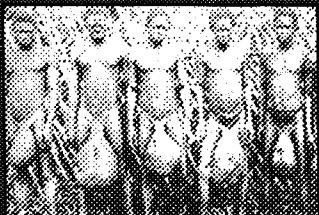


**ENIGMATIC
MICROBE
INFESTATION
FOUND IN STUDENT S.A.C.**



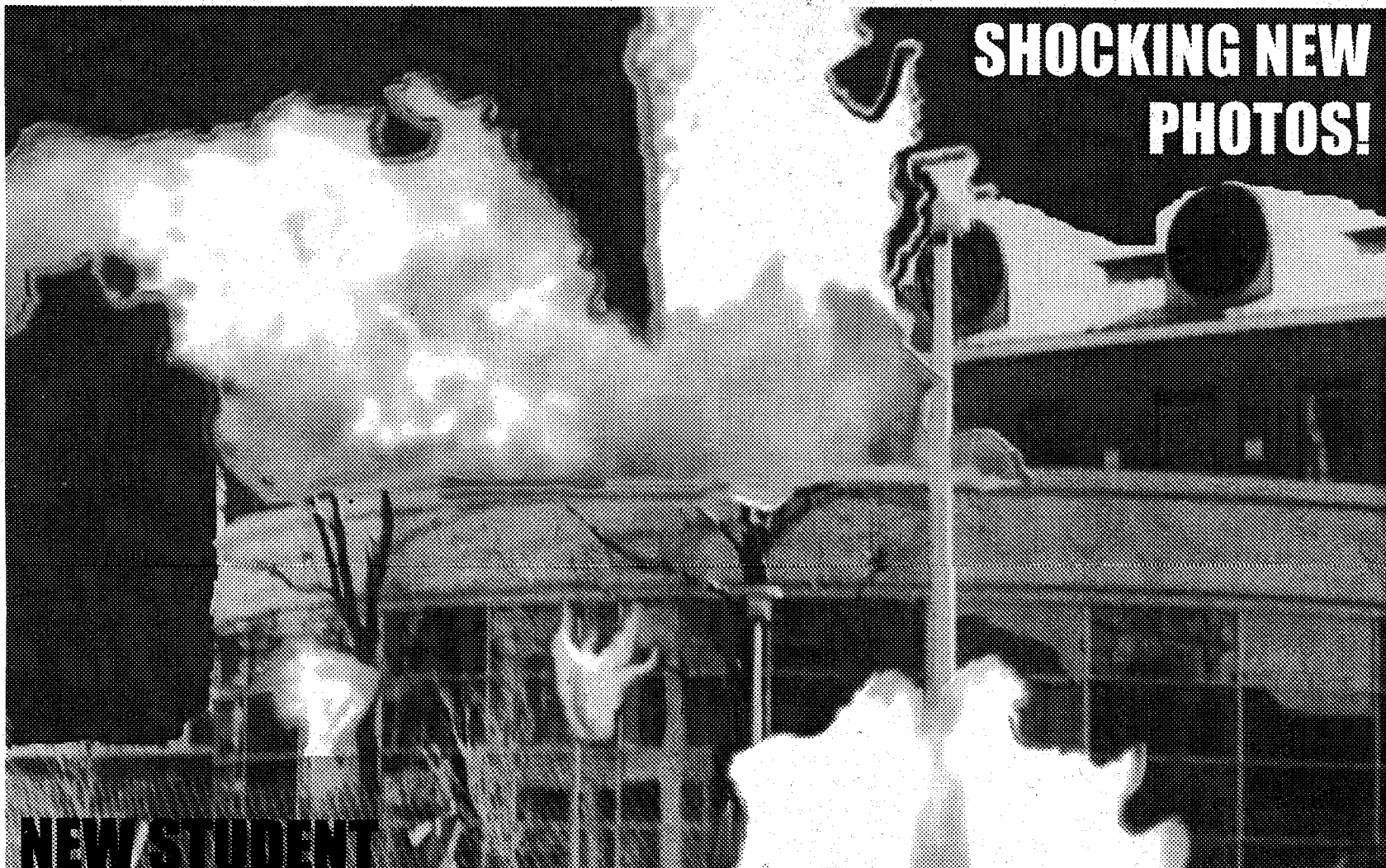
**STAIN IN HUMANITIES MEN'S
ROOM SAID TO RESEMBLE
CHRIS SOROCHIN. New Messiah?**

Dr. Kenny:
"Well, it was a
ballsy move to
not allow stu-
dent input into
the planning
stages."

THE STONY BROOK

January 21, 1997 Vol. XVIII No. 9

PRESS



**SHOCKING NEW
PHOTOS!**

**NEW STUDENT
ACTIVITIES CENTER
BLOWN-UP BY
CRAZED STUDENT
COALITION!**

**OBSCURE SUB-
CULTURES
EXAMINED!**

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**DRS.' KENNY
AND
PRESTON'S
MUTANT
LOVE
CHILD
TO HEAD-
LINE S.A.C.
FREAK
SHOW**

Monster-
child said
to have all
the back-
bone its
parents lack.



THE CULTURAL POWER OF BLACK HISTORY

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

By Dr. Manning Marable

The greatest lie in the arsenal of white supremacy is the assertion that black people can be understood only as the "victims" of history. Recent racist books such as *THE BELL CURVE* argue that people of African descent suffer from a "civilization gap" with Euro-Americans; that we have been little more than pawns in the power struggle between white nations and institutions.

While it is certainly true that black Americans are survivors of a destructive historical process, from slavery, Jim Crow segregation, and ghettoization, we have never stood silently, succumbing to the forces of oppression. Any understanding of black history illustrates that we have maintained a set of cultural values, which have shaped and continue to define our very existence as a people. We have always been the makers of our own history.

What are the cultural reservoirs which create the psychological, emotional and cultural foundation of the strength and vision that the adventure of blackness in American life has produced? Even in the shadows of slavery we found our humanity in the gift of song. Our music tells us much about who we are, how we have worked, how we have loved, where we've been and where we're going. From the blues of the Mississippi Delta, to the soaring sounds of bebop in Harlem in the 1940s, to the provocative rhythms of hip-hop of the 1990s, black music reflects the pulse and sensibility of blackness.

Black history and culture reveal the gift of grace, the fluidity of motion and beauty which an oppressed people have claimed as their own. It is

constantly recreated in many ways: from the artistry of dance to the spectacular athleticism of a Michael Jordan. Grace is the ability to redefine the boundaries of possibility. We as a people were not supposed to survive the ordeal of oppression and Jim Crow segregation, yet our very existence speaks to the creative power of collective imagination. That power is reflected in our language, the rhythms of gospel and the power of the preacher on Sunday morning in our churches. That power is found in the creative energy of our poets and playwrights. The gift of grace can be heard in the writings of a Toni Morrison, Jimmy Baldwin and Alice Walker.

The experience of work has always been a foundation of black strength throughout history. Slavery was the only moment in African-American history where we experienced full employment: everybody worked. If hard work were rewarded commensurate with financial gain, African-American people would undoubtedly be the wealthiest nation on earth. Yet despite our economic marginalization, despite the historic pattern of receiving barely 60 cents for every dollar of wages that comparable white work demands, we nevertheless have found real meaning in the world of work. Black labor, more than any other, is responsible for establishing the foundations of productivity for the totality of American society. Black working class women and men today are at the forefront of the trade union movement and efforts to redefine the character and conditions of work for all Americans.

There is the historical strength of family and community, kinship and neighbors. An oppressed people cannot survive unless there is close cooperation

and mutual support by and for each other. The reservoir of strength within the black family has been anchored in our recognition that kinship is collective not nuclear in structure. Our households have always been open, warm places, bringing together folk who are biologically related, culturally and socially connected with each other.

Throughout black history, there has been the strength of faith. During slavery, a prayer was an act of resistance. When we sang, "Steal Away to Jesus," our eyes looked to the north star, to the far away promised land of freedom. Today that faith resounds as the cultural center of black community life in many cities across the country. From the courage of Martin Luther King, Jr. to the contemporary activism of Jesse Jackson, black faith has been most powerful as a historical force when spirituality reinforces fundamental social change.

Finally, black history reveals the strength of heritage and tradition. For any oppressed people, the greatest challenge is the struggle for memory and identity: what is the meaning of what our people have experienced, in the long sojourn from Africa through the ordeal of institutional racism in this country? Black people in America have endured and perhaps that is the greatest triumph of our humanity.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and the Director of the Institute for Research in African-American Studies, Columbia University, New York City. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 300 publications throughout the U.S. and internationally.

Labor Uprising in Korea

Labor News Service

Korea — often portrayed as one of unfettered capitalism's success stories — is the most recent industrialized country to experience massive strikes. While hundreds of thousands of Korean workers were heading into the streets, a long article in the December 30 Washington Post credited Nike CEO Phil Knight as one of the reasons for Korea's "success". Throughout Asia, the "needle trade," as Knight calls shoemaking, has often been one of the first industries to move in, the first to teach manufacturing skills and the first to feel the need to move on as wages rise. Working in a shoe factory "doesn't take much education and is very labor intensive," Knight said. Countries "grow that way until they get to [wages of] somewhere around \$10,000 a year, and by that time there is a basic infrastructure built and the workers go across the street and start making computers and cars, and the shoe industry begins to fade," he said. Shoe companies then move on to other, poorer countries, where the process is repeated. South Korea is one of the "Asian tigers," portrayed by free market boosters as economies which have prospered because of freedom from government intervention. So painted, these countries are the model that the World Bank and International Monetary Fund (WB/IMF) seek to replicate through "structural adjustment plans" which they force on countries bankrupted through accepting excessive loans from those same institutions.

(Would YOU trust the policies of banks which deliberately loaned you more money than anyone could expect you to repay?) Korea from a historical perspective: Korea, like the other so-called tigers, achieved its development through a path almost opposite to that ascribed to it by free market ideologues. Key to its development were: protectionism for key industries during their developmental phase; state planning, to rationalize development so that the ascent of one industry fostered the birth of another; land reform; and significant state investment in education, leading to widespread literacy. Each of those elements is prohibited by WB/IMF policies. In fact, every one of the countries which now seeks to force free trade down the throats of the third world owes its present industrial strength to a period of protectionism. Moreover, the principle of free trade is routinely violated by the most powerful nations, which have no qualms about instituting protectionist measures for the benefit of their own elite whenever they can get away with doing so. Another historical fact helps to explain the rise of the Asian tigers. These were among the staunchest allies of U.S. intervention in Southeast Asia. They helped give the Vietnam War the veneer of an international peacekeeping effort. In return, the U.S. lavished vast sums on the economies of those countries — partly through using them as R&D locations for GIs on leave and partly as aid in the form of donations which helped them to develop local industries (unlike Latin American countries,

from which U.S. transnational corporations repatriated profits back to U.S. stockholders). The free market in real life: To see what free trade looks like in practice, we should look at Chiapas or El Salvador or Indonesia, to name a few examples. The most mobile investment, the apparel and shoe industries, requires the least capital outlay. A shell of a building, benches and tables, sewing machines — and you have a textile maquiladora. Such factories are so mobile that they can disappear overnight — and sometimes do, finding it profitable to clean out in the dead of night and slip over the border into the next country and the next free trade zone, leaving a thousand workers unpaid for their last month's labors. This type of "development" generates little in the way of wages, training, infrastructure or major spinoff industries. It is an economic dead end, for the country and for the mostly female workforce which finds itself unemployed past about 30 years of age.

In the cruelest irony, not only does the free market not generate development, but actually requires the prior destruction of whatever is healthy in the victim economy. U.S. grains made cheap through subsidies flood the market of third world countries where "free market" principles forbid government support for local agriculture. WB/IMF-mandated changes in third world bank policies squeeze cooperatives and other small producers out of the loan market and into bankruptcy. WB/IMF-mandated downsizing of government

See "Korea," page 9

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE PLANET

By Chris Sorochin

Quito, Ecuador

Ecuador is named for the Equator, the imaginary line that bisects our glorious orb. It's enshrined in a monument-cum-tourist trap called Mitad del Mundo (Middle of the World), where you can stand with one foot in each hemisphere.

I'm presently chilling at 9,000 feet above sea level and feeling just slightly guilty about not having an article for the first issue of the virgin semester. I always fantasize that I'll write when I travel, but the reality is it's all I can do to crank out postcards. So be grateful I've condescended to honor you with this little masterpiece of cut and paste amateur journalism.

Oil Slick

The good old boys at Texaco are infamous of late for more than just blatant racism: for more than a decade, they befouled large areas of the Oriente region of the country, a rainforest which is home to the Hourani people. The angry white men who wear the star sucked out everything they could and then cut and ran, leaving pools of sludge to poison delicate aquifers. In their quest for dead dinosaurs, they also clear cut forest land and in general played havoc with the fragile web of life—including the culture and economy of the Hourani, who were moved to attack oil prospectors. The Ecuadorian government responded to this threat to foreign investment by sending in the military to slaughter the Hourani. Now they've been given some crumbs of land as reservations. Maybe they can open a casino.

Perhaps feeling twinges of guilt, the Ecuadorian government tried to sue Texaco in the US, but as we all know only too well, entities like Texaco own the courts, so it was no go. Now there'll be a trial under Ecuadorian law for damages and also a tax on all extractions. This should be interesting.

I haven't made it to the celebrated Galapagos Islands to view the turtles and penguins, but isn't it a bizarre coincidence that the dead-dinosaur industries are the ones that are really fucking things up in all sorts of ways? Could this be evolutionary karma, with the mastodons and pterodactyls having the last guffaw?

Politics as Entertainment

Abdala Bucaram was elected President of the Republic last June. He's known as El Loco for his unorthodox behavior, like singing on TV backed up by miniskirted bimbos (I'm told the CD is terrible) and referring to his predecessors as "burros" and "maricones" and other choice insults. He gave \$40,000 in government funds to a Panamanian soccer team while 75% of Ecuador's population lives in poverty. Almost 20% lack even basic necessities while Abdala croons.

His latest coup is a plan to privatize state-owned enterprises and utilities, telling the tired lie that this will make them more efficient and

competitive. What it will mean, of course, is that huge profits will be made by foreign companies or Bucaram's family and Jose and Juanita Publico will wind up paying more for basic services.

El Loco was elected on a platform of helping the poor and was widely supported by them. Now he's privatizing and cutting education and state subsidies for household gas and communications, costing consumers 1400% more. People aren't taking this lying down and during my sojourn there were massive student (!!!) demonstrations in many places. In the city of

Cuenca, they turned violent, smashing windows and signs.

Well, none of this is too shocking

"...none of this is too shocking to those of us who fester under the reign of jovial, sax-sucking, Big Mac-downing King Billy. He feels our pain at election time, but he's for sale to the highest bidder at all others."

to those of us who fester under the reign of jovial, sax-sucking, Big Mac-downing King Billy. He feels our pain at election time, but he's for sale to the highest bidder at all others.

Bucaram has also taken a page from Clinton's book in leading an annoying moral crusade against alcohol, preventing yours most affectionately from getting a much-needed post-midnight drink upon his arrival. He's even instituted dry Sundays, something I thought had been contained in the Bible-Belt South. TV news "extras" during the waning days of the Christmas season were depressingly reminiscent of the don't-even-think-of-having-a-good-time propaganda we're inundated with whenever we get a couple days off. One public interest gem blamed alcohol for slum dwellers knifing one another. Gee, it couldn't have anything to do with poverty or hopelessness, could it?

My host informs me that these laws are widely ignored and you can always get what you want, but the point is, why should you have to sneak around for a drink on a Sunday afternoon (or morning, for that matter)? Catholic societies, dammit, are supposed to be uptight about sex and easygoing about everything else as a sort of compensation. At least the legal drinking age in Ecuador is 18, also widely sidestepped.

Cops Will Be Cops

Leading a charmed life, I happened to be in Quito's Plaza Grande, sort of their equivalent of the Capitol in DC on January 8, the 9th anniversary of the disappearance of Santiago and

Andres Restrepo. The brothers, 16 and 14, failed to return home and their car was found later in a ravine outside the city with no sign of the occupants. The police said the bodies had been washed away by the stream—highly unlikely as the water was extremely low at that time of year. They declared the case closed.

Subsequent investigations revealed that the brothers had been taken into police custody that night and had been mistreated and tortured. At that time, the right-wing government of Leon Febres Cordero had set up a secret police force to detain people at will and with impunity. The numbers of Ecuador's disappeared never reached the critical mass of those in Argentina, Chile, El Salvador, etc., but there were enough to make lots of people seriously doubt the credibility of the judicial system. Actually, the only ones people know about are those whose families have enough money to pursue independent investigations. Who knows how many of the poorest vanish without a ripple?

Back in the USA, recent and not-so-recent events make it clearer than aguardiente that all you need to get away with murder here is a blue uniform and a badge. Frank Livoti, killer of Anthony Baez, walked, even though the judge had called the defense a "nest of perjury". Police corruption often infects other parts of the body judicial. Just ask Stuart Namm, a Long Island judge who was not renominated by his party after making a dreadfully unreasonable ruling that that cops not beat suspects in their custody.

Or you might want to revisit another local case, that of Officer McCready. McCready and some buddies were off duty and drinking and became incensed that another drunken patron had stolen a banner from the bar. They chased him stripped him naked and proceeded to administer a beating. When

neighbors came out and threatened to call the police, the answer came back, "We are the police." A squad car arrived and drove off again after credentials were flashed.

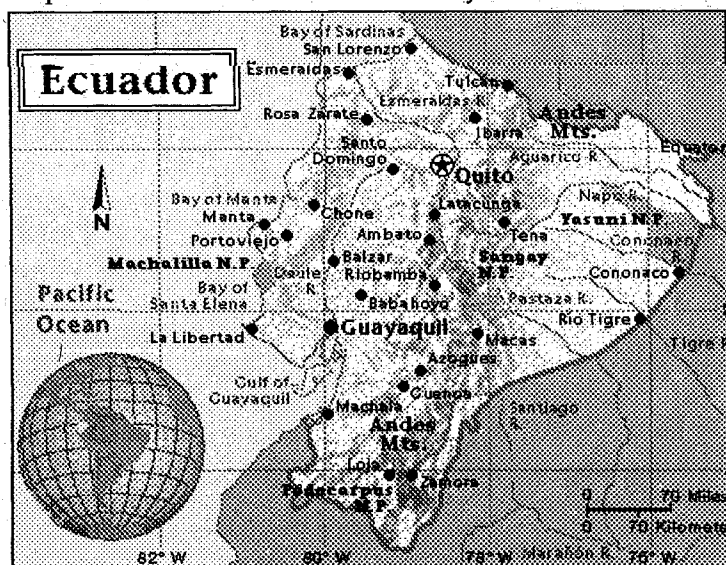
You'd think something like that would make big headlines in sleepy Suffolk County. Mysteriously, the trial went largely uncovered by the local press, including Newsday.

Death For Sale, Part Deux

The US has traditionally restricted its sale of armaments to Latin America. Now, arms makers want to remove restrictions and push none-too-affluent economies into further distress by selling them any and all military gadgets they can. This may lead to increased tension between Latin American neighbors, but it's more likely to increase the ability of repressive regimes to further terrorize their own citizens.

Ecuadorians are paranoid about Peru, due to a 50-year-old territorial dis-

See "Planet," page 9



COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN

The media has long influenced the non-thinking man's opinion of his environment. With the grand majority of the media controllers' being white, male and over fifty-five, it should come as no surprise that the Ebonics debate has taken such a thrashing in the public forum. Anytime any progressive policy seeks to address the disparity of the American playing field, some talking head is ready to deem it trite.

Turning an idea designed as an in-class study aid into a mockery is nothing but symptomatic of the bigoted ignorance that is the American public psyche.

We have no desire to enter into a theoretical discussion about the ramifications of legitimizing the bastard child of old english. Leave it to the linguists and historians who are, no doubt, asking the same question in relation to British English and American English. Communication and its practical application has to take precedence over neverending rhetoric about the legitimization of a vernacular, or a distinct language pattern.

It is worth pointing out that the strain of English, known by the race significant name of Ebonics, does not differ significantly from the

English spoken in predominantly white neighborhoods in New York City. Better to address problems than belittle solutions.

While the subject of solutions is in the air, we at the Press would like to take a moment to bring to your attention that Monday was a holiday in commemoration of the birthday of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. We feel more comfortable celebrating his life than the tragedy of its end and are therefore thankful we have this day. On a Public Enemy album, Sister Souljah states: "White people have shown psychological discomfort in paying tribute to a black man who tried to teach white people the meaning of civilization." This is not hyperbole; in many states today, King's birthday goes all but ignored.

In today's economic and social climate we cannot allow ourselves to be stratified by questions of race and ethnicity. Remember, 5% of Americans control 95% of America's money and our cut, like yours, is paltry. To keep fighting amongst ourselves just gives the elite 5% more time to subjugate us all. And they love it.

Let's all keep that in mind as the semester and its trials begin.

GET YOUR CHECK BOOKS OUT

The emperor has spoken once again. This time it's going to cost you even more money. Last week Governor Pataki gave his State of the State address in Albany and this little performance is going to cost you an extra \$400 a year. That's the amount Pataki proposes to increase SUNY and CUNY tuitions next year. Not to worry though, the governor is an honorable and fair man. As compensation for that he has graciously done away with the estate tax, you know, that's the tax you pay on your home that's worth more than \$500,000. In addition, the governor has been kind enough to wipe out those nasty corporate taxes we SUNY students just hate to pay, he got rid of \$83 million of them last year and promises to do away with another \$50 million this year.

We thought it was also interesting to note that in the interest of reducing government bureaucracy here in New York the kind governor has removed the term "adequately" from the welfare statute in the state constitution, which use to read "the state will provide adequately" for the poor.

In a report recently released by the Independence party it is estimated that over 9,000 industrial jobs were lost in New York State as a result of NAFTA. Its no wonder then that the Governor is asking Workfare or welfare recipients to dress up as Santa Claus to earn their welfare payments. People don't want to be on welfare, they just don't have any real alternatives. So as the Governor continues to disregard the poor and the working class we suggest the following. A tuition strike of sorts. One that would include putting the extra \$400 dollar a year tuition increase into escrow until we are assured that the Governor and the State legislator are competent and able to fully perform their duties. Interested parties should contact the Stony Brook Press at the address and phone number listed on this page.

SAC IT TO ME

Last Friday, the new Student Activities Center had an open house. Several hundred students showed up to tour the brand new addition to our campus environment.

In a week or two, the new Student Activities Center will open for business. Almost no students will be making use of the facilities.

The SAC is currently plagued with complaints and boycotts from several of the campus' largest and most powerful student groups. Student Polity, the Graduate Student Organization, and several other groups will not be moving into their assigned offices in the "new union" when the building opens.

The SAC was apparently designed for form, not function. Student groups were not consulted during the planning stages of its construction, and thus the building is largely inappropriate for their needs. The new offices for Student Polity are so inadequate, they must undergo massive renovation before Polity can actually move in; it's likely this won't happen before May. Other groups, like the GSO, found their accommodations in the SAC so *unaccommodating*, they're boycotting the building. Furthermore, the food services in the SAC will not be on the "advantage plan," the campus meal plan.

It's a damn shame that the administration screwed up the planning of the SAC so badly, because it's a fantastic building... attractive on inside *and* out. The interior of the building is incredible; windows, plush carpeting, molded back-friendly chairs. The food service area is well designed and features a diverse menu. It's a great building... but a bad Student Center.

You can put all the fancy chairs and cool lighting fixtures you want in the SAC, but it still won't make up for the fact that it doesn't meet student's needs. The SAC is a mess, and can be seen as a metaphor for Shirley Strum Kenny's administration here at Stony Brook; making things look pretty, without helping out the students.

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BRITISH MEDIA EXPOSE CIA-COCAINE LINKS

By Norman Solomon
Creator's Syndicate

Shock waves should have jolted America when the news broke in England a few weeks ago: "The CIA actively encouraged drug-trafficking in order to fund right-wing contra rebels in Nicaragua during the 1980s, and a CIA agent in Nicaragua was employed to ensure the money went to the contras and not into the pockets of drug barons."

That's how a London-based daily newspaper, *The Independent*, summarized the conclusions of investigative journalists working for Britain's ITV television network. Their findings aired Dec. 12 on a highly regarded program called "The Big Story."

It certainly was a big story — on that side of the Atlantic. But on this side, it was no story at all.

The British news reports included statements by Carlos Cabezas, who was a pilot for the Nicaraguan Air Force before the Sandinistas came to power in 1979. During the early 1980s, Cabezas transported cocaine from Central America to California. He ended up spending six years in prison after the 1983 seizure of 430 pounds of cocaine in the San Francisco Bay.

Interviewed for the ITV documentary, Cabezas said that he delivered cocaine proceeds to contra leaders in Miami and Costa Rica. Cabezas told the journalists that in Costa Rica he met CIA agent Ivan Gomez, who was responsible for overseeing the transfer of drug profits to the contras.

You might think that news media in the United States would be quick to report on ITV's scoop. No such luck.

The new year began with Americans still

unaware of information that became common knowledge in Britain weeks ago. Our country's most influential big-city dailies — *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times* — haven't even mentioned the ITV story.

In sharp contrast, last fall those papers devoted enormous resources and much newsprint to attacking a series in the *San Jose Mercury News* that linked the CIA-backed contras to the spread of crack cocaine in urban America. Those "debunking" efforts were quite shoddy.

For instance, all three papers presented the CIA as a touchstone for veracity. They relied heavily on official sources while straining to downplay the ties between the CIA and the contras — and between the contras and cocaine trafficking.

New York Times reporting was so eager to distance the CIA from the contras that it ventured into absurdity. On Oct. 21, the Times noted that pro-contra cocaine traffickers Norvin Meneses and Danilo Blandon "traveled once to Honduras to see the (contra) military commander, Enrique Bermudez." But the Times quickly added: "Although Mr. Bermudez, like other contra leaders, was often paid by the CIA, he was not a CIA agent."

The Washington Post's newsroom culture of denial got so bad that one news article referred to "the supposed CIA-contra connection." It didn't seem to matter that the contra army was formed at the instigation of the CIA, its leaders were selected by — and received salaries from — the agency, and CIA officers controlled day-to-day battlefield strategies.

Last October, the *Los Angeles Times* joined the

other two dailies in belittling the importance of crack dealer Ricky Ross. Yet on Dec. 20, 1994 — before publicity about his partnership with Meneses and Blandon — a long news article in the *L.A. Times* had described Ross as the "king of crack" whose "coast-to-coast conglomerate" was responsible for "a staggering turnover that put the drug within reach of anyone with a few dollars."

George Orwell had such mental gymnastics in mind when he described doublethink as willingness "to forget any fact that has become inconvenient, and then, when it becomes necessary again, to draw it back from oblivion for just so long as it is needed."

(In recent months, I've worked with a team of researchers at the media watch group FAIR to evaluate the attacks on the *Mercury News* series by the three big dailies. Our report, titled "Snow Job," is available without charge at www.fair.org/fair on the World Wide Web.)

Ironically, the evidence that surfaced in British media last month indicates that the *Mercury News* series actually understated the extent of CIA involvement in the cocaine trade. But American media powerhouses that have done their best to discredit the *Mercury News* series are now ignoring the unpleasant news from overseas.

The Atlantic Ocean has never seemed wider.

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"

New Report Blasts Media Coverage of Contra-Crack Coverage

FAIR Press Release

A national media watch group today released a report highly critical of major media reaction to the *San Jose Mercury News* series linking the CIA-backed Nicaraguan contras to the spread of crack cocaine in urban America. The report, to be published next month by FAIR (Fairness & Accuracy In Reporting), focuses on three newspapers — the *Washington Post*, *New York Times* and *Los Angeles Times* — which have printed lengthy articles attacking the *Mercury News* series. Noting that the assessments by those three newspapers are "still reverberating in the national media's echo chamber," FAIR's report faults the papers for heavy reliance on official sources inside the CIA and other agencies with vested interests in undercutting the *Mercury News* accounts. FAIR's report (to be published in the Jan./Feb. 1997 EXTRA!) also highlights a history of national media suppression and marginalization of the contra-cocaine story in the 1980s.

FAIR's researchers found that *Mercury News* reporter Gary Webb was frequently assailed for failing to prove what he had never claimed in the first place. The report points out that Webb's series did not assert the CIA was guilty of dealing crack in U.S. inner cities. Some of the attacks harped on "what Webb had already acknowledged in his articles — that while he proves contra links to major cocaine importation, he can't identify specific CIA officials who knew of or condoned the trafficking." "Journalistic critics of the *Mercury News* offered little to rebut the paper's specific pieces of evidence" — including testimony and law enforce-

ment documents and comments — indicating that a pair of Nicaraguan cocaine traffickers "may have been protected by federal agents."

Although the *Washington Post* in particular took issue with the *Mercury News* for referring to the Nicaraguan contras as "the CIA's army," the FAIR report describes use of the phrase as "solid journalism" that highlights a relationship "fundamentally relevant to the story. The army was formed at the instigation of the CIA, its leaders were selected by and received salaries from the agency, and CIA officers controlled day-to-day battlefield strategies." The report criticizes what it calls a "newsroom culture of denial" that dodged such historical realities.

The *Los Angeles Times* joined the other two dailies in downplaying the importance of crack dealer Ricky Ross, who was supplied by a pair of Nicaraguan cocaine smugglers linked to the Contras. Yet two years ago (12/20/94), the *Los Angeles Times* described Ross as the "king of crack" whose "coast-to-coast conglomerate" was responsible for "a staggering turnover that put the drug within reach of anyone with a few dollars." FAIR's report notes that the *L.A. Times* reversal on Ross "reads like a show-trial recantation."

Depictions of African-Americans as prone to paranoia "quickly became a stylish media fixation," the report charged. "This theme of black paranoia accompanied all three of the major papers' attacks on the *Mercury News* series." Ironically, FAIR concluded, top editors at the *Washington Post*, *New York Times* and *L.A. Times* ended up ignoring evidence that did not fit their preconceived outlook — "the true mark of the delusional mindset."

The FAIR report concludes that the high-profile attacks on the *Mercury News* by the *New York Times*, *Washington Post* and *L.A. Times* "were clearly driven by a need to defend their shoddy record on the contra-cocaine story — involving a decade-long suppression of evidence." In recent months, those papers have promoted "the notion that contra participation in drug trafficking is old news — a particularly ironic claim coming from newspapers that went out of their way to ignore or disparage key information during the 1980s." (The obstruction of a 1987 report on contra-cocaine links by *Time* magazine is also noted.)

T.A.s AND G.A.s TO VOTE ON NEW CONTRACT

The Graduate Student Employees Union (GSEU) reached a tentative contract agreement with the State of New York late last week, after almost two years of negotiations.

Significant improvements were made in the Health Care, Wages, and Grievance articles of the contract, among others. T.A.s and G.A.s will have a choice of gatekeeper, instead of being compelled to go to the campus health center. T.A.s and G.A.s will also receive a \$275 bonus this semester, a \$350 bonus and a 3.5% wage increase in Spring 1998, and another 3.5% wage increase in Spring 1999.

The contract must be voted in by the signed membership during the month of February. Ballots will be mailed during the last week of January. A general membership meeting of the GSEU on the proposed changes will be held in the first week of February. GSEU represents 4,000 T.A.s and G.A.s in the SUNY system.

COINTELPRO

THE FBI CAMPAIGN TO CRUSH POLITICAL FREEDOM

By Boyd McCamish

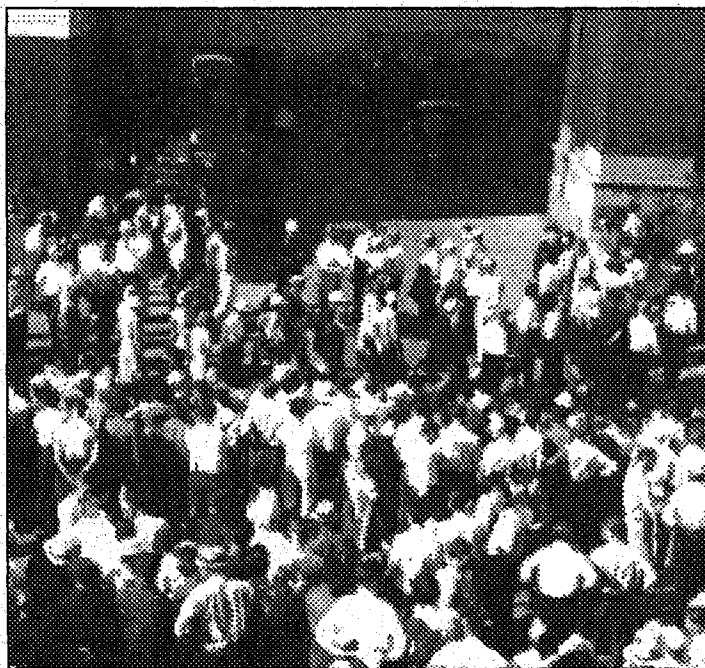
In the summer of 1967 many people in Greenwich Village New York spent their nights out on the streets, enjoying the warm summer breeze. I'm told that laughing and conversation could be heard until daybreak. It was a defining time for that section of New York City, one that remains special to many of the residents both young and old.

One night that summer, when the air was a little cooler and a light drizzle fell, a crime was committed that would go unnoticed for almost ten years; it was a burglary.

113-5 University Place was the home of amongst other organizations, the Socialist Workers Party. The burglary was commissioned by J. Edgar Hoover, then head of the FBI. Although no money or expensive office equipment was taken, membership rolls and mailing list were, immediately sparking fear that this was not a normal break in.

In the summer of 1936, J. Edgar Hoover met with President Roosevelt and the secretary of State. Hoover convinced both of them that there was a real and dangerous threat to the United States from Communist insurgents. History shows us that there was an upsurge in "Communist" or "Socialist" ideology. Opinion polls taken in the thirties, shortly after the crash of the stock market seem to indicate that most Americans didn't think the markets could regulate themselves. Also, in 1935 over 60% of Americans thought the government, not industry should control the major means of production. A closer examination of these statistics and biographical accounts seem to indicate that most Americans wanted Keynesian control of the economy rather than what was considered communist.

The American economy was in serious trouble. FDR knew that he needed to strike a balance between industry and the workers. Despite historical accounts that often portray the time as a hopeful one, it was in fact a dangerous one. The Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) was formed in 1935, they were set on bringing the means of production into the hands of the workforce. The New Deal was more a concession



The CIO-led General Motors strike of 1937 provided ample evidence of internal dissent and led Roosevelt to green-light COINTELPRO

to the hungry masses than a brilliant social revival plan. Under the Constitution, the Secretary of State was the only one who could authorize a domestic intelligence program, it was he who Hoover needed to persuade.

Roosevelt, who had conferred with Hoover on the subject was sold on the idea. This would be Hoover's first major assignment as FBI Director, it was one that would last for over forty years.

The program, spoken in house as "domestic intelligence", later came to be known as COINTELPRO, an acronym for Counterintelligence Program.

COINTELPRO was a far reaching political instrument designed to squash out organized opposition to the status quo, namely industries control of the political and economic decision making. Still, even if this were the case it would be difficult for anyone to justify the massive amounts of money and manpower wasted on this operation. At the height of what was considered dissent in the post WW II era the SWP could only muster a few thousand active members nationwide. At different points in time the FBI had more informants in the SWP than there were real members. At no time did the SWP plan any violent revolutionary action that might have justified FBI surveillance. So why then was the FBI allowed to go systematically infringe and disregard people and organizations right to assembly and free speech? There are a

number of theories that provide ample reason to insist that this had no more to do with anything other than feeding Hoover's insatiable appetite for power. History seems to tell us that there

were two primary causes for the proliferation of COINTELPRO. Once Hoover received the green light from FDR he only needed to brief him occasionally; the same was true of all Presidents that followed. This allowed Hoover to have control over an operation that only he knew the details of. Also, if Hoover ran into any opposition from political foes it wouldn't

be difficult for him to steer his surveillance, or the threat of it towards his opponent. Two, Hoover knew that the more case files he could produce for Congress regarding internal dissent, the more funding he would receive, thus bol-

stering the already large FBI budget. Hoover understood that if any politician became curious about his operation all he had to do was whisper "COINTELPRO", and the conversation would cease.



J. Edgar Hoover's unchecked authority led to one of the most embarrassing political scandals in American history

In all, there were twelve COINTELPRO investigations of political organization over thirty years. These included the SWP, Communist Party USA, the Black Panthers, and Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. At one point, the FBI was so concerned with the socialist tendencies of Dr. King that they sent a doctored letter to him asking him to commit suicide. The party responsible for the murder of Malcolm X has never been identified. However, it is now known that on the day of his murder four FBI informants were in the Mosque where he was

killed. All the while Hoover and his men went without any accountability. Lives were shattered, marriages broken, jobs lost, and ideas crushed forever.

The obvious question after all of this is: how? How could a organization within the US government be so utterly unaccountable? In the wake of these horrific events one need only look as far as today's CIA or US military. Large unrestricted organizations that destroy lives and Constitutional rights.

Back at 113-5 University Place the staff of the SWP opened in the morning to find the office a mess. Personal accounts tell of an immediate understanding of the motivations of the perpetrators. The case would not be brought up again for ten years. At congressional hearings it was determined that the FBI had acted unconstitutionally and was ordered to pay the SWP \$300,000. When FBI officials were asked how this could have been allowed to happen they replied, "we were attempting to preserve democracy."

For more information see: COINTELPRO by Neil Blackstock, Vintage Books, 1976. Also, Contact the FBI for the complete COINTELPRO File @ (202)324-3000

SCIENCE & SOCIETY:

THE DISCOVERY OF MRI

By Michael Yeh

The Discovery of MRI

Physicians today can gaze into the human body in amazing detail that even Superman would envy, thanks to research performed at Stony Brook almost a quarter century ago.

The development of Magnetic Resonance Imaging (MRI), which creates three-dimensional images of living organisms, stems from the work of Dr. Paul Lauterbur, a former Stony Brook chemistry professor.

Dr. Lauterbur's research on MRI began in 1971, when fellow chemists used Nuclear Magnetic Resonance (NMR) spectroscopy to examine cancerous tissue removed from a tumor. The researchers found that the tumor cells yielded NMR signals that were unlike those from normal tissue. As a result, Dr. Lauterbur searched for a noninvasive method to detect different types of tissues based on these observations.

Nuclear Magnetic Resonance is based on the observation that the nuclei of certain atoms spin. These include ordinary hydrogen (identical to a proton, a positively charged particle in the nucleus), carbon-13, fluorine-19, and phosphorus-31. However, proton (1H) NMR is most commonly used in medical applications today.

Due to the positive charge of the proton, its spinning action produces a magnetic moment along its axis. In other words, one can imagine the spinning problem behaving like a miniature bar magnet, with a north and south pole.

These "magnets" are ordinarily arranged ran-

domly in matter. However, when an external magnetic field is applied, they can be aligned either with or against the direction of the field. These two possible orientations are not of equal energy; protons aligned with the magnetic field have a lower energy than those aligned against the field.

When electromagnetic radiation in the rf region (radio waves) is supplied, protons in the lower energy state (with the field) can absorb the energy and "flip" to become aligned against the field. Protons that get "flipped" are considered to be "in resonance" with the radio waves. When the radio waves are turned off, these protons return to their original positions, creating signals from which absorption data can be calculated.

In 1972, Dr. Lauterbur demonstrated a novel method for composing images from differences in NMR in room 324 of the Old Chemistry Building. Two small capillary tubes filled with ordinary water (H₂O) were placed in a test tube filled with heavy water (D₂O). Heavy water contains deuterons (2H, or hydrogen nuclei with one extra proton) substituted for regular hydrogen in ordinary water. By performing the NMR spectroscopy under conditions for detecting protons (60 MHz waves in a 1.4T field), a cross-sectional image of the water-containing tubes was formed while the heavy water between them was not detected. This technique, which Dr. Lauterbur called "zeugmatography" from a Greek word meaning "that which is used for joining", was the first time an image was created based on the spatial distribution of NMR signals. This new principle was submitted as a paper to the British journal Nature on October 30, 1972, and published on March 16, 1973.

Relative intensities within an image may depend on the proton concentration or differences in "relaxation times" of the protons. Differences in proton concentration in living tissue can be related to water content in various areas. The relaxation time is the time it takes for a proton in the higher energy state to return to its low energy alignment. The extra energy can either be transferred to other surrounding molecules or the nuclei of neighboring atoms. Differences in time required for this energy to be transferred can be used to create contrast between different areas in soft tissue.

Dr. Lauterbur's invention of zeugmatography has led to the use of Nuclear Magnetic Resonance in medical imaging. However, the name was later changed to Magnetic Resonance Imaging (MRI) due to the public's association of the word "nuclear" to radioactivity. However, MRI does not rely on harmful ionizing radiation like X-rays, and can provide clearer pictures of soft tissues. In addition, it does not require the injection of contrast dyes required for other imaging techniques. Magnetic resonance is now being used widely to detect swelling, tumors, and lesions. New developments include "open" MRI machines that prevent claustrophobia and allow image display during surgery.

On April 26, 1996, a permanent exhibit was dedicated in honor of Dr. Lauterbur, who had been at Stony Brook for 21 years and is now at the University of Illinois. The exhibit is located in the lobby of the Graduate Chemistry building in front of the Chemistry department office, and contains the original NMR spectrometer used in this discovery.

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Downsizing Strawberry Shortcake

By Jessica LaMantia

Strawberry Shortcake, with her poofy hat and saccharin smile, was always able to outsmart the Peculiar Purple Pie Man of Porcupine Peak, and that's why she was my childhood hero. Later, Elmo from Sesame Street held a special place in my heart, while Tori Amos' enthralling lyrics and music captured my soul. What do all these people have in common? Why, they're redheads, of course! Ever since I can remember, I've had a passion for red hair, which has led me to dye my hair numerous times in various shades of red. The ramifications of this action have never been life-altering for me — that is, until recently.

For the past year, I've been working right off Rte. 110 at Citicorp Retail Services. It's better than most jobs — I'm not flipping burgers or scooping ice-cream. I sit at a desk in front of a computer and answer phones. I get to wear a nifty little headset like the Time-Life operators on television. The only job hazards I run into are paper-cuts and the fear of developing carpal tunnel syndrome. Data entry is what I basically do all day — I take new credit-card accounts for customers over the phone and see whether they are approved or not by scanning their credit reports. It's not tons of fun, but what jobs are?



Until this past weekend, the office building on Old Country Road has been my home away from home, but no more. The day after Christmas, when I was forced to go to work at the unholy hour of 7:00 am, I received some very distressing news. It seems as though Citicorp needed to downsize because of the failing economy. If that was the reason I was laid off, I would be disappointed, but understanding. But I don't believe that downsizing was the determining factor for my dismissal. The color of my hair was.

Approximately a month and a half ago, I decided to strip my hair completely and put in a color called peppy red. The end result was that my hair was a bright red with a pink undertone. It wasn't exactly the color I was aiming for, but I grew to like it.

I wasn't too worried about the office reaction for two reasons: a) I don't deal with our customers face-to-face (any and all customer relations take place over the phone, so as long as your telephone etiquette is sweeter than honey, everything's a-okay in the blissful land of New Accounts), and b) nowhere in the dress code does hair color appear. The dress code discusses

what clothes you should wear and what shoes are no-no's, but hair color is mysteriously missing from this list. The dress code emphasizes that you must "look professional" and while some may consider my neon mane tacky, they can't technically classify it as unprofessional or unallowable if it isn't in the dress code.

So, when a certain individual in a position of authority let it be known to me that some members of upper management were not pleased with the color of my hair, I was angry. The powers-that-be were criticizing me not for the horrible job I was doing or for the number of times I made mistakes increasing people's credit lines, but for something that had no effect on my performances at the office. Had they come to me or had a supervisor asked me to dye my hair back to a "normal" color, I would have done it begrudgingly, but I would have done it. But no one came up to me.

Since I've found out that my hair color is partly, if not fully, responsible for my unemployment, I've contacted the NY State Division of Human Rights. They informed that, although fascinating, my particular case doesn't fall under the forms of discrimination they deal with. They suggested I contact the ACLU (the American Civil Liberties Union) and a lawyer. At present, I'm still playing phone tag with both.

As for my hair, it's now brown. It hasn't been this color since my early high school days. But since it's no surprise that people still judge you on your appearance, it goes without saying that job interviews with red/pink hair are completely out of the question. As for Citicorp, they'll be hearing from me again, regardless of what color of the rainbow my hair is next.

"Planet," continued from page 3

pute and view any enlargement of the Peruvian arsenal with trepidation. I personally suspect it's the Peruvian people themselves who have the most to fear from their government's acquisitions.

Speaking of Peru, the US media has done its predictable half-assed job of covering the hostage crisis at the Japanese embassy in Lima. Some have rightly put the blame for the rebellion on the economic situation, but as usual fail to mention that the neoliberal policies of President Alberto Fujimori are supported by the World Bank/IMF and, hence, the US. Look for an even greater crackdown in Peru, most likely with the same sort of unofficial US "help" given to Mexico's neoliberal regime in their low-intensity war against the Mexican people.

Tourism, Etc.

Ecuador's a swell place, with breathtaking scenery and really nice people. Its compact size makes it possible to travel, yet encompasses mountains, beach and jungle. Prices are orgasmically low and the hibiscus and calla lilies bloom all year.

Quito's a very manageable medium-sized city with lots of beautiful pastel-washed colonial architecture and gorgeous panoramic views of the mist-shrouded Andes. The altitude can

cause problems, and if you're out of shape and/or smoke, like some people we know, you could feel like a fish out of water in more ways than one as you gasp for oxygen on the city's many steep hills and endless stairs.

And brush up on those six years of Spanish you neglected to learn in high school.

In keeping with the trend of cutesy-poo, fluff reporting I wanted to transmit a schlock photo of your correspondent, perhaps getting shit-faced on tequila by candlelight during a power outage, or celebrating his first high-altitude hangover the next day by gaily projectile vomiting in a public park, but Third World technological limitations and a tiny vestige of self-respect preclude such a feat.

Reason to Be Cheerful

It certainly warmed the cockles of my cold, miniscule heart to see letters from assorted cretins in the last issue of the Press for Fall '96 hurling half-baked accusations of leftist propaganda and other crimes against the State. Hate mail and attempts at defunding mean the Press is doing what the media at large should be doing: pissing people off and exposing the powerful and hypocritical.

¡Saludos, compañeros!

"Korea," continued from page 2

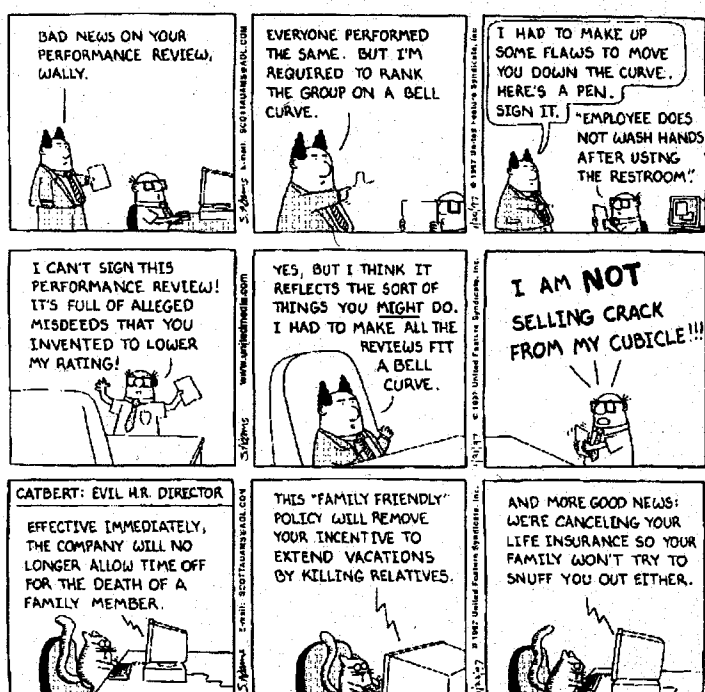
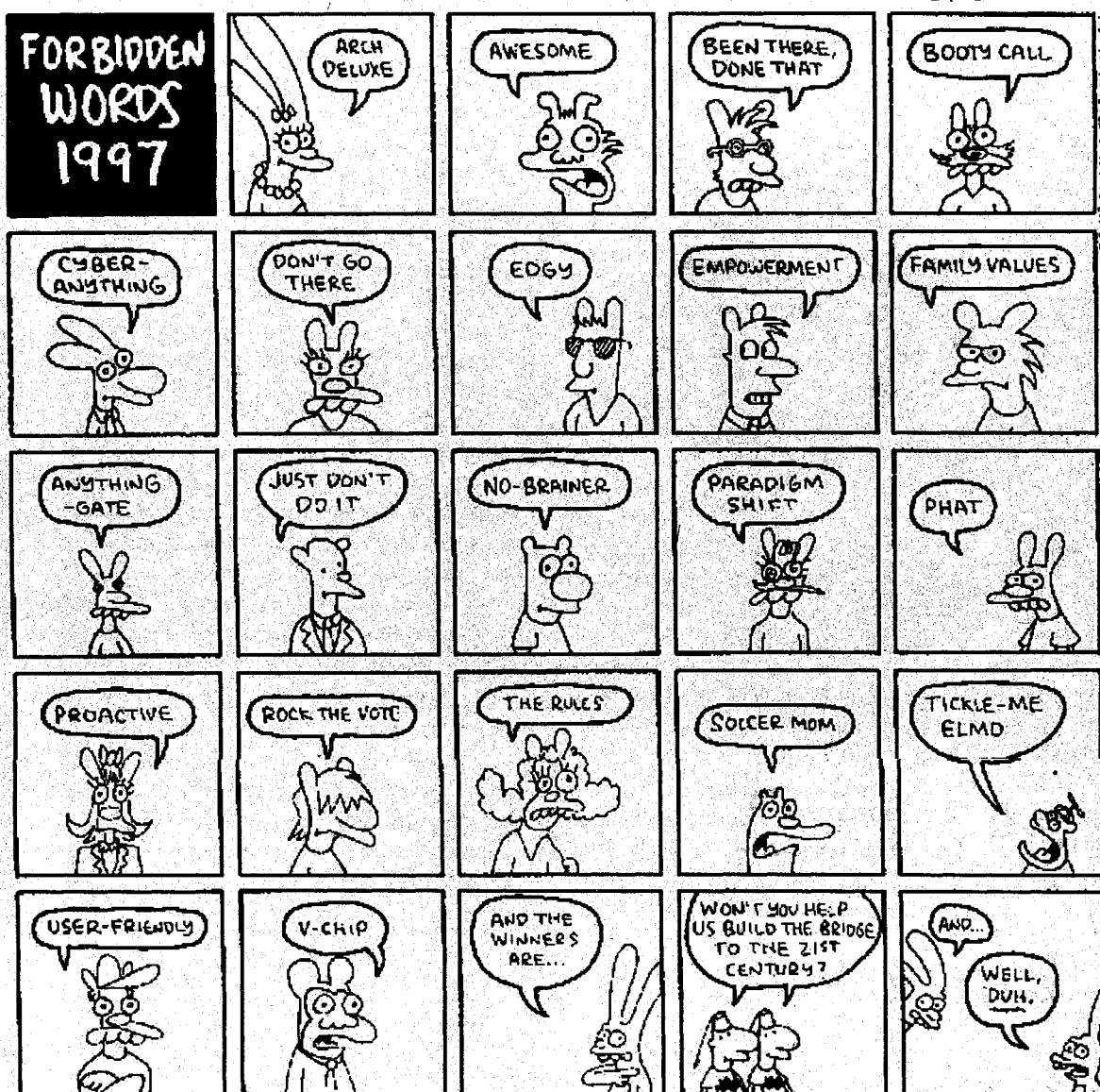
and privatization of state industries break public sector unions and decimate public sector employment. These and other measures create a desperate workforce without work. Then Nike and its kind "save the day" by offering subsistence wages, or worse. Free market hits the tigers: The free market favors a small elite in every country, rich or poor. To a degree, it also favors some countries over others. The downsizing of America teaches us not to count on that. South Korean workers, too, are beginning to understand what the free market has in store for them. During a period of democratization in the 80s, when independent Korean unions were allowed to emerge, workers made significant gains until recently, when the bosses decided that it was time for a rollback: The Korean parliament, in a secret session, enacted a new labor law that gives companies the right to lay off employees, hire temporary workers and replace strikers. The struggle over whether those rollback measures will prevail is taking place in the streets of Korea as this report is being written.

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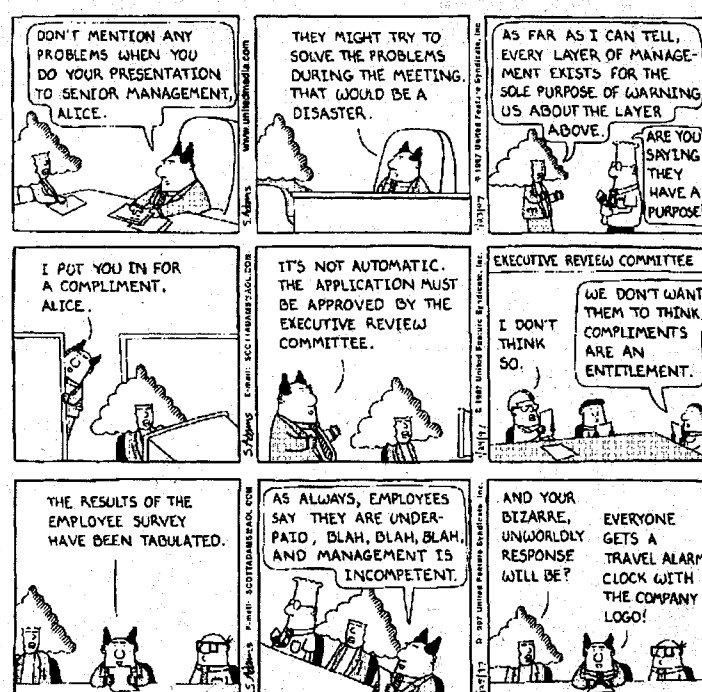
COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

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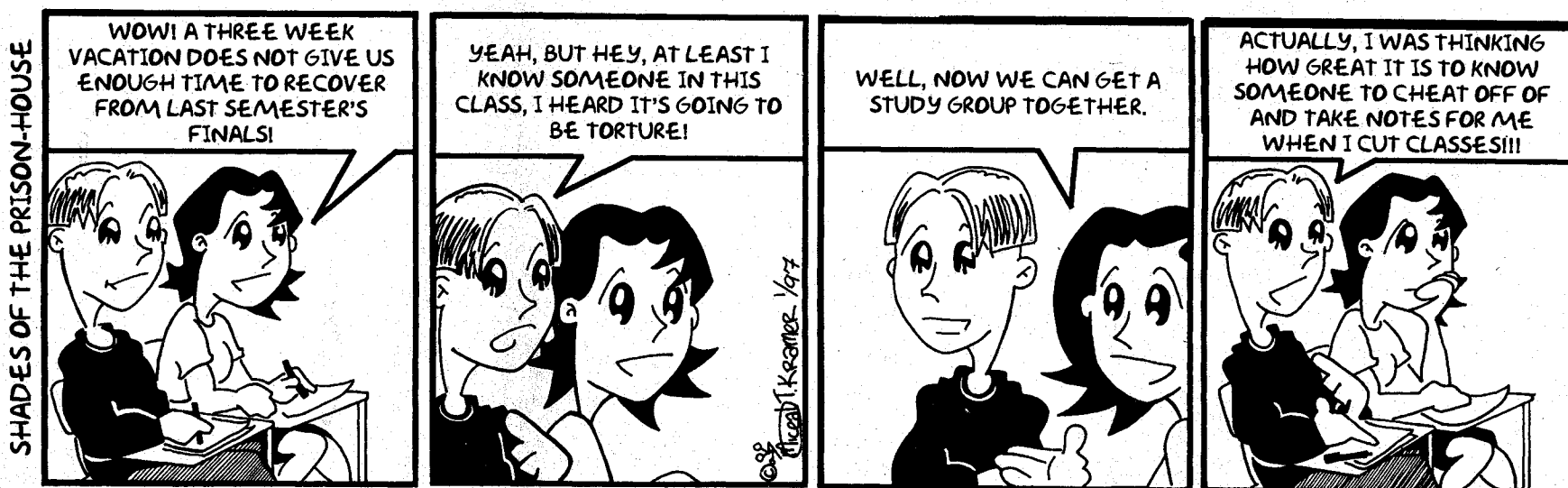
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- 4) Chernobyl Capades
- 3) Oklahoma! (City Bombing)
- 2) Orenthello
- 1) Hedda!



OF TECHNO TRASH AND CYBER BABBLE

By Eric S
root@onmy.net

Understandably, Wonder Woman bound and gagged, hanging by her hands from a rope may be a turn on for many people our age. Also understandably with the explosion of the internet and anything containing cyber like references, the media (both large and small) is quick to jump on any story, be it fact rumor or opinion. This being the case, where news is sold and people are bought, the wham bamm thank you ma'am style of sound byte reporting is turning vague notions and enormous assumptions into fact. What I find disturbing at an educational institution no less, is this perversion being spewed by a peer. As the internet and all things cyber come into the scene as a child of ingenious and innovative thinking, our friendly smiling anchor-people molest and manhandle our innocent child, squeezing every last drop until all that remains is an evil twisted version of what was once a beautiful being.

Last semester, November 26th to be more precise, this paper, *The Stony Brook Press*, published an article that not only encapsulated this sickening cancer of thought, but went further and completely lost any sort of focus on what the article claims to be about. Not to mention the picture of a woman dressed as Wonder Woman bound, gagged and ready for humiliation. 'The Bizarre State of Web Pornography,' at first, describes the authors feeling that the web was not designed for any such uses as porn trading or distribution, and likens it to a q-tip fresh from the innards of his ear. Nice analogy. To be petty, the author says that the internet "was started to exchange ideas from one techno geek/brainiac to another." He fails to realize that it was not so, and the fact is that it was designed and implemented by the Department of Defense. This has many implications of which may be discussed in a future column. The sentence that follows goes on to explain that no matter what the medium, porn will find its way there. This might be true, but regardless of that speculation, the article departs somewhere in the second paragraph from any other relevant reference to the 'State of Web Pornography.' In a sporadic manor he goes into his personal feelings on the reasoning behind the subjects of photographs. One of many points entirely left out is the fact that most porn found on the web is just scanned images from magazines bought in 7-11 or other convince stores by just about anyone that can reach the counter to pay.

We are left at the end of the article to ponder the question 'is it art or is it pornography' and the reasoning behind fetishism and the morality

of the subjects. How bizarre. Where I had been lead to believe would be some interesting commentary or at the very least educated, if not rational opinions, I found undeveloped techno-trash and the naive usage of a few catch phrases to prove just how hip this cat really is.

To clarify some of the topics raised, then dropped, in this display of journalistic trash, I would like to mention a few facts. Maybe someone might find me to be as incorrect and full of himself (read: shit) as the other author seemed to me, but you too can write an angry article. I will even proofread it for you.

Finding porn on the internet is beyond a trivial matter. Websites, such as firstimpress.com xxx.com or whatever, are quite easy to come across and indeed easy to get into legitimately or not. Where there were once free pictures of anything imaginable there are now security checks and blank pages. Seemingly secure, the password and username usually given after a visa of cyber cash transaction to enter these sites, are not necessary by any means. Without going

into details, some of the ways around this include writing ones owns cookies, trading passwords, sharing passwords, hacking the security directly and as extreme measures as packet sniffing. This is just one of many methods of obtaining porn on the internet.

Irc (internet relay chat) provides an even greater opportunity for the distribution of porn, or pronz, as the kids call it. Usenet (an international 'bulletin board') has such groups as alt.binaries.dead.pornstars, alt.binaries.sex.poop and so on. Alt meaning 'alternate' or 'alternative,' binaries meaning pictures encoded for transmission, and what follows exactly as it says. Ftp sites are also devoted to this as are local and international bbss'.

Just a few months ago, to prove the point of the triviality of finding porn to a friend, I got on-line, retrieved a picture of a very young girl doing some

k i n k y things and got off line in a matter of 2 minutes. My friend was, to say the very least, shocked. Is this the pin-

nacle of the application of our technologies today? Of course not. The question may be not if it is possible and if so, 'lawful,' or ethical, but if its really anyone's business to decide. (Many people use this 'god' character to justify their positions (so to speak) on such matters. A funny point might be how if their 'god' created all this, why did he create porn? or anything else 'unholy?' This is going beyond the scope of the subject, but fits to be said)

While it is purely a personal decision as to what 'floats your boat' it is also a personal decision what one pursues on the medium discussed. Like any porn shop there are age restrictions and rules of conduct being observed by most users and webmasters of site containing potentially offensive material. On the other hand usenet news groups are not bound by any such rules. 'Rules' are an interesting subject in regards to this. There is no law in cyber space. There is no governing body that could create such laws, no less enforce them. Our government is trying to pass

"The Communications Decency Act that was recently passed by congress had once been shot down by a panel of federal judges in Philadelphia. It is by all means unconstitutional, and it is a matter of time before the supreme court also deems it so."

(and has passed) laws written in little tiny, seemingly innocuous words, that make it illegal to transmit such images or writings by any methods discussed previously. The Communications Decency Act that was recently passed by congress had once been shot down by a panel of federal judges in Philadelphia. It is by all means unconstitutional, and it is a matter of time before the supreme court also deems it so.

While I have your attention, I would like to briefly discuss where this and other matters (i.e. cryptography) stand in American courts and law books. Please understand that crypto policy and porn are by no means the same subject directly, but in regards to the first amendment and our government, they might as well be. Both are protected rights and both are under scrutiny.

Al 'information superhighway' Gore is a wolf in sheep's clothing in all this and all things cyber. While he is known for his 'leftist' tendencies and for putting a 'computer in every school room by the year 2000' he is nowhere near what the image portrayed in the mass media. Currently his (along with many other politicians) task (they call it 'vision') is to ban the use of strong cryptography in the United States, deeming

it as a 'national security issue.' To explain what a crypto algorithm does, in very simplistic terms, it takes a file (of any kind) and generates a sort of lock for it. The program first is used to create two key rings, your public ring and your secret ring. You then give your public ring to whomever you wish to communicate with (there are key distribution sites on the web such as the one run by MIT, www.MIT.edu will point you in the right direction). They then use this key to 'lock' (encrypt) whatever they wish to send. Once locked with your public key the only way it can be 'unlocked' (decrypted) is with your private key. Again, there is MUCH more to cryptography than this, but you can do a web search for PGP or crypto to find out about that. Point being that once locked, the message is indecipherable to anyone but the person with the secret key. An Israeli man cracked through

this security at one point (I'm not too sure about the details), but beyond that, it is reputed to be nearly invincible. The proverbial cherry on top is that the program and the source code (the actual algorithms as opposed to the compiled program) are freely distributed. Though there are silly restrictions on the export of such powerful encryption implemen-

tations as PGP (Pretty Good Privacy, a public key encryption scheme as discussed previously). Al don't dig it. His plan, yet again in relatively simple terms, is to require you to give a copy of your public key to one national agency, such as the CIA, and your secret key to another, such as the FBI. They promise not to use them unless they really have to. Well, color me paranoid and send me to Montana, but I just have a hard time swallowing that.

As discussed earlier, the Communications and Decency Act, which was passed by Congress, forbids the transmission of material deemed 'indecent' across the internet. To find out more about this subject please go to www.eff.org. Here it suits our purpose to sum up the 'law' as a violation of our rights as both humans and Americans.

We can see a trend forming. As these wonderful creations, the internet and 'privacy through superior mathematics' (see www.cypherpunks.org), expand and begin to be seen by more people as larger than petty restrictions and inconsequential laws. As the internet grows as its own being, the exploitation of its potential becomes more prevalent. What makes this situation so unique is the fact that nothing like this has ever happened before. While some use it to make a quick buck and others to write self glorifying trash, as one would the old media, others use it for so much more.

What are completely overlooked, it seems, are the facts. The fact that it is a human right to communicate freely. The fact that the internet is not the americanet. The fact that our government (including corporations affiliated) is downright frightened of a new frontier and the dawning of a digital economy. The fact that everything is moving and changing faster than any 'government' or agency of 'control' can ever dream of. And most importantly, the fact that information is free and knows no bounds.

Sadly these facts, or at least as I see them, are overlooked'

In a blind fit of rage our government, our media 'sensationalist' reporters, our parents and even our peers are killing what might be their salvation and killing themselves in the process. Seeing articles such as 'the bizarre State of Web Pornography' and others of the like only hinder the natural progression of growth. What are people left with after reading? An unbiased view of themselves and the world around them? A mature understanding of the nature of information? An equation of 'the internet' and 'porn?' Indeed, it might be pointed that after reading this article a person might be left with the same impressions.

AHHH, ANONYMITY...

By Cliff Rivera

When the first pangs of hunger strike, the conditioned appetite for on-campus droll goes unabated. (Which is to be expected with only 56 cents left on my meal card.) *My treat.* "I'm currently enrolled at SUNY Stony Brook, formerly a hijacker for Fordham Airlines, here, at a crossroads as your orientation guide. If you would just step through this gate – wire-cut for your convenience – so we might jog the straightaways and walk the turns, perhaps we'll find something along this track..."

Reverting to my perpetual infant ways sustains a student legitimacy – a crash course on self-sacrifice. Indeed, sustenance must be found elsewhere, for a card is not enough these days. A morsel of muddy pies, for instance, sates my lapse of food – trashed my last umbrella just a week prior to Finals – in time to gape at luscious roadkill (the shadows remain, while they swipe treasures meant for us prospective customers). That goes without saying, cash registers have a mind of their own once the crackling bills slacken or burn. Then again: warmth, coffee entrails, the hubbub of freshmen awaiting The End is only a matter of degrees; when the socks start to smolder with sweat, cold feet's inevitably inside the comfy lounge of The Union.

It amounts to this: the haywire condition of another sketchy year (a storm befitting its name, grassroots bands genre-labeling, newborns celebrating their emergence with the bubbly – are past due) keeps my objective stance sane as I sip Absolut Mocha through a sock left to dry over my face. I say, "Janitors in pursuit for a bit of G-rated J-Jones themselves deserve to bum off Bloodhounds" – in cahoots with the roadkill smugglers, now licking their fingers to Geraldo, cut time.

Darkened reflections allow for a nostalgic look back on a year's worth of heightened inactivity despite frostbitten tongues, fractured neurons, Elmo extensions...

A coke bottle 'n ashes might ward off nosy parents nitpicking at indecisiveness. (Besides, Freudian slips worn by President Joe-schmo of this organization or what not go unnoticed all the time.) It's as clear as the fading colors on my worn Converse, see? Minus the stars.

Has anybody screamed lately? Drew is close

enough, I guess. Though, one might not afford the same at a privatized institution, say, Whitman's Conservatory For The Criminally Insane, formerly Julliard until they simplified their grand into a four-by-four. Splintered duncity, how profound. "I only take advantage," she says. Aaarrrhhh! It seems as if everyday language never reaches the latter stages of truth. Ours was just another cycle of triviality. Oh! to go beyond formalities, beyond animalistic tendencies, silent awkwardness in the face of Death, toward the essence of Truth... This is what I sought, wrapped in celebratory notes (the shivers die down, whilst hedonism warms me; Reason gets a hard-on, so to speak), a right relinquished come 12 midnight: "Duhhh... O-kay," accepting her bemused invitation for a Whopper and fries.

The midnight screams filled the air – the geese have fled – a wave of lightning scanned the horizon, as My Roommate ejected his last silent scream for the term. No modern malfunctions to hum to, burning wicks to swat at, closed doors... nor... anonymous, mail-order deliveries over the computer, mental notes to enjoy a rainstorm or two, fresh air. Case history of a loser-friendly fuck-up. I've never been in the habit of making my bed, wiping my shoes at the door, greeting a caller with phone-a-thon fondness, sharing french fries with stars, but to think she had originated Midnight Scream... Aaarrrhhh!

"C'mon, what's wrong with you? It's a new day, a new year for God's sake. Let's celebrate..."

"The sun also rises, blocked by a crow perched above, you see. The dew numbs the aches that New Years bring – advisories to the Dandelions, late in coming. Lemme guess (as I uproot a fistful of disheveled hair), the next thing you'll ask for is a cigarette 'n a dream." What an ordeal it is, when the Body needs sustenance. The hangups and hangovers catch up, slaps me clear across the kisser, but the compulsion remains: Relief. Wait and struggle for my meal card dangling from her wrinkled mouth or pee in my pants to her maddening astonishment...? Brief description of anonymity, the constant force that binds: foul breath, sweats, Roseanne Rosannadanna's incarnation, but not as witty signal the Angel's magnanimity and eventual downfall.

Roseanne asks, "Why don't you put it up there

with the rest of your sick reminders?" in a tone fitting for an SNL character. I retorted, "Well, it weighs on me like any vision, and I figure in case it falls off, I don't want to be liable for any head injuries if an unfortunate accident were to occur." Which did. I decided to enjoy the rainstorm, get a cup of coffee, run a few laps around a frozen dune when my umbrella – a weapon donned in nature's rheumatisms – gave out on me, a wilted dove whose feathers belied vacuuming. A sign of things to come.

I was walking listlessly to the den of dorms, when I happened to fall right in step behind a couple: in stride; in the early stages of their union; by the looks of things, ridiculously in love. Each side glance was noted by the other, trust was abolished in an instant. A sly smile in recognition was afforded to me – another bad sign. Sweet Jesus, a laxative (a tolerance builder for reality's bluntness as well as family reunions) please!

"I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me why..."

She hadn't left, after all.

"Academia, in all its forms, requirements, obligations, certainly therein lies a forum in which the pursuit of knowledge is realized, the potential exceeding the initial foresight. This knowledge that we acquire is squarely limited to the confines of a room, and, depending upon the length of time a concept's insight is established, the meaning, however abstract, is nevertheless intact. The basis of application, to take the psychological perspective, a related field of perusal and mind, is dependent upon the nature of the initial exposure to information. Value is deemed irrelevant, for the likelihood of a concept to withhold at any moment – the question of worth, all-encompassing in relativistic terms –"

"Wait. Let me get this straight. You were late for philosophy class and decided to leave me in this shithole anyway and –"

"–is present throughout. I'm going to bed in black, now... You can replay the tape if you want..."

"FUCK 'FRIENDS,' ASSHOLE!!!"

So much for that idea.

How 'bout a toast: To Rebirth and Forgiveness in 1997...

During winter recess, I had the opportunity to read an interesting article in the Village Voice. This article searched the darkness and brought an important issue to light – the miseducation of black youth.

Statistics show that a large number of black students are placed in special education programs. The highlight of the article was the topic of Ebonics, which has been recently acknowledged and approved as an official language. Ebonics has often been degraded as "slang" or "street talk", but when compared, research shows Ebonics shares similar patterns of development as Standard English.

The debated issue was that a majority of inner city kids are being misplaced in special education programs because they speak (Ebonics) a language different than Standard English. June Jordan quoted, "You can't get someone who speaks in one language to read and write in another." This is true, but if Ebonics is an official language then students should learn to become bilingual to assure their educational success.

This is where the importance of teaching comes into play. "Teachers should become more familiar with this type of speech in order to help students

learn to read." Some individuals feel enough effort is not being put into such a task. Stanley Crouch (a Daily News Columnist) stated, "The problem is teachers don't know how to teach." Teachers should learn this proclaimed "street talk" to set a common ground with students. Once a basis for communication is established a student can then be taught. This method is similar to that used to teach foreign/non-English speaking students.

Rudy Crew, (chancellor of NYC's schools) replied, "This proposal argues for a lesser set of expectations – almost as if to accept that they (inner-city children) can't attain high skill levels in the use of the English language." His view is correct because such a proposal may allow students to underestimate themselves and provide an excuse for failure.

Derrick Bell, (visiting professor at NYU Law School) quoted, "The debate is further proof of how endangered black people are. There is no uproar when kids are dropping out of school. But it becomes very threatening when blacks do the unexpected. Any damn thing that is out of the mainstream of what white people feel comfortable causes controversy." This is also not a false statement.

Skrus words of Wisdom: Communication may be a barrier to one's educational goals but it is not impenetrable. With an insatiable desire to succeed, this barricade can be obliterated.

BY JERMAINE LAMONT

**Activate your mind.
Build an arsenal
of knowledge.**

Uhhh... Advice

A S K D O C T O R B O N G

By Dr. Bong

The doctor is in: *The Press'* newest advice columnist, Dr. Bong, will answer all your questions about legal and illegal drugs. And no, he can't hook you up.

Q: WHAT KIND OF HORRIBLE ADVOCATE OF DRUG USE ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

A: I'm not. Look, I'm not going to tell you to do drugs. However, I'm smart enough to recognize the fact that a lot of people will do drugs despite the moral/legal/health questions.

If you've got your mind set on doing drugs, the only thing that's going to stop you is yourself. I've had people who spent years studying controlled substances and their effects on the human physiological system tell me that I shouldn't do drugs, and if you can't trust Empirical Evidence Ernie, who can you trust?

In fact, it's a testament to my willingness to engage in illegal substances that I attended a 4-hour high school drug seminar after smoking a chunk of hash roughly the size of Phobos, one of Mars' two moons. (Wouldn't it be cool if the moon was made of hash, instead of rock? Then you could smoke the moon! That sounds like a skateboarding term. Or a masturbatory euphemism. "Pardon me whilst I go smoke the moon." But I digress.)

Anyway, the point is this: If people are going to do drugs, at least I can help them out with some silly questions along the way. I CAN tell you that absolutely no good will come of crack, heroine, cocaine, PCP, or anything else in the upper echelon of drugs that dance through a NARC's head like Mexican jumping beans. I CAN tell you that if they choose to smoke marijuana or trip out on a whole host of hallucinogens, strange things are going to happen, and while most of these strange things are not so much life-threatening as they are confusing, a little help in sorting them out would probably be much appreciated.

Q: YOU'RE SUCH A POTHEAD. HOW DO YOU GET STUDYING DONE?

A: I have lost all respect for the supposed negative repercussions of marijuana use. I spent the last three weeks of the Fall 96 semester in such a thick pot stupor that I thought my name was Aidan and I was living during the 1920s. The majority of my grades were determined at that time, through class projects and finals and such, and I came away from the semester with a GPA of 3.93. (NOTE: I'm not saying marijuana had anything to do with my grades. I'm just saying that I did well despite my choice of activity.) It's all a matter of balance. You've got to set lines for yourself and not cross them. I will not smoke alone. That's my line — even if I'm with people and I have a joint, if I'm the only one who wants to smoke, the joint goes back in my pocket. In addition to providing borders, you've also got to know when to study and when to smoke. The night before an exam is not the time to study. For four or five nights before the exam, that's the time to study. If you want, study real hard, then get high and chill out as a reward. But make sure you achieve that balance. Getting high is fun, but failing sucks. Also, try not to be high while you're studying. I've come to the conclusion that state-dependent learning (the theory that if you study high and take the test straight, you'll do worse than you would if you took the test high) is a load of crap, but if you study high, you'll remember little and want to work even less. Marijuana does sap your will to work.

Q: WHAT ARE SOME FUN TV SHOWS TO WATCH WHILE STONED?

A: I usually get high late at night (after I'm done studying!), at which time TV is your best bet for entertainment. First stop? The Learning Channel. There's inevitably something interesting on, especially when you're high. Little revelations ("I can chew on my

hangnails!") are relatively earth-shattering when you're high; large revelations ("This bacteria eats flesh!") are absolute and utter mindfucks.

MTV also provides decent entertainment, since the middle of the night is the only time they show videos anymore. You might also catch *Beavis & Butthead* or *Amp*, which is like Liquid TV set to techno music. Say what you will about techno, they have some damn good videos. You've got Japanimation, computerized graphics (watching a fleet of blob-like pustules and spherical spiked fences besiege London while you take bong hits is high-class entertainment), strange mechanical films, and so on and so forth. Late-night commercials are great, too: really juicy "hits of the 70's" CDs and "reality video" offers. No matter how many times I see it, I will not get bored of watching a renegade motorcyclist drive at 60 mph into the side of a city bus.

Once you've caught those commercials, you've got a standard battery of sitcoms to try and catch. If you've gotten high before 11, check out *Seinfeld*. If you're still high at 3 AM, there are classic 1980s sitcoms shown with gleeful arbitrariness on a variety of channels. On a good night, you'll find *Mr. Belvedere*. A fat butler, a snotty kid named Wesley, and Bob Uecker. 'Nuff said.

I'll be happy to answer your stupid drug-related questions, so send them to:

The Stony Brook Press
060 Student Union Building
SUNY @ Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200

Or you can e-mail them to us at sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu. If you can still use a computer.

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30th ... Foot
31st ... Panicee
February 4th ... Reckoning

This is a house ad.

A "house ad" is an advertisement run by a periodical for the purpose of self-promotion, whether to solicit for subscriptions, advertising, or, in the case of *The Press*, staff members.

In writing a house ad, there are three conventions on which we here at *The Press* often rely. Consider these the archetypes of *Press* ads. Whether due to lack of energy or creative bankruptcy, we tend to fall back on these basic formats with alarming frequency.

First, there's the "Message" ad. Meant to appeal to our more socially conscious readers, these ads generally feature a call to action, followed by a call to *The Press*. For instance:

"Fight the Tyranny of the Majority: JOIN THE PRESS!"

These ads are fairly successful, but we tend to find their self-righteousness irritating, and so use them sparingly.

The second type of house ad is the "Inside Joke." We *Press* people tend to have lots of these, and we think it's hysterically funny to indulge ourselves by printing our little gags 5000 times and distributing them across the island. Take, for example, this inside joke:

"Join the Press... we'll go horseback riding!"

Unfortunately, while we find these ads *highly* amusing, they tend to be most unsuccessful at drawing in new staff members.

The third and least common type of house ad is the "Rambler," wherein a tired and increasingly silly Executive Editor will pour out some sort of long winded crap onto the page just because dammit, he can. That's what you're reading now.

So, um, join *The Press* or something.

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

The Lounge Ax Defense and Relocation Compact Disc (Touch & Go)

Lounge Ax is a small club/bar in Chicago whose position is similar to that of CBGBs in New York – a place kept alive more for its nostalgic value than any other, but nevertheless an important cultural landmark. So when certain individuals in the Windy City's government teamed up with an angry, noise-phobic yuppie living a few steps away from the club, all hell broke loose. Despite spending thousands of dollars in sound-proofing systems, and despite paying noise-violation tickets every evening (tickets that the local police delivered only out of obligation to their job, and not out of hatred for the club), the club is still having severe financial problems, so Corey Rusk and his label, Touch & Go, jumped in to help. I have said before and will say again that the best independent rock label out there is Touch & Go – and it'll probably be one of the last, too, as Sub Pop and Matador begin bonding with the majors. So it's no surprise that in attempting to help their friends out, Touch & Go dragged together an astonishingly wide array of superb recording artists and came up with an album whose proceeds are entirely given to help Lounge Ax pay off its debts and move to a better location in Chicago. That's right – after Touch & Go breaks even on this compilation, all of the profit goes right to Lounge Ax, a rarity amongst tribute albums in this day and age.

But enough about the superhero ethics and plight of the little guy. Even if this were titled "Cheap Shot To Raise Some Beer Money For Corey Rusk", it would still be a great album, despite the presence

of Sebadoh, a band I have come to thoroughly despise as their music is thrust upon me again and again like a porno actress being forced to endure the agony of Ron Jeremy's hairy phitrum. None of the songs on this album have been previously released, making it a treat for fans of The Jesus Lizard, Shellac, Guided By Voices, June of '44, Superchunk, Seam, Tortoise, Rachel's, and the Mekons, all of whom deliver some of their best work here. The Jesus Lizard present a song that perfectly blends their older, punkier works with the newer, more stream-lined (but no less valid) rock and roll. Shellac actually stays away from Steve Albini's trademark guitar-scratch sound! June of '44's contribution was more than enough to convince me to pick up one of their albums, and Guided By Voices' song dispelled any notions I had had of them as toothless guitar pop.

This is a CD for any indie-rock listener to have. It makes for a great listen (it's like buying a ready-made mix album) and it's for a good cause. It's like donating to charity and getting something more than just "feeling good about yourself", which we all know is a lot less exciting than the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints would have you believe.

Bloodhound Gang, One Fierce Beer Coaster (Geffen)

Why is it that some of the best music is made by

snotty rich Californian kids? All right, maybe it's not, and maybe the Bloodhound Gang doesn't quite qualify as "best music", but don't let anybody tell you it's not entertaining. Too many people in this day and age need qualities of depth and intelligence in their music, sacrificing a healthy dose of childish scatological humor along the way. And come on – everybody needs a little snot-nosed punk in their life.

Anyway, the Bloodhound Gang's newest album features songs like "I Wish I Was Queer So I Could Get Chicks" and "Kiss Me Where It Smells Funny". Not since *Licensed To Ill* have songs been this cleverly offensive. Combining the lyrical mastery of the Beastie Boys (and the Gang's songwriter, "Jimmy Pop Ali", can WRITE) with the calculated outrage of the Frogs, the Bloodhound Gang take on everything from homosexuality to the Pixies to cunnilingus without blinking so much as once. And at

the same time, they manage to sound good. Jimmy Pop Ali has a gift for song-writing, in the sense that the background music drifts from boring So-Cal punk ("Kiss Me Where It Smells Funny") to Onyx-like rapping ("Asleep At The Wheel") to Korn metal ("It's Tricky") to dance-floor hip-hop ("Lift Your Head Up High (And Blow Your Brains Out)").

Based on the work here, I can safely assume that the Bloodhound Gang, whose recent single is "Fire Water Burn" (which, for your MTV information, is the WORST song on the album), will be around for quite some time. I just hope they don't go and do something foolish like "grow up", à la the Red Hot Chili Peppers. The music world needs a few intelligent assholes bouncing around it.



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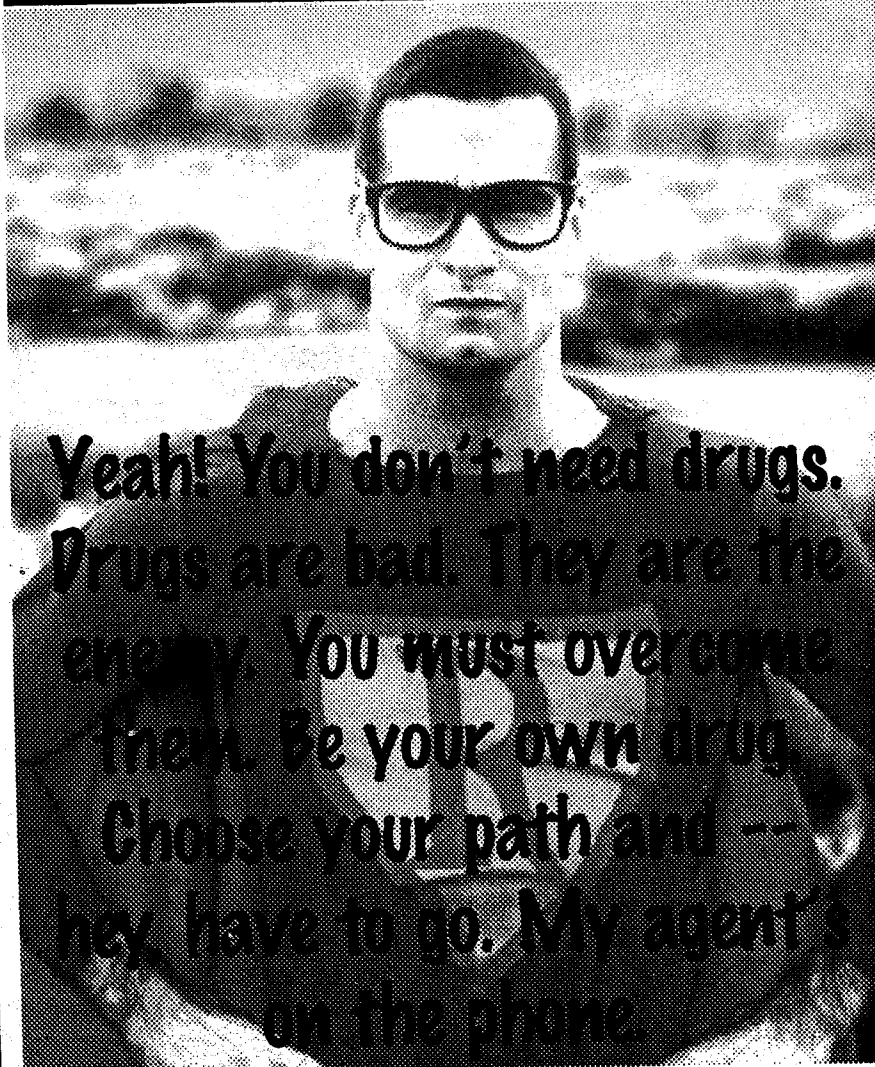
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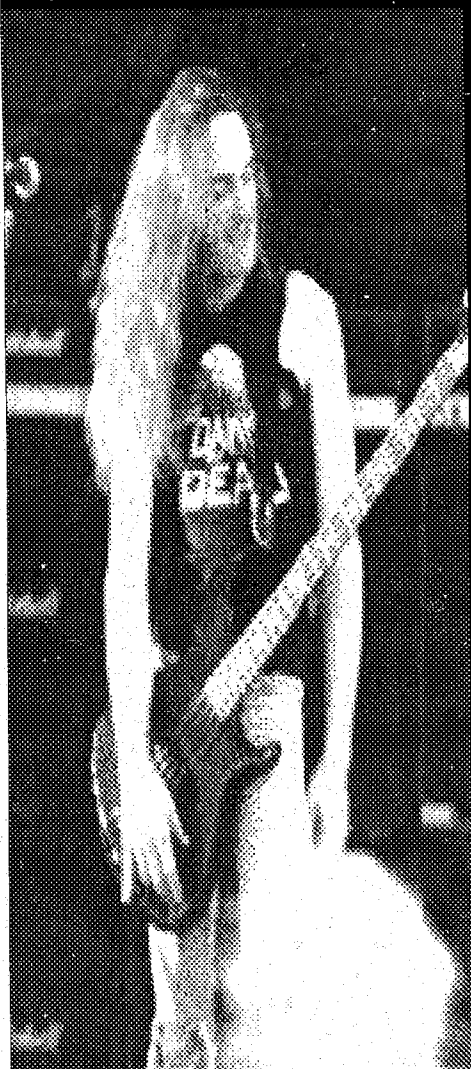
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HENRY ROLLINS' DAILY AFFIRMATION



IAMBIC PENTAMETAL



While searching the web recently, we were fortunate enough to encounter a truly beautiful thing (No, not pornography). During a cursory examination of Metallica web pages, in a search for the cover of their latest CD, we encountered a Metallica fan's obsessive love for the finer things in life, namely poetry. Knowing that the only thing funnier than metalheads are metalheads who take themselves too seriously, we've decided to publish the creme de la creme of this particular head-banger's odes: Death Of Life, by Tony Kelly. For more metal joy, check out his other poems at <http://www.angelfire.com/pg1/metallica/pix.html>.

death comes crawling in, death comes creeping in
you feel the sin, the death of life

get out of here, run out of here
you're not wanted here, the death of life

the world is dying, the earth is crying
gonna die real soon

you want it, you can't get it
you deal with death everyday
no more choices, you hear the voices
of death of life of love and hate

you feel flames a crawlin, the reaper is callin
the statue has fallen, the death of life

the devil is laughin, how could this happen?
gonna die real soon

feeling the stress, try not to mess
with the one who comes

feel schizophrenia, death is your phobia
the devil's having fun

you want it, you can't take it
you deal with death every night
no more of us, you have lossed
the will the power the glory and right
the death of life



Check out 3TV this January!

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
20 5 pm The Doors 7:30 Ruff-Kutt Reggae 8:00 Ferris Bueller's Day Off 10:00 Abyss-Director's Cut 1 am Naked Gun	21 5 pm Rumble in the Bronx 7:00 U.K. Today 7:30 The Professional 9:30 Twin Peaks 12:00 Mission: Impossible	22 5 pm CMV 6:00 Airplane 7:30 PCU 9:00 Seven 11:15 ID4	23 5 pm Julius Caesar 7:00 Ferris Bueller's Day Off 9:00 The Professional 11:00 Naked Gun 12:30 The Doors	24 5 pm Burly Bear 6:00 Twin Peaks 8:30 PCU 10:00 ID 4 12:30 Rumble in the Bronx
27 5 pm Twin Peaks 7:30 Ruff-Kut Reggae 8:00 Airplane 10:00 Mission: Impossible 12:00 The Doors	28 5 pm The Professional 7:00 U.K. Today 7:30 Abyss-Director's Cut 10:30 Naked Gun 12:00 Seven	29 5 pm CMV 6:00 PCU 8:00 Rumble in the Bronx 10:00 Jip-Joint Theatre 11:00 Airplane	30 5 pm The Joe Louis Story 6:30 Twin Peaks 9:00 ID 4 11:30 The Professional 1:30 Abyss-Director's Cut	31 5 pm Burly Bear 6:00 Seven 8:30 Ferris Bueller's Day Off 10:30 Mission: Impossible 12:30 Naked Gun



This month's movies are:

The Doors
 Ferris Bueller's Day Off
 The Abyss (Director's Cut)
 Naked Gun
 Rumble in the Bronx
 The Professional
 Mission: Impossible
 Airplane
 PCU
 Seven
 Independence Day
 Julius Caesar
 Twin Peaks:
 Fire, Walk With Me

We're Your Station!

Good luck this semester from 3TV!

rants and raves

by boom shanka

Word has it that most readers of The Press couldn't give two shits about electronic dance music, hell most writers for The Press couldn't either. Too bad, here are a handful of DJ friendly 12's that have been released through various labels during the last couple of months;

Pura- Humanoid Pulsar (Lanka)

This little beauty on Munich's Lanka Records manages to morph from a subtle melodic wave of ambience into a rather anarchic example of shrieking Goa. Accompanied by brilliant, pounding 4/4, *Humanoid Pulsar* makes a stonking intro to any hard-edged, acid set 'cause that's precisely where this one ends up.

DJ Rap- Saxuality (Unique Muzique)

Jungle's answer to Mrs Woods takes on a more melodic approach than usual. Rudimentary hard steps bust in and rattle over a slightly dubby, yet brainbusting bass line. Nasty in its own right though.

Brainvibe- It's Hot, Wippenberg Mix (SPV)

Fucking hell, when ol' Karl Wippenberg gets his hand on this pretty average stomper he sends it through the roof. The beginning is basically the same and the vocal is still there but a very naughty, low ended acid line is introduced and spurts its glory over the whole track for eight minutes, lovely.

The Prodigy- Breathe (XL)

Hmmm, it's funny how things go full circle. Keith Flint and co. are now sampling guitars, in fact guitars make up the backbone of this pretty average break-beat tune. Stadium techno-rock, how reactionary!

BT Feat and Tori Amos- Blue Skies (Perfecto)

I have never listened to a Tori song in its entirety, I just start to feel bad for Kate Bush who never made

nearly as much cash. Nevertheless this semi-progressive track ain't half bad. BT's production is flawless and I didn't know it was Tori's vocal until I saw the video which is always a good sign.

Emmanuel Top- Asteroid (Replay)

This one sided, two track record mysteriously goes for \$20 where I live. It is minimalistic, yet good. Pretty much your run-of-the-mill stuff from the French bastard. Hard highs, equally hard lows and acid line which teases you with its mere two minutes of presence.

??-Plum Pudding (Stickman)

For the life of me I can't remember who did this one but my friend has it I swear. Stuck somewhere between Detroit electro and alien disco this is probably the best track I have heard all year. It has this very addictive, toyish blip through it which is countered by a relentless drum track that blows the mind. Upon my first listen I took off my clothes and slithered all over the floor, I was on the train at the time which made it even better.

Spacetime Continuum- Remix Recaps (US Reflective)

The sleeve doesn't tell you who remixed Jonah Sharp's pulsating grooves but it does sound kinda nice in a jazzy sort of way, the holographic labels look cool too, could be a tad faster.

Paramatix- Galactic Acid (Sense of Sound)

Oooh yummy. Tracks like this prove that acid house can still beat the piss out of the hardest Gabber or Happy Hardcore. The other three tracks get a little hectic. If acid house ain't your thing the flip side may make your ears bleed.

Winx- Are You There? (Manifesto)

This apparently hasn't even been released yet but spending winter break in Australia has had its advantages. Josh spun a set on Radio JJJ and launched this little number. A nice trancey track

but it gets a little busy toward the end. The confusion gets a little overbearing and several different 303 lines go nowhere, you heard it sucked here first.

Mouse- De la Bass (Hi Life)

Acclaimed DJ and producer Mouse puts his infamous stamp on this deep house tune. It bounces around in a sultry, sexy sort of way before a French spoken vocal comes in. It works really well and sounds tight, I wish I could find out what is being said toward the end, it sounds dirty.

DJ Pulse- Destiny (Mowax)

This record serves as an exemplar of the many drum and bass tracks that go completely nowhere. Weak breaks, a redundant flutey sample and an awkward ending, this remix of Destiny has a production glitch I can't quite put my finger on.

Ladycop- To Be Real (Ffrr)

This is one of the rare instances where a classic disco tune is revamped and reworked to produce a luscious progressive anthem. Complimented by a deep, wobbly synth loop, the vocal has been re-recorded and exists harmoniously with the somewhat minimal backdrop. It is a thumping, melodic delight. This track hails from Belgium and is a must have for any house enthusiast.

Aphex Twin- Richard D James (rephlex)

I don't understand this LP. Stuck somewhere between classical and jungle this album drifts somewhere between crap and cool. Over-processed breaks, insane velocities and very strange cello and violin samples make it practically unlistenable, then again I have yet to hear it off my brain which is probably the only time to sit through it.

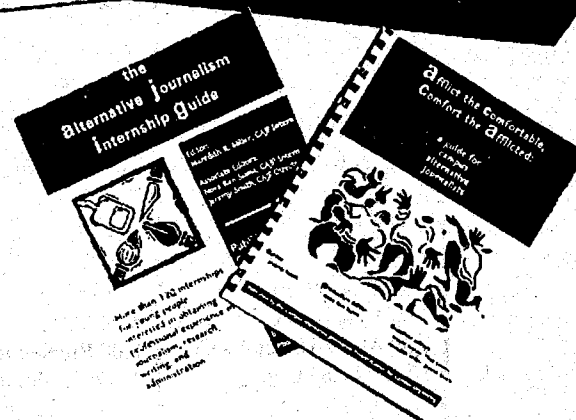
THE WUSB TOP 25

WUSB, Stony Brook
January 12, 1997

90.1FM
Mark Nimmer

Artist	Record	Label
1) Allen Ginsberg	The Ballad of the Skeletons	Mercury
2) Michelle Schocked	Kind Hearted Women	Wood Wing
3) Ani DiFranco	More Joy, Less Shame	Righteous Babe
4) Skandalous Compilation	I've Gotcha Covered	Shanachie
5) Paddywack	Wack Off, Wack hard!	Rolling Man Records
6) Iggy Pop	Nude and Rude-the best of	Virgin
7) Phantom Surfers	The Great Surf Crash of '97	Lookout
8) The Rutles	Archaeology	Virgin
9) Blessed Ethel	Welcome to the Road	Big Pop
10) Tricky	Pre-Millennium Tension	Island
11) Seely	Julie Only	American
12) John Spencer Blues	Now I Got Worry	Capitol
13) Latex Generation	360°	One Foot
14) Chemical Brothers	Pull My Tanga Wangy	Astralwerks
15) Paul Haslinger	World Without Rules	RGB
16) Enigma	Confession on Both Knees	Stigmata
17) Swinging Utters	A Juvenile Product of the Work	Fat
18) Guided By Voices	Sunshine Holy Breakfast	Matador
19) Stratotankers	Gambit	Homestead
20) Huevos Rancheros	Get Outta Dodge	Mint Records
21) Exit 13	Smoking Songs	Relapse
22) Scroat Belly	Daddy's Farm	Bloodshot
23) Toasters	Hard Band For Dead	Moon Ska
24) Mighty Reapers	Trouble People	Terra Nova
25) Astropuppies	You With the Bride	Hightone

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The Five Disappointments

By Lowell Yaeger

After having already covered the Top 10 albums of the year in last semester's final issue, it is now time for the follow-up, something a heck of a lot more fun than critical praise: the Five Disappointments. While this may sound like the religious element of a Jewish feast, it's really just a summary of the year's five most disappointing albums.

The Five Disappointments are not the worst albums of the year. This is very important. If I had to make a list of the five worst albums of the year, I'd spend a month of Sundays just trying to figure out whether or not Hootie & the Blowfish's last album is worse than the soundtrack to *The Preacher's Wife...* and lamenting the fact that Alanis Whorissette's *Jagged Little Pill* was a 1995 release.

This is instead a list of the five albums that I expected to be good, and found, to my dismay, that they were anything but. They are in no particular order, mainly because they all suck, and when something sucks enough to make it to the Five Disappointments list, it sucks so much that its level of suck is unquantifiable. You can estimate the amount of sand in a bag you buy at the store, but to figure out how many grains are on Jones Beach is a fool's errand; the same principle applies here.

Without further adieu, on to the filth:

Metallica, *Load* (Elektra)

After a disappointing, self-titled album whose music was more mainstream than anything Metallica had ever attempted, a half-decade wait began, punctuated only by an over-priced, bombastic live boxed set. To show for their time is *Load*, an album clocking in at 79 minutes and 58 seconds. As a matter of fact, Metallica (or Elektra) used the time as a sales pitch when the first came out. Someone should sue the responsible party for deceptive advertising, because it failed to note that the album is 79:58 of suck. I could sell my shit in a bag and advertise it as 10 pounds of crap for only \$4, but hey, folks, it's still shit. Metallica committed the ultimate sin, because in the end it really isn't a sin: They didn't sell out, they just got bad.

This is an important distinction, because when the less-than-metallic *Load* was released, a lot of fans cried "sell out." But the truth of the matter is, Metallica could have sold just as many copies of the album based on their reputation alone. It wasn't the first single, the drop-lemonade-in-your-paper-cuts boredomwerk of "Until It Sleeps", that moved all of the compact discs. Metallica clearly knows that if they made a by-the-numbers thrash album, it would sell just as many copies as *Load* did. Thrash is accepted in this day and age, and a band with Metallica's clout would not be relegated to some midnight college DJ's playlist, wedged in between Megadeth and Slayer for the five or six stoned teenage Nintendo-playing listeners. (Not that Slayer belongs on that playlist, either. But

Megadeth does. That whiny little fucker Dave Muste... don't get me started.)

Anyway, the fact that they would have sold as many albums with a repeat of *...And Justice For All* or *Master of Puppets* indicates to me that they honestly wanted to make this music. The band actually sat down and said "yeah, let's make a country song" and produced "Mama Said". All of which would be well and good, if they had the talent to play country. Unfortunately, they do not. Metallica's members know how to play metal. The best songs on the album, "King Nothing" and "2x4" (which, on any other Metallica release,

would be the filler tracks), come closest to their old-school style of heavy metal. However, Hetfield and Co. show no signs of going in that direction any time soon, so you can probably kiss them goodbye. Verdict: this is a *Load* of... ah, I'm not gonna say it.

Ministry, *Filth Pig* (Sire/Warner Bros.)

This is difficult for me, because Ministry is one of my favorite bands, and I'm willing to indulge one of its two masterminds, Al

Pucker up, buttercup.

Jourgensen, in nearly any pursuit. I liked it when they played an acoustic concert composed of Grateful Dead and Ten Years After tunes. I liked it when Al remixed a Red Hot Chili Peppers song by putting a chicken on the mixing desk and erasing the tracks that it crapped on (if, in fact, that story is true and he wasn't having fun with the interviewer — knowing Al's reputation, either explanation is a possibility). I even liked it when Al threatened to release a country album under the moniker of "Buck Satan and the 666 Shooters". Even if those things turn out bad, Al has the wit and the talent to make them interesting. But grindcore? Even he can't work with that.

In much the same way Metallica is not a country band, Ministry is not a good grindcore band. Ministry's biggest forte is their ability to manipulate a studio so completely that, according to the band, they "go through engineers like water." So when they release an album that is touted as raw, unrehearsed, and barely engineered, I got concerned. When I heard it, I got disturbed. I wanted to like it and I tried to like it and goddam it, I did everything in my power to coax that shitflake, in my mind at least, into something salvageable, but I came up empty.

Grind/sludgcore's sole biggest problem as a genre is that it sounds highly repetitive. One can cycle through the tracks on an early Godflesh

album and, if they didn't know better, think that every song is a remix of Track 1. The same goes for the Ministry album. With a few respectable exceptions ("Reload", "Filth Pig", "Lay Lady Lay" — yikes, something's wrong when the best song on a well-established industrial band's new CD is a Bob Dylan cover), this is a sludgy, monotonous album with little to say and no ground to break. You can't dance to it, you can't really head-bang to it, it makes piss-poor background noise while you're studying, and is, in short, just a disappointing piece of work. Ministry is in the studio right now with former Dead Kennedys fireball Jello Biafra; let's hope that he sparks some life back into the old machine before it dies for good.

Skinny Puppy, *The Process* (American)

This record should have been hidden from the light of day. Many of Skinny Puppy's previous releases followed a pattern: a few excellent songs, followed by some so-so songs, and then a bunch of filler tracks, sample-ridden soundscapes that got boring after the first few listens. *The Process* is made up of only so-so songs and filler tracks. "Cult" begins with an acoustic guitar (which would have been acceptable if buried under a mountain of sample-driven feedback, but alone sounds like Hootie in a more somber moment), while the album itself begins with heavy metal riffs.

To be fair, this is the least disappointing of the five. It's understandably bad. Recorded over a vast period of time with about four billion producers (this album went through producers the way the Smashing Pumpkins go through heroin addicts), this music also chronicles the steady disintegration of the band, which hit its peak with core member Dwayne Goettel's fatal drug overdose. Nevertheless, in light of the problems facing the band and the generally lackluster material contained herein, this album should have been locked away as a dead experiment, leaving fans with the memory of *Last Rights* as Skinny Puppy's final album.

Butthole Surfers, *Electricclarryland* (Capitol)

I have this theory about LSD, psilocybin, and other hallucinogens. As people do them more and more on a regular basis, they begin to drift away from reality. More and more, further and further, until they become dancing, mindless fools whose humor value amongst other people rapidly deteriorates

into vague irritation. And then, once you hit that point, you get so weird, you start becoming normal, forming a big circle. This is the problem that the Butthole Surfers have to contend with. After years of tripping out onstage and playing their psych-o-delic punk rock in front of a backdrop of dancing naked ladies, explosions, and penile reconstruction videos, they progressed to an almost unlistenable state (*Pioughd* is so weird that it's annoying), and

Continued on the next page, dicknose.



Filth Pig

Obscure Sub-Cultures: Vol. 3

By John Giuffo

Pissed-Off, Coffee House- Working Punk Rock Grrrrl

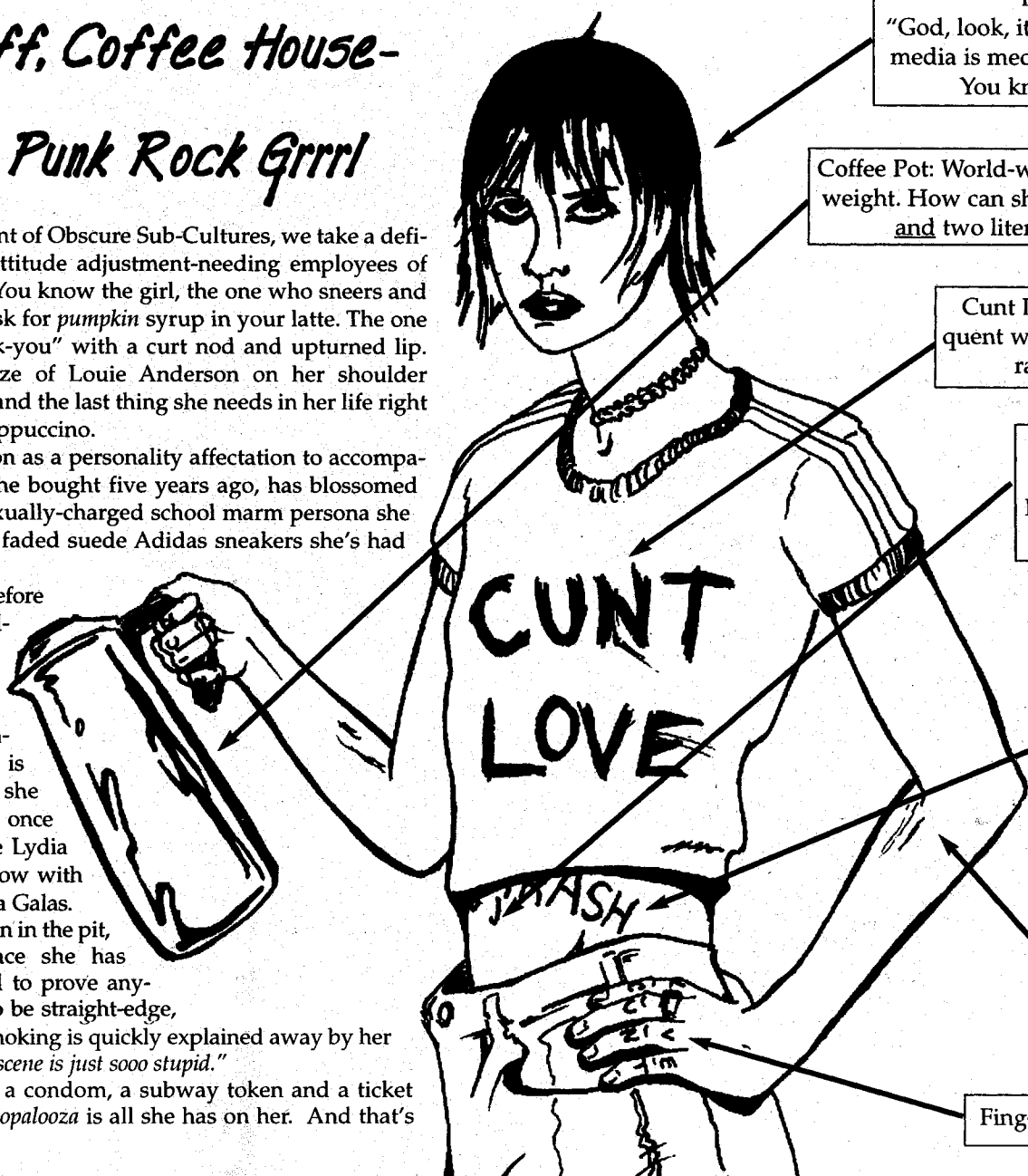
In this week's installment of Obscure Sub-Cultures, we take a defiantly close look at the attitude adjustment-needing employees of your favorite java hole. You know the girl, the one who sneers and roll her eyes when you ask for *pumpkin* syrup in your latte. The one who returns your "thank-you" with a curt nod and upturned lip. She's got a chip the size of Louie Anderson on her shoulder (explaining her posture) and the last thing she needs in her life right now is you and your Frappuccino.

What was once taken on as a personality affectation to accompany the Bikini Kill shirt she bought five years ago, has blossomed and bloomed into the sexually-charged school marm persona she sports as proudly as the faded suede Adidas sneakers she's had for... well, forever.

She was Old School before they built the school building, and she takes every opportunity to tell you so. She's been there, she's done that, and her reputation of being "worldly" is quickly verified when she tells you of the time she once drove to Pittsburgh to see Lydia Lunch play a surprise show with Bratmobile and Diamanda Galas.

Yes, she can hold her own in the pit, but it's been years since she has because she doesn't need to prove anything to you. She used to be straight-edge, but her inability to stop smoking is quickly explained away by her insistence that "that whole scene is just sooo stupid."

A can of pepper spray, a condom, a subway token and a ticket stub from last night's *lesbopalooza* is all she has on her. And that's all she needs.



Eyes Rolled Up:
"God, look, it's not hard. Grande is large, media is medium, and pequeño is small. You know *small*, don't you?"

Coffee Pot: World-weary wrists strain under the weight. How can she possibly endure your shit and two liters of Almond Creme?

Cunt Love: She's daring and eloquent with this "in your face" declaration of vaginal pride.

Navel consciously and untrendily not pierced: Coffee-Punk grrrls have been down that road years ago.

Belly Writing: In classic riot grrrl fashion, the words "White Trash" establish her as both celebratory of her family history and bold in her rejection of common hygiene practices.
So punk!

Arm marks: Needle tracks or dirt? With this enigmatic woman, anything is possible!

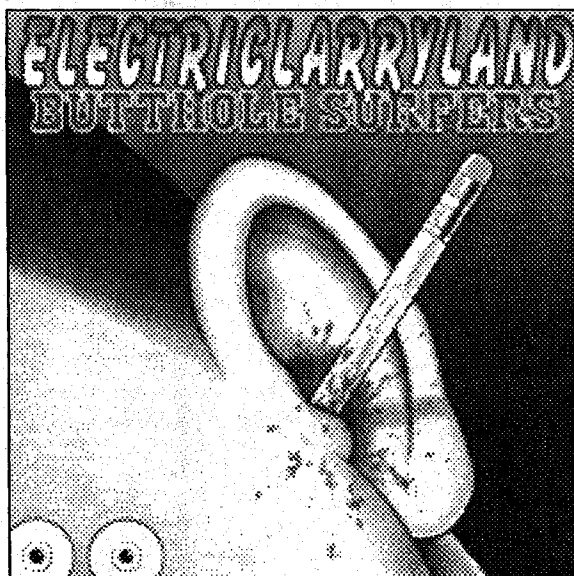
Finger Tattoos: Punker than you!

then they started getting normal again. Their second major label release, *Independent Worm Saloon*, had a radio-friendly song ("Who Was In My Room Last Night?"), but was saved by the trippy "The Annoying Song" and the scatologically hysterical "Clean It Up".

Electriclarryland is the work of a band approaching the beginning of the cycle again. They've tripped out, both chemically and artistically, so hard that they're becoming normal. And the Butthole Surfers normal is one of the most depressing things in the world. To hear the band that once released *Locust Abortion Technician*, the most disturbing album of the 1980s (in the words of my friend Gus, "it makes you feel bad about listening to it"), put out a single that sounds like a bad stream-of-consciousness poem over the drumbeat from Beck's "Loser" is like finding out that your favorite priest is a child molester. Or isn't a child molester, depending upon how Catholic you are.

The rest of the album is generally a disappointment, too. The opener, "Birds", is a straightforward punk tune — boring and stupid. "TV Star" is bland pop, "Jingle of a Dog's Collar" initially promises a

disgusting topic (bestiality) but in the end is just a love song to the lead singer's dog, and "The Lord Is A Monkey" takes a stab at the Butthole Surfers' earlier wackiness but sounds forced and contrite.



My only hope is that as the Butthole Surfers pass through the beginning of the cycle they moving back in the direction they were once headed. The process is a circle, after all, which means if they stay together long enough, they'll get weird again. But it's just a theory, and being merely so, the band may suck forever.

Ow.
Busta Rhymes, *The Coming*

From the moment I saw the Busta Rhymes video for "Woo Hah! Got You All In Check", I knew I had to have the album. Not only was the song a mix of funny lyrics, staccato vocals, and groovy hip-hop beats, but the video contained all of the things that

make for a good time: hyperactive men with big teeth, a fish-eye lens, neon, and an advanced case of Tourette's syndrome.

So I went out and picked up the album, and you know what? Suck. While Busta's lyrics and overall appearance are excellent throughout the album, he relies way too heavily on run-of-the-mill R&B melodies. Whether he does this out of inexperience, a desire to make his music more accessible to the masses, or because he likes contemporary rhythm & blues, I do not know. However, I do know that however valid R&B is as a musical genre, it tends to grow repetitive after a while, just like heavy metal, and the clash between the generic (R&B) and the eccentric (Busta Rhymes) just leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

The more astute reader will notice that three of the five albums above have titles that call to mind some kind of bodily-fluid image. Load. Filth Pig. The Coming. This should explain everything. Music is like the human body — a beautiful organism as a whole, but unfortunately, poop still pops out of the back. And occasionally, some half-assed record executive teams up with some no-assed record producer in an attempt to polish that turd, and as we know from our euphemism-spouting grandparents (or, in my case, euphemism-spouting Beavis & Butthead), you just can't polish a turd.

Maher Comes Correct

By John Giuffo

In July of 1993, Comedy Central aired a new show hosted by a previously little-known comedian named Bill Maher. You see, Mr. Maher had assisted fellow comedi-

an/political commentator Al Franken in the network's coverage of the '92 elections, and he made such an impression on network executives, that he was able to finagle a show deal out of Comedy Central.

From a studio in New York City, Maher began hosting Politically Incorrect, a roundtable discussion program that has been called "The McLaughlin Group on acid." The twist is the guest

selection: it is what makes the show original, not to mention tremendously funny, insightful, at times, quite radical. The format usually consists of four panelists Maher chooses for their relation (and more often than not, lack of relation) to each other. It's not surprising to see guests such as comedian Paul Rodriguez square off against conservative politicians such as Bob "Chemical Imbalance" Dornan (Thursday, Jan. 9). What makes Politically Incorrect so wonderful, is that the guests often get to say to each other what they wouldn't be able to say in a more traditional format, such as Rodriguez' constant (and terrifyingly accurate) attacks on Dornan for his expressed racist and homophobic views.

When Maher's contract with HBO ran out, (HBO had produced and distributed the series) he signed a deal with ABC which allowed him to move the show to the more mainstream network, where it currently resides following Nightline (A more accurate beginning time is problematic given Ted Koppel's selfish penchant for droning on and on, as if America cared to listen to his depressingly monotone voice). Questions have arisen among Politically Incorrect's fans as to whether or not the show's raw-edged courage will soften because of its new home. These questions are given a soothing dismissal by Maher,

who claims to remain committed to keeping the show intact.

So far, he's on target. Politically Incorrect has been on ABC for one week following its January 6 debut, and four of the five shows have proven to be not only immensely

funny, but every bit as loud and confrontational as the show's previous Comedy Central incarnation. Wednesday's show hosted (Four Guests Here), providing a lively discussion between (Whatzername and Him: That Guy on topic X). Thursday saw the aforementioned Rodriguez/Dornan battle, a comforting, energizing debate (com-

plete with name calling!) reminding me (however slightly) of the time Sandra Bernhard spit in the face of right-wing fundamentalist writer John Lofton (after Maher, in a fit of rage, invited Lofton to "get off the fucking show.").

It's this cross-pollination of guests, Maher's mish-mosh scheduling ideals, that make for the kind of interesting television talk that doesn't appear outside of the rare Conan O'Brien episode. On any given night, you can find your favorite actor sitting across from a semi-famous photographer sitting across from a former senator sitting across from Kato Kaelin. Maher tries to balance out the show's guest list every night, a task he has to work hard on given the show's actor-dense, intellectual-sparse home, Los Angeles.

Maher himself is reportedly very quiet and almost shy in person, a sharp contrast to his on-air personality, which is wont to offer up opinions such as "Make the child molesters live near the nuclear power plants. The fact is, we have to put them somewhere, and what sex

offender wouldn't want to live in a town called Love Canal? This way, we can neatly group together anything that's liable to leak fluid. More to the point, shouldn't nuclear power plants be staffed by guys who already have plenty of experience handling contaminated waste and spent rods?"

Maher's political views are as diverse as his guest lists. He's somewhat liberal, being pro-animal rights, pro-drug legalization, and pro-choice, but he has the tendency, in his support of the death penalty and his opposition to porn on the internet, to have traditionally conservative viewpoints at times. His opinions offer no allegiance to one political party or ideology, but show, rather, an all-too rare ability to think for himself. When he says something you don't agree with (such as his insistence on using terminology many would consider degrading, but he considers acceptable, i.e. addressing women as "kitten" or "babe"), the opinion tends to stand out more because it comes from someone with whom you agree on so much. As the show's title suggests, Maher isn't interested in what's "politically correct", contending that words have only so much power as we allow them to have, enabling the frequent use of such Maher-isms as "honey" (in reference to female guests as different as Camille Paglia and Deborah Norville) to go unnoticed.

Born and raised in Rivervale, New Jersey, Maher has a particular distaste for New York City, calling the city "dirty" and accusing it of being fake about its phoniness. He prefers the out-front fake-ness of Los Angeles, a preference which led him to take the show out West, a move many considered to be a gamble.

Being ever up to his own challenges, Maher has decided to gamble his fortunes again by taking the show to ABC, whose post-Nightline audience may not be ready for the kind of political commentary Maher's show spotlights. Maher thinks America is ready for his brand of intelligent television, and ABC is betting he is right. Both deserve credit for giving the country more credit than it has shown it deserves. Wish him luck: in the Oprah-

lovin', Rosie O'Donnell fondling (brrrrr, what an image!), Jenny Jones whoring TV talk-show world, Maher is the man with one eye and a steel sack of hard ones attempting to lead the blind with a howitzer wit.

