

The
Stony
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PRESS

Vol. XVIII No. 11

It Was Either Them Or Texas

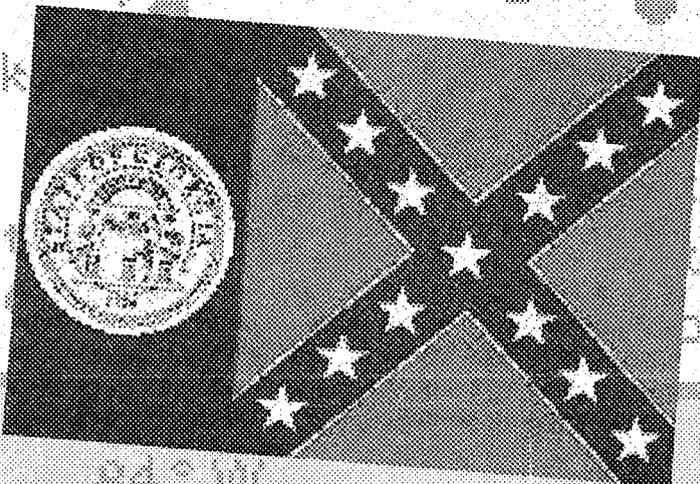
February 17, 1997

In This Issue We Rip...

Racist, Inbred, Newt
Gingrich-Electing,
Peach-Slobbering, Pecan
Pie-Baking, Confederate
Flag-Waving

Georgia

see page 5



The Ethics of Animal Research

By Nancy B. Regula

The debate over animal research has plagued American society for the past two decades. Since the publication of "Animal Research" by philosopher Peter Singer, the animal rights movement has permeated scientific and public circles. The book depicted harsh treatment of some research animals and gave scientists a bad reputation. Coinciding with society's movement from farm-based careers is an increasingly compassionate view towards animals. Opposition to animal experimentation lies with those who view research as unnecessary and cruel. Scientists, however, feel strongly that experiments using animals have been crucial in the development of medical treatments. Presently, the number of animals used in experiments is declining. Yet, for some, any use of animals for scientific purposes is too much.

Much of the opposition to animal research lies in the philosophical realm of society which asks, "What makes human rights any more important than animal rights?" The Bible defends the use of animals using the position of natural order. God, according to the Bible, made man in his image and gave him control over all other creatures. The advent of evolution provided scientific reasoning for using animals to understand humans better. Philosophers such as Peter Singer feel that despite the beneficial use of animals in research, to ignore the interests of animals just because they are not human is akin to racism. Singer does not equate humans with animals but feels that if there is something one would not do to an incapacitated child, then neither should one do to an animal that would experience just as much suffering. Singer promotes the idea of a cost-benefit analysis. Making a decision should weigh the good that results against the suffering caused in the process by both humans and animals.

Opponents to animal experimentation argue that the use of animals is but one of many techniques available to scientists. In addition, the unique physiology of different species does not allow for the comparison of animal results with results that would occur in other species, including humans. Many of the abnormalities seen in animal experiments results from the unique physiology of the species being studied, the anxious environment of the laboratory and the unnatural means by which a disease is introduced. Each species has a multiple system of organs that are so complex that their functions cannot be fully understood; to extrapolate such results to humans is wasteful and misleading. Important medical advances have been delayed by misleading results. Such disparity results from how an illness is experimentally triggered in animals versus how such illnesses would naturally occur in humans. Stress on animals in the laboratories can influence levels of antibodies and increase the rate of susceptibility to infectious diseases. Animal use goes beyond medical research, including testing the safety of certain drugs. A striking illustration of the inadequacies of animal use is the fact that in the 1960's it was shown that tobacco smoke did not cause lung cancer. Such results delayed the warnings to discourage tobacco use for many years after. Many substances that appear safe in animal studies and receive FDA approval result in dangerous side effects to people, who experience different effects than the animals used for experimentation.

The development of modern medical treatments had relied heavily upon animal research. Although there are many approaches to scientific discovery, only animal research can answer certain questions. One of the best examples of the importance animal research has had is in the work done by Louis Pasteur. Many bacterial infections of the 19th century were

thought to arise from internal body anomalies. The study of infectious diseases in domestic animals proved that such diseases resulted not internally, but from external microorganisms. By this method certain microbes were isolated and identified. By chance, Pasteur noted that these microbes lost their effectiveness as a contaminant after a certain period of time. Also, in people who survived certain deadly diseases, recurrence was rare. This led Pasteur to the idea of inducing immunity to infectious diseases in people by administering a weak strain of the bacteria. Pasteur tested his idea on animals, which proved successful. This discovery has led to vaccines for many infectious diseases, including tetanus, rabies, tuberculosis, poliomyelitis, measles, mumps, and rubella.

Animal experimentation has been vital in numerous other areas in medicine. The development of antibiotic and antibacterial drugs is a result of numerous animal experiments. Up until the 1930's, a trivial wound could lead to serious infections resulting in amputation or death. Infections caused 200 out of every 100,000 mothers to die in childbirth. Today, sterilized surgical instruments and wound dressings prevent infections and only three mothers in 200,000 will die in childbirth.

The debate of the benefits and ethics of animal research is a topic that today finds its greatest advocates among scientists and animal-rights activists. There is much legitimate reason to challenge the benefits of animal research and much reason to defend it. Scientists feel that such research has played a crucial role in past progress and will continue to be necessary to research. Opposition to such research feels that better methods are available to scientists and that needless slaughtering occurs in the laboratories. It is not likely a middle ground will be found any time soon in this dilemma.

WHEN "ECONOMIC FREEDOM" BARS CHEWING GUM

By Norman Solomon

America's top business newspaper has put out a fascinating document called the 1997 Index of Economic Freedom. It's a thick book that illuminates the priorities of Wall Street Journal editors, who teamed up with the influential Heritage Foundation to rank the countries of the world.

So, which sovereign nation scored highest in economic liberty? The answer: Singapore.

In Singapore, the indexers of "economic freedom" have seen the future, and it works: "an efficient, strike-free labor force...no minimum wage...no antitrust regulations."

But some significant facts go unmentioned. For instance, chewing gum has been illegal in Singapore since 1992. The government recently reaffirmed the ban and warned citizens that ordering gum from foreign mail catalogs could bring a year in jail and a fine of \$6,173.

The crackdown came after authorities blamed wads of gum for jamming subway doors. Evidently, the visionary leaders of Singapore have realized that people can't have economic freedom and chew gum at the same time.

Nor do financial liberties on the Asian island extend to anyone who might want to buy or sell — or read — a copy of Watchtower magazine. The Jehovah's Witness religious group and its literature have been banned in Singapore for a quarter of a century.

Throughout last year, at least 40 Jehovah's Witnesses were behind bars in Singapore for refusing military service on religious grounds. Amnesty International calls them "prisoners of conscience."

Dozens of other Jehovah's Witnesses spent weeks in jail for "peacefully exercising their right to freedom of expression."

The unfettered commerce that dazzled the "economic freedom" indexers does not include the exchange of ideas or information. As the Associated Press reported last spring, Singapore "has some of the world's strictest media controls."

And Singapore's methods of punishment remain harsh. Brutal caning is mandatory for vandalism and 30 other crimes. Death by hanging awaits those caught with 500 grams of marijuana. As you might guess, dictator Lee Kuan Yew has scorned "decadent" notions of civil liberties.

Ranked just behind Singapore — and also classified as "free" in the Index of Economic Freedom — is Bahrain. The small Persian Gulf country wins profuse accolades: "a free-market economic system...no taxes on income or corporate profits...no capital gains tax...few barriers to foreign investment...a vibrant and competitive banking market with few government restrictions."

Overall, in Bahrain, "businesses are free to operate as they see fit." To investors, that's high praise indeed. But you wouldn't know from the report that Bahrain is a traditional monarchy. Long ruled by the al-Khalifa family, it's a nation that gives plutocracy a bad name.

A royal decree abolished Bahrain's parliament 22 years ago, and since then the government has suppressed dissent. During the mid-1990s, several thousand people were arrested for pro-democracy street protests. Amnesty International notes that Bahrain's recent political detainees have included "children as young as 10."

In Bahrain, the past year has brought "large-scale and indiscriminate arrests," says Human Rights Watch. "Serious, extensive and recurrent human rights abuses continued in the form of arbitrary detention, abusive treatment of prisoners and denial of due process rights." Torture has been common. But "there were no known instances of officials being held accountable."

Clearly, political tyranny can be quite compatible with the kind of economic order favored by folks at The Wall Street Journal and the Heritage Foundation. The touting of countries like Singapore and Bahrain is proof that one-dimensional fixations are foolish — and dangerous.

Despite persistent efforts by some media outlets and think tanks, it's not possible to credibly separate the flow of money from the exercise of power. Every day, much of the real world is buffeted by a political version of the golden rule: Those who have the gold make the rules.

All too often, terms like "economic freedom" get defined in ways that just so happen to favor the interests of the wealthy few. In the process, such definitions set aside democratic values.

Inadvertently, the 1997 Index of Economic Freedom renders a valuable public service. It shows that narrow concepts of "economic freedom" can be catastrophic for genuine human freedom.

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."

Uncle Deadbeat And The Grand Inquisition

By Chris Sorochin

PAY UP OR SHUT UP

"We think that's a price worth paying." — Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, in response to a query about the 600,000 children in Iraq who've died due to US sanctions since 1991.

Earth Day is practically upon us, so in its honor, here's some of my recycled bile: a letter to *Newsday*, to date unpublished. Rather than let it become landfill, I'm serving it up in a delectable diatribe casserole.

The letter was in response to a mindless editorial postulating that the United States is justified in its being \$1.3 billion in arrears in payments to the United Nations and the money should continue to be "withheld" until the UN trims its expenditures.

To the Editor:

The editorial on the UN in your issue of January 18 was striking in its disingenuousness. The US didn't complain about the UN in 1991 when it needed accomplices for its war on Iraq. In fact, money was no object when it came to bribes and loan forgiveness to bring reluctant nations into its coalition.

I have a suggestion: if the US really thinks it "shoulders too much of the burden", it could always agree to pay less in exchange for giving up its permanent Security Council seat and veto power.

This would be a win-win situation. The US could keep more of its precious money, not have to deal with all those ungrateful foreigners and go back to acting unilaterally, which is what our leaders truly desire anyway.

The UN, freed of US hegemony, could finally begin to function as the democratic international body it's supposed to be. I'd also recommend that they remove those undeserved privileges from the other four nations who only have them because they have atomic weapons.

Some may worry that it would be bad for the UN to do without US funding, but since the US welches on its commitment anyway, it's a moot point.

Wouldn't it be invigorating if more and more taxpayers decided to "withhold" their Federal taxes until the military budget and corporate welfare are trimmed?

"...It seems that large, conservative donors to the university may be offended by such cheeky outpourings of independent thought and withdraw their largesse."

CLOSED MINDS DON'T WANT TO KNOW

"Every day more and more people are leaving the church and going back to God." — Lenny Bruce

Believe it or not, not every institution of higher learning is blessed with kickass, hard-hitting, let-the-cowchips-fall-where-they-may student publications like *The Press*. (And don't you forget it! — Ed.) St. John's University, for example, one of the largest private universities in the country, has *The Torch*, a relatively innocuous periodical consisting mostly of upbeat campus news and well-mannered movie and music reviews. A good 50% of its copy is devoted to coverage of St. John's celebrated sports teams. There is also a two-page "Viewpoints" section, again quite tame by SUNY standards — no cussing, explicitly gory detail or real politics. But last semester, there was an opin-

ion piece by Jelani Khalfani advocating condom usage: it was nothing obscene or salacious, just a little common sense that can't be repeated too often in the age of AIDS. Common sense, however, is contrary to certain doctrines of the Catholic Church and several letters followed condemning the very idea that such a thing should appear in the student press of a Catholic institution.

In January, *The Torch* published an article stating unambiguously that abortion should be kept legal. The author, Peggy Hoey, highlighted the experiences of her friends back in Ireland who had become unwed mothers or suffered botched abortions in a society where abortion is illegal and unwed motherhood severely frowned upon. It was a very thoughtful, personal article, focusing on the physiological, social, psychological and economic problems faced by these young women who are denied easily-available information on contraception and sexuality.

Perhaps because Hoey's piece was reasoned and moving, all Purgatory broke loose. Rev. Donald J. Harrington, CM, President of St. John's has decreed, in the high-handed style of the medieval emperor-popes, that all editorial copy shall henceforth be subject to his imprimatur and any viewpoints or letters that depart from official Church doctrine shall be "ignored".

Well, I suppose it could be worse. The Church has come a long way since the days when it used to respond to dissent by burning at the stake or breaking on the wheel any who openly disagreed.

This is not the first time *The Torch* has clashed with the SJU administration. Last year, the paper was strong-armed into printing an ad from an anti-abortion group, even though it's against *The Torch's* policy to accept abortion advertising of any stripe. The administration benevolently explained that they had to print its views on the subject and applied the proper thumbscrews.

In an editorial in the February 5 issue, editor-in-chief Joe Schad recounts his hounding of assorted minor-league functionaries to get some rational answers for the new censorship decision and finally receiving one that rings true as the bells of St. Peter's. It seems that large, conservative donors to the university may be offended by such cheeky outpourings of independent thought and withdraw their largesse. Presumably, at least one had threatened such a pocketbook reprisal. St. John's is privately funded (in fact, they don't even get cer-

tain federal funding in order not to have to implement various equal opportunity laws) and must depend on the crotchety good will of such plutocrats.

PSALM OF THANKSGIVING

At this time, brothers and sisters, let us humbly bow our heads and laud Whatever Powers There May Be for deigning to find us worthy to revel in

free expression of ideas untrammelled by the tiny-minded machinations of self-appointed Pharisees and other ersatz guardians of public morals and the infernal masters they serve, for we are not answerable to fossilized tetrachs nor bound by their purse-strings.

Let us solemnly vow to strive mightily — yea: unto death — against the demon of Privatization and its banal consort Pasteurization of Thought for lo! the Legions of Dullness and Ignorance are arrayed in great splendor against us.

Amen (Organ Music Swells).

P.S. It's not too much of a stretch to envision other "controversial" topics being exorcised in the name of not ruffling deep-pocketed feathers.

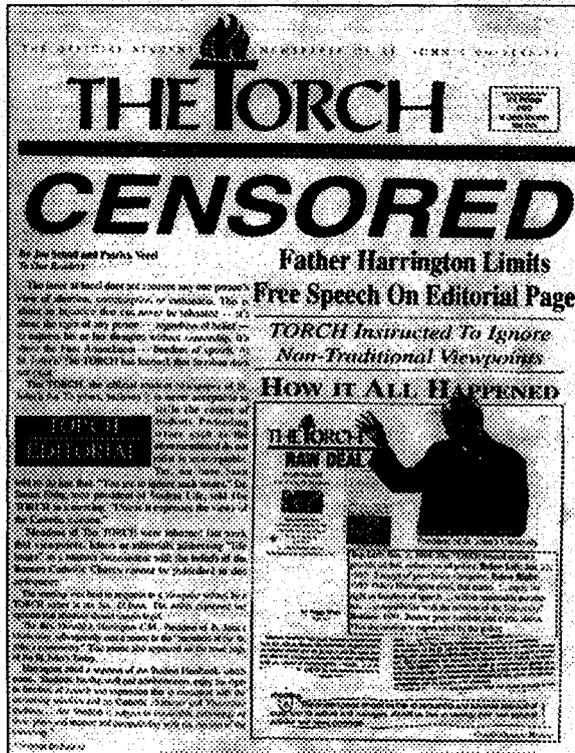
It's just one of many reasons not to let public higher education be auctioned off to the highest bidder. Write your state officials today.

YOU HEARD IT HERE FIRST

The grapevine has it that the US has plans to attack Iran. The justification is probably still being concocted in some disinformation label in Langley, Virginia. Last summer, they had actual plans to nuke Libya, ostensibly because Libya had a secret underground facility working on weapons of mass destruction — something totally unknown in the clean-cut U.S. of A.

Several weeks ago, I reported on Texaco's ruination of the Ecuadorian rain forest and also on that country's economic woes due to Abdala Bucaram's neoliberal economic policies (good old privatization again). I thought the two were unrelated, but I've just read that Leonidas Plaza Verduga, Ecuador's Attorney General, claims that at a meeting between himself and Curt Struble, Deputy Chief of the US mission in Quito, also attended by a Texaco representative, Struble threatened US economic retaliation against Ecuador if the Bucaram government pursues its suit for damages against Texaco. Struble denies the threat and the presence of a Texaco official at the meeting.

Not for nothing, but most of CIA whistleblower Philip Agee's book *Inside the Company* details his experiences stationed in Quito, where the Agency set up phony unions and student groups, organized phony "spontaneous" demonstrations and pulled myriad dirty tricks in order to make sure Ecuadorian politics is to the liking of US capital. I can't help but wonder if the Spooks had any hand in El Loco's dethronement, however richly deserved, and how much of a warning is being sent to his successor.



THE VIEW FROM ATOP THE LIBRARY

The Unabridged Webster's Dictionary lists five definitions for the word "elevator." Although the nuances differ, the general meaning brings to mind one of the slow moving vehicles that takes you from the basement of the library to the fifth floor in a minute or two. Elevator, even in the vaguest sense of the word, never suggests "garbage receptacle." This may seem like a rather elementary observation to make, but events of the recent past suggest that the observation needs to be made nonetheless.

We have, of late, found ourselves amazed at the places people find to place their trash, like elevators, classroom floors, stair wells, windowsills, sidewalks...you get the idea.

Open public spaces are not places to toss your unwanted slovenly twits. This may seem like big talk coming from an office known for its' outrageously high level of sewage, but we cleaned our office last week so now we're gonna preach. It is never pleasant to ride in an elevator with something that looks like it is evolving into intelligent life. It is not pleasing to the eye to note that someone

has emptied the ashtray from their car at the commuter bus stop. It is not conducive to learning to find one's classroom seat sticky because coffee was discarded there an hour ago. It is plainly nausea inducing to stand in the stairwell of certain old-food-and-yak-reeking academic and residence buildings.

Perhaps you find yourself scoffing at the apparently trivial subject which is close to inducing some of us to stand atop the library, sharp-shooter style, with a rifle and start picking off egregious offenders. Scoff not. Plenty of clinical psychological research supports the contention that there is a correlation between morale levels and filth levels. A cleaner environment is linked to a more upbeat and productive attitude.

For the love of god, man, use the trash can. And to the physical plant people: how about emptying the receptacles on days besides those immediately preceding the visit of the Governor or the First Lady? Remember friends, clean is rarely an evil thing.

Letters

To The Editor,

I have just come from Dr. Ira Livingston's class on Romantic Literature, in which my intellect was stimulated by one of the best lectures I have sat through in my three and half years at SUNY Stony Brook—yet, ironically, I am overcome with rage. Looking around at my classmates, I discovered at least half of them engaged in the typical USB classroom behavior: some were falling asleep and others mindlessly doodling in their notebooks. Despite the frequency of such behavior, it proved particularly infuriating to me in this evening's class, but it suddenly dawned on me that I should direct my anger this time on the USB English Department faculty. I have been an undergraduate English major for two and half years, and it has become obvious to me over time, that the USB English Department has a dangerous agenda: to educate (or rather spoon-feed) its students according to one set of beliefs—one which is never (purposely) even revealed to them. Only a select few students, including myself, at Dr. Livingston's lecture tonight could possibly have enjoyed it because only we have been fortunate enough to obtain the necessary foundation of knowledge with which to have understood the 'forbidden' words which the professor was throwing around: 'Modernity' and 'Post-modernity.' Dr. Livingston seems to stand alone in the English Department in his daring to show students that numerous theories and ideologies are applied in the Literary world. In fact, until I stepped into his 'Post-modernism and Literary Theory' class three semesters ago, I never knew that reading a work of 'Literature' was a matter of theory at all.

Dr. Livingston's course on theory, to my knowl-

edge, is the only course on theory taught within the English department at the undergraduate level. It is to my fortune that I have friends in other departments of the Humanities who value their education as much as I do. When Dr. Livingston whetted my palate with Postmodern theory, my friends proved kind enough to lead me to courses in other departments which would continue to challenge my narrow USB-undergraduate-English-department-way-of-thinking (whatever that was). I became fascinated with theory, as it opened up new avenues in my pursuit of knowledge and culture. To my distress, however, when I approached many of the professors in the English Department with questions concerning Postmodernism, I encountered hostility, the standard response being, "That 'Postmodernism' stuff is crap—nothing but the latest rage." To these professors I pose the following questions: 1) Is it 'crap' to stress cultural diversity and awareness? 2) Is it 'crap' to challenge one's mind with philosophical and intellectual speculation? 3) Is it 'crap' to pursue areas of life which tend to get ignored because they are not part of 'High Culture?' 4) Was Shakespeare not the 'latest rage' in his day, writing as much for the 'groundlings' as for the Aristocracy? and are we not still studying him centuries later in our classrooms?

You professors have a right to your opinions; I do not challenge that. But, by refusing to educate me in Postmodern theory, or indeed any theory at all, you are depriving me of my right to form an opinion of my own. The English department desperately needs more professors like Ira Livingston, so that lovers of the discipline are not left to search elsewhere for some education and intellectual stimulation.

-Name Withheld By Request

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Student Union

SUNY at Stony Brook

Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200

(516) 632-6451

e-mail:

sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

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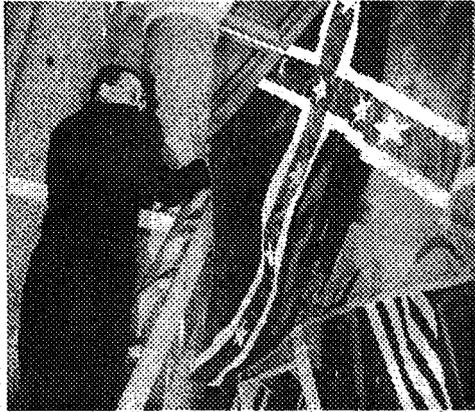
•BEST SENSE OF
HUMOR

•HONORABLE MENTION FOR HELLRAISING

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

By John Giuffo

It all started on Feb. 10, when New York State assemblywoman Earlene Hill (R-Hempstead) tried to pull down the Georgia state flag from its display in the state Capitol. Guards stopped her, but the matter was referred to Governor Pataki, who soon decided to follow through on Hill's actions. Hanging in the building since the early '70s, the flag was the subject of a recent Newsday article, which discussed where the flag was allowed to hang and where it was banned. Hill decided (quite justifiably) that it shouldn't be allowed to hang in our state's Capitol.



The Empire State removes Georgia's Flag...

"This is a personal affront to every citizen in the United States, and it must come down now," Hill said, in an effort to explain her actions. And while her actions were little more than political bandwagon-jumping and grandstanding, she was right in declaring the flag a racist symbol and one that has no place in the flag galleries of less backward states than Georgia.

Flag defacement makes good news copy and the matter soon came to the attention of Georgia state lawmakers, who in their ever-so-charming southern, "rebellious" manner, decided to retaliate against us uppity Yankees by tearing the New York state flag down from their flag gallery.

Ooooooooooooo.

Nevermind that the flag is a version of the more famous confederate "stars and bars". Never mind that the current flag was adopted by Georgia lawmakers in 1956 in symbolic defiance of enforced integration ala 1954's Brown vs. Board of Education. Never mind that we did it first, making their gesture one of petulance and lack of creativity. The dumb inbreds didn't have the approval of the rest of the state government, who decided to put the flag back the next day.

Last Monday's political flag-showmanship was the

latest in an ongoing debate surrounding the appropriateness of a flag celebrating dead men who wanted to continue enslaving human beings. The flag was banned from some Olympic sites and sparked protests outside the Super Bowl. Georgia governor Zell Miller failed to convince the state legislature to change the flag in 1993; apparently, it's easy to get any old swine-humping redneck elected to the Georgia state legislature, as long as your campaign coffers allow plenty of money for complimentary six-packs of Pabst Blue Ribbon and Betamax videotapes of the entire Dukes of Hazzard series.

Well, snap my overalls and call me Cooter, but aren't the pudgy pink-faced bigots wrong? Look, it's one thing to be a big fat dick about the viability of segregation when the rest of the south is walking in rhythmic jack-booted syncopation with you. It's an altogether different thing when you're the only stack-car racing, tobacco-chawin' state government left with the balls to try to argue for the current flag as advocacy of anything other than good ol' fashioned racism.

Look, if the only thing you're interested in is subjugation of other people on the basis of skin color, just be honest about it. Much has been said about the preferability of an "out, proud southern-style" racism vs. the "I-have-black-friends, denial ain't just a river in Egypt-style" racism, but isn't it worse to be both proud of your bigotry and dishonest about the nature of racist imagery? Georgia has issues.

It's always bad to take the actions of a majority of a region's inhabitants as representative of all who live there, but DAMN, if the south ain't fucked. Apologies to Mr. Scott West, GSEU Staff Organizer and South Carolina native, but if I were you, I wouldn't admit my home was anywhere south of the Beltway.

Besides, what do "reformed" southerners such as Mr. West have to brag about from down home? Not exactly known as a hotbed of intellectual activity, the south has very few contributions to modern

American culture that surpass the kitschy-ness of a Little Debbie Oatmeal Pie or the down-home brotherhood a good ol' lynching provides.

Georgia is worse. Mix in Newt-Gingrich celebratory parades, a variety of pecan-related recipes and almost two decades of Harvey Fierstien-wannabe Fred Schneider's warbling as the frontman of the amazingly irritating B 52's, and you get a whole heaping pile of steaming shit. Yeah, I'd be proud of calling Georgia home if I recently emigrated from Alabama, but any Georgian whose had the eye-opening experience of traveling outside state boundaries must ask themselves, "What the fuck am I doing still living in this well of piss?"

Before any of those less-traveled Georgians reading this start singing "Dixie" loud enough to drown out all the reason and tolerance being "force-fed" to them by the rest of the country, *The Stony Brook Press* would like to offer up a hearty FUCK YOU to all things Georgian.



...and the Redneck State removes New York's.

So in the spirit of all this state vs. state fighting, we've decided to dedicate this issue of *The Press* to ripping Georgia at every possible opportunity. We're going to forward copies of this issue to a number of schools in Georgia with the hope that we may be able to pick a fight with a newspaper down there, sparking a feud which will garner some of that ever-so-valuable national news space for ourselves.

So here's to sensationalism. Here's to pompous political posturing. Here's to media-savvy elected officials without the good

sense to keep their mouths shut when they should.

And here's to Georgia, the state most of us northerners are familiar with because we have to endure it for four hours on the drive down to Florida. I always thought their rest stops smelled a bit too much like hog fat anyway.

HOW TO FIRE YOUR BOSS — A WORKER'S GUIDE TO DIRECT ACTION

Courtesy of the Industrial Workers of the World, the "Wobblies"

The indignity of working-for-a-living is well-known to anyone who ever has. Democracy, the great principle on which American Society is supposedly founded, is thrown out the window as soon as we punch the time clock at work. With no say over what we produce, or how that production is organized, and with only a small portion of that product's value finding its way into our paychecks, we have every right to be pissed off at our bosses.

Ultimately, of course, we need to create a society in which working people make all the decisions about the production and distribution of goods and services. Harmful or useless industries, such as arms and chemical manufacturing, or the banking and insurance scams, would be eliminated. The real essentials, like food, shelter, and clothing, could be produced by everyone working just a few hours each week.

In the meantime, however, we need to develop strategies that both prefigure this utopia AND counteract toe day to day drudgery of contemporary wage slavery. Direct Action in the workplace is the key to both these goals. But what do we mean by direct action?

Direct action is any form of guerrilla warfare that cripples the boss's ability to make a profit and

makes him/her cave in to the workers' demands. The best known form of direct action is the strike, in which workers simply walk off their jobs and refuse to produce profits for the boss until they get what they want. This is the preferred tactic of the AFL-CIO "business unions," but is one of the least effective ways of confronting the boss.

The bosses, with their large financial reserves, are better able to withstand a long drawn-out strike than the workers. In many cases, court injunctions will freeze or confiscate the union's strike funds. And worst of all, a long walk out only gives the boss a chance to replace striking workers with a scab (replacement) workforce.

Workers are far more effective when they take direct action while still on the job. By deliberately reducing the boss' profits while continuing to collect wages, you can cripple the boss without giving some scab the opportunity to take your job. Direct action, by definition, means those tactics workers can undertake themselves, without the help of government agencies, union bureaucrats, or high-priced lawyers. Running to the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) for help may be appropriate in some cases, but it is NOT a form of direct action. What follows are some of the most popular forms of direct action that workers have used to get what they wanted. Yet nearly every one of these tactics is, technically speaking, illegal. Every

major victory won by Labor over the years was achieved with militant direct actions that were, in their time, illegal and subject to police repression. After all, until the 1930's the laws surrounding labor unions were simple — there were none. Most of the courts held labor unions to be illegal conspiracies in restraint of "free trade," and strikers were routinely beaten and shot by police, state militia, Federal troops and private security goons.

The legal right of workers to organize is now officially recognized in the U.S., yet so many restrictions exist that effective action is as difficult as ever. For this reason, any worker contemplating direct action on the job — bypassing the legal system and hitting the boss where s/he is weakest — should be fully aware of labor law, how it is applied, and how it may be used against labor activists. At the same time, workers must realize that the struggle between the bosses and the workers is not a badminton match — it is war. Under these circumstances, workers must use what works, whether the bosses (or their courts) like it or not.

The pamphlet goes on to describe various means of direct action on the job, including the slow-down, work to rule, the good work strike, whistle blowing, dual power, and monkey-wrenching. The Press will run further selections as space and the Man permit. The IWW can be reached in New York City at 212-780-0546.

T E N U R E

By Bud McClure

The success of U.S. corporations in using job dismissal as an economic threat to silence workers' first amendment rights is now being attempted at the University of Minnesota. With the gleeful support of the governor radical revisions to the tenure code are being proposed by the Board of Regents. Provisions aimed at decimating tenure protections in faculty termination cases, of just cause and due process, combined with punitive measures which encourage salary reductions and other economic threats will, if passed, obliterate tenure. While the regents argue that flexibility is needed in difficult financial times, their real agenda becomes clear with one of their proposed tenure revisions covering seditious behavior, which states that faculty must display a proper attitude of industry and cooperation. These revisions result from several factors: the perceived financial crisis at the university caused by the reduction in state funding; the proposed re-engineering of the university's management systems toward a top-down, centralized scheme, and increased privatization.

While the battle between faculty and the administration and regents has been taking shape for over a year, round one just ended in a draw. The Minnesota Bureau of Mediation Services issued a maintenance-of-status-quo order on September 13, immediately freezing all conditions of employment because faculty had gathered the necessary signatures to authorize a vote for collective bargaining. If successful, the unionizing effort will mark the first time a top-30 research university in the U.S. has replaced faculty governance with a labor-management style.

When the University of Minnesota Board of Regents attempted to make minor changes in the tenure code in 1973, 30 percent of the faculty signed union authorization cards, and they obtained a cease and desist order to prevent any changes in the conditions of employment until the collective bargaining representation issue was settled. It took five years: in the interim the university administration dropped the proposed tenured changes to discourage faculty from organizing. But the changes proposed this time are so ominous that there is little room for that kind of compromise.

The two most obvious issues driving this tenure debate are decreased state funding for higher education in Minnesota and financial pressures on the University Hospital (Academic Health Center, AHC). State funding for the univer-

sity has dropped from 45 per cent to 38 percent in recent years. Once a state-supported institution, the university has been reduced to the state-assisted category. Typical of the poor leadership vision which has plagued the university, the growth and success of health maintenance organizations put the University's Health Center out of business. This year the Board of Regents is concluding a deal to sell the University Hospital and Clinics to Fairview Health Systems. Coincidentally, the 4,550 hospital employees have been told that they will no longer work for the university, but for Fairview. This employee transfer attempts to dismantle the hospital workers union which just signed a new contract with the university after a long and bitter fight. Although the deal is not yet concluded,

Fairview has already notified employees of pending layoffs and wage and benefit reductions. In order to resolve the financial morass and reorganize the AHC, William Brody (now president of Johns Hopkins) was appointed pro vost. He quickly discovered that many of AHC's clinical faculty had been tenured on soft monies generated from research dollars and clinical fees. Brody could summarily unload all other employees, but tenure stood in the way of his plans to eliminate faculty positions. While discussions of possible tenure revisions at the University of Minnesota had been going on quietly for several years, the AHC dilemma provided the pretext for a direct challenge to the code. President Hasselmo (who is retiring this July) and senior vice president Ettore Infante (who has returned to the faculty), in collusion with the Board of Regents, proposed a series of tenure revision discussions to explore how "increased flexibility" could be added to the tenure code. These discussions began innocuously at the October 1995 regents meeting, when certain regents professors (highest-ranking faculty selected by the Regents for their contributions to the university), along with Dr. Judith Gappa, a higher education expert at Purdue University, outlined the issues which make tenure an essential component in the recruitment and retention of faculty, as well as economic factors which make tenure a wise investment for the state. All speakers, endorsed the present tenure code and insisted that academic freedom must remain the keystone of a strong university. But a prescient question which foreshadowed the regents underlying intention was asked of Dr. Gappa by Regent Jean Keffeler. "How might she (Dr. Gappa) envision a university operating without tenure?"

At the December regents meeting, but Hasselmo refused. Consequently, there was no faculty input into the document which established the framework for the subsequent meeting, but Hasselmo refused. Consequently, there was no faculty input into the document which established the framework for the subsequent debate. The regents discussions were limited to presentations by individuals selected and approved by them. The timeline established for discussion and submission of proposed revisions to the tenure code was limited to one year. Both the regents and the Hasselmo regime asserted that they wanted the debate limited so as not to spill over into other pressing issues, such as the biennial budget. Controlling the debate would also limit input from other interested groups, principally faculty, even though, under the current university governing system, proposed changes to the tenure code would have to be approved by several faculty committees. None of those committees were consulted prior to the introduction of the proposed changes.

Most faculty remained ignorant of the ongoing discussions, preoccupied with their work and believing that their faculty governance system served their interests. Hasselmo, in order to add legitimacy to the revision process, had already co-opted several faculty collaborators who were willing to front this effort. One faculty member, John Adams, geography professor and former chair of the powerful Faculty Consultative Committee, was selected to chair a special tenure faculty-administration sub-committee, the vehicle through which

Adams was to coordinate the review and revision process among the administration, regents, and various faculty committees who would supposedly make final decisions on the changes. The subcommittee was not to recommend changes; rather, it was to coordinate the efforts of other committees.

Months after re-examination of the tenure code began, faculty began to hear about it and expressed limited concern. To head off any mass uprising a series of public forums were suddenly scheduled to give

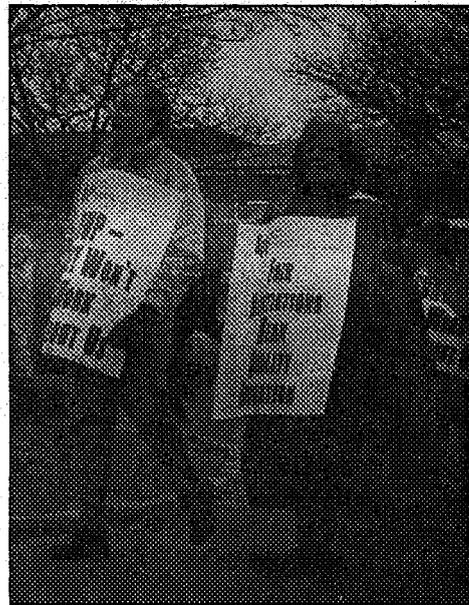
the appearance of openness. Adams would assert that input from faculty at these meetings would influence any proposed changes to the tenure code. However, that was never the case. There was virtually no support for any changes to the present tenure code at any of the forums. One provision strongly favored by the administration, and which initially caused the greatest commotion among faculty, was the proposal to move tenure from the university level to the department level.

In order to lay off tenured faculty at AHC, the university (administration and regents) had to move tenure to the departments. In the current code, tenure is granted at the university level, which means that if a department is closed, a tenured faculty member would be placed in a comparable position within the university. Were this provision implemented, one can imagine the lengths departments, and individual faculty within them, would go to ensure their economic survival.

The other two less obvious, but more corrupting, reasons driving the tenure debate is the university administration's efforts to "radically re-engineer" the university's management systems and adopt a more centralized, top-down structure. In the words of Regent H. Bryan Neel III, the university must become "meaner and leaner." Of course, this does not apply to either the regents or the administration. While faculty and staff downsizing has taken place in recent years, the administration's budget has actually grown. The effort to eliminate workers has added fuel to the attack on tenure. "The problem with tenure is that it prevents flexibility in renewing the institution. When you close a unit, you have to keep all the tenured faculty on board. You have to wait for attrition to work its course," contends Regent Keffeler. So the regents and the Hasselmo regime want flexibility to renew (i.e., fire) faculty because waiting for attrition (i.e., death) takes too long.

Actually, faculty salaries

See "Tenure," page 14



UUP rally at Stony Brook. Other state universities face the same type of threats we do. Photo courtesy Nicole Rosner/Statesman

"...Tenure ensures that all ideas, no matter how vexatious, will be heard. Unfortunately, current tenure code revisions will ensure that only the monied, popular, and dominant ideas will ever be expressed on university campuses."

The Safety Question

By Brian Libfeld

On Sunday, February ninth, a Motorola radio was stolen from the Sanger College desk monitor, an employee of the Residential Safety Program (R.S.P.). The thief, a thin, light skinned male wearing a hood and a ski mask, came from inside the building to where the desk monitor, grabbed the radio, and ran.

R.S.P., under the direction of Scott Law, is a student run safety program. Its purpose is to ensure that the residential areas of campus are secure and that the campus community has a feeling of safety and security. To accomplish this they use desk monitors and field units. The field units serve two purposes, the first is to secure the residence halls, making sure all entrances are closed and locked. The second is to serve as Walk Service, an escort available to staff, residents and commuters who feel unsafe walking alone on campus at night. The desk monitors purpose is to monitor the main entrances to the residence halls, and make sure all persons entering the building live there, or are accompanied by someone who lives there.

The primary function of R.S.P. is to create an air of safety around campus, but according to policy their primary concern is the safety of their own employees. With the theft of the

radio, and the presence of an intruder on the private radio channel that they use, R.S.P. was forced to send all their desk monitors home, and cancel work for an indefinite period of time. This is because, while operating the only line of defense for their employees is radio communication with a dispatcher, who is in turn in contact with Public Safety. The thief, via the stolen radio, made it impossible to operate safely by using R.S.P.'s own radio against them.

Having indefinitely closed half of their operation, the question of what to do still lingered. The program coordinator (P.C.), Nick Halhamandaris, with Scott Law, decided that the only option was to wait for the stolen radio's battery to die, hoping that the thief was unable to determine how to operate the radio with an adaptor. After a weeks time had passed, and the coordinators felt safe operating on the frequency again, and desk monitors resumed work.

After resuming business as usual the student coordinators of R.S.P., in an attempt to prevent such an occurrence in the future, began to question how such an thing could have happened. One of the obvious answers was that the employees, specifically the desk monitors, were improperly trained and as such many employees are being made to

undergo retraining. The fault cannot be placed upon the workers, though, but rather on the coordinators in charge of training them. (There are four assistant coordinators [A.C.]: Training/Hiring; Field; Desk for G/H/Roth; and Desk for Kelly/Roosevelt/Tabler)

Last Thursday night, two R.S.P. coordinators, Matt Creataro and Spyros Gounaropoulos, in charge of training/hiring and field respectively, took to the field on a different frequency than that used by R.S.P., in plain clothes, without visible identification, and without alerting the employee supervisors of their plans. They proceeded to enter buildings where desk monitors were stationed, and attempted to steal their radios. In at least one attempt they were successful, and with the radio, they left the residence hall. In this instance the coordinators had a key to the residence hall, but only to one of the side doors which was by no means easily accessible. Should something have happened to the desk monitor was left without any means of communication.

When approached outside the building by an A.C. and an employee supervisor, the two, Matt and Spyros, were hiding in the trees in the center of Roth Quad, Matt giggling like Georgian schoolgirls.

See "Safety" on page 9

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ADMIN INCONSISTENT ON GRAD EMPLOYEE PARKING

RIGHT HAND DOESN'T KNOW WHAT LEFT HAND IS DOING

By Scott West

Campus Public Safety officers conducted broad sweeps of the parking lots last week, distributing large numbers of tickets to unlucky motorists.

Zeal overcame good sense, however, in the scads of tickets written to grad employees for holding expired parking stickers. Many of those stickers are perfectly valid.

Administration is apparently selectively enforcing their permanent parking sticker policy for employees.

Parking stickers for employees became valid for so long as they worked on July 3, 1996. All fac/staff parking stickers held at that time became permanent: they were good without renewal so long as the bearer worked at SUNY Stony Brook.

At a December 13 Labor/Management meeting of Graduate Student Employees Union and the administration, Gary Matthews, Director of Campus Services, agreed with GSEU staff and Steering Committee Member Tony Jerralls (English) that the July 3, 1996 memo announcing the permanency of employee parking stickers applied to GSEU unit members.

The memo states that employee parking stickers from previous semesters would remain valid so long as the holder remained employed at Stony Brook.

GSEU unit members who were charged the Fall 1996 \$5 renewal fee despite continued employment (and therefore holding a valid sticker from the previous semester) were to be refunded the

\$5, either by cash or by a credit to fees.

Likewise any parking tickets imposed on current GSEU unit members holding a valid sticker would be considered void. The written confirmation of this understanding has not yet been received by the GSEU or, for that matter, the Public Safety officers writing bad tickets.

GSEU passed on the names of the five persons who have so far come forward to contest the unwarranted tickets at a February 10 Labor/Management meeting. If the agreements are honored, the appeals should be successful.

Grad employees who feel they have been wrongly ticketed are strongly encouraged to call the Graduate Student Employees Union at 2-7729.

Graduate Student Employee Unions to Stage a "National Day of Action" Thursday, February 27th: GSEU Joins National Effort with Action at Stony Brook

By Scott West and Tony Jerralls

On Thursday, February 27, members of the Graduate Student Employees Union at Stony Brook will join graduate students across the country in a "National Day of Action" to support the unionization of graduate students who work as teachers, researchers, and staff in the nation's universities.

Graduate students at more than 20 universities — from New York to California and from Florida to Oregon — will participate in a day of leafletting, teach-ins, demonstrations, and ral-

lies organized by the Coalition of Graduate Employee Unions (CGEU). The event marks the first coordinated action linking graduate employee unions across the country.

There are over 100,000 graduate employees in the United States. At many universities, graduate students teach up to 50% of the total class hours, frequently for low pay and no benefits. The National Day comes at a boom time in unionization efforts among graduate employees, with three new unions and countless organizing drives begun in the last five years.

GSEU will use the action to highlight the local struggle for respect while uniting with fellow graduate students across the country. Stony Brook graduate employees will highlight the lack of campus management to graduate employees by conducting a teach-in at a "GSEU Provisional Office" from 11-1.

The GSEU is planning several activities for this National Day. But we need your support, your time, your ideas, and your voices—not only on this bigger, symbolic day, but in the more day to day actions like Steering Committee meetings, various research committees (e.g. on health care), and campus/community activism (e.g. helping to fight/right the wrongs suffered by our fellow TA's and GA's, or joining the picket line at Wild by Nature). If you have any suggestions and would like to participate in the National Day of Action or if you have some time to come to steering committee meetings (alternating Tuesdays from 1-2 in the Javits Room of the library), see Scott West in SBS-404N, @ 2-7729.

"Tenure," continued from page 6

account for only 15 percent of the university budget. Laying off faculty would result in little, if any, substantial savings. During the last 6 years, 902 faculty at the university left or retired; 668 positions were added, not necessarily in the same area as those who left. Much of the money from the 234 positions not replaced went to fund administrative positions. A recent faculty survey indicated that a greater number of faculty will be leaving the university in the next five years. But under the pretext of downsizing, faculty make convenient scapegoats. Erroneous notions about tenure promoted by the regents to engender public support, such as "lifetime job security," don't resonate well with the general public, whose economic future is under constant threat by corporate America. While such tactics sway public opinion, they obfuscate the larger issue that all workers should be entitled to due process which requires a just cause for their termination.

The most erroneous notions, albeit yet concealed, underlying the efforts to control and silence faculty, and a major threat to the survival of academic freedom is the increasing privatization of the public university. In addition to the sale of the University of Minnesota hospital system, which represents 20 percent of its total assets, the university has succumb to corporate influence by selling endowed chairs and accepting private money which seeks to influence research, curricular decisions, and teaching. The university recently signed a 10-year exclusive, \$15 million contract with Coca Cola. Lawrence Soley's Leasing the Ivory Tower

(South End Press) details much of the corporate take over in universities today. Thus, it becomes increasingly difficult for the university to withstand an independent faculty who might criticize such sellouts or whose research would threaten corporate support.

The notion that education should be viewed as a public resource, an investment in our children and in the future of Minnesota, has given way to the cost/benefit analyses that compel corporations to dehumanize the workplace for the sake of profitability. The idea of the university as a profit center is gaining popularity. Rather than frame the debate that guaranteed educational opportunities for all must remain the keystone of any civilized society, the Hasselmo administration, and the regents now collude with the shortsighted and cynical politicians and their corporate masters, who pander to the public with rhetoric designed only for short term gain and long-term disaster.

Educational restructuring may be necessary. Scrutiny of how tax dollars are spent is important. But adoption of the business metaphor as the guiding vision for education is wrong. In the absence of careful analyses, thoughtful discussions, and reasoned debate, the rhetoric sinks to the shrill arguments of commerce which treat students as customers and faculty and staff as a burden to the university.

No matter what metaphors are used, the university is not like the corporate world. The clash of minority and majority ideas which compete in academic writings and in the classroom are the four-

tion of scholarship. Tenure ensures that all ideas, no matter how vexatious, will be heard. Unfortunately, current tenure code revisions will ensure that only the monied, popular, and dominant ideas will ever be expressed on university campuses.

Round two of the skirmish began October 10 when the regents offered a slightly modified version of their first proposal. Not out of any recognition or understanding of how damaging to the university or the state their initial revisions were, but simply a response to demands from alumni, state legislators, and others as they retract their radical proposal. Regent Hogan sought to soften the accurate perception that most people have of the regents when he asserted, "we have stumbled a bit ... we love the faculty."

From Manitoba to Austin, Texas, from Berkeley California to Orono, Maine, university administrators and boards of regents await the outcome of this assault on tenure. Regents chair Tom Reagan acknowledged that most "boards don't have the guts to tackle this issue head-on." So Minnesota leads the way in teaching another generation of faculty that tenure is not a passive concept, it is a living principle. History teaches us that periodically we must vigorously fight to maintain it.

Bud McClure is associate professor of psychology at the University of Minnesota, Duluth.
Reprinted with permission from *Z Magazine*

BLACK LIBERATION RADIO BUSTED

"Safety," continued from page 7

They then turned the purloined radio over to the A.C. and the supervisor, explained that they had stolen the radio and left the area. Neither attempted to return to speak with the desk monitor in regards to the stolen radio.

The A.C. and supervisor then proceeded to check on the desk monitor. Upon entering the building the desk monitor was nowhere in sight, having abandoned her desk for an unknown amount of time. Following this the A.C. proceeded to search through the building and after a few minutes the coordinator returned with the shocked desk monitor, calmed her, and explained that the radio had been recovered. Then they explained that they knew who had taken it, but did not disclose that it was an R.S.P. employee, much less an A.C.

The desk monitor was then sent home for the evening, and told that she would be unable to work again until she had received retraining. In questioning the desk monitor as to what happened when she discovered the radio missing, it was determined that she had gone to the room of a resident who she had checked into the building at the time the radio was stolen, and accused him of stealing it. At this point the monitor would have been both out of sight and out of contact, as well as in a dangerous position accusing a man who was unfamiliar to her of criminal activity. After the event was over and done with, the A.C.s claimed to have observed the radioless desk monitor for 3-5 minutes after taking the radio, yet they were unaware that the monitor had left the desk. In addition to this, accord-

ing to R.S.P. guidelines, no employee is to be out of radio contact with the dispatcher at any time, yet two A.C.s purposely placed an employee in this position, an offense for which a lower employee would have been fired.

With the questions this has forced R.S.P. to ask of itself, the campus community must also raise questions. First, what value does the P.C. place in the parts of the program? P.C. Nick Halhamandaris has made his opinion clear, as has Scott Law, by issuing a dollar raise to the field units, bringing their hourly wage to \$6.00, while leaving the desk monitors pay at \$4.85 an hour, just 10 cents above minimum wage. In addition to making the wages for desk monitors not viable for a student on this campus, he has also made his desire to dissolve the desk monitor position clear. The reason the position still exists is because Scott Law says it serves to make the the community safer, yet he has been quoted by several of the employee supervisors as referring to the desk monitors as 'window dressing' for the parents of residents and his higher ups. Scott Law and the coordinators of the Residential Safety Program have made it clear that they feel the service the desk monitors provide is neither effective nor necessary, and if they place little value in their own employees. If this is so, how can we as a community do so?

On thursday, February 13th, the FCC raided Black Liberation Radio in Decatur, Illinois and seized all the equipment. BLR, an unlicensed radio station operated by Napoleon and Mildred Williams, has been a growing thorn in the side of the local power structure. BLR has brought together the predominantly white workers who have undergone bitter strikes in the 90s (Caterpillar, etc.) with unemployed blacks and whites. It has given them all a voice, not just locally but to a degree nationally (Napoleon was the keynote speaker at the recent Micro Broadcasters Convention in Oakland).

This pioneering station must go back on the air. Napoleon requests donations to help them fight this. Please send what you can to: Napoleon Williams, 637 E Center St., Decatur IL 63526. In the face of a growing police state, Napoleon and Mildred are fighting back. They need your help.

PLEASE call to issue protests:

State Attorney General
Jim Ryan
217-782-1090

Macon County States Attorney
Lawrence "Larry" Fichter
217-424-1400
101 South Main, Decatur, IL 62523.

Check out 3TV this February

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
17 5 pm Flesh and Bone 7:30 Ruff-Kut Reggae 8:00 Bye Bye Love 10:00 Island of Dr. Moreau 12:00 Native Son	18 5 pm Menace II Society 7:00 U.K. Today 7:30 Escape From LA 9:30 Say Anything 11:30 Bopha	19 5 pm CMV 6:00 She's The One 8:00 Apocalypse Now 10:00 Jip-Joint Theatre 12:45 Juice	20 5 pm Bye Bye Love 7:00 Escape From LA 9:00 Say Anything 11:00 Island of Dr. Moreau 1:00 Menace II Society	21 5 pm Burly Bear 6:00 Sex Madness 8:00 Chain Reaction 10:00 Bopha 12:00 Apocalypse Now
24 5 pm 8 1/2 7:30 Ruff-Kut Reggae 8:00 Juice 10:00 Island of Dr. Moreau 12:00 Juice	25 5 pm Chain Reaction 7:00 UK Today 7:30 Native Son 10:30 She's The One 12:30 Flesh and Bone	26 5 pm CMV 6:00 Say Anything 8:00 Bye Bye Love 10:00 Jip-Joint Theatre 11:00 Boomerang	27 5 pm Escape From LA 7:00 She's The One 9:00 Menace II Society 11:15 Apocalypse Now 2:00 Chain Reaction	28 5 pm Burly Bear 6:00 Juice 8:00 Bopha 10:00 Island of Dr. Moreau 12:00 Bye Bye Love



This month's movies are:

- Flesh and Bone
- Bye Bye Love
- Chain Reaction
- Island of Dr. Moreau
- Bopha
- Escape From LA
- Menace II Society
- Say Anything
- Juice
- She's The One
- Apocalypse Now
- Boomerang

We're Your Station!

Good luck this semester from 3TV!

COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

©1997 BY MATT GROENING

CALLING ALL YOUTH!

So You Want to Get Pierced



HEY! YOOK AH ME!

MA TUG IH AHMO HEAHED!

Q: ISN'T PIERCING STRICTLY FOR FETISH-GUYS, S&M FREAKS, AND SEETHING CARNIVAL WORKERS?
A: NOT ANYMORE! THANKS TO MODERN ALIENATION AND BOREDOM, YESTERDAY'S CREEPY PSYCHOPATHOLOGY HAS BEEN MAGICALLY TRANSFORMED INTO TODAY'S WHOLESOME TRENDY MIDDLE-CLASS YOUTH AFFECTATION!

Q: WILL I EVER RUN OUT OF BODY PARTS TO PIERCE?
A: IF IT DANGLES, PROTRUDES, JIGGLES, OR THROBS, WE CAN IMPALE, LANCE, DRILL, OR STAB IT!

Q: DOES IT HURT TO GET PIERCED?
A: AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, ANY SUDDEN PERFORATING, PUNCTURING, OR SKEWERING OF SENSITIVE HUMAN TISSUE MIGHT LEAD TO WHAT SOME CALL "PAIN." WE LIKE TO REFER TO IT AS "THAT SHARP UNPLEASANT TINGLING SENSATION."

Q: ISN'T PIERCING JUST A FANCY WORD FOR SELF-MUTILATION?
A: HEY, SELF-MUTILATION IS SOMETHING YOU DO TO YOURSELF. WITH PIERCING, WE DO IT TO YOU, AND YOU MERELY PAY US. COME ON, GROW UP! DON'T YOU WANT TO REALLY FREAK OUT MOM AND DAD?

NOW YOU CAN WEAR YOUR ABUSED CHILDHOOD AS A PERMANENT FASHION STATEMENT!!!

SO COME ON! BE A SPORT!

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YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME YOUR FIVE-YEAR BUDGET FORECAST. YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR ONE.

IT WAS DISCUSSED AT THE PROJECT REVIEW MEETING. YOU DIDN'T INVITE ME TO THAT MEETING.

DID YOU ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING THIS WEEK? I TRAINED THE BATS WHO LIVE IN MY COBICLE TO JUGGLE MUSHROOMS.

I'D LIKE TO START THE MEETING WITH A WHINY, UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.

WHY CAN'T ANYONE MAKE A DECISION AROUND HERE?!

THAT WAS GOOD. MY LITTLE INTERN IS ALL GROWN UP. SNIFF

HEY, THAT'S A UNION JOB. PUT IT DOWN OR I'LL FILE A GRIEVANCE.

I'M ONLY MOVING IT TEN FEET. IF I WAIT FOR A UNION PERSON, I'LL BE UNABLE TO DO MY JOB FOR A WEEK.

IF ANYONE SEES YOU MOVE THE PC TONIGHT, TRY SAYING YOU'RE JOHNNY CASH. MAYBE I SHOULD JUST USE THE ELEVATOR.

Dilbert © by Scott Adams

THE BOLD COMMANDO STEALTHILY RELOCATES HIS PC AT NIGHT, THUS THWARTING BURDENSOME UNION RULES.

FREEZE, MISCREANT.

I HOPE THIS WORKS. YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE JOHNNY CASH TO ME.

YOU'RE ACCUSED OF STEALING A COMPUTER. WE'LL REDUCE THE CHARGE TO "LEWD CONDUCT WITH APPLIANCES" IF YOU'LL PLEAD GUILTY.

THAT SOUNDS FAIR. PEOPLE WILL UNDERSTAND IT'S JUST A PLEA BARGAIN.

WOULD YOU LIKE A MINUTE ALONE WITH "MR. COFFEE"?

I'VE DECIDED TO ABANDON LOGIC AND MANAGE BY CLICHÉS.

IT WON'T BE EASY, BUT I'LL TAKE IT ONE BIRD AT A TIME.

AND REMEMBER, THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT-HANDED. THIS IS ACTUALLY AN IMPROVEMENT.

Top Ten Things Overheard At The Last Upper-Class White Male Georgian Senior Citizen Convention

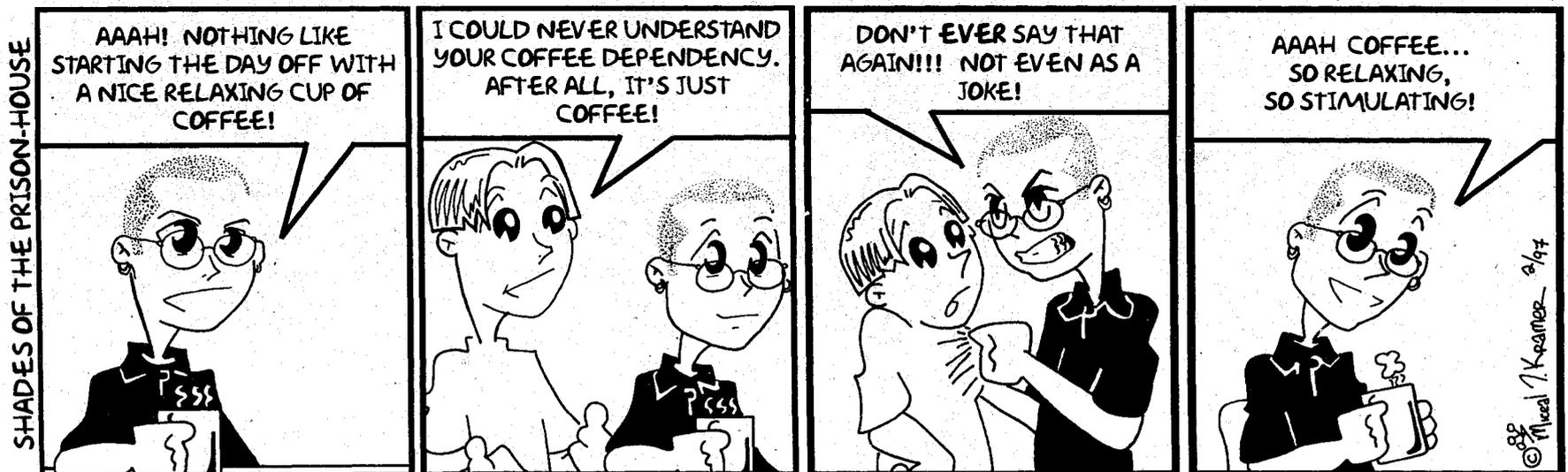
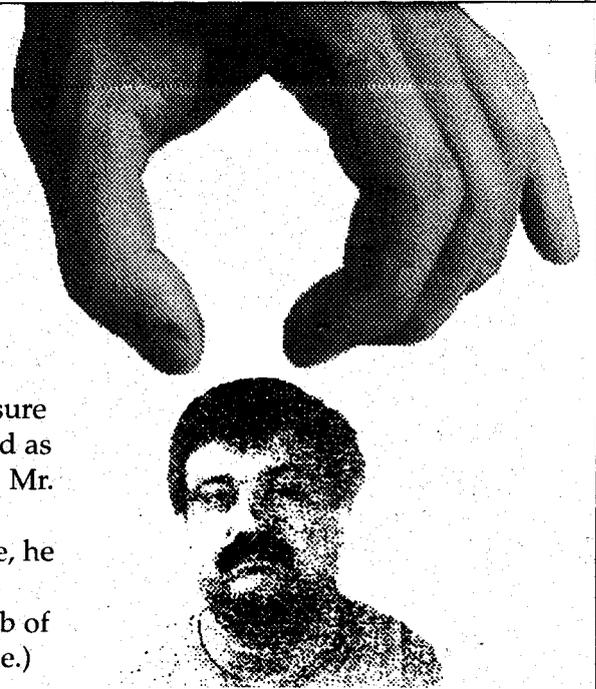
- 10) "And when the alarm went off at 5:30, my sister hadda run out the room before ma caught her and me bein' all Jerry Lee Lewis like."
- 9) "Well now, lookie here, it's Scott West!"
- 8) "Happy De La Beckwirth Day!"
- 7) "You sure got a purty mouth, Earl."
- 6) "Just between you and me, that Gingrich boy's cuter than a Macon county prize-winning sow."
- 5) "Affirmative action. Heh."
- 4) "Ahhh shit! I'm missing Savannah."
- 3) "Daisy, I sure miss Uncle Jesse."
- 2) "Is that Ted Turner over by the chuckwagon?"
- 1) "Toothpick, anyone?"

AT LONG LAST, A WINNER!

As many of you Pressophiles may know, some time back we amused our readers (and, mostly, ourselves) by issuing the "Caress the Curmudgeon" contest: a non-Press member could win gold and glory --well, CDs and a pissant little mention -- by touching the ephemeral Chris Sorochin, one of our resident political rebels. The Features Editor who is writing this under duress would like to mention before continuing that he considers Sorochin one of the best writers out there, and the fact that none of the Press Editors have ever spoken to or met him in the flesh only adds to his power and mystery.

Anyway, someone caught up with him and touched him. We don't know the details, and you know something? That's a-okay. But we did promise the winner a mention, and sure enough, he fulfills all of the necessary requirements: a non-Press member who was verified as being the first to touch Chris Sorochin! Ladies and gentlemen, say hello to John Schindler! Mr. Schindler recently left a message on our answering machine, supplying us with Chris Sorochin's middle name and birthdate as proof. When feels like coming down to the office, he can pick from a multitude of shitty CD throwaways in our desk drawer!

(The Press would like to sincerely apologize to Mr. Sorochin, who was attacked by a mob of potential contest-winners seconds after Mr. Schindler's success. Traction isn't forever, dude.)



Georgia On My Mind

by Cliff "Red Dog" Rivera

"Georgia on my mind..."

Mother Nature's whims can be as unpredictable as the next wave of incoming freshman. Whomsoever is expected to forecast the next disaster has but a few resources to form his or her guess. The finite Man, limited in certain areas, whose ability depends on past occurrences and the basic route of the senses, is in awe at Her catastrophic repercussions. The potential outweighs the circumstances of the moment—however fleeting and haste—but nevertheless it affects the world in great proportions.

Advances come in short duration, when considering the ramifications of the creator and his tool: it is this pact, this indubitable force that enables the stoppage of time, the inspiration that bespeaks immortality—an illusion. For Man has undoubtedly left its mark, blood-stained in spotted areas, leaving a desolate field of empty skyscrapers, withered trunks (waiting for its ashes to be taken away by a soft breeze)...

The artistry of God(—), with the utmost care taken in imparting the beauty of his creations, admired from the clearest of standpoints, where he can reexperience true poetry in its most revealing, uninhibited state—the perfection of his work is without question. Yet the uninformed, whose work of God they have only glimpsed—having been obstructed somehow or other—are left speechless. Some are aghast, mouths gaping at the nakedness of his conception "Adam and Eve" (posing, if at first reluc-

tantly); others express their bitterness explicitly protesting the sinful display. Unfamiliarity breeds gossip and soon "Adam and Eve" harden and rust. A commotion ensues, silent screams saturate the air of the abandoned statues. The creator shares in the rampant powerlessness, but can only look back with forlorn reverence—prior to the infamous bite. A contagion fermenting the most hardened of hearts is born—Evil. The creator could see the clouds darkening, the storm approaching hastily. . . The echo of his voice (deafened by Death's sirens) extends to the injured like a dream harking back to the first brush stroke, a tattered photo of sweet innocence, awakening to nature's delight (the sun's rays emanate brightly in the background despite its colorless state).

"The storm... The storm..."

The inevitable is unspoken. It is understood without question. The prevalent answer then or is preferably researched is What? As in: What are the route causes of the sudden extinction of life (aside from the inevitable)? From an objective standpoint, wherein Man considers to hold no boundaries, whose imagination holds no limits (or at least has not reached its peak), it is Man who is at fault—though blame would be a further abomination of Time, wasted energy, so to speak since Man's flaws are irrelevant.

In other words, Man, in acknowledging his finity, seeks justification for his undue judgment. The aggressive tendency of Man to defend the privileges of this world leads to conflict, intricate fallacies into the unknown where destruction is the

artificial light that will provide enlightenment—false. The hierarchy of which Man has placed himself—on the highest of pedestals—the epitome of power over all living creatures, connotes a vulnerability inherent in Man. Fear leads to warfare, therein to collapse, a freefall down into the depths of utter chaos: forest fires run amuck, carcinogens clog the lungs, the basic necessities are left in ruin. Breathing fresh air becomes a commodity of luxury, available only to the most agile and witty conglomerate. Corporations flourish, speed up fads so the consumer's sight will be all but mechanistic in nature. Currency skyrockets and a procession of soldiers, backed by an army of leashed leopards (on the verge of oblivion, suffering from fateful dehydration), and fireworks galore garners great applause from the indifferent crowds (heeding only the warnings of too much sun or something).

The weapons which Man proudly exhibits (the mind who is aware of his capabilities is powerless in his all-consuming instincts to rid himself of any dependency) to the passersby, the few who share in his oblivious inclinations to kill, gawk at the beauty of the past. The nostalgic trip back to the time when vegetation made the skin crawl, itch, the smell of natural perfume—no more. What was once a playground is now a wasteland.

Causes? you ask. Just take a look around you. See fit to tear your eyelids out to understand what is freedom may be a front for unheard of atrocity and Death...

"...Keeps Georgia on my mind."

ICE-T'S DAILY AFFIRMATION



Body Count and the Thyndicate coming through! Oneth upon a time, there with a plathe where children could run and play, without fear of a crack-dealer or a drive-by. I'm O.G., and no one can thtop me or my motherfuckath and our methage. No one can thtop you either, and you're a thtep ahead of me, without a lithp! Fight the power, and thtruggle againtht injuthth whereever it may be. Peathe, O.G.!

Fudgey Goodness

By The Baking Goddess

Chocoholic? Depressed? Sweettooth? Or just want to impress someone? Here's an easy way to do it. Make this super rich, decadent Press-approved fudge. It's fast, easy and um-um-good.

Prep Time: 2 minutes.

Cook Time: 2 - 4 minutes.

Chill Time: 45 minutes - overnight.

Ingredients

2 cups chocolate chips (a 14 oz. bag is perfect)

1 can condensed milk (14 oz.)

Tools

microwave

medium size bowl

spatula (optional)

spoon

plasticwrap or aluminum foil (optional)

a pan or dish (glass, alumnium or tupperware; 6" round, 7x4 rect. or pie pan)

1. Mix chips and milk in bowl.

2. Microwave for 2 - 4 minutes, until chips are soft.

3. Stir until well blended and smooth.

4. Line pan with foil or plasticwrap (to prevent sticking).

5. Pour mixture in dish and smooth out.

6. Refrigerate or freeze for at least 45 minutes until the fudge is firm.

7. It is done when you can press it with your fingers and it doesn't move.

8. Cut into squares and serve.

Other interesting stuff:

1. Substitute part or all of the chocolate chips with one or more of the following:

Raspberry chocolate chips (The Press favorite)

Butterscotch chips

Mint-chocolate chips

2. For a lower fat recipe, use condensed skim milk and reduced fat chocolate chips (Hershey's makes ones that actually taste like chocolate).

More dorm-friendly recipes to come!

The Press Revealed:

A Newcomers Perspective

By Philip Russo Jr.

[Editor's Note: One of the most important (and often, most annoying) jobs of a campus newspaper is to recruit new members to replace those who graduate or leave in disgust. Sometimes we get really smart people who can write beautifully, and sometimes we just get really annoying losers who wouldn't know a participle if it bit them. Phil, the author of this piece, appears to be a positive addition to the staff, but he does have this weird fixation on our membership. Anyway, we decided to indulge his little obsession for a while so as to provide the reading public with a view of what awaits them here at Stony Brook's only award winning newspaper. Plus, he kind of scares us.]

I first encountered the Stony Brook Press staff about three weeks ago, when I decided it was high time I used the menial skills that I possess for the furthering of good in the universe. After meeting most of the editors and a few of the staff, I knew I could be of great use. So in the interest of clarity and good will, I have come to the conclusion that many of you would also benefit from a crash course in Press staff 101.

The Reverend David M. Ewalt
Executive Editor



Well, what can I say about Dave? I met Dave last semester at a rally against the evil south. It's a rally that takes place every year in New York, where every one dresses up and pretends that it's the Civil War again. At the end of the war we march one member of the mock Confederate army

(usually someone from Georgia) up to a wall, and stone him to death. This particular rally Dave was dressed up as a Union General, and was carrying a baseball bat. I asked him that night whether he thought it was out of character to be carrying around a bat during a mock Civil War battle, and he spit on me and swung the bat at my head. So when I walked into the open house, and saw that he uses a bat to keep the meeting in order, I naturally cringed. I later found out that Dave was so stinking drunk the night of the "Civil War," that he didn't remember a thing. And he's a Reverend.

John Giuffo
Managing Editor



Referred to playfully as "Meat" by Shirley Strum-Kenny and Fred Preston, John is scheduled for termination sometime this year. It seems that John has succeeded in pissing the administration off so much that my informants tell me President Kenny has put

a price on his head. And who in their right mind can blame her. I mean, he listens to Ska for Christ's sake. John should be graduating in the winter of 97, if Kenny's death troops don't get to him first.

Boyd McCamish



Associate Editor

Boyd is the model U.S. citizen. He is an aware adult, who uses the media as a tool for the furthering of mankind through fact. Boyd is an upstanding human being who would rather die than use cheat codes for Doom. Although I lean more towards the apathetic side of life, I feel I could learn a lot from this purveyor of truth, justice and the American way.



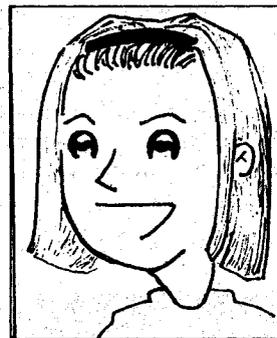
Martha Chemas
Business Manager

If you want business, Martha's your Woman. Witty and precise, Martha will do anything to get new advertising for the paper, and I mean anything. I told her the first time I met her that

the Red Fuck Me pumps were a little too much, and she just looked at me as if I had three heads. Of course she wasn't wearing red Fuck Me pumps when I met her, and actually she won't do anything to get new advertising for the Press, but cut me some slack, I was tripping on three hits of acid and everyone was wearing red Fuck Me pumps.

Joanna Wegielnik
News Editor

Joanna's a pedophile. If she's not out molesting 12 year-old boys, she's smoking copious amounts of marijuana. In my opinion, Joanna will be behind bars by next year.



Lowell Yaeger
Features Editor

I like Lowell a lot. Lowell is a-very... umm, nice guy. Yeah he's a nice guy. I guess. Lowell is by far the funniest person in the office, coining such classic phrases as "Why don't you staple your legs behind your head and rub some shepherd's pie down there so some leprechaun will fuck you." He's the man. And if you don't believe me, just watch him type.



Jeanne Nolan
Photo Editor

Jeanne's a strange cookie. She is usually very mellow and she hardly talks, but when she does the strangest things come out of her mouth. Things like "I hate Georgia" and "Georgia bites the big one." I often tell her that she could offend someone if the wrong person were to hear her, but she just sneers at me and tells me to go fuck a duck. Odd, I know, but those are the facts. Also I have reason to believe that Jeanne is part of the C.I.A. Just the other day John Giuffo tried to take a picture of her, and she punched him in the gut and flipped him over her shoulder. I for one fear for my life.



Antony Lorenzo
Production Manager

Known as Tony to people who can't pronounce his name, Antony is by far the sexiest man in the office. Or so he thinks. I watch Tony walk in and out of the office like his shit doesn't stink. He thinks just because he's from Australia, looks ten times better than most men, and gets edible underwear for Valentines day, that he's better than me. Well, maybe he is, I don't really care. I know that I'm sexier than him. But seriously Tony's cool, but I do not know how he eats Vegemite.



Robert Gilheany
Distribution Manager

Rob's an odd fellow. Dancing to and fro in the office, I often get the feeling that I'm in a production of Swan Lake. Rob loves to dance, and I can see why. He's so god-damned graceful.

Jessica Lamantia
Copy Editor

She loves Tori Amos. I mean it borders on obsession sometimes. I really don't have the space to write too much about it, but take my word, she's fucked in the head.

Michael Kramer (A.K.A. Guinness "Shades of The Prison House" and Spiderman Wanna-be)

The most popular man on campus. I can't stand walking around with him, we can't walk three feet without someone stopping him to talk. I met Mike at my orientation and I liked him from the beginning. He sort of took me under his wing and taught me how to fly. Mike is a great artist, so I don't know why he hangs around the office so much. He's graduated, so he should be out trying to get a job or something.



Clifford Rivera
Staff

Cliff is the weirdest of all of the members of the Press. He rarely says anything. He just kinda sits in the corner and watches, and smokes. This guy is addicted to Nicotine. You're probably thinking, "Well, a lot of people are addicted to nicotine," but I swear this is much deeper. One day I was walking across campus and I saw Cliff. I ran over to say hi, but just as I got near him I saw him shove a whole cigarette in his mouth and eat it! And so naturally I followed him at a distance and watched him proceed to eat a whole pack of cigarettes.

Well, since I'm done I would just like to thank you and the staff for putting up with my bold-faced lies for such a long time. If I failed to mention anyone in this article, or if I pissed anyone off and you want to take potshots at me, get in line sucker.

Bitching and Moaning

By David Wiernicki

I got up early today. I'm happy about that—8:30am, and without an alarm clock. I should get a prize or something: "The Shirley Strum Kenny Award for Getting Up Earlier in the Morning Than You Have To To Avoid Being Fooled by Me." I think it's the new antidepressant. Yes, I'm the one who wrote "He's On Prozac" in the last issue; my real name is not David Doe, it's David "Something-too-long-for-the-editors-to-remember" Wiernicki. At any rate, I started again last night on a med I should have been on a while back, and consequently got up rather early this morning. The wonders of modern medicine. I guess it's better than acid. I didn't set my posters on fire or anything.

Now, however, my whole day has been thrown off. I don't know what to do with so much daylight time. I usually get really active, leaving my first class, just as the satin Long Island sky starts shading slowly to its nighttime hue of deep purple. Or not. Regardless, my propensity in the past six months for nocturnal life has caused my brain to become upset by shadows pointing west. I want dark. I don't particularly want to see this campus in any detail anyway. The campus topography at night, especially on the bridge to the student union—the real one—reminds me of Quake. I just see gibbing a couple of assholes in white hats with my trusty rocket launcher and watching their body parts fly... blood, gore... death... destruction... must kill...

must kill, must KILL!! Oops. That was either the video games or my prozac talking. You'll have to clear it up with the Establishment. I'm going to start a bar called "The Establishment" if my music doesn't work out. "Thursday, Bureaucrat's night at The Establishment! Assholes drink free from six to nine!"

Last issue I was planning on writing an article about obsession and how those whose obsessions are successful are viewed as dedicated or passionate while those who aren't yet successful are seen as just being obsessed—and in a bad way. If you haven't proven yourself via monetary gain or general respect, your obsession is preventing you from doing something normal and being a productive member of society. It would have been a pretty cool article, but somebody deleted the first five hundred words of it. If an article is deleted and nobody read it, did it really exist?

I few days ago I began to notice leaflets all over the place urging people to rush fraternities. I see all these signs in the student union (the REAL one) saying stuff like, "Rush ASS and we'll drown you in beer before stuffing you in a trunk for six hours! Then you'll be one of us! If you live!" You gotta wonder why they call it rushing. Are people afraid they'll be late? Why don't they just leave some extra time? Come to think of it, why do they want to go there at all? Do they need twenty other drunken revelers to confirm their identity? Perhaps ALANON can save some money. Instead of offering a 12 step program, they can just take out ads saying, "Are you co-dependent? Then fuck off and rush sigma sigma sigma!"

Speaking of fraternities, the Two Brothers in our suite were going to have a party here tonight. Apparently, however, none of the

"white sluts" they described wanted to attend, after all, so they went out drinking instead. I don't know for sure, but I doubt they're out at the Met. So no party. It's a shame, too. "Condoms," they had predicted, "will be flying through the air." Sorry I'm going to miss that. I have to say, though, that all in all they aren't bad guys. They generally do stuff college guys do, I guess—stay up until 6am on friday night watching Psychic Friends ads in between the touching filmography of USA.

USA's slogan at that time of the day, "Up all night," I gather, is not meant to refer to the viewer but to certain parts of his anatomy. They can't manage nudity, but they have a remarkable propensity for having women in their underwear throughout 95% of a

"drama." At any given time it's hard to tell what the drama is supposedly about, because the gaps between dialogues are usually at least 8 minutes long, and involve (this is true) 'girls in bikinis sitting around, girls in bikinis running around, girls in bikinis finding out that their boyfriends (in shorts and t-shirts) have been cheating on them with, you guessed it— girls in bikinis. Then the plot moves to the homes of the respective actresses, where you will see girls in lingerie looking at themselves, girls in lingerie moisturizing themselves (sometimes, however, they only get one leg done before they are compelled to start looking at the mirror again) and girls in nightshirts talking to each other. If I saw this kind of shit with just guys in jock straps, and girls in suits, and that's all I saw everywhere, I'd be pissed. Our society as a whole seems to think it's very liberated and equal, but as long as things like this go on, accepted without any thought at all by the majority of the population, we're not getting anywhere. We're the kind of planet Captain Picard would avoid sending away teams to lest he change our backward population. Pretty nice. At least we've moved beyond Star Trek I, where the token woman in command wore a skirt shorter than Newt Gingrich's dick and got less done than a pothead in a coma.

Sad as it is it seems I'm out of time for this wonderful diatribe. To those of you who just skipped to the end to see if there was anything interesting -there-, I give a slap across the face with a large trout. To the rest of you who read this all the way through, I give my old Casio CT-700 keyboard. Better times are comin'.



The Spot

Photo: Man Ray, 1926

Graduate Student Lounge
 Open Wednesday through Saturday with live music

February 19th	Radio Free Wednesday
20th	The Reckoning
21st	Pumice
26th	Radio Free Wednesday
27th	Voice of the Turtle
28th	Clocktower
29th	Foot

Located in the
 Fanny Brice Theater,
 Roosevelt Quad

M O V I E S

Oscar Time Is Here Again
By Chris Cartusciello

On Tuesday, February 11, the nominations for the 69th annual Academy Awards were announced in L.A. at 5:30 in the morning. Those sleepy-eyed thespians who were anxiously awaiting to hear if their names were among the select few may have had a few surprises. For the most part, big stars lost out to smaller names as the independent films virtually dominated the day. This shows that quality does count for something in this town after all. There were some glaring omissions and some nominations that came from nowhere, but all in all the Academy should be very proud of the work they've done this year. The following are the nominations in all the major categories, with my predictions for the winners along with a little extra commentary thrown in.

Best Picture

- The English Patient*
- Fargo*
- Jerry Maguire*
- Secrets and Lies*
- Shine*

Of the 249 motion pictures released this past year that were eligible for nominations these are the five that Academy members felt stood out the most. Three of them being independent productions. Only *Fargo* and *Jerry Maguire* were financed through the Hollywood system. The battle here should be between *The English Patient* and *Fargo*, although if they split the vote *Shine* could very well walk away with the prize. Not enough people saw *Secrets and Lies* to make it a viable choice and *Jerry Maguire* is included as the "popular" choice, the big money maker that has to be included every year. Last year it was *Babe* and before that was *Pulp Fiction*. These films never have a chance and they simply waste a spot for a movie that could have, and should have, been included. This year's films that got knocked out of contention were *Hamlet*, *Lone Star*, *Welcome to The Dollhouse* and *Big Night*. It's a pity the voters chose to see the money instead of the quality. I would like to see *Fargo* take this one but look for *The English Patient* to go home with the gold.

Best Actor

- Tom Cruise for *Jerry Maguire*
- Ralph Fiennes for *The English Patient*
- Woody Harrelson for *The People vs. Larry Flynt*
- Geoffrey Rush for *Shine*
- Billy Bob Thornton for *Sling Blade*

Again three out of the five nominations come from the independents and they are really the only ones who have a chance at a win. Woody Harrelson isn't considered a serious actor and one good performance won't give him respectability. (Remember, this is the same man who gave us *Kingpin* this past year) The film is also too controversial and the Academy would rather stay away from anything like that. As for Tom Cruise, he doesn't belong in the same room with the rest of these men, forget about being nominated with them. He only got this because it was voted on by his peers and the contingency has very few inde-

pendents within it. As a show of respect he should stay home that night and hope the laughing doesn't last too long after his name is announced with the other nominees. This spot could have been put to better use by Kenneth Branagh for his incredible performance in *Hamlet*. Thornton should win this for his portrayal of a mentally challenged killer set free from the hospital and trying to adjust to the outside world. This film, which Thornton also wrote and directed, is one of the best in years and his performance is outstanding. Kind of like *Forrest Gump* meets *Psycho*. He won't win, though, as the voters will stay the course and give this one to Fiennes.



Kristin Scott Thomas

Best Actress

- Brenda Blethyn for *Secrets and Lies*
- Diane Keaton for *Marvin's Room*

- Frances McDormand for *Fargo*
- Kristin Scott Thomas for *The English Patient*
- Emily Watson for *Breaking the Waves*

The best actress category is strong this year with not a bad pick in the bunch. And once more the majority of the nominees come from the independent pool. It's too bad that the nominees are limited to five because there are some deserving actresses who were left out. Like her or not, Madonna should have gotten a nomination for *Evita*. Her portrayal of Eva Peron was one of the strongest this year and in a lesser time she would have gotten her due. She'll just have to be happy with her Golden Globe. Another actress left out was Nicole Kidman for *The Portrait of a Lady*. I thought she would have been a shoe-in after she was forgotten about last year for her incredible work in *To Die For*. Gweneth Paltrow is another who could have gotten a chance if the competition wasn't so tough. Her title role in *Emma* made her the "it" girl of the year. Watson and Thompson will split the votes and Frances McDormand will be the big winner, as well she should.

Best Supporting Actor

- Cuba Gooding Jr. for *Jerry Maguire*
- William H. Macy for *Fargo*
- Armin Mueller-Stahl for *Shine*
- Edward Norton for *Primal Fear*
- James Woods for *Ghosts of Mississippi*

Not a bad pick at all. This entire group is solid, and even though Gooding was part of the *Jerry Maguire* avalanche he is a consistently good performer. He has no chance of winning, but it was nice to include him anyway. As for the rest, Woods won't win for the simple fact that he played an unlikeable character in a mediocre film. Norton has the same problem, but he was so strong his chances are higher. Not high enough though, and being a newcomer to the game he has to earn his

stripes. Macy should win for his likable loser in *Fargo* but Stahl will take it from him, if only for the fact that they wouldn't want to shut out *Shine* entirely.

Best Supporting Actress

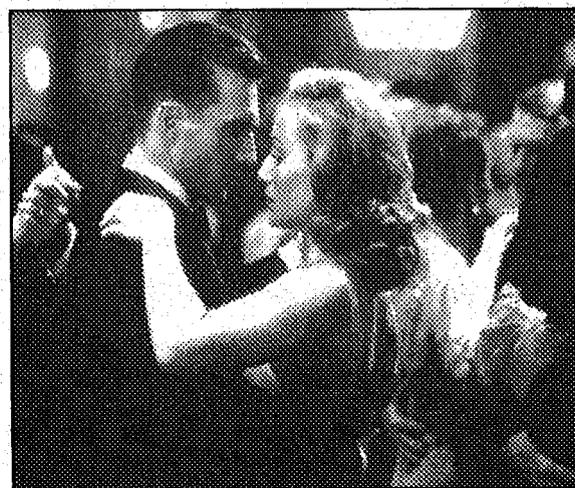
- Joan Allen for *The Crucible*
- Lauren Bacall for *The Mirror Has Two Faces*
- Juliette Binoche for *The English Patient*
- Barbara Hershey for *The Portrait of a Lady*
- Marianne Jean-Baptiste for *Secrets and Lies*

Another strong field for the ladies and another tough call. What's missing this year is the annual nomination, and win, from a Woody Allen picture. Last year was Mira Sorvino for *Mighty Aphrodite* and the year before that was Jennifer Tilly for *Bullets Over Broadway*. Diane Wiest was nominated for the same film that year. With *Everybody Says I Love You*, Allen's tribute to the musicals of days gone by, people were expecting a nod for Goldie Hawn. But it was not meant to be and these lucky ladies got the slots. Joan Allen was nominated last year for her portrait of Pat Nixon in the film about her screen husband's life. Two nominations in a row should mean win, but the competition is too strong this year and she will once again go home empty handed. The real race is between Bacall and Jean-Baptiste. The latter probably had the stronger performance, but Hollywood loves a comeback story and Bacall should walk away with this one.

Best Director

- Joel Coen for *Fargo*
- Milos Forman for *The People vs. Larry Flynt*
- Scott Hicks for *Shine*
- Mike Leigh for *Secrets and Lies*
- Anthony Minghella for *The English Patient*

Not an easy call here, but we can knock out one contender immediately. That would be Forman. Without a best picture nomination there is virtually no chance of taking home the directing prize.



Best Picture Nominee *The English Patient*

The remaining men either wrote or had a hand in writing their films' respective screenplays. Hicks and Leigh have their chances cut down because not many people saw their movies and the Academy likes their winners to have some name recognition. This one will be between Coen and Minghella. Both men's films were critical as well as box office successes. It's a toss up. I'd like to see Coen take it but I'm giv-

ing the edge to Minghella. His was considered an unfilmable story and he did it with spectacular results.

Best Original Screenplay

- Joel and Ethan Coen for *Fargo*
- Cameron Crowe for *Jerry Maguire*
- Mike Leigh for *Secrets and Lies*
- Jan Sardi and Scott Hicks for *Shine*
- John Sayles for *Lone Star*

Lets just get Crowe out of here right off the bat. What he is even doing here with the rest of these men is unfathomable. This won't be an easy one to choose. Sayles' *Lone Star*

continued on next page

The Continuing Adventures of DR. BONG

By Dr. Bong

This week, I'm going to forego the advice column (not that any of you have written in to me anyway) and instead share with you my plans for a device that I hope will one day revolutionize the act of pot-smoking. What marvelous technological success have I come up with, you ask? Why, the bongosphere, of course.

You are, of course, already familiarized with the typical gravity bong, but in case you're still a bit unsure about its nature, I'll clue you in. The first ingredient is a body of water — a pool, a bucket with tapwater, a freshwater lake, whatever. You then get a Pepsi (or Dr. Pepper or Sprite or whatever, you get the idea) bottle and cut off the bottom, so that the bottle is empty of fluid and open on the bottom. Next, you poke a hole in the cap of the bottle and insert the actual "bowl" of a marijuana pipe or bowl into this cap. Fill the bowl with a "smoking product" — use your imagination, asshole — and twist off the cap so it's resting on top of the bottle, but can be lifted with little effort. Lower the bottle into the water, keeping it steady. The inside of the bottle will fill with water. You light the marijuana and raise the bottle. As you raise it, air rushes through the pot into the bottle as the water level drops.

Watch with potheaded anticipation as the bottle itself fills with smoke. Thick, white, precious smoke. Now, quickly, remove the cap and put your mouth to the neck of the bottle. Push the bottle down into the water, and the smoke is forcefully expelled into your eagerly-awaiting lungs. Cough and sputter in agony. Discover that you have

become excruciatingly high after only a quarter of a bowl of marijuana. Rejoice. Do it again.

After doing this for the first time, I realized that if someone with the proper resources were to make a bongosphere, which I'll go into in greater detail below, this entire process would be more fun and much less clumsy. (Please note that I did a rough estimate on the amount of money needed to create such a device, and it runs in excess of \$40 million, much of which is used to make town officials look the other way. The odds on this technological advancement ever reaching fruition are exceedingly slim. But if you want to aid the cause, go to your parent or guardian's wallet and send the pictures of the green presidents to Dr. Bong, c/o The Stony Brook Press.)

Anyway, the bongosphere works on much the same principle, but on a larger scale. A hole approximately 100 feet deep is dug into the earth and filled halfway with water. Filling the hole is actually accomplished by means of a freshwater out-take pipe, which is led to a point halfway down the hole. When the water reaches the rim of the pipe, a sensor on the lip notifies a gateway, which then seals off the pipe. When this water then becomes impure — impurity measured by yet another sensor — an outtake drain at the bottom of the pit sucks away the crap and fresh water comes cascading back in. Refreshing!

A 20 foot high steel tank, which functions as the "bottle", is lowered into the water 2/3 of the way. It is surrounded by steel guiding ribs, to ensure that the tank does not tip too far over and fill with water. Atop the tank is a small chamber, and above that is an orb with a 20' diameter. Atop the orb is a

hatch. The users of the bongosphere, which can accommodate 10 - 12 people comfortably, pile in through the hatch and seal it. Ventilators push air in from the outside while the users set up the bongosphere via a control panel within the orb.

The small chamber is accessed from the orb via a small trapdoor. A pound of marijuana is placed within the waiting receptacle, and the trapdoor is closed. A button is pushed, and miraculously, this marvel of the 20th century begins to work.

Controlled by a small computer, the tank begins to rise, while braziers burn the marijuana. Smoke begins to drift, via specially designed pipes, into the massive steel tank. The computer monitors the rate of combustion and adjusts the speed of the tank's rise accordingly. When the marijuana is all burned away, the tank comes to a stop.

Ventilators begin to slowly drift air out of the orb, to make way for the smoke that will soon fill it. Then the tank begins to push back into the water, and the smoke within the chamber is forced upwards, where it passes through grates in the floor that are opened at the necessary time by the computer controlling the vessel. Cumulonimbus plumes of creamy ganja goodness pile into the orb, and the users within slowly but surely enjoy a pot-smoking experience that they will not soon forget. Oxygen tanks stored beneath the seats are provided for lightweights, while the ventilators dutifully replace the smoke within the orb, so it does not go stale. Exhaust pipes outside the orb pump the used smoke into the surrounding atmosphere, where it is blown harmlessly away. (Does pot-smoke harm the environment? Hm.)

Truly, a piece of gleaming genius. Eh?

continued from previous page was one of the most interesting and complex stories of the year. On that alone he should win. The problem is that his film didn't get any other nominations (a glaring oversight). *Shine* and *Secrets and Lies* were both insightful pieces that brought laughter to the hearts and tears to the eyes of anyone who saw them. The Academy likes that. But the edge is going to go to *Fargo*, for just that reason, the edge. The Coen brothers gave us a story that made us laugh at the dark side of ourselves. It may not have been everyone's cup of tea, but it was the smartest movie of the year. That should be enough to put it over the top.

Best Adapted Screenplay

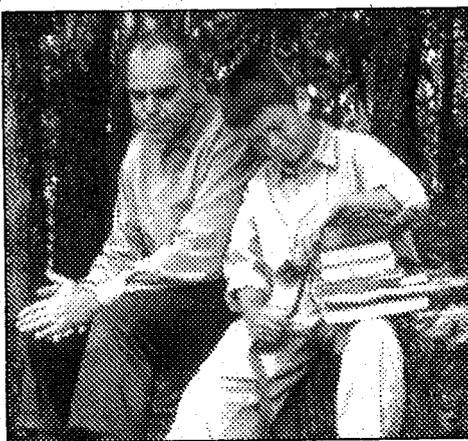
Kenneth Branagh for *Hamlet*
John Hodge for *Trainspotting*
Arthur Miller for *The Crucible*
Anthony Minghella for *The English Patient*
Billy Bob Thornton for *Sling Blade*

The film that will not, and should not, win is *Hamlet*. This pains me to say because in my eyes Branagh can do no wrong. The problem is that he hardly changed a word of Shakespeare's original play. Adapted is one thing. Re-done is another. Hodge could have had a shot with his *Trainspotting* if the film was released later in the year. The hype over the content has dwindled and all steam has been lost. Nice try though. Thornton would have a shot with his story if the competition wasn't so fierce. The voters might give it to Miller for the adaptation of his own novel if only to see a legend on the stage. They may feel it would give the industry credibility. The winner

here will be Minghella because it will go along with his others for picture and direction.

Best Original Song

"Because You Loved Me" from *Up Close and Personal*
"For The First Time" from *One Fine Day*
"I Finally Found Someone" from *The Mirror Has Two Faces*



Billy Bob Thornton and co-star in *Sling Blade*

sure is on. Lets knock out a few right away. Raise your hand if you've heard "For The First Time". Now keep them up if it was outside the movie. Thought so. "That Thing You Do" is catchy but after a couple of plays it gets on your nerves and you long for a real Beatles' song. Earlier in the year I called "Because You Loved Me" the winner in this category. That was before the other two contenders came along. Striesand and Madonna may have to fight it out. The voters may feel bad for excluding them from the rest of the show. If either declines to perform on Oscar night it will hurt

they're chances. It may be a tough fight but I'll stick to my original feeling.

Best Dramatic Score

Patrick Doyle for *Hamlet*
Elliot Goldenthal for *Michael Collins*
David Hirshfelder for *Shine*
John Williams for *Sleepers*
Gabrial Yared for *The English Patient*
The safe choice would be to go for John Williams and call it a night. After all, he is John Williams. What more is there to say? A lot since *Shine* was about a musician and *Michael Collins* had its sweeping heroic score. This may be the case but look for momentum to carry over and give *The English Patient* one more statue for its mantle.

Best Musical or Comedy Score

Alan Menken and Stephen Schwartz for *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*
Randy Newman for *James and the Giant Peach*
Rachel Portman for *Emma*
Marc Shaiman for *The First Wives Club*
Hans Zimmer for *The Preacher's Wife*

The Academy started this new category last year to separate the light hearted scores from the more serious. That's because people started to complain that Disney dominated every year. Well guess what? They're going to do it again. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* had one of the most uplifting and operatic scores in recent memory. Newman has a good shot, especially after his nomination last year for his work on *Toy Story*. If by some fluke *Hunchback* doesn't take it look to Newman, to step in. The rest of the field might as well just go home.

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

LOST HIGHWAY (nothing/Interscope)

I have to think that if someone released a list of the "Top 10 Things Not To Do While Making A Soundtrack", number 1 would be "Do Not Put Bill Pullman's Scruffy Mug On The Back Cover" and number 2 would be "At No Time Involve Marilyn Manson In The CD-making Process." Before I even got a chance to listen to the *Lost Highway* soundtrack — indeed, before I even got a chance to peel off the shrink-wrap — its producer, Trent Reznor, efficiently sliced through both rules.

This is Reznor's second attempt at soundtrack compilation; one hopes and prays that there will not be a third. Despite a modestly successful soundtrack to Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers*, which actually managed to sound like a chaotic cut-up of pop culture influences (if listening to Jane's Addiction bleed into Diamanda Galas is your thing, then go out and get it), Trent Reznor proves that lightning does not strike in the same place twice by releasing a CD of cuts that both leaves the listener little to jump to and less to enjoy. If the music actually told a story and blended from emotion to emotion, that would be one thing, but even that doesn't happen. Instead, Mr. Reznor leaves us with a 23-song CD whose songs are mostly boring and/or redundant.

First off, there's the issue of Mr. Reznor himself. Poor, poor Trent. About the only thing he does right here is insert a David Bowie song, perhaps in homage to the artist that Trent has been following around like a puppy with a bladder infection. Once that positive note is aside, we're forced to endure two of Trent Reznor's sonic collages, which sound

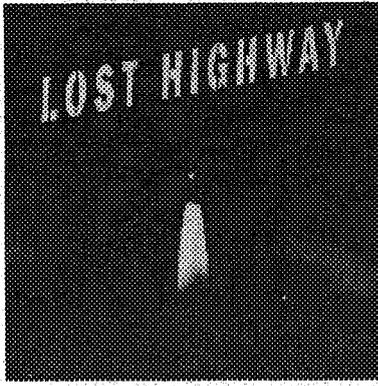
better when they aren't 44 second intros ("Videodrones; Questions") and 5-minute John Zorn imitations ("Driver Down"). And if that weren't horrible enough, we have "The Perfect Drug", a piece of wannabe-groundbreaking industrial pop confectionery that sounds like a 14-year-old with a sampler and a Cleopatra compilation.

Mr. Reznor has noted on several occasions that he doesn't like the way "The Perfect Drug" turned out, and we can only pray he's telling the truth, because if this song represents the future of Nine Inch Nails, you can kiss Trent's scrawny little ass goodbye. Combining banal lyrics ("without you everything falls apart") with a song that jumps from Prodigy-esque break-beat to tinkly piano waterfalls, Trent has actually managed to transcend his usual boundaries — instead of making good music that would be great in the hands of someone less talented, he's made crappy music that would be even worse in the hands of someone absolutely bad. I'd even be mad at Stabbing Westward for putting out a piece of junk like this. It has absolutely no basis cluttering up the airwaves, and as a fan of Nine Inch Nails (one that is more than ready to wash his hands of the entire affair), I can only hope that Trent does not commit the same offense twice. Lock him in a room with a stack full of Alanis Morissette bootlegs and don't let him out until he promises to never, ever do it again.

That out of my system, there's still a substantial bit of complaining to do. Reznor, who is perhaps the only intelligent person walking the face of the earth who still thinks that Marilyn Manson is a talented group of groundbreaking musicians, assaults the listener with two of their tracks — a cover of Screamin' Jay Hawkins "I Put A Spell On You" and a new song, "Apple of Sodom". If you've heard one song, you've heard them all, and can simply skip past these tracks.

Nearly a third of the album was written by Angelo Badalamenti, the composer responsible for the *Twin Peaks* theme. He should've stayed in Washington, because his work is wasted here. The tracks, while decent, aren't noticeable enough to be anything more than background noise, and they'll just go to waste, because 99% of the people who buy this CD will skip past them to get to the next Marilyn Manson song.

On the miscellaneous side, there's a Smashing Pumpkins song that sounds like something Billy Corgan pulled out of his ass at the last minute, a standard classic alternative track from Lou Reed ("This Magic Moment"), and two truly hilarious death metal dirges from a bunch of assholes named Rammstein. These guys are absolutely fantastic, because I know they take themselves seriously. When Marc Weisbaum walks into his house at night, he has a remote control set to turn these guys on, full-blast, before he walks through the door, so when he passes the threshold of his abode, he IS the Master of Darkness. 100% black metal — rock on, Sven and Olaf!



The Cardigans: Live at Tramps

By Chiang Fu

THE CARDIGANS w. PAPAS FRITAS, at TRAMPS.

Nina Persson (vocals), Peter Svensson (guitar), Lars Johansson (guitar), Magnus Svensson (bass) and Bengt Lagerberg (drums) are The Cardigans, who returned to New York for their 1997 visit at the proper venue, Tramps.

Nina Persson and her unrecognizable four shadows ascend to the wooden stage. The cheers seem to celebrate their wealthy appearance. The smooth, graceful delivery of Ms. Persson opens the show as the band kicks into (one of) their Black Sabbath covers, "Iron Man". The Cardigans stimulated a minor frenzy in musical circles, many of which overlap when it comes to this Swedish band. Watching the band work through the opening number, you'd think it was New Order dancing and throwing themselves around; the crowd is definitely stirred up by her presence on-stage.

After the opening two songs, Nina Persson addresses the sell-out crowd for the first time by saying "I'm sorry about my voice, there is a cat downstairs and I'm allergic to the cat." Their sounds are mesmerizing to the mind, for you have to close your eyes to experience this sensa-

tion — it is utterly inappropriate, silly melodies based on a skipping guitar and a tiny organ, but the effects are ingenious. This bubbling discourse generates a traditional structure that is based on quirkiness and pure British pop. Her voice filters into a bottleful of unhappiness and miraculously, the ingredients exploded torrid

supremacy." The battle rages largely in the audience for, although she seems without boldness of her own, the audience is certainly affected by a lustful star presence. It is impossible not to contest her earnestness — cheeks highlighted with dimples, jumping about to the spirit of British/indie dance. The Swedish singer enchants the audience with absolutely no effort.

The Cardigans run through one of their brilliantly peppy tunes with whimsy. All their lyrics have a message of hope and happiness to the listener — such pleasantries could be gagging on some occasions, but more often, it's not. With "Lovefool", she tells us that to be in love, you have to be a fool, for a fool, you have to be in love. The Cardigans exit the stage surrounded by a lingering rasp of guitar and bass that results from a session of productivity in a wacky manner, but anyway, they are beckoned back for an encore. The extensive duration of the encore could only be defined by their misunderstanding of the idea of the word "encore". The screams and cheers echoed throughout Tramps. The audience's applause ascends like trumpets. Nina Persson replies, "Thank you, thank you, music to my ears."



The Cardigans: A happy bunch of Swedes.

flakes into the air. Nina entertains her audience with new and old tunes from *First Band On The Moon* and *Life*.

As Henry Miller explained about the tiny blond chanteuse, "hers was the typical cold seductive charm of the Northern woman in whom prudery and lasciviousness battle for

~~Obscure~~ Sub-Cultures: Vol. 5

By John Giuffo

White Hats

In this installment of Obscure Sub-Cultures we veer a little to the non-obscure side of obscurity, that is to say, you see these motherfuckers everywhere.

I am, of course, referring to the CK One-drenched "studs" which make up the White-Hats. White Hats are easy to spot and hard to miss. First and foremost is their namesake: the white hat. A baseball cap usually embroidered with the name of a sports team the wearer once saw on ESPN2, but secretly (to him) wears because he thinks it: a) looks "phat" or, b) is "funny."

The White Hat is similar to the larger sub-cultures of jock and frat-boy, (in fact, most white-hats are a member of either a sports team, or "Greek" organization) but is instantly recognizable by his insistence on not differing at all from what his friends look like.

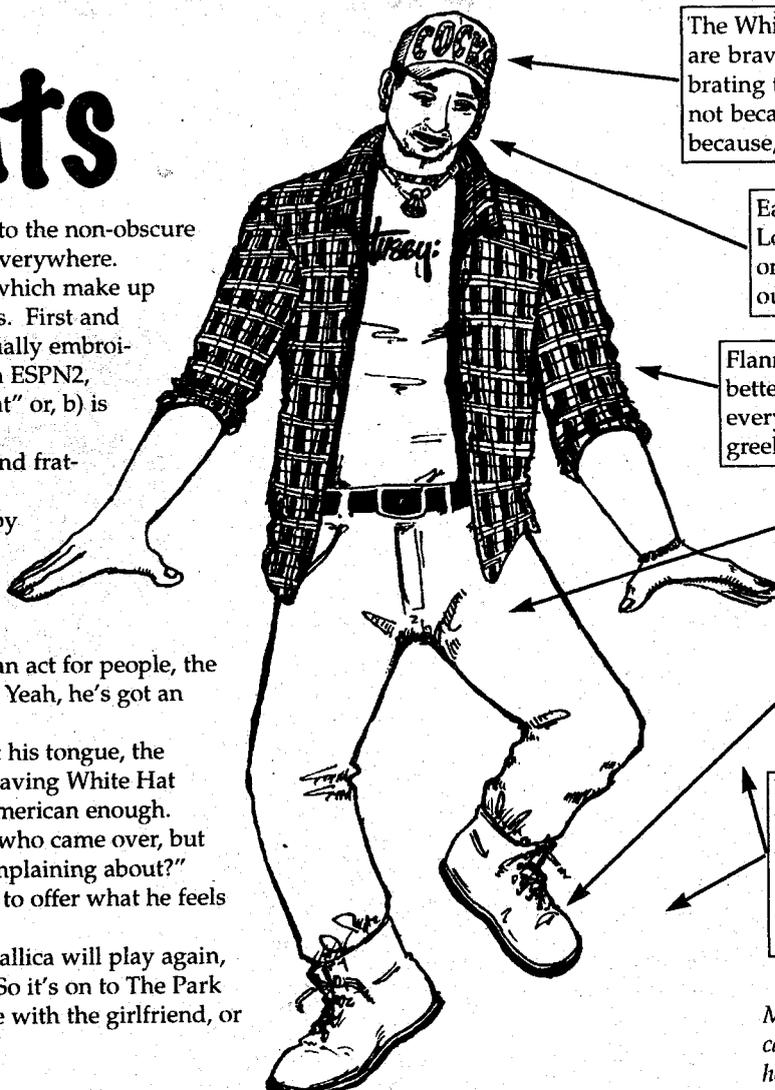
All attitude and no clue, the White Hat stumbles around life in a Budweiser-induced state of comforting drunkenness. Not knowing why he should interact with people when he can act for people, the White Hat long-ago lost any and all respect for individuality. Yeah, he's got an older brother in the Marines, So What?

With sex on his mind and a "deep" Pearl Jam lyric ready at his tongue, the Bong-hitting, mosh-pit shit-kicking, Alanis Morissette crush-having White Hat presents an image that is at once all too American and not American enough.

"Yeah, the Indians were treated really badly by the people who came over, but now they have their own lands, so what the hell are they complaining about?" observes the "politically conscious" White Hat in an attempt to offer what he feels is a contribution in every class he attends.

Oh yeah, he looks forward to Lollapalooza, but only if Metallica will play again, because as any White Hat will tell you, Metallica Kicks Ass. So it's on to The Park Bench, but be sure to get back in time to watch Melrose place with the girlfriend, or it's no ass for studboy tonight.

Let the boys be boys, indeed.



The White Hat: Alpha male White Hats are brave enough to wear the hat celebrating the South Carolina Gamecocks, not because it's their favorite team, but because, you know, it says "cock" on it.

Earrings: He got 'em pierced at Lollapalooza '94, but had to get one re-pierced after it got yanked out during the Green Day pit.

Flannel Shirt: Nothing says "I fit in" better than wearing the same shirt every other asshole who has the greek alphabet memorized wears.

Levi Silvertab Jeans: "They looked cool when I saw them in an ad in Details, so I bought them."

Mustard Colored Work Boots: What better for "shtompin shome ayshe" in the pit?

White-Hat Dance Pose: Anyone who has ever seen a White Hat at a club is familiar with the "ow, hot coals!" duck-waddling gesticulations of dominance that say "check me out, ladies!"

Mad props to that guy John who came down to The Press for helping me put a name to a face!

FILASKI - A MAN FULL OF HATE

By Keith Filaski

Every so often I take a chance and buy a disc which I have never heard before. I guess I'm just a sucker for a pretty cover. Suffice it to say, it usually ends in disaster. I'll be out seventeen dollars and I'll have a crappy disc that, unless I can pawn it off on one of my friends, the most I can get for it is three, maybe four, dollars by selling it to a local store. This time I happened to find myself at Borders Music with a gift certificate and I picked up something off of the Digital Hardcore label, a label which I had heard of but had never heard anything from. If ever I have made a wise music purchase, this was it. Since then, I have been picking up albums on a regular basis.

Digital Hardcore is based in Germany and is partially run by Alec Empire of Atari Teenage Riot, who are on the label. Primarily, the bands are crosses between breakbeat techno, jungle, industrial noise, with the occasional punk and hardcore influence. Confusing, disturbing, yet awe-inspiring, these bands are more hard-edged than any of the techno bands making it big these days. I'm sure that there won't be any club hits coming from this label any time soon, if ever. But this is due to the naivete of the masses, not from lack of talent.

If any of this sparks your interest, then I suggest purchasing the compilation Harder Than the Rest (Digital Hardcore). This album gives a good sample of the label's bands and includes some of their best tracks.

Atari Teenage Riot has two tracks on the album, "Deutschland (Has Gotta Die!)" and "Into the Death". They are a cross between hardcore techno

and hardcore. The mixture of hardcore style lyrics, screamed by male singer Alec Empire and female singer Hanin Elias, hardcore guitar, and a crunching techno beat at near undanceable speeds, will have you wondering whether you should be raving or doing the windmill.

There are also solo tracks from both Empire and Elias on the album which, although they lose much of the hardcore influence, are still intense by focusing more on the techno beats.

On Empire's "Suicide", a repeated sample of "suicide" accompanies a beat which sounds like a real drum set played by a drummer on speed. The use of more natural drum sounds in a nice change from the undeniably computerized beats of most techno bands.

With "Nigga", Elias distorts her beat so much that it is hard to tell what the sounds were to begin with. This makes for no less an enjoyable track and shows that which ever way you vary from today's techno standard, the music is as good.

Recently rereleased in the US on Metropolis Records is the near complete discography of industrial band Wumpscut. Comprised solely of German-born Rudy Ratzinger, Wumpscut's sound is that of the gloomier side of electro-dance industrial. It is a combination of the sound of Project Pitchfork, if they could get any of their songs not to sound the same, and the dark, medieval feel of Frontline Assembly side project, Will. Ratzinger's use of distortion and effects make Wumpscut stand apart from the crisp, sequenced sounds of most torturetec bands these days. At the same time danceable as well as listenable, the music is good for the dance floor and your home studio. Here is

a little about two of their albums.

On *Music For A Slaughtering Tribe* (Metropolis), Wumpscut's first studio album, we are given some of Ratzinger's best work. "Soylent Green", the opening track complete with samples from the movie of the same name, is probably his biggest club hit to date. For those of you who aren't science fiction buffs, Soylent Green is ground-up people made into food. Leave it to a band like this to make a song about institutionalized cannibalism. The track opens with a most memorable keyboard line of distorted bells, shortly followed by a typical torturetec beat, but one that is untypically distorted, partly masking its computerized perfection.

Another track worth checking out is "She's Dead", remixed by Kirlian Commerce. Female vocals complement the music, and you also can't go wrong with an industrial song that goes into break-beat halfway through.

On *Bunker Gate Seven* (Metropolis), Wumpscut gives us an album as powerful and entertaining as the first. Here, the most noticeable track is "Thorns". Again mixing a slow break-beat with industrial synth lines, Ratzinger shows that dance industrial is not dead, and that there is room for innovation.

In keeping with my column's name, the industrial band Smog sucks. If you have never heard of them, keep it that way, and if you actually like this horrible band, then take my advice and shoot yourself in the head now. I promise that you are going to look back one day, smack yourself in the head and say "What was I thinking?", and everyone hates when that happens.

Creative Love

By Vixen

Valentine's Day has come and gone and with it a bulk of money blown on soon to be dead roses. The aftermath of this red drenched Hallmark induced holiday leaves many reevaluating their relationships. Romance is a great concept and a temporary fix for a faltering couple but the foundation of any successful relationship is gratifying sex. If sex has become a mundane routine then no amount of romance can save your relationship. It's time that you shed your inhibitions and expand your experiences. There's a pornucopia of sexual wonders to be explored!

Whether you're hetero or homosexual, the key to sexual bliss is openly communicating with your partner. The two of you must be able to discuss sex. If one can not speak the words penis and vagina then you're in trouble. If it is a matter of shyness, then don't give up hope. Build up sexual dialogue slowly and the blushing prude could soon be smiling in stirrups!

If lack of arousal is the problem, then my sympathies. But don't fret, there are plenty of solutions. Although most aphrodisiacs are myths there are a few proven to be successful. Yohimbe is an all natural extract from a South American tree which can be purchased at most health stores. Within minutes of ingesting a few drops, the male is hard and capable of holding an erection for hours. If duration is more important to you than sensation, then give it a try. However, many men complain about problems ejaculating when using Yohimbe. Personally, I receive the most pleasure from sex when I'm high. I

don't mean to promote the use of illegal substances, but if you haven't had sex stoned then you are missing the most unrestrained, intense sex you could ever imagine. The effects of aphrodisiacs will vary for each individual so experiment and find out what works for you.

Without experimenting you're just asking for sexual stagnation. Introduce sex toys, find out each other's fetishes; your partner may surprise you and you may surprise yourself. Please avoid the cheesy "erotic treats" from stores like Spensers. These make humorous gifts, but the level of sensuality from such products is low. The flavored body oils often have a biting aftertaste which sends you running for the Scope and the edible underwear are anything but pallet pleasing. The best place to turn for sensual body spreads is the local supermarket. You'll save money and it'll make weekly grocery shopping a lot more exciting.

If you're shopping for erotic ideas, head straight for that tacky adult shop on the corner with the flickering neon sign. Pornography is an underrated form of stimulation and offers a plethora of innovative ideas. Enjoy porn with your partner, then create your own characters.



Go to a peepshow together and while you're there.... well, you know what they say about the thrill of sex in public places.

If you have been together for a long time and feel as though there's nothing left to discover about each other's body, try adding a new element to your sexual equation. Threesomes are fun! As long as you overcome jealousy, you can

enjoy the excitement of having extra hands, lips, thighs, tits (well you get the point). Those who enjoy menage a tois may continue to the next step of frequenting swing clubs. Here couples can explore new territory by swapping partners or make a combined effort of groping and sucking. A respectable swing club will have a zero penetration rule, which should be strongly enforced.

The expert's favorite solution to reviving a bland sex life is to live out your biggest fantasy. There is a reason for this, it works! Reenacting a sexual fantasy is not only physically satisfying, it's also mentally stimulating. Compromises might have to be made in order to fulfill your fantasy; both sides must feel comfortable in the act in order for either to receive pleasure. A loving partner will go to almost any extent to please the other. If your partner will not even consider a reasonable sexual request, then it's time to evaluate your relationship. Make sure you understand their reasons for not attempting to please you. Maybe they had a disturbing childhood experience with Jell-O, in that case change your substance of choice to pudding. However, if one side of a relationship is completely void of any attempt of pleasing the other, then they are only looking

for self-gratification and should be left to masturbation.

Some people spice up sex with candle wax. Don't cringe! The slight sting of hot wax only adds to the sensuous art of sculpting the morpheus stimulant to one another's bodies. For those who have already discovered the wonders of wax and wish to indulge an apprehensive partner, try dripping the wax from your own arm and guiding it across their torso. This absorbs the initial heat and enables your partner to adjust to the new sensation. However, candle wax causes problems. It leaves a film on carpets, bed sheets and clothing, so make sure you're careful. Then there is the hassle of pubic hair. Avoid wax and follicle contact at all costs. There's nothing worse than tangled clumpy bush.

Pubic hair is an interesting matter. Some couples will try shaving one another, but shortly into this sexual endeavor the novelty wears off. The surprise approach is better, let your lover discover for themselves that bald is beautiful. If

you choose to shave, keep in mind that you're making a time consuming hygienic commitment. Once shaven, upkeep is mandatory. There's nothing sexy about stray patches of hair or harsh stubble. Also remember this is a sensitive area, irritation is common and there is the "three days after shaving and I have to wait one more to shave again" itch. Ohhhh, what a horrible itch.



An alternative to traditional sex lies in the world of sadomasochism. This is a worthy vein of experimentation. On an introductory level try master and servant role playing and bondage. You don't have to go out and purchase custom made restraints to participate. Just look around the house. Scarves, stockings, dog leashes and phone cords are all suitable for bondage.

If you're serious about dominatrix, then expect the expense of becoming a well dressed master. A leather and chain bikini goes for \$95.00, the g-string alone is \$58.00. You can get a beautiful pair of vinyl knee high stiletto boots for \$135.00. Then there's various tools of the trade. Remember that ankle shattering scene from Misery? You can have your very own leg spreader with reinforced restraints for \$45.00 or a silver studded penis clamp, also known as "the gates of Hell," to add to the tantalizing testicular torture. There's paraphenelia for whatever your pleasure, all variously priced. Take a stroll through the West Village to obtain these wonderful toys. Most erotic outlets are aimed at homosexual men, but the gear is actually androgynous.

A true S&M enthusiast must have a whip. It's not the size of the whip that matters, it's the stiffness of the leather. Your strap of choice depends on the intensity of your flogging needs. The first thing you must consider is the experience of the floggee. Make sure not to scare off a first time servant by being too severe. Remember the goal here is pleasure. Start them off with brushing strokes with a soft leather strap; with time their endurance will increase until they're begging to be lashed with an oil coated jagged demon. This of course is an extreme level of S&M and the participants are a rare breed. Torture may not be for everyone, but you'll never know until you try.

There's no excuse for not enjoying sex. All it takes is a little creativity



to inject life into the bedroom, or wherever it is you choose to engage in intercourse. Just remember to have fun and never be ashamed of anything. Above all be safe. In closing, AIDS is everywhere, no one is immune, so don't be stupid.