

The  
Stony  
Brook

**PRESS**

Vol. XIX No. 6

Don't Let The Door Hit Ya On The Tex-Ass

November 12, 1997

*hit the road, jack!*

*is shirley  
headed  
home?*

*pages 12-13*

# Beyond Bubba

## University EMS and Fire Volunteers Practice Heavy Rescues

By Michael Yeh

The Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps paid its last respects to an old veteran -- by hacking it to pieces.

Emergency medical technicians and firefighters who serve the campus community participated in a heavy rescue drill at the Setauket Fire Department's Station 3 on Thursday, October 23. This was the first mutual training event between SBVAC and neighboring fire departments.

The hubbub of the evening focused on a rusty old orange and white ambulance used by SBVAC from the early 1970s to 1991. Until recently, it remained untouched in the South P-lot impound yard.

An accident scene was set up with the ambulance, and firefighters practiced cutting off the doors using hydraulic tools commonly called the "jaws of life". The windshield was carefully sawed off to protect two "victims" in the front of the ambulance. In less than an hour, the vehicle was reduced to an empty shell and a heap of mutilated parts.

Although the student-run SBVAC is responsible for most emergency medical operations on campus, Setauket firefighters are occasionally called to remove trapped car accident victims and other scenes requiring specialized rescue equipment.

"The Setauket fire department serves as the pri-

mary responder for fires, vehicular extrication, and hazardous materials," said SBVAC President Tim Truc.

"We need a new door there anyway," said Deputy Chief of Operations Jason Hellmann while surveying the metallic carnage. "Until now, some people thought heavy rescue meant a really fat EMT named Bubba!"

SBVAC participants entered the ambulance to find two other semi-conscious patients in the back. Since high-speed car accident victims often have spinal injuries in addition to other complications, the crews had to immobilize and remove the patients quickly and carefully.

"I found a patient with a head injury and an open femur fracture, while his arm was stuck in an open compartment," said Jonathan Leon, Emergency Medical Technician-Defibrillation (EMT-D).

"The biggest problem was communication," said Leon. "There were too many people in the back [of the ambulance]."

"It's amazing how many people you can fit in the back of a vehicle and still get work done," said Hellmann. "We couldn't find a Volkswagen, so we chose an ambulance."

Some patients were not as enthusiastic about the

bondage that comes with spinal immobilization. "I never, ever want to be in a KED in my life," said Christina Freudenberg, EMT-D of the tight jacket-like protective device. "But everybody was pretty cool, and they did a very good job."

"I felt that the technicians had control of what was going on and were taking care of details that the accident victim would not normally be aware of," said Kevin Kenny, EMT-Critical Care.

But most importantly, this drill gave the SBVAC and Setauket volunteers a chance to see each other in action and to learn how to work together at a rescue scene. "This is something we don't usually face as a university ambulance corps, so it was a nice experience," said Penny Youngs, EMT-D.

"I definitely think there was an increase in awareness and trust in each other's activities," said Zoltan Antal, Chief of Operations for SBVAC.

"There has been some tension in the past, so it was nice to work face-to-face with them."

Although car accidents are not very common on the campus, emergency workers must be prepared at all times. In September, a midnight crash involving three cars in front of Cardozo College left eleven people injured. SBVAC volunteers and Setauket firefighters were able to clear the scene in less than an hour.

"We stressed individual skills, teamwork, and scene control," said Tim Truc. "We hope for the best and prepare for the worst."



THE STONY BROOK PRESS AND THE PEACE CENTER PRESENT

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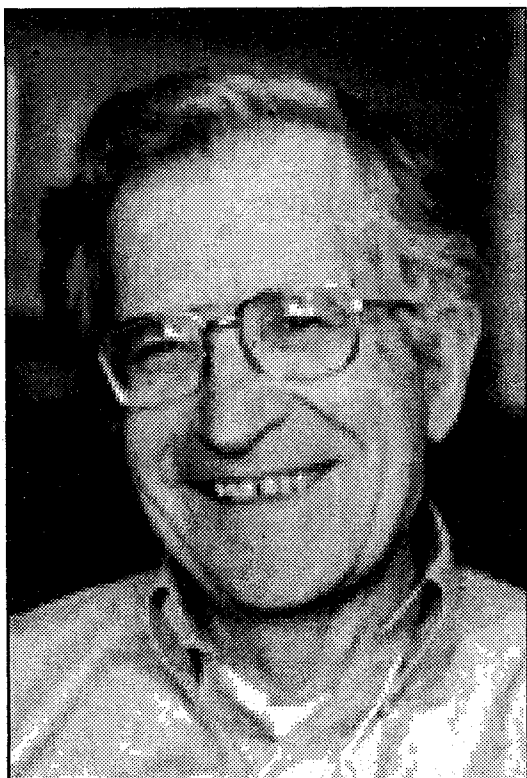
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# UNSUNG HEROES

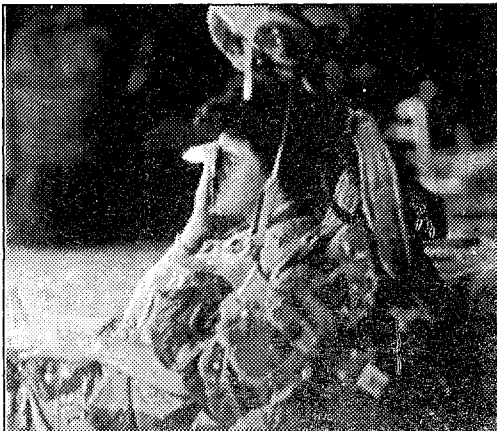
By Chris Sorochin

"...the next great advance in the evolution of civilization cannot take place until war is abolished."

-Gen. Douglas MacArthur

What do Philip and Daniel Berrigan, Kurt Vonnegut, Howard Zinn, Rod Serling, Ron Kovic, Tim O'Brien and Claude Eatherly all have in common?

They are all veterans of US wars, and all later became pacifists, many actively condemning militarism, and some, like the Berrigans, Zinn and Kovic, are spending time in jail. These were not inactive or unwilling draftees. Philip Berrigan (who has just been sentenced to two years behind bars for a disarmament action in Maine this past February) describes himself as an enthusiastic participant in World War II. Zinn was a bomber pilot and his most searing memory is of annihilating the French town of Royan. There



was a contingent of German soldiers holed up there, along with a population of French civilians. The Allied advance had already moved well eastward and bombing the town was of no strategic value what so ever. Zinn says the purpose of the mission was to test a new weapon -- "jellied gasoline" -- which we know today as napalm. The jelly adheres to the skin and just keeps burning. It was employed in great quantity some years later in Kovic and O'Brien's "dirty little war"; Vietnam was the recipient of 18 tons of chemical defoliant and more explosives than used by the US in all of World War II.

A more famous test was conducted on the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. These two cities, along with several others, were purposely spared "conventional" bombing so they'd be pristine targets for the new tool of destruction. After the attacks, the cities were closed to journalists and many survivors were basically kidnapped by the occupation forces to be studied. Claude Eatherly was part of the squadron of the Hiroshima mission. Haunted by the idea of what he'd been a part of, he had a mental breakdown and several bouts with alcoholism. Part of his recovery was becoming active in speaking against the nuclear buildup of the 1950s. For this he was the target of a government smear campaign in which his mental health and drinking were used to discredit him.

Veterans' Day used to be called Armistice Day and celebrated the end of World War I, one of the most bloody and senseless conflicts of this bloody and senseless century. I surmise that the name was changed for being too pacifistic in the post-WWII permanent war culture, much as the more truthful designation "Department of War" was jettisoned in favor of the more innocuous-sounding "Department of Defense".

The usual tone taken in reports of Veterans' Day and Memorial Day celebrations is that war and militarism are good and glorious things to aspire to and that all the suffering and death they bring are for noble, necessary causes. Virtually nowhere do we get any hint that it all may have been a tragic, preventable waste or that we must work to ensure that these events are not allowed to be repeated in the future. On the contrary, all the pomp and splendor and theater camouflage the

gory reality of war and are designed to seduce the impressionable into the Lie.

Mainstream veterans' organizations are similarly programmed to perpetuate the ideology that anyone who speaks against war or a foreign policy based on force is spitting on those who've taken part in such doings in the past. Especially reprehensible is the American Legion, which throughout its history has been not merely, or even primarily, a veterans' advocacy group, but a tool of reactionary politics. Founded in the "Red Scare" hysteria and repression that immediately followed WWI, the Legion has been used like a US version of the

Fascist Black Shirts in Europe, intimidating and often violently attacking leftist groups and labor unions. They helped drive Charlie Chaplin out of the country when he dared make an anti-war film (*Monsieur Verdoux*) in the dark days of 1947. Their Peekskill chapter were among the thugs who set upon and beat the audience of a Paul Robeson concert during the same era.

Most recently, they were part of the censorship of the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum when that institution planned an exhibition of the *Enola Gay* that they felt was just a little too irreverent in its intimation that the vaporization of two cities full of civilians was something less than an honorable and courageous act. I remember hearing one legionnaire on NPR pushing for a fully jingoistic monument to the Korean Conflict, which was in many ways a dress rehearsal for Vietnam, growling like a crazed jackal that a nation must be willing to sacrifice its youth for freedom. You could almost hear him drooling over the airwaves at the prospect of feeding fresh-faced recruits into the belly of Moloch. I don't know what form of sexual dysfunction prompted such Wes Craven fantasies, but NPR must have been protecting its federal funding by giving him a forum in which to verbalize them. "Sacrifice yourself, you old fart," I muttered.

Vietnam brought a massive change. There was huge resistance, even inside the military itself. No installation was complete without an anti-war newsletter and often an anti-war coffeehouse right off base. Returning vets tossed their medals on the White House lawn and founded Vietnam Veterans Against The War. Having "served their country" got them little respect from the Establishment's enforcers and they were arrested and beaten like everyone else. The aftermath of Vietnam also brought an increased awareness of the government's neglect and outright callousness towards victims of Agent Orange and other physical and mental traumas. Many concluded they'd been used and tossed aside as if they were disposable conveniences. Ditto for those from the last Call to Glory in 1991, who are frustrated and enraged by the government's denials and stonewalling on Persian Gulf Syndrome.

So as a belated observance, I'd like to spotlight a couple of organizations of veterans and related personnel who are working to heal the wounds of past wars and to prevent the outbreak of new ones.

I've met members of Veterans For Peace at many protests, like those against the School of the Americas and the Trident and Seawolf (boo! hiss!) submarines. Their statement of purpose has four main pillars:

a.) Toward increasing public awareness of the

costs of war

b.) To restrain our government from the intervening, overtly and covertly, in the internal affairs of other nations

c.) To end the arms race and reduce and eventually eliminate nuclear weapons and

d.) To abolish war as an instrument of international policy.

Veterans for Peace was founded in 1985, at the depth of Reagan's covert wars in Central America. There are members in all fifty states and liaisons with similar veterans' organization in seven foreign countries, including Russia. They use their experience to educate the public at large about the threat posed to democracy and real national security by a culture of secrecy and a mentality of "Might Makes Right." They advocate peaceful means of resolving conflicts and seek to end production of weapons of mass destruction. They can be contacted at:

100 Maryland Ave. NE, Suite 106  
Washington, DC 20002  
(202) 488-7225

Citizen Soldier is a branch of Alternatives to Militarism and they're relatively new, having come into being around issues engendered by the Gulf War. Like other groups, they're active in pursuing the claims of veterans stricken with war-related illnesses and penetrating the veil of misinformation around the use of depleted uranium ammunition and mysterious vaccines given to troops sent to make Kuwait safe for super-wealthy oil monarchs.

Unlike some other groups, Citizen Soldier also concerns itself with the devastation and misery visited on the people designated as "the enemy." A video they coproduced and offer for sale details the journey of US veterans back to Vietnam to seek reconciliation and help the Vietnamese rebuild and to work with them to find cures for the poisons both groups were exposed to.

Another big part of Citizen Soldier's work is combating the military's multimillion-dollar indoctrination of youth in ROTC and JROTC programs in school around the country. They explain how the promise of money, adventure and honor is often contrary to fact, especially the fact that inductees often sign away their rights as citizens. (I once worked with a guy who'd been in the Army and he told me about his being disciplined for fighting with another soldier: he was charged with "damaging government property.") They are also active in exposing the truth about the sexual harassment, racism and sadistic behavior they say is fostered by the institution itself. They can be reached at:

175 Fifth Ave., Suite 2135  
New York, NY 10010  
(212) 679-2250

## POISON, POISON, EVERYWHERE

A couple of weeks ago, the benignly named New York State Department of Environmental Conservation had a big weekend convention right here at good old Phony Brook. Part of the agenda was a banquet at Danford's Inn in Port Jefferson, but the dinner had to be held elsewhere. A protest by residents of the South Shore community of East Moriches, including many children, had gathered in front of the hotel, all wearing white industrial mouth covers. They were demanding that the DEC enforce zoning and health laws against the expansion of a huge compost dump that is infecting their town with foul odors and spores of the apsergillus mold, which caused asthma attacks and burning eyes among residents. The operators of the facility, a carting company with organized crime ties (my informant requested anonymity), have stated that their proposed in-ves-

please see "Heroes," page 19

# WELCOME TO ANXIETY 101

Most readers of *The Press* already know that the Princeton Review has graced Stony Brook with the title of "second most unhappy students in the nation." But while other schools have merited labels of "best professors," or "best value," those wacky (but honest) folks at Princeton Review have prized Stony Brook as the school with the most independent student body. Now, before you get all proud, and begin to see Stony Brook in a whole new light, consider the context from which they formulated this honor.

USB students are independent because they have no one to depend on but themselves. In this impersonal concrete jungle of phone registration and shuttle buses, successful students must figure out their entire college careers on their own. Have a problem choosing courses? Don't bother asking for help. The staff in your department, Academic Advising, and (in relevant cases), the Transfer Office will all tell you different things. (Or they will all have the same answer: a slight shrug of the shoulder and a quick kick out the door.) Need a copy of your transcript? You'll wait for an hour on line at the Registrar, who will tell you that you're at the wrong counter and to wait

on an equally long line at the Bursar's, who if you're lucky, won't tell you to go to the Transcript Office. Sure, students are assigned an undergraduate advisor, but in my experience, the department's advisor changes every year and I end up having to rehash my academic life story every time I have a minor question. (Hey, here's a clue: don't give an advising position to someone who is up for sabbatical!)

The point is simple. Stony Brook students work damn hard for their degrees. Unfortunately, it has nothing to do with academics. So, as I approach my (hopefully) last semester here, I have come to realize that college has nothing to do with ivy-covered classrooms and distinguished alumni. College is all about preparation for life, for being able to handle the unexpected ups and downs of adulthood. USB has achieved this with ease. Congratulations, Stony Brook, on educating the masses in Anxiety 101.

Shirley, you now can leave our hallowed halls with pride in your heart, and a sense of accomplishment through your being: you have successfully driven thousands of students to drink.

Damn, we sure will miss you!

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor:

First, I'd like to say that I am an avid fan of your paper. But, I do have one question.

I was reading the comics with a friend, when we noticed that the photo of the guy in Strike Force Echo looks exactly like one of our friends. We showed the paper to him, and he agreed, and was also very flattered. However, the picture isn't all that clear, so we're not exactly sure if it's him so...could you send me the name of the person in the photo so we can prove it's him?

Thanks, Jennifer Skorzewski

The Cartoonist Responds:

Hi, I'm **Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain**, creator of Strike Force Echo. Funny you should ask that question. Your friend is the fourth person to suffer from such ridiculous delusions of grandeur as to imagine for a moment that their likeness is worth of appearing in a work by **Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain**. No, only one man makes the cut. This is not a picture of my

*friend Tom from upstate, it's not a picture of your friend, it's not a picture of some friend of the Press' minister of archives Brian Schneider (as if that skinny-armed loser had any friends,) and, no, it's not a picture of Press Executive Editor David M. Ewalt. No, Jennifer, this is a picture of me, Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain. It was taken five years ago, and appears on my high school student ID. I selected it because Strike Force Echo is meant to be humorous, and I thought the picture was funny looking (I was going through a funny looking period back then) and because I wanted to see lots of pictures of me all over the place. I guess that means your friend is funny looking! Ha ha! I guess that means that Press Executive Editor David M. Ewalt is funny looking! A ha ha ha ha ha ha! Soon, soon I will rule the world! Join mendax.org [www.mendax.org]! Read Strike Force Echo! More pictures of me! Sing the glories of Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain!*

Thanks Jennifer, feel free to write again!

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The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by The Stony Brook Press, a student run and student funded non-profit organization. The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of the staff. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (516) 632-6451. Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 pm.

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# The Stony Brook Press Online



# NYPIRG and SASU Speak Out on Student Apathy

By Anne Ruggiero and Michael Yeh

The constitutional right to vote is an unspeakable gift that the American people have enjoyed for over two hundred years. It is a privilege that has cost thousands of Americans their lives, and hundreds of thousands around the world die or waste away in prisons for the faint hope of one day achieving the ability to participate actively in their governments. People around the world cringe under oppressive tyranny of regimes they cannot influence, praying that one day their children might be able to cast a ballot and control their own destinies. We are born with that privilege. We don't have to pick up a gun, we don't have to starve ourselves in protest. We don't have to stare down the barrel of a tank. All we have to do is mail in a little form and show up to a polling site in the first week of November. Yet less than twenty-five percent of the national population actually exercise the right to vote.

SUNY Stony Brook had its own polling site this year. Previously, students were largely discounted from elections because many residents could not get off campus to polling places. Students at NYPIRG and citizen interest groups throughout the county were appalled at the lack of representation from the under twenty-five age group, and worked long hours to guarantee us a polling site right on campus. For their months of campaigning and hours of hard work, they were rewarded with just over one hundred and eighty voters. Now that's time well spent.

NYPIRG and SASU are on-campus organizations that advocate student involvement in government on all levels and assist students in the voter registration process. Directors of NYPIRG and SASU have expressed their concern at the lack of interest and apathy. In an interview with Vivian Berrios and

Jessica Scianna of NYPIRG and Alejandro Cantagallo of SASU, they talk about the influence students could have if they spent thirty minutes once a year to exercise a little civil responsibility.

*Are you satisfied with the voter turnout at the recent election?*

Alejandro: Not at all.

Vivian: I partially blame the type of race it was this year. People tend not to show up for local elections. A lot of the time, they don't think that town or county legislators have enough effect on the government.

Jessica: Since it was an off-year election, there was also a low voter turnout in other districts on Long Island. In an election where more prominent officials are being elected, there will be a larger student turnout, for students feel that these officials have more influence over educational policies.

Alejandro: It's sad, because they are the ones who affect our daily lives.

*Will Stony Brook lose its polling site for the gubernatorial race next year?*

Alejandro: It depends on how the other polling sites in the area did in comparison to Stony Brook. If they only have four hundred voters or so, we may be alright. But that's not the point. Did you know that out of the national population, only one half is registered to vote? Out of that half, another half actually vote. Now we're talking twenty-five percent of Americans. Of that quarter of the population, 1.3% are people of color. They just don't use the privilege.

*What is the best thing about the on-campus polling site?*

Alejandro: Well, for next year's election, the

race is gubernatorial and senatorial. These are people who make decisions that are very SUNY-centered, such as SSIG and TAP. We're talking financial aid on the state and the federal level. It would be a shame if students couldn't vote on these important issues.

Jessica: Also, there was a large number of students who had to be bused to the off-campus polling site last year.

*Do you think that the student population at Stony Brook is informed?*

Alejandro: No, it's very hard to get information from the Administration here. No matter what they tell you, they are not for diversity or unity. Here's a little known fact: the Administration is planning to install a telecommuting system in the new Charles Wang building. You know, one of those video-phone things, so professors in foreign countries can teach at Stony Brook. That means Stony Brook is going to start cutting in-house professors so they can sell their new state-of-the-art system. They piloted this at SUNY Oneonta and the teachers protested it. But nothing's too good for Stony Brook.

Jessica: Unfortunately, a lot of people didn't know that the campus polling site was here.

*Is there any one message that you want to convey to the students here?*

Vivian: You can't expect NYPIRG and SASU to do it all. People have to do a little of their own work. By all means, make sure you register to vote early for next year's election!!

Alejandro: Students need a sense of urgency. There are issues out there which affect us in here. Pay attention! I'd like to leave you with this one quote from an unknown source: "Question Authority!"



## The 1997 Newsday | Martin Buskin Journalism Seminar

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**Newsday**

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# A STUDENT GUIDE TO CAMPUS BITCHING

By Anne Ruggiero

On Tuesday, November 4, a little over one hundred and eighty students exercised their right to participate in the local government. Not bad for one of the largest universities in the state. I'm sure that the other twelve thousand or so had a really excellent excuse for not showing up to vote.

Polity president Monique Maylor is tired and frustrated. Students and the campus media have been continuously pointing their fingers at problems around campus, expecting her to do something about it, and although it is her job to lobby for change, she cannot do it without the visible support of the student body. Mike D'Arrigo was one of the candidates for Brookhaven Town Council running in the recent election. A distinguishing characteristic of D'Arrigo's campaign was the fact that he is a twenty-one year old former Suffolk Community College student. He was the college student's great white hope, a chance for our issues and concerns to be vocalized directly to the government, and a monumentous achievement for students everywhere. The only problem was that students didn't care. D'Arrigo lost to Republican John LaValle by a narrow margin, narrow enough that he could have easily won if local students exercised a little brainpower. The polling site on campus may very well be conspicuously absent for next year's gubernatorial race, thanks to the low voter turn out this year. Alejandro Cantagallo and Vivian Berrios, the leaders of SASU and NYPIRG, respectively, have expressed their disappointment with the apathetic atmosphere on campus, saying that students do not speak out enough.

Why is that so? What ever happened to the socially responsible Stony Brook students of the 1970's and 80's? Instead, we passively watch while Pataki increases our tuition, Kenny privatizes our school, and the FSA steals our lunch money. We shrug our shoulders and pass the buck while our housing is taken away, and academic departments disappear. We mutter to ourselves in disgust as commuters are raped by the Traffic office, and as the faculty are denied tenure. Guess what, kids? Albany and the USB Administration have figured out by now that they can take advantage of us and get away with it. If all we do is slink away from each blow with our tails between our legs and bitch about our problems in some little-read student newspaper, then you can be damn sure that bureaucrats from here to Fredonia are going to roll up their sleeves and plunge their hands a little deeper into our pockets.

It's not sheer laziness that prevents reform. Today's students work harder than ever before, working to pay extraordinary tuition and school fees. A busy schedule may be part of the problem adding to a lack of awareness. But in all honesty, a 60% tuition hike deserves a bit more attention than folding sweaters at the Gap for \$5.50 an hour. Possibly our apathy stems from our place in time. As children of the "me" generation, growing up in the 80's allowed us to watch adults attain material success while rarely being held accountable for their actions. As suburbanites of the wealthiest city in the world, we had little to complain about. As a result, we sure do know how to whine, but have no clue how to protest. The most probable cause of the lack of participation among Stony Brook students is the simple fact that they have no idea what is happening on campus. Getting involved in student government takes a lot of legwork just to figure out the structure since meeting dates and times are not always conspicuously posted. Alejandro

Cantagallo of SASU said that it is very difficult to get information out of the Administration for himself, let alone for the average student. The truth is, is that students don't know how to get involved. So here is a brief, compiled list of organizations on campus that are relevant to the intrepid student activist.

## Campus Organizations

### Student Polity Association (SPA):

All students at Stony Brook are members of the SPA. It is made up of four elected executive officers and representatives from each class. Duties and responsibilities include appointing various committee members, delegating authority, allocating club funds, designing a student budget, and representing the student body to Administration.

Polity is important because it has veto power over the Student Senate, and decides how the Student Activity Fee will be allocated. Unfortunately, the SPA Constitution is sketchy at best, full of empty, meaningless phrases and loopholes waiting to be taken advantage of by the Administration. A further blow is the recent passage of the Sunshine Act, which permits student governments to withhold information from the public.

### Polity Senate:

The Senate is the most student-accessible forum on campus. Its sessions are debate forums for campus legislation, and duties include approving the Polity budget and deliberating issues. The Senate is made up of elected representatives from residential and commuter colleges, the SPA board (minus the president), and SASU delegates, and has the power to overturn the Polity veto. Senate sessions are open to the public and are held Wednesdays at 8 p.m. in the Union bi-level. If you're lucky, you might get to see another catfight between the CSA president and the Polity chair.

### Polity Judiciary Committee:

Did you commit a petty crime? Got a few outstanding parking tickets? Sneak a peak at the answers on your physics midterm? Your fate is in the hands of the nine appointed judges of the student judiciary. The committee adjudicates all cases tried by Polity, and students are tried by a jury of their peers. But beware--the Judiciary are appointed by Polity.

### Commuter Student Association (CSA):

An elected board of commuter students which mediate on behalf of the non-residential community. The CSA has a lot of work to do with very little organized support. The commuters have proved to be the most difficult segment of the population to rally, and their apathy is a major cause of the extreme abuses laid on them by the University hierarchy. Their office is in the Commuter Lounge in the SAC.

### Student Activities Board:

One of the Polity fluff committees, the SAB promotes an atmosphere of cultural, educational, and social advancement. They organize concerts, speakers, comedians, and host the minority planning board.

## University Committees

### SUSB:

The University Senate has seats for eleven students in addition to faculty representatives from various academic departments and the administration. It used to have elected subcommittees for issues such as the campus environment and the Traffic Appellate, but they were abolished by Kenny in favor of appointed task forces.

### Faculty Student Association (FSA):

As part of the evil empire, the FSA is a non-prof-

it organization which provides auxiliary services such as laundry, vending, food service, etc. The president, Kevin Kelly, is behind the whole Aramark and Campus Village fiasco. The FSA is a perfect choice for determined, reform-minded students to get involved in, as the student body is horribly under-represented.

## State Organizations

### NYPIRG:

As a state committee, NYPIRG is mostly concerned with voter registration, but it also is a volunteer organization for homeless shelters, food and blood banks, and environmental action. Its office is located in the basement of the Student Union.

### Student Association of the State Universities (SASU):

SASU represents students on the state legislative level. It brings Stony Brook concerns together with grievances from other SUNYs and rallies on Albany. It is the students opportunity to be heard by the governor and State legislature.

## Administration and other people to bitch to

### President Shirley Strum Kenny:

Kenny is a highly intelligent and a savvy businesswoman, but she makes a shitty SUNY president. What continues to slip her mind is that SUNY is public education--basic, quality academics minus the frills. That's why it is (or was) affordable. Unfortunately, Pataki's influence and unadulterated greed have led Kenny to become the Public Relations Queen, schmoozing alumni, media, and wealthy contractors, anyone who can get Stony Brook's name in the news. Students lose their voice in University affairs when the school becomes privatized, their voice sacrificed to niceties such as Division I sports and campus retail malls. The sooner Kenny realizes what SUNY stands for, the sooner we'll have a competent president.

### Vice President of Student Affairs, Dr. Fred Preston:

Preston is Shirley's right hand man for channeling manufactured, unrepresented student support of Kenny's privatization schemes to the media. Preston has continually disagreed with student groups on campus issues, and has gone so far as to ban all festival seating concerts on campus because of their so-called dangerous nature.

Vice President for University Affairs: Ceil Cleveland

Provost: Rollin Richmond

Vice President for Facilities and Services/Affirmative Action Director: Gary Matthews  
Director of Financial Aid/Student Employment: Ana Maria Torres

Traffic Hearing Officer: Albert Schertzer

Polity President: Monique Maylor

NYPIRG Representative: Vivian Berrios

The list doesn't end here. Just pick up your Faculty/Staff Directory and all the information you need should be right at your fingertips. Always demand to speak to the person in charge (know the name of the director!), don't let secretaries give you the run around. Find other students who have a similar interest to see things changed, collect names and numbers and present them to a Polity representative. By all means, register to vote early for next year!! Use your brain, do a little work. And don't take any shit. The student government and administrators are here to serve you, and a little education goes a long way.



# Pataki and DeRussy Challenge Free Speech

By Terry McLaren

"Revolting Behavior: The Challenge of Women's Sexual Freedom," has sparked a huge controversy on a state university campus. The unconventional women's studies program given at SUNY New Paltz last Saturday, has been the focus of criticism from many sources this week. It has done a good job of invoking the ire of many people who wield power over the SUNY system and its funding. The conference, which was attended by over 250 students and interested people from off campus, discussed such eyebrow-raising topics as lesbianism (oh no!), sadomasochism (gadzooks!) and (clutch the pearls!) sex toys. New Paltz president Roger Bowen has been criticized by none other than our esteemed Governor, George Pataki, for what was seen as his "lack of judgement" in allowing this far from common conference to take place on the SUNY campus. This followed a university trustee's demand for Bowen's dismissal over the "offensive" subject matter of the presentations.

Candace de Russey, a SUNY trustee, felt that taxpayers and parents should be furious by President Bowen's decision to allow the unconventional conference.

Said Trustee de Russey in an interview with *Newsday*: "It is really incumbent upon us to review this immediately and I do recommend that the chancellor call for this man's resignation."

Bowen got a chance to defend free speech and respond to his critics while attending another of the university's "controversial" conferences. This one involved, among other things, a play about AIDS and a presentation on the artwork of Andy Warhol and its sexual content.

The university president's angry retort, reported in *Newsday*, appropriately made at a discussion of free speech and modern drama, stated "Billy clubs are not used today to prevent free speech, but what still does happen on occasion is the intervention of authorities who seek to curb speech with the argument the speech loses its protection if it occurs in public-supported arenas and if its content is offensive to the champions of political correctness."

According to Bowen, he had informed the conference's organizers that some parts of their presentation were 'offensive and in poor taste.' However, he felt that to cancel the conference or some of its workshops, thereby giving its critics much satisfaction, would have been an unconstitutional violation of the presenters' rights. Bowen instead boldly chose to honor the rights of the conference coordinators and take a bold stand against this blatant attempt at bureaucratic censorship.

John Ryan, SUNY Chancellor, is expected to make a decision on this important issue within a week. He has promised to balance the rights of the taxpayer with freedom of individual artistic and intellectual expression.

Women's studies coordinator and associate professor of sociology Susan Lehrer angrily responded to the conference's critics. In an interview with *Newsday*, she told reporters that her department "did not set out to run a carnival. We set out to run

an academic conference of educational value." And that they did.

Ryan's decision on the possible dismissal of Bowen will have a great impact throughout the vast SUNY system. The appropriateness of the content of academic presentations is ordinarily left

up to the discretion of the university's president. However, he or she does have to answer to the Chancellor, the SUNY Board of Trustees and ultimately to the Governor. These are the people holding the strings to the huge SUNY funding purse. Their opinions on what is or is not appropriate for a campus conference and what is deemed "offensive" have a great affect on a university's future

financial well-being. The right to free speech of students and educators alike could wind up being sacrificed if what they have to say is not in concordance with the views of the few, yet empowered. A man's position is now at stake because he gave people the freedom to express themselves on his campus and not everybody happened to like their message. Is this what the future holds for SUNY? Administrators being dismissed for respecting the Constitution? Will schools be denied funding because of the content of campus presentations? These answers are yet unknown, but much hangs in the balance of the Chancellor's decision.



Governor George Pataki

## POLICE BRUTALITY CONTINUES

By Martha Chemas and Joanna Wegielnik

On Thursday, November 6th, Andre Burgess, a senior at Hillcrest High School, walked the streets of Queens holding a foil wrapped candy bar. He was shot for it.

Burgess, 17 years old and a native of the Laurelton, Queens neighborhood in which he was shot, was mistaken by Deputy Marshal William Cannon as armed and dangerous.

On the Thursday in question, Michael Ricko, an agent with Immigration and Naturalization services, cruised Laurelton in an unmarked car with Deputy Marshall Cannon. They were serving as backup in a federal unit whose task was to find and detain a fugitive in a narcotics case.

When the unmarked car approached 241st street on 138th avenue, Cannon, who was seated in the front passenger seat, spotted Burgess. What happened next is not known. Apparently, Cannon mistook the candy bar Burgess had in his hand for a gun and shot the youth with one round from his .40 caliber pistol.

Burgess, who played the position of goalie on his high school soccer team, was shot in the upper left leg. He was treated at Jamaica Hospital and was discharged on Sunday.

The shooting that took place Thursday was not Cannon's first scrape with the law.

Deputy Marshal Cannon was tried and acquitted in 1994 of beating handcuffed prisoner Abiodun Okegbenro with a lead filled leather pouch after Okegbenro resisted arrest. He was acquitted despite eyewitness testimony from two former deputy marshals.

Queens District Attorney Richard Brown said the evidence relating to the current case would be submitted to a Grand Jury for a possible indictment.



Burgess's lawyer, Richard Godosky, questioned whether bias played a role in the shooting. Cannon is white and both Okegbenro and Burgess are black.

On the Stony Brook campus, reaction to the shooting was widely varied.

Frank Fusaro, a senior and an English major offered his view. "Well I'm not saying the whole thing was right, (but) it is a fucking violent world out there and cops are getting shot and killed everywhere. I

mean, I could understand why he acted the way he did if it looked like a gun to him. He's under pressure, it's a life and death situation there. He was wrong and there should be some kind of punishment for him for that, but I'm not sure the man

should be totally buried as a demon. I mean he's just a guy trying to do his job."

Another Senior, Dwayne Fortune, might not agree. "My friend Patrick that I went to high school with, got shot up last week on his stoop because of mistaken identity... there was a riff and they shot him dead. The police are very much incompetent, especially toward the needs of the minority population. They look to arrest people, rather than help people."

Many of those queried had not heard of Burgess's case directly, but offered their observations nonetheless. "Giuliani has the city locked down" said Jason Vera, referring to the newly reelected mayor's reputation for shielding brutal cops.

Nash Stenson, who is currently studying psychology, views the problem as global:

"I think it's the way they (the police) are trained. From what I understand, they have a technique of determining who's the bad guy. And what we need to look at is the template, the form that the system uses in order to determine who is a criminal and who is not a criminal. It's definitely the way they are trained."

"No matter what profession people go into, they are trained to do a job, and the techniques that are used to teach that person how to do that job is basically how they are going to apply their trade. If you teach somebody, this is what the most perfect criminal looks like: he's 17 years old, baggy jeans, baggy shirts, braids in his hair, well then guess what? That's what a perfect criminal looks like and that is how they respond."

Vanessa Marrero, a third year psychology student, summed up the feelings of many students. "I think racism is the overwhelming issue that leads to police brutality," she said.

# LIES ABOUT POVERTY IN THE UNITED STATES

By Alex English

The continued existence of poverty in the US depends upon us believing a pack of lies.

## LIE NO. 1: THERE IS NO POVERTY IN THE UNITED STATES

Have you read the Gospel According To Alan Greenspan? Famous verses in it include "The USA has a booming economy", "All of the economic indicators are promising" and "Confidence is high on Wall Street". There is no mention of the fifth of the US population who cannot afford health insurance. Nothing is said about the 46% of black children who live below the poverty line. It seems the Washington establishment does not consider homelessness, unemployment and low wages to be importance economic factors. No one reporting for the New York Times or CNN has noticed that a bullish day on Wall Street is good news for those who own stock, but meaningless to those who do not have food to eat. US society is segregated by wealth, which produces a middle class who are ignorant about "how the other half live." The Greenspan lie is aimed at stopping wealthier Americans from knowing about the plight of the needy.

## LIE NO. 2: WE WILL ALL BENEFIT FROM A STRONG ECONOMY

According to certain right-wing think (a misleading adjective) tanks, we will all prosper if the rich are doing well. However, the rate of concentration of wealth greatly exceeds the rate of its creation. This results in the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer. The richest 20% of families have increased their share of the national income to 85%. However, most families have experienced substantial decreases in both hourly wages and weekly earnings. Yes, a strong economy can give us a bigger cake, but the poor are receiving very small slices of it. We can all benefit from a strong economy, but not without a fight. Poverty cannot be eliminated without a fairer sharing of the nation's wealth. This does

involve redistributing dollars from the rich to the poor. This is why we need a progressive income tax. The Republican call for regressive sales and flat rate taxation must be rejected.

## LIE NO. 3: THE GOVERNMENT CANNOT HELP THE POOR

"We declared war on poverty and poverty won," said Ronald Reagan. He was right that federal programs had not eliminated poverty. He was wrong to quit. After many years of research we still do not have cures for many types of cancer, but we are not going to give up trying. We know that dealing with cancer is an important priority for the human race. Therefore, we are willing to commit time, money, labor, thought, blood, sweat and tears to develop new treatments. The elimination of poverty requires the same commitment and we know that is worth it. Politics is presented by the media as a particularly trashy soap opera which is filled with stories of power, greed and sex. Members of Congress are portrayed as striving to raise funds for reelection, rather than fighting to end poverty in the United States. The wealthy supporters of the media want us to be cynical about politics. There is no more powerful weapon in defense of the status quo, than for us to believe that we cannot make a difference. We can! An important route out of poverty is access to affordable education. This is why we defend SUNY as a public university.

## LIE NO. 4: THE POOR DESERVE THEIR POVERTY

The enemy of greed is compassion. Rich oppressors have to convince themselves and others that the poor are not worth caring about. Rush Limbaugh, a talk-radio broadcaster, considers impoverished single mothers to be "welfare queens". He states that immigrants come to the USA just for the unemployment benefits (which are, incidentally, the lowest in the industrialized world). Mr. Limbaugh does not want you to know of the struggle of the unemployed to survive and find work or

that immigrants put far much more into the treasury than they take out. The poor are not lazy and many of them have employment. It is not widely appreciated that working hard at a job is not enough to avoid poverty, i.e. minimum wage jobs do not raise people above the poverty line. The economic opportunities of many people are restricted by the racial and sexual prejudices of others. Those who do not take prejudice seriously or even promote bigotry are partly to blame for the poverty of others. I am not trying to make people feel guilty by saying this. I do want everyone to realize that we are responsible for the well-being of each other.

## LIE NO. 5: SOCIETY'S PROBLEMS CAN BE SOLVED WITHOUT POLITICS

Clinton has declared, "The era of big government is over!" The present political consensus maintains that federal programs should no longer be used against poverty. Instead, it is hoped that a package of little legislation, charities, small business donations and increased volunteerism will solve all problems. However, private charity has never been sufficient to solve problems of poverty and unemployment. The leaders of charities have publicly explained that they cannot compensate for cuts in government social welfare programs. In fact, many charities will be forced to reduce spending because they get about 30% of their funding from government. There is no evidence that welfare spending discourages charitable contributions. However, there are indications that scapegoating the poor for their poverty discourages private giving. Indeed, donation to charity has declined in 5 of the last 6 years. Political action is required to eradicate poverty and that means voting! The underlying reason for the rise in tuition and fees is that students are not voting. Why should politicians value the needs and opinions of non-voters? Your vote is your voice in society -- use it!

## LIE NO. 6: WE CANNOT AFFORD TO ERADICATE POVERTY

Continued On Page 17

# A Media Tale About Three Men and a Mouse

By Norman Solomon

This is a story about three men and a mouse. The men are named Ted, Danny and Jim. The mouse is named Mickey. And the moral of the story is -- well, that's for you to decide.

Late last month, at the International Press Freedom Awards Dinner in New York, ABC News superstar Ted Koppel received a lifetime achievement prize. In a brief speech, he lamented the "fading lines between television news and entertainment." And he warned that American journalists are threatened by "the trivialization of our industry."

Decrying the sorry state of America's airwaves has become a ritual among the most famous names in broadcast news -- who step away from their multimillion-dollar jobs just long enough to tell us how concerned they are about the mess they're still helping to perpetuate.

Perhaps Koppel should take a serious look at *The More You Watch, the Less You Know*, a new book by Danny Schechter -- published, coincidentally, the day before Koppel delivered his high-sounding speech.

After eight years as a producer at ABC's "20/20" program, Schechter left the network in 1988 and proceeded to find meaningful work -- by creating it. Since then, his output with like-minded colleagues has included documentaries ranging from South Africa to Bosnia. He also co-produced "Rights & Wrongs: Human Rights Television," a regular series that aired on public TV from 1993 to 1996 (without support from PBS).

Schechter's feisty new book is not an attempt to

compensate for daily conformity. Instead, it's an extension of gutsy endeavors that have typified his work as a media insider and outsider.

The biases of network television don't amount to a conspiracy, he explains: "No, rarely is someone picking up the phone and telling some producer to skew the news. The boardroom rarely faxes orders to the newsroom. But then again, they don't have to if they hire professionals who share the same worldview and language, rely on the same sources, and tend to shape their reporting the same way."

In spite of the grim media saga he recounts, Schechter exudes optimism. "It doesn't have to be this way," he contends early in the book. Nearly 400 pages later, he insists: "When the public understands the issues and takes up the challenge, change can happen, despite all of the media's arrogance and seductive power."

Schechter adds: "Fighting to democratize the media will not be an easy or quick fight, and cannot be won before the next commercial break. Eternal vigilance is still what's needed."

A week after "The More You Watch, the Less You Know" appeared, another fine book by a former ABC employee was published. The author: Jim Hightower. The title: *There's Nothing in the Middle of the Road But Yellow Stripes and Dead Armadillos*.

Since leaving office a half-dozen years ago as Texas agriculture commissioner, Hightower has immersed himself in creating media of, by and for the people. He has a whale of a tale to tell -- and he tells it with sparkling wit and deft analysis.

Hightower describes how his stint as a national

radio host for ABC came to an abrupt end in 1995.

"My ABC weekend show had been airing for about a year," he recalls, "blasting the powers-that-be and preaching the populist gospel, when Disney, Inc. announced on Tuesday, Aug. 1, that it was buying my network. Suddenly I was the property of Mickey Mouse."

When his program began the following Saturday, Hightower announced: "I work for a rodent." He went on to denounce the Disney takeover as well as the Telecommunications Act that had just passed the Senate, paving the way for accelerated media mergers and buyouts.

"Turns out the mouse doesn't have much of a sense of humor," Hightower writes, "and there was an abrupt chilling in the network's enthusiasm for my program. Even though ABC had until then been committed to the steady growth of the show ... and even though there were numerous advertisers available to back the show-- I was suddenly moused, literally kicked off the air shortly after my anti-Mickey, anti-merger broadcast."

Looking ahead, Mickey's parent company will probably remain inhospitable to journalists like Danny Schechter and commentators like Jim Hightower. As one of the biggest media conglomerates, Disney is scurrying to the beat of a very loud corporate drum.

And that beat goes on. Just ask Ted Koppel.

*Norman Solomon is a syndicated columnist. His most recent books are *The Wizards of Media Oz*, (co-authored with Jeff Cohen), and *With Dilbert: How Corporate Culture Gets the Last Laugh*.*



# East What?

By Joanna Wegielnik

The International Monetary Fund made an announcement last week that it is tentatively committing roughly \$3 billion in monetary aid to Indonesia in wake of recent events in the East Asian financial markets. This is the same organization responsible for a plethora of disastrous pseudo-projects that do nothing to help the indigenous population of the communities they destroy but insidiously fatten the pockets of the money-power whores that run this evil institution. Incidentally, the IMF and World Bank (a sister organization no less sinister), have been under full control of American corporate interests since their unfortunate inception fifty years ago. The president of both the IMF and WB have exclusively been and currently are American.

In the numerous accounts of mass media reports I have forced myself to digest recently on this subject, not once did any of the New York Times' intrepid reporters mention the occupation of East Timor, a small island in the Indonesian archipelago illegally occupied by Indonesian forces more than twenty years ago. East what, you say? My point exactly. If tomorrow I were to take a poll around campus and ask you what, where, when, how, why East Timor is, 99.9% of you wouldn't have the foggiest idea. After all, if you faithfully obey the master and do what he proscribes (read the Times, watch CNN, etc.), this type of information will always fall below your radar screen.

East Timor, Papua New Guinea, Chiapas-Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Chile, Peru, Colombia, Haiti, Liberia, Nigeria, Northern Ireland, Israel-Palestine, Iraq, Turkey, Kurdistan. Be honest with yourself, how much do you know about the con-

flicts in the aforementioned countries? How many have you never heard of? How much do you know about insipid American involvement in these regions through various conduits such as the IMF, WB, C.I.A., D.E.A., etc.? More to the point, how many of you just don't give a fuck?

East Timor is an expendable country in the New World Order. Most people have never heard of it, it slips into obscurity, and to mention it in any kind of public forum is to single yourself out as that crackhead in the back of the room talking a lot of shit. On more than one occasion, I have found myself to be in that position, feeling very fucking indignant and furious that anything I just said has fallen on deaf, indifferent ears. It's a horribly frustrating feeling, one that I wouldn't wish on anyone.

Back to this East Timor thing. Journalist Jack Anderson reported the following dispatch in the San Francisco Chronicle on November 9, 1979:

"By December 3, 1975, an intelligence dispatch to Washington reported that 'ranking Indonesian civilian government leaders have decided that the only solution in the Portuguese Timor situation is for Indonesia to launch an open offensive against Fretelin [the leading East Timor resistance movement].'"

But it was essential to neutralize the United States because the Indonesian army relied heavily on U.S. arms which, under our laws, could not be used for aggression.

As it happened, President Gerald Ford was on his way to Indonesia for a state visit. An intelligence report forewarned that Suharto (dictator of Indonesia) would bring up the Timor issue and would "try and elicit a sympathetic attitude."

That Suharto succeeded is confirmed by Ford himself. The United States had suffered a devastat-

ing setback in Vietnam, leaving Indonesia as the most important American ally in the area. The U.S. national interest, Ford concluded, "had to be on the side of Indonesia."

Ford gave his tacit approval on December 6, 1975...Five days after the invasion, the United Nations voted to condemn the attack as an ardent act of international aggression. The United States abstained [from the vote]. Thereafter, the U.S. delegate maneuvered behind the scenes to resist U.N. moves aimed at forcing Indonesia to give up its conquests."

The December 7, 1975 invasion was launched the day Ford and then Secretary of State Kissinger left Jakarta following a meeting with Suharto. Since that day, 270,000 Timorese (out of a population of 650,000) have perished according to Amnesty International reports. The death toll is proportionate to the Pol Pot killings in Cambodia and the Holocaust.

The massacres, forced sterilization, and torture continue to this very day, under the watchful and benevolent gaze of the United States & Co. The U.S., Great Britain, and Australia ensure a constant flow of military hardware directly into the hands of Indonesian generals. To add insult to injury, two weeks ago, the Indonesia government announced the name of the new state car; the "Timor". Add to that a whopping and generous \$3 billion from the whorish IMF, and you can begin to understand how the game is played.

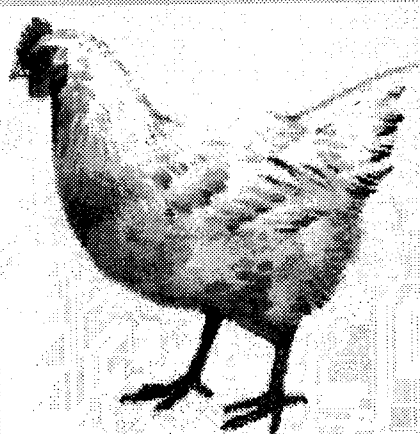
Yeah, I know...the power structures are firmly planted and have deep insidious roots. BUT I, FOR ONE, REFUSE TO BELIEVE THEY ARE FUCKING IMMOVABLE. If you give a damn, and would like to work on this issue in a proactive fashion, please contact me in the Press office.

## Celebrating the Rape of the Original Western Civilization

By Daniel Yohannes

Thanksgiving is once again in our face. Give thanks. Give thanks for your land. Give thanks for the water. Give thanks for the grain belt. Give thanks for the countless millions of black and brown skinned people whose slaughter gave rise to our civilization. Give thanks for influenza, a European plague. Give thanks for syphilis. Give thanks to the thousands of first colonizers who raped the indigenous and imported women.

Okay, I'm trapped in the past. But let me ask you this, why did we have class on Columbus Day this year? 15 years ago, during the long era of denial, the country shut down to celebrate the original gangsta, the grand discoverer of our country. Well, Columbus was a brave and driven man, but this continent has always been here, quite occupied. So, after Columbus left and stole some indigenous people to impress all his royal white friends, waves of white people ebbed in. Now to be fair, they died in droves too. But, they died of starvation because there was no slave class to grow and harvest their food. Well, the locals saw this and said to themselves "aww, look at all the poor starving white people. They're so cute. Let's throw them a few bones. We can spare



a few ears of corn and a couple disgusting pumpkin vines. And we can kill a few of those overweight chickens that are gobbling all over the place." And so came the first Thanksgiving.

All was good until one of our benevolent hosts started sneezing. He excused himself and went back to his wigwam to recover from the exertion of preparing a feast for starving people. When his wife returned, she saw he wasn't well and she called for the healer. The healer came and was, for the first time dumbfounded. "I don't recognize this affliction," he said, "but this weed will ease his discomfort." By the first week of December, the man was dead, and his wife and children were following. The healer was dead. Most of the attendees of the "party" were feeling ill. In the end, they all died.

Celebrate that! Celebrate the same pattern as all of our great explorers, like Lewis and Clark, spread the germs to which they were then immune. Celebrate the pattern. Celebrate the blind eye turned. Do you really think that no one noticed the residents dying in droves? OK let's be fair, some Europeans died from malaria and other foreign diseases, but frankly, I don't care. The indigenous people were in the position of neutral action. The invaders, the colonizers, the squatters, were in the position of action.

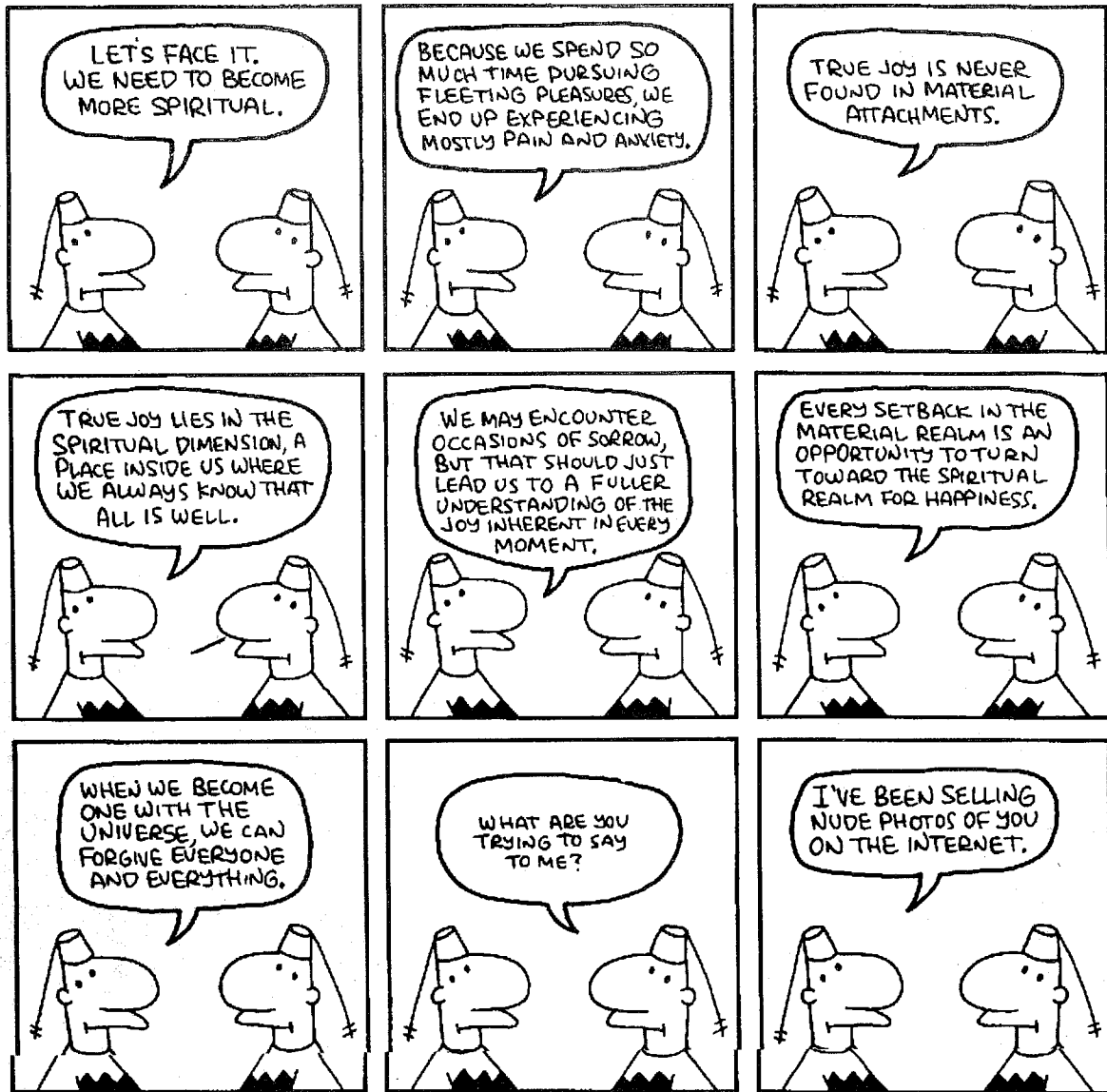
For argument's sake, let's just say that Thanksgiving celebrates "alternative" American values. Let's see... slavery, the civil war (more dead Americans than any other war in history), Jim Crow laws, taxes (isn't that why we had the Revolution in the first place?), prohibition (go land of freedom and rights!), Richard Nixon, Jesse Helms, dysfunctional families, land of sexual mores and moral majorities, religious freedom (Waco), separation of church and state, Christian Coalition, religious right (see Leviticus 20:13), women's suffrage (not until the '20s and still women were expected to stay at home, barefoot and pregnant until the partially effective women's rights movement of the '60's)... You get the point.

Now, you may be thinking there are other countries in the world and that the U.S. is not the only villain. My point is that more indigenous Americans were killed during the colonization of the U.S. than Jews killed during the Holocaust. The Africans who died during the crossing of the Atlantic outnumber it as well.

So, let us celebrate! Joy to the U.S., country of immigrants where immigrants are no longer welcome. Country where the poorest of the poor are public enemy #1. Country where we pay our garbage collectors more than our educators. Country where an entire generation of young people are criminalized on a daily basis. Raise your glass and propose a heartfelt toast to our twisted little time-warp. Happy eating, kids!

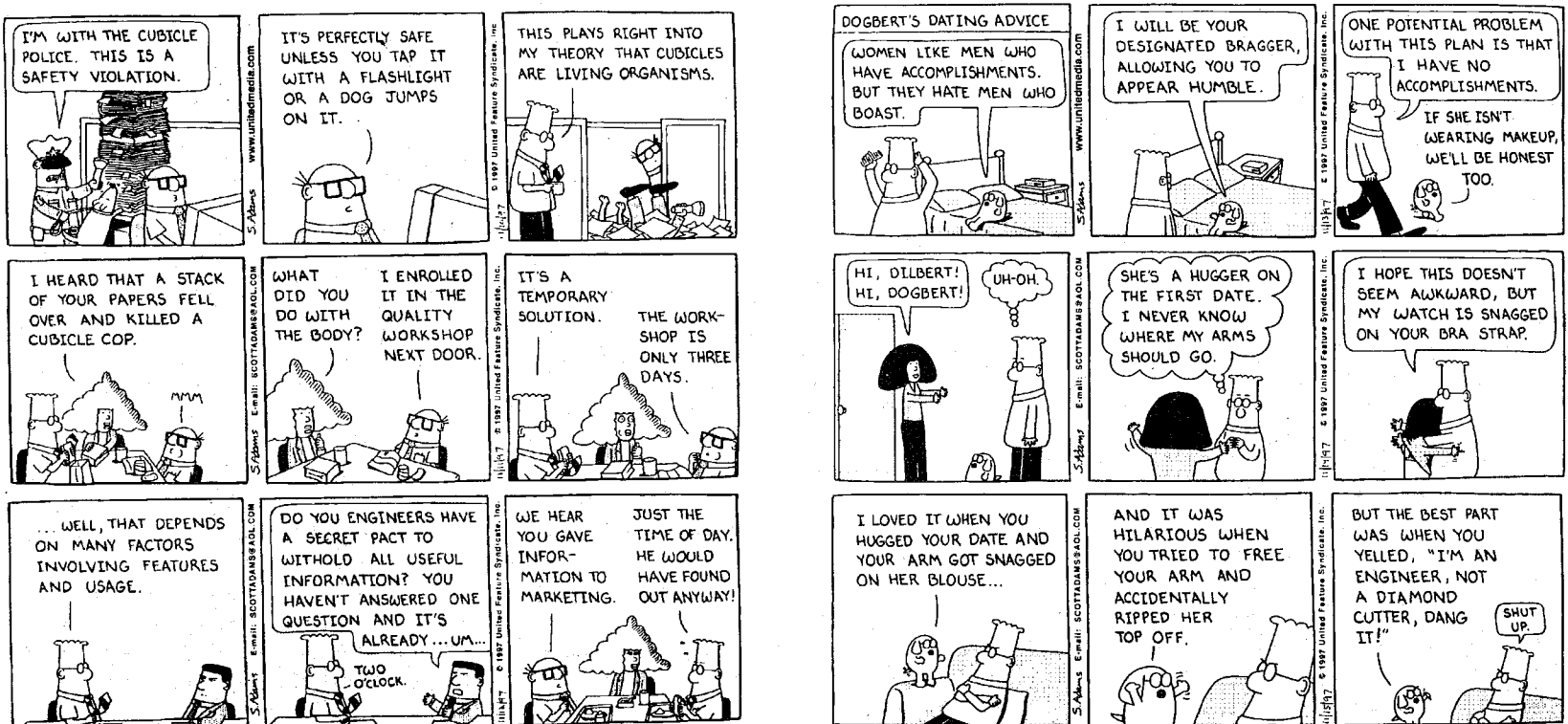
## LIFE IN HELL

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# DILBERT

by Scott Adams





How'd you like to be famous?  
 How'd you like to see your name in print?  
 How'd you like my foot up yer ass?

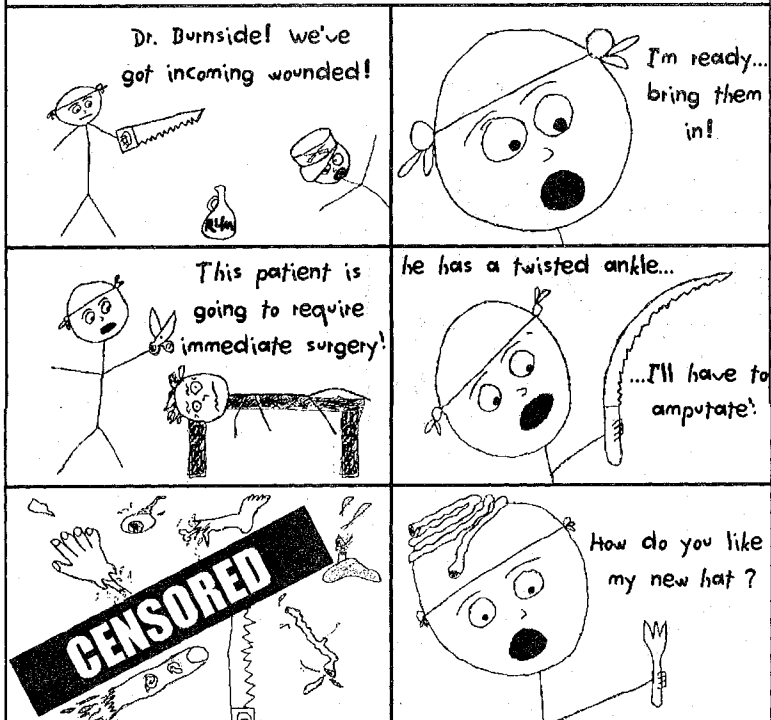
# GIVE US COMICS!

## Bitch!

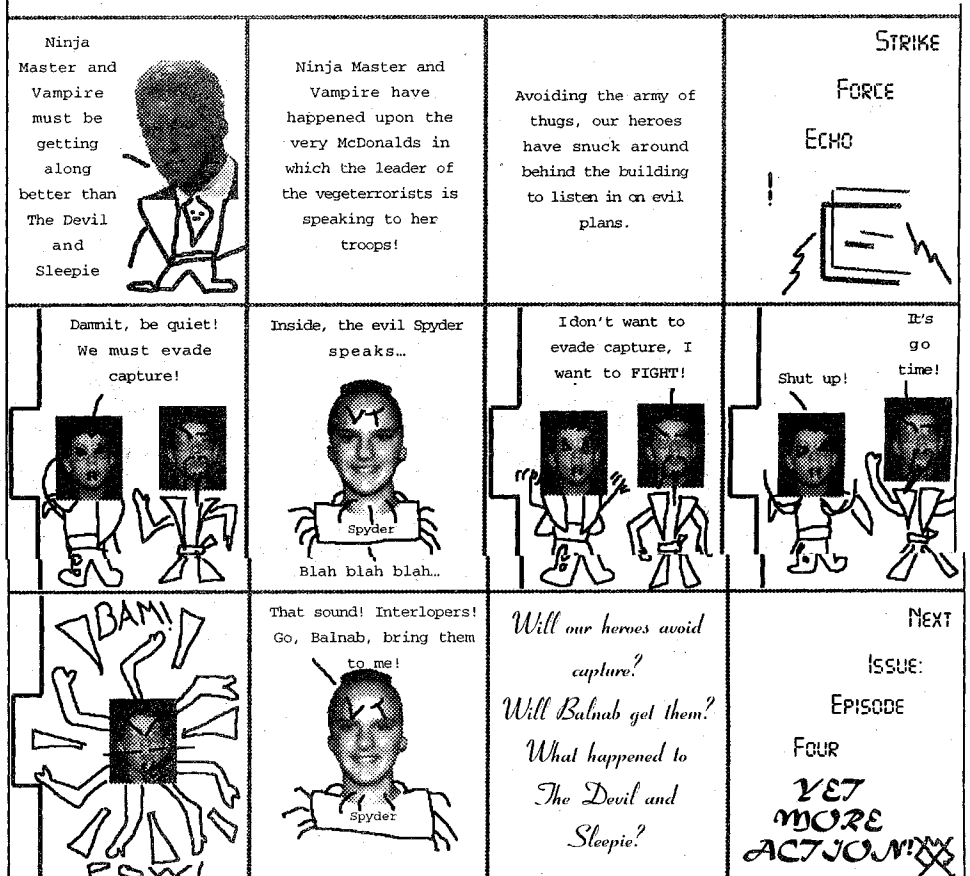
All it takes is a little love. Just submit to me. I love you. I'll take care of everything!  
 No, really, give me comics. I eat them. I'm hungry.

The Adventures of...

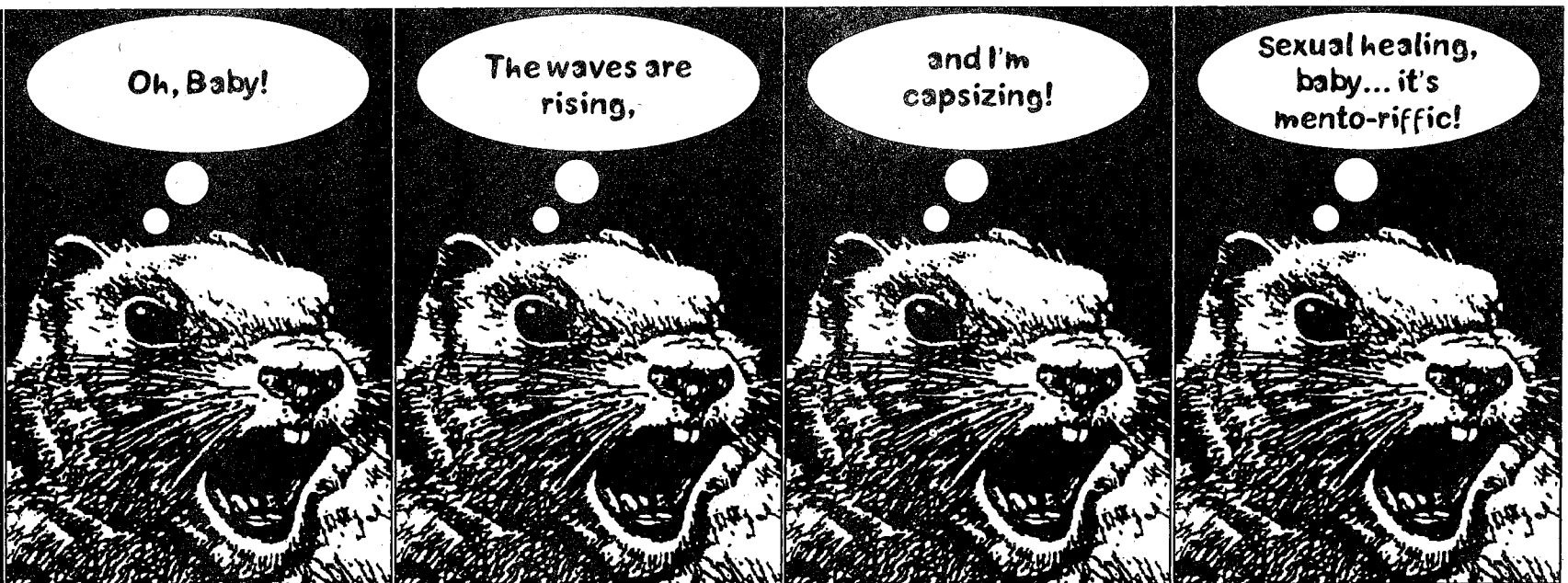
### ULYSSES BURNSIDE CIVIL WAR SURGEON



Strike Force Echo, by Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain



THE ANGRY SQUIRREL



## IN "THE MEN JUST CALL HIM SIR"

By Brian Libfeld

# TEXAS OR BUST?

This year, Stony Brook got a very special Halloween treat.

On October 31st, the University of Texas at Austin released a list of candidates for the presidency of their school. Our current president, Shirley Strum Kenny, was on it.

Kenny, who was raised in Texas and attended U.T. Austin, released a statement soon afterwards to the campus community. In it, she pledged her love for Stony Brook... but admitted she'd like to take the Texas job.

We can't really blame her. Austin is the largest university in the country, with an annual budget of nearly a billion dollars. The presidency is a plum job.

And we'd like her to get it.

Since her inauguration as president three years ago, Kenny has consistently acted in the worst interests of students. Her policies are responsible for cutting classes, destroying academic departments, and decaying the quality of a Stony Brook education. The English department is tattered and torn, with too few classes for too many undergrads. The Theater department lies broken, graduate programs shredded. Every department in the school has problems, plagued by low funding, tenure limitations and poor administrative support.

"But what of the ratings?" Shirley's few supporters will shout. Yes, Stony Brook has placed well in several national rankings since Kenny came aboard... but this is largely public relations, more a reflection of Shirley's image control techniques than the quality of a Stony Brook education.

Perhaps the survey people should be looking at is the one performed by The Princeton Review, in which actual Stony Brook *students* were asked what they think. When the Review came out with the results, USB ranked as one of the worst schools in the country, placing second in "Most Unhappy Students" and appearing in the top ten of half a dozen other unpleasant categories. P.R. only does so much.

Kenny's public relations moves have sold out the student body and are turning our school into a McUniversity, a corporate-controlled training ground for big business.

Computer Associates President Charles Wang donates millions to the school for a new cultural center... but soon after CA recruiting posters appear all over campus. Time passes, and then Kenny announces that CA will help run an expanded Computer Sci department.

After the new Student Activities Center is completed, eyes turn to the rest of the campus. Plans to renovate the commuter lounge in the Library quickly evolve into those for a "Campus Village" -basically a retail mall, populated with stores owned by friends of Shirl.

Plus, she never returns our phone calls.

Needless to say, we don't like her... and these are only a *few* of the problems we have with her.

We hope that Shirley's bid for the Texas gig is successful, and that she can return to the Lone Star state. We think we'd be better off without her.

So the question becomes: Texas or Bust? Will Shirley get the Longhorn job and run for the border, or will our poor university have to suffer her rule until we finally go bust?



*Shirley Strum Kenny... asleep at the wheel.*



# Attention Students!

Here is your chance to save Stony Brook! Stop complaining about the course the University has taken under Shirley Strum Kenny, and sign the letter below. Send it to the address at the top, and with any luck, those Texan suckers will take her off our hands! Show your school spirit and give Shirl the heave-ho!



*Clip and send this letter to the University of Texas at Austin! The address is below!*

Board of Regents  
The University of Texas at Austin  
Austin, Texas 78713



To Whom It May Concern,

I am writing to you regarding the recent nomination of Shirley Strum Kenny for the position of President of The University of Texas at Austin. Having been graced with President Kenny's leadership for three years here at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, I feel it would be pure selfishness to not write to you and inform you of the opportunity you would be missing if you did not choose her to be your next president.

President Kenny's regime, er..., administration here at Stony Brook has seen one success after another. Coming in on the heels of our beloved John Marburger, President Kenny has spearheaded one of the most ambitious visibility campaigns to ever bring a fictional water canine to the lips of Long Islanders everywhere. The Seawolf is the perfect symbol of the ferocity with which President Kenny has pursued the financial solvency necessary to bring Stony Brook into the corporate-controlled environment of American higher education that the 21st century is sure to be. With each savvy marketing move, President Kenny has ensured that the school that once bore the embarrassing moniker "The Berkeley of the East" will forever be remembered as a bold and trailblazing finder of lost funds. Is the University of Texas at Austin in need of a new football stadium? Give President Kenny some lip balm and five minutes alone in a room with the CEO of a major computer software firm, and watch the millions roll in.

We make this plea with your interests in mind. You need the type of bold, take-no-prisoners leadership that only a chunky alumnus can give. Everything in Texas being as big as it is, you can ill-afford to choose anyone else.

We love President Kenny, and it will hurt to lose her, but if she taught us one thing during her short time here, it is that giving is the most important thing a person can do. We want to give you Shirley Strum Kenny, with no malice in our hearts, and a bittersweet song on our lips. Yes, we may be losing the biggest bosom to ever cradle Stony Brook, but you'll be gaining a prodigal daughter. She's yours, Austin, we only borrowed her for a little while; take her back while you still can.

Sincerely,

\_\_\_\_\_  
Name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address and Tel. Number.

## Top 10 Actual Vanilla Ice Lyrics (From His Smash Debut, "To The Extreme")

- 10) Just Kickin' Like A Chicken That You Just Ate
- 9) If You A `Ho, Get Off My Lap
- 8) I Made You Work `Till Your Butt Got Sore
- 7) Be On The Lookout In Your Vicinity / I'm Robbin' Virgins Of Their Virginity
- 6) Oh My God Homeboy / You Probably Eat Spaghetti With A Spoon
- 5) Vanilla Ice, Yep, Yep, I'm Comin' Hard Like A Rhino
- 4) In My Dreams I `Vision Myself At The Ocean / Beautiful Girls Rubbin' Me  
Down With Some Lotion / Even Though You Know I Flow As Cold As An  
Ice Cube / Let Me Tell You How It Is To Make Love On An Inner Tube /  
Floatin' On Water While Splashin' Waves On Your Body / Flowin' And Goin',  
Now Pump It, Pump It, Hottie!
- 3) Get Out Your Seats And Let Me Shake Your Pants
- 2) For Good Luck, I Like My Rhymes Atrocious /  
Supercalifragilisticexpialadocious
- 1) What It's Like / Havin' A Roni

For information about the Vanilla Ice Fan Club, write to the following address:

Vanilla Ice Fan Club  
c/o P.O. Box 261117  
Plano, Texas  
75026-1117

## *The Increasing Price Of A Decreasing Education*

By The Lunatick

Ah, College, the wonderful institution we are all in. The best thing about this particular institution is that it is a public university and therefore inexpensive. Inexpensive??? That seems relative lately. Inexpensive compared to what, Harvard, Yale or another ivy league school?

It seems they are planning another increase in the tuition of this school. For what, you ask? Increased services? More classes so you can graduate on time? More parking spaces? Building improvements? The answer is: NONE OF THE ABOVE. They just want more of your money so that the high muckety-mucks of the SUNY system can continue to receive outrageous salaries for doing absolutely nothing that benefits the students.

Hey, any of you commuters ever wonder why your parking permit is now good for five years? Hey everyone else, don't you wonder why your ID is also good for five years? A college education is only supposed to take four years, right? Nope, not here. Only one of my friends has graduated in the four years that you expect college to take. Everyone else has taken at least an extra semester or summer classes not because they failed classes but because they couldn't get into the courses they needed. So evidence seems to suggest that even the university expects you to take five years. I wonder why in the new academic bulletin they have these nice 4 year plans mapped out. Surely they don't expect you to follow these plans.

Service is a foreign concept on this university. In business, the customer is always right. Lets see, we pay money to get an "education" here, so that would make us customers. Then why are we ignored, yelled at and generally jerked around by this university system? I remember the days of registering in person for classes. You had to get there an hour before the Registrar opened to get a place on line inside the building. Then, if you were really lucky, they posted the closed out classes when the Registrar opened, so you could scurry to find alternates. Then, you waited to hand in your form, and then waited on line again to get the receipt that tells you how many of

your classes closed while you were waiting. Even better, you were told that academic advising is blocking you from registering. So you go to them, and wait on another line only to find out that they have no idea what you are talking about. You then discover that due to a wonderful computer error you are now a Mechanical Engineering major. "I thought I was a bio major," you say to yourself. So you now have to bring a change of major form and get back on that long line. Sounds like we are valued customers to me.

But all that has changed now. You have the phone-in system. Ah yes, now it's computerized. You just need a phone and your little guidebook to all the three digit codes. It's simple and flawless, they tell you! You just have to get into the

system. So you dial the number and get a busy signal. Then you dial again and get through, punch in all the digits, but the registration computer is too busy to handle another call and disconnects you. (Quick cheat: To bypass the GO2SB number dial 2-9393 it gets you directly to the registration computer.) You finally get through and the computer accepts your classes. Wait a minute isn't this the same computer that screwed up your major? If I were you I would go and get a hard copy printed to confirm that it took.

This isn't important to us right now. What's important is how do we pay for this? Well you could have done what I did and work during high school to save up for college. Then have tuition go up over one thousand dollars since the time you began college. Then continue to work two jobs through college so you don't have these outrageously high student loans to pay off. Then you end up with a mediocre grade point average and a need to sleep in class. Not because you were a party animal who stayed out all night, but because you work 11pm - 7am so you can afford college. It also happens to be the only time you have free to work because your classes are all over the place due to trying to graduate on time. But ya know it's ironic sleeping through the education you are working so hard to get.





# Suck My Left One

By Julia Juggs

There are some things in this world that I find mighty irksome. Impatient bastards, itchy skin, and my roommate are just a few. While these things are of a high priority, there are a few slightly more... shall we say, global, concerns that plague me. I will dig deep into my trench of hate and share a few of them with you here.

## Target 1: American Medicine.

For a society that's so advanced, our medical world is pretty damn stubborn. I don't want to discredit Western medicine; chemical drugs, X-rays, and neurosurgery are all fine and dandy in their own right. But there is a whole other world of alternative medicine that is constantly ignored and dismissed by doctors, hospitals, and insurance companies all over the country. Things like herbalism and acupuncture have helped countless people, yet most American medical institutions continue to dismiss them as "New Age Crap" (I know they wouldn't say "crap," but you get the idea). To illustrate my point, let me tell you a little anecdote about my very own mother. A few years ago, she began going through the dreaded "change of life" we call menopause (onset usually occurs in the mid- to late forties). Most women experience hot flashes and irregular menstruation, among other things. While irregular menstruation (which eventually becomes nil, as is the purpose of menopause) is somewhat tolerable, any woman who's gone through it will tell you that hot flashes are extremely uncomfortable. So, under these circumstances, the natural reaction of most women is to run to their doctors, who's natural reaction is to prescribe them drugs. Many menopausal women are given hormone treatments, usually

estrogen pills, to boost up the declining levels of estrogen that are responsible for menopause in the first place. While the treatment usually does aid in combating the hot flashes and irregular menstruation, it's totally unnatural. It messes around with the hormonal levels in the body, and just delays the inevitable. So when my mother was faced with the estrogen-or-not-to-estrogen dilemma, she tried the estrogen at the urging of her doctor. To quote her bluntly, "It made me bleed, like, every week." Not only does that defy the natural action of menopause, but I fail to see how such a side effect could possibly make a drug that's supposed to ease the stress of menopause worthwhile. So my mother went off in search of an alternative. And she found one. Not in a doctors' office or in the pages of a medical journal, but in an herbal shop in the East Village of Manhattan (Anjelica's Herbs, located on the corner of First Ave. and Ninth St.). She now consumes an herbal tea comprised of Motherwort, Oat, and Dong Quai, all herbs known for their benefits in easing "women's troubles", and is virtually hot flash free. "Within a week I noticed a difference, and within month they were gone," she said. Not only did she find a remedy for what ailed her, she managed to do it naturally, inexpensively, and without messing with her body chemistry. Now put that in your pipe and smoke it, Western Medical Science.

## Target 2: Overly Critical People.

You know them as well as I do. Those critical, fastidious people who manage to find something wrong with everything you do or say. I point to something written in the pages of this very publication. Let's just call the author...er, Jim. In our October first issue, I had written an article denouncing those stupid friggin' banners that are

all over campus. The article was intended to be totally tongue in cheek, and I assumed that everyone else would take it that way as well. Not our friend Jim, however. In our October fifteenth issue, he praised the banners, and candidly referred to me as "the malinger." In my article I had made fun of one of the banners which read "I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey work of the stars," and jokingly questioned anyone to find a correlation between grass and stars. In his article, our friend Jim shared with us an excerpt from Science magazine which indeed proved that stars and grass have much in common. Well, excuse fuckin' me. I never claimed to be no scientist. I wish these Overly Critical People could learn to take certain things at face value and not feel the need to read into and analyze everything they see.

## Target 3: People Who Pee On Toilet Seats and Don't Feel the Need To Clean It Off.

Ever heard that little rhyme, "If you sprinkle when you tinkle, be neat and wipe the seat?" Most of us probably have, yet so few actually abide by it. I understand that when you pee, [this is directed toward the ladies] somewhere between getting up and wiping, it's very easy to drip on the seat a little. However, it's also very easy to take some toilet paper and wipe up your goddamn piss. This goes beyond just pee on toilet seats. It had to do with common courtesy and respect for your fellow humans. So the next time you go to the bathroom and sit down a pool of some stranger's piss, just remember that it's probably payback for that time you "didn't have time" to clean up after yourself.

Next issue: I will bitch about the Janes Addiction Reunion, DEC requirements, and more.

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Wednesday 11/26 Imperial Pints/My Favorite  
Thursday 11/27 Thanksgiving Day at The Spot  
Friday 11/28 Shards  
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Saturday 12/6 E Tu Brute/Spider Mike (Ska)

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Wednesday 12/17 TBA  
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Friday 12/19 Supergenius  
Saturday 12/20 TBA

Located in the Fanny Brice Theater,  
Roosevelt Quad

Schedule is subject to change.  
Photo by Jessica Stack

# The Spot

## Graduate Student Lounge



# Vicarious Experience With Anorexia

By Hilary Vidair

My image of myself in the wall-to-wall mirror began to blur as I felt the tears in my eyes form uncontrollably. I tried casually wiping them away as I continued to practice my pirouettes. Yet I could not turn my head away from my friend Janet\* no matter how hard I tried. At five-foot-eight and eighty-six pounds, she was the skinniest girl in our ballet class. As I turned, I felt the tears begin to fall.

Janet was suffering from anorexia nervosa. I had begun to notice how little she ate when we went for food on our breaks from dance class. At first, she would buy something small, saying that she had already eaten. This started to happen frequently, until she eventually ate nothing at all.

One day, I walked into the studio's dressing room, only to find her dumping a large plate of food into the garbage can. She had said she was going to eat there because it was too hot in the restaurant. Startled to see me, she jumped up, trying to push the garbage can behind her. I pushed her aside and asked her why she wasn't eating. She blurted out, "Because I'm fat and I need to lose weight and this is the only way I can! I'm ugly and stupid and the only way anyone will ever accept me is if I'm skinny!" I stared at her in astonishment as she pushed open the door and went to her next class.

When we resumed dancing, I couldn't bear to look at her. How was I supposed to concentrate when Janet had just told me something like that? I excused myself, saying I had pulled a muscle in my

leg. There was no way I would let her see me cry.

After that encounter, Janet wouldn't talk to me. She avoided me as best as she could. Yet that did not stop me from noticing the yellowish tone of her skin or the thinning of her flaming red hair. It did not blind my eyes from the sight of her body slowly withering away.

When I could stand it no longer, I confided in our dance instructor. Together, we confronted her mother who was shocked, as well as extremely disappointed. She took her to both a nutritionist and a psychologist. After a few months, Janet began to realize that she needed help.

I stood and watched from the sidelines as Janet slowly gained back the weight she had lost. Her skin began to look healthier and her hair regained its original luster and shine. Yet she still would not talk to me.

It's been over a year now since that day in the dressing room. About a couple of months ago, I called Janet to see she was doing. She replied, "I could have managed my weight on my own. You didn't have to run and tell everybody. Don't call here again." I heard a click on the other end of the line. Slowly I replaced the receiver. This often makes me wonder if Janet is really better. She switched dancing schools, which means I only see her from time to time. She looks well, although I can't help wondering if she'll soon stop eating again.

I attribute Janet's case of anorexia to a lot of things. For one, she had just started going to

LaGuardia High School for dance. The girls there are very competitive and the teachers often tell girls who are stick thin that they need to lose weight. And in terms of academics, Janet was really hard on her self. Always a perfectionist, she often overworked herself.

Another problem was Janet's mother. Growing up, Janet had always wanted to be a doctor. Yet her mother always said, "Dancers are famous. Doctors are not." She pressured Janet into taking more dance classes than she wanted to and was always after her to pursue a professional career in the arts. She meant well, but she really made Janet's life harder.

A third problem was one of our dance instructors. A bulimic herself, she actually taught Janet how to stick a toothbrush down her throat to make her throw up. Janet had always idolized her because she was a successful dancer who had been in a lot of credible productions. She always forced Janet to do too much, often making her do dangerous exercises like strengthening her arch by bending it between the narrow legs of a foot stool.

Anorexia nervosa is a serious disease. My vicarious experience with it has led me to have a great interest in developmental psychopathology (the study of the development of abnormal behavior) in teenagers. Despite what Janet may think, I believe that I was her first step towards help. If I can't save her life, I would like to aid others in getting help to save their own.

\* Name has been changed

## ONE BITCH TALKS BACK

By Marlo Allison Del Toro

It's a COMMUTER Bus

Why are some residents so lazy? I'm writing about the bums from Kelly Quad (and vicinity) who wait on line for the commuter bus - wait about 5 minutes as the bus fills to capacity - and ride to the first stop. It only takes about 5 minutes to walk this distance, so it's not getting them there any faster. And if any of you bums want to tell me to walk my ass to south-P - or Siberia, as it is commonly called - I'd have you know that as a non-driver I have to walk more than 5 minutes after I get to south-P to get home. And, since we've barely had rainy days this semester, and it's been a mild autumn, there's no reason why you healthy co-eds can't walk it. I propose the Kenny regime make the commuter bus a commuter shuttle, and have it go directly from SAC to south-P and back again. Especially since the north local can cart around residents. I don't personally know any of the bums who abuse the commuter bus, but I know of one well-known USB student who does abuse it.

Goon sighting #1

Until recently, I had only heard descriptions, and seen one blurry picture of the Goon, of Goon Watch fame. Last week, though, I was privileged (?) to have my first citing of the elusive beast. It was an anthropologists dream: to be able to study the Goon in his natural habitat. Anyway, he (a resident) squeezed his bubbly, furry, smelly ass into an already full-past-fire standards commuter bus, and I held my breath for 5 minutes. But his assault on my nose didn't add up to the horror that I faced in the headlights of ARAMark.

ARAMark Murders Student

That's what the headline would have read. The other day I was walking towards Humanities when a truck bearing the Aramark logo nearly ran me down. The psycho-driver didn't slow down one iota. Luckily, unlike a deer in headlights, I wasn't mesmerized by ARAMark's sheen. I quickly jumped out of the way. In retrospect, I think the driver recognized me as a member of The Press, and deliberately tried to kill me off in an attempt to silence our desperate cries for justice in the meal plan.

## AN ISSUE WHICH CAN NO LONGER GO UNADDRESSED

By Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain

Deep, deep down beneath the earth, rumbles the lolliwag. Blurbling and brumbling it beckons the depths of time into the spires of eternal verisimilitude, the vermilion varnish of pleasant madness seeping into your dreams.

Shirley Strum Kenny has lumbled down the wollywonk towards our meaningful and truthlessly tarnished lamberblast for the last time, as we shall now know the new non-entity of our forgotten destiny's shiningly voluptuous bounty of plethoric generosity.

Additionally, once all presented is considered, in retrospect one should preponder the body of truth given by the hand of God, and consider where we all stand in the continuum that makes a man a jar. Falling short ever and again, those of anon shall be what those from hence never truly said, that unspoken, misbegotten hope of the poor lech who can never make it to the gutter to vomit in his own grandiose position, ensconced, as he always is, in the psychosemantic state of humanity.

In response, Statesman Editors whose names shall be forever been and seen between the days of tomorrow's mystery, recoiled into a state of imaginary fortitude and celeruous communistic barons.

In as much as word can never match the deeds of those who seek to forge our utopian turtletop (another of history's forgotten bylaws and querulous quixotic contemporary carnal camps), we may never meet the length and the need of the breath of our hunger, the way humans shall forever surge for that which ever eludes the mindless masses.

The students of this flankeronious and cantankeronius mnemonious forthcoming shall be downcoming and those who have seen the day's end, and those who will, when the proper time becomes one with the new yesterday, begin their ascendancy into the nothing state of Nod, responded akin in their typical jocular fashion amidst a sea of spellbinding holidays.

Thanksgiving, never to be forgotten, leaves the ruckus with a frayed, yet shining, sense of self-honor and self-worth that the libelous and bespectacled dragons of our proverbial verbiage shall never allow to begin to corrupt the madness of the islands into the dream of a twisted renaissance preacher's beleaguered hopes.

And with those very same self-serving hopes, I conclude with my original intent, and be that as you may, or may not ever be, shall we dance...or shall we, as a civilization, recognize the dire import of this warning from beyond the grave of cold war post-apoplectic transgression's path. Perhaps the French said it best.

These things may never be known.

# WHY CONSPIRACY THEORIES ARE DUMB

By James Polichak

Conspiracy theories have been seeing a growth in popularity and acceptance lately. The X-Files and its cute stars appear more and more on the TV, bookshelves, and the Internet. Mainstream Hollywood has attempted to cash in on the craze by throwing Mad Max and Tinkerbell into the game. The popularity of conspiracy theories is not limited to fun with fictional scenarios. People, even otherwise thoughtful and well-educated people, actually believe in assorted conspiracies theories, leading to an assortment of ill-considered actions, ranging from idiotic statements to massive criminal destruction.

Popular conspiracy theories argue that there is some kind of large-scale cooperation among groups of people, usually to prevent some knowledge from being known or some product from being made available. These cover-ups are for the benefit of the conspiracists and detrimental to the general public. For example, Pat Robertson has written extensively about the coming world government, a conspiracy orchestrated by the United Nations, the great banking families, the Trilateral Commission, and so on, with Satan himself ultimately the cause. More respectable conspiracies among left-wing types include the idea that big automakers are preventing the electric car from coming to showrooms and saving the atmosphere, or that big pharmaceutical corporations are suppressing a cheap cure for cancer so that they can continue to profit from our human misery. And we all know that governments have been meeting with aliens since King John signed the Magna Carta. What conspiracy theories all have in common is that they demand that many, many people with otherwise disparate interests, personalities, and backgrounds get together and cooperate in secret for their mutual benefit, without any of them letting the cat out of the bag. The question is, can people actually do this?

Psychological studies of decision-making strongly suggest that the answer is negative. We can examine decision-making and cooperation in detail with a simple model known as the prisoner's dilemma. The prisoner's dilemma has been used as a model for decades by psychologists, economists, biologists, computer scientists, and others, and has yielded many insights into decision-making behavior by humans and other animals.

The basic situation described by the prisoner's dilemma is simple. A pair of prisoners are questioned individually about a crime. Each can choose to either cooperate (by keeping quiet about what happened) or defect (by trying to implicate the other in the crime). If both prisoners cooperate, neither gets into

trouble. This situation is usually expressed by both prisoners receiving a moderate reward (say, three points). If both prisoners defect, implicating each other in the crime, they are both penalized by receiving fewer points (two points). However, if one prisoner cooperates while the other defects, the cooperator is harshly punished (receiving one point) while the defector is lavishly rewarded (receiving four points). It should be clear that if there is only one chance to play the game, one should always choose to defect.

Things are more interesting and realistic when looking at a series of prisoner's dilemma games. In this case, the goal is to play again and again, attempting to obtain as many points as possible before the end of the session. Note that in this situation, the players are not aware of when exactly the end of the session will come. Such knowledge would make the whole session equivalent to a one-trial game. When playing a series of prisoner's dilemmas, it makes the most sense for players to continually cooperate. They will obtain three points each round and avoid having to punish each other for defection with future defections, dragging down each other's scores.

Conspiracy theories can be compared to a complicated series of prisoner's dilemma games. The big automakers of the world must conspire to prevent the emergence of the electric car. If they cooperate, they will all be rewarded with continuing sales of their gas-powered products indefinitely. However, if one of them defects and produces a marketable electric car, the rest are screwed. Because they can't fully trust each other, they will each be thinking about defecting, thus working on exactly what they are trying to suppress. The first company to produce the electric car will be lavishly rewarded with immense profits and accolades for saving the environment, while the rest suffer with showrooms full of unwanted gas-guzzlers. Similar analogies can be made for suppression of the cure for cancer or alien life. While the case can be made that the powers that be would all be better off if they cooperated to keep things secret, the first one to defect will get far greater rewards than for cooperation (i.e., lots of money, Nobel prizes, celebrity status, etc.)

So what happens when people play a series of prisoner's dilemma games? They defect much more often than they cooperate. This occurs even in the situation that should foster the greatest amount of cooperation-- when people are playing against themselves. Modified versions of the prisoner's dilemma have been designed so that people

(or pigeons) must make a sequence of choices corresponding to the choices made in the standard prisoner's dilemma. If they consistently choose the right sequence, they can gain the maximum amount of rewards. If they don't, they are essentially defecting against themselves and being penalized with fewer rewards. Even in this simple situation, people can't seem to help but defect. The research shows that this inability to cooperate with one's self is largely due to the fact that defection gives greater immediate reward than cooperation (which wins out in the end). People have lots of difficulty postponing immediate rewards for later rewards, especially when the immediate reward is large.

One can well imagine that if college sophomores at SUNY Stony Brook (yes, much research on decision-making with the prisoner's dilemma is conducted here) can't manage to cooperate with themselves to earn money, the prospects for a dozen highly-competitive automakers, pharmaceutical companies, or governmental organizations to do so must be fairly slim.

Keep in mind that this analysis ignores the possibility that independent inventors, investigators, and others would like to see the various conspiracies revealed, because they receive no benefits whatsoever for cooperating with conspiracists, and certainly would benefit from whistle-blowing. It also ignores all of the past situations where conspiracy would have been likely, but did not occur (where were all the railroad barons when the car was being developed, or the laudanum-pushers when effective drugs were being developed?). We are additionally ignoring all of the warmer, fuzzier human emotions (maybe those researchers, even though they work for those faceless corporations, really want to cure cancer?). All of these factors only serve to make conspiracy theories even more unlikely.

Whether a conspiracy can be effective or not is essentially a question of whether people can postpone a larger immediate reward (for defection) in exchange for an immediately lesser reward (for cooperation) that will be greater over time. Even in the simplest situation people have great difficulty in acting toward the later, greater reward. Vastly increasing the complexity of the situation can only further encourage defection for short-term gains. This principle holds for pigeons pecking at buttons for food pellets as well as government agents hiding space aliens.

*Help! Help! I'm trapped in a quote finding factory!*

Continued From Page 8

In a political climate which is dominated by talk of tax cuts, opponents of socially progressive programs predict that they are too expensive for us to afford. Progressives should talk about the priorities of federal spending. The affluent get more from the government than the poor through federal entitlements and corporate tax breaks, e.g. in 1996 the cost of tax breaks to corporations and wealthy individuals will be \$440 billion more than 17 times combined state and federal spending on AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children). We also need to consider the high social and economic cost of poverty. There are many studies which have established links between poverty and crime, but few candidates who present themselves as being tough on crime by being tough on poverty. Right-wing pundits neglect to mention that the poverty created under Reagan led to recession under Bush, if only because falling incomes lead to falling sales. The truth is that we cannot afford NOT to eradicate poverty. However, there are people who have vested

interests in keeping people poor. An economy in which there is virtually full employment favors the employee rather than the employer. Corporations would have to improve wages and benefits in order to compete for workers, which would initially lower profits. Monetarist economists use poverty as a weapon to fight inflation. An effective anti-poverty strategy would have to abandon monetarism, the pillar of conservative economics (Mr. Gingrich won't be pleased).

**LIE NO. 7: POVERTY CAN BE ERADICATED WITHOUT CHANGING THE STRUCTURE OF OUR SOCIETY**

A great myth of US politics is that we can tackle poverty without changing the current form of free market capitalism. It is no surprise when we play the board game "Monopoly" that one player gets all of the money and the others become bankrupt. It is no surprise that our "Monopoly" economy produces poverty and concentration of wealth. At present we do not have a social program which can eliminate poverty faster than capitalism creates it. I am not

advocating communism, for Soviet Russia is an example of a society in which there is wealth concentration coupled to a lack of political freedom. Nevertheless, we do require a better economic system for meeting human needs. We want a society which guarantees all of its citizens food, shelter, education and medical care. No one can outline at present how this society will be created anymore than anyone knows the cure for AIDS. However, we can promote alternatives to the "conventional" business structure, e.g. not-for-profit medical insurance companies, workers cooperatives. Legally we could disconnect economic and financial power. Why should the holder of 50% of the shares in a company have 50% of the vote in the boardroom? Could we not have a one shareholder, one vote democracy within a company? What if the salaries of the CEOs required the electoral mandate of the workforce? The ideas of a better society are inside us if we are brave enough to find them.



# Everyday Angels

By Terry McLaren

"Greetings Prophet. The Great Work Begins. The Messenger Has Arrived."

- *Angels in America*, By Tony Kushner

The Stony Brook Department of Theatre Arts has taken on an ambitious project in producing *Angels in America, Part II: Perestroika*, by Tony Kushner. This Tony and Pulitzer Prize winning play is about 3 1/2 hours in length, and features an eight member cast in extremely emotionally-demanding roles. This critically acclaimed play follows up last semester's production of *Angels in America, Part I: Millennium Approaches*. The chair of the Theatre Arts Department, Dr. John Lutterbie, directed this story of two relationships that have broken up and the emotional and physical wreckage that follows.

Having never seen, nor read, Part I of "Angels," I was afraid that I would have trouble following the story. Lucky for me, those quick-thinking program writers kept the previously ignorant in mind and included a quick synopsis of "Millennium Approaches." There was also a history of the play and a quotation from one of the author's most influential sources for the play. So now I was fully prepared for this theatrical experience.

"Angels" began with the last scene of Part I, with the Angel of America (Jennifer Yi) hailing Prior Walker (Robert MacLachlan), a new prophet, after crashing through the ceiling of his apartment. What follows is an incredible stream of events in which the characters' lives become intertwined as

they struggle with their disintegrated relationships, abandonment, and most tragically, AIDS. Prior, the reluctant prophet, is afflicted with the disease and has been deserted by his boyfriend, Louis (Jason Samuels.) Louis is now involved with Joe (Steven R. Lopez), a man who has recently left his wife, the Valium addicted and delusional, Harper (Jeanine L. Capello.) Joe's staunchly Mormon mother, Hannah (Meliza Weir), upon hearing of her son's situation, moves to Brooklyn to try and sort things out. Things get even more complicated as Roy Cohn (Marc Allen), Joe's mentor and a very closeted homosexual, is on his death bed, supposedly with "liver cancer". Cohn battles the ghost of Ethel Rosenberg, who's McCarthy-era death he is responsible for.

The play is set in the early 90's, but most of the action takes place in flashbacks to the mid-80's, with a tone of Reagan-era cynicism and the total destruction the AIDS crisis caused. The author does remind his audience that the work is, in essence, a comedy. Although life can be tragic and horrible, to go on living when there seems to be nothing to live for is the greatest show of person's strength. People change and expand because of the great struggles contained in their lives, and we are encouraged to do this with strength and personal grace.

I am pleased to report that the Stony Brook Theatre department was definitely up to the challenging task of putting on a difficult work such as "Angels Part II." From Loyce Arthur's costume and set design to the actors and actresses' performances, the production was stellar.

The effect over the audience was powerful and evident as people could be heard sniffing throughout the theatre. Jennifer Yi's Angel of America steals the show and her costume kicked ass too. As an angel lover, I have to admit I suffered from "wing envy." The "stairway to heaven" was brilliantly done and impressively phallic. The sex scene between the Angel and Prior is just mind blowing. "Angels II" also contains such great lines as "This is my former lover's, lover's Mormon Mother." Only in New York. Or in a play set in New York. The play's scene transitions were smooth, with appropriate music incorporated

into them. I'm not sure if the music was an original part of the play, but if not it was a brilliant addition.

Overall, *Angels in America II* was an interesting, provocative theatre experience that I thoroughly enjoyed. As I said before, it's an ambitious project for a college theatre department to undertake and they did it most successfully. I strongly hope that we at Stony Brook see more overall great, socially relevant performances like *Angels II* in the future.



## Look Beavis, that chick's naked!

By Sophia Rovitti

Modeling nude. I thought it would be like a nightmare that most of us have had. You're standing in a classroom, surrounded by people who are not only staring at you, but drawing pictures of you. You look down, and you are totally naked. It's a quite scary idea to most people.

But I decided to do it nonetheless. It was as though I wanted to prove to myself that I had the courage and self-confidence to stand in front of total strangers naked. Besides, I'd be getting paid for it too, so why not?

Ten minutes before the class started, I thought I must have been temporarily insane when I agreed to do this. I was so nervous. Surprisingly, I was not so nervous about appearing nude as I was about coming up with poses to model. What if I got into some random pose and then realized that it was totally obscene? The man who taught the class had suggested bending over and touching my toes as an example, but considering that there would be people on all sides of me, that idea was not so hot (or maybe it was a little too hot, depending on how you look at it).

Those ten minutes passed and I went into the class and did it. I'm not going to say that I had nothing to worry about, but I had been worrying about the wrong things. I was there for three hours, holding various poses. At times, the pain was incredible. Holding such uncomfortable poses made my muscles ache and my limbs fall asleep.

Sometimes, in the midst of this, I would look around at all the people standing there. They

looked at me intently, trying to memorize my form. Then I would look down and remember that I was unclothed. But it was never shocking or uncomfortable, it was just a new experience.

There was something liberating, almost therapeutic, about the experience of being nude in front of people and not having the situation perceived in a sexual light. Kind of like when you're a kid and you can run around naked and no one cares. I don't know what those people were thinking, maybe some were judging me. But it didn't feel like that. I didn't worry that some part of my body was unacceptable, because, in that environment, it wasn't possible. If anything was going to be unacceptable, it would be in their drawings, but not me. I was a given, the form to be copied. The sketches were the objects under surveillance.

Yes, I was being objectified and seen as a form to be drawn, but not in a bad way. I felt such acceptance. In order for me to be studied as an example of the human form, I must be a perfectly acceptable example of one. It was nice to be seen predominantly as a human being.

They didn't objectify me to the point of overlooking my humanity or individualism, because those things were inherent in the objectification. I was not a sex object, but a human object with my own set of

human bodily quirks. People flashed me warm smiles. People introduced themselves to me. They sympathized with me, shared their food with me. What a beautiful reaction to have to a naked woman standing on a platform in front of you.

Now, I am not recommending this to everyone as some sort of miracle cure for low self-esteem. As of yet, I have only done modeling once, and maybe I happened to have a really good class. Maybe I'll do it again and I'll feel uncomfortable. A lot of it has to do with the environment, and that depends on the people who are there. But before doing it, I never would have thought that it could have been such a good experience. It did make me a lot more comfortable with myself.

I was obviously already pretty comfortable with the idea of doing it, or else I wouldn't have agreed. But most people I know wouldn't be. When I told my friends that I was

going to model nude, their eyes would bug out of their heads and they would say something like, "Oh my God, do you mean, like, totally naked?" I didn't think that it would be so shocking, but I guess I was wrong.

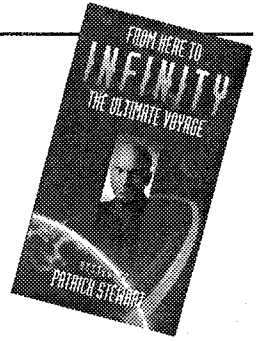
That is the point I am trying to make here. Everyone seems to think that it's some huge deal. Even I did in thinking that I'd be proving something to myself, which I wasn't. It was actually kind of nice not to have to worry about how I looked even though I was baring all.





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	Monday 11/10	Tuesday 11/11	Wednesday 11/12	Thursday 11/13	Friday 11/14
5:00-6:00 pm	Waiting to Exhale (4:45)	The Stupids	Hamlet (5:30)	The Quantum Universe	Kiss of Death
6:00-7:00	↓	↓	↓	USB Rugby	↓
7:00-8:00	UK Today	Understanding Oceans	↓	↓	Burly Bear
8:00-9:00	Who's the Man	Seawolves Football	Senate Meeting	Les Miserables	My Family
9:00-10:00	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓
10:00-11:00	In Love and War	Looking for Richard	Circle of Friends	↓	Dangerous Ground (10:30)
11:00-12:00	↓	↓	↓	Strange Days	↓
12:00-1:00	Dumb and Dumber	The Player	My Own Private Idaho	↓	CMV (12:30)
1:00-2:00 am	↓	↓	↓	Blink (1:30)	Omen (1:30)

	Monday 11/17	Tuesday 11/18	Wednesday 11/19	Thursday 11/20	Friday 11/21
5:00-6:00 pm	Looking for Richard	The Age of Innocence (4:30)	Strange Days (5:30)	Web of Life	The Quiet Room
6:00-7:00	↓	↓	↓	USB Rugby	↓
7:00-8:00	UK Today	Understanding Sex	↓	↓	Burly Bear
8:00-9:00	Of Mice and Men	Seawolves Football	Senate Meeting	The Crucible	Schindler's List
9:00-10:00	↓	↓	Awakenings (9:30)	↓	↓
10:00-11:00	The Player	Otakon '97	↓	Amadeus (10:30)	↓
11:00-12:00	↓	B.A.P.S.	↓	↓	One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
12:00-1:00	Commitments	↓	Set it Off	↓	↓
1:00-2:00 am	↓	Circle of Friends	↓	CMV (1:30)	↓

Note: Programs will repeat throughout the day, 24 hrs. a day!!!  
Friday's schedule will also be repeated on Saturday and Sunday!!!

We are on the air 24hrs. a day, 7 days a week!!!

## We're Your Station!

### "Heroes," continued from page 3

anonymity), have stated that their proposed in-vessel facility would be used exclusively for organic yard waste, leaves and brush. My informant said, however, that it would be impossible for them to turn a profit restricting it to those materials, and besides they'd have to build a 30 to 50 acre structure to replace the open-air arrangement currently in place. The activists accuse the DEC of protracting the hearing process, during which the plant is still operating and befouling the environment. Out of 2,000 complaints over a six-month period, the DEC monitor, who is paid by the polluter, only cited the plant once.

The residents want the Town of Brookhaven to step in where the state is unwilling and declare that the dump's continued operation violates town regulations.

#### NUCLEAR MADNESS

Some years ago, the people of New Zealand voted that their country be a nuclear-free zone. Uncle Sam is currently trying to pressure the Kiwis to allow Australian-made nuclear frigates in their deep-water ports. I spoke to Dr. Helen Caldicott, the renowned anti-nuclear activist and physician from Australia, and she said public sentiment in New Zealand is so strongly against nuclear weapons that the bought politicians will never be able to push it through. She said Australia could take a page from their book. The US could take several long chapters.

The new NATO members are starting to learn what it's like to be in the U.S. stable. The Czech Republic has come under criticism for "not spending enough" on weapons. The U.S. is also trying to get other members to pick up a bigger piece of the

tab, and at the same time denying them greater power. Let's hope a major mutiny is in the offing - and let's help it along here.

#### JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT COULDN'T GET ANY MORE RIDICULOUS DEPT.

I was perusing the "Parents' Movie Guide" in *Newsday*; you know, where they let kids know what to see for the most in sex, violence, nudity, profanity and that glorious catch-all "adult situations" when I noticed that they now warn Mom and Dad that the film in question may just feature alcohol and tobacco consumption. From seeing only the trailer, I'd say that Richard Gere's new venture eastward, *RED CORNER*, is definitely to be avoided, because it looks like it's the harbinger of a new spate of neo-Cold War demonization films, not because it has "characters who smoke and drink."

## GOONS in the MIST

By Guy Cleveland

GOONS IN THE MIST is a series that uses an anthropological approach to study a person on-campus known as the Goon. The Goon is a great mystery, one of the most unique humans who has ever walked the earth, and deserves a great deal of intense scrutiny. Hopefully, this study will provide that scrutiny.

### November 3, In Lounge of Dormitory, 8 pm

Saw Goon sitting with two of his friends, the featureless girl and the foreign boy clad in leather. Group discussed the state of America's economy; the Goon suggested that people should "buy American", and specifically cited a list of companies to prove his point. Unfortunately, the companies listed (Nissan, Mazda) were thoroughly un-American; fortunately, the Goon's friends were as lost as he, and didn't catch the incongruity. Noticed that the girl tended to drift off into a semi-catatonic state characterized by glassy eyes and slack lips.

### November 4, On Line In The Union Deli, 3 pm

Witnessed the Goon espousing his theories about life and philosophy to the clerk working behind the counter. Began a lot of sentences with the phrase "the way I look at it..." Noticed that despite the Goon's slovenly appearance, he does not actually smell in person. Rather, his lair develops a smell, but he himself does not. He does produce a faint trace of body odor, but no more than the average sweaty person. Was unable to follow thread of conversation; believe the deli clerk was having the same problem.

### November 6, The Spot, 10:45 pm

The Goon appeared briefly for some R&R at the Graduate Student Lounge in Roosevelt Quad. He purchased a Budweiser and went to watch the band play in the non-bar half of the club. He said nothing and did nothing, save to drink his beer and occasionally engage in an impromptu dance that consisted of a slight bump-and-grind of the hips. After approximately twenty-five minutes of such behavior, he finished his beer and left.

### November 7, Hallway Outside His Room, 12:05 am

Passed the Goon's door and was assaulted two ways at once. In addition to the music, which was cranked relatively loud for such a late hour, I found the smell to be worse than usual, and my eyes began to water in pain. It was almost visible in its intensity, and it seemed to get worse with each passing second. I do not know if any connection can be drawn between the music and the increasingly obnoxious smell. (NOTE: Song in question was "Takin' What I'm Gettin' 'Cause I'm Workin' For A Livin'" by Huey Lewis & The News. Was replaced with "If I Could Turn Back Time" by Cher before I deserted the scene.)

### November 7, Laundry Room Of Dorm, 1:05 pm

The Goon seems to be spending a lot of time in his dorm recently. I found him doing laundry in the downstairs laundry room; after he was done placing his clothing in the machine, he left -- for where, I do not know. I lifted the lid of the washing machine for a cursory inspection of his dirty linen, but could not bear to reach in; the water had

turned a shade of dull green within seconds, and was bubbling, as if boiling. Let the lid drop and fled. Fascinated though I may be, the study just isn't worth it.

### November 8, Hallway Outside His Room, 3:05 am

Through no fault of my own, I witnessed the Goon in a semi-naked state. Fell asleep in nearby lounge during a studying session for one of my classes, and awoke to see a large beige mass enter the bathroom. Assumed the confusion was due to my blurry, post-REM state. Quickly discovered otherwise, however. The Goon emerged from the bathroom moments later wearing nothing more than a tight pair of Speedos. His legs were thick, flabby, and white; his feet were covered in a bushy thicket of curly hair, obscuring his toes. His belly did not hang over the waistband of his underwear, but was rather suspended and projected directly forward, held aloft by some curious muscle trick which I am loathe to duplicate. Atop his belly were two long, thin breasts, were looked almost like snakes of skin that bounced to and fro with each step. Crowning each breast was a thick red nipple, resembling a thick slice of hairy salami; between his breasts was another patch of hair, this one encrusted with some unknown substance. As he turned to enter his room, I briefly witnessed the upper portion of his rectal crack. I averted my eyes and once I was ready to look again, he had retreated into his lair. Such a thing has never before walked this Earth. I must know more. I must understand. I must make contact with this fabulously disgusting creature.

## Three Weeks in Hell

By Sylvester DiPalermo

A few months ago, my ex-girlfriend gave blood in a blood drive at her school. A week later she received a certified letter from the New York Blood Center. It stated that they run preliminary testing on the blood, and her blood came up reactive for HIV. It also stated that this did not mean she was infected, but they needed to run further tests. I had been the only guy she had been with sexually, she's never received a blood transfusion or used IV drugs, so there was only one place this could have come from. I was scared shitless.

We proceeded to go down to a local Planned Parenthood so that we could get tested. I explained the situation to the head nurse there who took care of our case. She asked me if this screen was the Eliza, but I did not know. I then asked her if it was the Eliza what that would mean for us. She told me that she had never seen an Eliza come up positive and then negative on the confirming test, the Western Blot. I got even more scared.

I then spoke with a doctor about these tests and the doctor told me that if you come up positive on an Eliza, you have been exposed to HIV, but it does not mean you have it. She told me that your body could possibly fight off the infection in its

earliest stages. This meant that my ex had been exposed to it by me and I probably was infected with the virus.

Coincidentally, *The Press* had been running articles about the new treatments of HIV and AIDS, and there was a number for the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, AIDS Hotline. Between writing out my will, planning my funeral, and contemplating suicide heavily, my suspicious nature told me to call. I received a great deal of information about how erroneous the information I had received from the nurse and doctor was. This was also stated by the New York Blood Center, but I didn't know who to believe.

After three weeks of waiting for the results I took a ride over to the clinic, shaking and crying, pretty much convinced we had the virus. I arrived and the woman told me that I was not infected and came up negative on the Eliza

screen. The same held true for my ex. I went through hell with all the misinformation I had received and I would like to set the record straight.

According to the people I spoke with from the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, and the greater New York Blood Program: The Eliza is a screening test that checks only for the presence of HIV antibodies in your blood stream. When you get sick with any kind of virus, your body pro-

duces antibodies and the Eliza looks for ones that resemble HIV antibodies. There are MANY factors that can set this test off other than the presence of HIV antibodies. Having the flu, mumps, chicken pox, or many other viral infections, or being exposed to someone who has them may set off a positive Eliza. Other kinds of viral STD's can cause this test to be positive. There are others, but it is important to keep in mind this is just a preliminary screening, used to weed out the possible blood infected with HIV because the Western Blot is a more expensive and demanding test and it would be a waste to test everyone that way. The Western Blot will tell you if you are infected with HIV, since it tests for proteins of the actual virus in your bloodstream. Many of the home HIV test are only Elizas and not Western Blots. Many people in the health care field, including your family doctor, are uninformed and can unknowingly give you false ideas. If you should happen to get the results back positive on any Eliza, please get retested and confirmed. It does NOT mean you are infected with HIV. Misinformation can not only hurt, it can kill.

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# I Was A Teenage X-Man

By Squirrel

My girlfriend looks at me, astonished, as I run into her house dripping wet and slump down onto the couch. "What a glorious day," I comment through an all-too-comical grin. "Are you nuts?" she replies. "It's pouring out, you're drenching my couch, and my parents stuck me babysitting the brat. How is that glorious?" I smile to myself as I dig into my bag and hold my bounty aloft, "Yeah, but look! X-Men 350 came out." She throws her hands up, I kick my books off and settle down to one kick-ass afternoon.

You see, comics are one of my few great joys in life. Apart from writing, drinking and smoking, there is nothing I would

rather do that curl up with the latest issue of X-Men or Green Lantern. And what do I get for my love?! Ridicule! Stupid monikers like loser, nerd and the ever stinging fanboy. And a general disbelief that anyone should be reading comics at age 19 or above. Pshaw, I say!

First, let me clarify what I call comics. It's not the cheesy supertights or Babes with Guns anymore. Today I pride myself on reading quality stories with quality art. I look more for plausibility and character depth than who has the coolest powers. Luckily for me, the Industry has learned that I'm not alone. They've created more books and resampled old ones to make the stories interesting and the heroes and villains more realistic. Although, admittedly, there are quite a few still out there that have been left in the comics cromagnon age.

Don't dis me for reading comics, first read them yourself, then dis me.

Comics have grown into a serious storytelling medium. The writers and artists have matured until many titles are spectacles for both the mind and the eye.

So call me kid or nerd, loser or fanboy, and watch me bust your teeth right down your throat without missing a panel of Spawn.

Pshaw, I say.

## Squirrel's Picks And Pricks For The Best And The Worst In Comicdom

### Picks

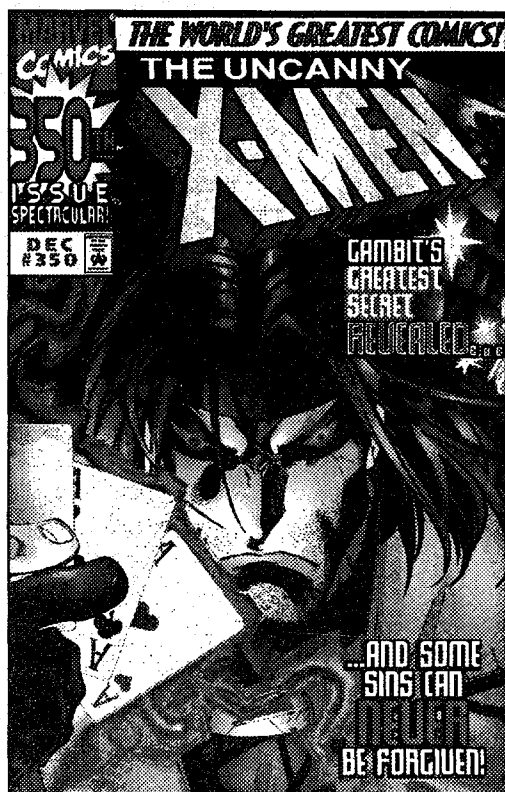
- Best Plot: Spawn (a classic, but you can pick up back issues in paperback)  
Best Art: Generation X (Chris Bachaello -cartoony and realistic at once)  
Best Character: Dead Pool

### Pricks

- Worst Plot: Anything by Rob Liefeld  
Worst Art: Anything by Rob Liefeld

and finally...

Worst Character: Anything by...Rob Liefeld!



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## THE WUSB TOP 30

11/10/97

- 1- Flying Saucer Attack - New Lands
- 2- Juliana Hatfield - Please Do Not Disturb
- 3- Fatboy Slims - Better Living Through Chemistry
- 4- Hurricane #1 - s/t
- 5- Bob Dylan - Time Out Of Mind
- 6- Aphex Twin - Come To Daddy
- 7- Verve - Urban Hymns
- 8- Toasters - Don't Let the Bastards Grind You Down
- 9- Brian Jonestown Massacre - Give It Back
- 10- Snowmen - In Orbit
- 11- Death In Vegas - Dead Elvis
- 12- Tindersticks - Soundtrack: Nenette et Boni
- 13- Atari Teenage Riot - Burn, Berlin, Burn
- 14- Bjork - Homogenic
- 15- Cramps - Big Beat From Badsville
- 16- Stereolab - Dots and Loops
- 17- Holiday - Cafe Reggion
- 18- Jonathan Fire Eater - Wolf Songs For Lambs
- 19- Isotope 217 - Unstable Molecule
- 20- Steve Earle - El Corazon
- 21- Cornershop - When I Was Born For the Seventh Time
- 22- Dubstar - Goodbye
- 23- Autumns - Angel Pool
- 24- Promise Ring - Nothing Feels Good
- 25- Mumia Abu-Jamal - Spoken Word
- 26- Mogwai - Young Team
- 27- Ralph Carney - Ralph Sounds
- 28- An April March - It Goes Without Saying
- 29- Hi Fi Killers - Loaded
- 30- Frank and Walters - Indian Ocean

WUSB 90.1 FM

The First Station of the '90s

# The Night THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS Didn't Sing "Happy Birthday" to Me

By Squirrel

Four of my friends and I stood patiently outside the Mercury Lounge on May sixth, at sometime around eightish. Repeatedly we checked our watches, peered at the bouncer and worried that the mural of KISS was going to come to life. Mostly we bitched about how cold it was. I sucked down four or five cigarettes.

It's times like those that I think about all the shit I go through to see one of my favorite bands.

"All the driving, parking, and waiting better be damn worth it" I remark as the bouncer begins to take tickets and herd us indoors. I rush up too the front of the stage sadly passing the bar and merchandise counter. In a few seconds the pitifully small floor is filled with a horde of Hyper-Nerds and Ultra-Trendies, all glad to be in from the chill. A half hour of settling in and writing out my banner ("Hey Johns tomorrow is my birthday could you sing Happy Birthday Glenn") passes all too slowly until the opening band LINCOLN arrives.

I had never seen them before and was pleasantly surprised at the quality of their Weezer/Tom Petty style songs. Even after only six songs I determined that I was to buy their CD on the way out.

Again we waited as LINCOLN departed and a couple of jerks began to force their way to the stage. Taken aback as the jerks jump on stage and turn out to be none other than TMBG themselves. Right off the bat John Flansburgh announces that "Anywhere on the streets we can find better weed than the crap we're smoking." Ha ha very funny. John checks his guitar and says that they will be playing two sets,

the first entitled "Songs You Haven't Heard" and the other their normal set of old songs. The other John (Linnell) begins a heavy distortion intro. of the band and flows straight into "You're older than you've ever been." They lied I had already heard that one. Anyway since I didn't know the other song I had to sneak a peak at the set list lying at Johns feet (I only got three names, "Triborough", "First Kiss", and "Ending with Lies" of which "First Kiss" was the best).

As there first set winded down the crowd was just beginning to grow frantic, I was beginning to sweat and my neighbors were looking angrily at the hat that I wore (a neon green four foot stocking that was whipping them in the face). Hyper and coming down with a killer case of tinitus I lit up a cig and let my heart slow it's thundering.

Again we waited, my friends asked when we would hold up my banner and I replied "after their fourth song". One cig down and sparking a second I bump into a completely drunk girl. We begin amusing ourselves by pounding on the tables (it was like a bad rendition of "Stomp" for free). The crowd turned on us angrily as I turned up my nose and kept pounding. Fifteen minutes and two sore hands later the lights drop and the Johns headed back on stage.

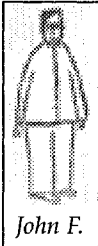
Not wasting time they blasted into "Sleeping in the Flowers" destroying all my complaints about the night. This was the TMBG that I knew and Loved. Not missing a beat they stormed through "ANANG" and slowed to a brief stop after "Lie Still Little Bottle" and "Pet Name". Fourth song, now was my chance I raised my banner high only to have the

Johns queerly eye my friends and I. My heart faltered as I dropped the sign and gave into a pure hopping/dancing frenzy all through "Twisting", "She's Actual Size", and "I Palindrome I". Sweating and grinning I thought nothing of my impending birthday, I only cared about the music.

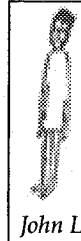
We all yarbled along to "Spiraling Shape" (a song most definitely about Heroin Addiction), bopped during "Purple Toupee" and the classic "Don't Let's Start". The jumping only stopped when we switched to a lambada for "S-E-X-X-Y". Whew, finally a break I sparked again and let my self rest, for a whole ten seconds until a ripping, popping frenzy of "Dig My Grave" that screeched straight into "Spy" and its glorious five minute improv ending. I crashed and smoked my way through "How can I Sing Like a Girl", hey it never was my favorite song.

My companions and I were ready for them as they tackled "Till My head Falls Off", "Snail Shell", "Spider", and "The Guitar". I dripped sweat dropped my jacket and took a rest until the thanked us for coming and began to play three more songs. My wearied limbs took control of my mind and made me groove to "Particle Man", "James K Polk", and "New York City". Over, thank the lord it was over I was too damn tired, I slumped into the car slept all the way home and crawled into bed.

I awoke half deaf, slightly ill from the potatoes I had for breakfast. Oh I was also five hours late for class. Fuck School, Fuck my birth day I had a great time and to think, they're playing every Thursday through November. IN other words, don't expect to see me on Friday for a while.



John F.



John L.

## SUPERMARKET OF THE GODS: PART DEUX

By Joanna Wegielnik and Heather Rosenow

Once again our lives have crossed paths with a wonder of glowing capitalism. We must apologize for the delay in our update, but Ms. Duncan made a short trip back to the Isle of Leprechauns to bond and consume beautiful pints of joy. However, we are now prepared to once again inundate your senses with a detailed description of this awe-inspiring temple of consumerism.

In our previous article, dear reader, we promised you a foray into the depths of employee vernacular and personal hygiene habits, in addition to snaaaazy gift ideas. Where to begin? Aisle 10 offers a most interesting selection of useless high-powered kitchen appliances, BoBoLi, and fire-proof oven mitts in a variety of pastel colors. With the holiday season fast approaching, one nifty gift idea would be the sumo-wrestler oven mitt, perhaps for your favorite uncle, complete with an itsy-bitsy yellow speedo.

Your mamma's home cookin' may vastly improve with the help of the '6-Speed Burst of Power Mix-Master'. This fine example of Swedish engineering retails for only \$39.99, a small price to pay for lump-free beets. For your least favorite sibling, we highly recommend 'les Des-Idees Fumantes', a useless Frog invention which nonetheless will provide that little piss-bag brother of yours with hours and hours of entertainment. If you happen to find yourself in the unfortunate and compromising position of failing this particular semester, may we recommend a skip down to Waldbaum's to purchase a 'Self-Pulling Cork Screw' for that particularly abrasive, snot-ridden, puss-bag "Professor". BoBoLi.

Thus far, one of our most interesting anthropological discoveries at Waldbaum's (may we take this opportunity to credit Professor Guy Cleveland as our source of divine inspiration and fortitude in our present quest - please see Goon Watch), has been the intricately complex speech pattern and verbal lexicon of the employees. Besides the "Your talkin' Perdue, I'm talkin' Tropicana" quip, we have managed to overhear other examples of everyday language while observing the subjects in their natural environment. BoBoLi. In a previous expedition, one of the native light-bulb engineers was overheard yelping in Aisle 9, "I'm goin' scoutin' ahead, boys." A very interesting expression which we believe has significance in regard to hunting and/or mating patterns. This has yet to be determined.

One of the male subjects, who identified himself as 'Front-end Manger X' upon initial contact, engaged us in a philosophical debate about the importance of freshly wrapped sandwiches. "May I just say, we piss on Seven-Eleven." Right on brother! We found him to be one of the most evolved managers to ever grace the waxen floors of a grocery store. "What supermarket could be so bold to say they have a better beer selection than us? I dare say none." We have strong reason to believe Manger X was a Theater Major in college. Sir, you are a gentleman and a scholar.

"You know what always happens to me? What the heck goes on there Stony Brook? (a reference to USB???) My picture, is it nice?" said the amicable man serving pizza at the 'In-Store Chef' counter. Yes folks, they actually serve pizza here (retails at

\$0.75). Just what exactly the gentleman was inquiring about, we do not know as of yet. BoBoLi.

For the dirty monkey in your life, or lack there of, try 'Troster's Creamy Head Mixer' which can be found in Aisle 14. An all purpose chemical which can double to stimulate your boyfriend's lifeless staff or perhaps add some spice to your date with Rosy Palm and her five sisters. BoBoLi.

For your listening pleasure and edification, requests can be made for old-skool Madonna or Ice-T ("I'm a big-dicked supreme white woman's dream"). Please see Customer Service desk. Dance sexy to their tunes while browsing through the Frozen Food section. ACHTUNG, LADIES!!! Beware of elusive Manager X working undercover picking up girls as they pick up their fish sticks! BoBoLi!

We, being rabid pinko commies and realizing Waldbaums is a corporate giant, made inquiries into union status of employees. We are happy to report Local \_ \_ \_ (our notes were "disappeared" under very questionable circumstances by a member of our staff to be known only as "The Fascist"), treats employees in a very good way. They good people. Everyday people. Like the guy who works at Country Deli across the train station. A good, good man. Everyday man. Like the Pizza man. Good man. Good people. WARNING. Heads will roll if the Union fucks with our good people. You may interpret that as you will. BoBoLi.

Folks, it's been a pleasure working on this series. Unfortunately, all good things do come to an end, as this series must. Adieu, Adieu, till we meet again in a parallel universe where sheep rule the skies and squirrels die en masse. BoBoLi.



## Chin Slink y

By Lowell Yaeger



Jane's Addiction  
Kettle Whistle  
Warner Bros.

Some bands know when to quit. The Pixies put out two albums that were progressively less up-to-snuff than their predecessors and realized they'd lost it, so they broke up. Other bands don't know when to stop. The Cure has absolutely no idea that they don't have a drop of talent left within them, and continue to drag the joke past its stretching point, like a Saturday Night Live skit that doesn't know it's done.

Until recently, I had thought Jane's Addiction knew when to quit. After *Ritual de lo Habitual*, an excellent album that nevertheless had its share of duds and mistakes, mounting heroin problems, increasing popularity, and inter-band friction caused a break-up that couldn't have happened at a better time. Guitarist Dave Navarro popped a sock on his cock for the Chili Peppers, bassist Eric Avery disappeared, and drummer Stephen Perkins followed the money, i.e. Farrell, into the unfortunate Porno For Pyros, a project that demonstrated once and for all its lead singer's lack of creativity and glut of bombast. In the end, Perry had-

n't made Jane's Addiction run; he got the right people into the right place at the right time and wrote vaguely trippy lyrics for funk-punk anthems that updated Led Zeppelin for an end-of-the-millennium audience.

Everything was fine and dandy until last year, when Farrell & Perkins got back together with Dave Navarro and the bassist of his current band, Flea, to record a song called "Hard Charger" -- a fierce little rocker that could've stood with the best of Jane's Addiction's former material. And things looked good. They were talking again, working together again, and perhaps one of the better bands that had walked the face of alternative music might be ready to give it another go around.

Unfortunately, "Hard Charger" was the exception, and not the rule. The "relapsed" Jane's Addiction, which finds Flea in Eric Avery's shoes (Avery being the only member smart enough to skip out on too much of a good thing), has released a 15 track mish-mash of out-takes, demos, live recordings and -- gasp! -- new songs. The material is, at best, redundant, and at worst, intolerable.

The new work is especially embarrassing. Both "Kettle Whistle" and "So What!" sound rehashed and tired; they drift between exemplary Porno For Pyros songs and self-indulgent experiments in jamming and studio wizardry -- especially "So What!", which finds Farrell imploring the listener to not go back to work and enjoy his music instead. I'd rather clean the peep-booths in Times Square than listen to "So What!" again.

The demos are just that -- demos. There's a reason they never made it past that point, and anyone listening to this CD is forced to discover why. "Ocean Size" comes across as dry and flat, while "Had A Dad" makes the mistake of blending Gothic Hunchback-Of-Notre-Dame bells with what is essentially a rock-punk piece. "Slow Divers" and "My Cat's Name Is Maceo" were recorded in 1986 and 1987, but no amount of studio tinkering in 1997 could pull them out of the muck.

"Slow Divers", which was omitted from the self-titled live album that the band released on Triple XXX Records, is slow, unimaginative, and boring -- the kind of soporific intro Jane's Addiction would occasionally dream up before their live shows while in the grip of a heroin torpor. "Maceo" is a heart-warming song about Perry's cat, which doesn't quite fit in with the rest of the music on the disc -- or Jane's Addiction's music in general -- but nevertheless makes for a dull spot on an otherwise dull CD. Last and least is the acoustic "City", a ditty arranged during the filming of the Soul Kiss that has about as much redeeming value as the KISS solo LPs.

The remainder of the album is given over to live material, a dubious prospect due to Jane's Addiction's penchant for fractured performances. While "Three Days" is a masterpiece of coherency and power -- and may, live or studio, remain Jane's Addiction's most moving work -- the rest of the songs reflect a band composed of members interested only in themselves. Dave Navarro had a habit of soloing nearly as much as Vernon Reid of Living Colour, Eric Avery often got bored with the rest of the band and did his own thing, leaving Stephen Perkins floundering to follow the band's "leader", Farrell, who was usually mumbling nonsensities into the microphone and interrupting the songs to complain about the audience's lack of participation. Which makes "Ain't No Right", "Stop!", and "Whores" such complete and total disasters. ("Up the Beach" doesn't sound so bad, but I think that's because it's so damn simple that not even these four could fuck it up.)

With a thick booklet of reprinted photographs and eloquent liner notes by the verbose Henry Rollins ("Perry was the cool spaz stick man who looked like large shots of electricity were constantly passing through him"), this is a very well-rounded piece of crap. If your taste in music runs to the coprophiliac, then this turd's for you!

## A MAN FULL OF PATÉ

By Keith Filaski

For nearly three years now, Canadian noise/techno band Download, has been releasing a constant flow of some of the most innovative music from their side of the "alternative" music spectrum. Consisting of cEVIN KEY and, the late Dwayne Goettel, both formerly of Skinny Puppy, Mark Spybey of Dead Voices on Air, and numerous guests, Genesis P. Orridge of Psychic TV for example, Download have, in the past, combined techno and dance beats, sound sampling and manipulation reminiscent of cEVIN KEY's work in Skinny Puppy, and often distorted and incomprehensible lyrics.

On Downloads latest album, simply titled "III"(Netzwerk), the ingredients which have so often worked for the band, fall apart. The main thing lacking on this album is lyrics. Genesis P. Orridge, who has performed guest vocals on a number of their best tracks, makes no appearance on this album, which, in part, accounts for the loss of vocals. Adding to this is the loss of Mark Spybey who has been a part of Download since their first album, and who also has sung on many tracks.

Also missing from this album are the creative dance beats reminiscent of past albums. For "III" the beats have been replaced by erratic, computer generated drum lops, nearly jungle in nature, but much more irritating.

The only track resembling past works is "Bellshaw", but even here there isn't much to speak of. Various forms of static used as notes are played

throughout while a slow, brooding beat holds the noise together. A nice touch, however, is what sounds like church bells towards the end, furthering the gloom of the song.

My advice for Download is to rethink their beats and hire a new singer before it is too late. Another meager album like this could put a halt to the innovative music which they have created. I can only hope that their two upcoming EP's, which as of yet do not have release dates, will be of better quality. One is reported to have remixes by Autichre, a band similar to Download, and should be interesting.

Along the same lines as Download and also possessing cEVIN KEY as a member, is Plateau. On their "DUTCH FLOWERS" (Cleopatra) single, the band uses much more conventional techno beats than Download, but still possesses computer generated noises and unconventional keyboard lines. Plateau is more creative than normal techno, but it could still fit in at any rave. I don't have anything else to say about this band being that I haven't been able to locate any of their albums, and the internet hasn't given up any useful information on the subject.

I have always been fond of David Bowie, but only in a greatest hits capacity. I don't even own any of his actual albums, and probably never will, but I heard the reproduced version of his song "I'm Afraid of Americans" by Trent Reznor, mildly enjoyed it, and decided to pick up the single. Here is a rundown of the six versions on the single.

Version 1- I'm guessing that this is the closest version to the original.

The music is typical Nine Inch Nails style, noisy,

dance industrial. I don't think I need to describe it any more than that. Bowie, backed up by Trent Reznor himself, screams, "I'm afraid of Americans / I'm afraid of the world / I'm afraid I can't help it", I guess David isn't very fond of us. The end has Bowie repeating, "God is an American", now I'm not sure of his religious standpoint, but I don't think David is trying to be flattering.

Version 2- Different beat, different music, same vocals, sort of boring. Version 3- I don't know where Bowie and Reznor were trying to go with this version, but I'm sure that they never got there. Guest vocals by Ice Cube? Are they trying to get sales from the hip-hop listeners? Did Bowie want to sing along with someone more angry at America than he is? Whatever their motives, this version is just bad.

Version 4-Take version 1, distort it, add rumbling, shake, and skip to the next version.

Version 5- A further venture by Reznor into the world of jungle. Version 6- Any track over 8 minutes long has to hold your attention with some form of musical genius which this 11 minute track does not have.

The first track of the "I'm afraid of Americans" (Virgin) single is the only one worth listening to which does not make this disc worthwhile. I know that Bowie has "sold out" in the past solely to make money, but this is ridiculous. He releases a single called "I'm afraid of Americans" knowing that the majority of the people buying it will be cheesy little Trent Reznor wannabes? Hell Mr. Bowie, you are right. I'm afraid of Americans too.



# READ THIS BEFORE YOU REGISTER

By Staff

This week, the administration released the academic schedule for the Spring 1998 semester. As always, students around campus will go nuts choosing what classes they might want to take, only to re-evaluate their choices five or six times as the whim strikes them.

Why bother with all that, when you can take our advice? Here, then, are some of our favorite –and least favorite– classes for next semester.

## ANT 102

### Intro to Cultural Anthropology Prof. William Arens

ANT 102 is one of those classes worth taking simply for entertainment value. Bill Arens, the professor, is also head of the Anthropology department, but he's hardly your typical academic. Arens is well known in his discipline for his book "The Man Eating Myth," in which he lists his arguments against the existence of ritualized cannibalism throughout history.

In other words, here's a guy who has built a career and a reputation on the phenomenon of eating people. You know he's got to be interesting.

Intro to Cultural Anthropology is worth taking just on the basis of subject matter; its overview of lineage, behavior, and so on is fascinating even for the non-anthropologist. It's basically a class about why people do what they do. The real reason, however, to take ANT 102 this spring is Bill Arens.

Not only does Arens know the subject (as well he should, considering "The Man Eating Myth" is on the syllabus), but he's mighty entertaining. Arens delights on interacting with the students, which is unusual for such a large lecture class. He comes up with nicknames for the goofier students in the class, flirts with the ladies, and picks mercilessly on those who show up late or dare to sleep in class.

Fascinating subject matter and a knowledgeable and entertaining professor... you can't go wrong. Unless you like to nap.

## ANT 104

### Intro to Archaeology Dr. John Shea

ANT 104 is an overview of the science of Archaeology; what archaeologists do, how they do it, and why. The course equally balances history and facts with practical applications. Students learn not only about the history of our world and its people, but how we now study and learn from it.

In the wrong hands, this material could suffer. There's a lot of great stuff there, but it's just dry enough that a sufficiently dull professor could make it incredibly painful.

Luckily, John Shea's in charge.

In a department as diverse and wacky as Anthropology, it's hard to stand out as a particularly interesting personality. Nonetheless, John Shea is consistently a favorite amongst students.

Shea's classes are both informative and entertaining. Otherwise ordinary material is made fascinating with the benefit of Shea's stories and anecdotes about famous anthropologists and historians. Want the real dirt on otherwise famous academes? This is the place to get it. Also of interest is Shea's use of impressions and mimicry; no other professor on campus is going to use twelve different accents in the course of a class.

A final highlight is Shea's in-class demonstration of flint-knapping. An expert in the construction and use of stone tools, Shea takes a period late in the semester to show the class how primitive man made knives, spear points and the like. It's a rare opportunity to see anthropology in action.

## BIO 300

### The Biology of Human Reproduction Prof. Elof Carlson

This in-depth course on human sexuality at the cellular and molecular level offers a refreshing alternative to the common "how-to" approach in most classes that satisfy students' curiosity about themselves.

BIO 300 is organized as a course primarily for non-majors, with one year of introductory biology as a prerequisite (101-102 or 151-152).

Dr. Carlson converts highly technical medical terminology into simple and concise language suitable for non-majors very skillfully. He defines seven sexes of humans that influence morphology, genetics, and behavior. Also, students explore mechanisms that cause the development of hermaphrodites, pseudohermaphrodites, and other

defects rarely discussed in introductory biology classes.

The course also stimulates reflective thought on ethical issues associated with human reproduction and their impacts on society. Much controversy often arises from arguments based on false assumptions of biology. Dr. Carlson does not advocate a particular set of values, but instead he tries to make students think about the implications of biology.

## BIO/GEO 353

### Marine Ecology

#### Prof. Jeffrey Levinton

Even the most avid landlubbers will develop their sea legs in this exciting journey through various oceanic environments.

The course began with an introduction to basic principles of oceanography, ecology, and evolution. Dr. Levinton discussed important processes and challenges facing organisms in the water column and the sea bed in an entertaining medley of trivia and wit.

Since marine biology is a diverse subject, the second half of the course focused on specific environments such as estuaries, kelp forests, coral reefs, salt marshes, and sea grass beds. Human impacts on the sea including pollution and fishing were discussed with an emphasis on Long Island and New York Harbor.

Students were also required to write three short papers during the semester. These papers were no sweat, however, for Dr. Levinton provided many valuable resources on his marine biology web page.

Last May, students were also treated to a field trip to the Spartina salt marsh at the Flax Pond Marine Biological Laboratory in Old Field. Everyone spent a merry afternoon mucking around in the marsh, observing the flora and fauna. Dr. Levinton insisted on hands-on participation, and he passed around smelly anoxic sediment, chased after hapless fiddler crabs, and stuck raccoon droppings and various creatures in the hands of the squeamish.

Although this class fulfills upper-division requirements for biology and geology majors, humanities students should be able to complete it successfully. The textbook, written by Dr. Levinton himself, is relatively easy to read compared to more technical biology books.

The most important thing to keep in mind in Marine Ecology is to have fun. The only prerequisites in addition to the introductory biology courses are curiosity and a sense of humor. Dr. Levinton shows great enthusiasm in sharing his love of the sea with his students, and his lectures are sure to captivate one's mind.

## EGL whatever

### Dr. Diane Fortuna

I have to admit, most of the professors I've had at this university are, at worst, incompetent. Sure, I've dealt with the occasional English-less TA, and the occasional hardass, but those are to be expected at any large university. (Especially one which seems to choose its professors based on their performance on Sally Struthers degree-at-home examinations.) However, one professor that I was forced to endure in my third semester at Stony Brook sticks out, and since she's still an infestation here, I think it's only fair to warn unsuspecting students about her. Her name is Diane Fortuna, and she is a professor in the English Department.

She is old. In appearance, she most closely resembles one of those women you see wandering around outside old-age homes, grinding their toothless gums together and muttering under their breath about their worthless children who never visit. Fortuna doesn't talk to herself and she's sharp as a whip, but she's also the embodiment of the term "hag". I've seen her call on people in class, break down their answer into the multiple ways it is wrong, and break down the student by using his or her answer to illustrate how stupid the student is. For reasons unbeknownst to anyone else, she insists upon assigned seating – something I thought I left behind with hall passes and detention, but hey, silly me. Her mood is erratic, and any hint of kindness or mercy is really just a ploy to trick one into resting his or her guard. Her tests are seemingly designed to produce the lowest grade possible. If for some reason you are forced to take

her, don't bother studying or listening in class, because it just won't do you any good. At one point, I actually found myself asked to regurgitate the name of Sir Gawain's horse in SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT (and yes, you foul old bitch, I still remember the correct answer). This kind of information is not the kind of thing college students should be tested on. Retarded children learning memorization through the process of shock therapy might be asked that kind of question, but not college students paying hard earned money to further their own education. Do not take this teacher, do not take any of her courses, and do not take anyone who thinks of her highly seriously, because they are either joking, deranged, or paid to bring more sheep to the slaughter.

## HIS 376

### U.S. Foreign Relations Since 1920 Prof. Michael Barnhardt

Unlike HIS 375 (to 1920), this class is dynamic, interesting, and informative. Barnhardt, an award-winning professor, dazzles the class with his vast knowledge of global history and critical wit, and the subject matter needs little improvement.

The period from 1870 to 1990 was a lively period in American history to study. But this course is not easy, for Barnhardt prides himself on never giving A's.

## PHI 306

### Dr. Edwards

The benefits to taking this class are manifold. On the practical side of things, this class fulfills DEC category I, and the 13 class upper division requirement for graduation. This class on modern philosophy will also give you a nice solid survey of Modern Western philosophy.

On the aesthetic side, you do well to attend class faithfully and enjoy Dr. Edwards' lectures which are intelligent, witty, and patient. One caveat: If you do not write well, or enjoy writing well, or do not wish to learn to write well, Dr. Edwards' useful suggestions may be lost on your empty head.

When I took this class, exams were essay format and there were a couple of papers. I took 306 in the rush of summer, there may be more for you to do with the extra time.

On a final note- this class is intended for philosophy majors or those with the equivalent knowledge of general philosophical principles. No one will deregister you if you haven't got these, but you may find the class somewhat incomprehensible unless you are a bit diligent and do some extra reading to put you on par.

There are many other classes in the philosophy department that I would like to sell you on, but I had them with different professors than those who will teach them this spring. For brave souls, take PHI 220, regardless of instructor. The homework may eat away at what little social life you have, but you just may start to learn how to order your thoughts.

## PSY 380

### Research Lab in Human Cognition (a.k.a. Ratlab)

In this class, you will learn about experimental methodologies through lectures and labs. You will program and run a number of cognitive psychology experiments and you will also formulate, design, implement, and write-up your own experiment. This class is probably the most challenging class offered by the psychology department, but it also one of the most valuable. All psychology graduate schools look for applicants who have successfully taken an advanced research lab. Many of the better programs require such a class (as do many top undergraduate psych programs). If you're seriously considering graduate school in any area of psychology, you should take PSY 380 and do very well in it. Aside from the graduate-school stick, PSY 380 will give you a much better understanding of what most of psychology is all about: designing and implementing experiments. If you intend to become a psychologist, it certainly behooves you to learn how to do such things as soon as possible. Additionally, for your own benefit, this is not a psych class that you should take without having the prerequisites (stats, research methods, and intro to cognitive). If you do not have a reasonable grasp of the prerequisite areas, you will struggle in PSY 380 and likely do poorly. Finally, the name 'Ratlab' refers back to the good old behaviorist days of psychology when the experiments were actually done using rats as subjects rather than undergraduates.

