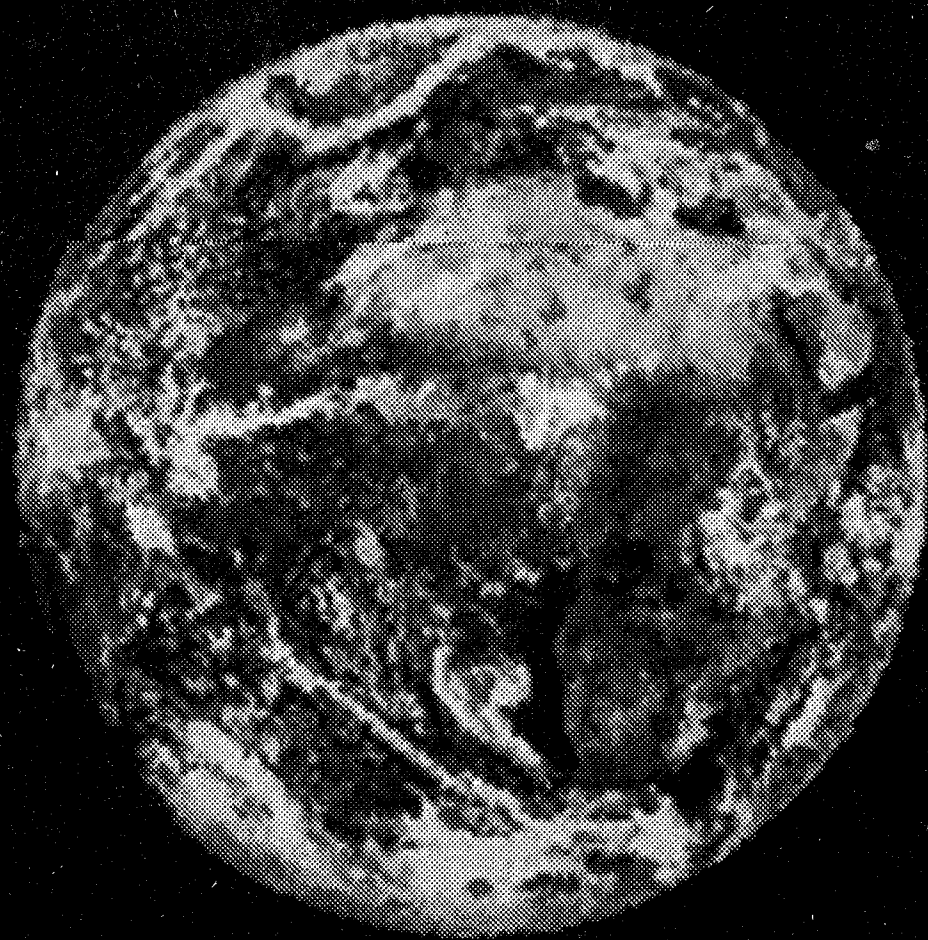


The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVII No. 14 Today The Country, Tomorrow The World April 29, 1996

***THE FUNNIEST
NEWSPAPER***



IN THE WORLD

(more or less)

Justification for Higher Education?

By Martha Chemas

So you went to college to further your chances to become a productive member of society? For most college students, the employment scene will be dismal at best after graduation. Why is it that the piece of paper that once signified job security and status means so little today? I would be more than happy to tell you.

Once upon a time there were only about 215 colleges and Universities in these United States. Admission to these institutions of higher learning was highly selective. About 13% of the college aged population was actually pursuing the joys of higher learning. Since there were so few college students there was pretty much a job for everyone when they graduated. There is obviously only a limited amount of jobs that require more specialized learning and they were enough to go around.

In the 1950's and 60's there was a massive push to make college more accessible to more people. This era saw the implementation of various loan and grant programs that made college education a reality for the many people who had previously been unable to attend due to financial constraints. This quite obviously was a wonderful thing. However another thing happened. Institutions that were vocational schools and trade schools had conferred upon them the title 'college', fledgling teachers' colleges that offered one or two other types of degrees were renamed universities. The result? In America today there are more than three thousand colleges, clamoring for your student loan money, your parent's money, whatever.

When sociologists that specialize in education analyzed what goes on at these 'colleges' and 'universities' they came up with some interesting

findings. In the 80's about 43% of the population were pursuing a college education, today that number is at about 28%, but the reality persists. The amount of people receiving a *real* college education is still 13%. A recent article written about the state of higher education in the U.S. only serves to collaborate these facts. The findings were that the level of college education is in decline as a whole, but most conspicuously at these institutions of marginally higher learning. A good example

is a core curriculum. Although many students complain about having to satisfy core curriculum class requirements, it is these classes that are most instrumental in ensuring a colleges' continued academic

respect. A strict core curriculum is currently being enforced at less than a third of the nations' colleges and Universities. A strict mathematics requirement is currently being enforced at less than an eighth of the nations' colleges and Universities. How about history? Most of your peers have neatly sidestepped it, taking instead bogus classes like "Historical Perspectives in American Pop Music." When competition is as tight as it is now, it is a real disservice when marginal colleges offer courses that are designed to do nothing but generate revenue instead of cours-

es that could enhance a students' basic academic skills. This is not to say that the better schools are blameless. If anything, their academic crimes have been even more egregious. In a recent study where fifty of the nation's top schools were sampled only 2% had stringent math and history requirements and 41% percent of all classes had no prerequisites. Introductory Philosophy, long thought to be an integral part of a solid education was mandatory in 4% of the nation's top colleges in 1993.

So what goes on here? We could start by saying that the average secondary public or private school in no way prepares students for college. Obviously personal choices also affect a person's educational career, but high school graduates are on the whole largely unprepared for college when they arrive. Witness the rise of remedial

math and writing courses (I am not talking about ESL courses) now being taught at schools across the country. Now taking the average lower middle to middle class person there arises a dilemma. Most people strive to better their economic standing, and this is where the scam arises. In an effort to better their situation many college students take on all kinds of loans. The rationale is that when they graduate they will have a better chance of getting a better paying job. This is a fallacy that has persisted through time although there is enough data around

continued on page 6

This is not to say that the better schools are blameless. If anything, their academic crimes have been even more egregious.

"America: Future On Line 3"

By Boyd McCamish

On February 8th, 1996 President Clinton signed into law the Communications Act of 1996. The President signed the bill into law with a normal pen and an electronic pen, but electric pen didn't work. While signing the bill he said, "this law would bring the state of law up to speed with the state of technology." It provides some of the most sweeping changes in regulatory law ever seen. If the past deregulation of other industries is any indication of the future of this law, then surely it is not a case of bringing law up to speed but rather releasing the government's grip on commerce.

The law itself can be broken into three unequal sections. First, the law stipulates the almost total deregulation of the cable and television industries from the standpoint of pricing and market share. It allows cable companies to enter the telephone and multimedia market, while the same time providing reciprocal courtesy to the telephone companies in regard to a new ability to provide cable services. The law dictates that pricing will be uniform and that all access providers allow their competition the ability to sell services through existing lines. Hypothetically, your cable company could become your local telephone provider. The law is that drastic. However, if you spend most of your time in front of the TV or in a basement, the only difference you might notice would be the different names on the bills.

The last leg of the mandate deals with the restriction of profane material that is commonly distributed on the Internet the computer infra system that is becoming increasingly popular. Also, the televi-

sion was not left out of the government's sphere of influence. The V-chip is to be installed in all new televisions starting on an unspecified date. This will give parents an ability to censor material which is violent or sexually perverse. The major problem with this portion of the law is that it is written in largely implicit terms, leaving much room for negotiation and reform by the telecommunications industry. For example, Title III which deals with the now punishable act of transferring sexually explicit material to minors is so vague that it is destined for litigation; which was certainly the Presidents intention.

When we look back at past cases of government deregulation one question comes to mind. Who will benefit? The current administration has been adamant with its claim that the consumer will be the real winner here. And to some extent that is true, but how are we determining who the real beneficiary is? If we look at the airline industry we see that shortly after deregulation the average price of a domestic airline ticket did come down. However, the industry was turned inside out. This lead to massive layoffs and general job insecurity. In addition to this the number of high paying jobs in the industry began to plummet. As a result of this, shock waves were felt throughout the economy as yet another essential industry was undermined. In New York, on the stock exchange, those with large amounts of accumulated wealth sat and played "piñata" with no blind fold, and were quick to pick up the candy. The airline industry of today has few major players. The promised competition from deregulation has yet to land. Many workers

in the industry live week to week, always prepared for the inevitable "Sorry Jim, we as a company just have to become leaner." Leaner for who? The customer? No, the stockholder. With ninety percent of the wealth on the stock markets controlled by ten percent of the holders, it's easy to see that the real beneficiaries of deregulation are the wealthy; not John Q. Public who rides the plane or who picks up the phone.

Deregulation of major industries comes from a federal government that can't regulate itself. If in fact our government had its citizens true needs in mind when it made decisions on economic matters then it certainly wouldn't act as it does. When elected officials feel the need to appease only the wealthiest constituents, then there is something inherently wrong. Telephone and Cable deregulation is one more step on the road to the government's illegitimacy.

"It is fundamentally immoral to expect people to work full-time for \$8,600 a year."
- Labor Secretary Robert Reich on the amount of money earned by a person working at the minimum wage of \$4.25 before taxes.

China: Antithesis Of Peace

By Heather Rosenow

China. This country has repeatedly gotten in the way of international peace agreements and continues to do so, though now under the guise of protecting human kind from asteroids from outer space. That's a bit of a stretch. The international community is closer than it has ever been to reaching an agreement on banning nuclear testing, and the only major obstacle on this path to peace is China. Perhaps if they used their political ideologies to explain their position the rest of the world wouldn't be as surprised. But for a nation whose past is so spotted with the blood of human rights violations to claim that they need nuclear testing to protect humanity from hurtling space shrapnel is so ridiculous that it cannot be properly articulated in words. China has not been careful in hiding its disdain for western political traditions, particularly those associated with the United States, which tints their claims further; mainly due to the fact that this treaty is a major goal for the United States government. I doubt the Chinese government would lose sleep over disrupting any plan the United States favored.

A shining example of this can be found in an excerpt from The People's Daily (China's leading communist newspaper) which stated "The strategic objective of the United States is to dominate the world...[it] will not tolerate the emergence of a strong nation on the Eurasian landmass that would threaten its dominant position." This does not reflect a view which promotes peaceful development of nuclear weapons. What it does resemble is a propaganda fueled call to arms against the United States. If the Chinese government truly

desired peace, they would not jeopardize the state of international relations in the name of flying rocks from the heavens. Another strategy developing within the ranks of the Chinese Communist government is one of power by association. By associating themselves with Russia recently, using the medium of a border peace treaty, they are trying to send a message to the west; namely that they have resources and friends to turn to outside the traditional western political circles. Russia, interestingly enough, is all too happy to oblige. The border treaty was signed on April 26th and solidified the already friendly relations between China and Russia. Also included in the agreement were Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, and Tajikistan. The main components of the treaty discuss border issues and the possible violation of all the respective borders of the countries involved. It requires each to inform another of any danger of military conflict within 60 miles of a border.

Yeltsin and his cronies in Moscow are all too happy to associate themselves with the communists in China. According to Yeltsin, "Our Communists are fanatics; Communists here [in China] are pragmatists." The Russian and Chinese governments appear very eager to establish a friendship independent of western influence. One might wonder about the possible motivation behind such an alliance. Is it to insure the security of their own governments or to mobilize against the western allies who are not so in favor of communist rule? The Chinese have not been shy about displaying their military capabilities on the global stage; Taiwan is still embedded in the world's collective short term memory. There is also nothing in their past or present behavior which lends to their

credibility.

China did not make their reservations about the terms to the nuclear test ban treaty known until after the conference had disbanded. The conference had claimed success up until China's announcement that "The door to peaceful nuclear explosions should not be closed, at least not now." Yeltsin's earlier claims to victory on this subject were quickly disproved by China's unwillingness to cooperate. This, however, does not appear to be a disruption to their friendly "alliance" of sorts. What it does do is put a huge obstacle in the road to ending nuclear testing; the terms of which have taken decades to be decided upon.

The threats from space "above and beyond" are nothing compared to those posed by the possibility of China mobilizing a nuclear arsenal while the rest of the world sits disarming their own. These weapons they claim could be used to destroy asteroids could also be used against foreign satellites. China has said in the past that if it felt threatened enough by the possible construction of Japanese, Taiwanese, and American ballistic missile defense systems near its borders, that anti-satellite weapons would be developed in retaliation. It sounds like China is threatening the rest of the world with a 21st century version of a cold war. The last thing we need right now in the international political forum is another cold war. This could be a possible result of China's hostile attitude, which would not only split the world up between super-powers, but also send us reeling into another arms race; only this one would be 100 times more dangerous than the one spawned at the end of World War II.

PARTY OF GOD

By Anne Ruggiero

"Tell America," she screamed. "Tell them what happened here!" Khadija Hamdi stood ankle deep in a puddle of blood and flesh at the U.N. compound in Qana, Lebanon, miles from the Israeli border. The compound housed approximately eight hundred refugees, one hundred of whom were literally blown to bits by Israeli shells as part of Israel's "Operation Grapes of Wrath" used to pressure the Lebanese Shiite guerrillas.

Israel's Prime Minister, Shimon Peres, who is up for re-election on May 29th, ordered the attacks to prove his toughness to Arab suicide bombers who attacked Tel Aviv and Jerusalem last month. The conflict between the Jews and the Arabs has been a long and painful one in which the United States has become increasingly embroiled.

A brief background: in 1948, the United Nations sponsored a separate Jewish state (Israel), which was immediately backed by the U.S. Israel was situated on land which previously had belonged to Arabs, and housed the Holy City of Jerusalem; a city paramount to three major religions. The Arabs themselves were divided into many sects, the two foremost being the conservative fundamentalists (Shiites) who want religious figures as national leaders, and nationalists who want secular, military

leaders. Both sects have had a long-standing feud with the Jews. Anti-Semitic feelings intensified in 1967 when, in the Six Days War between the Arabs and the Israelis, the Israelis captured and occupied Arab territory in the Sinai Peninsula, Gaza Strip and the West Bank. This sent many refugee Palestinians scrambling for the borders to seek Arab assistance. The United States has continually been attempting to intervene on behalf of world peace, and has been slanted slightly toward the Jewish state.

The Camp David Accords of 1978 began the recent move toward better relations in the Middle East, as Israel and the leading Arab nation, Egypt, reached mutual agreements. As a result, Egypt, once idolized by the Arab



Baby killed by Israeli warplanes

nations, was now shunned and Sadat, the president, was assassinated. Iran, under the fundamentalist leadership of Ayatollah Khomeini, assumed leadership of the Arab coalition and became the authority on anti-American politics. Iranian Shiites in addition to the Syrian government have continually backed radical organizations such as the Palestinian Liberation Organization and the Hezbollah, the Lebanese fundamentalist "Party of God".

The Hezbollah have been active for the past fourteen years, with increasing activity on Israel's northern border. With the recent suicide bombs detonated in Israel's major cities, Peres has increased security measures and created a security zone in southern Lebanon. Operation Grapes of Wrath was initiated as a response to the movement of Hezbollah guerrillas, and the attack on Qana was a direct response to the firing of two Katyusha rockets toward the Israeli border. Col. Raanan Gissan of Israel said, "We are very sorry about the tragic loss of life..." The attack was rendered a mistake by officials, and called an "error in fire control." The consequences of the bombing could have disastrous effects on the re-election of Shimon Peres which, in turn, could signal the demise of peace talks between Israel and PLO leader Yasir Arafat.

The larger enigma in the rising Israeli-Arab conflict is the involvement of the United States and the haunting words uttered by Hamdi amid the carnage of Qana—"tell America." Secretary of State Warren Christopher was dispatched to Damascus for summit negotiations and President Clinton kept a careful eye on Syria, the primary supporter of the Hezbollah, watching for the next move.

But why us? Why did she scream the name of our country amidst the bodies of her family and neighbors? Maybe it is an indication for us to rethink our policies and realize how the rest of the world views us. We must be careful, we must pay attention, not ignore the cries for help and re-analyze who we support. Maybe it is an indication to appreciate the status that our country enjoys, and be thankful of the peace that we take for granted.

Will It Ever End?

Now that crunch time has officially begun, you are wondering what the hell to do when you're not studying. How can you wind down after studying for BIO 151 for 11 hours without taking a large pipe wrench to your roommate's head, or deciding not to jump in front of the 4:15 eastbound after reading four philosophy books?

Well, here are a couple of ways to reduce stress without causing the death of small defenseless things. The Press takes no responsibility for any mischief caused by people who do these things.

Number one: have sex and/or masturbate. This stress reducer had to be number one. If it's good enough you can forget everything, including how to breathe and how to walk.

Number two: walk through a mall with a bat and beat the mannequins with the bat over and over, until the head pops off and shoots across the aisle. You'll probably only get to beat one before you're arrested, so make sure you beat the dummies nearest the door; that way you even might be able to get a whole family, including the dog.

Number three: run around the campus naked and then jump into Roth Pond. This might not relieve stress for you, but it will reduce stress for the people who chase you and those who are watching you, especially if you are a fine specimen of your sex.

Number four: come to the Press office. Always a cool place to hang out, and when things get real tense we like to break things. There's a whole semester's worth of our destructive legacy lying around our offices, in the hallway, even as far away as Heather's house. When we run out of things to break, we either rollerblade around campus (you've probably seen us, we're the fools with all the equipment on) or play any sport involving a tennis ball and bat in the media wing hallway. If that doesn't work you can always come down to the office and yell at certain a staff member as she complains and complains and complains about every thing in the office. {News Editor's note: Fuck you Ted}

Number five: hang out in the Fine Arts Plaza and get a head start on your summer tan. Lying in the sun gives you a chance to relax, helps you look good, or to watch as staff members take dives on our rollerblades. Just like a cat or a dog, a nice nap in the spring sun is always enjoyable and helps to lower blood pressure.

Number six: play computer games that have lots of violence, especially if it's in the head-to-head form. Doom II comes to mind. There's no quicker way to release pressure than to take the chainsaw to your opponent and hack him into bits. If that doesn't work, the rocket launcher in the back is a close second.

Always remember that no matter how bad it seems to be, it will get better. It's only school, only a final. Considering how much a college degree gets you these days, you can afford to take time out to avoid a complete burnout.

Whether you have 12 days, or 3 years and 12 days to graduation, there is always time for a little stress release. A half hour every six hours is sufficient to get your mind back in working order. (Or in the case of my staff, a half hour of studying every six hours of play time.)

Take time to smell the May roses at Stony Brook because after you graduate, your life becomes a bigger pile of shit to deal with (unless you become a college administrator then you get to take your frustrations out on others). You don't get much of a chance to celebrate life after you're expected to act like a 'grown-up' so get all your childish tendencies out now, while you can still laugh about them. It might still be funny to use cafeteria trays as sleds when you're 40, but the body does not heal as quickly as it did when you were 20.

If you do feel a burnout coming on, don't hesitate to call our office and ask for the joke/sound of the day. 632-6451, ask for Mike Crotch.

The Stony Brook PRESS

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060 & 061 Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(516) 632-6451
e-mail:
SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU

Letters

Dear Music Editor (Mr. Yaeger?):

My humblest of apologies for unwittingly adding to what I'm sure is your already considerable workload. Since you request "something that originated from a romance language", how about this romantic "Roman" font?

As for my "pseudopolitical jabberdrivel" (nice coinage) I'm afraid it must continue. However, if you're a good garçon, when next year's Bordeaux comes out, I'll cook you all a magnificent lapin aux prunelles with plenty of garlic and a yummy crème brûlée for dessert.

But first you much improve your French. In the little phrase with which you ended your note, expressing a desire for me to consume your feces, all three words were wrong.

First, the command form of "manger" is "manges" or, if you want to be formal, "mangez".

Also the word for "shit" is spelled m-e-r-d-e. You're obviously confusing it with its Spanish cognate "mierda". This word is grammatically feminine and thus modified with the possessive "ma", not "mon".

The correct rendering of the phrase should have been "Manges ma merde".
Dans la chatte de ta mère.
Efraim Csuwoj

dmerkel@ic.sunysb.edu

Keep up the good work. Your last issue was a classic! I especially enjoyed the ICON bashing and the Police Blotter.

jbodley@xray1.physics.sunysb.edu

While reading the Stony Brook Press's article on how President Kenny's desire to make Stony Brook known as a top class research institute seemed to devalue Stony Brook's mission as a educational institution I tended to agree. That is until I found Princeton Review's article on Stony Brook. Just for fun I compiled three things out of the "What's Hot" at Stony Brook section of the review and mixed in one of my own. remember on Sesame Street the little game "One of these things is not like the other; one of

these things just isn't the same." Lets see if you can pick out the one that doesn't belong:

cheating
drugs
unhappy students
research

Maybe being known for research isn't such a bad thing.

Sincerely,
J. Cade Bodley

jromberg@ic.sunysb.edu

To: All members of the university community

"The Center for Womyn's Concerns is a feminist organization which seeks to inform the Stony Brook community of issues important to women. In addition to programming, The Center is a forum where people can discuss what being a feminist means to them personally as well as politically. The Center seeks to provide a supportive atmosphere where each person is welcomed to express their opinions and beliefs. Membership is open to all students

Gleam The Cube Naked

who have paid an activity fee regardless of race, sex, age, disability, religion, sexual preference, national origin, or marital status."

The aforementioned statements, taken from the organization's Polity approved constitution, summarize the purpose and intention of The Center for Womyn's Concerns. We would like to clarify that the statement concerning the exclusion of the word feminism in association with our organization, made in the April 15th issue of The Press, in no way reflects the philoso-

'Hitler Is My Idol'

By M.J. Molloy

I fought back angry tears as she finished saying those words.

During a time when the lectures of our History of Germany class have examined the monstrosity called the Holocaust, a student turned in an essay on Hitler and World War II that started with the above headline.

So Hitler is your idol.

You most likely never saw how upset one woman was who cried. And being blind, you surely could not have seen how upset Professor Hong had become over those words.

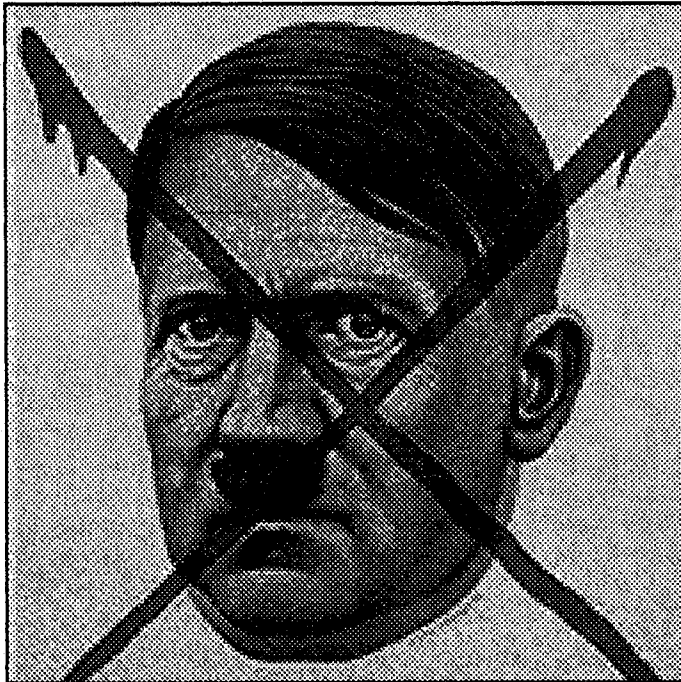
Congratulations. I honestly mean that. It took gall to announce that. You have the freedom to speak. And, judging from the Professor's anger and apparent disappointment, you used your right to praise Hitler.

And now I will use that same freedom to prove how false your idol was.

This idolater has most likely never met a death camp survivor or had any contact with people who have lost loved ones and friends to the Holocaust. Two friends of mine never talked about the one grandfather whose picture stood on the mantle. One day when we were discussing histories, I asked about the man and was told he had died in Poland. When I asked of what, David, the older of the two replied, "The Nazis Shot him. Right there in the street."

Now that shocked me, but not nearly as much as what happened two years ago. While I was cashing at a small clothing store, a man came up to me with a sweater telling me that it had been on sale. I didn't believe that was the case, so I had a co-worker check for me. The answer that came back was that it should not be so. A disagreement ensued. While I was speaking with a manager I was told to explain the reasons why it should have not been on sale, but he remained insistent. It was a warm March day and the man had his long

sleeves partially rolled up. Just enough to reveal a tattoo on his forearm. The tattoo was of six or seven digits. The same kind of tattoo the Nazis put on the men in concentration camps. The sweater would have been inexpensive regardless. So after



Hitler: The most evil man in history

staring at the man's tattoo and realizing what it meant, I let the man have it for free, telling him "I think you've seen enough trouble, I won't give you more." I will never forget his reply. I didn't look up at his face as I heard a hoarse whisper, "Thank you for remembering." And then he left. Because of the toll your "idol" left on humanity and his direct will this man was left with a permanent reminder of the horrors of a concentration camp.

And yet your idol is Hitler.

Hess's autobiography describes what happened when the prisoners were sent to be gassed. The

Nazis would line up a group, tell them they were going to be de-loused and showered for their own benefit. And then they put them in a room that had water pipes and shower heads, to make the illusion complete. Before entering this room they were told to remember where they had left their clothes, so they could be found after they were through "bathing". Right until the last second a "special detachment" of prisoners and an SS guard were left in the room so none of the victims would suspect. Hess noticed some of the women had figured out that they and their children were about to die. Of those, Hess says that they found the courage to joke around with and encourage the children, despite the clear terror in the women's eyes. Throughout the descriptions of gassing are utterly dispassionate.

Still, Hitler is your idol.

Imagine if you and your family were taken from your home, told you no longer have a nation to call home, and in the state's eyes are no longer so much as human and then were put on a train. You get off and right away your mom and the youngest child are put on a line. You're then told to strip and put into a room full of others. You immediately notice that it's filled with women, children, and the disabled. You hear a sound rushing water would never make, and then in the last moments of a brutally shortened life, you watch your family die.

Rather idyllic picture your idol gave the world.

If you managed to survive the the death camp you then had to confront survivor's guilt. That's the perpetual feeling of "why did I live?" It isn't known the the number of people who after leaving death camps at the end of the war killed themselves. I cannot imagine the horrific memories that their eyes had beheld that would make them end their lives. Perhaps they saw others as good and undeserving of pain and

continued on page 16

phy or agenda of The Center for Womyn's Concerns. While The Center for Womyn's Concerns advocates the exchange of ideas and beliefs which may differ from the majority of the constituents ideology, we are committed to certain core values. One core value asserts that being a feminist is a positive self and woman affirmative way of living. We do not pretend to know exactly what being a feminist means and we do not think that there is one true way of being a feminist. Instead, we believe feminism has varied and multiple meanings which each individual must continually explore.

Sincerely,
Marilyn McKee (President); Rebecca Zaretsky (Vice-President), Anna Vira (Treasurer), Joanna Romberg (Secretary), Anya Mukarji-Connolly (Women's History Month Coordinator), Stephen Fabian (Public Relations Officer), Nina Muller-Schwarze (Public Relations Officer), Carolina Garnier (esteemed member), and Silvana Nejovich (esteemed member).

Natalie@li.net,

In response to Ms. Ruggiero's article

"Power to the People." Feminism is not now nor has it ever been dead. The strong backlash that Feminism is feeling now has been initiated by the Right Wing and the patriarchal run media.

By regurgitating misleading ideas such as these, and those stated by Ms. Garnier: that..."feminism" is too socially exclusive, you are perpetuating and increasing the force of this backlash. As so-called "Feminists," you and any other person associated with the Center for Womyn's Concerns should not be afraid of the "F" word: Feminism.

Another thing alarmed me you stated that "Feminism" is no longer about hating men or burning bras. I urge you once again to carefully think about the effects your words are having on the young and old, men and women who read this paper. Feminism never has been and never will be about hating men and burning bras. This again is disinformation... backlash.

You go on to state "that it is time for women to acknowledge their validity,... not by marching naked and chanting 'womyn power.'" As a woman who has and will continue to march in numerous events, I can safely say that I have never gone topless and chanted

such things. I was more concerned with my Right to Choice and other important issues. There were, and will continue to be, many men who marched with me.

These men did not buy into the false representations that have been portrayed by the press and the media. I hope that you can learn from them.

Feminists come in all shapes, sizes, races, religions, and sexes. Feminism, more than any other word in our patriarchal vocabulary, is the most "socially inclusive."

Thanks for letting me speak.

In Sisterhood, Natalie Fitterman

Avariel <ghsu@ic.sunysb.edu

Interesting artifical [sic], I FINALLY managed to find time to read what you wrote about ICON, I've just got one note to make, first off, I'm the "mean bitch with the epee", I resent that: It was a sabre! :-P

[Ed. Note - "I've always wanted to use the word epee in a story, sorry about the confusion."

Corrections:

In last issues "Let Each Become Defunded" it was incorrectly stated that Keren Zolotov voted to overturn a senate ruling, in fact she abstained.

Also in "Power To The People" certain comments attributed to be the majority view of the Center for Womyn's Concerns were actually the views of Carolina Garnier.

MAY I?

By Chris Sorochin

It's May! It's May!
The lusty month of May!
That lovely month when everyone goes
Blissfully astray!

Tra-la! It's here!
That shocking time of year!
When tons of wicked little thoughts
Merrily appear!
Alan Jay Lerner, "Camelot"

May Day is an ancient holiday in European nature religions. In former times, celebrants would welcome the beginning of summer, and hopefully an abundant growing season, with huge "bone fires", dancing around a garland-bedecked and suggestive Maypole and lots of al fresco nookie.

We've all seen pictures and film clips of May Day in Moscow, as part of the trappings of the old Evil Soviet Empire: rows upon rows of jut-jawed soldiers goose-stepping through Red Square, accompanied by mammoth juggernauts of tanks, missiles and other implements of death, all sporting the old hammer and sickle or red star logo. And in the reviewing stands, scores of those jowly Soviet officials, sporting bad suits and being fed vodka and caviar by ice goddesses in Russian peasant costumes. Don't forget those banners proclaiming hollow slogans of a revolution that had long since ceased to strive for a classless society controlled by its workers.

But it is a little-known fact that the celebration of May 1 as a holiday of labor actually has roots in the United States.

In the spring of 1886, workers across the country were striking for an 8-hour work day. In the good old days of a business-friendly unregulated free market, before the advent of stifling government interference, you worked whatever hours the boss said, and, as cheap, disposable labor, he squeezed every last drop out of you before consigning you to the human rubbish heap—if you didn't die first from a gruesome industrial accident or a scabrous work-related illness. Keep in mind that these are the jolly times our current leadership wants to return us to.

At any rate, one of the largest demonstrations, actually four days of them, took place in Chicago at a plaza called Haymarket Square. On May 4, during an address by anarchist leaders, police, who had turned out in force, charged the gathering after they did not disperse when told. A bomb was thrown into the throng of policemen, killing seven and injuring another 59.

To this day no-one knows with certainty who

threw the bomb. It was blamed on the anarchists, although there is evidence that one of the supposed radicals was really an agent provocateur, whose purpose was to provide an excuse for a crackdown. Eight anarchists leaders were arrested and charged, although only one had been present at the incident and he was speaking at the time of the bombing.

After the torching of the Reichstag in Berlin in 1933, Carl von Ossietzky, the editor of an antimilitarist journal, was arrested and sent off to a concentration camp. This has always been blamed on the Nazis, and it would make sense, for it gave them the opportunity to silence von Ossietzky and other opponents.

The trial of the Haymarket Eight in Chicago became an international cause with demonstra-

tions in many countries and support of many prominent people, including George Bernard Shaw, who opined that if the world must lose eight of its people, it might better lose the eight members of the

Illinois Supreme Court. But the anti-labor forces were looking to make examples and they were convicted. Four were hanged, one committed suicide in jail and the remaining three served long prison terms.

In Haymarket Square, a monument was built to the police officers who had died.

Fast forward to 1968, when thousands of young radicals converged on Chicago for the Democratic Convention. One of their revolutionary actions was to blow up the aforementioned monument. Needless to say, Mayor Daley's cops were quite eager to take out their frustrations on some long-haired commie hippie freaks and one of the biggest police riots in US history ensued. Chicago's finest went apeshit beating protesters and anyone who happened to be handy, including tourists and convention delegates. Even Hugh Hefner got some lumps when he wandered out of his Playboy Mansion to see what all the commotion was. In the sort of coincidence only history provides, eight leaders of the protest were tried and Abbie Hoffman and company were compared to the earlier "Chicago Eight".

Déjà vu dept: the Democratic Convention is being held in Chicago again this year. As in 1968, a

wishy-washy sellout will be crowned grand imperial poobah of the Republican Lite Party. It'd be nice to fantasize that hordes of angry citizens will also be present to make the wrath of the people felt this time, too.

May 4 is, in another uncanny twist of fate, the anniversary of the Kent State shootings, in which Ohio National Guardsmen fired on student anti-war demonstrators in 1970, killing four. Seeing kids who could be their own mowed down, along with revelations of the My Lai massacre, was pivotal in turning the overwhelming majority of the public against the ongoing outrage in Vietnam and left little doubt that those in power won't hesitate to turn the guns on us if they feel it necessary, a lesson that shouldn't be forgotten.

It's also Daniel Berrigan's birthday. Around the same time as Kent State and My Lai, Berrigan and his brother, Phillip, both Catholic clergy, and seven others poured blood on draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. He continues to be part of the anti war movement at 75. An inspiration to us all.

May 1 is the Day of International Labor all over the world. Why, you may ask, is ours in September?

Well, it's that pesky concatenation of the words "international" and "labor". Suppose the average working stiff here in the USA finally came to the realization that he or she has more in common with other working stiffs in Cuba or Iraq or Panama or Japan than with Bill Clinton or George Bush or Lee Iaccoca or Donald Trump. What do you think would happen?

Exactly. Nationalism would go the way of the vomitorium, would wars between nations, ethnic groups and religions, and workers uniting across these lines to support each other would create what I believe is called on Wall St. "an unfavorable investment climate". So untold billions are spent yearly to play up differences between us instead of our shared humanity.

So this May Day, why not be part of the vanguard and show the world by dressing in passionate commie-symp red (or at least pinko bleeding-heart pink) and educate your immediate circle of friends and acquaintances about the real meaning of the real Labor Day, not that glorified beach barbecue at the end of summer? Floral phallic symbols optional.



Malenkov and Stalin watching a May Day Parade

continued from page 2 country, their financial investment will be a hard loss. This average student will leave college and have increased his potential earnings by 0%. They will have indebted themselves, or maybe spent their family savings on a dream that will never manifest itself as reality. It will be their hard luck that they were buffaloeed into affecting a change that they cannot in reality affect.

This shameful deception extends beyond the undergraduate years. Many students, in an effort to better arm themselves, will make post graduate education part of their agenda. Many of these students are also in for a rude awakening. Law students, for example, are part of a group that is defaulting on their student loans more every year. As of the end of 1993, law graduates have already defaulted on 17% of the private loans they took out. To wake up one morning and realize that you have sunk \$100,000 into a law education and realize that

you are earning \$29,000 as a paralegal cannot be a very happy epiphany.

University at Stony Brook according to the analysts is among the esteemed top 13%, so your chances will be better than most. This fact will not make your job search any easier, unless you plan to move out of the North Atlantic States, as they house some of the most competitive colleges in the country.

What is the result of the subversive restructuring of higher education that has taken place in the past forty years? The unmitigated devaluation of a college degree. A college degree has become a prerequisite for more specialized education that an individual must seek out if he is to be employable and viable in the economic climate that is today. Happy Graduation.

Source: The Dissolution of General Education 1914-1993. National Association of Scholars 1996

THE STAFF OF THE STONY
BROOK PRESS, THE WORLD'S
FUNNIER+ FEATURE PAPER,
WOULD LIKE TO THANK DOCTOR
OF PHILOSOPHY BERNARD
YAEGER FOR HIS PHILANTHROPIC
DISPLAY OF GENEROSITY IN THE
FORM OF 500 DEAD TREES, WITH-
OUT WHICH THIS FINAL ISSUE
WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN POSSI-
BLE. THANK YOU, DR. YAEGER.

THE POWER AND GLORY OF THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION

By Norman Solomon

WASHINGTON — Based in a spacious brick building a few blocks from the Capitol, the Heritage Foundation is running the most effective media operation in American politics.

Heritage has succeeded with a savvy strategy: Raise a lot of money from rich people with a right-wing agenda. Hire writers, commentators and out-of-office politicians who share that agenda, and call them "fellows," "policy analysts" and "distinguished scholars." And, always, back them up with a public-relations juggernaut that's second to none.

The big money came easy. Back in 1973, beer baron Joseph Coors contributed a quarter-million dollars to get the project rolling. Since then, the megabucks have flowed in: from Amway Corp. and other firms, a slew of very conservative foundations, and wealthy families with names like Scaife, Mellon and Coors.

Though it boasts of enormous clout on Capitol Hill, the Heritage Foundation insists that it doesn't "lobby." So, Heritage remains tax-exempt — a status that helped it collect \$29.7 million last year. Core funding comes from just a few places: In 1995, a total of 31 checks accounted for \$8.5 million; another 123 donors supplied \$2.6 million more.

With a long history of receiving large donations from overseas, Heritage continues to rake in a minimum of several hundred thousand dollars from Taiwan and South Korea each year.

According to a document uncovered by members of South Korea's National Assembly in autumn 1988, Korean intelligence gave \$2.2 million to the Heritage Foundation on the sly during the early 1980s. Heritage officials "categorically deny" the

accusation.

Heritage's latest annual report does acknowledge a \$400,000 grant from the Korean conglomerate Samsung. Another donor, the Korea Foundation — which conduits money from the South Korean government — has given Heritage almost \$1 million in the past three years. However, U.S. media outlets rarely allude to Heritage's financial links with Korea.

The New York Times avoided the subject in a March 12 news article about two former South Korean leaders on trial for the massacre of hundreds of pro-democracy demonstrators at Kwangju in 1980. The article merely said that the pair's attorney "quoted from a report by the Heritage Foundation, the conservative American research institute, referring to the protesters in Kwangju not as democracy campaigners but as 'rioters.'"

Likewise, on April 9, a Washington Post dispatch cited the views of Daryl Plunk, "a Korea specialist at the conservative Heritage Foundation" — but made no mention of monetary ties between South Korea and Heritage.

By now, the Heritage Foundation is the most widely quoted and sound-bitten think tank in the United States. Appearing frequently on television and radio, Heritage personnel also write many commentaries for newspapers and magazines. Meanwhile, Heritage produces a blizzard of press releases, position papers, news conferences and seminars aired on C-SPAN.

Since 1977, Vice President Herb Berkowitz and Public Relations Counsel Hugh Newton have coordinated Heritage's nonstop media barrage. Like gunslingers blowing smoke from the barrels of their six-shooters, they're glad to recount how so many notches got in their media belts.

Until 1980, Heritage Foundation was just another Washington group funded with piles of corporate money. "Ronald Reagan's election changed a lot — made us much more important," Newton told me. Berkowitz added: "They rode in, we had the bible ready."

The "bible" was a Heritage report — "Mandate for Leadership" — calling for deregulation of business, deep cuts in social programs and huge spending hikes for the Pentagon. President Reagan adopted it as the blueprint for his administration.

Today, Heritage works closely with the Republican congressional majority. "Heritage is without question the most far-reaching conservative organization in the country in the war of ideas," Newt Gingrich declared in a November 1994 speech.

But, in his book "The News Shapers," professor Lawrence Soley of Marquette University notes that "among beltway think tanks, Heritage associates have the weakest scholarly credentials." "Instead of seeking quality, 'the Heritage Foundation appears to strive for quantity' — feeding a glut of material to Congress and the news media.

One author who researches the far right, Russ Bellant, describes the Heritage Foundation as "less a traditional think tank...than a propaganda center that creates justifications for preconceived positions and then professionally packages the results in a format palatable to politicians and the press."

Such criticisms don't seem to bother the men in charge of public relations for the Heritage Foundation. They looked quite satisfied to me.

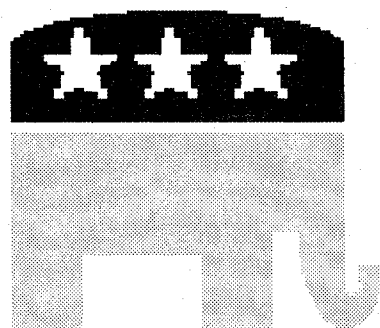
Norman Solomon is a syndicated columnist and co-author (with Jeff Cohen) of "Through the Media Looking Glass: Decoding Bias and Blather in the News."

FIGHT THE BUDGET CUTS! JOIN THE COLLEGE REPUBLICANS

Since January First, the College Republicans have met with:

Sen. Bob Dole
Sen. Phil Gramm
Gov. George Pataki
Rep. Rick Lazio
Sen. Kenneth LaValle
Rep. Michael Forbes
County Executive Bob Gaffney

You can spread graffiti to prevent budget cuts, or you can join the College Republicans. Lobby for education, and have a voice in the future. Planned events include:



Casino Night
Party at the Park Bench
Rock The Vote

JOIN THE COLLEGE REPUBLICANS AT STONY BROOK
Meetings every Tuesday at 8:00 pm in room 216 of the SB Union

Broder On Washington

By David S. Broder

WASHINGTON—If you are bored—as many people who normally savor politics appear to be—at the prospect of Bob Dole challenging Bill Clinton in the presidential race, then shift your gaze to the contest for control of the House of Representatives and you will find a battle that ought to delight any political buff.

Implausible as it seemed even a few months ago, the Democrats actually appear to have a chance to regain control of the House from the Republicans and cut short the “revolution” that began with the election of 1994.

True, Rep. Bill Paxon of New York, the chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee and architect of the victory that made Newt Gingrich the speaker, is sticking with his early prediction that Republicans will add at least 20 seats to their current 236, thus doubling the size of their majority. He brags about his committee raising four times as much money in this cycle as in the last and points out that 21 House Democrats are quitting politics, many of them from shaky districts, as compared to only a dozen Republicans, most of them in safe seats.

But Rep. Martin Frost of Texas, new head of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, has been talking optimistically for months about the Democrats’ chances of picking up the 19 to 21 seats they would need to elect Minority Leader Dick Gephardt of Missouri as the next speaker (They have 197 sitting members, 21 short of a majority, with one Democratic vacancy in Oregon

and a Socialist independent from Vermont who regularly votes with them.)

In the last few weeks, some smart people are beginning to think that Frost may not be nuts. One of them is Charles E. Cook Jr., whose Cook Political Report is a widely respected tout sheet, relied on by reporters, lobbyists and political consultants who know that Charlie Cook makes it his business to check out more of the challengers in every election cycle than anyone else in the business.

In the latest edition of his Political Report, Cook says that “we’d put the chances of Democrats taking control of the House at about one in three, maybe slightly better. ...” That is a lot shorter odds than anyone would have given the Democrats until recently.

On Cook’s preliminary scorecard, Democrats are defending four more hard-to-hold seats than the Republicans—32 Democrats, 28 Republicans. But he adheres to the same adage that I was taught years ago by the late James H. Rowe Jr., a wise old Washington lawyer and Democratic operative.

When we would meet at this time of an election year, and everything seemed murky, Rowe would instruct me, “Remember, David, there is always a trend. Sometimes you see it early and sometimes late, but there’s always something moving out there.”

Cook points out that in 12 of the last 25 House elections, the trend has been strong enough that one party or the other has gained at least 20 seats. In eight of those elections, the swing has been at least 30 seats, and in six of them, at least 40 seats.

The first signs of a possible Democratic trend are now turning up in the national polls, which in the

past month consistently find that the “generic ballot test” has swung against the GOP. When pollsters ask which party likely voters intend to support for Congress, the Democrats now have a slight advantage, usually around 5 points.

That may not sound like much, but it is a seismic shift from 1994, when the Republicans outpolled the Democrats by 7 points in the national congressional vote and gained 52 seats.

Will the Democratic trend hold? The truth is that no one knows. Congressional Republicans have been off-stride and on the defensive ever since they were blamed by most voters for causing the two shutdowns of government in the budget battles with President Clinton last winter.

But with six months still to go before Election Day and a host of hot issues on the agenda, an intriguing psychological profile of voters released last week by the Center for National Policy showed both parties’ messages to be off-target in dealing with the widespread public anxiety about Washington. So there is time aplenty for the picture to shift.

Nonetheless, it looks as if two big decisions—not just one—will be made next November. It’s not just a question of which party will control the White House. It’s also a choice between Gingrich and Dick Gephardt for speaker. And to paraphrase George Wallace, there’s a lot more than “a dime’s worth of difference” between those fellows.

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Vigil for Truth

By Joanna Wegielnik

On March 31, Sister Dianna Ortiz began a silent 24-hour vigil in Lafayette Park, right across from the White House, in order to prod the Clinton Administration to release documents about her abduction and torture by Guatemalan Security Forces in 1989.

Sister Ortiz, a member of the Roman Catholic Ursuline Order, went to Guatemala in 1987 to work as a missionary. There, she taught reading and writing to Mayan children in a missionary school. Sister Ortiz was not politically active, was not in anyway associated with leftist guerrilla movements, nor was she a communist sympathizer. She simply taught children reading and writing, subversive doctrine in the eyes of the right-wing military regime that’s been brutalizing Guatemalans for years. Incidentally, the U.S. actively supports Guatemala’s military dictators with successive arms-supplying administrations.

On November 2, 1989, while at a church retreat in the small town of Antigua, Sister Ortiz was kidnapped at gun point by two men and subsequently taken to the basement of a former military academy in Guatemala City. For the next 24 hours, she was beaten, tortured, repeatedly gang-raped, and burned more than 111 times with cigarettes. She was then suspended by a rope, tied around her wrists, over an open pit where decomposing bodies of other tortured Guatemalans lay.

Ortiz says that her ordeal was overseen by a tall, light-skinned man her torturers called ‘Alejandro’. He had the authority to give orders, had access to the clandestine prison where Ortiz was kept, and spoke broken, heavily accented Spanish. The next day, Alejandro offered to take Ortiz to the U.S.

Embassy, where a friend of his would help her. In the car, the man spoke English with a perfect American accent and when Ortiz asked him directly if he was an American, he refused to answer. Frightened, Ortiz jumped out of the car when it stopped in traffic and escaped to the Vatican embassy.

For more than six long years, Sister Ortiz has sought to learn the identity of ‘Alejandro’, demanding to know if he was a past or present employee of a U.S. agency. Sister Ortiz, as well as all U.S. citizens, has a right to know if employees of our government have contributed in any way, to the imprisonment, torture, and murder of another human being. We have a right to know what is being done in our names and with our tax dollars. Dianna Ortiz has a right to know the identity of ‘Alejandro’ who has thus far been protected by the U.S. government.

Sister Ortiz asked the Clinton Administration for an investigation into her case. The White House responded by ordering the IOB (Intelligence Oversight Board) to conduct a probe into all cases of death, disappearance, or assault on U.S. citizens in Guatemala since 1984. The resulting investigation produced thousands of pages of documents on her case alone yet they remain ‘classified’. Last April, she filed for the IOB reports under the Freedom of Information Act, however, she has yet to receive one shred of paper.

By suppressing the release of the documents, our government is concealing evidence of massive and systematic human rights violations and criminal acts. The information that the IOB, and other government agencies have, could allow human rights violators to be successfully prosecuted and brought to justice in Guatemala.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

1) Call President Clinton at the White House Comment Line (202) 456-1111; FAX (202) 456-2461 - Urge President Clinton to declassify ALL U.S. government information related to a) human rights abuses in Guatemala from 1954 to the present and b) the case of Sister Ortiz -Also urge Clinton to release the FULL text of the Intelligence Oversight Board’s investigation, not just a summary of the findings.

2) Call National Security Advisor, Anthony Lake (202) 456-9491 FAX (202) 456-2883 -Again, demand the FULL text release of ALL documents

3) Call your congressional representatives 1-800-972-3524 (ask for your representatives office) -Urge them to sign on to the declassification “Dear Colleague” letter sponsored by the Congressional Human Rights Committee

4) Contact the Guatemalan Human Rights Commission/USA (202) 529-6599 FAX (202) 526-4611 3321 12th Street, NE Washington, DC 20017 email ghrc@igc.apc.org

On Monday May 6th, at 7:30 PM, Rosenda Sales Ortiz, coordinator of Mama Maquin, an indigenous women’s human rights group in Guatemala, will be speaking about the struggle for demilitarization and peace in her country at the Peace Studies Resource Center in the Old Chemistry building. Please come if you can.

3TV's Most Frequently Asked Questions

Q: Why do you only show 9 movies per month?

A: We only show 9 movies per month because we must pay to air each film due to royalties and renting cost. The station is currently re-negotiating the contract for more movies next semester.

Q: Why don't you just rent movies from the video store?

A: We are regulated by the FCC and it is illegal for us to air films without the proper permission. Doing so would result in an immediate shut down of the station.

Q: Why are you on from only 6pm to 2am, Monday through Friday?

A: It is at this time that viewership is highest. We are working on increasing our broadcasting hours for next semester.

Q: Why is your General Manager, Phil Fouche, such a stud?

A: Because. (this question added by The Press)

Q: Can students get involved?

A: We encourage all students to come down to the station if they are interested. You can get involved in marketing, programming, or even create your own show. We must warn you, however, it is very addictive and time consuming if you wish to join our team of sickos.

Q: Can anyone advertise on 3TV?

A: Yes, anyone can advertise. You can place an ad for an event your club is having, or you can send your loved one a message. All you need to do is fill out an ad request form; located in Polity Suite 258 or room 059 in the Student Union.



**We're
YOUR
Station!**

THE 2ND ANNUAL STONY

The Annual Shirley Awards are given annually (a-DUH!) to those we deem deserving of this most prestigious of award-type foolishness. Decisions are made almost entirely arbitrarily from an equally arbitrary list of categories. We distorted these photos of the Prez according to actual data we have about how she looks during sex: so that's what the winners receive, Shirley at the point of climax. Treasure these moments, kids, for they are fleeting and sweet. And remember, a Shirley in the hand, is worth two in the bush.

If you win, congratulations. If you're Cubie, get help. (John didn't write this) If you're Efraim Csuwoj, would you like to buy a vowel? If you're dyslexic, tsiM eht fo tuo era salliroG ehT!...Finally!

Biggest Waste of DNA: Cubie (John didn't vote for you on this)

"How dare you call me a gay-basher... you faggot!... I'm gonna fuckin' wreck you!" He really said this folks, I'm not kidding. Can anyone fulfill a cartoonish stereotype more? 27, 36, 15...HIKE!

Best On-Campus Concert: Jawbox

It was the *only* on-campus concert. No shortage of No-Loot Jams, though.

Best Issue of The Press: Issue 13 "The I-CON" issue.

Look, there were women there, who weighed upwards of three-hundred pounds, and they were wearing chain-mail bikinis. Comedy doesn't get easier than that folks.

Best News Article: Statesman Schism 1 & 2

When the story broke, we were thinking Pulitzer, when it was finally published, we were thinking, Filler. We're still wondering why we spent so much space covering The Statesman without insulting them.

Best Features Article: Cubie Grunts

Anytime an article drives someone to violence, you know you're doing something right. Fake left, go long, baby.

Best Top Ten List: Colors

We can't tell you why this was funny, but let's just say, Psychedelia isn't dead folks, it just resides in Zumpaland. Where are you now, Kelly Connelly? Your shoes were nice and shiny.

Best House Ad: We Were On Conan And You Weren't

Any paper that wins "Funniest Alternative College Newspaper" deserves air-time. Besides, we were genuinely concerned about Grady's safety.

Most Complained About Article: "I Know Your Momma's Grieving."

In a large bowl, mix one cop, seven smart-ass Gonzo journalists, an Imp and a need to let out some aggression. Stir well. Heat the campus conservatives at 350°, bake for a week. Garnish with revenge. Serve cold. The fucking pig never even handed the ticket in. Haven't we learned anything from "Police Academy 3: Citizens on Patrol?"

Best Cover: No. 5 - Pissing On The Statesman Door

What can I say about this? Pure, unadulterated genius. Urine + Flanagan = Fun. (We didn't use real pee) And it got that bitch from HSC pissed off. Then we pissed on her. Hatred, like violence, is cyclical people. Boyz N The Hood taught us that. These explanations are ALL ABOUT movie zen.

Nicest Dorm: Hendrix & Hand

Jimi spices up life anywhere, and Hand lends itself to masturbatory jokes left and right. Besides, John is an RA there: of course it rocks.

Ugliest Dorm: Schick & Wagner & Hendrix & Hand & Irving & James & Dewey & O'Neill & Hamilton

Two words: self hatred. These are the buildings we live in.

Biggest Staff Fixation: Anal

The ass, in the hands of the right people, can become the funniest thing in the world. The ass, with a #2 attached to a certain characteristic of the ass, is even funnier, but that's all in the past now: wounds heal.

Most Bizarre Item Found in Office: Paul Wright

He works for The Statesman. A semester ago, we hated them, now, we like them. (Except you, Flanagan: we wish you hot death) Kids are so fickle.

Best On-Campus Food:

David's White Chocolate Macadamia Nut Cookies

Have you ever seen David, the owner of David's cookies? Six hundred pounds of sugar, eggs, and butter. We've GOT to stop eating them.

Worst On-Campus Food:

Deng Lee's

You would think that for a campus consisting of 1/5 Asian students, we could find a decent Chinese food cook. It's like not being able to

get good pizza in Bensonhurst.

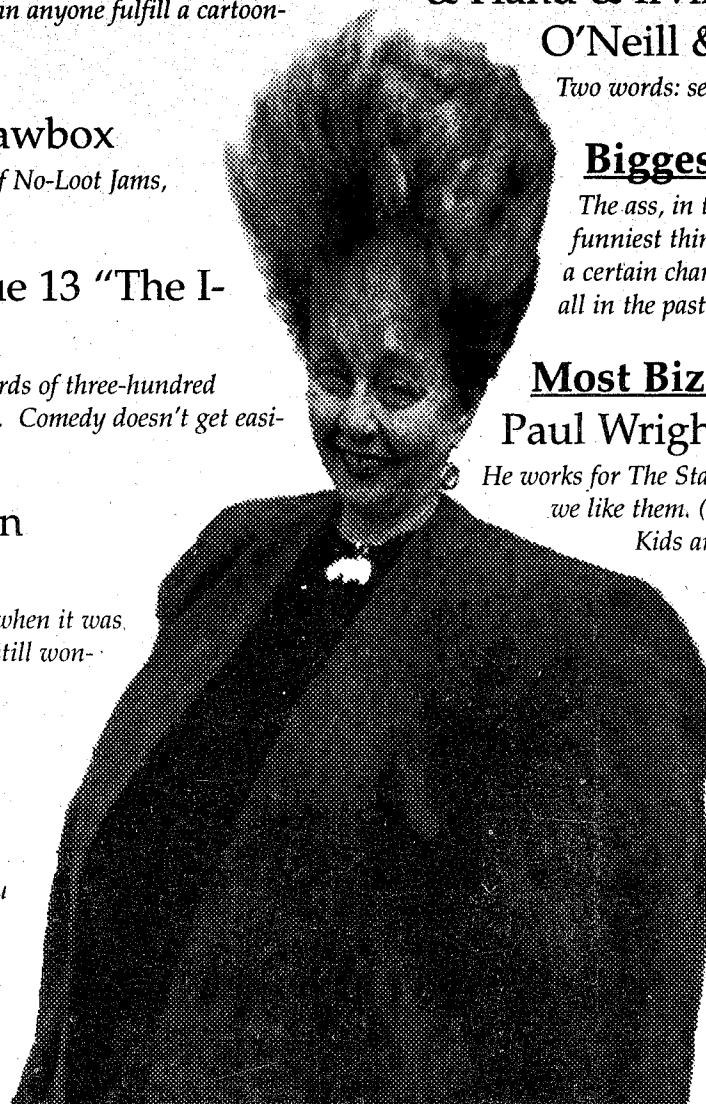
Most Obnoxious Admin Member: Fred Preston

He's like Gallagher, try finding someone who still likes him.

Best Unused Story Title: "Go Ahead Invade Taiwan... You'll Be Hungry Again In An Hour" ended up being "Omnipresent Subjugation Versus Taiwanese Sovereignty" Uhhh, yeah.

Best Cartoon: La Blue Girl

I hate to say this folks, and those of you out there of Japanese descent, please take this with a grain of wasabi, but...damn if that ain't the most twisted,



BROOK PRESS SHIRLEYS

repressed, fucked little island to ever have a demon rape a twelve-year old. This stuff is 90210-popular in Tokyo. You've come a long way from Godzilla, baby.

Best Movie: 12 Monkeys

Surprising that Cubie wasn't involved in this film in some way. (John didn't write this, dick)

Worst Movie: Johnny Mnemonic

Ted spelled this "Johnny Pnuemonic". He's graduating. God help this country. John spells shit wrong all the time, we just don't tell him. Thank god we caught annihilate in the staff box. -I didn't write that, Ted, it was Dave. -Fuck you anyway. -We'll miss you Ted.

Best TV Show: X-Files

We've Scullied ten ways to Sunday in this paper. Are you surprised this won?

Worst TV Show: 90210

God, do we have to explain why? We live it at The Bleacher Club. Go Phi Deltis!

Best 3TV Show: The Press Uncensored

(Ted spelled this, we reiterate, he's graduating. Makes that degree look oh-so-valuable, doesn't it?) Look, it aired once, and it hadn't been edited to it's most un-litigable state. That was a close one, folks. Watch 3TV in the Fall for the Censored version.

Worst 3TV Show: Video Debris

Host and Press Staff Member Steve Tornello voted for this one. He has issues.

Hottest TV Babe: Gillian Anderson

We've published more pictures of Scully than the NAMBLA newsletter has of Macaulay Culkin.

Hottest TV Guy: Ethan Phillips

Pete is god!

Hottest Rock Babe: Tori Amos

I swear to God, if I get into Jessica's car one more time, and that fucking Jupiter song is playing, I will kill.

Hottest Rock Guy: John Popper

He keeps candy bars in that bandolier thing he wears.

Hottest Movie Babe: Jessica Tandy

The deader, the better. Rot makes a good lubricant.

Hottest Movie Guy: Babe The Pig

"Now, I want you to just drop them pants...c'mon, squeal!"

Stupidest Political Move: Jesse Helms say-

ing that Clinton should get a bodyguard if he visits North Carolina

To say I would like to see Jesse Helms dead would be an understatement the way saying Cubie would like to finally finish his copy of Horton Hears a Who. We both really want it, but it will probably never happen. (John didn't write this, baldy).

Easiest Country To Make Fun Of: France

Look, Csuwojynwkythelikflem, we don't like them. It's OUR prerogative to dislike whom we will... okay, consonant-boy?

Best Driver On Staff: Anne "Squirrel-Squasher" Ruggiero

In the even more immortal words of Mark McKinney: "I'm Crushing Your Head!!!"

Best Bet: Ask Boyd

5 to 1 says he knows.

Best No-Loot Jam-type party in the Union Ballroom: Oh, the choices. We couldn't choose, they were all so...persistent.

Most Crack-Headed Price-Club Purchase: 10 pound box of 192 Mr. Freeze freezer-pops.

"Look, IT WAS \$3.75, OKAY???"- Ted "Yeah, but I could probably buy 10 pounds of shit for \$3.75 also, does that mean we need it in the office?"- John "Look, I was a landscaper, you can't buy shit for \$3.75! It's much more expensive! Even Liv agrees with me. Shit is expensive."- Ted

Best Radio Show on 90.1 FM: Pandemonium Cheesecake Show Monday 3-6 AM.

"This is shameless self promotion but I don't care. It's my show and I'm graduating and should be allowed to win at least one award."

Coolest Staff Hat: Lowell's

Jester Hat.

"This barely beat out Martha's Thinking Cap (a cheap toy from Six Flags with Bunny Ears) but Lowell really does look cuter in his hat than Martha does in hers. For some reason I can't take her seriously with the hat on, Julie Delpy looks good with the ears on but Martha's ears are not fuzzy, they are cheap foam. I know I will get yelled at for this, but I don't care she smokes near the computer on countless occasions even after I tell her not to. (Yeah, but she's still pretty hot. And Lowell, even with fishnets, couldn't compete. Sorry, brother, it's only truth I speak.) I didn't say that she wasn't cute, I was just commenting on the fact that with the right hat she could be really cute."

Biggest Couch Prick: John Giuffo

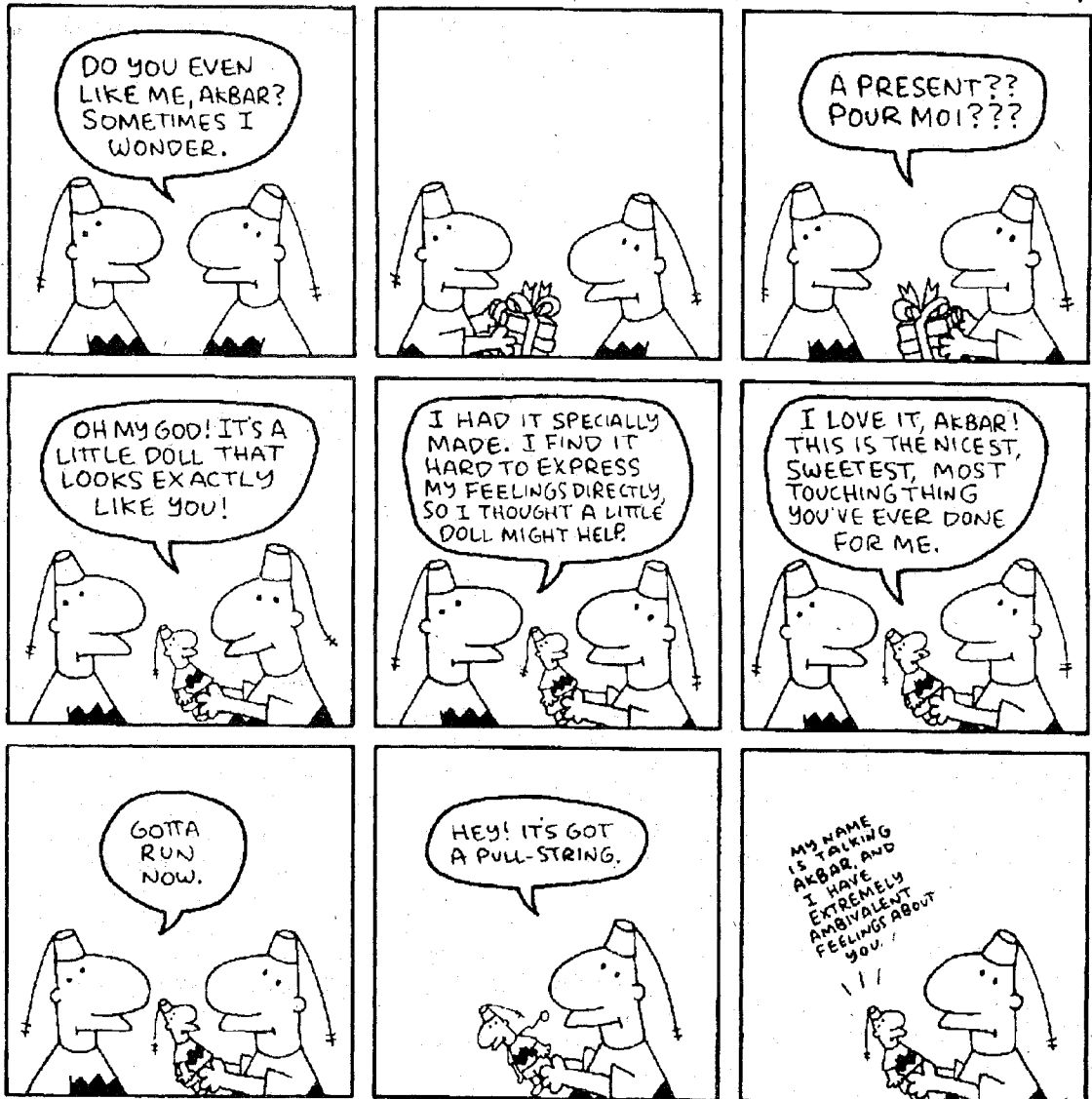
"This prick lives on campus and won't go back to his room, with his nice bed, he has to steal the only piece of furniture worth sleeping on in the office."



COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

©1996
BY MATT
GREENING

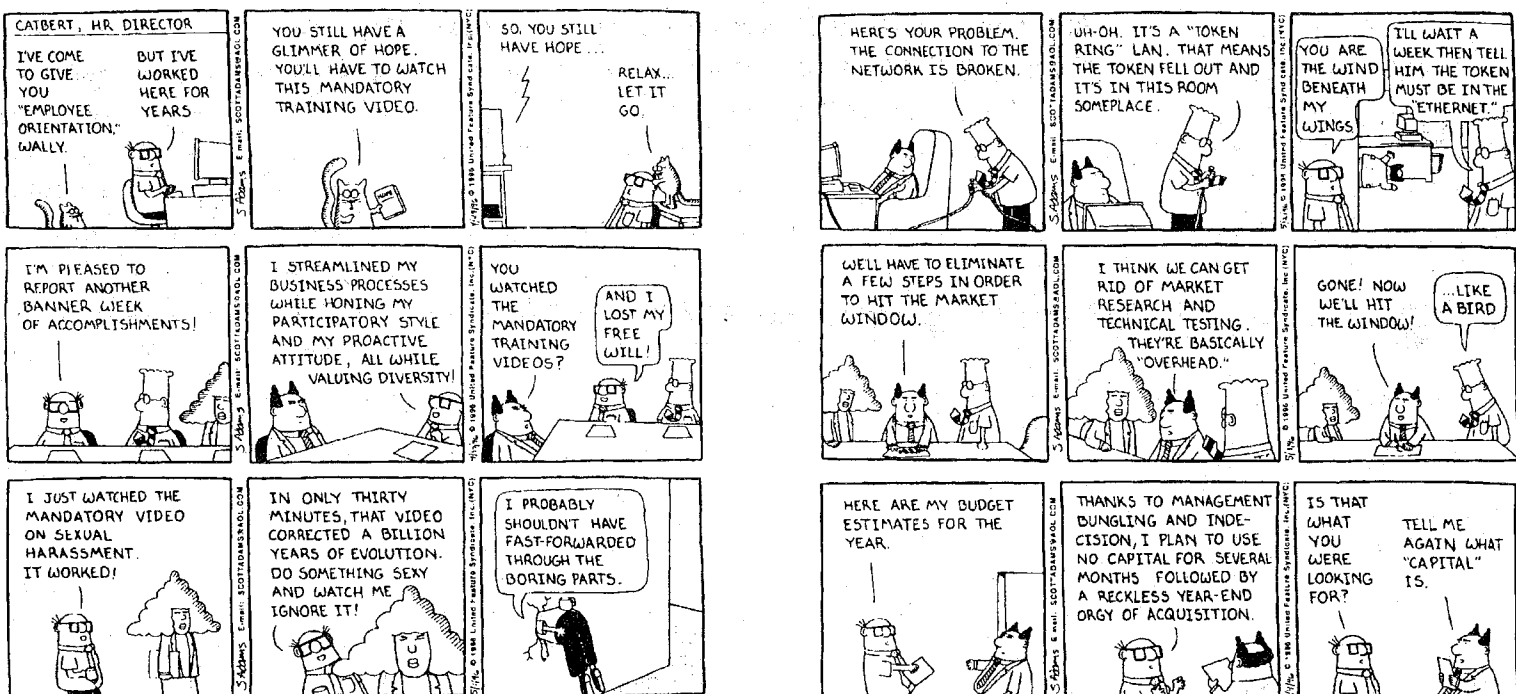


SHADES OF THE PRISON HOUSE

BY MICEAL CREAMER



Dilbert © by Scott Adams



A Victim of Breast Cancer

By Hans Stevenson Go

According to The New Encyclopedia Britannica, "Breast Cancer is a malignant tumor in the mammary glands of either a male or female; tumors in males however are rare." There are two principal types of tumors in appearance. "The first is a single, hard, poorly movable lump. This type of tumor radiates out into the fat tissue and may involve the nipple. The second type of tumor is opaque white or pink; it is soft and may contain cysts and may show signs of bleeding and it tends to bulge more than the first type" (The New Encyclopedia Britannica).

The National Center of Health reported that "there is a steady increase in the incidence of breast cancer among American women. The rate of increase of breast cancer cases has risen from 1% yearly during the 1970's to 4% in the 1980's. Breast cancer was ranked fifth among leading causes of death for American women in 1989, killing almost 43,000 women."

"Misleading breast cancer statistics have caused unwarranted fear in many women" (Carter 40). It is true that "there is a one in nine chance that a woman could develop breast cancer in her lifetime. However, a 30-year-old woman has one in 5,900 chance of getting breast cancer this year" (Carter 40). Generally, the older the patient is, the greater the likelihood of cancer.

There's a story I'd like to tell you about a victim of breast cancer. This is a true story! She's my aunt. My aunt is sitting on her favorite couch by the window, and she begins to notice the smallest details of the activities that are going on outside. The day is beautiful, the sky is clear, flowers are blooming, fresh air is in the wind, and the birds are singing sweet music. "How am I going to express the things that have happened to me?" she said. There are many memories still fresh in her mind because it has been a long hard road filled with adjuvant chemotherapy, exuberant diets, with drastic effects on her life.

It all began when she felt a lump in her breast. She went to the doctor for an examination, she had several x-rays

taken. My aunt didn't know what was worse, the waiting or the results. Unfortunately, the results were bad. The doctor said she had breast cancer. The first thing that came to her mind when the doctor said that she had breast cancer was her children. "What will happen to them if I'm gone? Who will take care of them?" Unfortunately, a mastectomy was inevitable. After the surgery, they treated her with chemotherapy. The side effects soon followed, loss of hair, pain, nausea. Though my aunt despised the treatment, she realized that "chemotherapy was an important part of treatment for breast cancer" (Rutquist 535). Even though the tumor was removed successfully, adjuvant chemotherapy is sometimes used to destroy cancer cells that might have detached from the primary cancer at the time of surgery. However, "chemotherapy increases the risk of developing another form of cancer in the future. The most common follow up cancers are cervical cancer, colorectal cancer and lung cancer" (Rutquist 535). Since, chemotherapy is a common treatment for breast cancer, "there was only a chance of one percent than for those who received only radiation as adjuvant therapy, in developing another cancer" (Rutquist 535). Chemotherapy nevertheless is less risky than the other modes of treatment. "It was concluded that adjuvant chemotherapy for breast cancer actually results in a follow up cancer, but it reduces the chance of developing a second cancer" (Rutquist 535).

My aunt wondered what had caused her cancer. The doctor told her that the cause might have been eating carcinogenic foods, eating too much fat, or maybe because of the environment. "Man is under a constant bombardment from a hail of potentially lethal carcinogens" (Cameron 184). Lethal carcinogens as foods that contain sodium cyclamate and calcium cyclamate, and food additives. "Body fat can store toxic chemicals" (Ratner 866), and therefore the fat in the breasts makes women more susceptible to cancer. Researchers also reveal "a rise in the rate of breast cancer mortality correlated with the world wide use of synthetic chemical pollutants that can be found in water, food, and in the air" (Clorfene-Casten 52).

Another treatment that she went through, and is still going through, is dieting. Doctors told her what to eat or not to eat. For example, she needs to eat less fat and more fiber. It is because, according to the American Family Physician 1512, dietary fat and fiber intake reduces the risk of breast cancer. My aunt also needs to take more Vitamin C because adequate amounts of ascorbate are essential for the proper healing of the wounds, and to enhance the protection against bacterial infection. Proteins, fat, and carbohydrates are important because they provide energy. Food proteins are especially important too, because they provides amino acids, which are the building blocks for the proteins of the human body, including "the structural proteins of muscle, tendons, bone, blood vessels, and skin, and the globular proteins, such as hemoglobin and various enzymes" (Cameron 199).

The psychological effects that the cancer had on my aunt truly made her feel self conscious. She was bothered when people would stare at her head and wonder why it was covered with a scarf. When people would find out that she had no hair, she could see that pitiful look again. She felt sorry for herself. She thought that her body would forever be disgusting and that she could do nothing about it. She felt afraid to touch her scar because she imagined that when she touched her scar, her hands would go through the holes of the scar and could feel the tissues inside her chest. My aunt had nervous thoughts whenever she had her medical check-ups because she was so afraid that the doctor would tell her that the cancer was back. Financial problems concerned her very much. It's hard for both my aunt and her husband and because they are just an average family and could not afford to cover the expenses for expensive medicines and doctors. They have children to feed and my aunt cannot give much help because she is too weak to work.

In spite of all these sacrifices, she still needs to stand firm. No matter how hard, she just needs to remember that it is for the benefit of her children's future. She even thanks God for giving her the strength to overcome the disease and making her what she is now, a survivor.

References available upon request

Top Ten Reasons Why *The Press* is the Funniest Paper in America

10) Creamy Crack Carl.

9) Fuckin' Ted.

8) The following people who despise us, without which their contribution through the Student Activity Fee this paper would not have been possible: Tom Masse, Scott "Cubie" Lewis, Rick Resnick, Richard Cole, David Samuel Shashoua, the bitch who called up about Alanis Morissette, all of the people on this campus who grow incensed at the idea of "cop killing," Tom Flanagan, Cheryl Perry (she went here as a student once and had to go through the ordeal of fitting on board the bus -- that's a joke, Ms. Perry), that bitch from HSC, Alexis Hunter, and others we may have forgotten to mention.

7) The following people, who have granted us an almost infinitely abundant amount of things to make fun of: Tom Masse, Scott "Cubie" Lewis, Rick Resnick, Richard Cole, David Samuel Shashoua, the bitch who called up about Alanis Morissette, Alanis Morissette, all of the people on this campus who grow incensed at the idea of "cop killing," Police Officer Robert J. Howell (the ubercop himself), Tom Flanagan, Cheryl Perry, that bitch from HSC, Alexis Hunter and SPA Security, Newt Gingrich, the Republican party, Sister Slowjah and the Hip-Hop Gestapo (mad props to 2Pac, I'll be doing the Nike ad next week), Shirley Strum Kenny, Fred Preston, the Statesman and all of the miscellaneous comedy therein, I-CON, and anyone else that we've laughed at in the past but forgot to mention here -- HA HA HA HA.

6) The following things, which influenced us into the acts of genius contained herein: Duh, controlled substances, pornography, beer and other various liquors, ice tea, Mr. Bungle, Hunter S. Thompson, the *X-Files*, Rage Against the Machine, Ministry (uh-duh), Faith No More, Elvis Costello, P.J. Harvey, the Grateful Dead (a little bit o' white rage), the Simpsons, Frank Zappa, Beavis & Butt-Head, Seinfeld (you've got nothing on us, you skinny WASP), the Price Club, Tyson Buffalo Wings of Fire, Pixie Sticks, wild berry Pop-Tarts (they're flammable, y'know), the Internet (visit www.crackinmyass.com), Spy Magazine, *This Is Spinal Tap!*, Zumpano (the deity, not the band), Monty Python, *Clerks* (you sucked 37 dicks!), and a whole buttload of other things which couldn't fit here. Zippadeedoo-dah!

5) Marbles, marbles, marbles.

4) Because Bruce Baldwin is no longer a member.

3) Just because.

2) Have you seen Dave Ewalt's feet? Those things are huge! You can't have feet like that and NOT be on the country's funniest paper.

1) Because the Center for Campus Organizing said so.

A Funny Movie

By Seth Klein

Ever get the feeling that your life totally sucks? Well I get this feeling all the time. Why do I tell you about the trivial facts of my pitiful life? I tell you because I just saw *Brain Candy* staring the Kids in The Hall. This movie is truly funny, but don't bother to see it if you are not used to using your brain. I say this because the movie is funny on a higher, more intellectual level, and if you are like some of the prokaryotes that I know then I don't recommend *Brain Candy* to you. With that said, I can continue with my incredible review. So how does my life relate to *Brain Candy*? Well you see *Brain Candy* is about this new drug, which cures depression, and ultimately makes society totally useless. There are crazy computer film enhancements that show you how the drug accesses your fondest memory and plants a seed for happy memories to grow in your mind. I recommend going to the movie fucked up to get the full effect of those visuals, because I did not go fucked up and think I missed out on those intense visual displays.

I would have to say the funniest part of *Brain Candy* was when a married man who is really homosexual takes the drug. They show his fondest memory as him being in the army: him and his drill sergeant and, well, I suppose you can guess the rest. After he takes the drugs he announces to his family and everyone in the whole neighborhood that he is gay. He dances through the streets gathering a huge crowd of neighbors and others, and then they break out into this pseudo Thriller "He's gay" song. There are so many scenes revolving around this one man. Some include him

masturbating to gay porn. When his wife comes home and asks the kids where he is, they respond nonchalantly "Oh. Dad is upstairs masturbating to gay porn" (I peed my pants at this point). Others include him getting caught by police during a gangbang in a public restroom. The police drive him home totally naked. His wife slams the door in his face. He is left out on the porch for the whole neighborhood to see. I am sorry that my literary description does not give the scenes the justice they deserve. The only way to fully experience the hysteria of the film is to go and see it. You will not be disappointed and if you are, then your taste sucks.

There are so many funny things in this movie, little subtle things that you have to be alert for if you want to really enjoy it. So like I said before, those prokaryotes out there should stay home. Also if your girlfriend likes to feel your crotch or is like Alanis Morissette, I recommend leaving her behind too because it would be a waste of seven dollars otherwise well spent. Your girlfriend can feel you anytime, however *Brain Candy* is an experience that should be cherished and will only be in theaters for a short time: So go and see it! — This signature thing is fun fun fun... what remarks can I make now??? how about I tell you about the time I was arrested for... oh god I can't talk about that... that would be too evil... but I was tried as a juvenile and well I am okay after the therapy I received... okay I feel much better now that I have that out in the open... god what a weight off of my chest... damn am I relieved....

FUCK TED.

HE IS GRADUATING.

HE IS A PANSY-ASS.
HE IS A DOG LOVER.
HE HAS AN EXTRA NIPPLE.
HE WEARS RUBBER PANTS.
HE USED TO LISTEN TO POLKA MUSIC IN THE BATHTUB.
HE'S REALLY FUCKING OLD.
HE HAS BAD ORAL HYGIENE.
HIS TOES ARE WEBBED.
HE HAS NO IDEA ABOUT BOB.
HE HAS HAIRY PALMS.
HIS MOM USED TO WHUP HIM.
HE HAS NO SENSE OF TIMING.
HE SNORTS COFFEE.
HE HAS ALL THE POLICE ACADEMY MOVIES ON TAPE.
HE THINKS BARBARA MANDRELL IS "HARDCORE."
HE WATCHES OLD EPISODES OF "HAWAII 5-0" IN THE NUDE.
HE GRABS CHICKENS AND BEATS THEM SENSELESS.
HE THINK TEEPEE HEAP GOOD.

SO GOOD RIDDANCE.

AND DON'T COME BACK.



continued from page 19 is back for another shot at movie stardom. This time he plays a paranormal specialist who vows to rid a small town of ghosts. What they don't know is that he and the spirits work as a team. That is until something goes terribly wrong. (Don't ya' hate it when that happens) This edgy, comedic thriller should scare up some good business, thanks in most part to some fantastic visuals. Think *Ghostbusters* meets *Poltergeist*. (July 19)

The Crow: City of Angels: Vincent Perez takes over the role from the late Brandon Lee. The story doesn't matter. It's all based on the franchise, but this one doesn't have a dead star to bring in the morbid curiosity seekers. Can the die-hard fan base keep the series alive? (August 2)

Tales From the Crypt Presents Bordello of Blood: How's that for a title? In this second film based on the popular HBO anthology series, Dennis Miller stars as a detective who stumbles across a house of prostitution. No big deal? Did I mention that they are all vampires? (August 16)

Ransom: Mel Gibson stars, along with Rene Russo, in Oscar rival Ron Howard's tale of a man searching for his kidnapped daughter.



The 20 Million Dollar Man

The group has been filming in New York for months. They were sidetracked by our lovely winter and Gibson's emergency appendectomy. (August 23)

Chain Reaction: Keanu Reeves is back in *Speed* mode as a laboratory worker (like he would know what to do with a test tube) who must go on the run after he is blamed for a murder. He just happens to take a girl along with him. Hmmm. (August 23)

A Time To Kill: Sandra Bullock, making it very nicely on her own without Reeves, stars in this John Grisham thriller. She is a law student helping defend a man (Samuel L. Jackson) who killed two thugs who attacked his 10-year-old daughter. Red-hot Kevin Spacey also stars along with Donald Sutherland and newcomer Matthew McConaughey. (August 30)

Crime Story: Jackie Chan stars in his second major

American release. Once again doing all his own stunts. He stars as a cop on the trail of a kidnapper. Does the plot really matter? We all know why we go to see his films. (August 30)

Daylight: Sylvester Stallone is an emergency rescue worker trapped, with hundreds of people, when an explosion cuts off both ends of the Holland Tunnel. This one has been in the works for a while now and could bring Sly out of his action slump. He promises it will be his last high-action film, so look for his next one, *Copland*, where he plays a deaf sheriff involved in a racially charged case. Made for Miramax, he is working for scale pay. (No release date available)

The Ghost and the Darkness: Michael Douglas and ex-Batman, Val Kilmer star as hunters sent to Africa to track and kill the two man-eating lions named in the title. The problem is that the lions are a lot smarter than their letting on. This one's iffy. The story better be really good to pull people in. (No release date available)

Escape From L.A.: The one so many have been waiting for. Kurt Russell is back in the part he was born to play: Snake Plissken. The story involves the fact that an earthquake has broken L.A. off from the mainland and it is now a place of savages. Snake is sent in to rescue the president's daughter who has been kidnapped. He has just 10 hours to complete the job or they won't give him the antidote to a killer virus they've injected him with. This is the one to see this season. (No release date available)

Goodbyes

Recently two things came to my attention that reinforced my belief that I have had the best staff working for me the past three semesters, I've been Executive Editor of *The Stony Brook Press*. I love my staff, and will continue to call them my staff until the beginning of next year, when I'm officially replaced by another Executive Editor.

First, *The Statesman's* lame attempt to be funny in their April Fools' Day issue, whose cover spoofed *The Press*. *The Statesman* - in their own uniquely unfunny way - is to comedy in the same fashion that Roger Korman is to movies; the least common denominator. I commented that the least funny people on our staff (Katherine & Martha) are funnier than their whole staff added together. And it's true.

The other event that added to my glowing admiration for my staff was the College Bowl Tournament held by the Resident Student Association. In a very *Press*-like manner, we talked about joining the competition and wiping the floor with everybody else, but alas we were all too lazy to sign up for the tournament. I did get to witness the debacle. Boy, we have some stupid people on campus. If I would have known it would have been that easy I would have taken the three stupidest staff members (names withheld upon request) and become Trivia Geek Kings of The World.

During my reign as Executive Editor *The Press* has experienced a resurgence, and although I'd like to take credit for it, I can't. I don't know which gods, or extra-planar beings, were responsible for the creation of my staff (I think someone is finally making up for my tortures throughout high school) but I thank them with my immortal soul.

I have a great staff, they rock, and after claiming the Center for Campus Organizing's award for The Alternative College paper with The Best Sense of Humor, now everyone knows how great they really are.

It's true that I yell at the staff constantly (even made one person quit for a week), I can't spell worth shit and I take myself way too seriously. But it's also true that I do more than the job description says I should, spend way too much time fussing over small things on the paper (like all the headlines being at the same height) and am constantly in the office. Somewhere along the lines of 60 hours a week.

I wish I could talk about everyone on the staff individually (the part about Lowell would have to be its own novella), but hell, my ego is big enough, we can't have too many inflated egos in the office at once, it would be the Black Hole of Calcutta all over again and there'd be some casualties.

After 25 issues at the helm I'll be leaving the paper in Liv and Dave's capable hands. I can only hope they won't fuck it up, but Liv wouldn't allow it, she'd kill first. I can guarantee you that Liv probably will cause

bodily harm upon some staff member next year.

My first issue as Executive Editor had a very forgettable "Wanted: Photo Editor" as the cover, but oh boy, if the next issue didn't make up for it. There is only one word which can describe my second issue: Genitalia.

To this day we have not received more complaints (or praise) for an issue, and we've tried very hard to top it. It seems to be the only issue that everyone on campus ever read. What was the uproar? A painting of a naked lady on the cover (which was a copy of the painting hanging in the gallery), or the story titled **Dr. Fistfuck** about masturbating to Catwoman. We had people come down to the office with stacks of the paper and ask "what is this crap?" as they slammed them down. I gave them back their 94 cents, which is what we get from each student's activity fee and told them never to come back into the office. Okay, I didn't do this but I wanted to.

This issue also featured the first appearances of Oceansize (Lou's deranged letters column) and John and Lowell's first stories. Within two issues Katherine, Heather, and the Chrises (Sorochin and Cartusciello) all began writing for *the Press* on a regular basis, and we were set for the final issue of the year "Republicans In Love." We all rejoiced as we made our first mortal enemy: David Samuel Shashoua. His confrontation with our 6'3" News Editor at the time (Dave) is very much part of *Press* Lore.

Now I'll get to the part of the story that you all want to know about (*The Press* Lore), all the cool shit that has gone on in the office. Someone has had sex in the office, someone has table danced, two people have gotten their hair cut, two staff members choked each other, we've been visited by the Great Space Coaster (probably too many times for my sanity), Liv threw an ashtray at my head, we killed a mouse and, of course, the fiasco that is every production weekend. To find out the names of the people involved, you must join *The Press* and kiss the staff's ass for awhile before they tell you.

This year it seemed every issue we released was better than the last one. I never thought it could get better than issue 5 of this year (*The Scully* issue, with us pissing on the door of *the Statesman*, but then came the Valentine's Day issue. The cover was pure genius (mad props to Anne for having such a lame love life) and is probably what won the award for The Best Sense of Humor.

As the issues got better, the list of enemies became longer. That bitch in HSC, *The Statesman* (for awhile away) and I-CON (again.) When we received the call that confirmed the thought I'd been having all year (about having The Best Sense of Humor in the country) I rejoiced. Why? Well because it looks damn good on a resume to be, by default, the Executive Editor with The Best Sense of Humor in the country.

Executive Editor for 25 issues of *The Press*, that's

alot of work for 6 credits and zero dollars. I've also donated all of the couches to the office [Note - "*The chair is staying in the office Ted.*"] and brought in the rake when we had to clean the office. So I've definitely done my share of work which I didn't have to to make *The Press* a place where people want to hang out constantly.

When I first joined, I hung out in *The Press* out of necessity. I was a train commuter and couldn't go home in between classes, so when I became Executive Editor I wanted to make it a very comfortable place to spend days and nights. And it is. We have a new microwave, new fridge, three couches, Nintendo (as evidenced by our cover 3 issues ago) and now 192 Freeze Pops.

I really don't want to leave. I'm having a great time for the first time in the 11 semesters I've been at any of the 3 colleges I've been to. They are more than a staff, they are friends, people I love (well at least tried to) and I'd give up internal organs for most of them, okay all of them, even John. (Is this getting to sappy yet?)

I don't know why I was blessed to go from Arts Editor on a staff of 5 to Executive Editor of the Alternative College Newspaper with The Best Sense of Humor in the country with a staff of 20, but I'm glad I was. It was probably blind luck and incredible timing that put me where I am now, and to stay here I'd do just about anything, even fustigate a mime. (Fustigate means to beat with a cudgel.) So I wish the people who are going to remain on the staff next year the best of everything and I want to leave them all with something. And to be fair I will hand out the things to them in alphabetical order, because I know Katherine will complain that she is last.

Liv : a handful of ceramic ashtrays to throw at John's head and 10,000 cigarettes.

Chris C : a Newsday mug and 3 hours with Norm, a staff meeting

Martha : 100 packs of matches, a fucking alarm clock, 4 good tires and a two cups of iquaci

Dave : Darwin's Voyage, misty gorillas, failed Geek Tests

John : a *Shield* +5 to protect you from Liv, and a little green scarf to match his little green hat

Boyd : a trip to Montreal and a job in Vegas

Heather : 2 six-packs of Samuel Adams Double Bock and a fake Irish Brogue

Anne : a road full of squirrels, the patience of a saint and her own damn mug

Steve : a little tape recorder that only goes on after you've had 6 beers

Lowell : 60 of my CD's, a starring role on my sitcom, a thicker curtain to hide behind

Katherine : a book entitled "Why You Should Always Listen To Me"

By Katherine Zafiris

After five years and three different schools, I am finally going to graduate college. Not that I never thought that this day would happen, I knew it would. I just never thought that I would be graduating after FIVE years and from Stony Brook. It's been a long and twisting road to get to where I am now and I can truthfully say that it was worth the trip.

Along my way, hopefully I will help myself to get to where I eventually hope to be. The first lesson; never listen to what unwarranted advice you are given. Sure, advice that is asked for is one thing, but once people give advice and you have not asked for it that is a totally different situation. The reasons are as follows. One, Usually that person has some kind of gripe with you or what you are doing and even though they say that their not, they usually are trying to sabotage you. Second, don't

stay somewhere where you're unhappy because you're afraid to be alone or to have no friends, chances are there are people out there that like you for who you are and not for the people you live with. Also, you'll be a happier and more relaxed person and that will show to others. Third, join some kind of organization that interests you. Chances are that this will incorporate most of your time outside classes and you will then meet people that have the same interests as you. Fourth, don't be afraid to meet people in class. These people have the same interests academically and are usually helpful when it comes to studying, talking to, or for paper's being written.

These are just a few lessons I learned. One of the biggest lessons I learned too late. That was to get to know my professors. Everyone always thinks that this is the nerdy thing to do, but chances are you'll get better grades, good advice, and possibly meet

some interesting people who will help you in your future. So those are my lessons on getting by socially. I did learn some things in getting along financially and with your parents, but those have to be acquired.

So, now I leave this school, my third one and I start out on a new road of Graduate School and work. I have to say that these years I have met people who are my friends, who amaze me in their lack of moral responsibility, and people who I would never even want my dog petted by. But with every meeting I have learned that society and those who live in it, is not so normal and everyone has their little quirks and you just have to go day by day with a smile and a laugh. Or else you'll just sit in your room, making fun of others, because you have no life yourself. So, this is my last article and I wish everyone luck and happiness in their lives. Good-bye.

Pit Etiquette

By Dr. Fistfuck

There is no better way to see a concert than at a venue without seating. Seating represents order and restraint, both of which do not belong in a concert atmosphere. Reader, I have been to more shows than we have got fingers and toes. For this reason, I feel that I am qualified to explain what can only be called PIT ETIQUETTE.

The majority of the concerts I have been to were heavy metal/hard rock shows. There a few things a person should keep in mind before going to a show that will have a large number of people crammed into a relatively small area.

1. Substance Abuse: The consumption of alcohol is accepted, and often encouraged in environments conducive to moshing. There are both positive and negative effects of being fucked up at a show. The good thing about being inebriated is that that your tolerance for pain shoots through the roof. The problem is that alcohol dehydrates your body, which can be quite uncomfortable after sweating amongst a bunch of sweaty people for a while.

Drugs are cool, [Board Members Note - "Drugs are not cool."] and are often consumed during shows. Marijuana is probably the safest to use, although it tends to impair your ability to remember. If cocaine is your thing, you go with your bad self, although I

would not recommend using it right before you enter the pit. Unless you would like to have a heart attack. Hallucinogenics are always interesting, but don't always mix well with great quantities of people. The trip you take will be chaotic, but if that's the way you like to bug, so be it.

2. Crowd Surfing: If you are a person of the smaller, lighter variety, surfing the crowd can be an enjoyable experience. One must be careful while surfing, for the people on which you are surfing do not care much for the plight of the surfer. DO NOT wear any of those trendy chains that attach your wallet to your pants. They are easily pulled off, and you're left without identification or money. Tie your shoes tightly, because morons like me will get sick of being inadvertently kicked in the cranium, and take your loose-fitting shoes off and throw it on stage. Even bigger morons will probably feel the need to express their frustration in less civilized ways, so don't be surprised if you catch a fist or two.

3. Jewelry: Unless you want to get bloody, keep all pierced parts covered. Other than that, leave the shiny stuff at home.

4. Women: If you are courageous enough to join the animals in order to get a closer look at the band, you must understand that moshing does not discriminate. You might present yourself as a lady, but you will not be treated as such. The adrenaline will

be flowing, and you ladies know what happens when you deal with males under the influence of this natural narcotic. Bad news for the feeble. [Senior Staff Member Note - "Fuck you, women are not feeble."]

5. Nuisances: There are many, and one must grow accustomed to them in the pit. Amateurs will often enter, create a minor ordeal, realize that the pit is a tiring place, and then leave to find someone to brag to. Big, dumb jock types will use pits as a place to show how 'tough' they are, and won't really appreciate the music being performed. Drunken fools will participate by displaying their lack of both equilibrium and coordination. Just hope that they do not vomit on you.

A responsible pit-participant will enjoy the chaotic surroundings, yet keep in mind that all of the people around him/her are there for the same reason. If you are near a fallen crowd surfer, pick him up before he gets squished. If it gets too hot, get out so you don't pass out and get squished. If the bouncer tells you to stop taking off people's shoes, by all means do so, so you don't get squished. If you have them, wear boots, sneakers allow your feet to be (as if you didn't see this coming) squished.

I've never had a bad time at a show, and there are many people who have. Remember don't take yourself too seriously, and do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Not clowning around

By Alison Petto

The Long Island music scene has been lacking for quite sometime, but that could all change soon with places like the Village Pub in Port Jefferson bringing in talent from outside of the area.

The Clowns For Progress, a four piece band from Manhattan, hauled their gear to the Village Pub on Saturday April 27, to breathe some life into an audience starved for entertainment, playing their brand of powerful popish, punkish, upbeat, danceable rock. They're difficult to categorize, but that's exactly what draws people to them.

The visual aide of clown makeup mixed with good musicianship enabled the Clowns to win over the crowd and leave knowing that their presence made a difference. Although the audience seemed a little hesitant at first and never really broke the barrier to make it all the way up to the stage, they did inch forward more and more after each song.

Lead singer Deano worked with the crowd and pulled them in by relating to them, while Coco (lead guitar), Nutley Leroux (bass), and Johnny Tastemaker (drums), backed him up with their musical talent. They remained fairly tight and stuck together as a group, as the band uniform of white tuxedos and ruffled shirts suggests.

The Clowns For Progress played a number of songs from their self-titled CD on Flipside Records, including the frenzied, "Hitchin'" and "Yeah " which Deano dubbed as their tribute to rock 'n' roll. "You are rock n' roll," he yelled to the

drunks for wearing a Motorhead shirt.

They ended the night with a cover of Elvis Presley's, "Suspicious Minds." The crowd was at last really letting go as the Clowns whipped through this wildly revamped Elvis tune.

With a wide range of songs, from ballads to high energy rock, The Clowns For Progress have something to offer every crowd. They not only produce easily digestible music, but entertainment as well.

Starting off the night was Glutton For Punishment, a local band that played tight

c r u n c h y hardcore a la Helmet. The three piece consisting of C h r i s Kozikowski; vocals and bass, Chris Murray on guitar and Jason Gudzik on drums, threw out a surprisingly full sound, which was best displayed in songs like "Run Mother Run."

Unsurprising was their cover of "Unsung," by Helmet. Glutton For Punishment really had this one down. If you closed

your eyes and listened you would swear that Helmet was there playing. Their most flawless song was "Flaw," from their self-titled demo tape, which had the most melodic vocals and best flow.

Glutton For Punishment is good at what they do, the only problem is that it's been done before, leaving them stuck in the genre of hardcore and with rampant references to Helmet.



Nutley LaRoux, Bass Player



Coco, Lead Guitarist of Clowns for Progress

continued from page 5

their deaths would save those cherished and innocent.

Maybe that is why the woman cried in class. Perhaps long after Hitler had died, someone still could not forgive themselves for deaths not of their doing. Maybe someone she needed in her life.

And Hitler is your idol?

And you announced it in a paper?

Then I'll announce it in a paper with bigger readership than a single professor.

You insult all of humanity with such a malicious, hurtful statement

You have spit in the face of everyone in our class. The shock and disgust were palpable.

You have contemptuously slapped the face of a woman whose passion for dispelling myth and eliminating ignorance is clear. And further, you have torn down and burned the ideals, of not only this university, but of all those who aspire to teach, myself included.

You have desecrated the memories

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of six million dead Jews and the millions more, who under the crushing and relentless weight of Hitler's ideological war machine, died.

You have spit in the tear-filled eyes of all those who survived and wondered 'why?' And you would laugh in the face of the people whose guilt poisoned their souls to death.

You are a person bankrupt of kindness, empty in your heart, poisoned in your mind, absent of conscience, devoid of the smallest drop of humanity, and utterly barren in your soul.

If you think I've come on a bit strong, you can take it up with me in class. I'm 5'10", a bit gray-ing. I appear to be in my late 20's. [Editor's Note - "Who's he kidding?"] I relish the opportunity, simpleton.

You should emulate Hitler. You could hide out in a bunker like a coward with the diseased vermin and snakes of your own ilk. And right at the end you could do just like Hitler.

Eat a bullet, bastard.

C h i n S l i n k y

By Lowell Yaeger

Last column of the semester, so here's some odds and ends you might be interested in.

Scott Weiland of the infamous Stone Temple Pilots is back in rehab for his persistent drug habit. Not only has the shift from studio to drug clinic cancelled the band's spate of free shows scheduled for Los Angeles, New York, and Chicago, but there is doubt as to whether or not the Pilots will be able to fulfill their agreement to appear as the special guest on this summer's highly-anticipated KISS reunion tour. In addition, rumors are circulating that the band is looking for a new vocalist. So the legions of fans they currently have will continue coming to the shows when that cheap excuse for an Eddie Vedder clone is replaced by someone with actual talent. Yeah, right -- see you guys at CBs in one year. Big bang baby, indeed.

Speaking of the Pilots, a recent review of their newest album in Ron Strauss' *Turn It Up, Pass It On* referred to Faith No More as "just a memory," and a recent article by Marc Weisbaum described Faith No More with the letters RIP. To clear up the confusion that might have been caused among the other, oh, three Faith No More fans on-campus, the band has not broken up, but is currently completing their next album and waiting on Mike Patton's vocals. Mr. Patton, besides touring with his other outfit, Mr. Bungle, is set to release a solo album of "vocal themes" (go figure) this week. The band's keyboardist, Roddy Bottum, has his own band, a pop outfit known as Imperial Teen, opening for the Amps on the West Coast, while drummer Mike Bordin is filling in for Ozzy Osbourne on HIS newest album. But they will rule the heap again, just you wait.

The final line-up for this year's Lollapalooza festival has been issued on their web site, www.lollapalooza.com, and is as follows: headliners Metallica, followed by Soundgarden, the special-guest slot that Perry Farrell has been hyping so rabidly, Rancid, the Shao'lin monks (that's not a

hip punk band, but monks -- actual monks), the Ramones (must suck to have to play a shorter set than a bunch of bands who you influenced -- signing to a summer festival is like making a pact with the devil, boys, don't forget it), the Screaming Trees -- remember them? -- and openers Psychotica, a glam/industrial/punk outfit from New York. No word on who the special guests will be, and no word on the second-stage line-up yet.

With all of that aside, let's talk about the new Rage Against the Machine album. Rage Against the Machine made their first major appearance at the 1993 Lollapalooza festival, stunning an uninformed crowd lucky enough to arrive early with their blend of hardcore, hip-hop, and thrash. I still remember Zack de la Rocha hollering about hypocrisy while Tom Morello coaxed sampler-quality sound-effects out of a standard six-string Stratocaster way behind him -- hey, if you can say that sentence three times fast, maybe you can have some page space in the summer issues. Their first self-titled album on Epic Records very quietly became popular, and is, in the words of our Executive Editor, "still selling like a beast." After that, they disappeared for a while, playing on the West Coast and doing the occasional festival, surfacing only to release "Darkness" on *The Crow* soundtrack and "Year of the Boomerang" on the *Higher Learning* soundtrack.

And then, without warning, the new album showed up in stores. *Evil Empire* (Sony Music/Epic Records) is as good, if not better than, this band's 1992 debut.

The album opens with "People of the Sun," a knife-in-the-stomach blast of anger that fans will recognize from their previous live sets. The songs after that are equally brilliant -- different from the work on

their first album, but only subtly. They've refined their sound without suffering for it. Some things haven't changed -- Zack's lyrics are exclusively about oppression and political issues, he continues to rant and rave and rap and use the same line over 20 times in a row (a classic example of this being "rally round the family/with a pocketful of shells" on their newest single, "Bulls on Parade"). On the instrumental front, the bassist and the drummer hold up a steady beat while Tom Morello continues to do things with his guitar that astound and amaze -- either the band is lying about not using synthesizers, or Morello is a fucking genius, because the noises on some of these songs are so unguitar-like that it's indescribable. The warbly intro to "Revolver," the string-bending on "Down Rodeo" -- buh. I'm reduced to "buh." He's not Zappa, but he's walking the fine line.

There are few drawbacks to this release. Brendan O'Brien produced it, which is automatically a problem, because I don't want anything or anyone involved with one of my favorite bands who had anything to do with Pearl Jam. The cover-art is a bit cheesy, too, and there's a couple of filler tunes (you can skip past "Tire Me" and "Without a Face" and come back to 'em later), but these are all trivialities. If you like rap, metal, or their first album, get this -- it's a keeper.

Look for new albums by the Butthole Surfers and Helmet this summer. Enjoy the heat, don't get skin cancer, and Efraim, eat my shit.

This week, we found out that we won the Center for Campus Organizing's award for "Best Sense of Humor in the Nation."

We then told Phil Fouché, General Manager of 3TV. He was overjoyed for us and bought us some Apple Pie and Thermal Fax Paper (Always a great source of amusement around the office). We hereby forgive him for his office alarm constantly going off, and we want him to know that if he was a bitch, we'd fuck him. He's pretty hot, and he'd probably be one wild ride!

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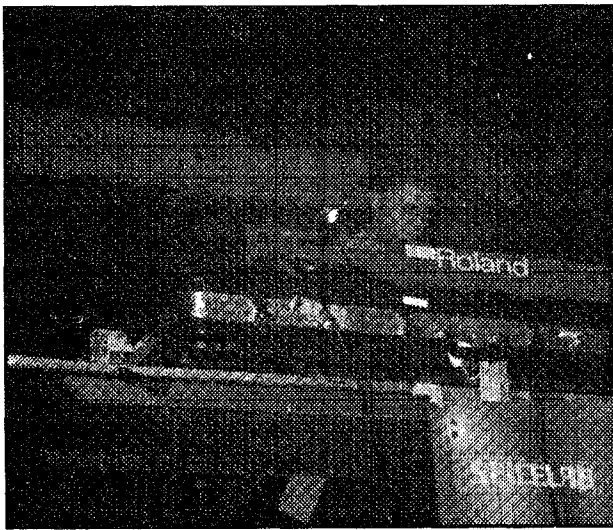
Spicelab, Limelight, 4/24/96

By Antony Lorenzo

Here in the altherno-happy USA, Intelligent Dance Music seems to be in a slump of sorts. As a good part of the Western World continues to embrace Electronic Music and dance culture, the US continues to pursue the tired old Lollapaloser/Jockrock mentality. What does remain of the American Techno scene is lost in the haze of 'rave' drugs. The music itself has taken a back seat and the scene has suffered accordingly. Unlike the UK, where dozens of subcultural techno acts have gone mainstream, most Americans know techno through The Bucketheads, Scatman John and Outthere Brothers. Jesus, no wonder so many people hate it! Digging a little deeper into the realm of IDM can be quite rewarding. For me at least, finding a record that manages to instill emotion through the collaboration of man and machine has always been exciting. I have also been known to have spontaneous orgasms at live electronic gigs. Anyway, about 2 months ago I was killing time on IRC, the mother of all senseless time-wasters. Upon visiting the rave channel, Oliver Lieb unexpectedly popped up. Lieb (under such pseudonyms as Spicelab, Force Legato and LSG) is the genius behind 200 tracks on 80 different sound carriers. After a few minutes of chit-chat about German labels he has founded, I was cordially invited to his low key show at The Limelight. In this case at least, being on IRC was actually beneficial. I wish I could say that about the other hundred or so hours I've been on there.

After weeks of anticipation, the night finally

arrived. The Hardtrance pioneer stood coolly behind the stage, observing the closing moments of DJ Keoki's set. Considered to be one of Germany's most innovative 'Elektronik' musicians, Spicelab's reception at The Limelight was rather lukewarm. The relatively tame show must have



Ollie has a knob twiddle.

been quite a change from the previous months' highly acclaimed sets in Europe. The 27 year old responsible for 1990's 'System' eventually took his place between a well organized set-up of synths and analog tone equipment. Supplemented by the Korg MS-50 and the highly underrated Roland EMS A, the gear had Lufthansa luggage tags dangling from various parts, nice touch Ollie.

An ultra deep frequency bellowed from somewhere deep inside the circuitry and morphed into

the title track from "A Day on Our Planet." As always, the one time ZYX producer left the DAT's at home and focused his intense attention downwards toward the machinery. "We Got Spice", transfused into a relentless barrage of thumping trance. The old school queens as well as the new school 'kidz' started to acknowledge his presence. Half way through the set, Spicelab's soundscapes got progressively harder, provoking a frenzy on the 1st floor. Security were endlessly throwing out patrons for drug activity, thinning out the crowd substantially. The melodic outer shell of 'Falling' lasted only a minute or so before blending into a ear bursting re-interpretation of 'Last Supernova'. Clocking in at around 160bpm, the warp speed of this track bordered on furious jungle and thundered through the old church. Miraculously, the stained glass windows held together. Around this point a prepubescent glo-lite girl approached me: "Hey, Do you know who this DJ is?" I answered her politely but later wished I hadn't. Christ, if you can't tell the physical differences between a turntable set-up and a live set-up you shouldn't be there! 'Spirit of Fever' eased slowly into an unrecognizable flurry of deep tonal and oscillated soundscapes. Oliver's Teisco 607 provided a loop from heaven that stuttered lazily over a pulsing beat courtesy of the Syncussion. The result was a succinct definition of German Hardtrance. This cogent rhythm fluttered around for a good 6 minutes before each element was systematically stripped down to reveal a naked, frenetic, drum pattern. The vibration faded and the simulated biochemical meltdown grinded to a halt. There was silence and I had to change my shorts.

Barenaked Ladies, Roseland, 4/20/96

By Steven Tornello

To begin with, let me state that I had been to three concerts before this one, so I am basically comparing this concert to those performed by The Rolling Stones, R.E.M., and James. Yet, barring my ignorance, I must state that I probably will never have as much fun at a concert as I had when I saw The Barenaked Ladies this past Saturday.

I became acquainted with their music last year, and, despite continuous listening to their two albums, *Gordon* and *Maybe You Should Drive*, plus their newest release, *Born on a Pirate Ship*, it never occurred to me that their music would play out well in front of a live audience. Their albums are usually mixed between slow ballads and up tempo jukebox funkbeats. Their songs usually get your foot tapping and lips moving, but, to be honest, I liked them more for their eloquent lyrics rather than their catchy sounds.

I was more than pleasantly surprised. They do not look like a rock band; they look more like the people who go see a rock band. Yet, they came out and sang an emotionally charged "Alternative Girlfriend", dancing and prancing while playing instruments. And it didn't stop. Lead vocalist Steven Page and lead guitarist Ed Robertson split singing duties, and the songs were equally divided from three albums, from "Enid" to "Jane" to "Stomach Verse Heart". The songs were played with enthusi-

asm and excitement. What was most entertaining, however, was the apt skill in which the Ladies moved from a song of their own into a pop song such as "Wonderwall", "Waterfalls", "Going Back to Cali", or A Tribe Called Q.U.E.S.T. For example,



A bunch of freaky Canadian guys on the ground, one looks like John.

they would sing "Jane, divided/But I Can't decide which side I'm on" (from the song "Jane") right into "Don't go chasin' waterfalls/Stick to the rivers and the lakes that you're used to." Very very comical. Their short covers of these classics was satirical in nature and hilarious in content. Kudos!

Among other songs, their renditions of "Brian Wilson" and "Life, In a Nutshell" were outstanding; however, the highlight came during the song "If I Had a \$1,000,000". Amid the lyrics, the audience threw such items as sausages onto the stage, of which Page took the sausage and sang the ingredients to the song without missing a beat. After the lyrics "We wouldn't have to eat Kraft dinner", the crowd responded by throwing such items as Cheese and Macaroni and cheese itself on stage. The Ladies adapted up this with aplomb; while the beat kept going, they ambled upon the virtues of cheese and macaroni, and even singled out an audience member who failed to purchase Kraft Cheese and Macaroni. "Hey, why don't you spend the extra six cents and do it right!" yelled Robertson. Another highlight came at the end of the first set. The Ladies dropped their instruments, walked to the front of the stage, and danced their best Vanilla Ice dance to "Ice Ice Baby". Outstanding!

Was this the best concert I've ever been to? Probably not; the Stones absolutely blew my mind. Yet, this was without a doubt the most fun I've ever had at a concert, and, although you may have never heard of them or their music, I highly recommend them to even the most ignorant listener and observer.

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End Of The Semester Rundown By Chris Cartusciello

This is the final issue of the semester, and those of us who aren't thinking about finals have our sights set on warmer days and shorter skirts. Well, once again the Hollywood moguls want to get you out of the sun and into the theaters. They're really only concerned about your health. Skin cancer, you know. As a matter of fact they'll probably let you in for free if you ask real nice. Okay, maybe not. But we can hope, can't we? Anyway... here is a handy guide of what to look for and what to avoid this coming season. (Dates subject to change)

Twister: In possibly the most anticipated film of the summer, Helen Hunt and Bill Paxton star as tornado chasers heading into the eye of the storm. Produced by Steven Spielberg, scripted by Michael Crichton and directed by *Speed's* Jan De Bont, this effects heavy production should take the wind out of all its opponents. (May 17)

Mission Impossible: Tom Cruise stars in this update of the popular television show. With familiar music and great stunts, the trailers have been driving preview audiences into a frenzy. Let's hope they aren't showing us all the best parts. (May 22)

Spy Hard: Leslie Nielsen stars in this send up of James Bond, *Die Hard* and every other movie you can think of. This one should take him back to

Naked Gun territory and leave the memory of *Dracula: Dead And Loving It* in the dust. Best part... the bad guy is played by Andy Griffith. (May 24)

Dragonheart: Dennis Quaid stars as a knight who befriends a computer generated, fire-breathing

beast voiced by Sean Connery. The trailer looks promising, but how far can this concept fly? *Pete's Dragon* and *Puff* will stay in people's minds and may make them feel it's one for the kids. (May 31)

The Phantom: In this adaptation from the comic book, the guardian of the jungle is played by Billy Zane. Comic book films are hit or miss. This dark, brooding film is



Sandra Bullock

going for the *Batman* crowd but could end up with a *Judge Dredd* audience. The character's not very well known, and that purple body suit might bring laughs instead of thrills. The poster's cool though. (June 7)

The Cable Guy: Jim Carrey's back, and this time he's got pliers. Carrey plays a cable television installer who integrates himself into the life of Matthew

Broderick. With Carrey getting \$20 million for this one, you wonder how hard he's going to try. His fans will go see this one, so that will assure a hefty take at the box-office, but don't look for art. This will be his first major disappointment. (June 14)

The Fan: Another film about obsession. This time out, Robert DeNiro plays a psychotic admirer of a baseball star (Wesley Snipes). When Snipes goes into a slump, DeNiro goes into action. This formula has been done to death, but sheer star power should elevate this one above the rest. (June 21)

Eraser: Ah-nuld is at it again. He is a government player who's specialty is eliminating the identities of people. When he meets up with Vanessa Williams his life is thrown into turmoil. Back in *Terminator* mode, with guns blazing and biceps pumping, this should be another big one for him. (June 21)

Independence Day: Two days before the Fourth of July the world is attacked by alien terrorists. This is a popular concept right now. Witness Tim Burton's *Mars Attacks* coming next year. As the aliens hit, it is up to Jeff Goldblum, Brent Spiner and Will Smith to drive them off. Some nifty effects and clever marketing strategy will make this popular among the sci-fi set. Other than that, it may fall from the sky. (July 3)

The Rock: Nicholas Cage is an FBI agent who turns to convict Sean Connery to help him defeat a general (Ed Harris) who has stationed chemical weapons on Alcatraz island. Connery plays the only man to ever escape from the title prison, so he knows how to get on without being seen. Could be interesting, and the charisma of the stars could carry it a long way. (July 12)

The Fighteners: Michael J. Fox

(continued on page 14)

The McDonaldland Mayoral Race

By Steven Tornello

special political correspondent for the Stony Brook Press

I have now been following the candidates for two months, and finally a winner has been crowned. The people of McDonaldland have spoken, and the winner is...well, before I reveal it, let me review exactly what has happened over the past month. (I apologize for not having a report in the last issue; the editors in their czarist regime refused to give me a stipend and I had to work as a valet parker at White Castle to raise funds to continue on the campaign trail).

Mayor McCheese's public image took a downfall with the revelation of pictures capturing himself and Wendy in compromising positions. McCheese had steadfastly maintained his honor, claiming a forgery and a secret alliance to oust him from power. His opponent, Grimace, has in recent weeks been trying to expand his political agenda, yet his most notable stances have been rebuffed by the ever-resilient McCheese.

The masses have been unsatisfied with either candidate. Citing McCheese's apparent lack of sexual control and Grimace's lack of political agenda, the two candidates have been in a virtual deadlock for the election. A large number of McDonaldland voters remained undecided on their allegiance.

However, about a week ago, a major mistake by one of the contenders has led to the election of another. Fry Guys agents, acting on a tip by an unidentified informer, ran to a McDonaldland hotel where they found Grimace and the

Hamburgular splitting up a large sum of money. Fry Guy agents were even more suspicious when Wendy came out of the shower naked and with hickeys all over her body. Under a further search of the room, agents uncovered the exact pictures of Wendy and McCheese, except the body of McCheese was actually that of Grimace! It seems that Grimace and Hamburgular doctored the pictures so that it seemed that McCheese and Wendy were having an affair.

Upon hearing the news, McCheese was elated, and met the press after his landslide victory of 99% to 1%. "My virtue was upheld," he stated. "I knew that wasn't my ass in those pictures, and I thank the Fry Guys and the unidentified informer for being the keys to my re-election. I will continue to serve the people with the top-of-the-line quality that I always have."

With McCheese firmly entrenched as Mayor, the question remains: Who was the unidentified informer? Rumors have unbounded that claim that since the Burger King had a lot to lose with Grimace's election that he indeed was the informer. Some even speculate that the informer was Ronald McDonald himself, but that seems unlikely, considering that McDonald is busy defending himself in his child molestation case. Some have even claimed that the source came from within the White Castle, but nobody is certain. The only concrete fact we have is that Mayor McCheese still reigns supreme in McDonaldland, and all is well.

This is my last house ad for the paper. Did I mention that we are the alternative newspaper with the best sense of humor in the universe? Since

I was funny all year, I don't have to be funny here, so everyone can go fuck themselves. Fuck Liv Fuck John

Fuck Dave Fuck Anne Fuck Heather Fuck Lowell Fuck Boyd Fuck Martha Fuck Chris. Suck my ass, I don't have to do this again, unless I happen to get a job doing this, which is a good possibility.

I always hated doing these because there is always too much pressure put on the house ads, which are basically filler anyway.

Join The Press so the current staff can tell you to fuck off when they leave.

Stony BITCH Manifesto

[Editor's Note: Several weeks ago, the editorial board of The Press was approached, via mail, by a person who identified himself only as "The USBOMber." This person threatened to detonate a bomb in the administration building unless we printed a 5000 word manifesto he had composed. At first, we laughed in his face... we encourage the senseless death of bureaucrats! Upon reflection, however, we realized that should a bomb go off in admin, it might blow up our academic records, and then we'd never get out of this dump. So now, in the best interest of the students of USB, we reluctantly present the USBOMber's manifesto.]

Edited by Oliver Clouzov

Disclaimer: If you are a female and after you read this, you say, "This is not me!", guess what! Black, thy name is kettle.

After four years on this campus, I've come to the realization that, for some reason, females think differently here. I don't know if it is the water, of the Long Island upbringing, or the plungers up their asses, but to delve into the female mind is to wade into stormy waters without swimmies. I've come to realize that, as the great "Rowdy" Roddy Piper once said, "Once you think you know all the answers, I change the questions!" Females live, swear, and die by that credo, and men are anally screwed by it.

It all started with Adam, the first man. Adam was one day complaining to God about his loneliness. He said, "Yo, God, I'm lonely. Help me!" God replied, "Well, Adam, I'll give you a woman." "A woman?" Adam questioned, "What is a woman, God?" "A woman is the most compassionate, caring, loving, and subservient creature I would ever create. She would want sex at any time, is willing to cook, clean, and serve you in any way possible. Your life would be made easier with a woman by your side." "Wow!" said Adam, "What would a woman cost me?" God replied, "You know, Adam, women do not come cheap. It will cost you your left arm, left leg, and left testicle." Adam thought about it for a minute, and said, "What can I get for a rib?"

If Adam had not negotiated, social life would be so much better on campus, and basically around the world. Sometimes, I think females are not on the same logistic level as men, but then, at times, I believe that there is a method to their madness. What makes the female mind tick in such a haphazard fashion? I believe that the best way to accomplish this would be to analyze why women make the decisions that they do.

What type of men are women interested in? It seems to be that women are attracted to the factory-made male; that is, men that are generic in nature and conformist in cognition. You see the men that females flock

to. They look exactly like everyone else around them. They act exactly like everyone else around them. There is no difference between them. It's like they are choosing from a pool of Oompah-Loompahs. Why does this happen?

It seems that females have an uncontrollable need to control every aspect of a relationship. They need to squeeze the living life out of a man's scrotum until their voice hits a pitch only dogs could hear. Females need to brainwash men into a form that resembles an ice cream cake in a microwave. In order to do this, they need to recruit the right type of male, a male whose brain pattern resembles that of everyone else's. Hey, why break a set pattern? Long ago, a female wrote a guideline book on how to do this to this type of male, and it is passed genetically from female to female.

You might be asking yourself, "Well, I know a girl who is dating one of those guys, and he controls the relationship. What gives?" Well, one of two things have happened. First, you

might think that he has control, but, aha, she is just planning his eventual downfall. You know, rope a dope. Or, she is too stupid to execute the plan and is therefore lenient to the verbal and emotional abuse that will eventually occur to her. (I'm not condoning it; I'm just saying that you always see that happening, and you ask why. Well, some people are just so stupid that if they don't follow the guidelines, they will learn from their miserable experience and use it on a future guy who won't know what's coming to them.)

Now, why aren't females interested in free-thinkers, men who could sustain themselves in mental warfare? Well, a relationship like that would take too much effort. You see, these males do not conform to the generic male that is described in the guidebook. In order to have a total control of the man's scrotum, a female needs to be able to enter a man's psyche without interruption, do her duty, and puppeteer it forever. A free-thinker, a man who is able to make up his mind for himself, has a high difficulty level. I'm not saying that females can't do it; they are, after all, the most clever and devious species on this planet. I'm just saying that there is a grey area which cannot be determined, and it is too risky for a female mind to dabble in. After all,

if you are a manager of the Yankees, and you have a one run lead in the ninth, do you bring in John Wetteland or Paul Gibson? Exactly.

How does a female control a male's mind? From what I've gathered, and from what I've learned, this is how it happens. You must grasp the realization that a female has what a male wants. A female knows she can get it whenever she wants. A male knows he has to work for it. Therefore, the female immediately holds the trump card in any relationship. Now, a female can play her trump card immediately, and then play on even terms the rest of the time. It is then up to her guile and savvy to see her through. However, to keep the trump card is to hold the upper hand and to tighten the grip on the aforementioned scrotum.

Once the vice is cinched, the female can now begin her mental and emotional tap dance. This is done with the age-old trick of deception and hypocrisy. A female never lets on what she wants, and leaves it up to a man to decide what they think is best. Once the man does decide (ever so tenuously), the female receives the answer, and then reveals that he chose wrong. This is because a female doesn't make up her mind until after a man does, and it is usually the antithesis of it. This frustrating experience is done repeatedly, until the man gives up hope and becomes a mindless and thoughtless Ken doll for the female to play with.

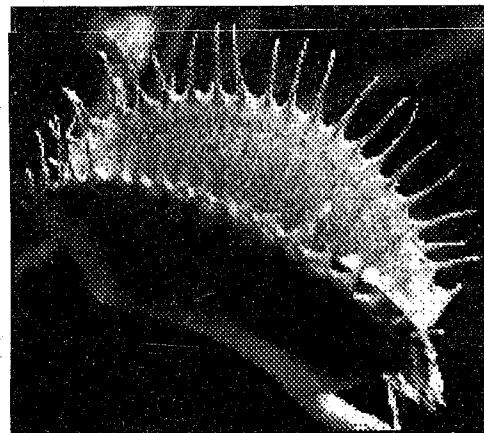
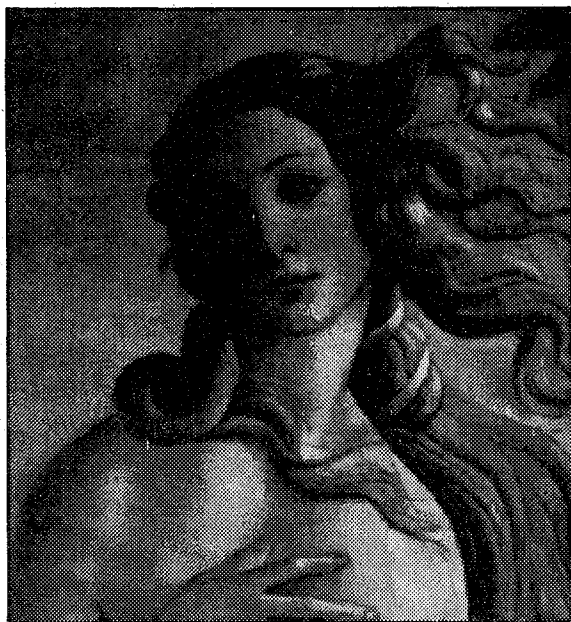
(If a male rejects this brainwashing, they become unwanted. Why attain the unattainable? If he is not subjectable to this onslaught of mental agent orange, then he is not worth any future effort to further control the male mindset. Besides, there are other ants to step on).

Now that the female has this under control, she is able to use her trump card to basically fuel the relationship. The man is powerless and empty; he has been brainwashed and emotionally voided. The female uses what every man wants to rejuvenate him.

It is the dangling carrot that tastes oh so good, but is a bitch to attain. The female knows how to use it, and, if used correctly, can overcome any obstacle.

It is hard for a man to deny this carrot. Carrots taste good. I know that they taste oh so yummy, and they are good for your eyesight (a pun on masturbation). As men, we should take this power away from the female and...okay, I'm

getting out of hand here. We need to have them want it from us, instead of the other way around. Make them work for it. It is all a matter of having the upper hand. Nobody likes to play catch-up ball, and once we have the lead, we need to bring in our Wetteland to close it. Don't let the mindgames begin, my fellow comrades, and the tides will turn. We will not need the swimmies anymore.



A RESPONSE TO THE USBOMber

By Gloria Weinem

Nothing was accomplished by this article, save the magnification of the author's limp love life. If you do in fact believe that women are looking for mindless drones, you obviously are severely inexperienced in the world of romance. Perhaps you were burned too many times and instead of examining why you might be at fault, you would prefer to turn to the out of date view that women have all sorts of ulterior motives in choosing a mate. Well my sad little friend, your unelucidated existence will never alter unless you change your frighteningly dim view of the female

world. Instead of wasting time pondering the state of your scrotum, you should examine your personal faults which are painted in bright colors for all to read in your little "manifesto."

You suffer from paranoid delusions of conspiracy, an apparent lack of interaction with the opposite sex (videos and blow up dolls don't count), and a severely dim view of what relationships should be. Most women, when looking for a relationship, search for a person with whom they can converse intelligently, be affectionate with, and share experiences with. You obviously are not a member of an intelligent, rational group of men, which could

explain your problem with finding a woman interested in probing the depths of your subconscious mind; which I sense are not very deep. So please do yourself a favor. Spare us the speeches on women's many conspiracies to emasculate the male population, and start examining why sex and scrotums are the most important things to you when considering the state of your romantic reality.

I believe the minute you do this, the answer will whack you in the face like so many of the cold responses you have received from your female contemporaries.