

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVIII No. 7

Today, Ted Is A Man

November 26, 1996

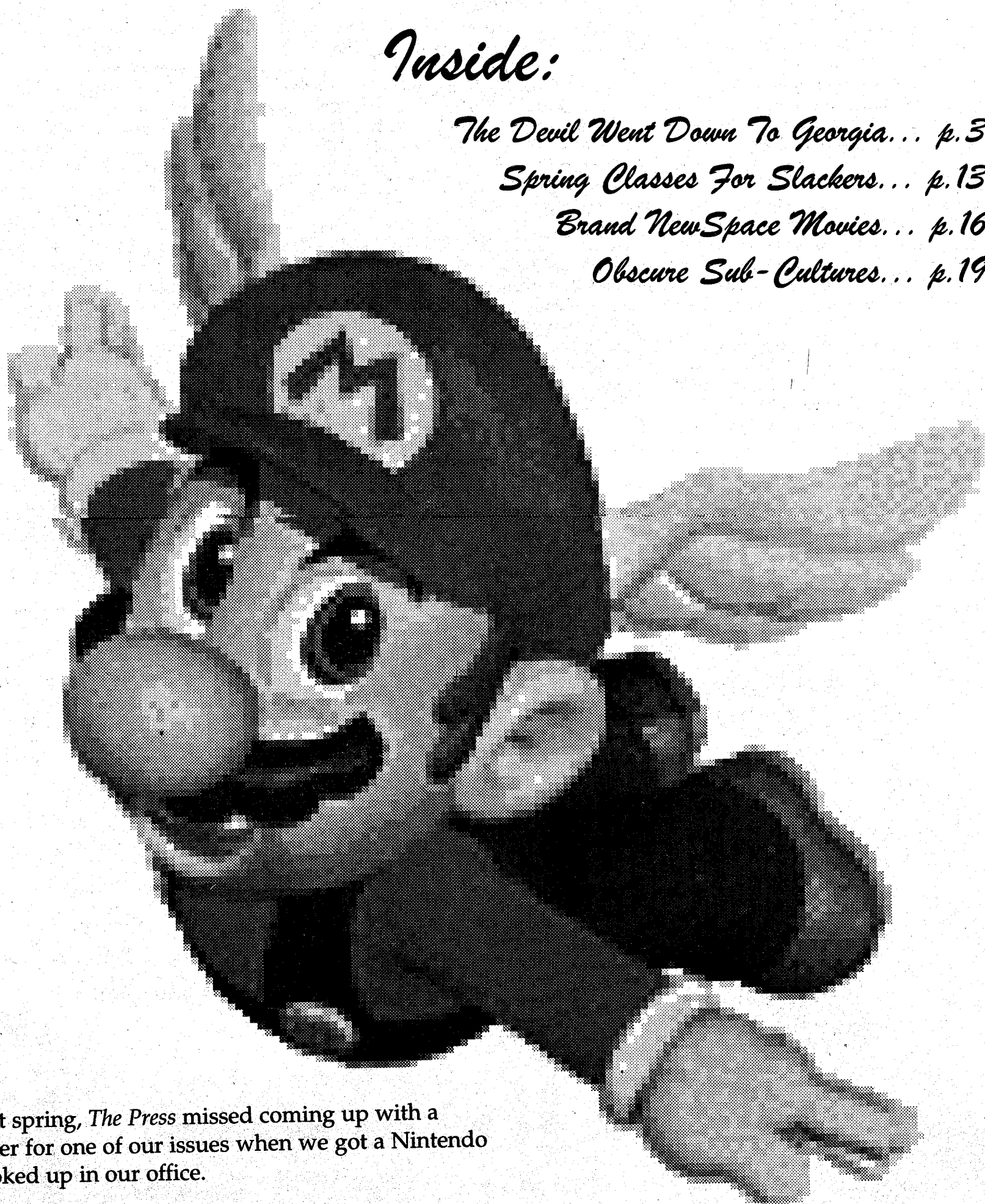
Inside:

The Devil Went Down To Georgia... p.3

Spring Classes For Slackers... p.13

Brand New Space Movies... p.16

Obscure Sub-Cultures... p.19



Last spring, *The Press* missed coming up with a cover for one of our issues when we got a Nintendo hooked up in our office.

Now we've discovered Nintendo 64.

Hucksters Are Milking a Sacred Media Cow

By Norman Solomon
Special to *The Press*

People who criticize "the media" for various sins — real or imagined — rarely bother to mention advertising. What an omission! Ads are just about everywhere we look. They come at us from all directions, through all kinds of media. And nowhere is advertising more obtrusive, or more truly manipulative, than on television.

We're accustomed to facing a gauntlet of hucksters when we sit in front of a TV set. Steady onslaughts of slick visuals and hyped-up soundtracks are routine: another day, another few hundred commercials.

While people with differing political views argue about bias in news coverage, the constant din of TV advertising eludes scrutiny. But — if we could stop treating the ad industry as a sacred media cow — a wide cross section of Americans might join together to challenge the never-ending siege of commercials that we now take for granted.

TV commercials are running roughshod on airwaves that supposedly belong to the public. Tremendous resources are poured into producing ads that lure, cajole and, yes, insult us. Advertisers fill the air with demeaning techniques to boost sales. Why don't we put up a fight?

We live in an extremely advertised society. Last year, spending for ads in the United States topped \$160 billion — accounting for nearly half of worldwide expenditures on advertising. Such whopping figures are tributes to this nation's ad business.

But a new documentary, "The Ad and the Ego," tells a very different story. The one-hour video (available from California Newsreel based in San Francisco) exposes the grim underside of nonstop advertising glitz. For instance:

"The most powerful propaganda system... doesn't allow itself to be recognized as propaganda," says communications professor Sut Jhally, "and I think advertising is that kind of system."

Advertising isn't only about selling products. Media analyst Jean Kilbourne observes that it also "sells values, it sells images, it sells concepts of love and sexuality, of romance, of success and, perhaps above all, of normalcy. To a very great extent, it tells us who we are and who we should be."

Many think that ads only influence other people. Sociologist Bernard McGrane ranks this as one of the ad industry's "most brilliant accomplishments — to get us to believe that we're not affected by advertising." This widespread belief prevents us from being on guard as ads besiege us.

We don't see advertising clearly, contends marketing professor Richard Pollay, "because we're surrounded by it in multiple media all the time." Ads are "so much a part of our environment that we don't even think about them," Jhally points out. We may try to think critically about news reports or political speeches. But what about the TV commercials that incessantly bombard living rooms across America?

"Advertising as a totality repeats certain kinds of consistent messages," says media scholar Stuart Ewen of Hunter College in New York.

Adds McGrane: "It's like breathing the air. You don't notice the pollution."

Ads keep telling us that we won't be OK without a new purchase, often touted as a virtual panacea. "In addition to selling individual products," Kilbourne comments, "advertising teaches all of us to be — above all — consumers. It teaches us that happiness can be bought, that there are instant solutions to life's complex problems and that products can fulfill us, can meet our deepest human needs."

Once in a while, news media find fault with particular ads — teens modeling pants in nearly pornographic poses or cartoonish cigarette mascots that target youngsters. More routinely, business pages inform readers about the ups and downs of ad agencies. But, from coast to coast, a daily barrage of advertising continues to be a pernicious and triumphant force — dominant because it remains largely unquestioned.

Repeated endlessly, the sensual images of TV commercials create shimmering allure for brand names. The production values are exceedingly high, but the human values are painfully degraded. Today's televised ads, marvels of technical ingenuity, deftly link purchases to heartfelt needs. If those commercials are successful, we forget that what we crave most of all — genuine love, joy, community and peace of mind — can't be bought at any price.

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."

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THE DEVIL WENT DOWN TO GEORGIA

By Chris Sorochin

"Are you military?"
 "No."
 "Are you corporate?"
 "No."

It having been established that I was not a member of one of the nation's two ruling fraternities, my phone call to the Days Inn in Fort Benning, Georgia concluded without my being offered the special rates they are treated to.

I didn't get to see the charming antebellum "historic" section of Fort Benning; what I DID experience was "the Strip," a section of highway depressingly like so much of the country, choked with motels, shopping centers and fast food. Being a military town, Fort Benning has the added attraction of myriad tattoo joints, tit bars and pawn shops (those outrageous military budgets apparently don't trickle down to the enlisted personnel).

My purpose in making this pilgrimage was to take part in the annual demonstrations to close the School of the Americas, which is part of the Army reservation there. The SOA trains officers of Latin American and Caribbean militaries to torture and kill their own people. November 16 marks the anniversary of the 1989 murder of our Jesuits, their housekeeper and her daughter at Central American University in San Salvador, by soldiers trained at the School. This year's attendance was phenomenal, with between two and three hundred people outside the gates on the last day.

Opening ceremonies were conducted by the Tahoma Indian Center, from Washington State. Joan Staples performed a ritual in which she invoked four directions and their people (East=yellow, South=black, West=red, North=white) and spoke of the assaults in Latin America as a continuation of the 500-year-old war against the indigenous people of this hemisphere. Guatemala's military has wiped out 662 villages in their campaign against that country's Mayan population. In El Salvador, some 250,000 people have been slaughtered. We were reminded of the US government's 19th century ethnic cleansing of Georgia. The entire Cherokee nation were forcibly marched, under brutal conditions, all the way to Oklahoma because white people wanted their land. Many died along the way. And today, it's still happening not only in Latin America, but also in ex-Yugoslavia, the Occupied Territories and Central Africa, not to mention East Timor.

Father Pat Twohy, also of the Tahoma Center, said we're battling illusions and illusions die hard. These include individualism, ultranationalism, selfishness and the "monstrous idea" of Manifest Destiny.

Will Lotter, a physical education instructor from the University of California at Davis spoke of recent elections he observed in Nicaragua. Eighty percent of the electorate voted, there were 23 candidates, and hundreds were lined up outside the polls at 7 a.m. That seems unimaginable here. Though the election was heavily monitored, there are still allegations of fraud.

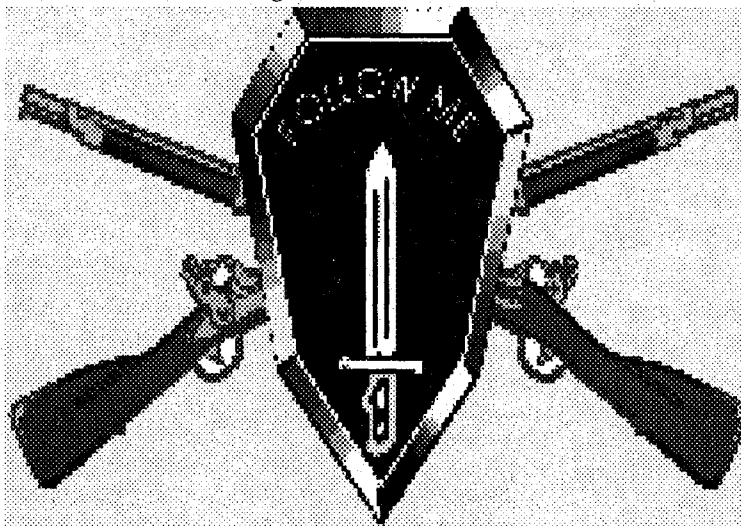
Fun Historical Fact: though the 1990 elections were eminently fair, they were not very free. Then-President George Bush promised Nicaraguans they'd have "six more years of war" if they voted the Sandinistas back in. Naturally, the devastated country opted against continued stomping by the hemispheric bully. So much for democracy.

We spent the day outside the gates of the base. Many groups, mostly church groups, were there, but of particular interest were the Veterans for Peace, now dedicated to using their experience to work against war. I also spoke to a couple from Patriots for Peace who said they had members (anonymous) currently in the military who aren't too happy with the direction things are going in. More History: during Vietnam, there was massive antiwar activity, including insub-

ordination, inside the military itself. I see there's a "Veterans Club" forming on campus. May I respectfully suggest that it act not as a right-wing propaganda tool (tools?), but as an educational resource, making the community aware of issues like the Persian Gulf Syndrome, the VA bureaucracy and resistance within the armed forces.

Many who drove by honked or gave a thumbs-up; a few yelled "Go home!" and don't hang around long enough for us to explain that what goes on with our tax money is most certainly our business.

Later, I attempt relaxation at Ivory's, the motel lounge and probably the only piano bar in the world without a piano. The bartender is sweeter than pecan pie in the way that only Southern women of a certain age and class can be. But two very young recruits come in and magnolia time is over. The chill wind of



The coat of arms of Fort Benning, Georgia

the Morality State blows down my back as she gives them an extended hard time about their IDs. She whispers conspiratorially to me, "I just don't believe they're the same age." Not wanting to appear the sanctimonious Yankee liberal, I spare her my "old enough to kill but not old enough to drink" sermon and wordlessly exit as the sanctimonious Yankee tightwad, without leaving a tip.

The television in the room offers a Reagan-era film festival: "Red Dawn," in which Cuba and Nicaragua (!!!) invade the US, and some vile crap featuring Charlie Sheen ("Navy SEALs"?), blowing away stereotyped, demonic A-rabs. There's evangelical broadcasting offering a tape on the US and England in biblical prophecy ("God likes us best and we rule") and a news story on some slimeball District Attorney in Idaho who prosecutes pregnant teenagers under the antiquated "fornication" laws. He says he wants to drive home the harm done by premarital sex. The best way to do this, it seems to this moral and intellectual titan, is to make a difficult situation even harder. What a guy!

The tube is also full of stories about police murders of black men in Florida and Pennsylvania, the acquittals of their perpetrators and the ensuing riots and demonstrations. No one at the vigil has mentioned that we have our own genocidal enforcers, also set with impunity upon ethnic groups considered troublesome by the rulers. Amnesty for state-sponsored thugs is a world-wide plague. From Colombia to South Africa to Argentina to Israel to New York to Haiti, if you kill or torture for the powerful, you're extremely likely to get away with it.

The next day there's a huge commemorative service. Hundreds of white wooden crosses and grave markers are passed out, each bearing the name of a person or community exterminated or disappeared by Latin militaries. Louis DeBenedette, who's been arrested at a previous action at the School, tells how he's adopt-

ed a family of four children whose parents were killed by the Peruvian death squads. Marcia Timmel of the US Jesuit Conference tells how Honduran peasants are starving, even though they live on wonderfully fertile land — all the land is reserved to grow fruit for North American breakfast tables. And Dick Howard, a high school ethics teacher, tells how the Salvadoran national police confiscated humanitarian relief going to "rebel" regions. Someone also told us that SOA graduates are taught that even nonviolent, legal opposition is to be met with violence.

A local network has sent out a Katie Couric wannabe in a blue power suit who does a few interviews. I wonder if it's an accident that they set up the camera to capture the Socialist Party's literature table.

Then, sixty-four individuals, including WUSB's Bill McNulty, performed civil disobedience by walking onto the base and risking arrest. Your author was not among them. Those of you panting for my "Report from a Georgia Chain Gang" will just have to wait. As a litany of the names of the victims was sung, the crowd chanted "presente" to each one and they each planted a cross on the base territory and proceeded inside.

The MPs who'd been watching and filming us lost no time in pulling up the crosses, but didn't interfere with those inside until they were out of sight, then they were detained. In the meantime, we waited and planted all the other crosses along the road leading up to the gate. By this time, all traffic had been rerouted and the entry blocked by unmarked cars.

It's another three or four hours before they're all processed and released at a motel just south of the gate. While waiting, I strike up a conversation about imperialism (great icebreaker) with several college-age participants from Kentucky.

They in turn strike up a conversation with an ultra clean-cut guy on his way from the laundry room. He's training to be a Navy SEAL! I don't ask if he reached his decision after seeing the Charlie Sheen movie, but one of my fellow peaceniks says although she's opposed to war, she thinks combat training is cool. She'd really be into knowing how to break someone's collarbone. Maybe she's a closet Charlie Sheen fan?

Luckily for me, my collarbone remains unshattered and a military bus delivers our friends to the parking lot of a nearby bowling alley. Looking for symbolism in this, I find none. They were well-treated and given coffee and cookies. They don't know whether they'll have to reappear on Federal charges, but each was fingerprinted and photographed and given a letter banning them from the base for a year — just in time for next year's protest.

At the celebration dinner, held at an all-you-can-gom Southern buffet, I'm seated across from a John Goodmanesque prison chaplain from Texas who fixes on me and tells me of his adventures among Mexican revolutionaries and Sinn Fein. Switching back and forth between English and Spanish, he berates the assembly for being a bunch of white Northern liberals. Where, he asks, are the poor and despised of our society, as I court a case of postadolescent acne with plates of fried chicken and hush puppies. I have to admit that the thought had crossed my mind, as Jesse Jackson and the Texas protests had been on too, and I wondered where the vocal white support for that was. Far too little was being said about the violence and injustice right here at home.

All in all, the event was a rousing success and I'd be totally remiss if I didn't mention Fr. Roy Bourgeois, founder of SOA Watch, who's now serving a six-month sentence for previous protests at the School. He was sentenced by one Judge Elliot. Elliot is the oldest sitting Federal judge. He threw Martin Luther King in jail and pardoned Lt. William Calley of My Lai infamy. There's talk of nominating Fr. Bourgeois for the next Nobel Peace Prize. Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

RETHINKING SHIRLEY

Recently, we came across an excellent example of the problems that arise when a state such as New York refuses to live up to its end of a bargain. As we all know, so as to appease the great contributors to our society, the wealthy, the state has slashed taxes and reduced services. SUNY now finds itself caught in the precarious position of fending for itself. Now, in order to make up the difference that was lost from the state, SUNY must whore itself for the highest bidder.

About a month ago, the organizers and staff of the Graduate Student Employees Union were asked to kindly take the acronym SUNY off of their "boycott Wild by Nature" fliers that they and others have circulated throughout the three village area. You see, the King Kullen Corporation, that nice little Long Island "mom and pop" operation located in almost every town around has been doing some bad things. Namely, illegally firing union employees and replacing them with a bunch of disenfranchised high school part-timers. In addition, they are refusing to recognize a contract that the federal government ruled recently was legal. They defiantly are stonewalling the issue and the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) is considering litigation, to say nothing of the union.

Although the administration never said they didn't support the boycott, they did as much by asking the union to refrain from "endorsing" the boy-

cott with the SUNY label, sans meteor shower.

Ask yourself this question; why would a public institution not lend its title to a totally legitimate boycott sanctioned by many reputable organizations and the NLRB?

The answer to this and many other questions appears on page 54 of the Spring course catalog. There she is; a full page ad from... you guessed it... Wild by Nature.

And now, for a bit of speculation: It is hypothetically possible that King Kullen offered the ad (and many more to follow?) with the implied request that the SUNY label be withdrawn from the flier. Imagine President Kenny or any other administrator, weighing the options. "Hhhm, the possibility of a King Kullen Civic Arena here on campus, or the noble and correct recognition and support of a legitimate community labor dispute??..I bet they'll name a section after me!!" And so it goes, another compromised conscience in the name of industry.

To president Kenny and all the others, we wonder how you sleep at night... doing dirtywork for people you will never meet and who probably look at you as rogues. Pawns in the rich man's game.

History will not be kind to you; it judges people on the courage they dispose in hard times, where you once again have taken the easy way out.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

When the overwhelming majority of voting age students in New York State sat back last year and watched as our elders voted in a Republican for Governor, did they realize their lack of a vote was a vote to dismantle the very institution they are receiving an education from?

If they did, would they have acted differently?

In yet another in a long series of editorials slamming the outright and staunch stupidity of letting others decide your future for you, the staff of *The Stony Brook Press* offers up a hearty "fuck you" to all our fellow students who opted out of their responsibility to vote.

Pataki's takeover of the future of accessible education is given a bit of light on page 7, in an article titled, "SUNY Trustees on Track with Far-Right Agenda". The article gives a little background on the political maneuverings of Pataki's ignorance machine, who some of the players are, and what they advocate.

Candace de Russy is one of these Pataki-appointed unsavories, whose classist and elitist ramblings were given light last year when the memo she had sent to her fellow SUNY Board of Trustees members was made public. A woman whose pseudo-religious estimation of a card game as "satanic" should not be deciding the

future of education in New York State. A woman who claims access and quality are contrasting goals should not be deciding the future of education in New York State. A woman whose rabid attacks on affirmative action seek to echo the debate currently raging in California should not be deciding the future of education in New York State. Elitism, racism, sexism and greed should not be the qualities we look for in appointing those who will decide the future of New York State.

The battle that started a month after Pataki's inauguration is still raging, although now behind closed doors. Hatred and ignorance are still the goals of the Pataki administration, and every second we try to convince ourselves this isn't the case is another chance for Pataki and his monkeys to get one over on us.

The staff of *The Stony Brook Press* would like to cordially invite Governor George Pataki and his bible-thumping cohort Candace de Russy to go to hell... right where they're taking SUNY. We also invite Mr. Pataki and Ms. de Russy to take the rest of the SUNY Board of Trustees with them. It's time for the people of New York to say enough is enough.

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WINNER
1996 CAMPUS ALTERNATIVE
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•BEST SENSE OF
HUMOR

•HONORABLE MENTION FOR HELLRAISING

To The Editor,

In your November 12th issue Mr. Jeremy DeSpermo wrote a letter in regards to the LIRR and its problems. I agree with "By the Ranch" in only one thing the disorganization in Mr. DeSpermo's point. I was surprised that you even allowed either of these to print. But the point is there if you look hard enough. The truth is that the LIRR does need fine tuning. Unfortunately it is the only Mass Transit that Long Island has and there is no company, in a competitive stance, forcing it to do a better job.

Change, then becomes the responsibility of the customers and whatever action they take. Writing letter to the president of LIRR is a smart idea and sometimes an effective one.

In regard to the TVMs; they are somewhat a help to clerks by allowing those easily annoyed customers to deal with a machine instead of a person and therefore giving the clerk an opportunity to be pleasant to people like "Ranch". TVM's are costly machines that require plenty of service, I know I work for a vending company. They run out of money, they run out of product, they break down, and they are constantly vandalized. Without a physical person there to monitor these machines the LIRR will run into plenty of problems. What will customers do when a machine is broken down and they are forced to pay an extra \$2.00 to take a train. This seems like a ridiculous rule. The conductors collecting tickets on the train will not have a clue if the machine is truly out of order, thereby making it impossible to believe the customer. TVM's are good for assisting the clerks in the sale of tickets but to replace a person seems a bit inhumane. Boycotting these machines does seem to be an effective idea.

Cleaner trains you say! I will have to agree with both Mr. DeSpermo and "Ranch." Customers need to be a little neater and considerate of other riders and the LIRR needs to put forth extra effort in maintaining their trains. It seems to me that employees are well paid and could put forth that extra effort without any further strain on the LIRR's pocket. Mr. DeSpermo is probably right in his assessment that the executives at LIRR are much to well paid to simply come up with decisions in regards to other peoples job. Maybe they should be put behind a window and learn to appreciate the hard work that goes into their salaries.

People be patient, trains are late for several reasons, try and understand. Buses break down, and cars break and so do trains. There are no guarantees. A little patience is all you need and maybe less of you would throw yourselves in front of trains. Patience, is a virtue. Weather plays an important part in the tardiness of trains, and only God controls that. So maybe a little prayer could help out that situation.

I do have to thank the LIRR for keeping their rates affordable and compliment them on their security increase.

Mr. DeSpermo's concern is that of his job and his co-workers. I would be to if I was making enough money in one summer to pay 1 1/2 years worth of tuition to a reputable school.

I have to add, Mr. DeSpermo the next time you want to make a point and have people play a responsible role in keeping your job you should try to be nicer. I wouldn't want to come to your window with that attitude. If you want my help then don't insult me as a customer support me as an ally in keeping your high paid position. And as for rebuttles; "Ranch" make a point and try to be sensitive. Your job is not in question here and your language is quite disappointing. Maybe you should spend more time taking advantage of the education given to you at USB.

I hope that I have cleared up the point and enlighten commuters on the problems with the LIRR. If I have insulted anyone I apologize, unless of course you deserved it.

In closing I would like to add that the LIRR is a needed form of transportation on Long Island to decrease our highway congestion problem. More people would welcome a ride on the LIRR if steps were taken to improve it, that were better for everyone, railroad commuters and employees alike.

Thank you,
A Point to Make

The Ranch responds: I really liked your letter it had some good points but it was too poorly written to be read well correctly. To say my language is disappointing maybe I should spend more time taking advantage of my education is the pot calling the kettle black. You, have no clue as to how to compile a set of points and construct a well-formed argument because your grasp on the language is tenuous at best indeed.

To The Editor,

I don't know who Jim Szurko is or what the nature of his interest is in defunding student publications. For years I've advocated defunding most student publications here because they appear to be, when not simply infantile, irrelevant, ill-informed or sophomoric, merely vehicles for advertising and propaganda. Yet I do not fit the description the Press so carefully attached to Mr. Szurko. Now, however, I find I have

changed my position.

I now feel that only the Stony Brook Press should be defunded, based on its "satirical" editorial on page 11 of the Oct 31 issue - you know, the piece that ends with "He's a fat, fascistic fuck," - a reference to Mr. Szurko, an elected Polity Senator. Because this editorial is labeled "non-litigable" doesn't mean individuals or the University can't be sued. But even if it did, I find this kind of pulpit bullying outrageous, unforgiveable, defamatory and life-threatening - just the kind of thing that is creating a tremendous backlash against the funding of education, the lifeblood of our University.

We here at Stony Brook exist by the good graces of the State, an electorate and an honor system that is supposed to bind us in a respectful, civil civic activity - education. Evidently the editors of the SBPress think "free speech" is speech they don't have to be accountable for. "Let someone else pay," is their unstated motto.

As a librarian, a writer, a longstanding, activist believer in free, confrontational, controversial speech, as someone who has published widely in many mainstream and sidestream publications, I cannot find it in myself to pardon this abuse of power and feel it is time to call in the surrogate parents. If I am wrong, then maybe the SBPress will take up a challenge: publish that page 11 editorial on the internet, circulate it to all college student newspapers in the country and ask their editors whether they would have published it. For every yes vote over 50, I will donate one of my collection of slightly used ballpoint pens to the lawyers who decide to represent Jim Szurko.

Sincerely,
Paul B. Wiener

The Executive Editor Responds:

To begin with, *The Press* is neither irrelevant or ill-informed. This semester - as every semester - we have continued to provide the student body with information they cannot find anywhere else. We exposed the confusion of ARAMARK's new meal plan, prompting ARAMARK to come before the Polity Senate and address the student's concerns. We did in-depth analysis of the 1996 campaign season, including a two-page interview with US Congressional candidate Nora Bredes, discussing her opinions on SUNY and higher education. To the contrary; *The Press* is the most relevant, and most-well informed newspaper on campus.

As for your charge that we can be sophomoric - I can't argue that, since we occasionally are. However, I would like to point out that last year we won a national award for "Best Sense of Humor" in the Campus Alternative Journalism Awards. We may be sophomoric, but the students seem to like it... and since the STUDENTS pay for our existence, I have no problem with it.

Furthermore, we are hardly a vehicle for advertising. In our latest issue, only 2 pages out of 28 are ads. We continue to devote the vast majority of our space to student voices.

The piece in question is a work of humor. Perhaps you don't find it funny, but I can tell you many students did... and THEY are our audience. The piece is labeled "non-litigable" as yet another attempt at humor. I can assure you that satire of that sort, while perhaps offensive, is protected speech. Mr. Szurko is a public figure within the confines of our readership (the students of the University) and the piece is clearly satire.

Furthermore, Mr. Szurko could not sue the University in any case. The Press receives all its funding from the Student Polity Association, a private corporation. Granted, Mr. Szurko could sue Polity, but I do not believe he would win. There is legal precedent in New York state: in 1989 the New York State Supreme Court ruled that "fat bitch" was protected speech.

You found our "pulpit bullying" to be "outrageous, unforgiveable, defamatory and life-threatening?" We found Mr. Szurko's motion to not consider funding the campus newspapers even more outrageous, unforgiveable, and life-threatening. If his motion had passed, *The Press*, *Blackworld* and *Shelanu* would fold. We cannot exist without the money provided by Polity. The Statesman would likely have to cut their production schedule to one issue a week... plus they would have to become even more of a "vehicle for advertising."

You think what we said about Mr. Szurko was bad? I think the prospect of a huge campus like ours with only one semi-functional newspaper is even worse.

The Press is a paper funded entirely by students. All of our budget (save for the occasional, and rare, advertisement) comes from the Student Activity fee. Last Tuesday, students overwhelmingly voted to continue funding *The Press* through the media referendum. In a direct critique of *The Press*' work, they also voted overwhelmingly to give MORE money to *The Press* through a new Press Referendum.

The students have spoken, and they like what we're doing. It is the students who pay for our existence, and the students for whom we write. Administration may not always care for *The Press*, but that's the way things are.

Your email to us indicates that you forward a copy of your letter to President Kenny. Since you seem to respect our President enough to tell her your opinions, I'd like to be pre-

sumptuous enough to quote you one of hers. Last year just about this time, she told the University community that "Student Media isn't doing its job unless it shocks once in a while." It's a wise statement, and one that you will hopefully keep in mind in the future.

To The Editor:

I'm writing in response to the cover of your November 12th, 1996 issue wherein you attribute Jesse Helms' reelection to inbreeding. I find this cover to be insulting to people of Southern descent, this is a stereotypical liberal bias against southern conservatives that seeks to perpetuate the myth that all Southerners are inbreeding, toothless, rednecks. I'm curious if the Press will offer an apology to white Southerners in the way they caved into pressure from the Black community in wake of the Tupac Shakur parody.

My guess is no, there will be no apology because the "right" group has been offended. What would the response be if the Press attributed Major Owens reelection to black intellectual inferiority? What would the response be if the Press attributed Charles Schumer's reelection to Zionist special interests? The bottom line is the Press showed themselves to be the Left wing panderers that they are by caving into the criticism in the wake of the Tupac issue. When is the next time you'll lampoon a left wing icon without apology? If left wingers and minorities can't be parodied, why should conservatives? The answer is, like you communist brethren, you are at heart a bunch free speech hating fascists.

Glenn Zimet

The Managing Editor Responds:

That you think you could even attempt to seem intelligent in your criticism of our paper by sending that criticism TO AN UNRELATED PUBLICATION (Mr. Zimet also sent this letter to *The Statesman*) is evidence of just how much drool must leave your gaping maw in graphic illustration of the effect of inbreeding in the cognitive functions of Southerners.

Jesse Helms is one of the most dangerous, ignorant, hateful men to ever hold office, and his constant attempts to cram ultra-fascist, ultra-Christian, ultra-racist, ultra-homophobic, anti-semitic ideology down the throat of every American who doesn't agree with him is the litmus test by which intelligent people judge the South's ability to be fully accepted back into the fold of our collective American Identity. Hate being the North's petulant little brother who listens to shitty music and has friends nobody likes?...then STOP RE-ELECTING FASCISTS TO OFFICE! As far as I'm concerned, as long as a man like Helms can retain enough support to stay in office after everything he has done, North Carolina should be denied Federal funds by the rest of the country in a "bad North Carolina—no cookie for you" gesture of disapproval of choice of representative.

If I was a Southerner, I'd be angrier at southerners who re-elect Jesse Helms and Strom Thurmond (Who, by the way, if you haven't caught C-Span lately, is SENILE!!!! THE MAN IS NON-FUNCTIONAL, YET STILL, HE IS RE-ELECTED) and show just what can happen when genetic degradation starts affecting thought patterns. While I do not in any way believe ALL southerners to be like this, the fact remains that enough people think like Thurmond and Helms for the South to be the hotbed of ignorance and intolerance it is. There is A REASON the KKK still thrives down there. It is not liberal bias, it is fact.

I can personally assure you that we will not apologize for anything that upsets anyone who supports Jesse Helms.

Your contention that we caved in to some sort of "pressure" to sate what you refer to as "The Black Community" on campus' need for an apology is just stupid. What happened at the meeting where we discussed the Tupac issue was LEARNING. We learned to see an alternate point of view to the one we previously held—which was that Shakur contributed nothing to the black community, or to American Society at large. We hope others in attendance saw our point of view in our attempt to critique the values he put forth as an advocate of violence. The criticisms we earned during the Tupac debacle were the effect of a group of people who historically have seen their role models and influential leaders killed one after another. Many people identified with Shakur, and right or wrong, we hurt those people—people who we consider are those we are in place to represent. As opposed to yourself, who we are in place to destroy. That you think left-wingers or minorities can't be criticized proves you a fool. That you seek to somehow connect us to the communist party proves you to be every bit the reactionary McCarthy was.

In closing, FUCK YOU.

Keep the cards and letters coming, kids!

Four More Years

By Boyd McCamish

The smoke has cleared on another Presidential cycle and one essential idea has remained intact, the left hasn't been in this good of a position in years. Sure Bill Clinton is a failure, his economic plans are disgraceful and shameless. Bill Clinton, the quintessential 'po' boy' has learned that the only reason policy makers have him around is to do their dirty work. Clinton is not to be trusted, his taste for power is too expensive and although history will no doubt be cruel to him, he now seems to care for nothing other than constant reaffirmation and acceptance by the people who are most dangerous to the nation. Clinton is in a strange position, he, unlike his predecessors doesn't have the veil of the cold war to hide behind, or the generous appropriations normally associated with military buildups. He is a product of his environment, polished and refined Bill Clinton now stands as a relic to the past, his bridge no more meaningful to him than Paula Jones.

Thus we have seen the real ugliness of Corporate America and the "petite bourgeois". In turn most Americans are coming to the conclusion that their being squeezed, that there are internal workings within industry that if allowed to go unchecked will ultimately impoverish the nation to an extent not normally correctable. They ponder their future and the bleak realities of a global economy and the incorrigible effects of de-regulation. Progressives must answer the threats.

Labor has begun to mobilize, albeit in an methodical and cumbersome way. We wonder what effect it will create, but we know its good and well-timed. One thing is clear as far as liberal strategy, count on labor to get its rank and file out in good force and to pick up the check at dinner.

Third party politics finally look hopeful, when America comes looking for real solutions to problems they will find a host of eager speakers. The Greens, New and Labor parties continue to grow with very progressive agendas. Imagine how dynamic the Democrats would be if they hadn't scared all of those good people away. These parties will now provide much needed pressure on House and Senate democrats to shift the nations plan of attack to one that is all inclusive. Ralph Nader received 2% of the national vote, a remarkable achievement considering he didn't campaign and was on the ballot in only twenty-three states. To many he was the

litmus test for the new liberal, grassroots democracy movement.

Slowly but surely, the hypocrisy, ignorance and greed associated with the conservative agenda is coming to light. That's why the Clinton reelection should be viewed as a strategic advantage. The more time we have to expose the inconsistencies of the current debacle, both private and public, the better chance we have of revalidating our agenda in '98 and 2000.

For example, in Milwaukee "school voucher" programs are being tested to determine



Newt Gingrich and The Contract: Time's Up!

the real value in letting parents choose the school their child will attend. Although some reports are murky, the best indicators show that school vouchers do not increase the ability of children to learn. In fact, they seem to be a horrible failure.

In our on first congressional district Nora Bredes received 45% of the vote. For her part it was a clean campaign. There is no sense in playing Monday morning quarterback. The next election will be different, Forbes won't be able to hide and lie. Mobilization of the working class vote in the south shore is critical. All those involved in her campaign are to be commended, Stony Brook students will no longer be silent. Regardless of whom you chose to vote for, we as a campus fired the 'shot across the bow' of Albany, and Washington. Forget what your parents say at the dinner table, look at the issues as they relate to you. The educated working class is the greatest threat to the status quo, we can no longer allow others to create policy, it's our time.

Recent government and private reports show that despite intense lobbying by the Insurance industry for de-regulation of healthcare, ostensi-

bly to increase efficiency quite the contrary is happening. Studies show that since privatization, most healthcare companies have been unable to reduce cost dramatically as promised. A point which should be brought up again and again and again....a major issue in '98.

Republicans have been crying about the amount of "liberal" judges in America's courthouses, implying that if there were more people with firm hands in our courts these problems with crime would vanish. Constantly for the last two years conservatives have cried it is not the responsibility of the courts to interpret law but to rule on law that is in keeping with past precedent. There is no doubt that a fine balance must be struck, but the same people who say don't tamper with the law are the same people who have attempted to mend or revise our Constitution several times. With proposed amendments for everything like abortion to driving ages. This has been going on at the county level all the way to the federal. It is hypocritical and worth mentioning to conservative friends, logic simply does not grow in areas like this.

When the last minimum wage increase was suggested Bob Dole said that "it will lead to a collapse of the economy, the magnitude of which has never been seen before." Some months later economic indicators show that the increase has actually helped retail sales. In addition, the massive lay-offs and businesses closures never happened, nor has the promised unemployment. Remember that when the issue went to committee, republicans brought in their University of Chicago henchman and lobbied for a market based minimum wage. That is one that is determined by the labor market on any given day. I'd like the names and numbers of those economist, Milton Friedman included to explain why Armageddon never came. Read the hearings reports, look at old C-span tapes.

Clearly, the conservatives window of opportunity is closing. Undoubtedly they will not go quietly. Increased attacks on the Constitution and domestic speeding will persist. It can be argued that most of the intended damage has been done, yet we must continue to fight. Most of the attacks are repairable and only time will tell as to whether or not we can win the hearts and minds of people. A progressive agenda will bring back the notion of fairness in wages, law and life. No longer will we be pitted against one another on racial or ethnic lines. All of those not in favor say I.

Join The Press

...and maybe you can end up in the custom dictionary our computer uses for spell checks!
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atwater	cunt	fuck	indie	moran	pornes	sorochin	yaeger
bacerra	cuntrag	fuckin	joanna	motherfucker	preston	suny	zafiris
boyd	dick	fucking	klinton	mtv	pussy	sunysb	zolotov
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brovniak	dork	gilheany	lollapalooza	nyc	rosenow	tornello	
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cartuscicello	efrain	giuliani	mammajamma	nypirg's	sypress	usb	

SUNY TRUSTEES ON TRACK WITH FAR-RIGHT AGENDA

By Staff

Governor George Pataki has appointed over half of the members of SUNY's Board of Trustees. Previous governors restricted themselves to academics and others who could reasonably be assumed to be advocates for public education. Pataki has joined other Republican governors in setting political ideology foremost.

In California, Minnesota, Michigan, Virginia, and New York political trustees have followed the political programs of their patrons.

In California, UC's Board of Regents helped set the stage for Proposition 209 by prohibiting any affirmative action within the UC system. Minnesota trustees have tried to eliminate tenure and succeeded in driving out a respected Chancellor. Vacancies in Virginia and Michigan have similarly been provoked and then filled by ideological tests.

SUNY's trustees have pursued a program of vigorously advocating the governor's budget cuts. SUNY has also lost a well respected, compromise Chancellor. In April of this year, Pataki's appointees drove Chancellor Bartlett to resign rather than respect his desire to choose his own staff. They judged him not sufficiently dedicated to the governor's agenda.

After his resignation, Chancellor Bartlett referred to his former associates as "local ward heelers" who were "clueless about academe."

Pataki's appointees are not clueless about politics however. His trustees have frequently been in the forefront of political agitation for the downsizing of SUNY. When they proposed closing campuses during the first Pataki budget, the Trustees went beyond even what Republican members of the Senate were willing to consider.

They made an initial misstep in their initial choice for Bartlett's replacement. Without bothering with the appearance of compromise, Pataki's trustees chose Heritage Foundation fellow Richard Bernstein as interim successor to Bartlett. Bernstein's previous educational experience consisted of 12 years as a history professor at Cornell and operating a small officer training school in

Germany during the Bush Administration. Allegations of misappropriated funds during his army tenure as well as articles written for the moral majority in his younger days doomed his candidacy.

Bernstein was forced to withdraw, and the SUNY trustees have since succeeded in attracting a qualified candidate. John Ryan, formerly president of the University of Indiana, has a long history in administration. However, the recent actions of the board indicate that they will treat Ryan just as they did Bartlett.

Although burned in the choice of Bernstein, SUNY trustee and Pataki appointee Candace de Russey is not conceding any ground. In the September issue of Empire State Report, she argues for the supremacy of trustees, that is their patron, Governor Pataki, in controlling SUNY.

When she is not driving SUNY or writing in *Crisis* on the Satanic properties of the card game "Magic," De Russey sits on the advisory board of the National Alumni Forum. On its website, the the National Alumni Forum (or "NAF") is straightforward about its the desire to build a network of wealthy alumni and Republican state governments for their mutual benefit.

NAF is, or claims to be, a national clearinghouse for the free exchange of market values in the educational system amongst university trustees. NAF seeks, as part of its modestly named ATHENA (Alumni and Trustees for Higher Education Accountability) Project to obtain influence in targeted universities through fundraising, trustee mentoring, campus contacts ("friends of the court") and sympathetic governors. Accountability to whom and for what can be judged by the company NAF keeps.

NAF is allied with groups like the National Association of Scholars, and Change NY, to judge by its website links. Change NY is the product of political fundraisers like D'Amato associate Charles Lauder. Lauder is now head of the New York state overall privatization effort. The National Association of Scholars is a club of conservative academics, which has recently released a Curriculum study of SUNY.

As in the case of its recent (October 1996) SUNY report,

the National Association of Scholars produces research results which support the predetermined ends of attacking affirmative action, deviation from the ca. 1945 canon, etc. Change NY, the Heritage Foundation, and others make these reports into political hay, raising funds for political activities. The National Alumni Federation aims to bridge this gap, raising funds and gaining influence for conservative politics within SUNY itself.

The goals of de Russey, and presumably the NAF which she represents, are most clearly expressed in her introductory memo, of July 25, 1995, to her fellow trustees. De Russey does not waste time on the canon in her "Personal Vision of SUNY's Future;" she gets straight to the heart of her perceptions of SUNY: cut your losses on public education and get out; educating some people is not worth the trouble. Freedom of access runs counter to quality.

It is the mothership memo for all future talk of "refocusing" of ending "unbridled interpretation of 'access'" because "it is not necessary that each campus offer a comprehensive menu." It is the ideological source text for every politically driven restructuring program to come down the pike: "Rethinking SUNY," "Three Possible Paths to New York's 21st Century State University," the Provost's Draft Academic Plan, the Five Year Plan, Differential Tuition for campuses and Differential Salaries for departments.

Under the heading of "Reduce Taxpayer Subsidies" de Russey advocates tuition and fee increases to about \$5051, differential tuition for community colleges, the privatization of campus services with the help of the Lauder commission, and the interference of trustees in Governor's Office of Employee Relations negotiations with SUNY unions "although (the governor's office) not SUNY is in charge of these negotiations."

Likewise, under "Refocus What is Taught at SUNY and How" we learn that panels of "eminent scholars" can review the course offerings at all 64 campuses looking for waste. "Financial wasteful replication" of departments "(science, music, business, etc.)" on different campuses should be eliminated out of hand. However, if a graduate program competes with even the private

continued on page 9

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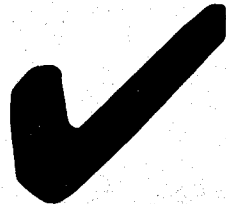
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Trickling Sludge:

HOW GRADUATE POLICIES CAN AFFECT THE QUALITY OF UNDERGRADUATE EDUCATION

By JennFrigger

I'm sure that it is no big surprise that due to budget cuts, various procedures will change here at Stony Brook. It is nothing new that both Pataki and his appointed trustee DeRussy had designs on specializing the SUNY system, which would effectively make Stony Brook an all-science school. This ideal also includes attitudes that high access and high quality in education are mutually exclusive, which resulted in attempts to cut the Educational Opportunity Program (EOP) and Tuition Assistance Program (TAP), two projects designed to make higher education more accessible to all economic strata.

The most recent blow to the differentiation at this school comes with plans to raise stipends for graduate teaching assistants (TA) and graduate assistants (GA) working in the hard sciences. These departments requested higher allocations to fund stipends on the basis that, in order to remain competitive in the market for highly valued graduate students, Stony Brook must raise its current \$9,572 stipend which is significantly below the national average (\$1,100 to \$1,300 for hard sciences). This point is well-taken, and most people realize that all graduate departments could use more money. The reasons for

favoring the hard sciences are clear: Research and development (along with sports) are one of the largest sources of money for this and other schools. Hence, there is a motive for promoting cutting-edge research, especially after the aforementioned budget cuts.

The suspicion arises not from the fact that science GAs and TAs should get higher pay; rather, it comes from the fact that there are no proposals to add any additional money into the system. The obvious question which arises from this is "who will lose out in order to foot the bill?" At the routine Graduate Student Organization (GSO) meeting last week on 11/13, Dr. Lawrence Martin, Dean of the Graduate School, spoke about this topic and some possible solutions. I arrived at the meeting early enough to overhear some students expressing enthusiastic opposition to Dean Martin's methods and opinions. I heard such comments as: "You won't hear him use the word 'cut', until I make him use the word 'cut'!", a feat which this particular student failed to achieve in spite of his admirable efforts during the question-and-answer period. Dr. Martin's speech began with a somewhat patronizing display of politicianesque "smooth" talking. His first comments were accusations of ideal gossip and rumor-spreading on the part of the various graduate organizations. Martin stated that allegations claiming the possibility that stipends in the arts, humanities and social sciences might decrease are untrue. He further said that a plan in which the average stipend would remain at \$9,572 but the ratio would change (effectively lowering some department's stipends) was immediately rejected on the basis that it was not viable. The question for anyone who has ever handled any sum of money — and realizes that when money is gained it is lost elsewhere — remains "where is the money coming from," a question which he somehow succeeded in skirting for the entire hour-plus

that he was there. He did, however, raise various propositions which have questionable aspects.

One idea includes block grants, which means that each department gets one lump sum of money and can divide it as it pleases. There are various flaws in this. First of all, this is only a redistribution of money, it does not add new money into the system. It merely shifts the responsibility of decision-making to department presidents. This would likely result in an uneven distribution of funds within a department. More highly-esteemed students would receive greater pay than others for the same work, an occurrence which might cause unease within the department. Furthermore, placing these

decisions in the hands of department chairmen could open the door to various corrupt behaviors. Another consequence would be the development of competitions between different departments trying to receive the greatest amount of funding.

It was also recommended that summer pay be included in

advertisements for recruiting graduate students. This would be called the calendar package. The reaction to this was moderate disbelief, because if they didn't think of this earlier, then somebody really needs to be replaced.

Another proposal was to take private funding for research and development given to hard science departments to add money to the stipend fund of each respective department. Some departments including GEO, PHY, and CHE claim that this would be impossible. Many departments already use research and development dollars to fund the existing stipends of \$9,572.

Some ideas were mentioned that GA & TA lines could be reduced or cut in half. A "line" is equivalent to 20 hours of work per week, or teaching two classes in the academic year (one per semester). Cutting it in half would mean that a TA only teaches one class and gets paid only half. Many graduates depend on this money to live, yet it does not offer very much job security, making it an unattractive offer. Having a second job in order to subsidize one's pay is not only discouraged, it is prohibited. The policy states that a student is not considered full-time if he/she works more than 20 hours a week. Reducing lines, meaning less people doing the same amount of work, would result in a serious degradation in the quality of teaching because TAs and GAs would be overworked.

During the question-and-answer period the question arose as to why SUNY will not settle with the Graduate Students Employment Union (GSEU). This would bring in state money in order to meet the demands of graduate workers. The demands include a pay raise for all departments, a better health care program, and guaranteed tuition waivers for graduates. Martin's answer to this included a reprimand for lack of student involvement. He stated that at an upstate lobbying session for more SUNY dollars, there was virtually no

graduate attendance. Only three graduate students were present. On the other hand, when Governor Pataki visited the campus earlier this semester, the administration made no effort to notify the students of his arrival. They did not notify any media publications or graduate group leaders. This shows ignorance on the administrative side. If Stony Brook is going to get any more state dollars, both students and the administration will have to work together better. Without cooperation, we will continue to be passed over for National Science Fellowships and other moneys.

Finally, I intend to describe how this disaster of a maze affects us undergraduates here at Stony Brook. Thanks for even reading this far. In a university that has a widespread graduate program, the teaching initiatives are different from schools with less extensive graduate programs. A direct result of eliminating graduate programs for particular departments is that this department will no longer be doing research or development. This will necessitate the removal or resignation of various professors from that department. Professors whose interests lie in research will leave Stony Brook in order to pursue research/development opportunities elsewhere. The solution is to hire new professors.

On one side, it is argued that the replacement of professors will raise the value of education, because the professors will be focused on teaching as opposed to research. This is said to create a better learning environment. My problem is that I would rather learn in a research environment. Without graduate TAs, we would be taught by less people. Professors would become overworked, and their replacement would mean less-experienced professors. We would receive only second-hand knowledge, as opposed to the state of the art information we now get from the very people developing that field now. I don't know about you, but I would rather learn straight from the people who invented the stuff. Research keeps the most innovative people interacting with those of us who would like to learn from them.

The recent issue concerning a stipend raise for the hard sciences TAs and GAs shows neglect to the arts, humanities and social sciences departments. In addition, this talk of a pay raise for certain graduate students comes in an already hostile environment. Refusal to raise stipends and guarantee tuition waivers, especially for Humanities, Social Sciences and the Arts, poses a particular threat to the graduate programs existing for these sections.

Being a philosophy major, this sort of change naturally concerns me. Having had so much good come out of our Arts, Humanities and Philosophy departments, as well as from the Social Science department, it bothers me to see them struggling. The bottom line is that New York State's hostile attitudes towards accessible higher education is going to choke many people out of the system. Unfortunately, the problems will travel right down the "food chain" leaving many people with some very hard decisions. I commend the many students who went out and voted this year — maybe we can prove that the student body is a force to be reckoned with. Until that point is made, we will continue to be at the whim of higher-ups who are susceptible to social trends and current attitudes towards the importance of education. For now we are merely tools for the "hobby": "politics can be sort of a fun hobby for the rich" (Schranck, Robert. Ten Thousand Working Days).



Dean Lawrence Martin

The Pride of the Yanks

By Anne Ruggiero

Ireland slept as the last ballots were entered and polls throughout the United States closed for the year. Five thousand miles away, the American people were electing a new president, or, more appropriately, re-electing a standing one. Either way, the Irish couldn't have cared less. Why should they? After all, it wasn't their government which was up for election this November. Yet the campaign progress of President Bill Clinton and former Senator Bob Dole were staples in the Irish evening news, and the final results were plastered across the front pages of every newspaper.

It is a strange opportunity to see from abroad monumental government decisions being made at home. Living in Dublin has allowed me to see how foreigners view Americans and our system of government, and the general opinion, for the most part, seems to be a double-edged sword. On one hand, the Irish have an endearing and loyal respect for Americans. We are the people that they flock to, sending their children to work in the States, or transplanting their families in hopes of finding the American dream. Our government has overseen their political strife and has attempted to ease the pain of division. The Irish are the ancestors of many thousands of Americans, and we look upon them with an air of protection and patronage. Our countries are connected—by language, ancestry, and even a common historical enemy in Britain.

However, many Irish think of Americans as overbearing, nosy, crass, obnoxious and loud, with a national ego rivaled only by the national debt. They poke fun at American stereotypes of swaggering, chew-spitting cowboys and nervous, city-dweller work-aholics. The Irish often comment on American tourists, who dress

head-to-toe in bright green and wear shamrock hats and request "traditional" Irish music in pubs as they sip their Irish coffees. They call us "Yanks", imitating us in vulgar accents and believing that we are the dysfunctional sitcom families which we export. They claim the American government is meddling in fragile political situations in the North and that the presidential elections are given more pomp than they are worth.

The United States is undeniably a, if not the, major player in global affairs, with political, military, or economic holdings in most countries in the westernized world. That being the case, isn't it natural for all other countries to have an invested interest in the internal political actions of the United States? Or is it just our national hubris that fools us into believing that foreigners actually care who our president is? Are we, as a nation, self-centered, and, if so, have we earned the right to place our country at the center of attention?

The "Irish Times" on the morning of November 6th, the day after the election, ran no less than seven articles and two editorials on the American presidential race. The "Irish Independent" and the "Evening Herald" and the "London Times" also covered it in detail. Interestingly enough, one article in the "Irish Times" addresses the apathy in American voting patterns and praises Tammany Hall, claiming that the turn-of-the-century, Irish-run political machine may have been corrupt, but at least it got a high voter turnout. "Tammany Hall," Sean Cronin writes on page 9, "corrupt or not, knew how to get out the vote and enfranchise millions of immigrants."

Other writers criticize President Clinton's first term in office, writing that he was installed into office by a political fluke (namely, Ross Perot), and that his primary objective towards Europe in the first four years was to "exploit the

internationalization of the economy...." (Martin Walker, page 9, The Irish Times). Many, like the American political media, focused on his ethics rather than his political agenda, exaggerating claims of the immoral American president.

It is interesting, though, to note who the Irish supported in this election. (The Irish who cared, that is). Ireland is traditionally a very conservative nation, with the Catholic traditionalist ties that would immediately associate them with the Republican Party. On the other hand, Irish-American immigrants are overwhelmingly Democrats. I believe that the deciding factor which swayed the Irish toward President Clinton was his visit to Ireland, and his extension of an invitation to Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams to visit the State last March. Clinton's budding role as mediator between Britain and the IRA during the 1994 ceasefire had great report with millions of Irish citizens who view him as the next best thing to another Kennedy in the White House.

In the end, the Irish still have a love-hate relationship with Americans. They love the money we pour into their tourist industry, the homes we created for their refugees, and the political advice which our government provides. At the same time, they despise our tourists, our unwanted political patronage, and our ever-growing sense of in-your-face American pride. The fact that so many newspapers, television and radio programs extensively aired the election results leads one to believe that, like it or not, foreign countries need to know the political situation in the United States. So, whether or not the Irish want to know more about American politics, they will be exposed to it anyway. But it's not the end of the world. Ignorance is never a virtue and knowledge is never a disadvantage. However, I could be wrong. After all, I'm just a dumb Yank.

WAR AND PEACE: *Stagnation in Northern Ireland*

By Anne Ruggiero

The Irish government has taken a clear position on the IRA peace negotiations, declaring once and for all that the Dail will not accept violence as an alternative course of action in a ceasefire agreement. Mr. Bruton, the Irish Taoiseach, announced in early November the strict adherence to the so-called Mitchell Principles, which state that the radical republican Sinn Fein part will not be permitted into the peace negotiations unless the party can accept an absolute and inarguable pact of complete non-violence.

Since the failure of the IRA ceasefire two years ago, the governments of Ireland, Britain, and the United States have made repeated attempts to gather the dispersed political factions into one arena to discuss the possibility of a new agreement. But with new IRA attacks, and the refusal to permit entry to the Sinn Fein party, the talks at Stormont have stagnated. Opinions are harsh and unwavering on both sides of the argument. Mr. Reg Empey of the Ulster Unionist Party, in a presentation to the International Body, declared that they needed a commitment of non-violence from Sinn Fein, otherwise the negotiations were useless. Claiming that the recent attacks on British military barracks at Lisburn, as well as repeated findings of weapons caches at the border in the Republic of Ireland blatantly signal that the IRA is not ready for peace talks at present. Taoiseach Bruton agreed, stating that once a commitment to the Mitchell Principles is made, the negotiations will be open for complete unbiased participation. Other Unionists claim that by requiring paramilitaries to conform to "peaceful means and the democratic process", the credibility of the talks will improve and lead to the "unequivo-

cal restoration of the IRA ceasefire." Republican leaders, both radical and moderate, however, disapprove of the exclusion of Sinn Fein. Sinn Fein chairman Mr. Mitchel McLaughlin said that Mr. Bruton's statement was an offense to Irish leaders who have attempted to establish negotiations in spite of "British bad faith."

Fianna Fail leader Mr. Ahern pointed out that the test of Sinn Fein's sincerity will ultimately be drawn by the British, an unacceptable coincidence to many. Mr. Spring, the Tanaiste, agreed that an absolute ceasefire was necessary, but it was ridiculous to exclude a party which represented more than one-seventh of the population. He also scolded the Sinn Fein party for its self-imposed isolation, saying that it was their democratic duty to participate in the negotiations. Spring mentioned that a non-violence pact would be a beneficial agreement, and that the IRA was ignoring the wishes of the republican majority who are in favor of peace. The political cloud is thickening over the peace talks, however. There have been no less than five discoveries of bomb-making devices in Ballybinaby. A paramilitary arsenal was found on the Co. Louth border. IRA explosives were detonated at the Lisburn Barracks last month and two British soldiers were killed in Casement Park by three Belfast men.

In this light, it seems as though the negotiations, with or without Sinn Fein, will be a long and troubled path to peace. The main obstacle at present is that the negotiators cannot agree on how to begin negotiating. In the meantime, politicians and the public alike are becoming frustrated with the fruitless efforts. For now, at least, peace in Northern Ireland is unfortunately hypothetical.

continued from page 7 sector, it should be eliminated since although 'SUNY serves a valuable role in providing...(undergraduate) opportunities to the middle class and poor...our obligation to offer subsidized graduate programs... is much less clear.' Legal, medical, and teaching programs are specifically questioned.

She ends with a call to end affirmative action, and a paragraph on the appointing of SUNY presidents to fulfill these goals. Pataki's trustees have appointed at least three presidents, including SUNY Albany and Buffalo State. There are vacancies waiting to be filled at New Paltz and in the SUNY Central provost's position.

Nothing has been implemented exactly as de Russy and the Pataki appointees would have it, but in staking out the absolute limit, they have compromised to their own advantage. An outright tuition increase is not politically feasible. The Governor's Variable Tuition Task Force has been working on its proposal for nearly two months and it should be completed soon. Differential tuition is opposed by both Republicans and Democrats in the State Senate and Assembly. University presidents, including Shirley Strum Kenny, support variable tuition, at least publicly, so as not to contradict the Governor, and his trustees.

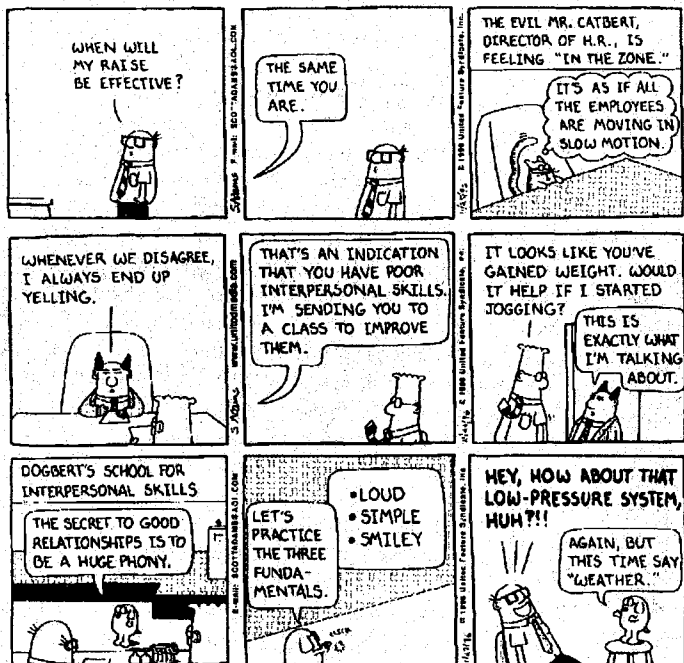
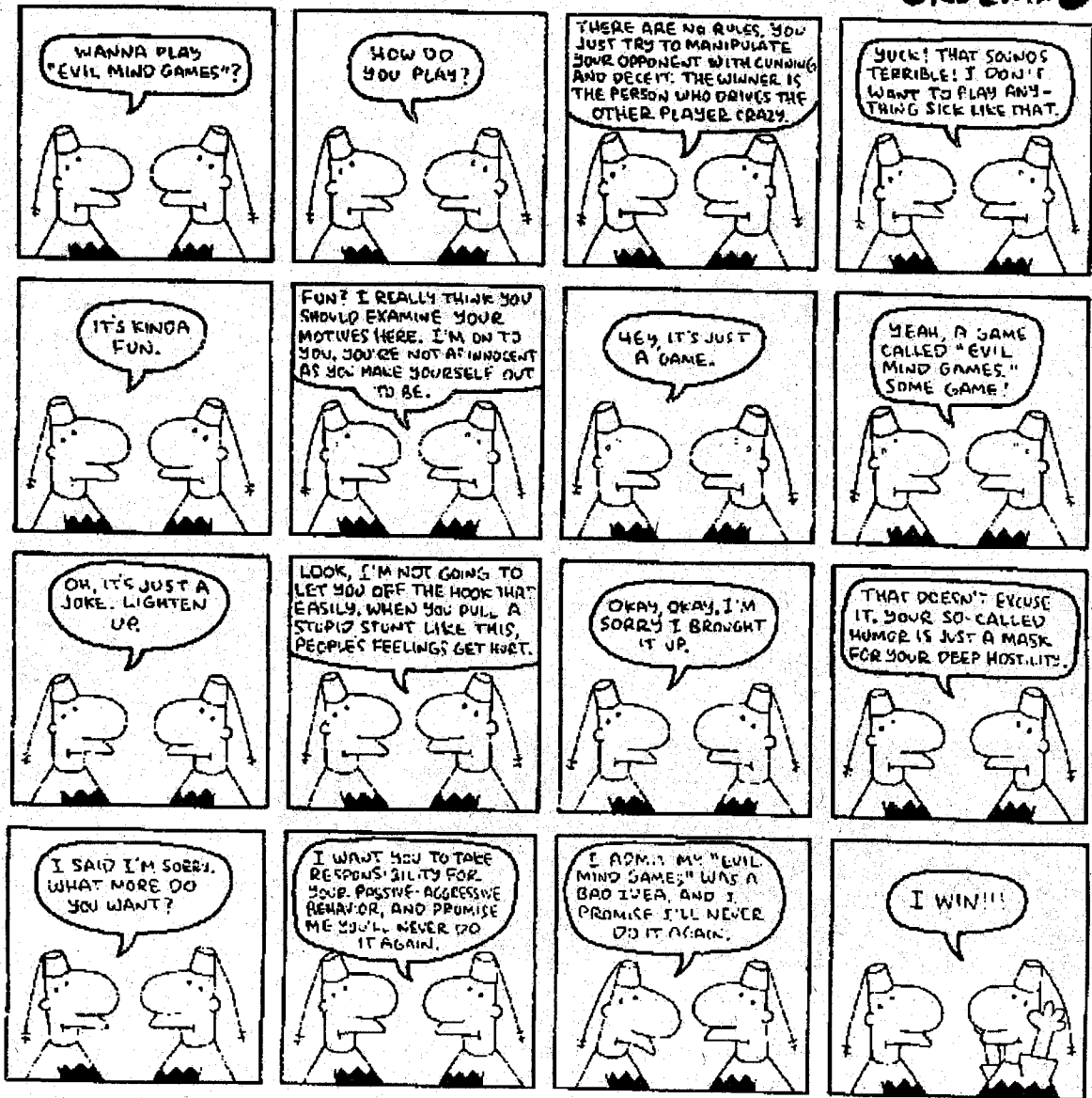
Pataki's trustees press for differential tuition because they know it will have the end result of privatizing SUNY. Some schools, in competition with 63 other campuses, will try to cut or maintain tuition. They will eliminate programs, concentrating on what seems immediately profitable. Some of these will miscalculate and die. Farmingdale is already on the way. Others will raise their tuitions to shore up their strengths. The rest will follow as they find their niche.

The latest press releases from the Board of Trustees announce a raise in tuition at the Buffalo Law School from \$6,100 to \$7,350 for in-state residents. They have raised the 'ceiling' on the athletic fee from \$50 to \$100, according to the Oct 25 Buffalo News, increasing the student contribution to sports teams. Proposals for "differential stipends" in "marketable" programs are being discussed at least on this campus. Differential tuition may complete the course of specialization and privatization on the statewide level. Pataki's revolution has not succeeded outright, but it is working its way through the system.

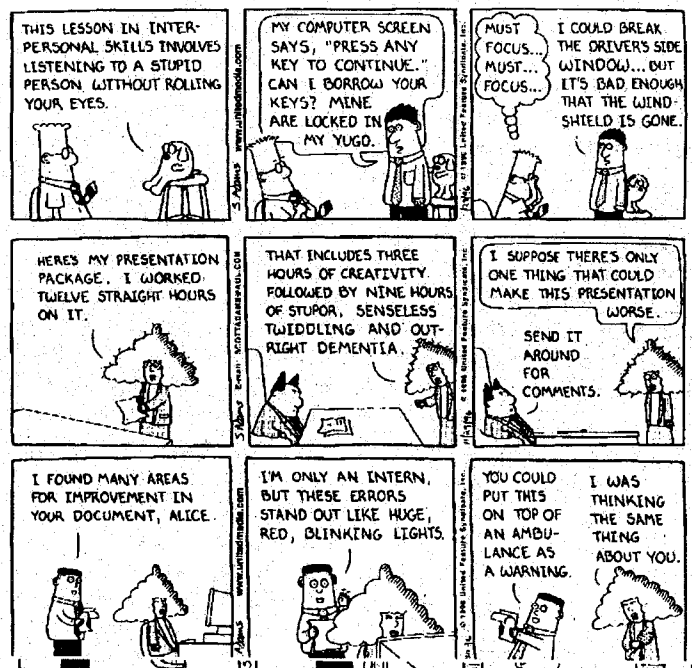
COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

©1996
By Matt
Groening

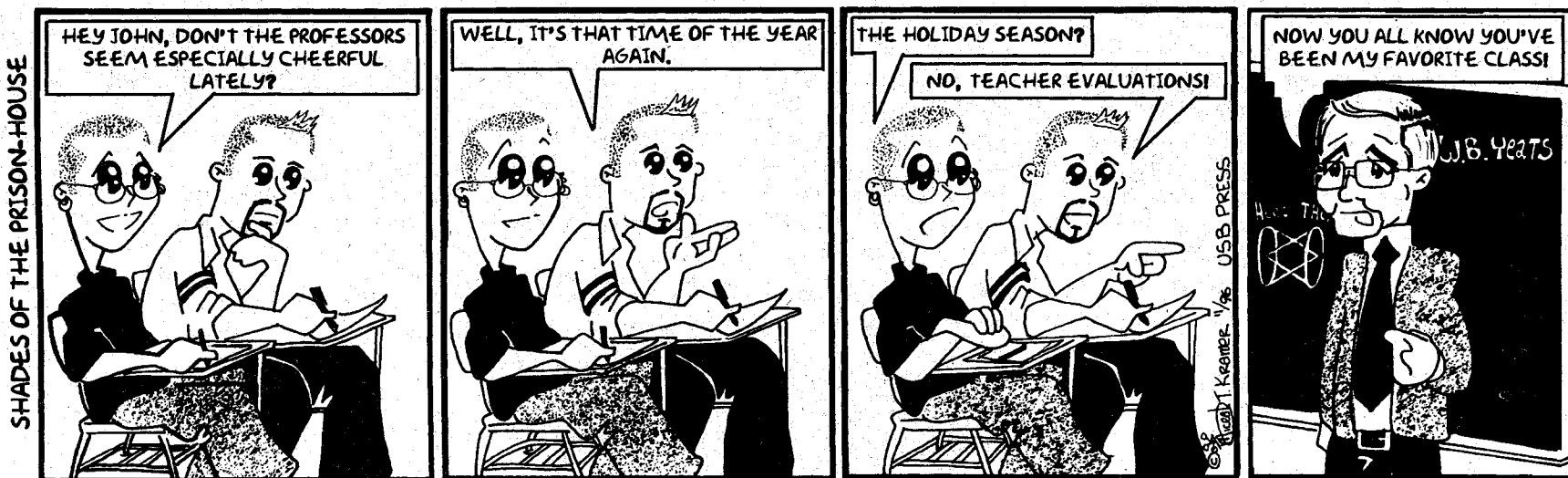


Dilbert ® by Scott Adams



Top Ten Signs That Former Executive Editor Ted Swedalla Has Finally Had Sex

- 10) Pack of rabid Albino Dogs seen sniffing Union doors.
- 9) Rash of children born with third eye.
- 8) Victoria's Secret catalog includes fat chicks as models.
- 7) Fat chicks on campus don't write in to protest #8.
- 6) Every clock in the world is suddenly five minutes fast.
- 5) A woman in Dallas feels a strange sensation in her hand.
Two thousand miles away in New York, her daughter is giving her boyfriend a hand job.
- 4) The Pope spontaneously combusts.
- 3) Thousands of desperate, pudgy women who play Dungeons and Dragons, watch "The X-Files," can't form a complete sentence, and love indie pop commit suicide.
- 2) *The Statesman* doesn't receive one letter critical of *The Press*.
- 1) "FAAAAHHHHHH!" heard up and down the eastern seaboard.



MOORE THE MAGNIFICENT

By Joanna Wegielnik

Michael Moore's got a message for corporate America, Bob Dornan, crazy exiled Cubans, homophobes, racists, xenophobes, Hillary-bashers, lobbyists, Bob Dole, Wall Street, NAFTA, potential assassins, Bill Clinton, the Christian Coalition, Jesse Helms, and (dare I say it) the Glenn Zimets of this country...an endearing, collective FUCK YOU!

Best known for his award-winning film, *Roger & Me*, the highest grossing documentary of all time, Moore (aside from my fellow cohorts at the *SB Press* of course), is quite possibly one of the greatest satirists of the 90's. His new book, *Downsize This! - Random Threats from an Unarmed American*, is a brutally funny scathing analysis of everything that's wrong with this great nation of ours; corporate greed, conservative propaganda, unchecked patriotism, Pat Buchanan.

No one is safe from Moore, least of all the corporations that annually destroy hundreds and thousands of lives by "downsizing" their workers. Moore's no stranger to the realities that face millions of Americans losing their jobs as employers move south of the border to increase profits. His hometown of Flint, Michigan, was literally destroyed when General Motors fired 30,000 workers during a time when the company was posting record breaking profits. Moore's *Roger & Me*, filmed the devastation his hometown endured in wake of the massive layoffs and the futile search for GM's CEO, Roger Smith, in an attempt "to convince him to come to Flint so he could see what he had done to the people there."

Downsize This! is chock-full of facts document-

ing how "corporate crime" has made life miserable for many Americans. From chapter 33, "Why Doesn't GM Sell Crack?" "...downsizing is one of those things that is hurting us. I'm not talking about legitimate layoffs, when a company is losing money and simply doesn't have the cash reserves to pay its workers. I'm talking about companies like GM, AT&T, and GE, which fire people at a time when the company is making record profits in the billions of dollars.

Executives who do this are not scorned, picketed, or arrested - they are hailed as heroes! They make the covers of *Fortune* and *Forbes*. They lecture at Harvard Business School. They are the Masters of the Universe simply because they make huge profits regardless of the consequences to our society...GM doesn't sell crack because its illegal....we as a society have determined that crack destroys people's lives....If we wouldn't let GM sell crack because it destroys our communities, then why

do we let them close factories. That, too, destroys our communities."

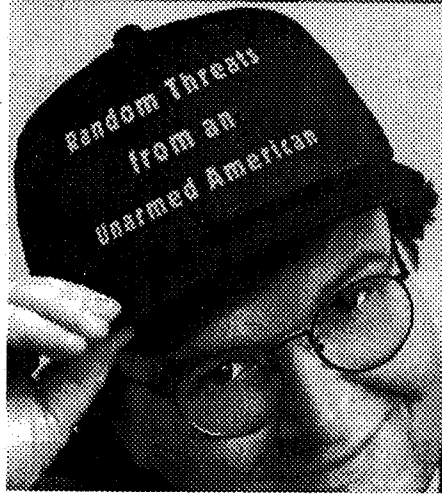
Moore's characteristically wicked sense of humor is further displayed in Chapter 20, "My Forbidden Love for Hillary." "I can't remember when I first fell in love with Hillary. Maybe it was when I heard her name - it wasn't Clinton! Rhodam. Hillary Rhodam. She had kept her name. A politician's wife had kept her own name. I had never heard of such a thing." Moore, in the minority of coura-

geous men lusting for the First Lady, finds the vile assaults on Hillary offending, "I wonder if there is anyone willing to break from this testosterone-challenged pack and courageously proclaim: WE HAVE NEVER SEEN A WOMAN LIKE THIS IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND, MAN, IS SHE EASY ON THE EYES!"

So why do the William Safires, Rush Limbaughs, Bob Grants, and Al D'Amato harbor such intense hatred for this woman? "I have a theory about the this growing cottage industry of venom toward Hillary. I think these Hillary Haters have their underwear all in a bunch because it appears THE CLINTONS LIKE TO HAVE SEX! Bill is the first President to come out of the sixties, so you know that means he and Hillary had a lot of sex. A thought like that drives a guy like William Safire crazy. He is wound so tight over these two because he missed out on all the fun. Okay, Mr. Safire, so you didn't get any. But can you lighten up a little? Or does it just drive the artery in your neck into a harder knot knowing that this couple, while the Kinks were blasting away on the hi-fi and the buzz from the brownies was reaching its peak, did it in every place imaginable? What's that heavy breathing I hear? Oooh, Mr. Safire! You're getting a little too red! Shall we call 911?"

Time and space do not permit me to share passages from other memorable chapters like "I Try to Commit Bob Dornan", "Would Pat Buchanan Take a Check from Satan?", "Take that Pen Out of Bob Dole's Hand", "Skip the Candidates - Vote for the Lobbyists!" and "Everyone Fired- Wall Street Reacts Favorably" *Downsize This!* is a tremendously valuable and funny book. If you've ever had a parent "downsized" out of a job, buy it. If you're one of the 100 million voting-age Americans who don't vote, buy it. If you still believe that the problem in America is Mexicans illegally crossing the border, I implore you, buy this book. Hell, I'll even give you a ride to our nearest union-supporting bookstore!

MICHAEL MOORE
FROM THE CREATOR OF "TV NATION" & "ROGER & ME"
DOWNSIZE THIS!



TAKING THE PLUNGE

By Stefaine Joshua

How many years have you studied a foreign language, but still have the conversation level of a four year old. I have been studying Spanish for about fifteen years and at this point I feel as if I am at a standstill. Learning to speak another language can prove to be quite difficult, especially when you always have your primary language to fall back on. The most beneficial way of learning a foreign language is to submerge yourself in the language and culture.

Next summer I have decided to take the plunge and study in Guatemala. For two weeks next summer I will be living with a family in Antigua, Guatemala. During the days, I will have four hours of Spanish instruction in a school in the city. The afternoons and evenings will be filled with scheduled activities such as tours, movies and dances. The aspect that I look forward to most is exploring the untouched beauty of Guatemala.

For most people, studying abroad is not an option they look at for many reasons. One of the misconceptions about studying abroad is that you have to do it for one or two semesters. This is not true. Through the program I am using,

you can study anywhere between two weeks on up. This was a huge factor for me, because I cannot afford to take a year off from my major. A second factor that hinders many people is the cost. Can I afford to study in a foreign country? Well, with most programs, the prices are quite reasonable. You'd be surprised!

Now there is no excuse to prevent you from doing it. No matter what language you want to learn, you can find programs that allow you to study abroad at your convenience. The language and experience you gain will be invaluable to you. It doesn't make a difference whether you are a total beginner or intermediate to advanced, there is a program especially for you. The program through which I am studying, Amerispan, offers Spanish immersion programs. The number is 1-800-879-6640. Wish me luck on my adventure!

JOIN THE PRESS

continued from page 14
shit-stained graffiti), when I decided to pursue another listless adventure on campus. I found myself roaming about the music department, rummaging through my pockets for lint remnants, when I overheard keys: someone was painfully stroking a grand around the corner. With my ears pressed upon the door, I waited eagerly for any sign of frustration—a dissonant chord, a repeated measure of lyrics like "Why, oh why, oh why...?", some sort of closure so I might relive the previous night's broadcast of Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" (ahhhh, Autumn). Logistics separated me from the recital of all recitals. With a snort I muttered, "Fucking amateur" and continued down the hall for some relief... My overheated ear was the least of my gripes. The thought of not being able to get into my dormroom (I left my keys And chain at home) the humiliation I was bound to endure in facing an R.A. with an anatomy text in one hand and cigarette in another, made my eyes oh! so livid.

POSTSCRIPT

"The horizon, come sunset, across a nostalgic field of Utopia High (angst!-ridden), provides a picturesque substitute for a dreary university, in Cooper Union's shadow. Apologies are left unsaid; "talks" linger, debts are unpaid, Guilt takes Accusation's place; misplaced keys remain; but as long as my legs don't give in—train tracks can provide temporary amusement, a safe haven minus any front for Rationalist thinking—Someone's bound to unbolt the door, anytime now...."

SLACKER'S GUIDE TO CLASS SELECTION

By Usov Enereal

Looking for the easy way out? Painstakingly flicking through the pages of the academic schedule but no avail? Well search no more. Here are the easiest, most beneficial classes offered at the University. You'll be doing next-to-nothing while clocking up vital credit hours toward graduation.

THR 264- Movement Awareness

Fundamental bodily movements are a great outlet for every day stress. THR 264 is also a great way to escape academics altogether. Show up to class, move around for a bit and go home. Cumulative final consists of a three minute yoga exercise.

PEC 153- Golf

Develop a keen ability to drive, putt and chip. Kick back on the green, talk shit to your competition, wear some of those ugly-ass pants and then retreat to the luxurious, heated clubhouse. Extra course fee of \$9,000.

THR 361- Dance

Don't let the high number discourage you. THR 361 embraces all forms of modern dance. Breaking, slamdancing, macarenaing, it's all here. Bring your favorite tape, pop it in and boogie to your hearts content. Final consists of a simple, minute-long improvisational dance on students behalf.

WNS 314- Women in Music

A study of women and their contributions in the modern music world.

Topics include women as composers, listeners and the implications of gender. Two week course.

PEC 105- Weight Control

Learn how to take care of your body and trim off those extra pounds. Discover that one Cinnabon contains 1,878 grams of saturated fat. Learn to love vegetables, learn to live in harmony with rice cakes and various other fat-free excuses for food. This class is especially leisurely for students who don't have a weight problem to begin with. Additional starvation fee.



Be like this guy... slacker classes can work for you!

be assumed that successful completion of HUN 269 will entitle you to a BA in one semester. Congratulations, Graduate!

SOC 204-Intimate Relationships

Learn how to deal with difficult partners. Learn the finer points of relationship termination and its ugly aftermath. Learn how to achieve the upper hand in love. Especially easy if your relationship is already ideal.

PEC 127- Hydro Aerobics

Any exercise class that focuses on the body's 'natural buoyancy' can't be all that strenuous. Offered early in the morning in a heated pool, PEC 127 is a great opportunity for those with busy schedules to cleanse mind and body alike.

PEC 123- Lifeguard Training

This intensive course allows you to hone the

finer talents of sunbathing in a high chair and staring at tits all day. Learn how to acquire the perfect tan while pretending to be saving lives.

CSE 103- Intro to the Internet

This sleeper of a class examines the importance of 'the net' and its social and psychological implications in the world in which we live. More importantly you will learn the finer points of downloading porno pics and completed term papers.

ESL 191- Oral/Aural Skills

'Improve communication, pronunciation and vocabulary skills.' Chances are the instructor of this class has recently learned English himself. Therefore, it will be exceedingly hard for him to realize that you are faking that foreign accent and even harder for him to give you anything less than an A+.

ARS 250- Life Drawing and Painting

The human figure is a wondrous thing. A class that allows you to sit comfortably and gawk at luscious model is even more wondrous. Whether you specialize in elaborate oil portraits or less intricate stick figures, all individual styles are encouraged. The obvious drawback are the wrinkled old women that insist on posing year after year. Black clothing included.

LHD 301- Love 101

Fill upper division requirements with ease in this obvious administrative slip up. Love 101 allows students to experience love first hand as the loving Professor makes shameless sexual advances on all students, regardless of sex. Extra lab fee.

GEO 104- Environmental Geology

Often referred to as 'rocks for jocks' environmental geology looks at rocks and their important role on the earth. Learn how to pick up a heavy rock, make fire from special 'firerocks' and build a wall from scratch out of rocks.

Skrus' View

By Jermaine LaMont

In a past issue of *The Press* there was an article inquiring, "Does life imitate art, or does art imitate life? To some extent life does imitate art, but art must first imitate life. *Without life art may not exist.* Life experience is the *essence* of creativity which helps art evolve to the standards of a present era.

Music is a precious tool of self-expression. One may look back to its origin and plainly discern music has always reflected the customs of an era. Songs of the Woodstock era reflected a desire for peace during the Vietnam War. The Blues presented the harsh experiences of blacks, who were Stricken by the fierce jaws of poverty.

Today people may listen to Biggy Smalls' "Suicidal Thoughts" and get the urge to kill themselves. Hard core heavy metal may influence individuals to worship satan and bite the heads off snakes, but if they listen to Michael Jackson's "Earth Song" people may want to go out and build a tree house or save the whales.

There is no doubt music affects the subconscious mind. Hence... it is used as a healing tool, a motivation enhancer, or even a tranquilizer. Hip Hop and Rap have been badgered to a great extent and degradingly proclaimed as a violence promoter by those who don't understand its essence. Like all music, rap is a tool for communication and has been since the days of slavery. Slaves would speak this encoded language to plan escapes. Do people fear Hip Hop because it is Revolutionary and Evolutionary?

Whatever the reason, Hip Hop *should not be used as a scapegoat for society's Violence Epidemic.* Personally, my music is straight from the heart free of all factitious impurities - it is *Soul Hop*. If any art is not from the heart it is not *Real*. Since my *Soultry* (Soul Hop Poetry) is based on life experience it is *Pure*. My style's eclectic meticulously selected (extremely versatile). I tell it how I see it.

Alleged government *scandals* helped bring about this new era of Rap - The *Drug* Hustling and Slug Busting. This art form reflects the *inhumane* living conditions of the *Poverty Stricken* and the animalistic temperament of *malicious malefactors* in the present era. I live, see, hear, and feel these harsh conditions daily. They are *not factitious*. Day to day, I cope with the *psychological scars branded upon my soul by Poverty.*

DCM Abuse Expose [d]

By C. Rivera

Have you ever taken a late-night stroll, alone, pondered the desolation, the utter void that is Stony Brook U.—and spit a nice gob of saliva off the Humanities rooftop...?

Fortunately, I don't have a car on campus (nor know anyone competent enough to drive past midnight, damages notwithstanding), so fresh air is always a welcomed adhesive to pain. One of the reasons why I take walks—beit across campus to the 7-11 to buy a pack of Marlboros (\$2.55?!) or to the Internet God at the library—is My Roommate's nonsensical ramblings of despair, anguish, disrespect, whatever (doubly fashioned in mathematical terms), making my room as intolerable as driving my mom to Beth Israel's—the graveyard shifts as a nurse'll be over for her once I graduate; if I graduate, that's why she gives me hell about the speedometer and my spiked turns (The transition from The Palisades to the G.W. Bridge never ceases to surprise me). With Retirement looming, Public Transportation better suits one's zoneful aspirations (in W. Allen's plane), I think. Which is fitting since my roommate's walls are strewn with "Absolute" clippings: "This room is... intoxicatingly unique," one of his girl-friend's said (The glow-in-the-dark nipples of his faceless pin-up model had an hypnotic effect, no doubt, a contagion fermenting rebellion in the most hardened of hearts. Prognosis: irreversible without proper treatment, depending upon the individuals genetic make-up, of course—"fresh air ASAP...").

Angle of Incidence: A Formulaic Account of a Recovering Alcoholic

Recently, I received my phone bill and noticed a charge that seemed out of place. It had no address; just

a six-digit number and the cost of the alleged call: a ridiculous amount of \$48.67—for one call! The first thing that caught my eye was the total fee, which was over a hundred dollars. I didn't think to look it over completely. I showed the bill to my roommate and whined how inflated and fucked up it was and asked if this were the usual case (I'm a transferring junior, unfamiliar with the inner-complexities of The Stony Brook Underground). He answered, quite assuredly, that long-distance calls (the majority of the calls were made upstate to my family and then-girlfriend, dancing so-lo) were expensive, especially unfortunate for Stony Brook students; agreeing that this was a conspiracy, that those money-conscious, corrupt bastards were not going to get away with it, blah, blah, blah... I eventually went to the ACC to investigate further on the matter and found myself waiting on another long line (one of SB's trademarks), to add to my growing agitation.

Finally, gripped by an urgency to lash out at a relentless, deceiving power, I blurted, "I didn't make this call," pointing out the obvious blunder to an exasperated receptionist.

"Whoa..." was all she had to say and consulted with a man nearby. Undaunted by the circumstances, determined to regain my dignity—I followed her to the adjacent booth.

"You don't have a computer, do you?" he asks. I presumed he was the head of the office, since his relaxed demeanor seemed a bit too ostentatious. Let's just call him Dick.

"No," I replied, bewildered, "but my roommate does."

"Is he a computer-science major?"

"Why, yes. Yes he is..."

Dick went on to show me a printout of "users" (WANTED) who had their DCM's logged on for too long, exceeding the amount preferably allowed. Basically, there are a lot of people waiting to log on, and consideration for others is supposed to be under-

stood. Sure, my roommate briefly told me of a dubious suspension/warning given to him via phone-mail by one of the school's bureaucratic cohorts for some slight compu-technicality or whatnot. Yet I was unaware of possible sabotage—to have me pay for his dirty dealings—and subsequent betrayal by him. The fact that my roommate logged on for up to twenty hours (sometimes after midnight, amidst telling nightmares mind you) completely crossed all lines of reasoning.

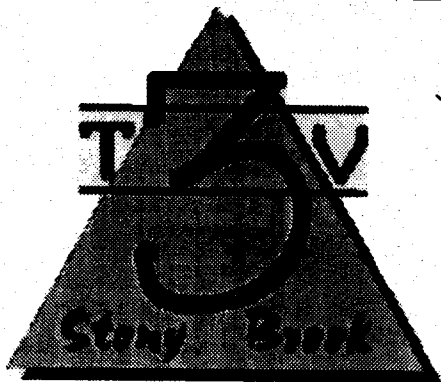
I waited, pacing the small cubicle of our room, eager to reek havoc on his side of the room. When he finally came home, I wasted no time in hesitation and asked, "Did you know that if you logged on for too long, I'd be billed for your lack of regard, respect—the basic decency deserving to every man—you son-of-a-bitch?!" Obviously, I was far from done and continued my rant, while he sat, dumbfounded, the kind of look on a groupie's face where the mouth is slightly ajar, all wide eyed: "...Don't play innocent with me, you knew!"

Denying that he had known nothing replied, somewhat shaken, "Let me see the bill... I'll pay for it...I swear, I had no idea..."

"It's not about the money! The money is irrelevant. It's a question of you crossing the line. Maybe I didn't make that line clear enough for you; perhaps I just didn't care to—elucidate—, but you crossed the line!" By now the discussion had moved to the living room, open for everyone in the suite to listen into and, paradoxically, getting to know the two of us significantly better... He eventually phoned the ACC, putting on an air of obliviousness, while I abruptly left the room shouting, "Bullshit! All bullshit!" slamming the front door behind me.

I was on the verge of splitting some skulls, needed some time to "cool off" (you know, Locker Room/Men's Room jargon, continued on page 12

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The Poseidon Adventure
Godfather III
Scrooged
It's A Wonderful Life
Abyss: Special Edition
Alien
Alien Nation**

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
25 6pm CMV 7:00 Burly Bear 8:00 Caucus File 9:00 3-TV News 10:00 Kids In The Hall 12:00 Rosemary's Baby	26 6pm Burly Bear 7:00 Jip-Joint Theater 8:00 The Omen 10:00 Black Sheep 12:00 New Nightmare	27 6pm CMV 7:00 Dorm Room 8:00 Rugby- Men 9:00 Last of the Dogmen 11:00 The Godfather	28 6pm Great White Hype 8:00 Rugby- Women 9:00 Caucus File 10:00 Lawnmower Man 2 12:00 A Thin Line Between Love and Hate	29 5pm Apocalypse Now 8:00 Total Eclipse 10:00 The Arrival 12:00 Power
2 5pm It's a Wonderful Life 7:30 Ruff-Kutt Reggae 8:00 Caucus Files 9:00 Abyss Director's Cut 12:00 Alien Nation	3 5pm Stealing Beauty 7:00 Poseidon Adventure 9:30 The Phantom 12:00 Mission Impossible	4 5pm CMV 6:00 Scrooged 8:00 Men's Rugby 9:00 Alien 11:00 ID 4	5 5pm T.B.A. 6:00 The Godfather III 9:00 Women's Rugby 10:00 Caucus Files 11:00 Towering Inferno	6 5pm Burly Bear 6:00 Ella Show 7:00 Alien Nation 9:00 ID 4 12:00 The Phantom
9 5pm Alien 7:30 Ruff-Kutt Reggae 8:00 Caucus Files 9:00 Mission Impossible 11:00 Towering Inferno	10 5pm Scrooged 7:00 Abyss Director's Cut 8:00 Stealing Beauty 12:00 The Phantom	11 5pm CMV 6:00 Poseidon Adventure 8:00 Rugby-Men's 9:00 ID 4 11:00 Alien Nation	12 5pm T.B.A. 6:00 The Godfather III 9:00 Rugby- Women 10:00 Caucus Files 11:00 It's A Wonderful Life	13 5pm Burly Bear! 6:00 Ella Show 7:00 The Phantom 9:00 Mission Impossible 11:00 ID-4

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The Bizarre State Of Web Pornography

By Louis M Moran

Now and again a product is developed, and despite the developers best intentions, it is used in a fashion that no one could have foreseen. Take the Q-Tip for example; it is at its essence a cotton ball on a stick. Its primary intended uses included applying makeup and icky viscous medicinal fluids, and the removal of makeup. No one ever assumed you'd dig that thing so far into your ear canal that you'd cough. Hack, hack. That now is the primary use for a Q-Tip.

The World Wide Web, Internet, on-line, Information Super Highway, et al, was started to exchange ideas from one techno geek/brainiac to another. It doesn't really do that much anymore. This is because any medium that can possibly support naked women or the word fuck immediately becomes an artery of pornography. The VCR would not be where it is today without pornography. The VCR would probably be as popular as the DAT tape machine. Never heard of the DAT tape machine? That is because there is no pre-recorded pornography on it. Even your favorite "wholesome" magazines realize the importance of pornography, even in its softest incarnation. Take a look at People for great breast shots of your favorite starlets.

The WWW is no newbie to the world of porn. As soon as drawing programs were available porn started to flourish in the enet. As a long time computer user I remember the excitement that gripped me the first time I waited for a .GIF file to open on my Amiga 500 screen and see some naked drunk

chick in ripped hosiery and five inch heels. By the time .MOVs and .AVIs hit the web, in all their motion picture glory, I was already bored with the entire process. Well not the entire process. I don't

find the pictures particularly scintillating anymore, as much as I find them weird. I no longer search out alt.sex.naked-women.binaries as much as I find alt.sex.bizarre.binaries fun.

They are fun. I try to imagine how these pictures come to be, far more than I even care what they look like, I enjoy the descriptions even more than I enjoy the pictures (cursed thumbnails, that show you what you'll see in a jagged little pill of a picture); sexy lady tied to a pole and ball gagged. That is a gotta see. What conversation must preclude that photo shoot?

"Honey... honey? Listen I want to dress you up like

Wonder Woman, tie you to a pole, gag you, take pictures of you, scan them and post them on the Internet; OK, honey?"

Mmfph! Nuugh! Mmirf!"

Click.

MEAT. The opening page of ASS MEAT, after the 'are you 18 or older page', is a picture of a woman spread eagle with a (this is hard, GIF animations can be a vague thing) I think it is a duck stuck up

her crotch. The WebMaster of the page warns that if you delve further that there should not be a shred of decency in your entire family, I think he knows of what he speaks. Yes, I said duck stuck up her crotch. The lack of models is no barrier though. Through the magic of Anime and Manga (because the Japanese have some sick little bastards on their island) even more bizarre pictures exist... women getting screwed by huge metal penises and multi-limbed demons. It'd be difficult at best to get a human to do things like this for a photo shoot, I assume.

Now and then you see a photo of a woman tied

up and it's obvious that she wanted to have this photo taken and is comfortable with the concept of being tied up, gagged and photographed for Internet publication. More power to them!

Every now and then, however, the look on their faces scares the hell out of you and makes you wonder if you should call the police. But you can't, because you wonder if this is illegal yet.

"I'd like to report a kidnapping... I found out about it when I was surfing the web... you're coming over here? Why? Hey!"

Of course if it does become illegal, the world (forget America, this is world wide web we're talking about, and this isn't like the World Series which has little to do with the world and more to do with the mid-west) will find a way around it.

They've now come up filtering programs like Net Nanny and Surf Watch to keep kids from getting on to these sites, and good for them. It's a good idea to keep children from seeing women with wine bottles stuffed into orifices designed to expel. Yet to up the ante, there are now web browsers out there that only find smut. They are designed to search out the naughty dark recesses of the enet. Sort of an anti-Yahoo, or a real Excite (how experienced do you want to be?)

It's a weird thing that the web is so entrenched in a war over privacy, since most of the people fighting for that elusive privacy wouldn't go to one of these sites if you tied them up and ball gagged 'em. The staunch defenders of the enet want to preserve real freedom, to ensure that they never feel the pressure of a bloated government squashing their right to the pursuit of happiness. And women tied up and ball gagged.

The question "is it art or is it pornography" is a silly one at best. The question you should ask if you have a shred of moral fiber is; why did they agree to this in the first place?



I can't even imagine what kind of payment would be fair for this sort of thing. If there is a God can you even imagine the scene at Heaven's Gate? "Well let's see uhhh, kind to children, not much Church, loved horses, looks good, uh-oh what is this? Dressed up as Wonder Woman, got tied to a pole, gagged and had pictures taken to be posted on the Internet? Go straight to Hell, do not pass Purgatory you harlot!" What payment is fair for the damnation of your eternal soul? \$750 US bucks? More bizarre is that this sort of thing carries over to entire web sites. While on a list of allegedly pornographic sites I stumbled across one called ASS MEAT (no, really). You have to go to a site called ASS MEAT. Even as you read this you are compelled to go to the site called ASS MEAT. It's fun to say, to read, to write ASS MEAT, ASS MEAT, ASS MEAT, ASS

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M O V I E S

Space : The Final Frontier
By Chris Cartusciello

Space Jam

I have to admit that I didn't have high hopes going into this film in the first place. I consider basketball to be one of the most inane sports ever conceived and I think Michael Jordan is probably the most overhyped superstar to ever grace the cover of any magazine. I also fondly remember sitting in front of the television on a Saturday morning eating my third bowl of Frosted Flakes, getting a sugar buzz the size of Montana, and being hysterical over the antics of my favorite Looney Tunes. Nothing created since then has even come close to duplicating the sarcastic overtones made famous by Fritz Freleng and Chuck Jones. That's why it is such a pleasant surprise to find that Space Jam is one of the most enjoyable movies of the year.

The story is a simple one. The evil overlord of Moron Mountain (voiced by Danny DeVito), a failing amusement park in a far off galaxy, wants to kidnap the Looney Tunes in a bid to attract more customers. He dispatches a band of diminutive aliens to Earth in search of his prey. Not one to take enslavement lightly, Bugs Bunny challenges these extra-tiny extra-terrestrials to a game of basketball for all the marbles. Unbeknownst to him, the aliens have the power to sap the playing ability of some of the NBA's biggest stars, including Charles Barkley and Patrick Ewing, and soon become towering beasts of round ball playing fury. In need of serious help, Bugs recruits Jordan for the Tune Squad. What ensues is a series of classic Warner Brothers' cartoon gags as our gang trains and plays in one of the most bizarre match-ups in sports history.

It's great to see the old gang back together again, and in such fine form. It is clear that the animators went back several decades and studied the classic drawings from WB's golden age of animation. The drawings are perfect renderings of these friends we grew up with, not the knock-offs that have been heaped upon us in an endless series of cheap attempts at prolonging the franchise. And we are treated to more than just Bugs, Daffy, Porky, Taz, Tweety and Sylvester. They opened up the vault on this one and dragged out characters that many may know by the face, but the names will escape them. Included in this bunch are Gossamer, Witch Hazel, Pete Puma, the Hillbilly brothers Curt and Pumpkinhead Martin, gangsters Rocky and Hugo and Michigan J. Frog. We also get to meet a new creation, Lola, the hottest hare since Jessica Rabbit. The most disappointing part is the all but total absence of Marvin Martian. A film based on space aliens with the Looney Tunes and where is he to be found? In a tiny, limited role as referee for the game with a total of two lines. It almost seems to be an afterthought and is inexcusable in this context.

With classic animation goes classic situations. And this film doesn't fall short in this area either. Daffy still gets no respect and with the normal

explosions, falls and sight gags we are treated to some of the best movie parodies this side of Acme Acres. Amongst these are Lola getting riled up anytime someone calls her "doll", a la Barb Wire and Yosemite Sam and Elmer Fudd doing their best take on Pulp Fiction. We also get the Looney Tunes skewing pop culture. After Daffy recommends they call the team the Ducks, Bugs replies, "What kind of Mickey Mouse organization would name their team the Ducks?" in an obvious slam on Disney, their chief competition in the animation field.

Probably most surprising of all is how at ease Jordan seems to be through all of this. Granted, playing himself may not be much of a stretch, and he should be used to the camera after the endless amount of commercials he has done, but the amount of fun he is having seems to rub off on the audience as he appears to look at us with a knowing grin. He even goes as far as letting the film make a running joke out of his failed baseball career.

Rounding out the cast is Larry Bird and Bill Murray playing themselves as they wander about trying to figure the whole thing out. Probably the only person not getting a credit as "himself" is Wayne Knight (Newman from TV's "Seinfeld"). Knight plays Stan, a smarmy public relations man whose job it is to make Jordan happy at any cost. A human cartoon in his own right, Knight is used to acting opposite empty space and computer animated objects after his turn as Nedry, the saboteur of Jurassic Park.

Director Joe Pytko does a fine job combining the two mediums, as well he should since he is responsible for the series of Jordan commercials on which this film is based. The Tunes' voices are strong too, with Billy West doing his best with Bugs, trying to pick up where the late Mel Blanc left off.

The weakest part of the film is the beginning where it starts in 1973 with an inspirational story of young Michael playing hoops in his backyard as he tells his father his dreams of one day playing for North Carolina University and then in the NBA. After this we are treated to a "best of Jordan" montage over the opening credits as we see his rise from high school to college to professional star. If I wanted to see this much Michael praise I'd rent one of his numerous videotapes available at my local Blockbuster.

Many people will say that this film is no more than an extended commercial and a clever marketing ploy. And they may not be far from the truth, especially after we see Jordan drinking a soda from McDonald's, a key merchandiser of the film. The bottom line is that if all commercials

were this entertaining VCR remote controls wouldn't have a fast forward button.

Star Trek : First Contact

Stop me if you've heard this before. Because the future of earth is doomed, the crew of the starship Enterprise must disobey orders and travel back in time, correcting what went wrong thereby saving humanity once again. Sound familiar? Well, don't stop me just yet because you haven't heard or seen anything like this in the 30 years the "Star Trek" world has been around.

With Star Trek : First Contact the venerable franchise, which has been running on fumes the past few years, gets a much needed boost from this, the eighth movie of the series. Here, the crew of "The Next Generation", in their first theatrical solo effort, must face the most mortal enemy of the Federation, the seemingly unstoppable Borg. For those who don't know, the Borg are a cybernetically enhanced race of one collective mind who are on an endless quest to rule the galaxy, overtaking and assimilating anyone who gets in their way.

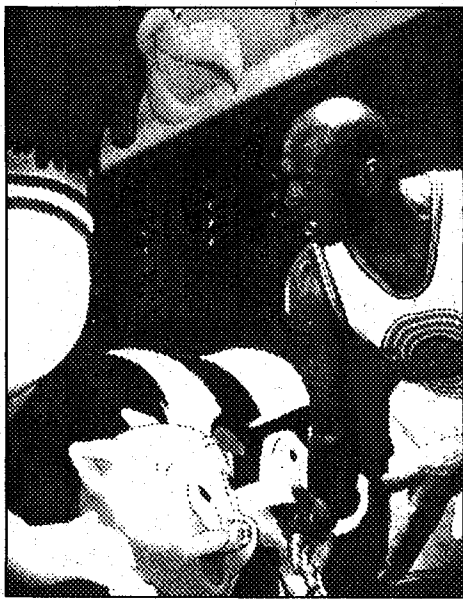
The film starts, literally, in the mind's eye of Jean-Luc Picard (Patrick Stewart), captain of the aforementioned starship. During the second season of "ST:TNG" Picard was captured and assimilated by the Borg in what has become a pair of the best and most popular episodes of the series, the two parter "The Best Of Both Worlds". It seems that he has been haunted by this memory ever since, and has, in the back of his mind, a deep seated need for revenge. When word comes that the Borg are attacking Earth, Picard disobeys direct orders to stay out of it and

goes head first into the fight. After destroying the Borg ship, and some circumstances that are better seen than explained, we find the present reality altered and the Borg have assimilated all of Earth. A short time travel trip later and the crew is faced with trying to keep the course of history on the straight and narrow. While an away team consisting of Commander Will Riker, Counselor Troi, and Lieutenant LaForge (Jonathan Frakes, Marina Sirtis and LaVar Burton respectively) attempt to maintain order on Earth the rest of the crew are holding the Borg at bay aboard the Enterprise.

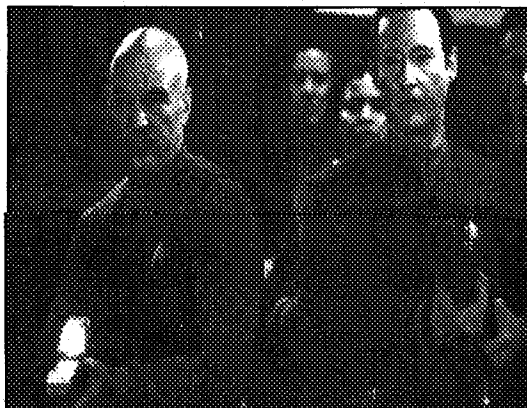
Stewart, buff and ready as Captain Picard, takes charge of the action here and never lets go. More in the vein of William Shatner's headstrong Captain Kirk than his familiar docile, thinking man's captain, Stewart has upped the testosterone level and shows that there is still life in the old boy. A classically trained stage actor, Stewart gives Picard alternating intensity and emotional vulnerability that seems to come so natural you feel as if he may break down right in front of you.

The rest of "The Next Generation" cast is right behind Stewart to back him up. Frakes, who also directed, seems to be at ease in his role of second in command and wisely gave himself limited screen time so as not to spread himself too thin. He also looks to be having the most fun in all this out of anyone in the group. Michael Dorn is released from his "Deep Space Nine" duties in order to join his comrades as the surly Klingon Worf. Gates McFadden (in a hideous Jennifer Aniston haircut) shows up as Doctor Beverly Crusher, healer and giver of advice. Brent Spiner makes an impressive showing as Data, the android who longs to be human. The nuances of his performance, flowing from the emotionless to the deeply troubled, due to his emotion chip installed in the previous film, Generations, are so fine that the transitions are nearly seamless. LaVar Burton is on hand once again as the blind chief engineer of the Enterprise. This time around he has gotten rid of the visor and been implanted with a

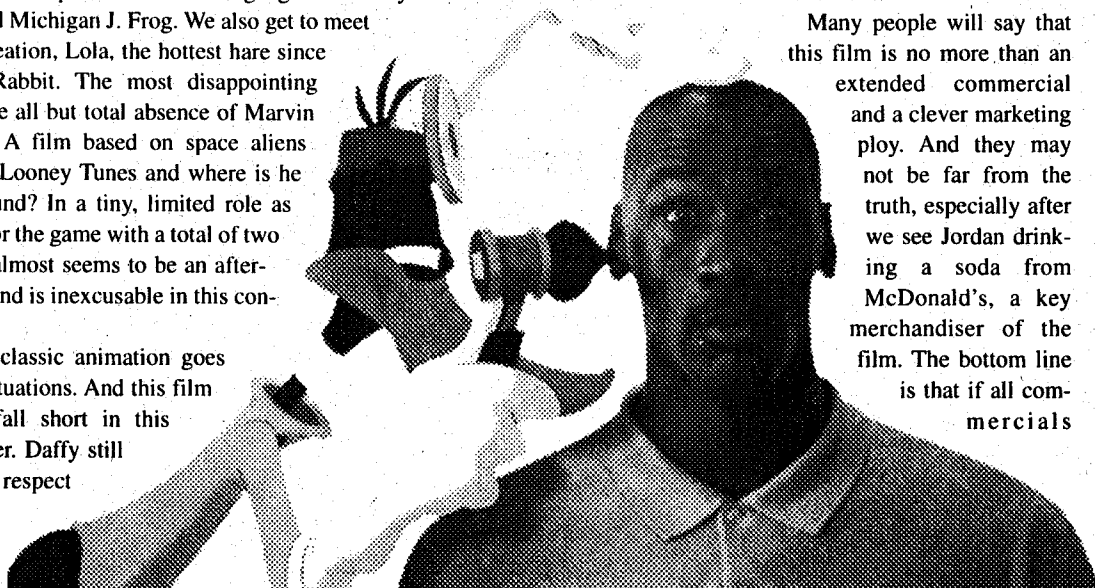
continued on page 17



Michael Jordan holds a huddle in *Space Jam*



Picard and Data prepare to open up a big old can of whupass



Hang The D.J.

By P. Milare Ovis

In honor of the opening of the 8th Star Trek movie First Contact, this story begins with an allusion to the best of all Enterprise Captains: Jean-Luc Picard. Like my new home, North Carolina, Jean-Luc is almost perfect. Always highly rated with nowhere to go but onward to bigger and better things.

But still neither of the two are perfect. Picard had his Achilles Heel. Her name was Vash. North Carolina's flaw is its radio.

The radio stations here suck. And they suck a lot. They go out of their way to find new and more painful ways to prove to the listening audience that they suck.

Why do I listen then? Well you can only listen to the 75 or so tapes you have in your car without going insane from repetition. Make more mixed tapes you say. Making mixed tapes is an art, as Lowell will attest to [the freak has a notebook where he carefully lays plans to his next mix out] it takes a deft ear to figure out which Rage songs to place after which Smiths song after which LL Cool J song. So listening to the radio adds some randomness to my listening habits (read: barely enough to keep me from driving off the road into some new construction sight.)

The radio in my car has 15 preset station buttons. Currently only 11 are in use, and that's after programming all five country stations, with hopes that they'll eventually change format. I never new there where so many different country formats. New Country, All Country Hits, Classic Country, All New Country Hits, All Classic Country, etc...

Only one station comes close to being listenable. Their format? I couldn't even begin to guess. A recent 4 song block consisted of Fun Lovin' Criminals "Scooby Snacks," Cake "The Distance," Jane's Addiction "Jane Says" and Journey "Any Way You Want It." That group of songs crosses 3 formats and 3 decades. While these are all good songs, their combination within 15 minutes, much less a full days worth of programming, is bizarre. Do they throw every CD the station owns into a hat and pull them out randomly to see what they want to play? So if I were to classify this station it would fall in the very popular Classic-Post-Alternative-Modern-All-New-Top-40-Rock-Hits. Or Any-Hit-Any-Time-As-Long-As-Its-Not-Urban Radio.

This station also has a high degree of predictability. I've figured out at what time the new Cake and Sublime songs are going to be played every day. (Alternatively every two hours.) Also on two consecutive days I heard the same song at the same time. While this wouldn't be that bad if it was a current hit, or even a recent hit, it wasn't. The song they played at 7:35pm on this past Wednesday and Thursday was the Indigo Girls "Closer To Fine." Oops, did someone forget to throw out yesterday's playlist.

The DJ's suck even worse then the music. The morning teams are inbred porch sitting freaks and it seems that they pull anyone in off the streets to do drive time radio. My guess is the only one not qualified to have a radio show in North Carolina would be a cross-dressing basket-pushing college-burnout.

Even the college radio station down here (88.1 WKNC) can't really be considered a college radio station. They have what amounts to a playlist. The sta-

tion doesn't tell them exactly what to play, but twice every fifteen minutes they must play a song from a station chosen list. That's bullshit. Also it seems there are only two show formats on the station, death metal or reggae, my two least favorites.

Stony Brook is lucky to have a station such as 90.1 WUSB, no play lists, every format known to man, from polka to Grateful Dead to indie-pop trash. Savor your radio station. Love it.

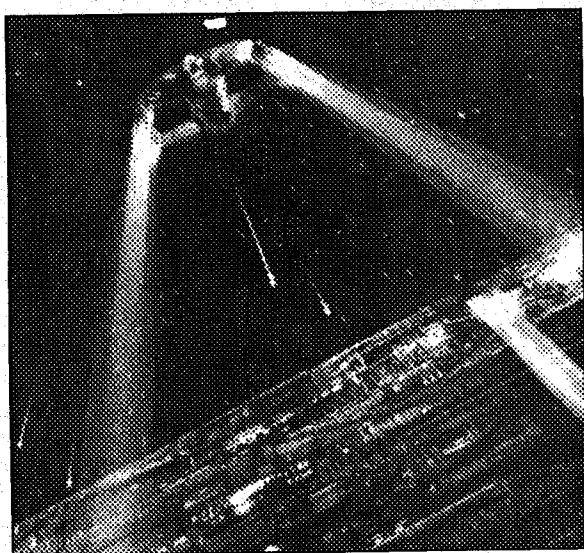
And next time you see Norm, the General Manager, go up to him, grab his head, kiss the top of it, and say "Thank you for not sucking."

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We need help... especially because *someone* cant get his word counts right and we keep having to think up stupid house ads to fill the space.

continued from page 16 set of bionic eyes that would make Steve Austin jealous. Mirina Sirtis is wasted in her role of head counselor and relegated to little more than looking good and acting silly.

Added to the cast for this go around is Babe's former James Cromwell, as 21st century explorer Zefram Cochrane, whom the Borg are trying to stop from making first contact with an alien race. Alfre Woodard is his partner and assistant who is onboard the Enterprise fighting side by side with Picard. Alicé Krige is the Borg Queen who is looking for a human counterpart to stand beside her. Never has someone dressed in black leather with tubes running into her head and metal clamps holding her torso together looked so sexy.



The new Enterprise meets the Borg

There are a bunch of cameos thrown into the film just as inside jokes to true Trekkies (or is it Trekker? I'm never sure, but I'm not here to argue nomenclature).

There is also a brand new Enterprise on hand. (For those who don't remember, the previous ship was destroyed in spectacular fashion in the last film) This sleeker version of the ship means business and we get to see many lingering shots of it as it passes over the camera in typical Star Trek fashion.

The direction of Frakes is top notch on this, his first feature film. He is no stranger to the back of the camera as he directed a number of "Next Generation" episodes and continues to direct episodes of "Deep Space Nine" and "Star Trek : Voyager". The action of Star Trek : First Contact is intense throughout. Frakes has turned up the volume for this latest installment as ships explode and bodies fly.

When the Borg begin to take over the Enterprise, assimilating over half the crew, the feeling turns to dread and the dark forboding corridors give this film the perfect atmosphere for fighting this marauding band of aliens. The television series had great special effects, yet they were inconsistent, but there isn't a part of this film that doesn't look impressive, thanks in large part to George Lucas' effects company Industrial Light and Magic. Frakes was also smart enough not to take all of this too seriously. He throws in plenty of light moments and even mocks the franchise itself. When Riker tells Cochrane where they are from he replies, "So you're like astronauts, on some sort of star trek?"

There is always a game to be played when watching any Star Trek film, and most episodes of the series too. That is to identify the character who will die. He is usually someone new who is given a few throw away lines. It's not long before "Ensign Expendable" is given the orders that will mean his certain demise. This one may not be as obvious because much of the crew is lost during the course of the film, but give it a try anyway.

The film is not without its logistical problems, like if the Federation has these snazzy new uniforms why don't they wear them on "Deep Space Nine"? Worf is wearing it when they pick him up from the Defiant so you would expect the rest of the cast from the show to wear them too. Also, if they need magnetic boots to walk along the outside of the ship how come they can put their guns down without them floating away? One more thing. Since the Borg can adjust to the frequency of

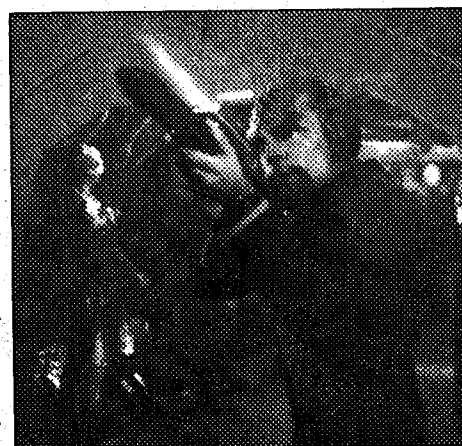
laser weapons why not use the replicators to make guns that shoot bullets? This is nit-picking and doesn't take away from the rest of the film, but you would hope that the filmmakers would see these things too.

All in all, Star Trek : First Contact is a fine addition to the Star Trek universe and continues the thought that only the even numbered Trek films are good. (Think about it). Fans of the show should be happy with the results and even non-fans should enjoy this trip into space. Like the Borg say, "Resistance is futile."

Star Wars Update

For those who don't know, the final theatrical release dates for the re-mastered Star Wars Trilogy have been set. They are as follows: Star Wars - Jan. 31, 1997; The Empire Strikes Back - Feb. 21, 1997 and Return Of The Jedi - March 7, 1997. After the third is released it is a sure thing that many theaters will be playing them all together.

Mars Attacks! Preview



Worf is such a badass, we all love his little armadillo head

I got the chance to see my first preview for Tim Burton's latest film Mars Attacks! I'm happy to say that it appears that Mr. Burton has been true to the spirit of the original Topps' bubble gum card set. The aliens may not be scary looking or blowing up the

White House but they are typical Tim Burton. Just remember when seeing this film, it is a spoof. Do not expect ID4 all over again. I don't believe this film will have a big audience, but it should satisfy Burton's fans who long for something a little different.

FILASKI: A MAN FULL OF HATE

By Keith Filaski

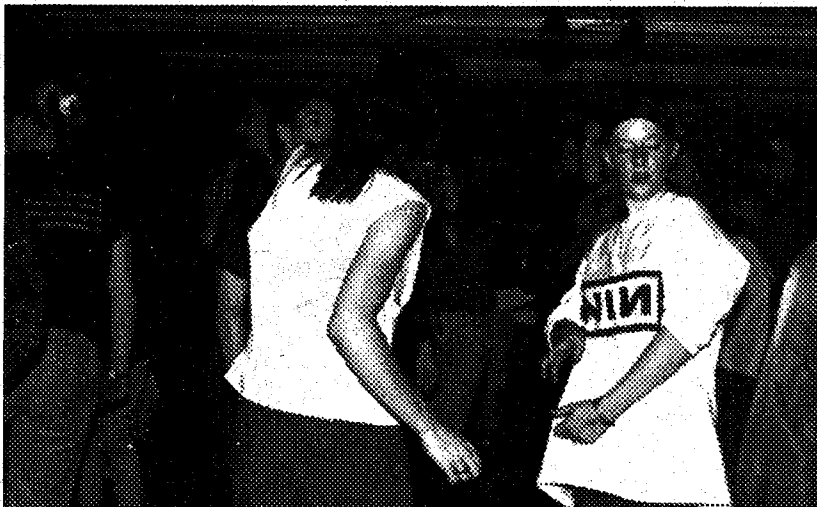
These days I find it increasingly hard to find a good concert to attend. From what I have observed, this can be attributed to a variety of different factors which are true for nearly any type of show. Industrial, ska, raves, you name it, they are there.

The most critical problem, and therefore the one which I will address, is the dancing crowd. Through careful research I have been able to separate this large cross-section of the crowd into a number of categories, and I would now like to present to you four of the most obnoxious. No show is void of these people, although whether the show has seating or not will determine how noticeable and annoying they are.

The One Song Fan — "Gee, I heard the Cure's new song, 'The 14th', on Z100 yesterday and they said that they're playing at the Coliseum. I think I'll have daddy call his high-up-the-corporate-ladder friends and get a first-row ticket depriving a true fan of the experience." This is a personal grudge I have. Yes, I will admit it, I haven't any real proof that this scenario takes place, but damn it, I waited for five hours in front of Tower for tickets to that show, I was first on line, and I still got 25th-row seats. The One Song Fan is not only common to seated venues, although, and can be spotted in halls by their complete lack of knowledge of the songs, which is apparent through their dancing. They will dance the same speed straight through the song, not wanting to look foolish when changing speeds too late at tempo changes. These are also the same people who will dance to any song, even the bad ones, which every band has, and that true fans won't acknowledge. These people are probably the most harmless, however, and are kind of good to have around to ridicule during the above-mentioned songs.

Dancing Drunks — Where are these people's friends? This is the dipshit with beer bottle in hand, who thinks he is eloquently dancing when in fact he is falling all over everyone, stepping on people's feet, and spilling beer all over the place, making the floor

wet so others slip and fall and get trampled on (Hey, concerned parents, it isn't moshing that makes shows dangerous, it's these assholes.). The only non-violent thing you can do with these people is to wait for them to get sick and run for the bathroom, which will happen after only a few songs. Or, if you're really lucky, they will puke right on the dance floor, again making it slippery and adding to the already vile smell of cigarette smoke and stale beer. Dancing Drunks are tolerable, being that they last so shortly and are again



good to make fun of once they are gone.

Hair Girls — Okay, you're a little sweaty from dancing and you move more to the back of the crowd to catch your breath and wipe yourself off. This is the domain of the Hair Girls. These are the boppy, big-haired four-foot tall guido bitches that, for some reason, you'll find at every show, and who whip their hair across your face until you are forced to go back and dance before you are fully recovered. There usually aren't many of these people at shows, but they travel in groups and if you find yourself surrounded by them, there is no way to get out without being attacked by their nappy hair. My advice is to spot the Hair Girls early on and stay away from them. They usually stay in the same general area, so you should be okay.

Mr. I-Am-Here-To-Prove-My-Masculinity — This can take a variety of forms. You have your macho assholes who take off their shirts while dancing so that

you get their slimy backs rubbing up against you. Oh baby! What a turn-on! Were I a girl, I'd want a man like this. You also must be cautious of the occasional fat friend who, needing to look cool in front of his brethren, also takes off his shirt. Slimy fat fuck, yum.

There are also those who feel it necessary to mosh at every concert, during every song. I once attended a They Might Be Giants show in Central Park and found it terribly difficult to dance to "Birdhouse in Your Soul" while fighting for a clearing in the middle of a mosh pit. There is a time and a place for moshing, something which these assholes can't get through the thick layer of stupidity coating their brains.

A third type are the crowd surfers. There is always some guy who is up surfing the crowd every five minutes and who manages to kick myself and all the rest of the tall people in the head with their combat boots. Yes, it's fun up there, but give someone else a turn. Preferably someone wearing Converse.

These subcategories are often combined, to make one super dipshit and unfortunately, these people are terribly hard to stay away from.

These along with a number of less frequent annoying concertgoers seem to ruin the majority of shows for the common folk. We stick to the unwritten rules, we are courteous, and we still get shit on. Some of us take it and try to enjoy the show anyway, some of us don't attend as many shows, and a small percentage of us strike back.

I find that the method that works for me is a combination of the latter two. So my advice is to be cautious of the shows you attend but when things get really bad, lash out. Pull the girls' hair. Trip the dancing drunk (they fall easily) and kick him a few times, he won't remember it the next day anyway. Yes, I am preaching violence, but it's the only thing people understand. With a little violence now, we will be able to look forward to a long and rewarding place later.

And for those who fall under any or all of these categories, shape up. Let's make the dance floor a more friendly place, when everyone knows what to expect, and everyone can enjoy themselves.

CONCERT MUSIK REVIEW

By Chiang Fu

Meat Beat Manifesto, 11/14. Irving Plaza.

Hello teenage America! Let's storm the studio, because Meat Beat Manifesto was back in New York City one more time. Jack Dangers and Co. stopped off at Irving Plaza to present a long live show.

We arrived at the venue a little after nine. The weather was unbearable for one even walking the streets. We took cover in a pizza place to hide from the freezing wind; the temperature outside had to be under twenty degrees. The temperature inside Irving Plaza, however, was far from low while the crowd danced heavily to the beats. Their odd movement graced the floors, and even I contemplated showing off my peculiar steps.

The first act was some DJ character whose sound was similar to Download's, which impressed me at first but after a while became tedious. Dr. Alex Ferguson of the Orb came next. I had my doubts about the Orb, but after seeing them live, I gave into their vibrating sounds.

Without the slightest notice, Jack Dangers

and company took the stage: Meat Beat provided us with the most "live" performance that night — live drugs, saxophone, guitar, and even the theremin! Fractal video backdrops provided a style fitting only for Meat Beat. The array of colors being projected onto the screen made for a hallucinatory setting. The crowd roared as "Helter-Skelter" screeched from the speakers. The frenzy dominated Irving Plaza as the floors trembled with each loud step the crowd took. Then Dangers blared out "one, two, three, four, it's genocide can't, genocide in the first degree..." The screaming was like that of a newborn child. The crowd's size increased and they began to grow restless. "Now" and "Brainwashed" soon appeared in Mr. Dangers' repertoire. At that point, the proverbial show was on the proverbial road. Stirring old and new sounds, Jack Dangers and the boys were born to perform "Psyche-Out". Meat Beat pleasantly surprised nobody that night who might have normally been satisfied with the usual thump-thump-doot-doot-awwww yeahhhhhhh dance trance. Meat Beat Manifesto performed for more than three hours that night — wowee, zowee!

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Obscure Sub-Cultures: Vol. 1

By John Giuffo

JOELCORE

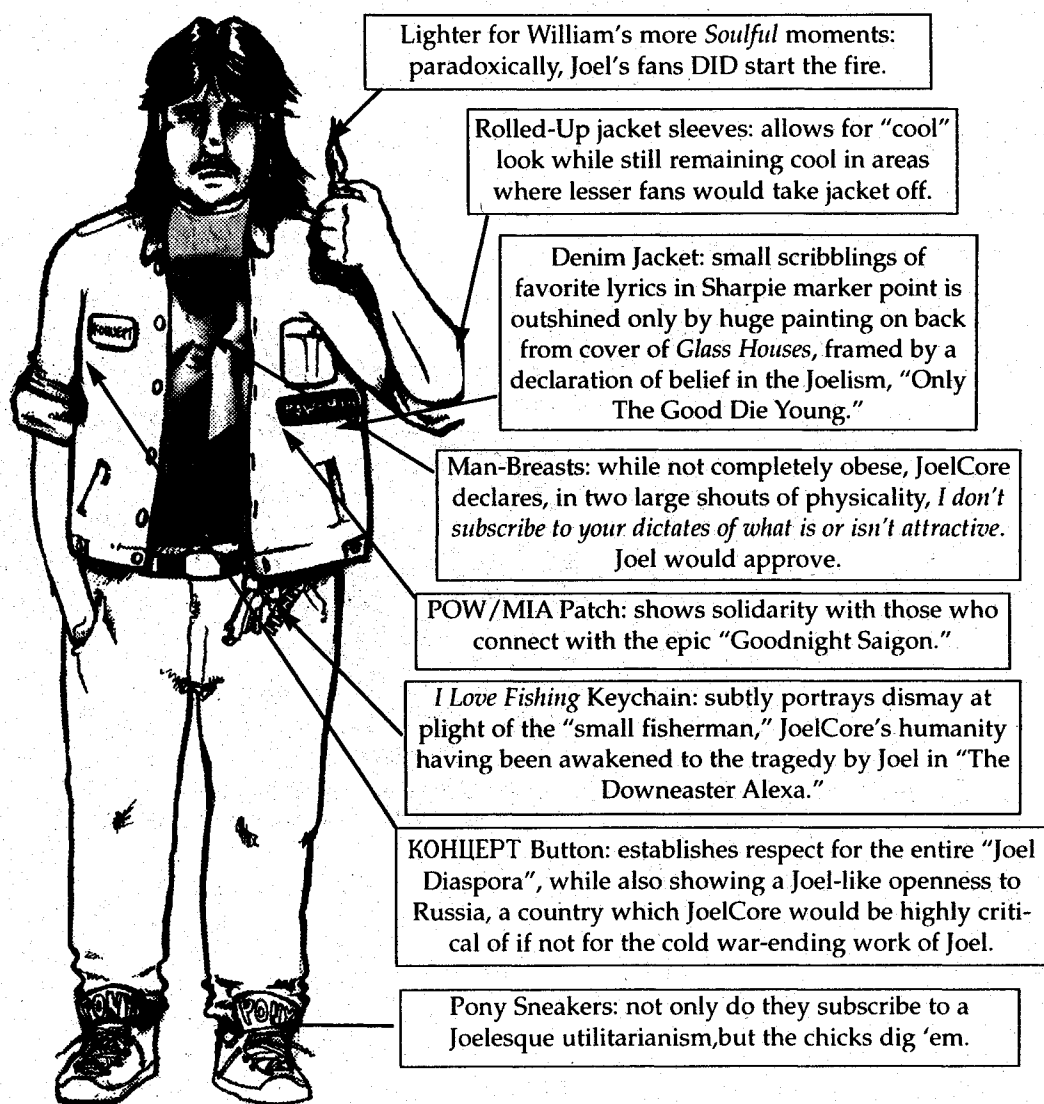
We usher in "Obscure Sub-Cultures" with an examination of JoelCore: the diehard, live hard, love hard fans of Long Island's most accomplished piano-bar musician, Billy Joel. We all know a member of JoelCore. You know that room that blasts, alternately, "Scenes From an Italian Restaurant" and "Piano Man?" That's a JoelCore room.

JoelCore manifests itself in a defiantly anti-trendy manner by ignoring current fashion trends and paying homage to the blue-collar reality Billy Joel puts forth in album after album.

JoelCore, while much duplicated around the country, can only exist in its natural state on Long Island: Billy Joel's home turf. It is generally understood that only Long Island Joel fans can fully know Joel's pain, and therefore are the only ones suited to wear the JoelCore crown.

They walk through Bedford-Stuy alone, they're constantly asking people in bars "Man, what are *You* doing here?", and they long ago traded in their Chevys for a Cadillac-ac-ac-ac-ac. You may be right, they may be crazy, but they grip feverishly—almost pathetically—to the belief that it just may be a lunatic we're all looking for.

JoelCore is the first in a series of examinations of those who live amongst us, yet lead such radically divergent lives as to set themselves apart from the rest of society. These shadow groups may seem like the rest of us, yet their rituals and behaviors concretely set them in their own cultural sub groups. This is the fringe, kids. These are the people who know X-Files episodes by name, the people who listen, religiously, to John Tesh, the people who claim to believe themselves actual vampires: these are members of **OBSCURE SUB-CULTURES**.



Korn: Not Just For Dinner Anymore

By Pål

There are not many places in this world that you're able to see over a thousand people scream "YOU CAN SUCK MY DICK AND FUCKING LIKE IT!" at the top of their lungs. Luckily, I was able to see this at Roseland on Wednesday, November 6 when Korn brought The Pharcyde to town. Korn, known for their perpetual props to the rap scene, played to a mostly Caucasian collection of angry youth, who were politely enthusiastic for the funky flow of The Pharcyde. Their set was short, and I was too busy boozing to catch it in its entirety. I can tell you that they ended their set with *Passing Me By*, the song that made me buy their record. Big up to the crowd for not acting like the bunch of semi-conscious refuse-hurling rednecks I saw during the Wu Tang set at Lollapalooza this summer. It seems Korn fans understand respect.



Korn

After a half hour of seventies dance funk, the lights dimmed so the band could assume their positions on stage. An edited, dubbed clip of "Davie and Goliath" was played. I think there was some references the advantages of the consumption of illegal narcotics, but the forty of St. Ides began to take its toll on my ability to pay attention to anything. Jonathan Davis kicked off the madness with the incomprehensible ranting of *twist*,

the short introductory song on the new album, *Life is Peachy*. The second song was *Blind*, at which point the floor erupted, bringing about the hectic nature typical of a Korn show.

A few remarks about the pit. Something Dr. Fistfuck forgot to include in his article on pit etiquette was that fat boys, no matter what the circumstances, are not allowed to crowd surf. There is nothing worse than having to support the weight of an overindulgent ruffneck during a good show. Under 180 lbs. is tossable. Anything over that is a fat boy, and chances are you will plummet to the floor if the situation is conducive to a gap in the crowd. And another thing, those trendy chains that go from your belt to your wallet should never be worn around your neck. See, when crowd surfing, the crowd tends to push the surfer toward the bouncers, so that they will be able to rid the pit of such a nuisance. The trendy chain around the neck is easily grabbed by some sick fucker, and the only thing one is able to do is choke and squirm.

Mr. Davis was dressed in his trademark Adidas jumpsuit, of the purple sparkly variety. The stage decoration consisted of four King sized mattress frames adorned with plastic dolls. These faux pre-K females were dressed in an wide variety of gear, ranging from wedding dresses to staple S&M garb. Some of these dolls were contorted into some very

interesting positions, but I believe to explain them on paper would not do them any justice.

Of their one and a half hour set, I remember *Blind*, *Ball Tongue*, *Need To*, *Clown*, *Divine*, *Shoots and Ladders*, and of course, *Faget*, from their first album. They played songs from their new album, including *twist*, *chi*, *Good God*, *A.d.i.d.a.s.*, *Lowrider* (A smooth transition into *Shoots and Ladders*, I might add), and *Kill You*. The only complaint I had about their song selection is the lack of *Ass Itch*, *Kunt*, and *Wicked*. Mr. Davis did not speak to the crowd much between songs, there was just a steady flow of music to keep the crowd happily disgruntled.

The crowd was more diverse than I had expected, consisting of Caucasians, African-Americans, Asians, Women (Mad chicks in the house), Latin Americans, and a multitude of people with unnaturally colored hair. I would have enjoyed going to the Park Bench to brag to the big bald bouncer with a clue after the show (Ladies Nite, Woo Hoo!) in my physically depleted, B.O. smelling state, but the LIE was a traffic nightmare due construction. It would have been an amusing change of atmosphere.

Mr. Davis spent the evening ranting about many pertinent issues regarding the youth of today who do not give a fuck, such as backstabbing friends, disgust with the overwhelming need for intimate relations with the opposite sex, Punk-ass judgmental morons with meaningless beef, the woes of conformity, etc.

If you're down on Korn (The Ranch!), quit, they're destined for greatness.

Check Out the Package on That Guy!

By Lowell Yaeger

Tool, 11/21 and 11/22, Roseland Ballroom.
Psychotica opened. Seen 11/21.

It's difficult to distinguish between bands that use gimmicks as a means of covering up for little-to-no talent, and bands that use gimmicks as a means of enhancing their talent. Too often, that gimmickry becomes such an integral part of the live show that you can't see past it without hurling an insect swarm of stinging allegations at the band itself, many of which remain, to this day, in doubt. The Smashing Pumpkins, for exam-

ple. Great studio band, but folks, I've seen them twice now, and I'm positive that they cannot play live. Their sound is fuzzy, they argue continuously, and every song ends in overblown, uncomplicated guitar theatrics. But who can notice, with NASA footage and Planet of the Apes playing on the screens behind them, while a rocket-shaped bank of lights performs strobe laser-surgery on everyone in the audience? The gimmickry covers the band.

Thursday night's show presented two bands, one which can perform through gimmickry and one which cannot. I'm glad to say that the headliner was the former, preventing a substantial amount of disappointment; sitting through the opener, however, was a labor of love.

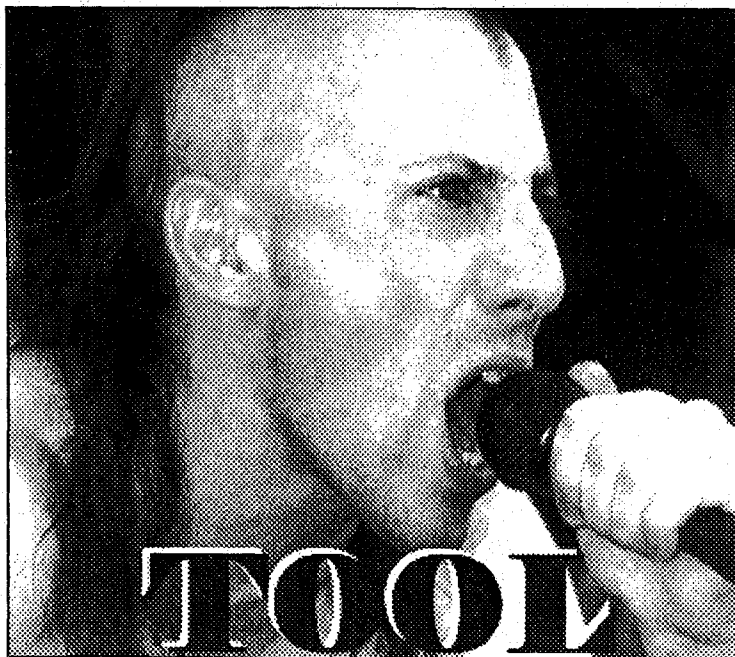
Psychotica is an NYC band (I'm embarrassed to live so near a city that spawned these slugs) that is best described as a cross between Bauhaus and Bon Jovi. The word on the street was that Psychotica's place opening the last Lollapalooza tour was based entirely on their "amazing live show," so I was a little excited to see what all of the hubbub was about. It wasn't about anything. Forget the good press and their exhibit at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. A Nobel prize couldn't help these jerks. The lead singer came prancing out in a white rubber jumpsuit and glow-in-the-dark shades, whirling his ivory dreadlocks around in an attempt to either see the entire crowd at once or crack the bones in his neck. The latter event never happened, I'm sorry to say, so I was confronted with 45 minutes of the most boring rock and roll on the face of the planet: Grimacing guitarists with long hair, a lot of Motley Crue posturing, and a female back-up vocalist with dreadlocks that stuck off in either direction. Maybe they were supposed to be bunny ears, I don't know. They looked like TV antennae to me.

This is unfortunate, because I have Psychotica's album, and it's not really bad, just horribly "corny," as my friend Gus pointed out. Their live show replicated this, resulting in a performance that begged to be taken seriously and at the same time made such an act impossible to do. Primus is corny in a good way because they try to be corny; when the lead singer of a glam-goth band screams "this song is about our new world, it's called Cyber-Nation," they're corny without trying to be.

The gimmicks here not only failed to hide the fact that Psychotica isn't really a good band, but they aggravated the situation.

Tool took the stage a half an hour later, and I was forced to leave the pit almost immediately. Folks, I

don't mind moshing, but wait until the music starts before you start going crazy? The lights fell and a thudding, pre-recorded drum beat filled the hall, and immediately, the crowd went nuts. They didn't even wait for the opener, "Stinkfist", to begin. I guess I should have



Ugly, isn't he? A face only a mother could love.

expected it, though: During the break between bands, I watched the crowd around me fill up with muscular little guys who had alcohol in their stomachs and chips on their shoulders. Not to mention the bald, goateed guys who showed up, alone and shirtless, for the sole purpose of fucking shit up in the pit.

Once I retreated to the relative safety of the couch, I was able to enjoy the show. While I couldn't catch the two screens behind the stage (the only visual I caught, as I was swimming for my life away from Harry Hardcore, was of someone getting fisted in the ass, all the way up to the elbow), I did notice the little squares of red tape covering new bassist Justin Chancellor, and frontman Maynard J. Keenan's intriguing stage get-up, which consisted of a too-tight pair of CK underwear (he's definitely circumcised, put it that way) and a lot of blue paint. Gimmicks galore, but somehow, they didn't get in the way of the music, which was so harshly generated, so

honest and powerful, that it blasted right past the blue paint and out into the audience.

Keenan is an absolute devil on-stage, crouching and whirling and snarling as the song demands, occasionally stomping his feet to the drums and convulsing like a cross between a dying worm and David Byrne. After "Stinkfist", Keenan and com-

pany tore through "Forty-Six & 2" and "Swamp Song" before arriving at the companion pieces "Prison Sex" and "Jimmy". Keenan prefaced the two by explaining that one was about recognizing abuse, and the other was about working through it. Not surprising, because while "Prison Sex"'s origins remain shrouded in mystery, there is a lot of evidence to suggest that "Jimmy", a possible abbreviation of Keenan's middle name James, is about the singer's struggle to cope with his mother's death and the ensuing chaos that occurred in his life at the age of 11.

The highlight of the show was "Eulogy", a complicated piece that dances between soft, introspective murmuring and loud, agonized howling with almost no noticeable transition. Live, I had feared that the transitions would stand out painfully, but they merged seamlessly, resulting in a song of studio-perfect quality. Even the minor world-music effects presented on the album were offered up onstage, from the odd beats at the beginning to the strange wooden cup placed over Maynard's microphone to modify his voice. Perfect.

Another high point came before the obligatory "Sober" (Tool's biggest hit to date), when the band launched into a 5-minute barrage of feedback and improvisational guitar work. The result made them seem more like an experimental industrial band and less like a post-grunge guitar band. It's a testament to the patience of the mostly metalhead crowd that they didn't launch into complaining and shouting during this indulgence.

The final song of the show was "Aenema", the title track from their newest album. An almost upbeat ballad about the idea of sinking Los Angeles into the sea, Keenan expanded it into a scathing indictment of all things material, as he offset chants of "fuck all you junkies and fuck your short memory" with the mantra "learn to swim."

The show ended with a soft blue light bathing the crowd, which eventually faded into white as the house lights came up.

The entire show was surprising in that, unlike many bands, Tool showed that they can work through — and with — interesting effects. Their last performance at the Roseland Ballroom, back in early 1994, was a straight-up, no-frills rock show, with absolutely no effects whatsoever, and it remains one of the best performances I've ever seen. This show, while hardly



Then again, none of these guys are winning any beauty contests.

straight-up and no-frills, managed to at least equal its predecessor, and I whole-heartedly recommend them to both fans and curiosity-seekers when they come back in the spring.