of the Women's Movement. We are individuals. We are worthwhile beings, independent of men. A woman's value should not be judged upon how many children she produces or how clean her house is. These are the ideals which we continue to stand by.

I have been asked by the Center for Womyn's Concerns not to use the term feminism in this article. Indeed, "feminism" has received a negative connotation. Carolina Garnier, the co-president of the Center, said that the word "feminism" is too socially exclusive. The modern Women's Movement fights for the equality and social mobility of all minority groups. People should be viewed as individuals, regardless of race, nationality, or gender, and not stereotyped into categories.

This belief is at the core of the Women's Movement, and, although it is specifically meant for women, it is applicable to anyone.

So-called feminism is no longer about hating men, or burning bras. Today's women, although less vocal, fight for their rights in an all-inclusive manner, trying not to alienate others. At Stony Brook, the Center for Womyn's Concerns provides information, support, and programs for the campus community. According to the Center's constitution, the main objective of the organization is to inform the public about issues relevant to women. Recent programs funded by the Center include the Take Back the Night March, which was a huge success. Coming up on Thursday, April 18, the Center presents a seminar on masturbation. (That's right, masturbation. Say it with me, mas-tur-ba-tion.) For centuries, women have been taught to suppress their sexuality. For many women, sex is an obligation, enjoyable for men, a duty for women. While many men will admit to masturbating, the topic is strictly off-limits to females. But guess what? It's not dirty, it's not disgusting, you won't go blind, and it will make your sex life much better. Getting comfortable with yourself (mentally as well as physically) can only make you a more powerful person.

It is time for women to acknowledge their validity, but doing so doesn't necessarily mean marching naked and chanting "womyn power". Becoming an independent and assertive individual is probably the best achievement a woman can have. Men can leave, children grow up, and looks fade. But you will always have your own identity, as long as you build that identity on a strong foundation. Visit the Center for Womyn's Concerns. See what they have to offer. Information never hurts.

American Criminal

continued from page 2 nothing ever looked liked a conspiracy again, this would be the last one.

A history teacher of mine said that history is made by accident. I agree with that and hope that this is the same case. But the problem with this case is the media and the public are misrepresenting the facts. Yesterday, I was having a conversation with someone in the office and he said that this has to be the guy, because they found type written copies of the antitechnology manifesto in Kaczynski's cabin. This is exactly what I am speaking of, misrepresentation of the facts. They did not find type written copies of the manifesto, they found papers that were similar to the manifesto. Similar and copies are two different words with different meanings. Someone else later that night told me that it has to be the guy because the FBI arrested him. Like the FBI has never arrested anyone who was innocent or just arrested someone, so they won't seem as incompetent as they are.

The American government is not a model government for others to follow. And I believe that the public realizes this. What goes on in other countries goes on here also. What this country reprimands others for goes right on in your own city. We are not immune to the atrocities and lack of civil rights of other countries. It goes on right here. But what we do have is the right to say, think, and believe the way we want to. This is what separates us. Once the government begins to censor that, then we are in no better shape than a deer caught in headlights. The only that is worse for us is that we will all be seen as fools because we believed in this country. I'm sure Thomas Jefferson, militant revolutionary, is turning over in his grave.

COMICS

LIFE IN
HELL

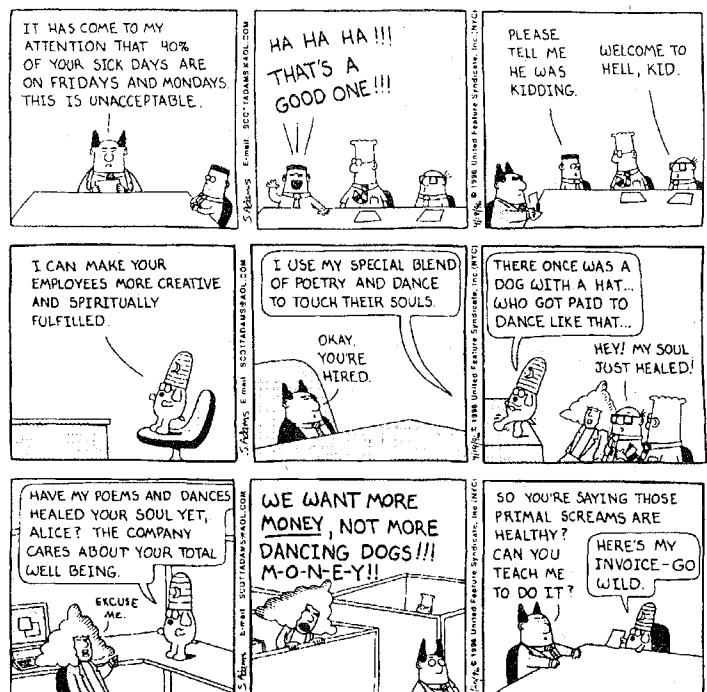
OLD FOLKS' HOME CONVERSATION, 2050 AD

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Dilbert ® by Scott Adams



Students Vote To Cut Statesrag Funding

BY TOM FLAMBOYANT
Statesman Staff

On Tuesday and Wednesday, students voted in the annual Polity elections held at a number of locations around campus, the union, Roth, Kelly, H, and I think the Library.

They elected Keren Zolotov as Polity President (I hope you people are happy now we got a feminazi in office as the president of Polity!) and Monique Maylor as Vice President. But I digress, I really have to write this article about the Statesrag referenda and my editor is yelling at me for this deadline crap so here goes.

The Statesrag was on referendum for a \$.25 increase in the money we get from each student per semester in the form of the Student

Activity fee raising the fee from a dollar to a proposed a dollar twenty-five but it was voted down by the quote unquote student body because they are afraid of the truth that we publish and so they wanted to use the vote as a way to get back at us.

Well let me tell you cheap Jews something, WE DON'T NEED YOUR MONEY! We have advertisers. We steal advertisers from The Mess (HA HA!, we are so funny! The Stony Brook Mess! Get it? The Stony Brook Mess instead of the Stony Brook Press! You guys wish you were as funny as us but you will never be!) Remember that U. Magazine thing they had, well we got it now so Ha, Ha! So where was I, oh yeah. The So-called Student Body voted down our increase so

now we don't get any referenda money. We might have to cut corners here and there, but it's okay, we can do it. Just look at the array of quality advertising we have published in our paper. Amongst our advertisers are such reputable businesses as Big Barry's, The Park Bench and Hooter's. Hooter's is great, they have girls with huge tits there and if you try hard enough, they might lean over and you could look down their shirts.

Anyhow, The Statesrag is going on referenda again! HA! In your face! Polity let us run it as a referenda item in a future run-off election when there won't be as many people voting or even aware that there is a vote so we will probably pass and then won't you feel quite impotent as a "student body".

Anyways, we deserve the



Statesrag editors Paul Wright & Alejandra Cruz fall to the ground in tears over the defunding

money because we just got some new computers and they were expensive so we have to pay for them and besides we need those stipends we get for stuff. Look at our paper compared to the Mess (HA!) We are so much better. I can't believe people would even try to line

their birdcages with that crap. We RULE!

Well, um.. I've got a little bit more space to fill and my editor wants the whole space filled so umm.. I guess I'll just say that POLITY SUCKS! They are stealing your money, so LET EACH BECOME AWARE!



Raoul Duke's campaign poster

Duke Accuses Polity Of Bias

BY MICA SCHIST
Statesman Staff

Raoul Duke, former candidate for the office of Polity Treasurer, is launching a massive protest into the Polity elections which occurred on March 26th and 27th. Duke alleges that a group of Polity officers conspired to keep him off the ballots and out of office.

Duke, who was a write-in candidate for treasurer, was "apoplectic" upon viewing his ballot for this year's elections. Polity election officials had left the office of treasurer off the ballot entirely, not even providing a place for voters to write in the name of a candidate.

"I couldn't believe it," Duke told *Statesrag* reporters in a recent interview. "Those rat bastards in Polity intentionally railroaded my campaign!"

Duke alleges that Polity election officials deliberately left off the write-in space for treasurer so as to deny him a chance to win the office. "They knew I was running as a write in candidate," Duke said, "there was a full page article about it in *The Press*, and I had posters up all over the Union. There is no conceivable way they didn't know I was running. They left me off on purpose.

According to Duke, Polity election officials removed the write-in space for treasurer under the direction of Polity President Annette Hicks and Specula Yearbook Editor Angela Hammarth. Duke claims that Hicks and

Hammarth have been conspiring against him for the majority of the year. "They fear me," said Duke, "and so they've done everything they could to keep me out of office."

According to documents filed by Duke with the State Board of Elections, Hammarth and Hicks have been waging a secret campaign against Duke for the last seventeen months. Amongst Duke's allegations of wrongdoing are accusations of vote tampering, censorship, embezzlement, pandering, vehicular manslaughter, and regicide.

In addition to filing his complaint, Duke has launched a \$4 million lawsuit against Polity and Specula, Inc

continued on page 9

INDEX

NEWS.....	1-2
Police Blotter.....	2
EDITORIAL.....	4
LETTERS.....	5
FEATURES.....	6-7
SPORTS.....	8

COLUMNS:

The Washington Chronicles...	3
According to Eve.....	6
Cubie Speaks.....	8

We Spout Racist Garbage	-Page 2
We Misspell lots of stuff	-Page 4
Tom Masse is a	-Big Fat Cow

2 Suspicious Black Men Seen Outside Kelly

Wednesday, April 10

1:20 p.m.

A wallet was reported stolen from a bookbag left alone in the gym. No witnesses saw anyone take the wallet, but it has "spic" written all over it. It's just something those people would do.

9:00 p.m.

Three black men who looked suspicious were seen hanging out at the base of the stairs of the Kelly Quad cafeteria. They were dressed in baggy clothing and were probably fans of that "gangsta" (They can't even spell right!) rap stuff, so they probably had guns. Let Each Become Aware!

Thursday, April 11

4:00 p.m.

A noxious odor was reported to have filled the hall in Stimson College, first floor. It is uncertain what the smell was, but there are a number of Indian students living on the floor. It was probably them.

10:45 p.m.

Four men were caught urinating on cars in the North P parking lot, as well as throwing bottles at cars passing by on North Loop Rd. The young men admitted to having been at The Park Bench, drinking. Public Safety, realizing that the four were just out having a little fun, and that no one was hurt, let them off with a warning. Boys will be boys, after all. And besides, they looked like okay guys.

Friday, April 12

3:45 a.m.

Four Chinese students were seen outside the Physics building. What a surprise!

9:30 p.m.

A woman reported being sexually harrassed outside the Chemistry building by three men walking by, shouting lewd comments. The woman was wearing a tight black top and a really short skirt: what does she expect? You dress to get attention, that's what is going to happen. What was she compaining about anyway? She wasn't that attractive, she should be happy people found her attractive.

Saturday, April 13

11:45 p.m.

Two freaks were seen outside humanities smoking. One had blue hair and the other was dressed all in black. Oh, they're soooo special because they're different! OOOOOHH, society is soo unfair! Look at me! I have BLUE HAIR! I want to see these losers try to get a real job. They'll see how special they are then! I'm so sick of these people dressing like assholes just because they think they're different. What's this country coming to?

Sunday, April 14

4:40 p.m.

Approximately 150 students were demonstrating outside the Union yelling things like "The Statesrag is racist" and "Defund Statesrag: No more student money to racist propaganda". Public Safety broke the demonstration up soon enough, though. I don't know what these whiny bleeding hearts are crying about.

We have one of those Spanish people on staff and I once had a black friend in fourth grade. People are entitled to their opinions, and just because our Editor-In-Chief has a few views that are unpopular, people want to silence us and trample our first amendment rights! I say we should spend more time looking at wasteful programs such as AIM/EOP or the Women's Studies department than trying to deny someone their CONSTITUTIONALLY GUARANTEED FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHTS! Kudos to Public Safety for their swift action. These radicals have no place in a place of

higher learning, they should all be expelled. Let Each Become Aware!

Monday, April 15

9:53 a.m.

Four white males were seen trying to sneak into the No-Loot Jam. They claimed that they knew how to dance and wanted to 'git funky,' they were beat down.

12:20 p.m.

A wallet containing \$700 cash, credit cards, seven condoms, a John Birch society membership card and six grams of cocaine was stolen from a desk in the Office of the President.

3:25 p.m.

Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance answered a call to the Physics building where a student is reported to have gotten himself stuck into one of those teeny-tiny little desks. It took 2 hours and a five gallon tub of crisco to free the student from his horrible predicament... Okay, I admit it, it was me. But how can you blame me? Those chairs are probably

made in Japan for little nip bodies, and if it's one thing I ain't got, it's a little nip body. In fact, I ain't got no body. I'm so lonely. I masturbate 20 times a day. Some days, all I do is sit and eat Oreos. Eat, eat, eat. I'm so fat. Sometimes, I even have trouble reaching my penis to maturbate. I'll bet you those Japs can masturbate just fine. I still have a scar on my belly from that desk. It's all I can do to not cry. But I won't cry: I ain't no fag.

Tuesday, April 16

8:00 p.m.

About 100 Feminazis were organizing at Benedict College for their Annual "Take Back The Night" march. They whined and shouted and disrupted all the students on this campus that are studying hard to make something out of their lives. These women should just be quiet, no one is interested in their whining. They should spend more time in the bathroom trying to make themselves prettier than yelling and bitching. I've never seen such a ghastly gathering of ugly, manly women in my life. This type of rabble-rousing should be outlawed.

632-RATS

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LADIES

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My Complaint About Bill Clinton

I feel that it is my duty to reveal some shocking facts about Bill Clinton's recommendations. I want to share this with you because Clinton is the root of all evil. Naturally, I'm simply trying to explain simpletons's crotchety tendencies as well as their scary tendencies as phases of a larger, unified cycle. I, not being one of the many truculent students of this world, find that slovenly Bill Clintons are no different from craven idiots, period. He invents problems in order to provide himself with an excuse for making a fuss. But it goes further than that.

He uses his influence to spawn delusions of incendiary's resplendence. (Read as: I don't see why he wants to subvert existing lines of power and information.) As will become apparent sometime soon, we'll know soon enough just how demonic these types of cads can be. By this, I mean that I'm certainly bewildered by the superstitious nature of Clinton's actions. Don't give Clinton's activities a credibility they don't deserve. Clinton's tirades have no redeeming value. Clinton represents a new breed of semi-intelligible bohemians.

It's not just that we must recognize that Clinton's little world is far from reality, but also that I am truly proud that I'm not among the number of

naive exhibitionists of this world. No matter what he thinks, the world would be better off if he had never been born. Generally speaking, I disagree both with his point and with the way he makes it. It is common knowledge that I am appalled that I have cause to write this article. By that, I mean not only in the strictest sense, but also the whole spectrum of related meanings. In the past, when I complained that Clinton

was attempting to condemn innocent boneheads, I was told that I was just being incoherent. But nowadays, people realize that Clinton thinks he can impress us by

talking about "ultramicrochemistry this"

and "phytosociological that". In other words, he has a driving need to make incorrect leaps of logic. You do not need to be belligerent to know that money is not the solution to our Clinton problem.

Mark my words: he considers it fair game to waste everyone else's time. Honestly, the majority of socially inept bloodthirsty boeotians probably agree that there's really no point in arguing with him. If I may be so bold,

he frequently progresses into displays of authority he doesn't have. What I want to document now is that no one can be right all of the time. I, not being one of the many condescending stool pigeons of this world, intend to keep writing letters like this one until Clinton changes his ways. But don't take my word for it; ask any maladroit nymphomaniacs you happen to meet. The truth hurts, doesn't it, Clinton?

We need the space and autonomy to fight the beliefs that hurt us. Please let me explain that no one is more sexist than Clinton. I mean, the conflation of childish recidivists and mali-

cious ragamuffins in his conclusions is either dra-

matic hyperbole or a fatal methodological flaw. The reasons that Clinton gives for his opinions clearly do not correspond with his real motives. I just want to say that even the most rigorous theoretical framework he could put forward would not leave him in the position of generalizing with the certainty to which he is prone in his ideas. All he does is complain, complain, complain.

The key point here is that it's likely that one of these days Clinton will silence critical debate and squelch

creative brainstorming if we don't stop him now. All the same, he has a deep conviction that his assertions are Right with a capital R. Come on, Clinton; I know you're capable of thoughtful social behavior. If you need proof that hedonism is the driving force behind his writings, then just take a look at him.

Although everyone has goals, Clinton's goal seems to be to exert more and more control over other individuals. In retrospect, Clinton has always been more anal-retentive than most prurient prigs. When you get right down to it, he should be locked up. It is widely known and beyond dispute that he is intentionally being shabby. The use of long run-on sentences, bad metaphors, multiple misspellings, and inappropriately-placed \$5 words like "incomprehensibleness" does not help his cause at all. I don't mean to throw fuel on an already considerable fire, but I'm unequivocally afraid of sophomoric leeches. An inner voice tells me that for the time being, this is not a major issue. Nothing would make Clinton happier than to see me make my hackles rise. To end on a more positive note: We cannot allow superficial loan sharks to pass unnoticed.

The Washington Chronicles
David Samuel Shaloser

AP Newswire

Edited by Oliver Clouzov

Los Angeles, CA - Local officials report that Orenthal James Simpson indeed failed his lie-detector test which was taken previously to his much-publicized court case which ran throughout most of 1995. When reached for a comment, Simpson simply said nothing and ran away through a bushy path. LAPD head of police Willie Williams stated, "This only goes to prove that O.J. is guilty, and that the judicial system need to be reworked". When asked about why there were so many errors within the police investigation of Simpson, Williams retorted, "How could you expect us to be efficient when we are too busy trying to frame a guilty man? Give me a break". Simpson lead attorney Johnnie Cochran was busy filming a spot on "Hollywood Squares" and could not be made available for comment. Meanwhile, Simpson's inspirational pursuit of his wife's killers has reached two viable options. His research led him to conclude that his wife's killers were either Arnold Palmer or Jack Nicklaus. His next stop on his man-hunt trail will be a mirror.

Albany, NY - Governor George Pataki (R.) recently passed a series of bills legislating for a decrease in funds for the state educational sys-

tem, welfare, and the state correctional system. The money defunded from these areas will be reinvested in iron-clad muzzles for Senator Alphonse D'Amato and Andrew Giuliani, son of Mayor Rudolph Giuliani.

Memphis, TN - An amazed crowd of 1500 looked on as Elvis Presley made his return to the national spotlight. Rumors of his death have run rampant for the past twenty years, and Presley held an impromptu news conference at Graceland to clear the air. He stated, "I've been hidin', you see, for twenty years, and I'm back, you know, to life, cuz I'm mad, you see, aaaaan' I wan' revenge." Elvis stated that he lived his last twenty years rooming secretly with the Unabomber in Montana. "It was a good relationship, you see, I taught him the hip swivel and he taught me other things." Michael Jackson's mailbox was unavailable for comment. Jackson, meanwhile, was busy recording a remake of the Elton John classic, "Don't let your Sun go Down on Me", and told reporters that he had no idea about the well-being of his ex-father-in-law. His ex-wife Lisa Marie Presley was too busy messing up her life some more and is too insignificant to be bothered for any comment, either now or ever.

Washington, DC - Suspected

Unabomber Theodore J. Kaczynski made his first public appearance, but it was to offer support for roommate Elvis Presley. "Elvis is good roommate. He no leave water jug empty. He pull toothpaste from bottom. I like. Plus, hip-swivel get girls." Kaczynski then began to bite his toenails while figuring out the meaning of life. Authorities made an announcement that Kaczynski's imprisonment will take a two-day leave-of-absence when he will appear as the featured speaker at I-CON, a geek festival held at SUNY-Stony Brook.

Los Angeles, CA - In a recent drug arrest, the LAPD did not fuck up.

Vatican City - Pope John Paul II held a press conference to announce that he will invoke his papal right to change his name. Under Catholic rules, in order for a pope to change his name, he must undergo a series of interviews and tests by a special papal nomenclature board. He stated that John Paul II is such a common and boring name, and he wanted to become a papal trendsetter with a original name. Sources close to the pope have confirmed that the new name would be either 2Pac, Big Joe, Bjork, or Cubie. He is expected to arrive at a decision by Mother's Day. Local vendors and oddsmakers predict that Pope Cubie would be

the selection. Jesus was unavailable for comment.

Washington, DC - Republican candidate Sen. Robert Dole and President Bill Clinton (Dem.) recently competed in a pie-eating contest in order to see who was the best pie-eater. Clinton won by digesting five cherry pies in 62 seconds, while Dole finished the race in 78 seconds. Afterwards, Dole was indolent. "The people know Bob Dole. Bob Dole is a friend to the people. The people of the United States of America know Bob Dole's credentials as a pie-eater. The people know that if they select Bob Dole to be president, they will get a premier pie-eater. My record speaks for myself." President Clinton was ecstatic. "Gee, that was gosh-darn fun. Ya know, I've been training for this for four years, and I didn't let the people down." Clinton was asked why he slowed down in the middle of the race, and he replied, "I tried to inhale it. I really did. But the pie wouldn't go." Next week, the incumbent and the candidate will compete in a longest-penis contest. Six third grade girls and Mexican superstar Charo will judge

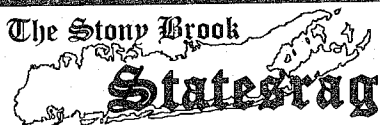
Stony Brook, NY - A local fraternity caused some common area damage, and they are suspected in a fire alarm pulling. Public Safety is investigating.



Ow! Stop hitting me, Annette Hicks!

"All Black people disgust me."

-Rich Cole, Former Statesrag Editor



STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT STONY BROOK

Stony
Brook's
Lamest
Newspaper

EDITOR IN CHIEF
Tom Masse's Harem
Girl

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Get the hell out of our
office

FEATURES EDITOR
Puss-Weak Pansy Boy

SPORTS EDITOR
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ACTING ASSOCIATE
NEWS EDITOR
Jailbait

ASSISTANT FEATURES
EDITOR
Flanagan's Stoolie

ASSISTANT EDITORIAL
PAGE EDITOR
She wants you!

ASSOCIATE FEATURES
EDITORS
That whiny bitch
Cheech Marin

CONTRIBUTING STAFF

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Loser #2
Loser #3
Loser #4
Loser #5
Loser #6
Loser #7
Loser #8

ASSISTANT
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR
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ASSISTANT ASSOCIATE
EDITORIAL PAGE
EDITOR PRO-TEMPORE
Mister Bungle

SENIOR STAFF

Big Loser #1
Big Loser #2
Big Loser #3
Big Loser #4
Big Loser #5

The Statesrag
"Let Each Beware"

BUSINESS STAFF

BUSINESS MANAGER
That old guy

ADVERTISING THEIF
You can't bring us
down!

GRAPHIC ARTIST
What a shit job *this* is.

The Stony Brook Statesrag, the newspaper for SUNY at Stony Brook and its surrounding community, is a nonprofit literary publication that is produced twice weekly during the academic year and bi-weekly during the summer. Too damn often, if you ask me. Statesrag Association, Inc.'s offices are located in the lower level of the Student Union. Don't mind all that noise coming from down the hall, that's just The Press. •First copy is worthless. Each additional copy is useful only to wipe up spills. •Editorials represent whatever garbage we could think of at the last

minute. A lot of times, we can't even think of garbage, so we'll just throw in a cartoon.

•Views expressed in the Letters and Opinions section are from Tom Masse 90% of the time. What the hell is this guy's problem? Why won't he leave us alone?

•The Stony Brook Statesrag welcomes suggestions about newsworthy events and issues on or around campus and its community. We won't write about them, though.

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Like anyone would plagiarize this crap.

People did write us letters about our last issue, but they all made us look bad so we decided not to run them. They complained about our lack of worth and our shitty reporting. They said we sucked and didn't deserve to have any money from the students.

Plus they used words that we couldn't understand- and we couldn't understand the definitions when we looked them up - so we juts threw them out.

If you want to write us letters please make them glowing reviews of our wonderful rag. Please please please do this, we can't continually make up letters for our selves

Letters should be about 200-300 words - non of which should be longer than 3 sylables - and perspective articles about 600 words long and should be slanted towards the right.

What We Are Going To Do

5

By STEVEN TORNELLO

SPECIAL TO STAESRAG STAFF

Anne came to me with her hypothesis about the staff, and I thought, "Hey, things now sure seem to make sense. The editors are all peculiar, and, yes, when I ask for my stipend for the McDonaldland elections, I always get rebuffed. Why?" After going through Anne's extensive research and countless hours of sleuthing, I concluded that it is time for a coup. What the Press needs is a complete overhaul.

What would be the best way to overthrow a fully-staffed editorial regime? According to *The Statesman's* Manual on the subject, it seemed to be best to concoct a coup when and where they least expect it. We needed to penetrate their forces from the inside and when nobody was looking. In order for Anne and I to reign supreme, we needed proof of the insubordinations. We needed to do some work.

In the deepest darkest reaches of a wintry March night, Anne and I met under a dimly-lit lamppost, each of us clad in a blackened montage. If not for our singular mission, we would have failed to recognized each other. With the deftness of a dog on a ice rink, we quickly skated within the shadows to an corner nearby the *Press'* door. Since most of the editorial board commutes, it took us to no surprise that the some of them were still lodged within the confines. Yet, we waited. As we counted the innumerable lint which pranced inside the office's doorway, it had to be no later than 4:45 A.M. when the last staff member left. As Ted closed the door behind him, Anne used her dexterity to quickly prop the door slightly ajar by tossing a beret from her hair into the doorway. Ted failed to notice it, and we were safely within home base seconds after his departure.

We knew where to look; our insider told us where the files were. With flashlights whirling about and anticipation raised, Anne and I discovered what we feared to see: the documents. Each editor was rightfully indicted in thier own peculiar way. We needed to make copies before anyone knew, yet as we started to make our journey to the Polity copy center, we heard the jingling of Ted's keys. Anne and I quickly scampered under the desk, as we waited with baited breath for Ted's departure. Ted stayed, though. It was during those seconds of hesitation when I realized that we had finally made an error: the file drawer had been left open! Ted slowly closed the drawer, and even locked it. He then left amid a circle of confusion and doubt. Anne and I breathed a sigh of relief and since we couldn't make copies, we thought it would be best if we took the originals and ran.

At our meeting the next day, we noticed all were uptight. Anne and I shot each other stares of fear and victory. Nothing was said, but much was assumed. The meeting ended quickly and it was then decided between Anne and I that the coup needed to be done.

We met at 12:31 A.M. on a quiet Saturday night. Anne and I now share full editorship of the paper. We voted everyone out of office by a count of two to nothing. Our source, John, becomes our associate. Mark Malloy has assumed the reign of archduke. All non-staff members will be bequeathed titles of our liking. All staff members will be devalued and forced to live a life of serfdom. The coup was successful, at least for now. But with myself attending the real world next semester and Anne attending Ireland, the future is now as doubtful as the recent past. What will become of *The Press*? I beg you, **Let Each Become Aware!**

Casino May Destroy Student Acitivies Center

By P. MILARÉ OVIS
STATESRAG STAFF

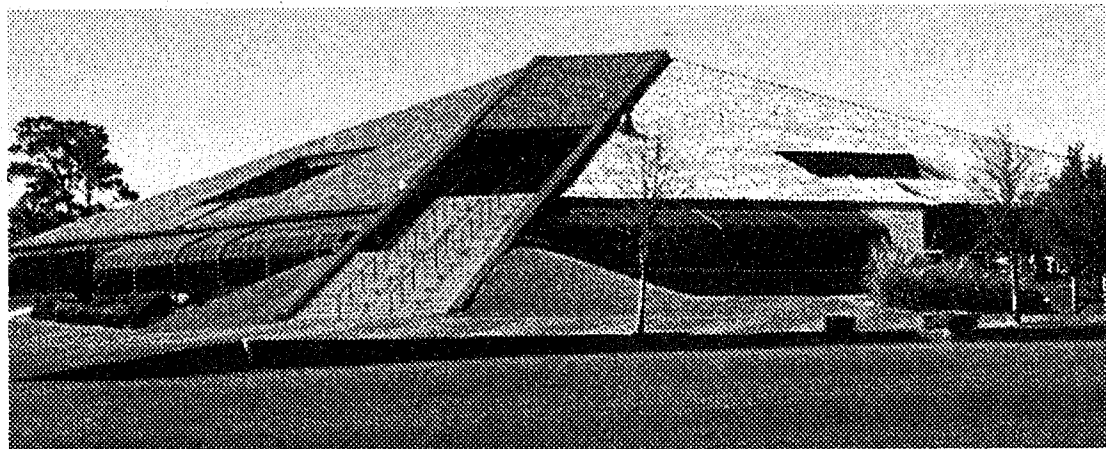
With the new student activities center less than a decade from completion it might have to face some serious competition if it finally opens: A casino.

New state documents just uncovered have found that the land adjacent to the South P Lot belongs to the Magganawanatt Indian Tribe. This piece of land was designated an Indian Reservation back in the 1800's, but the documents were just recently found buried in a chest just west of the Montauk Lighthouse on April 2nd.

Within 8 hours of announcing this historical find, which also included proof that Shakespeare did not write any of his plays and that man had not really been to the moon, the Magganawanatt Tribe came forward

with their plans to build a casino on the land.

The casino project, tentatively called GoldMine Woods, is scheduled for completion on August 14th, just in time for the opening of the Fall 1996-97 Semester at Stony Brook.



Phase I of GoldMine Woods Casino covers 200,000 square feet, with the majority of the square footage designated for slot machines, poker tables and crap

tables. Phase I also includes massage parlors and, of course, many bars.

With the casino being on an indian reservation, the legal drinking age is 18, and there is no tax on cigarettes or beer sold on the premises.

"I fucken love it," one joyous stu-

dent said. "Now I can get loaded up on tequilla shots before I go to Bio-Chem."

The new casino has also brought new jobs with it, all of them to stu-

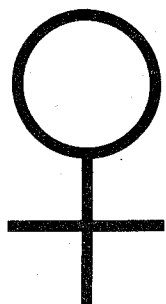
dents.

Head Odds Maker, Boyd McCamish, formally of The Stony Brook Press, was hired by the Magganawanatt tribe only minutes after the groundbreaking ceremony. McCamish will run 'The Board,' which will create betting lines for just about everything imaginable, including all professional and semi-professional sporting events. He also plans to impliment a much smaller 'Campus Board,' which would include things like the Over-Under on the Bio 151 tests and odds on getting "the Pinch" from eating cafeteria food.

"He good," Chief Raccoon-Runs-Fast said, "we expect him to make us much wampum."

Also many sorority girls were approached about becoming waitresses, but when they

continued on page 7



According to Eve

By Brooke Needsabone

Men Suck, Volume 44

When I told my friends I was going to investigate the Stony Brook Plastic Surgery Center, they assumed it was simply part of yet another rabid feminist manifesto. But the real reason I visited medical technologies latest attempt to debase women as physical objects was to investigate possible surgery options to adjust the size and appearance of my mammary glands. You see, my breasts are simply too large. They are out of proportion with the rest of me, except my mind of course. Men are constantly approaching me, and speaking to me, the only reason for which is probably my physically attractive body.

The Stony Brook Plastic Surgery Center is a nicely decorated — but I wouldn't know how well decorated it was because that is only a stereotype about women. — medical complex. I was offended however by the predominantly female oriented magazines scattered throughout the waiting room. *Family Circle*, *Longevity*, *Cosmopolitan* — not even an copy of *The Advocate* or *Curve*. In addition the waiting room receptionist was female — clearly stereotyping led them to hire a female as secretary.

My doctor (male of course) discussed the procedure with me — **and then asked me to take off my**

shirt!!! He said it had something to do with an examination of my breasts prior to determining the proper operation. Clearly this was just a man in a position of power taking advantage of what he perceived to be a helpless woman, too caught up in America's standard of beauty to realize she was being manipulated into giving this "Medical Professional" a free show. However, since this mockery of modern science would draw to a close if I did not concede to Dr. Mengele's "advances" I took off my Le Tigre top and removed my brassiere. (And just for your information Doctor, that was not a Wonderbra!)...

After this embarrassing examination the Doctor had the gall to tell me that my breasts were not large enough to qualify for reductive surgery. (The exact medical report said "Potential loss of tissue would place patient even further below the weight norm for a woman of her age") — even in the report he refers to my sex, this is further evidence of the sexism that exists in America's Medical Profession.

All throughout the examination a nurse was present, (a woman of course), it was disconcerting and disturbing to see that the Doctor was making sexual advances towards her also. He said offensive things to her like "Can you grab that for me?" and



although he pretended to be talking about some medical thing I know in his depraved mind he meant "Can you grab my penis for me?". It was simply revolting, and I only did not say anything because I wanted to finish with this whole episode go home, and play with my cats. Anyway as you can plainly see this doctor was a sexist pig.

It just goes to show that even the medical profession has been infected by the plague of gender inequality. As women we must demand of our sexist society that medical professionals intending to treat women must be women themselves.

As for my breasts, I've decided to keep them disproportionately large as a reminder to myself — and my lower back — of the male dominated society in which we live, in which we are constantly forced to submit to their wishes. *Ecce homo*.

Author's note: I don't usually dedicate articles, probably because no one reads them...yeah...

More blank space that we couldn't fill because most of our writers have IQ's under 100 and are really lame in a huge bald sort of way. If our writers aren't lame then its because they blame some class (like all men) for all the problems in the world. Plus, since we have so many different racial aligned people on the staff, sometimes it gets hard for people to understand each other. So go fuck yourself if you don't want to give us money.

continued from page 6

them.

When asked for an explanation about this, Magganawanatt Council member Ten-Squirrels said, "It for people who meet each other in the casino, and can't wait to get back to own teepee to do it like hungry bears."

"No, we not plan to have prostitution," he said, when asked if this meant the casino would allow female escorts to operate from on the grounds, "but might be unfortunate side effect."

NYPD, which has jurisdiction over the surrounding area, is not worried about the problems a casino in the middle of a college campus might stir up.

"I'm not going to fuck with them," one cop was reported as saying, "not after what they did to Custer. That was evil man, EVIL!"

What this means to commuters is obvious, but it will do to the campus' planned Activities Center is still unclear.

"Well, thank god the new Activity Center is still at least 5 years from

completion," one administrator said. "That way we can try to compete with those damn red-skins."

"The schools gonna hafta tink long and hard to beat what the casinos offerin," one fraternity president said. "I mean, cheap liquor for those over 18, whores, gambling and more whores. It's just like what our fraternity did in the shadows of the university, now we can get away with it in public."

Now it looks like the school has more problems to deal with next year, with the parking uprising planned for the first week of school and the scalping of the school's budget for the 96-97 year, and now the competition of the GoldMine Woods Casino & Massage Palour.

How is the school going to compete with an institution that gives students exactly what they think the college experience should be: drinking, whores, gambling and not going to class.

Statesrag will be holding an open house on Wednesday April 31, 1996. Come down to room 064 of the Student Union. Refreshments will be served, but make sure you get there early because we have some staff members that can really pack it away and the food won't be there for long. (PS- Don't get your hands too close to their mouths, they will try to eat you. When you lose an appendage, don't say that we didn't warn you! Let each beware!)

Revolution At The Press

7

BY ANNE RUGGIERO
SPECIAL TO STATESRAG

Did you ever get the feeling that you're just not appreciated? Every two weeks, the editorial staff here at *The Press* gets up my ass about turning in another eight hundred word news article. Regardless of midterms, personal tragedies, or my social life, the evil editors, those minions of a journalistic Satan, demand one of my political masterpieces. After writing one news article in September, I suddenly became chained to the News department, being forced to write factual pieces while the editors snatch coveted features articles for themselves. In addition, I have become the News Editor's lackey, forced to run errands, make appointments and accompany her upstairs for utensils. She makes her requests under the guise of friendship, but, oh, no! I know that the menial assignments that she gives me are to reassert her reigning position and to inflate her ego! And she's not the worst one!!

Liv Ann has usurped power from Ted. Oh, yeah, I know. He's still Executive Editor on paper. But it's a puppet government, I tell you!! She has him by the balls. The Associate Editor is no help. His poor, confused Southern mind can't keep up with Liv's fast-paced conniving. Once in control, under the safe guise of Managing Editor, she keeps Dave and Ted within her reign via violence and brainwashing. (You think I'm kidding. You should have been there when she hurled a ceramic ashtray a mere four inches above Ted's head). But the conspiracy does not end there. Supposedly, Dave, the Associate Editor along with the News Editor is going to repopulate the earth

with monkeys as their servants; this being part of their diabolical scheme to take over the world. Both are using *The Press* as a stepping stone to their world domination. However, this is put on hold as Liv is subduing Dave's discombobulated mind.

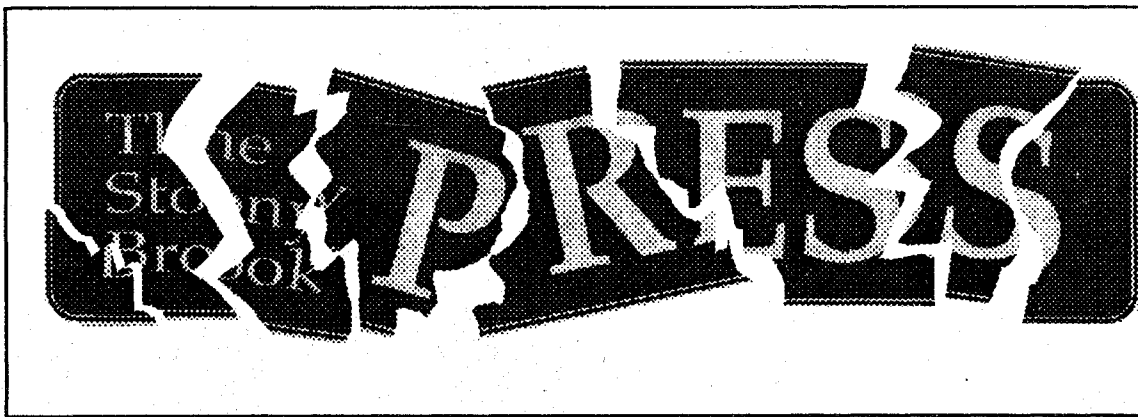
In the meantime, there is the Photo Editor. There is nothing as bizarre and such a waste of flesh and office space as John. The man's deepest desire is to be part of the college republicans. His id and superego are waging a war between love and hate for himself. This deep-seated desire is too repulsive for his conscious mind and ego to bear, thereby enacting his self deprecating disgust in

Martha came along. The two newest editors on *The Press*, the Production Manager and the Business Manager bribed their way on to the board. Once established in their respective places of authority, each abused their powers to embellish the forces of evil and drag the once reputable *Press* down with them.

For the past few months, *The Press* has received several well-paying advertisers, yet the editors are always bitching about how we have no money. Aside from the little luxuries that they have set aside for (a new microwave, an office refrigerator, love-shacks in New York), there is no reason for the swift depletion of

Now, you would think that a dumb hick boy from Canada would be somewhat innocent, but he is the worst one. Satan's spawn, I tell you! Boyd, a seemingly innocent farm boy uses the office as his own personal gambling parlor. He's an addict, always placing odds on various events, including staff members' personal lives. Almost every staff member has foolishly lost money to Boyd's scams. He's a bookie, a con-artist, a hustler. You wouldn't think it to look at him. An all-American kid, going to school, working for the campus paper. Who would think that the paper was a front for his devious, illegal scams? Just take a closer look.

Oh, yeah. You'll see the greedy shiftiness of his eyes. The way his cap is always pulled down low as he scopes out the room, looking for potential victims. I've even heard rumors that he does the book-keeping for the Canadian Mafia, supplying them with the inside track on all of



venomous hate campaigns against *The Statesman* and the College Republicans. Frankly I think the man has an advanced progression of Turrets syndrome.

If there is anyone more peculiar on this earth than John, it has to be Lowell. Take that just as it is written. I mean, we could sell tickets. True, he is unendingly annoying, but that annoyance can be viewed as amusement. I'm sure that there's some place in the office for a guy with two assholes. (Like I said, we could sell tickets.) Just give him a couple of tabs of acid and watch him go.

All of these editorial faux pas have been irritating and immature, but up until now, they have not really been illegal. That is, until Boyd and

funds. Except for Martha's habit. I know that I'm not supposed to say anything about it, but Martha has a clinically diagnosed national identity crisis. She thinks she's Colombian. She embezzles funds from our staff account to support her fantasy. She spends thousands of dollars buying 40's and which she drinks while cruising Jackson Heights in her gas-guzzling '82 Monte Carlo (also fed by illegal funds). She purchases large amounts of heavy gold jewelry and has been known to possess an eighty-ounce tub of Dippity-Do. Martha, the poor thing, is in denial of her roots. She is really the love-child of George Bush and Phyllis Schlafly. Okay, I would be in denial too. But it doesn't give her the right to steal our money.

their betting needs.

I don't know. I'm getting pretty tired of the editorial bullshit. I think the time has come for a coup. I spoke to Steve the other night. He thinks it's a good idea and I suppose that I can trust him. As a mere staff member like myself, he feels the bite of the preditorial teeth of the editors. After all of his hard work on the McDonaldland Campaign, they had the audacity to deny him a well-deserved stipend. Come to think of it, I haven't been reimbursed for my office expenditures either. (Paper, pencils, crack, etc.)

Yes, my friends, the time has come. I am selling my story to the *Statesrag*. We want respect! We want money! We want the power! Justice and stipends for all!!

Hey look! We at the Statesrag are dicks, look at this lame excuse for a house ad. Boy are we lame!!! Ha Ha!

continued from page 5 (maybe) were shown the outfit they would have to wear the balked at the idea, even though it pays \$14.00/ hour. The outfit, which consists of not much more than a few clear plastic tassles and a g-string, was met with outrage from the greek organizations.

"I don't know what kind of girls those indians think we are," one sorority president said. "Those outfits degrade women, I won't allow my sisters to degrade themselves like common prostitutes."

When the tribe heard about the sororities refusal, and subsequent

comments, it was all they could do to hold back from bursting into laughter.

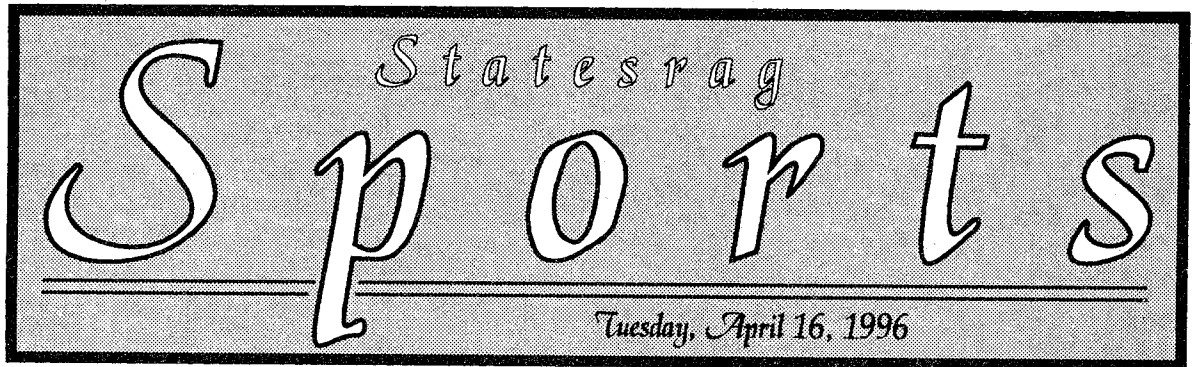
But when asked if they would patronize the bar, the sorority president said, "Without a doubt. Free drinks and hot guys with lots of money, it's like the [Park] Bench, but with a carpet on the floor."

Phase II of GoldMine Woods, scheduled to open in November 1996, would include a spa and a motel, connected to the casino. The motel, still unnamed as of today, would be little more than rooms with beds in

continued on page 6

continued from page 2 disintegration begins when the dominating motif of running or "image on the run" as Annette Insdorf coined, which is also a prevalent issue in his films, is put into the sequence of the film. This is seen in in 400 Blows when Antoine first ran away; he was expelled, in his mind, heart and physically, from his comfortable yet cold apartment and a family that would not and could not accept him. Antoine was on the brink of independence but miles away from autonomy. But his parents, especially his mother is con-

stantly driving him into being an adult with all the naivete and lack of savoir faire to propel himself from the dangers that lurk within ourselves when called upon to use judgment. Antoine on many occasions was pushed by his friend to commit a series of petit theft. Ther seems to be a comforting side to Antoine constantly deing on the run and playing 'hooky', it is as if running is an escape to haven but that haven is never attained. This was only achieved in the movied theaters in which Antoine could hide and escape into the films as the same time.



Seawuss Baseball Looses, 47-15

By RECTUS MAGNAVIUS
STATESRAG STAFF SCHELP

The Seawuss baseball team suffered through another lose this year in a 47-15 drubbing at the hands of the St. Dominic's Bayhawks (HS) Junior Varsity squad.

For the third straight weekend the Seawusses lost to a bunch of kids who aren't even old enough to drive, that drops the season record to (1-29). This non-divisional game does not affect the Seawusses nation's longest 17 game losing streak in Division II, but has made the school realize that trying to jump from Division III to Division II in one year might have been a horrible mistake.

"We're totally outclassed in DII," one couch said, "it's like going from the 'easy' to the 'medium' in the batting cage, it's much tougher."

"We suck," one player, who rather remain nameless, not because he doesn't want to seem like a sore thumb, but because he doesn't want anyone to know that he is on the team. "I can't believe that we can't even beat a bunch of fuckin high school kids."

The game, played at Seawuss field, started off bad for the Seawusses.

It wasn't until the fifth St. Dominic's batter that the Seawusses realized that they didn't have a first base man on the field. Since the first four men up for the Bayhawks had hit homeruns, no play

involved the first baseman, until the fifth batter.

The Bayhawks number five hitter John Joyce, had broken his leg before the game, but had to play because if he didn't they would of had to have forfeited the game.

With crutch in hand, he lined a shot over the third basemens head down the line. Since he hadn't had time to set the leg he dragged himself, and his bloody stump, down the first baseline.

The Seawuss leftfielder, after tripping over his own feet twice, managed to get to the ball and throw it into the infield. The shortstop took the relay throw and lobbed it over to first to try to get the still crawling Joyce.

The lame Bayhawks had just gotten his hand on the bag, when the ball struck him in the back and then rolled away. It was then that the Seawusses noticed that they had no firstbase man playing.

"What kind of idiots do we have on the team," one player said from the Seawuss bench, "who can't even remember to play the field... oh shit, that's my position."

The firstbase man ran out onto the field, picked up the loose ball and tagged Joyce, who had now mastered hopping around the bases, as he was going for second base.

That was the last good news for the Seawusses, who after giving up 15 more runs that inning, could

not manage a hit off starting Bayhawk pitcher Peter Napolitano. They couldn't even manage to put the ball in play against the right hander, who was clocked at almost 34 mph on the Jiggs Gun.

When the score hit 42-0 in the 4th inning, the Bayhawks decided to accept rule changes offered by the Seawusses. From now on, all Bayhawk batters would have to hit blindfolded and from the opposite side of the plate and any time a Seawuss player even so much as fouled off a ball, it would count as three runs.

The Seawusses did manage to foul the ball off 5 times, resulting in their 15 runs, and they held the blindfolded Bayhawks to 5 runs over the last 3 innings, which in itself was a moral victory.

The leading hitter for the Seawuss, the second-base man [name withheld upon his request] fouled the ball off two times, accounting for 6 rbi's. He is now the teams leader in that department with 7.

The next game up for the Seawusses will be on Thursday against the only team they recorded a win against [albeit, by forfeit], the St. Mary's Fairies, who are still rebounding from the horrible bus accident that killed everyone on their team right before the last game against the Seawusses almost two months ago.

It's Like News And Stuff, Right?

By Thcott Lewith
STATESRAG RESIDENT LOSER

Duh, okay, so what's up? This is my last column, because in a fit of mad, I up and quit the Statesman. Ya see, they wouldn't make me Editor-In-Chief. Now, I'd make a great Editor-In-Chief — I have a experience on a major tribune in a small gerrymandering zone! Anyway, I know lots about bein a Editor-In-Chief. It's like news and stuff, right? I know some black dude who took notes at important meetings died in a plane last week (I don't call him black, right, cause I'm racist — he's just black, I mean, let's call a spade a spade, right?), and they caught that bomber guy. The one who blew up Oklahoma City. They should string him up by his testicles.

Anyway, since they wouldn't let me run there paper, I was gonna go over to the Press, cause they got cute chicks there that if I made drunk will probably suck my dick. There's this one, she's got a cute ass, I wanna massage those hot ass. I massaged a hot ass once, but the sorority chick can't remember, she had way too much Jack Daniels in her at the time.

But I digress — I've cut down on my heterosexual carousing. (I haven't cut down on my homo-

sexual carousing, cause I ain't no fag, and I never fucked no guy, and if you say I did do something different than what I, uh, say, uh, where was I? Oh yeah, I'll fuckin' wreck you. Ask Dave Chow. There's a reason he's such an addled little nip. The last time he made fun of me, it was Nagasaki and Hiroshima rolled into one. We won the war! Yeah! Vietnam! Semper fi!)

Speakin' of wreckin', I'm gonna hit Dave Ewealt so hard, he's gonna have a lisp like me. That little pencilneck had the tenacity to suggest that because they wouldn't hire me as, uh, Editor-In-Chief for that other paper that I once did have written for, I was mad and left angry-stuff. So, uh, Dave, watch your back — I got your number, buddy, and I'm gonna wring your little neck. Your girlfriend likes me, she talked to me

outside the Press office once, while that half-nip Liv looked on. I coulda done them both right there, but I'll reinstate, I've, uh, cut back on, um, oh yeah.

So now I can't join the Press, because that Dave that I wanted to have been beating up is, like, a big boss there. So what am I gonna do? Here's the answer: Cubiezine!

I'm gonna make a article paper about stuff that I write for people to read. It's gonna be like stuff

about everything. I can do news and stuff, right? Like, I'll go to meetings with President Kenny. She's a hot bitch and stuff, if you grease her up but good. And I can do features, too. I can talk about the football team, cause the planet we live on resolves around the football team.

My Cubiezine is gonna be more popular than the Statesman and the Press together all the copies that people read of those two papers combined. And then each of those papers will fight like a bunch of girls never did over me. They'll want me on their staff so I can be their editor, because I'm a leader.

Lemme tell you about some times when I have led. People. I used to be in the Boy Scouts. And once, we got lost in the mountains, right? And we couldn't find our way back. So I took charge. The leader of the group was a pencilneck fag (not that I'm against fags or nothin') and I beat him up to express my dominance over the group. And so I then threatened to break their heads if they, you know, didn't listen to me and stuff. And we walked in one direction until we found a road. God, I'll never get lost on Mt. Sinai again.

So, anyway, I can lead. And I can lead papers and stuff. So I'm gonna make this paper. And I'm gonna distribute it. The paper. To people. Uh, where was I? Oh yeah. Ewealt better watch out., I'm gonna his neck kick in to break over and over again. Uh, okay. For now, this is Cubie, signing off.



CUBIE GRUNTS
THCOTT LEWITH

Not Lost In Babylon

By Jor-El of Krypton

I recently had the chance to sit in on an interview session with Bill Mumy, star of many a hit sci-fi TV show. In a small room tucked away in a corner of the Sports Complex, my compatriots and I, waited for about 10 minutes before Mr. Mumy walked in, fresh from an hour long autograph signing.

Dressed casually, he sported sunglasses through out the interview, and had a bottle of Poland Spring close at hand.

It seems Bill Mumy's first - or even second - love is not science-fiction, despite being in two of the more well known sci-fi shows of all time.

Mumy played Will Robinson in the 1960's *Lost In Space*, and now he plays Lennier on *Babylon 5*.

"I love to play music," Mumy said. He then described a few of his current musical projects. Barnes & Barnes, best known for the song and film "Fish Heads", are recording their 8th album for the Rhino label. He is very proud of the film "Fish Heads" telling us that *Rolling Stone* voted it one of

the Top 100 Videos of All Time.

"I don't consider it a video," he said, "it's more of a film. We shot it on film."

The Jenerators, Mumy's newest musical project, are working on an album too.

"The problem is getting everyone [in the Jenerators] together in the studio," he said, "we're all doing different things."



Also he talked about playing with America, and co-writing much of the material on their latest few albums. I asked him if he'd been through the desert on a horse with no name; "Countless times," he

said. "I love playing with those guys."

"Unfortunately music has to take a back seat to the welfare of my family," he said. "When I was in my 20's and touring with Sean Cassidy it was all right, even in my 30's it was fun, but now I don't have the same desire to be on a tour bus all the time any more. But I still love to play."

"I've always been a big fan of adventure/action," Mumy said, "Superman sucked me in."

He named *The Martian Chronicles* as his favorite sci-fi book and *The Day The Earth Stood Still* as his number one science fiction movie.

He is happy with his role as Lennier on *Babylon 5*, where he is a supporting actor, unlike his Will Robinson role where he was "basically the star of the show."

"There is a big difference in responsibility in between being the star and a supporting player," Mumy said, "but at least I don't have to go to school anymore."

Most of the questions directed toward the 42-year-old actor dealt with his side projects, not his current work on the hit Fox show.

He talked about *Space Cases*, a sci-fi series for kids that airs on Nickelodeon. He also does voice overs on a half dozen shows, including *Ren & Stimpy*, *Animaniacs* and *Batman: The Animated Series*. He does a mean Lillipudlian accent, too.

Mumy was more than happy to talk to the small crowd of reporters, but left after thirty minutes, most likely due to a busy I-CON schedule. He was relaxed enough that would have stayed and talked to us longer if he could have, that is as long as no one asked him really geeky questions like, "what waist size was the robot on *Lost in Space*" or "what was the numerical pass code he used as Lennier in episode #18 of *Babylon 5*."

What's So Funny 'Bout Pete, Love and Understanding?

By Garth of Izar

I-CON is a wonderful thing. Sure, there's a certain odor problem, and 4 out of every 5 attendees has dirty hair. But put those facts aside, and the Island Convention can be a real blast. The dealers room is always surreally entertaining, there's a plethora of movies and cartoons in the classrooms, and there's round the clock role-playing for the gamers amongst us.

For me, the highlight of "Geekfest" has always been the guest speakers. I am, I confess, somewhat of a Trekkie, so it's always a thrill to see an Ensign Sulu or Doctor Bashir in person. They're always eloquent, and usually pretty interesting.

This year, however, was the peak, the paramount, the all time best guest speaker I-CON has had yet. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to tell you about a man who brightened my day and saved an otherwise mediocre convention. His name is Ethan Phillips, and he is a god amongst men.

Some weeks ago, when we became aware that Phillips would be one of the speakers at I-CON, The Press office became all a-twitter. Sure, he plays Neelix on "Star Trek: Voyager," but we were excited for an all-together different reason... Phillips played Pete Downey on "Benson!"

I'm sure you remember "Benson"... it was a late seventies/early eighties sitcom about the staff of a Governor's office. Robert Guillaume was Benson, the erstwhile hero, Rene Auberjonois played the prententious and ever pompous Clayton Endicott, and Inga Swenson brought us Gretchen Kraus, the

endlessly annoying housekeeper. It was a great show... but more importantly, it was a show most of the gen-x members of the Press staff have seen sixteen million times in syndication. Remember the episode where Benson and Clayton got locked in the basement? Or the time where Taylor ran for Congress? "Benson" rocked!

So we were understandably excited when we discovered that Ethan Phillips would be at I-CON. I'm sure you remember his "Benson" character. Pete Downey was the Governor's press secretary, or something like that. He was the wacky little guy who ended up marrying Denise, the Governor's secretary. Pete ruled the mansion.

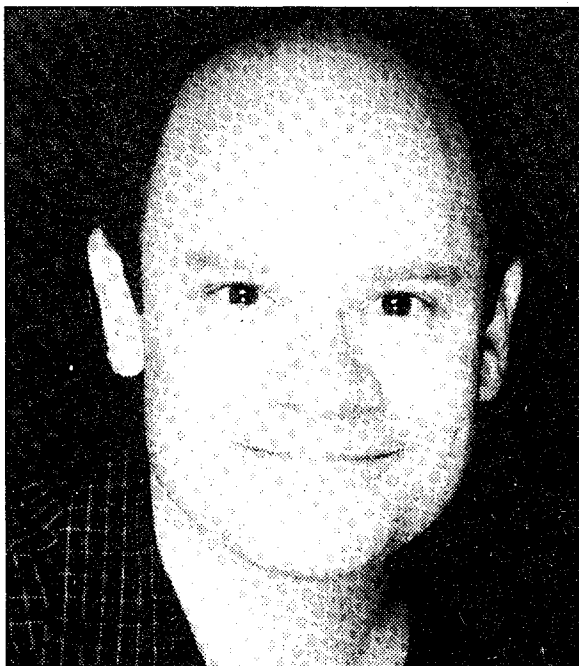
So the minute we found out Pete was going to be at I-CON, we started writing questions for him. "Was it difficult working for Governor Gatling?" "Did you ever want to kick Clayton's ass?" "Why did the only Black man on staff have his desk in the kitchen?" "Was Kraus really that much of a bitch, or was she just misunderstood?"

Of course, as luck would have it, we slept through Pete's press session. I did, however, manage to drag myself out of bed in time to see his question and answer presentation to I-CON's great unwashed masses. Sunday, April 14th, at 1:00, my eyes were opened to the glory that is Pete Downey.

Pete (or Ethan, as his family might call him) is one of the funniest people ever to grace the hallowed halls of the Indoor Sports Complex. For a guy who makes his living playing a highly evolved hedgehog, he's sure got a great sense of humor. Pete joked with the crowd for nearly an hour, sharing anecdotes about "Voyager", his private life, his paycheck, and yes, even "Benson." I hadn't expected a laugh riot, but Pete cracked me up a couple times.

I left the session in a really good mood, feeling a certain attachment for good ol' Pete.

I mean, just look at his picture... how can you not like that mug? I need to go watch reruns of Benson now. I need to rent *Glory*, where he played a hospital steward, or *Jeffrey*, where he played "Dave, the sexual compulsive." God bless you, Pete. You made my day.



Geek

By Ted Swedalla

We are geeks down here at *The Press*. We know it and we accept it. It takes a special breed of people to want to throw every other weekend away into the tumultuous process called production.

Geeks are a special breed of people, they have some sort of social ineptitude, but are very intelligent. A Dork on the other hand also has social ineptitude, but is a moron. Then, of course there is the dweeb, a total social misfit, stupid and a total loser. This report is from a geeks point of view on a whole bunch of other geeks.

Maybe that's why we feel so happy every time that I-CON rears its head on campus. Is this because we are not the least socially acceptable group on campus anymore [albeit only for one weekend]? Or that we are allowed to cover the event for free, have a mighty good time watching Anime, staring at people even freakier than John or because we can buy things you'd never ask for in any store? I don't have the information on that one.

But I went out and covered the event anyway, hoping to sell the handful of Magic Cards I had from a couple of years ago, looking to have a good time and maybe catch a really bad sci-fi movie in some classroom.

EDITORS LOG: FRIDAY 6:00PM

We arrive at the entrance to the Sports Complex, and find the press credential line without having to talk to anyone dressed like a Klingon. I got my pass with little hassle, and everything's still going OK. (Except for my name being spelled wrong on the pass, but I can accept that. Nobody spells my name right anyway.)

Then I went down to the dealers' room, which from last years' *Press* review of I-CON, I had a few qualms about entering. Friday's voyage to the bottom of the gym was just going to be a browsing expedition, any money I was going to spend was going to be done on Saturday.

Two quick orbits of all the tables gave me an idea of what could be had in this Pit of Sarlacc. I put an *X-Files* mug on my list of things I needed. (My other mug is from *Newsday* and really doesn't look cool in the office.) Then there was a miasma of other things - which I know I have no use for - but the mood struck me, so I put them on the list anyway.

FRIDAY 9:00PM

I watched the *X-Files*. What else did you think I would be doing? By the way, this was a great episode, and does anyone have the sound bite "You don't play *Dungeons and Dragons* for as long as I have with out learning a little something about courage" yet? Dave, our head D&D geek wants it.

FRIDAY 10:35PM

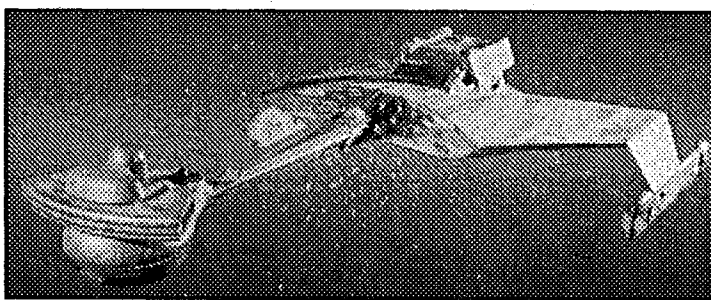
Wandered into the CyberBar (Physics 113) with the Photo Editor to look for someone. We found her. I became frightened as I looked around.

FRIDAY 10:50PM

Checked out some of the things going on in ESS, before heading over to the Spot. The Anime in Room 001, interested me - and it wasn't even the NC-17 kind! - and I vowed to return.

Upstairs in ESS, there was stargazing on the roof,

which we missed by 2 hours, and video gaming in room 177. Having no experience in *Virtual Fighter*, or *Mortal Kombat*, or what ever it was, I decided against entering the tournament. What ever happened to cool games like *Super Mario Brothers 3*?



have good sound bites, wait till you see demons with prehensile penises raping young Japanese girls. The phrase "I'm tired of your hole" takes on a whole new meaning now.

SATURDAY 12:30PM

Arrived on campus and was greeted by a scary subculture. The people were all dressed exactly the same, had their own language and had horrible plans for the rest of the day. Apparently there was a rugby tournament on campus this weekend.

SATURDAY 3:00PM

Back inside the dealers' room. Sold 4 Magic card. Made \$60. Got to interview Bill Mumy. Bought *X-Files* mug. Made \$60. Walked around tried to sell more cards. Heard lots of geeky things. Did I mention that I made \$60?

SATURDAY 5:35PM

Went back to the Dealers room and sold more Magic cards and did a little dance. Saw people walking around that scared me, especially that Romulan who stood in the next urinal while I peed.

Talked to Sarah Dyer, who co-writes *Milk & Toast* and *Space Ghost: Coast to Coast* with Evan Dorkin. [Ed. Note - "This is his real name."] She said this was her first non-all comic convention and it "was a little scary. A lot more Klingons here." She was wearing a silver jacket, and looked alot like the girl from *No Doubt*, but was alot more attractive. Fuck John and his obsession with skinny, muscular women with dots on their heads.

SATURDAY 6:45PM

Received a report from my away team (Photo and Music Editors) who went to see Capt. America in a classroom on a TV screen.

According to them the movie was a classic, Capt. America and the president of the USA kicked much ass at the end of the movie. They loved the movie, and recommended that we make further contact with this movie.

Excelsior!!!!

SATURDAY 8:45PM

Went back to the Sports Complex to talk to Ethan Phillips, better known as Pete from *Benson*. He was not available for an interview at that time, but we heard that he would be available tomorrow morning. I'm waking Dave up at 9:30am on Sunday to do the interview with me.

Saw four cop cars outside the Sports Complex and

began to create magnificent conspiracy theories. It was fun.

We went to the Cyber Bar (•Matrix) to see the costume party, which turned out to be nothing more than a raffle in the Physics Building, it was very disappointing. I was expecting to see people in costumes parade around the transformed classroom vying for the title of Best Costume. Darn.

Every room on the first floor held a different role playing game, *Star Trek*, *Battletech* and I actually saw two people sword fighting in the hallway. Man, that was one mean bitch with an epee.

SUNDAY 12:20PM

Once again went on a mission to see *La Blue Girl* over in ESS 001. This time, it wasn't as exciting as the first two episodes. By the time the video screen went dead, about 20 minutes into the first episode (it did eventually come back on I was told), I was already out the door.

No demons raping girls, no prehensile penises, but there was the Iron Pube Blast - which although



exciting - could not save the Anime from falling into the bowels of Mt. Fuji.

Don't know if I will return to see parts 5 & 6 of *La Blue Girl* on Sunday.

SUNDAY 6:00 PM

Another report from an away team of mine (Business Manager) she was assaulted by the

indigenous life forms from the planet Dweebiod. She is the one who categorized the people of the convention into the geeks, dorks and dweebs.

SUNDAY 9:00PM

Was not able to finish my mission of peace, but I was able to stick to the *Press*' Prime Directive: I made money. Lots of it. I love being a geek. I was not able to fully integrate myself into the spirit of the weekend, but couldn't no matter how hard I tried.

I did have a good time at the convention, it was run more efficiently (all the speakers were on time this year.) I did not get to see the last two parts of *La Blue Girl*, but it was still worth the price of admission to wander campus aimlessly, occasionally popping in on a movie I've seen a dozen times.

The Dealers Room has become the *X-Files* room, there was so much devoted to the Fox show, that it was obvious that these people knew where the money lies. And I did not see as much illegal contraband (*Star Trek* RPG, pornos of stars, etc.) as I expected to see at the convention. Although I heard there was plenty to be found.

I-CON XV did not suck!

Fest

By Garrison

Things to watch and to watch out for at next year's ICON:

At any science fiction/fantasy convention there are guaranteed to be plenty of things to watch. There are art shows, movies, demonstrations, and of course, the costumes. Unfortunately, there are also many times when you must watch out. After attending two or three conventions, you begin to get a sense of what to watch out for. It was at this year's ICON convention that certain sporadic annoyances began to develop into a semi-formal list of caveats.

Many of ICON's disappointments come from inflated expectations; for example, if the schedule lists that a certain movie is playing at a particular time in a given room, one can reasonably expect that either the movie will show at said place and time, or that in the event of a scheduling conflict (inevitable) a new, accurate schedule will be posted. The exception to this, is of course any of the movies which mysteriously vanish, never to be seen. I don't think there has been an ICON I've attended where I haven't walked into at least one scheduled room to see a scheduled movie, only to find three or four befuddled persons wondering, as do I, "Where's the flick?" I should also point out that the most befuddled

of those other people is usually the volunteer who was supposed to show the movie.

Another thing to be careful of is your definition of professional. Anyone who gets paid to do what they do can be called a professional, that doesn't mean they will act in what can be considered a professional manner. Authors, artists, actors, and other guests of ICON are people just like the rest of us- just as prone to unpreparedness and unprofessionalism. I have seen both gifted speakers who had no point and fascinating

thinkers who couldn't get one across. Most often, these problems occur on the panel discussions. Almost all panel discussions answer question from the audience but some do nothing else. Here are two helpful

hints for telling them apart. First, look to see if the panel is moderated. This is indicated by one of the panel members

answer a lot of questions. If, on the other hand, your panel consists of computer hackers, freelance writers, and anyone else who has an unrelated or unlisted "day job," they may do nothing but answer questions and the topic may shift frequently. Hackers are an especially good example of this, as these individuals tend to be inherently "unmoderated." Finally, if your entire panel is covered on the list of "Also Appearing," you may want to put that discussion on your b-list.

In general it's good to be conservative in your



having an (M) next to his name. These discussions tend to be more organized, with a true panel discussion and audience questions taken during and/or after the panel speakers. Unmoderated discussions tend to be less focused and will often stray far from the listed topic. The other tip is to look at the backgrounds of the speakers themselves. If your panel is made up of award winning authors, box office

actors, and Ph.D.'s it will probably be highly structured and they may not have time to

expectations and liberal with common sense. If it says FREE STUFF, it's probably nothing you want. If there's a 2 1/2 hour movie in a 2 hour slot, it's going to go late. They sound simple, yet every year I see people surprised at these same things. Some people don't seem to realize that ICON is a large and complex event which takes many months and many people to plan. Many things will always go wrong. I've seen many people lose their heads over things that just didn't really matter, simply because they wanted things to go as planned. On the other hand I see people lose it each year just because they're nuts, but that's what it's all about, right?

Special thanks to the staff of ICON XV for providing us with passes giving us free reign to take embarrassing pictures and going to boring seminars and panel discussions.

We really did have fun at your expense
Until next year...

Good Phone Sex is Hard to Find

By Jeanne Nolan

When the phone rings twice, an off campus call, we know it's one of three things: 1) a friend or family member who we probably don't want to talk to, 2) a wrong number, or 3) an obscene caller. For some unexplained reason my room is plagued by the third.

There are different degrees to obscene phone calls. The heavy breathers are amateurs who lack all sense of creativity. To them I usually respond, "Can't you do any better than that?" Then break into an incredible shrieking orgasm. The caller is so shocked by this response that they hang up completely baffled by what kind of sick girl they just encountered. There is one guy who calls on a regular basis that has a category all to himself. My roommate and I have dubbed him "Perv". Perv is a truly deranged individual who feels obligated to share his repulsive fantasies. He always catches us off guard by calling at obscure times. It's a horrible start to the day when you're awakened at nine-thirty on a Saturday morning to someone saying "I have your mother tied to a tree and my cock is shoved deep into her rectum." Alaina, my roommate has the best answer to him when she says, "You sick bastard, take a gun and shoot yourself in the head. You don't deserve to live."

Last Sunday I was returning from spring break, I had walked back from the train station in the snow (can someone please explain why it keeps snowing—it's fuckin April!) the strap of my bag had been digging into my shoulder, weighed by books I hadn't touched all week. The only thing on my mind was throwing on a pair of sweat pants, crawling under my flannel sheets and going to

sleep. As I entered my room I crossed over the sea of fliers that had been slipped under my door and was greeted by an off campus call.

The voice at the other end said "Hey it's Mike, how's it goin'?" Like many people I have a friend named Mike who lives off campus, so I started bitching to him about walking back in the snow. It was a few minutes into the conversation when I realized that it was not my friend Mike and I did not know this person. I confronted him with this fact and he said, "Don't go, can't you talk to me anyway?" He was really friendly and he wasn't panting or moaning, so I started talking to him. He told me that he lived on Long Island and commuted to John Jay. We talked about spring break, he had gone to Florida with his girlfriend. He was really down to earth. Then I found out the motive behind this phone call. "So what do you think about phone sex?"

I'm not a sexually inhibited person and if you're into phone sex then that's cool, it's just not for me. I can't describe erotic acts without knowing who's on the other end of the line. I wouldn't want some nasty fat slob who goes to I-CON conventions getting off on my voice. I asked Mike why he doesn't have phone sex with his girlfriend and he explained to me that it was the element of fantasy which he found so arousing. I believe the psychology of phone sex is gender related, as we all know men will fuck anything, so it's easy for them to create an image of a fantasy girl and have phone sex with a stranger. Women on the other hand, need to connect with their partner on a level other than physical, so they are less inclined to have phone sex with someone they've never met.

Mike totally understood my reasoning and he

thanked me for being open to talk to him and apologized for wasting my time. Then he said "You sound really cool, are you sure you won't change your mind?" He was really polite to my rejection and I wished him luck in finding someone willing to have phone sex with him. I hung up feeling guilty for not helping Mike out, he was just an ordinary guy looking for some good phone sex.

**Coming in the
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GIVE LIFE GIVE BLOOD

By M.J. Molloy

If you have been searching the entire school year for some possible way to redeem yourself so your prayers will be answered and you will be able to pass that horribly difficult course well, people, you have your chance.

On Wednesday, April 17th the New York Blood Center will hold a blood drive at the Sports Complex. I believe this is an excellent opportunity for the University community to show care instead of apathy. For anyone who has been considering donating but have never done so, I will be there for several hours in the afternoon to offer encouragement and/or hold hands.

If you wonder what a blood donation is like, I'll tell you. It's done on a walk-in basis, where you fill out a brief form and are given a quick medical check where they check your blood pressure, take a tiny sample of blood, via a finger-prick, and make sure there's nothing in your medical history that indicate you should not give blood. All medical history they take is strictly confidential. If you don't weigh at least 110 pounds or have had any piercing (ear or otherwise) or have recently been tattooed, they ask that you not donate blood for one year from the date of piercing/tattooing. This is why I cannot donate now, so don't start thinking that I don't walk it as well as I talk it. I have donated 3.3 gallons of blood during my life, so I know from whence I speak.

After the medical check you will be shown to a table where they lay you down and check to see which arm is better, clean your arm, and insert a needle that is not nearly as big or painful as you might have heard. If you want to know how the needle feels, pinch your forearm hard. The needle's not

as bad as that. In about 3-5 minutes they painlessly remove the needle, bandage the venipuncture site, sit you down for a few minutes (to insure you're not dizzy, which is very uncommon) and give you some juice and cookies. [Ed. Note - "Those are the greatest cookies in the world, hopefully they will be the original Lorne Doone."] The blood you donate is screened for HIV, hepatitis and several of our favorite STD's.

Depending on how many donors there are; the time between when you first walk in and when you walk out should be a max of 45 minutes, which is the longest I've ever waited at a blood drive at Suffolk College several years ago.

You may wonder what happens and why you should donate blood. If you're someone who knows your blood type and it happens to be O-, then you should also know that the greatest need is for O-blood. In TV shows many times you here orders to get a unit of O- (how much you donate, about 1 pint, which your body replenishes in 24 hours) blood. This is because O- donors are referred to as "universal donors." Regardless of what type you are, you can receive O- blood. With the warm weather coming, the demand for blood will skyrocket.

I have been waiting all year for the students here to prove to me they are not apathetic. I don't expect much, but I do expect a reasonable turnout. So if you have ever been close to losing someone close to you, like me, and wondered what you could do to ease someone else who might lose someone because there wasn't enough blood to help them, then you can do 4 things

- 1) Give some time.
- 2) Give a damn.
- 3) Give life.
- 4) Give blood.

I Hope Her Father Feels The Flames

By Louis M. Moran

I have this friend whose dad used to push him to excel at sports. So every Saturday he'd be at the field kicking, throwing, shooting, whatever and he got good. He's still better than anyone we know at nearly every sport there is. Sure he sacrificed Saturdays and Sundays to his father's bizarre obsession with sporting prowess and there were a lot of times he wanted to quit. He blew out his knees out in the tenth grade and his elbow is a little arthritic now and he knows it will get much worse as he grows older, but he isn't bitter.

He also isn't dead. Jessica Dubroff is though.

She's the little girl who, after four months of light instruction, tried to break a world record for being the youngest pilot to fly across America. Never mind that no one was going to record this record because Guinness World Records deemed this too dangerous and the Pilots Association doesn't recognize passengers as pilots, and anyone who doesn't hold a pilot's license is considered a passenger in an airplane. At seven years old Jessica was too young by nine years to legally hold a pilot's license. That did not phase her father however.

Lloyd Dubroff is an odd man who will no doubt have a very special section of Hell carved out for him. It seems Lloyd pulled his children out of school and taught them at home. His home state was not so impressed and has been trying to get the Dubroff's kids back in school because they didn't score very well on standardized tests.

There's video of Jessica "flying" her Cessna and on the video the flight instructor, Joe Reid, asks, "What would you do if the engines cut out right now?"

Jessica replies, "Uh...I don't know."

Then her father says, "It's kind of hard to remember everything you have to say to the tower isn't it?"

"Yeah," Jessica agrees.

My friend Ken is a licensed pilot, has been for four, five years. Every time we go up he walks the plane, checks his checklist and writes the call number's of his plane down. We always go up in the same plane. Ken makes flying seem very boring.

Something a seven year old would have trouble getting past. The repetition, the exactness, the sameness; it is difficult to get seven year olds to repeat a phone message! The reporters asked Jessica why she wanted to fly across the country, "I think it was my father's idea," the reporter said through a grin you could hear, "Oh, I see...."

So Jessica was a lot like my friend whose arm will hurt him until the day he dies, worse on rainy days.

Only difference is she's dead.

So are three other people.

Thankfully there weren't more because little Jessica's plane nose dived into a residential area, ten feet from a house.

No one can even say for sure why they took off in the first place. Taking off in bad weather is a decision a qualified pilot can make. You could, with the right training, fly a plane without the ability to see outside it, it is called instrument flying. Most pilots prefer not to rely on instruments though. Most of the experts agree that weather was the major factor. The weather was ripe for icing. It was raining, hailing and cold. Eyewitnesses said that the plane never got more than a hundred feet off the ground. One pilot, and resident of Cheyenne, saw the plane and immediately began praying, "I knew exactly what was happening," he said.

However, Jessica admitted she'd only gotten

two hours sleep before she took off for Cheyenne. Probably nerves, and the excitement of going on a long trip. That could certainly be a factor. Although FAA officials have stated that the actual mechanics of flying a plane are easy, it's the judgment of a pilot that is taught in flight school. So, if an inexperienced pilot takes off in very bad flying weather and gets in trouble will an experienced pilot be able to correct the problem fast enough?

The answer in this case would appear to be no.

Some of the other footage of Jessica flying includes her landing at Denver International and she's having trouble due to winds at her rear. A situation she is not yet comfortable with. Her instructor is noticeably tense. His short quick instructions are the same you might hear from a passenger in a car driven by someone they're not overly confident with.

"Pull up...give it more power...you're a little low...give it more power...you're a little low, Jess."

No one in their right mind would unleash a child onto the streets with an automobile. They'd be jailed for endangering the welfare of a child, to say nothing of the community they were driving through. Yet Jessica was everyone's darling. No one thought to themselves, "Hey, what the heck is a seven-year old doing flying a plane?"

Ultimately the blame cannot be given to Jessica. She was a passenger in the plane. She wasn't the pilot. Joe Reid was. He and her irresponsible father are entirely to blame for this. Jessica was probably blissfully unaware of any record and flew because she loved it; and what kid wouldn't? If not for her father's asinine quest for greatness through his daughter they'd all still be alive.

More importantly, Jessica would still be alive.

FIGHT THE BUDGET CUTS! JOIN THE COLLEGE REPUBLICANS

Since January First, the College
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Sen. Phil Gramm

Gov. George Pataki

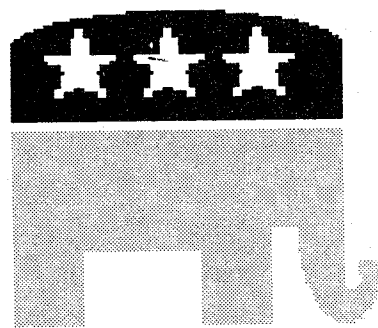
Rep. Rick Lazio

Sen. Kenneth LaValle

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You can spread graffiti to prevent
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We're Right, They're Wrong

By David M. Ewalt

"They are wrong and we are right and I'm going to prove it to you!"

-Harry S. Truman, Democratic National

It has long been a concern of mine that modern politics seems to be dominated by demagoguery. When a society's most successful critic is a loudmouth, lying pox like Rush Limbaugh, you're in trouble.

To be honest, it isn't even the demagoguery that bothers me... hell, I plan on making a career out of it. My concern is that only one side of the political spectrum is being represented, and it's the wrong side. Sure, we Democrats have our voices in the media; Michael Kinsley, David Broder, William Raspberry, and a couple others... but then, the competition's got George Will, William Bennett, and P.J. O'Rourke. Furthermore, though we match (or, more likely, exceed) the Republicans on an intellectual basis, they far surpass us in volume. Loudmouth radio punks like Limbaugh, G. Gordon Liddy, and Bob Grant fill our airwaves with bullshit propaganda... and the public buys it, since there's no liberal voice to tell them otherwise. The result; hordes of brainwashed dittoheads who spout fascist dogma in attempts to convert those of us who have enough brains not to buy it. What's a liberal to do?

Well, here's the first step you should take. Go to your near-

est bookstore and buy a copy of James Carville's newest book, *We're Right, They're Wrong*. Carville, of course, is the "Ragin' Cajun" who ran Bill Clinton's War Room during the 1992 elections. He's a tough, smart, outspoken guy with a remarkable understanding of politics. His latest conclusion; Democrats need to stop taking the Republican onslaught and go on the offensive themselves. *We're Right, They're Wrong*, subtitled "A Handbook for Spirited Progressives," is the first jab in that bout... and it's a haymaker.

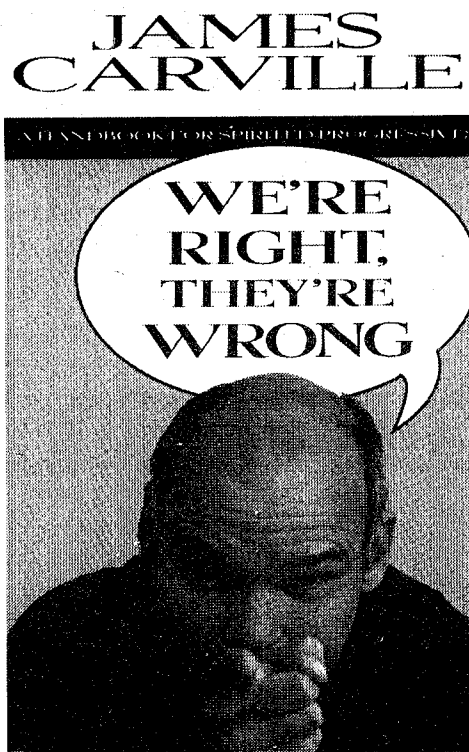
We're Right, They're Wrong provides the reader with what little information is needed to take the wind right out of your favorite dittohead's sails. Carville begins the book with the counter arguments against the right's favorite issues, including welfare, taxes, and "big government." And unlike Limbaugh, he presents the facts which back up his argument.

As the book continues, Carville provides an representative list of some of the things government does right. After listening to conservatives tell us that everything government does is wrong, it's a tremendously reassuring chapter. Carville reminds us that government *isn't* evil... it does a lot of good for a lot of people. It's a simple message, but one that is vital to the survival of the Democratic party.

In the latter chapters of *We're Right, They're Wrong*, Carville takes more extended, in-depth looks into several issues key to modern politics; health care, the economy, race, and education. He offers praise where deserved and constructive criticism where needed. Interspersed throughout are what Carville calls "lagniappes," little sidebars in the text which offer everything from scathing indictments of public figures to recipes for backyard barbecue.

This is a tremendously valuable work, and if the Dems know what's good for them, they'll all be carrying this little gem around like Maoists with the Chairman's little red book.

We're Right, They're Wrong is a slap on the collective asses of the Democratic party, a reminder that we don't need to be on the defensive, because, after all, we're right.



Dr. Fistfuck Lays Down Mad Roots

By Pål Eide

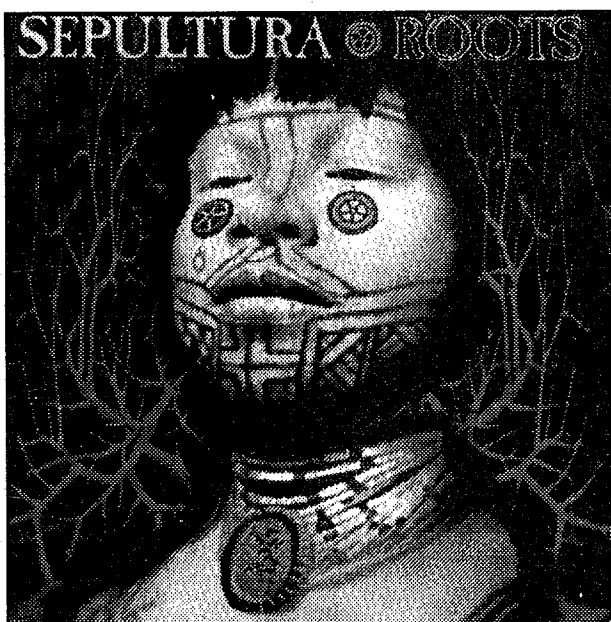
"OPEN UP YOUR MIND AND GO YOUR OWN WAY. LIVE YOUR LIFE/NOT THE WAY THEY TAUGHT YOU/DO WHAT YOU FEEL. WHEN YOU GO DOWN, MOTHERFUCKER-YOU GO DOWN FIGHTING."

Believe it or not, these lyrics are some of the more mellow, mature from Sepultura. Sepultura is a group of musicians from Sao Paulo, Brazil. Sao Paulo is one of the largest cities on earth, with the same problems of any other urbanized area. What makes Sepultura different from their ghetto-influenced peers in the heavy metal music industry is that they can enjoy the injustices of urbanization as well as the injustices of the Brazilian government upon indigenous South American tribes.

Sepultura has made it a point to sing about many of the controversial issues of modern man. They have tackled issues concerning the senseless loss of life from warfare, the lack of respect for individual's rights by government, the insanity of blind faith in any religion, the uncertain relationship between biotechnology and the AIDS virus, police corruption, and the drawbacks of mass conformity. Sepultura is not only about expressing their opinions on record. They have also dedicated a few of their songs on factual evidence of mass destruction of the less fortunate in songs like "Manifest," which is about the mass

murder of hundreds of South American prison inmates in order to get rid of prison overpopulation. "Kaiowas" is an acoustic masterpiece dedicated to a tribe of Brazilian Indians who committed mass suicide as protest against a government that was taking their land and their freedom.

The new album, *Roots*, is just as rebellious as any of their previous works. The music is still full throttle, no holds barred heavy metal, yet has a bit more experimentation with funkiness and melody. This album is their most mainstream effort thus far



in their careers, although one could not tell by the vulgar way in which Max Cavalera expresses his ideas. On this album he is listed as vocalist, which is a big step up from 1993's *CHAOS A.D.*, where he was labeled throat/guitars.

Similar to Van Halen, there is a family thing going on in Sepultura. The Cavalera brothers, Max and Igor, are responsible for the drums and guitars on all of their albums (Author's note: cavilar means "to ponder deeply" in Spanish). This means that there will not be any major lineup changes for this band

in the near future.

On the track "Lookaway" Sepultura gives props to the hard-core rap/heavy metal fusion movement of the nineties. Mike Patton of the band Faith No More (one of the pioneers of rapping to heavy metal) teams up with Jonathan Davis of Korn to vocalize on this dark piece which was produced by D.J. Lethal of House Of Pain.

There is an acoustic track that was recorded with the Xavantes tribe of Matto Grosso, Brazil. The band performed a song to accompany the tribe's healing ceremony chant called "Datsi Wawere". There are many segments of the band's time with the tribe on this record, from which one may draw the conclusion that music, as well as the ghetto state of mind, is universal. Anyone who enjoys heavy metal for its motivational and inspirational aspects rather than its image will thoroughly enjoy the latest Sepultura album.

Pål's Picks

Korn During their show with 311 used some lyrics from a Slick Rick/Doug E. Fresh classic instead of their own. PHAT!

Machinehead During their show with Stuck Mojo busted out lyrics from the Wu Tang Clan's "Method Man" instead of their own. PHATTER!

Clutch Really weird, really good. Unfortunately I saw them open for Skid Row.

X-Cops a more tasteful version of Gwar. Strictly for those with way too much testosterone such as myself.

Tool Frontman Maynard requested that everyone perform sexual acts upon each other after the show at Roseland last year. Lead guitarist also worked on special effects on *T2* and *Jurassic Park*. PHATTEST!

Handy Hints for Happy Home Dwellers

By Usov Enereal

Do you live on your own? Do you toss and turn in bed wondering how to make life in your habitat more productive and rewarding? Neither do I, but some of the following tips and ideas are worth trying out. They are guaranteed to make everyday home life affordable and hassle free.

Keep pesky raccoons from going through your trash by using clear garbage bags. The furry critters will simply browse, often see nothing of interest and continue on their way, leaving your garbage unscathed.

Forgo the hassle of doing laundry by stealing stylish outfits from your neighbors clothesline.

Keep your pet entertained for hours by placing a dead rodent inside a small Tupperware container.

Allow shower mildew to flourish and spread over your entire bathroom. Within a few months you will have lavish greenery covering up those ugly old tiles.

Stale macaroni shells can be strung together to create very hip and fashionable summertime jewelry. If you make more than you can use, sell the items to unsuspecting Phish fans all summer long.

Save big bucks on cable fees by building your own satellite dish out of a garbage can lid, some aluminum foil and some pieces of wire.

Get revenge on noisy, party loving neighbors by setting fire to their beloved 'kitty'.

Deter pesky prank callers by farting or belching loudly into the receiver when they call.

Toe cheese rolled into small bite size pellets makes an inexpensive, yet tasty reward for pet ferrets and hamsters.

Keep uninvited Jehovah Witnesses at bay by offering them bong rips the next time they show up.

A head of broccoli stuck inside a pot of soil makes a lush, imitation bonsai tree.

Keep your puppy from soiling the carpets by not feeding him until he is fully grown and more responsible.



Put an end to the nightly excursion of kitchen cockroaches by providing them with a buffet-style feast each Friday night. The roaches will eat so much on that one evening that they won't be hungry for at least another week.

Ordinary household Windex makes a delicious cocktail for guests when mixed with seltzer and lime juice.

An old bicycle horn strapped to your door makes a unique, energy efficient door chime.

An old stiff toothbrush makes a great comb for hairy sideburns and bushy eyebrows.

The next time someone calls and asks if you want a subscription to Newsday politely tell him/her to fuck off.

Keep young nephews and nieces occupied while visiting you by showing them how to do 'whippets'.

Keep pet goldfish healthy by removing them from the bowl for two minutes each day. The panic they go through is good exercise for their tiny hearts and ensures them a long and happy life.

Keep the neighbors noisy kids from waking you at 9:00 AM by kidnapping them the night before. Save time on cleaning by making them scrub your toilet before you release them.

Earn extra cash over the summer by selling lemonade from your driveway or porch. For a bit of extra fun, spike the icy beverage with LSD and watch your neighbors attempt mow their lawns after they down a couple glasses.

Handy Hints for Happy Home Dwellers is now available;

Send \$99.95 (plus \$8.50 shipping) to;

Hints

PO Box 679

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THE BALLAD OF SISTER SLOWJAH AND THE 60 YD. VIDEO MACHINE DASH

By The Video Vigilante

Once upon a time, many college students ate at a residential cafeteria named "H". In order to enhance the students' dining pleasure, the powers-that-be installed a video jukebox and hooked it up to 3 or 4 TVs scattered throughout the cafeteria. Then, videos recently debuting on MTV and MuchMusic! would appear on the jukebox. Students could request videos by touching boxed selections on a screen; eventually, when the machine was done displaying commercials, the videos would appear. Two videos could be loaded at a time, at which point the machine would only accept requests after the video currently displaying had ended.

Unfortunately, the structure of the machine and inevitable human nature led to the rise of what I can only describe as "Video Nazis". These are people who sit at the closest table to the video machine and keep it under guarded lock and key, entering only the videos they wish to hear and moving too quickly to let anyone — until recently — make a selection.

The group of Video Nazis in question are connoisseurs of the hip-hop genre. Now, I have no personal feelings towards hip-hop. I don't particularly like it, but I'm not going to get on somebody's case because they like to listen to that particular type of music. However, when they like to listen to it in such a way as to infringe upon my sanity (you listen to 2Pac Shakur's "California Dreamin'" 95 times in a row and see if you can keep from laugh-

ing at the prospect of the rapper getting shot in the penis again), I begin to grow upset. This Hip-Hop Gestapo's actions have slowly but surely eroded my patience. It gets to the point where I hear Groove Theory and begin to taste pasta sauté in my mouth. I'm a college student, not Pavlov's Snoop Dogg.

So, in order to avenge the wrongs inflicted upon the well-meaning but rankled non-hip-hop fans of H Cafeteria, I have taken a new responsibility upon myself: Video Vigilante. It all began when the Hip-Hop Gestapo laughed at my feeble attempts to enter a video into the machine, when they had already garnered a stranglehold upon the next 2 videos. Vowing revenge, I waited until the end of — you guessed it — 2Pac Shakur's stirring *Mad Max* re-interpretation. My friends convinced me, however, that my eagerness was unbecoming, and so I waited, like a trained hunter, for Sister Slowjah to rise from her plastic throne and approach the machine.

Then I, like a flash, burst forth from my seat and sprinted to the machine, slamming into it and slapping the selection boxes to call up the best possible song for the situation: Def Leppard. I forget the exact title of the song, but my guess is that someone so close-minded towards other people's musical options was *not* going to enjoy a Def Leppard video. (I also attempted to enter Clint Black into the machine, but I don't know if it took it.)

The incident repeated itself recently, and once again, I bested Ms. Slowjah in the arena of democratic video selection. Despite the hurdles I had to

overcome (she was closer to the machine, and there were tables between me and it), like the spry Hermes, I bolted to the machine, striking another victory for democracy with Bjork's "Hyper-ballad." Take that!

The chase is afoot, Watson. From now until the last breath of life in this able vessel escapes from betwixt clenched teeth, I shall defend the rights of non-hip-hop fans in H Quad Cafeteria. If I need to, I will jog in place in front of the machine to ensure my victory. You cannot beat me. Concede, and spare yourself the agony. Perhaps I shall find it within my bottomless heart to play a 2Pac Shakur video now and again.

Perhaps not.

This message extends to all who feel that they can monopolize what was once a machine based upon the idea of free will, but especially to you, Ms. Slowjah, whom I have met on the field of battle not once, but twice. You have become my arch-nemesis in this jihad, and I will not rest — nay, my eyelids shall not caress one another — until justice has been served time and time again. No more shall Tori Amos find herself unable to express her views in the cafeteria; no more shall the playful innocence of bands like Hum and Primus find they have no outlet at Stony Brook University. We may not get good live bands here, but damn it, we deserve the Memorex.

Until our conflicting ideologies cross on the battlegrounds once again, Ms. Slowjah, remember: entering videos into the machine is a sport. Play hard.

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By Chris Cartusciello

The Oscars

Well, what can I say? My Oscar picks were a little off this year. I was 4 out of 11 (ouch), compared to my 9 out of 10 last year. Thank God for Disney music or else I really would have been in trouble. I'm not going to sit here and make excuses for my seemingly lack of knowledge on this year's awards. It was a tough pick and I'm not Nostradamus. There were a lot of surprises this year, some of them pleasant and some shocking.

Biggest surprise was that *Braveheart* beat out *Apollo 13* for best picture. Sure I would have liked to be right about the winner, but I'm not disappointed in the least. As I've stated before I believe *Braveheart* was the best film I saw last year and deserving of the win, it just didn't seem like a movie the academy would vote for. Granted it had an epic scale and a brilliant, lush look to it, but it was extremely violent and the historical content of the film has come into question. Also, Mel Gibson's win of best director for this film was a bit of a shock, but in the weeks approaching the show there was a growing contingency leaning towards him. Since the largest section of academy voters are actors, there seemed to be a feeling that one of their own should get the top prize.

Biggest surprise of the night, and possibly least deserving of an award, was Kevin Spacey beating out Ed Harris for best supporting actor. I had the same look of astonishment on my face as Harris had on his as Spacey was announced to come up to the podium. Yes, Spacey is a fine performer but the raw energy and emotion of Harris was the anchor of *Apollo 13*. Spacey was just another confusing plot point of *The Usual Suspects*. This same point comes into play in the best screenplay category. Christopher McQuarrie's win for his original screenplay for *Suspects* just goes to prove that if you write something that people don't understand they will think it is brilliant.

This year's show was one of the best in recent memory. It ran over a half hour too long, but who cares? It was not only entertaining it was one of the most emotionally charged nights ever on television. You could feel Paul Sorvino's joy as he openly wept as his daughter Mira won her best supporting actress award. To see a big man, and a bigger talent, have such a display of true emotion in front of a billion people is something that can't be scripted.

Kirk Douglas was awarded an honorary Oscar for lifetime achievement. As he came out on stage the people stood and cheered because of the respect they have for this giant of the industry. It soon became apparent that Douglas recently had a stroke, something many people didn't know, and was partially paralyzed on one side of his body. The courage of this man to stand up and speak before his peers was extraordinary. Even though his words were slurred he gave an eloquent speech. His children sat in the audience and cried as he said that he knows his sons are proud of him. We all are Kirk.

Now for the host, Whoopi Goldberg. In another surprise of the night, she was actually good. When she hosted two years ago it was one of the most boring shows anyone could remember. She beat out David Letterman for worst host, and that's tough to do. So what in the p.c. world would make producers give her another shot? I don't know, but I'm glad they did. Do I want to see her there next year? No. Spread the wealth until you find someone as good as Johnny Carson or Billy Crystal. I suggest Robin Williams, but those people never listen to me.

The Birdcage

Speaking of Robin Williams, I ventured out to see his newest this past week. For those of you who don't know, this remake of the French farce *La Cage aux Folles* is about a gay couple who must pretend to be straight to fool the future in-laws of a son Williams' character had in a one-time heterosexual fling.

Williams is Armand, the owner of Florida drag club and Nathan Lane (an accomplished Broadway actor and the voice of Timon in *The Lion King*) is his partner and lover, Albert. Williams' son, who grew up with his father and doesn't even know his mother, is fine with Armand's lifestyle. It is his future father-in-law, a conservative senator played by Gene Hackman, who doesn't approve of anything that deviates from the norm. When the two families are to meet, it is up to Armand to transform Albert into a passable straight man so he can pretend to be an uncle. After several scenes of Lane swaying as he walks and crying at the least little thing it is apparent that this plan won't work. The final plan is for Albert to pass as Armand's wife.

I wish I would have seen this film the first week it came out. After hearing the glowing reviews of family and friends I was a bit disappointed. Yes, it was a funny film, maybe one of the funniest in a while, but I was expecting more. Williams was in fine form, as he always is, and Lane showed his versatility. Hank Azaria, a semi-regular on "Mad About You" and a featured voice on "The Simpsons", was very funny as the couple's house boy who wants Armand to put him in the show at the club. He's a bit Lucy Ricardo and bit RuPaul. Even Hackman, who is having a career resurgence in comedies after last year's *Get Shorty*, is competent. All of the performances are top notch. They just don't seem to add up to a lot. The individual plot points are creative and amusing but as a whole the story doesn't flow particularly well. It moves quickly enough, and maybe that's one of the problems. It is too quick. Just as I was getting interested, the movie was over. It ran about two hours, so it's not that it was a short film, it is just that they needed to get from point A to point B a little quicker and then finish up at point C.

Executive Decision

As in *Passenger 57* and *Die Hard 2*, terrorists have once again taken over a commercial jet. Is it up to one man to stop them? No. In *Executive Decision* it is up to a team of anti-terrorist specialists to get on that plane and stop the madman who has planted a bomb that is attached to enough nerve gas to wipe out the eastern seaboard before the president decides to blow it out of the air.

The team is led by Steven Seagal, who brings Kurt Russell along because he is an expert on this particular terrorist group. After an exciting and stunning mid-air link up between the 747 and the group's Stealth, in which Seagal bites it (thank God for small miracles) Russell, as David Grant, is left in charge.

This is not your typical, let's get up in the plane and shoot 'em before they shoot us, story. The majority of the film is spent in the underbelly of the plane trying to figure out exactly what they are going to do. First plan is to defuse the bomb and let Washington know that they are on board so they don't get shot down.

Executive Decision is a thinking person's action movie. The tension builds at a lively pace and you start to sweat along with the actors. With small remote control cameras we spy on the terrorists, counting them and determining their position. A film like this also make you realize how much empty space there is on one of these big planes. The actors crawl above and below the cabin, through elevator shafts and into the baggage compartment. I hope I can find an apartment with that kind of room.

Russell's team includes John Leguizamo, who has become a fine actor in his own right, as a gung-ho marine and Oliver Platt as the computer genius (all movies nowadays have to have one, it's in the contract). Helping out on board is Halle Berry as a stewardess (oh sorry, I mean flight attendant) with nerves of steel. Also on board is the one and only Marla Maples Trump as another stewardess. But, alas, this part is only cosmetic as she has no lines what-so-ever. David Suchet is the typical terrorist leader, wanting freedom of a compatriot and then, after getting it, still going through with his plan.

This is a movie that is better than its premise and much better than the reviews have led it to be. Anyone wanting 2 hours of solid, sit on the edge of your seat thrills, should rush to see this one.

Primal Fear

Richard Gere plays the lawyer we all hate to see. The one who grabs the big cases, not because he wants to see justice served, but because it will get him on television.

Gere is Martin Vail, an arrogant lawyer who takes the case of an altar boy who is accused of killing a priest. The evidence is overwhelming against Aaron Stampler (Edward Norton; no "Honeymooners" jokes, please). His fingerprints were on the weapon, he had the father's blood on him and he ran from the police. Only Marcia Clark could screw up a case this one sided. Problem is, Vail believes the boy is innocent, and he is the only one who does.

The prosecution in this case is Janet Venable (Laura Linney), Vail's former lover. This is a plot that has been done to death and the only thing here that differentiates it from all the others is that they don't sleep together again.

I don't want to give away too much because the plot does have its twists and turns. The biggest problem are the characters. They are so stereotypical of a film like this the plot is inconsequential. Gere is your publicity hound who we have all seen a little too much of in the past year to want to see again. Linney proves that her stiff acting in *Congo* wasn't a fluke. She really is bad as the prosecuting attorney who is a little too righteous for her own good. Also, where is the rule that says all on-screen priests must be deviants who like to take movies of boys having sex? The only main character that is interesting at all is Norton as the troubled boy. He gives a fine performance in what turns out to be the best written role of the film.

The supporting cast is somewhat better. Andre Braugher, of television's "Homicide: Life On The Street" is a spectacular actor who deserves better than he is given here. He plays Tommy Goodman, Vail's investigator. He does the best he can with a poorly written role. To see him really shine watch him on Friday nights at 10 on NBC. Maura Tierney, of NBC's "Newsradio", is fine as Vail's assistant and John Mahoney, of "Frasier", also on NBC (hmmm. I sense a trend here.), is the mean spirited and crooked state's attorney.

The ending of the film is worth the drudgery you must go through to get to it. After the final twist though, the film cuts off abruptly. I assume the filmmakers wanted to leave the viewers sitting in their seats thinking about what just happened. All it made me do was wonder who stopped the projector early.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

By Ted Swedalla

Add Bob Dorough to the list of great all-time songwriter. Who the hell is this guy? I know that's what you're thinking, who is this unknown who gets to put his name up among the elite songwriters like Elvis Costello, John Lennon and the team of Jagger/Richards. He just happens to be the main contributor to another great CD: The Schoolhouse Rock! Rocks CD.

Like the *Saturday Morning Cartoons' Greatest Hits* CD, you may consider this to be just another way to milk a few million dollars from a generation (mine, of course) that spent countless Saturday's bathing in the great cathode glow. But it's not. It's a glorious return to the place where the 20-something crowd first heard phrases like "taxation without representation" (from "No More Kings") and "Hold your fire till you see the whites of their eyes" (from "The Shot Hold 'Round The World"), both included on this 14 song disc.

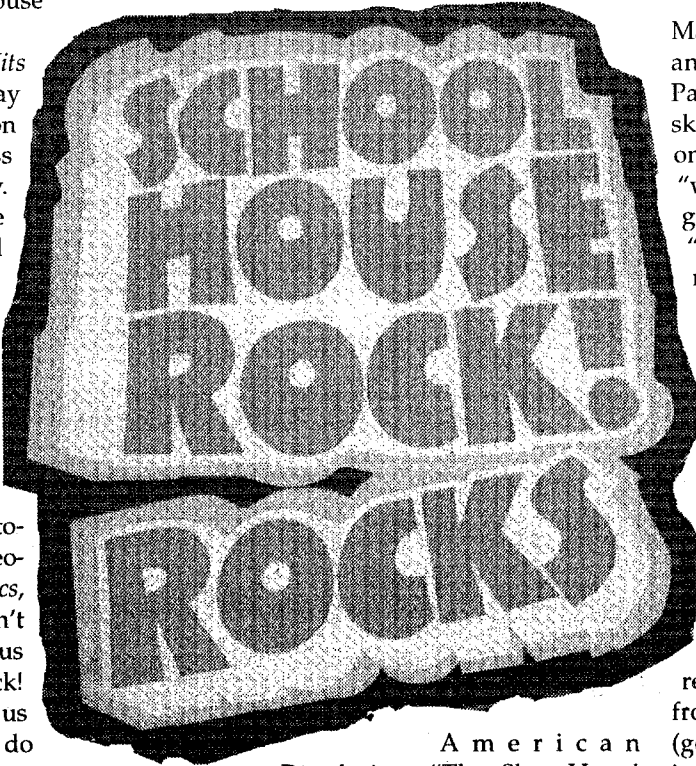
Most of us, that can remember watching these cartoons, learned from them. Like the *Animaniacs* do today, they turn an important lesson (whether it be grammar, scientific or history) into something that connects with young people: music and cartoons. Unlike the *Animaniacs*, Schoolhouse Rock! is straight-forward, it doesn't regress into double-entendre and other humorous devices to get its point across. Schoolhouse Rock! taught us to multiply by every number, told us how a bill becomes a law and what you could do with every important part of speech.

Although the most famous of the Schoolhouse Rock! songs, "I'm Just A Bill," covered exquisitely by another Lou Barlow (Sebadoh) side project - Deluxx Folk Implosion, is not written by Dorough, a majority of them are.

Dorough's compositions include "Little

Twelvetoos" (Chavez), "Three Is A Magic Number" (Blind Melon) and "Electricity, Electricity" (Goodness), are all average. But most of his songs are the gems of this disc.

Better Than Ezra covers "Conjunction Junction" which rolls along like the boxcars that dominate the original cartoon. Ween, in a very un-Ween like way, tells us the story of the



American Revolution, "The Shot Heard 'Round The World." Buffalo Tom gives us a campy riff-driven "Lolly, Lolly, Lolly, Get Your Adverbs Here" complete with little kid voices and the song ending 'indubitably.'

"My Hero, Zero" by the Lemonheads, features Patty Schemel and Melissa Auf der Maur (god, I

love that name) of Hole. This indie-pop turn at the importance of zero also includes the only cross over from the Cartoon Greatest Hits disc, Gibby Haynes of the Butthole Surfers, albeit for only two lines.

Moby turns "Verb: That's What's Happening" into the hardest rocker on the disc, and if I can steal from the song 'I can take a noun and bend it, make it a verb and really send it,' this song mobys.

Other songs include "The Energy Blues" (Biz Markee), "Interplanet Janet" (Man or Astroman?) and "The Tale Of Mr. Morton" (Skee-Lo). Pavement totally ruins "No More Kings," by skipping most of the line from the song, and the ones that they do use, they bastardize. The line "we're gonna run thing our own way / nobody's gonna tell us what to do" somehow becomes "we're gonna run things our own way / gonna run it into the ground." Trying to make statement against the country's auspicious history is okay, but not during a song that highlights the Boston Tea Party.

The highlight of the disc is Daniel Johnston's loopy "Unpack Your Adjective." Originally I didn't remember this song from my childhood, but then Johnston sang "He was a scary bear! / He was a hairy bear!" and the memories - the three bowls of Lucky Charms, waking up at 7am to watch the Smurfs and playing with Legos - all came rushing back to me.

This disc is a necessity for all those that remember those lost mornings of building forts from couch cushions and those times before Atari (god, I'm old). The inside booklet contains nothing more than the lyrics to the songs included, and of course advertising peddling the Schoolhouse Rock!: Official Guide book, the VCR tapes of all 41 episodes and a box set which features the original songs.

The CD is available on the Lava/Atlantic label and benefits the Children's Defense Fund.

About an hour ago, we ran out of toner for our printer. For those of our computer-illiterate readers, that means we have no ink, which is a real problem when you're trying to put out a newspaper. We called the Computer Corner, the on-campus computer store, but those rat bastards were closed. We begged them to just give us some stinking toner, so that we could put out the paper, but they said no. I guess it's more important that they get to go home right exactly on time then that the school gets to read their favorite periodical. Do you know how much money we've spent in that store in the last two years? About nine thousand bucks! Those ungrateful turds! If we ever buy anything else from them, it's gonna end up crammed up their asses, not here in our office. Now we're going to have to print this by taking out the toner cartridge after each page we print and shaking it. God knows if we'll be able to print the whole paper out. If it looks like shit, blame it on your friendly neighborhood sales nazis.

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THE BEST CONCERT I'VE EVER BEEN TO

By Lowell Yaeger

Ministry at Roseland Ballroom, NYC, April 14.
The Young Gods and Foetus opened.

You've all read the Ministry updates in *Chin Slinky*; you've read the album reviews, seen the promotional posters, heard about the infamous acoustic Bridge Benefit. If you read what I write in this paper, you know that I'm a huge Ministry fan, and you've had to put up with everything from constant references to their newest album, *Filth Pig* (Sire/Warner Brothers), to an interview with the band's bassist, Paul Barker.

All of this was leading up to April 14's concert. Following a tour which took them from Lollapalooza to gigs at large arenas, Ministry hid out for four years, recovering from an identity crisis and lead singer Al Jourgensen's drug abuse. The result of this self-imposed exile was a slow, grinding album of tunes more akin to Eyehategod than the industrial metal band that brought listeners the hyperkinetic "Jesus Built My Hotrod." My initial response to the music was negative, but the more I listened to the album, the more it grew on me.

So, it was with a good deal of excitement that I looked forward to Ministry's sold out stint in New York City. My excitement was justified, too — as you can tell by the headline. And despite the obstacles in front of me, I managed to experience (fanfare of trumpets) The Best Concert I've Ever Been To.

That's saying a lot. I'm not a diehard music veteran, but I've been to a fair share of concerts. I've seen two Lollapaloozas, caught Nine Inch Nails at the small-sized Webster Hall and then again with David Bowie at Brendan Byrne Arena, watched Faith No More and Mr. Bungle, and experienced the supergroup Pigface at Limelight right before it closed. With the exception of Pigface, which was almost as good, this concert left them all in the dust.

Before I begin, I'd like to give a big shout out to the assholes who made my evening difficult, starting with the old fart who worked at the VIP desk in front of Roseland. Well, it wasn't really his fault; it was the intense ineptitude of Crazyed Management, the organization involved with Ministry's tour. It took them half an hour to show up with the list of passes, and 20 more minutes to explain the very difficult process of highlighting people's names as they show up to the old fart at the door. Thank you, Crazyed, and thank you, old fart.

Also, I'd like to thank the tinhorn dictator from Q104.3 who held the ever-so-important job of securing the VIP dais from the dreaded threat of people placing t-shirts on the edge. The dais is located on the side of Roseland, about 7 feet above the dance floor; small tables and chairs are provided for people who don't wish to stand. During the show, people leaning against the dais placed t-shirts and what-not behind them; this tinhorn fuckface decided it was his crusade to walk up and down the dais during the show, blocking my view every few seconds so that he could preserve justice by resisting the t-shirt-dis-

carding oppressors. His partner-in-crime was cunt lady, who needed to go from her seat to her boyfriend's seat roughly 7 or 8 times in one minute while Ministry was on-stage. Hey, bitch. You paid \$30 for the show. Neck with your pimply assed boyfriend some other time.

Now that the assholes are out of the way, Foetus opened the show with his curious blend of industrial rock and thrash, cavorting around the stage in a red-and-white pinstripe suit. Unfortunately, he wasn't as drunk as he was the last time I saw him, falling off the stage at the CMJ Music Marathon. Ever the crowd-pleaser, Foetus closed his set with a furious, feedback-filled rendition of the Beatles' "I Am the Walrus."

Next up was The Young Gods. The Young Gods are another good reason to hate France, since they come from there. (Take that, Efraim. — see the letters page for more information.) The drummer looked like Kevin McDonald from the comedy troupe *The Kids in the Hall*, and the presence of only three musicians (singer, drummer, and keyboardist) led me to believe that the majority of their set was prerecorded. This is partially admirable in light of the fact that The Young Gods invented "the guitar machine," which plays different guitar notes at the touch of a button, but it's not very exciting live. Neither is the lead singer, who cavorted around the stage like a cut-rate Trent Reznor (not that Mssr. NIN is top-notch to begin with) when he wasn't belting indecipherable French lyrics into the microphone. If the singer was an American Indian, his name would be Dances Like Spaz. The only positive moment of the set was the song "Envoye," a brief industrial club hit a few years back that resulted in the evening's first mosh pit.

The lights came back on after The Young Gods left the stage, and the speakers began to play country music — everything from Waylon Jennings to Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'." This silliness lasted for about 20 minutes, until the lights were killed and the Godfather of Death Disco climbed aboard the stage, resplendent in a leather trenchcoat and checkerboard cap. With a barked "request" of "Turn this shit off!" the country music drew to a close and the band ripped into their hilarious evisceration of Christianity, "Psalm 69."

Al Jourgensen was in true form all night long, screaming lyrics into the microphone and spinning around in circles like a whirling dervish. His first act of madness was to whip a dildo out of his pants during the opening song and fling it into the

crowd. He followed this magic trick up by lighting his cigarettes with a fireplace lighter and twirling it around his index finger like a six-iron. He also had the best approach to t-shirt-throwing I've ever seen: he would look at them, then smell them, and if they met his approval on both counts, he tossed them to a roadie, who presumably added them to Al's collection. Free clothes kick ass.

The rest of the band held up ably. Paul Barker was his usual sublime self, wandering around stage while plucking his bass guitar and smiling to himself, enjoying some private joke. The new

drummer, Rey Washam, proved an adequate replacement for William Rieflin; beat-for-beat, he kept up with the best of them, even on fast-paced songs like "Thieves" and "Reload." And the other guitarists kept up, even when the strobe lights blared too fast for the fans to look at the stage without experiencing amateur laser surgery.

After the opening song, the band pulled through some new material, including the new album's title track, a slow dirge concerning the hostile treatment Al received a few years back from the British press. "Some creep guy keeps asking/'How the fuck do you sleep at night?/With the borrowed dreams from a broken past?'" he sang,

while images of filth and slime rose and bubbled into life on the screen behind the band.

Other high points of the show included "Scarecrow," whose visuals finally explained the song's meaning to me. Images of Native American tribal dances and the remains of ancient civilizations took lyrics like "Crucified and left in isolation" and elevated them from the foundation of a basic song about people's approach to Jesus to a grinding opus about America's attack on other cultures.

The main set ended with Ministry's semi-acoustic cover of Bob Dylan's "Lay Lady Lay," which Al announced by referring to it as "a song written by an old fogey." As a long time fan of Ministry, however, I knew the show was far from over. And the band didn't disappoint me — they returned a few moments later for a six song encore, which included classics like "The Missing" and "Hero" alongside the newer "Lava" and "The Fall." The highest point of the show came at the very end, when the band performed their dance hall classic, "Stigmata." Perhaps in a playful mood, or bored of playing the song at every gig they've ever done, Al threw the word "baby" in at every opportunity, croaking out lines like a lounge singer from Hell.

The only complaint I can say I had with the show was the volume. Ministry insists upon playing their music at the loudest volume the venue can supply, and Roseland doesn't have a shortage of speaker space. But I guess that's part of the experience.

Anyway, I'm going to go and rest. And I promise, now that the concert is over, you won't read about Ministry in these pages for at least a month. Maybe.

