

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XIX No. 9 If this gets on TV too, then I want to say hi to my mom! January 28, 1998

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USB ATHLETICS OUT OF BOUNDS

Did coaches push drugs on students?

By Michael Yeh

A member of the Stony Brook Seawolves has filed a lawsuit against the state after a coach's advice nearly put her in the hospital.

Former Stony Brook basketball player Tina Farley has charged assistant coach Heath Olson with pressuring her to take an over-the-counter drug to "increase [her] stamina and speed."

Olson allegedly gave her Mini Thin Asthma Relief Bronchodilator and Expectorant, a preparation containing ephedrine and guaifenesin, two performance-enhancing drugs banned in the Olympic Games. "They weren't pleased with my abilities," said Farley, "and they thought this would be the cure."

As a player for the Sachem High School Flaming Arrows, she earned All-League, All-County, and All-Long Island titles. She was also named Most Valuable Player at the 1995-1996 Suffolk County playoffs, and MVP of the Sachem team.

Farley was hesitant to take these drugs at first, since she was already taking ventolin, a prescription asthma drug. But she trusted her coach, who claimed to have used the preparation himself in his college years. Although she felt some improvement in her running ability, she also suffered serious side effects. "I had heart palpitations and became drowsy, and I just wasn't feeling like myself," said Farley.

Since the incident, Farley has left the basketball team. Last December, Farley filed a notice of intent to sue the state of New York for her injuries and for lost scholarship benefits.

"Tina's own doctor has said that these performance enhancing drugs were not supposed to be used," said attorney Jacqueline Siben. According to Newsday, Dr. Marvin Lieber claimed that the preparation amplified the effects of ventolin, increasing her heart rate and creating other risky side effects.

"Ventolin is a drug that is inhaled to dilate the airway," said Dr. Mark Henry, Chairman of the Department of Emergency Medicine at the University Hospital. When used as an inhalant, the drug is delivered directly into the lungs, minimizing effects on the heart. But when combined with ephedrine, "it acts as a stimulant for the sympathetic nervous system, creating side effects such as an increased heart rate. The effects of the drugs can be additive."

Drugs such as ephedrine and pseudoephedrine are often sought by athletes to improve their performance. Although the preparation in question is banned from use by the International Olympic Committee, it is allowed by the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

"Coaches are not allowed to prescribe or recommend drugs to their athletes, either over-the-counter or prescription," said Richard Laskowski, Dean of Physical Education Athletics. "It's part of their training."

Farley claimed that Olson broke the regulations despite being fully aware of them. "He told me not to tell anyone, and that if I did, he would deny it," said Farley. "He knew that what he was doing wasn't right."

"I can't comment on the charges, since this case is in litigation," said Laskowski. "But I am fully in support of the work that Olson and [head coach] Zatulskis have done for the women's team this year." Laskowski also stressed that he would "look into every side of it, and provide any relevant information to the Attorney General."

One of the reasons that prompted Farley to leave was the stressful atmosphere allegedly created by the coaches. Other student athletes have cited similar pressure from coaches to perform above their abilities, and expect this pressure to increase as the school moves into NCAA Division I sports.

But Laskowski maintains that students are not given unrealistic challenges. "We don't measure students on the number of points they score, but we just expect them to achieve their potential," he said. "Regardless of what level you play at, individuals set standards for themselves. I don't know if [the pressure] is any greater in Division I."

Sidel and her client disagree, however, claiming that many concerned parents have called about similar problems. "One of the dangers in competitive sports is the need to balance the players' safety and how much [coaches] do to push their stamina," said Sidel. "Luckily, there was nothing catastrophic in this case."

Despite the incident, Farley still misses playing basketball. "It's something that I miss a lot," she said. But unfortunately, "coaches are concerned about winning rather than the health and safety of the athletes."

John Giuffo contributed to this article

AND NOW, THE ULTIMATE NEWS STORY OF 1998

By Norman Solomon

"Truth is the most valuable thing we have," Mark Twain wrote. "Let us economize it." In that spirit, today's journalists end to be frugal.

Since most news professionals want to be ahead of the curve without seeming out of step, it's not too soon to put together a boiler plate story about major events of 1998. The details can be adjusted later. So, here goes:

At home and abroad, notable reforms continued to take hold -- improving prospects of long-term stability and economic growth.

"The fundamentals of the American economy are still strong," said a senior White House official as the year drew to a close. "Unemployment is low. We've created a smaller and more efficient government by streamlining federal agencies. And the outlook for investors has never been brighter."

On the political front, fund-raising efforts intensified for a number of presidential hopefuls who have already become familiar faces in Iowa and New Hampshire.

Meanwhile, the progress of welfare reform pleased most commentators. Dumping people off welfare rolls proved to be a big morale boost for pundits in 1998.

Overseas, in many developing nations, global lending institutions maintained firm pressure on government officials and business leaders. Although a crisis atmosphere roiled financial markets at times, analysts remained generally optimistic.

Outdated notions of civic participation,

experts say, are gradually giving way to more realism. Citizens can vote, and that is as it should be. But their clout is limited. These days, large investors can impose responsibility on governments -- in Seoul, Tokyo or Washington -- more directly and quickly.

Phrases like "fiscal discipline" and "economic reforms" convey the emerging post-democratic imperatives. Around the world, most educated people have realized that the system usually works -- and when it doesn't, perhaps that's of secondary concern. After all, if you and your loved ones aren't among the homeless or malnourished, how much should you actually care?

Time magazine's last edition of 1998 reflected the rising trends. Twelve months earlier, the news weekly's "Man of the Year" had been microchip mogul Andrew Grove, "whose unique entrepreneurial spirit has built Intel into the fastest-growing company in the world's fastest-growing industry." In late December 1998, the newsmagazine dispensed with its "Man of the Year" award and conferred a special "Mammal of the Year" plaudition the Golden Calf.

Nationally, the issue of affirmative action became a bitless divisive. Most members of Congress went along with a bipartisan measure requiring that one black person be admitted to the freshman class of every law school in the country. Those on Capitol Hill who voted against the compromise were stigmatized as either extreme right-wingers or Old Democrats.

In another step toward reform, widely hailed by mass media, the Central Intelligence Agency

announced that it was establishing a new department -- the Division of Self-Exoneration -- to swiftly investigate charges of CIA wrongdoing.

The alteration of an influential group's name in 1998 also seemed to reflect the shifting tenor of the political times: After a decade of praising "the middle class" and helping big corporate donors, the centrist Democratic Leadership Council formally changed its name to the Democratic Party.

Many Americans -- or at least the more important ones -- seem quite satisfied with their circumstances. They show numerous signs of prosperity and express ample enthusiasm for stimulating the economy with their own purchases. Overall, while the persistence of social injustices and inequities may bother them a little, polls indicate that Americans are reasonably content.

End of story.

A postscript: According to unspoken conventional wisdom, if truthfulness is precious, then journalists -- and the rest of us -- are better off not squandering it all in one place.

"Loyalty to petrified opinion never broke a chain or freed a human soul," Mark Twain commented. But such loyalty has paid a lot of mortgages. And it remains widespread.

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

MANUFACTURING DISSENT

A Tale of Dissemination, Domination, Dykes and deRussy

By David M. Ewalt

It was Tuesday, and I was sleeping.

I tend to do that a lot during intercession, whether it's Tuesday or not. I'd like to say that it's because I'm recovering from the fall semester, but that would mean I'm recovering from a lot of sleeping.

In any case, I was, as per usual, blissfully dead to the world in a slumber only a final-semester senior is capable of reaching.

Suddenly, around 11:00am (for me, this is early), my silent revelry was disturbed. The phone rang.

I rolled quite clumsily out of bed and stumbled over to the phone.

"Mmmph... hello?" I managed to grunt.

"Hi, is Dave there?"

"Mmm... this... Dave." I'm a heavy sleeper, and even when I haven't just woken up, early morning phone calls are not my specialty.

"Dave, it's John. Channel 11 News is on its way over here to interview me. I need your help."

"What?" I was suddenly and completely awake. "What are you talking about?"

But maybe I'm getting ahead of myself. This story should probably start about a week earlier, a few days after New Year's.

School had been out for a couple of weeks, but I still called the Press office every day or so, just to keep on top of things. One day when I called, I discovered that a reporter from the Poughkeepsie Journal had called the office looking for an interview. Apparently, she wanted to discuss our November 26th issue - the now infamous Candace de Russy cover.

For those of you who don't remember Volume XIX, Number 7 of the Stony Brook Press, allow me to sum up the more relevant aspects of the issue.

We had, for several issues, been covering a controversy at SUNY New Paltz. In early November, the Women's Studies department of New Paltz held a conference entitled "Women's Behavior: The Challenge of Women's Sexual Freedom." In it, more than 250 participants discussed issues like safe sex, lesbianism and sado-masochism.

After the conference had come and gone, it made local news when SUNY trustee Candace de Russy made a big fat, stink about it. De Russy claimed that the conference

was offensive, and called for the resignation of New Paltz president Roger Bowen. She was soon joined in her complaints by Governor Pataki, and an internal SUNY investigation was launched to figure out just what had happened.

At this point, we joined the fray. Our November 26th issue featured an editorial criticizing Pataki and de Russy for their right-wing, anti-intellectual censorship of student voices. In addition, in our typical not-so-subtle fashion, we slapped a faked photo of Trustee de Russy

onto a dominatrix's body, and turned our cover into a giant phone sex ad. "Candy's got a treat for all her naughty SUNY neighbors: a nice big ball gag!" it read, "So nasty, she shuts down all the competition."

It was pretty outrageous, but also pretty damned funny. We thought the juxtaposition of de Russy and a leather-clad beauty was pretty clever, and we figured it would get our point across about how de Russy had "hog-tied and gagged" intellectual freedoms in the SUNY system. We also figured it would get a lot of people to pick up the paper.

So anyway, back to the reporter in Poughkeepsie, who I called back as soon as I heard her message. She was kind enough to give me the lowdown on what was going on.

Apparently, a group called the "Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights" had issued a press release complaining about the "unfair" treatment of Catholics on SUNY campuses. They contended that Catholics and Jews were being treated unfairly, and that blacks and homosexuals were getting all the breaks.

Their evidence of such persecution was mainly from the New Paltz conference. During some of the sessions, several participants had apparently made disparaging and critical remarks about the Catholic Church.

(Be this as it may, you can't really blame a lesbian for complaining about a church that says her lifestyle is evil, and that she's going to hell, can you?)

The Catholic League also attempted to support their argument by citing similar "anti-Catholic" speech in our November 26th editorial. They didn't provide any specific examples, though, so it seemed to the Poughkeepsie reporter and I that The Press didn't have much to worry about, and we were just being drawn into the argument by association.

I got off the phone, and in all likelihood, went back to sleep.

Fast forward now, back to that previously quiet Tuesday, and the impending arrival of Channel 11 News in our office. I stood in my bedroom

as John, our managing editor, explained the situation over the phone.

That morning's edition of the New York Post had featured an article about our November 26th issue. Not being avid readers of the right-wing rag in question, we didn't become aware of the article until WPIX called and said they were sending out a camera crew.

The Post had railed against our editorial and cover in typically hysterical fashion. The story concentrated on de Russy's response,

where she called our issue "a scurrilous attack on my religion." The story also featured a quote from the Catholic League, calling the issue "vile" and "anti-Catholic."

Uh-oh.

I should, at this point, break from the compelling narrative and endeavor to explain our actions. Hopefully, I can put to bed some of the more ridiculous accusations the Press has received in the last two weeks.

Prime amongst these are the cries that our cover and editorial were "anti-Catholic." The Catholic League and Candace de Russy chose to respond to our paper not by answering our claims of censorship, but by throwing up a smokescreen of religious rhetoric. By accusing us of religious persecution, de Russy and her allies tried to make everyone forget about the New Paltz fiasco, and focus the ire of the people on us instead of them.

The fact of the matter is this: any allegations that our editorial or cover were "anti-Catholic" are misplaced. Our interests in Trustee de Russy are based solely in her continuing attempts to abridge the freedoms guaranteed us by the Constitution. Any mention of religion on our part is merely offered as background information on Trustee de Russy's actions and motivations.

Candace de Russy has been and continues to be defined by her religious beliefs. She is a former editor of Catholic Crisis Magazine, a conservative journal for which she wrote articles such as the one wherein she expounded on the satanic influences of nerdish card game "Magic: The Gathering."

Now, there's nothing wrong with being defined by your religious beliefs --some of our personal heroes have been. There's also nothing wrong with being a right-wing Catholic. To each their own, right?

It is important, however, that people know that Candace de Russy is Catholic, since that had to do with her criticism of a conference on alternate sexualities. We identified her religion because it is relevant background information. We criticized her because of her actions, not because of her religious beliefs.

That being said, let us return to that not-so-sleepy Tuesday, and Channel 11's news van barreling down the LIE towards our office.

The TV channel had picked up on The Post's story, and wanted to find out what we thought about de Russy's accusations. We didn't quite understand the newsworthiness --who cares about a two-month old issue of a little student newspaper?-- but we understood the entertainment value: sex, bondage and a politician make interesting watching.

John and I sprung into action, holding an impromptu teleconference and banging out a press release explaining our position. We'd barely finished it when the news team arrived.

John put the phone down on the counter and let me

please see "Dissent," page 11



The November 26th issue of The Press

"Student media isn't doing its job unless it shocks once in a while."

-Shirley Strum Kenny,
Fall 1995

ET TU, MADAME PRESIDENT?

"It is so sexist and so anti-Catholic," said Kenny, who as a student was editor of the Daily Texan at the University of Texas. "To be sexist is an offense against all women. To be anti-Catholic is an offense against all religions. It's in exceedingly bad taste."

-Stony Brook President Shirley Strum
Kenny from *Newsday*, Jan. 14.

We've butted heads with President Shirley Strum Kenny before. In the last three years, *The Stony Brook Press* has published a variety of articles critical of President Kenny and her never-ending attempts to raise money for Stony Brook at the cost of faculty, staff and academic quality. At Shirley Strum Kenny's Brave New Stony Brook, image is everything, thirst for knowledge is nothing. Obey your spin doctor.

Kenny's opportunism paints her as petty and ignorant. Had she read the editorial she so brutally criticized, she would have realized that our position, however luridly displayed, was one of interest in the ability of women to discuss the issues that affect their lives in an academic setting.

Candace de Russey attacked two conferences held at SUNY New Paltz that sought to explore the issues surrounding women's sexuality in a frank and open manner. Workshops such as "Women of Color Write About Sexuality," "Challenging Sexuality: A Spectrum of Women's Experience," and "Teens Talk About Sexuality," were dismissed as "perverted" and "obscene." De Russey's attack is one that can itself be considered sexist, in a much more palpable and real way that any incomplete, surface reading of our cover can be.

By allying herself with a woman whose interest in this controversy was censoring women's opinions, Kenny is revealed as a hypocrite. We fail to understand how defending the right of a woman to speak openly about her sexuality is sexist. Perhaps Kenny read a different editorial.

Or perhaps her desire for blind, adolescent revenge overshadowed her need to portray the issue honestly. For our university president to go on television and accuse us of offenses she knew we didn't commit is a gross violation of her responsibilities as our most visible and respected campus figure. When she appeared on television and lied, Stony Brook by extension lied, all in an effort to sate her thirst for retribution.

Shirley Strum Kenny has every reason to disagree with us, and to despise what we have to say. *President Shirley Strum Kenny* has every responsibility to act as a representative of Stony Brook. Our position was clear and well-stated, and she should have stood behind us, not only in theory, but also for what we said.

SUNY New Paltz president Roger Bowen not only stood behind his campus members, he put his job on the line. His bold leadership during the controversy is the kind Kenny needs to learn more about.

President Kenny, your actions were petty and small-minded, and for you to add more fuel to a fire you knew to be manufactured is irresponsible. A president more interested in her political position than acting as an advocate for the campus community is a president Stony Brook can do without.

No wonder the University of Texas at Austin wanted nothing to do with you.

WILL THE WANG CENTER PROMOTE UNITY?

Computer Associates CEO Charles Wang emerged from obscurity into the media spotlight with his generous endowment to fund an Asian American Center at the university. He has been touted as great philanthropist in major newspapers, television broadcasts, and almost every official campus publication.

But will the Asian American Center be effective in promoting ethnic diversity? Although the center will probably become a prominent source for cultural education on Long Island, one can't help but wonder whether students will use it to its potential.

The lack of unity between student cultural clubs is a perennial problem, despite Polity's efforts to bridge the gaps. In addition, critics have charged that these clubs are often exclusive and serve to divide the student body.

We must work to ensure that the Asian American Center becomes a place where everyone can learn about cultures other than their own, instead of a place for Asian students to hang out.

Rumor has it that many academic departments, including some with no relevance to improving cultural awareness, are clamoring for

space in the new building. But the administration should keep the original mission of the Asian American Center in mind. Space should be set aside for cultural clubs and other organizations dedicated to ethnic diversity.

Perhaps one can expand the plan to include non-Asian organizations in a "global culture center." Students of all ethnic groups should be given access to the facility. Therefore, all students regardless of their background will be represented and have a chance to learn from their peers.

Ironically, one of the most important people involved in promoting Asian culture at the university has been practically ignored by the media. Philosophy professor Gary Mar has worked for years to set up the current Asian American Center Bridge and to coordinate its events. Yet, his efforts have been overshadowed by all the hype surrounding the new building and its high-tech gadgets.

The administration should draw upon the many cultural organizations, Mr. Wang, Professor Mar, and other dedicated people to plan for the future of promoting diversity on campus. By reaching out to all ethnic groups at the university, the Wang's vision can be elevated to a grander scale.

PRESS

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You are Pigs, All of You:

(A phone call received at our office on January 13th at 9:20 a.m.)

Good morning . . . My name is ***. Not only am I a Long Island resident, but I'm also an artist. I was deeply offended by all the perverted garbage going on at New Paltz. But more even than that is the fact that you, in your November 26th issue, came out against --I don't even know this woman-- SUNY trustee Candace de Russy. You are pigs, all of you. I am going to call Governor Pataki this morning and I am going to start a campaign. My daughter is in another SUNY school, and you people are absolute trash. And I [sound of dishes clanking in background] hope they put your little paper to sleep where it belongs. You scum.**

Hope your campaign is going well, and we, the scum here at the Stony Brook Press, understand that your position as an artist in a Long Island community may be very stressful. We thank you for your lop-sided view of the world, and remind you to take your Prozac. Our sympathies for your daughter. Hopefully, that "other SUNY school" will leave her better educated than her mother.

The editorial board

The truth about the "dirty" New Paltz conference

By Terry McLaren

"Revolting Behavior: The Challenges of Women's Sexual Freedom," was the SUNY New Paltz conference that recently raised eyebrows and put girdles in knots. It addressed far more than the whips and dildos which caused revulsion in a conservative SUNY trustee. The focus of the conference was explained in its schedule: "Women's sexuality has become the focus of attacks on women's autonomy and expression, just as women were successfully challenging traditional limitations. This conference of panels and workshops will present perspectives on the broad spectrum of women's sexuality, including cross-generational experiences, varying forms of sexual expression, safer sex issues, and public policy."

The conference featured many keynote speakers, a show by performance artist Shelley Mars, and workshops to suit every interest. With regard to the AIDS crisis, there was "HIV Education: A Community Affair (Like It or Not)," "Eroticizing Safer Sex," and "Conspicuous Absences: Silence about Women's Sexuality in Discourses about Birth Control, HIV Education and Public Policy." On a slightly different note, there was "How to Get What You Want in Bed," "Sexual Interest and Satisfaction in Older Women," and "Marriage and Sexuality: Traditional and Changing Patterns in Africa."

With regard to the spiritual side of life, there were workshops on "The Effect of Religion on Women's Sexual Experience" and "Female Sexuality in the Context of Religion and Spirituality." "Women of Color Write about Sexuality" and "Writing Erotica in our Journals" addressed women's literary sexual expression. Other workshops involved alternative lifestyles, such as "Queer Sexuality: A Spectrum of Women's Experience" and the usually neglected "Safer Sex for Women who Partner with Women."

Then there were the ones Candace De Russy, and I'm sure many others, found so unforgettable. "Safe, Sane and Consensual S/M: An Alternative Way of Loving" and the notoriously informative "Sex Toys for Women," made up only 1/11 of the conference's elective workshops. Attendees who may have had issues with these subjects had more than enough alternatives to keep them entertained.

"WHO'S CANDY?" SHE SAID

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOUR FAVORITE SUNY TRUSTEE



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[HTTP://WWW.PW1.NETCOM.COM/~EFNY/CANDACE.HTML](http://www.pw1.netcom.com/~efny/candace.html)

Police Academy

By Daniel Yohannes

Of all the things that I imagined myself doing in my time here at SUNY SB, I never thought I'd be having a comfortable conversation with the Public Safety Assistant Director for Community Affairs, Douglas F. Little. That is what I experienced during my interview with Mr. Little. It was a conversation; he was helping me by trying to answer all my questions, and I was helping him send a message from Public Safety to the students at SB. His job is being the face and voice of Public Safety. His invitation to the students was to get to know the names and faces of the patrol officers. If you ever need help, they will be the ones to give it. Get to know them now.

I am finishing up my first semester here at SB. I doubt that my fingers are the ones on the pulse of campus sentiment, but the student body doesn't seem to have a good rapport with Public Safety. Where the fault for that lies is a matter of opinion. It could be that the students have heard stories of problems with parking tickets; I know I have. But it may be that the students simply have no interest in a good relationship with Public Safety -- an apathetic and unwise choice.

Who and what is Public Safety(PS)? They are a police precinct with full powers of legal and administrative enforcement. Their jurisdiction includes the entire campus, the hospital, and a Veteran's home. In all, they are responsible for 21 miles of road and 115 buildings spread out over 10,000 acres. They protect and serve the property and person of 18,000 students and 11,000 employees on campus. There are 50 people involved in law enforcement and 45 involved in clerical work and security for the hospital. They are employees of SUNY SB.

In order to become a PS Officer, a person needs at least 60 college level credits. Then applicants are screened for acceptance at the Police Academy, a 16 week program that instructs the cadets about criminal procedure law and more practical aspects of law enforcement. Then the graduated cadets are interviewed by the specific campus and if they are found to be acceptable, hired.

So, PS, as the law enforcement agency on campus, enforces traffic laws and criminal laws. Each year, they are required by

a law called the Title 2 Crime Awareness and Security Act to generate a report that tabulates the number of crimes reported and the number of arrests that occurred. Each student receives a condensed version of this report in the mail. The condensed report is published in a pamphlet called "Look Listen Think: A Guide to Personal Safety." It lists the reported incidents of major crimes such as assault, burglary, homicide, auto theft, robbery, and various categories of sexual assault. It also reports the number of arrests for violations of liquor, drug, and weapons laws. The statistics in these categories are relatively low. The Annual Report of the University Police - 1996, the most current available, lists all arrests by type of crime, crimes reported, non-criminal calls, and traffic enforcement figures. These figures represent every crime and arrest that occurred on campus

in 1996. Half-page tables show visually that both the number of crimes reported and the number of arrests have dropped in that year.

What is most striking about the figures in the Annual Report is that the types of crimes that occurred most often fail to appear in the pamphlet that is sent to all students. There were 344 reported occurrences of criminal mischief, 281 reported occurrences of non-bias harassment and 9 reports of bias-related harassment. There were 242 cases of grand larceny and 460 occurrences of petit larceny. The arrest rate for these crimes is low. There were 4 criminal mischief arrests, 5 harassment arrests, no bias-related arrests, no grand larceny arrests, and 10 petit larceny arrests. The number of arrests for liquor, drug, and weapons laws is low but the number of reported incidents is correspondingly low. One alarmingly low figure is that for DWI: no arrests last year and 2 in the previous 2 years. There were 2 reported rapes that year and 2 arrests; there were no attempted rapes reported. In light of the fact that rape is a crime that is rarely reported, these figures should inspire no confidence.

One aspect of Mr. Little's job that he enjoys is the contact that it allows him to have with the student body. He speaks to all incoming freshmen, international students, and new employees. He also teaches a 101 class to freshmen. His job is to build relationships with the students and employees to ensure that they are comfortable with PS.

But PS needs our help. 75 people cannot effectively control a campus as large as ours. PS actively encourages the participation of students and staff in the crime prevention business. He reminded me of the story of a woman

who was dragged into an alley behind a residential building, beaten mercilessly, sexually assaulted, and left for dead. The woman cried out for a time and for some inexplicable reason, the perpetrator returned and resumed his brutality. When he left, she was dead. In the course of the police investigation, it was discovered that several neighbors had heard the disturbance, some had closed windows and shades to avoid the scene. No one could describe the perpetrator. No one had wanted to get involved. As a consequence, a woman died.

If each of us was a bit more aware, if we paid just a bit more attention, maybe the gulf between crimes reported and arrests made would shrink. I hope no one has on their conscience the cries of a victim of rape who was not helped. Criminals are cowards. We need to start bullying

them. If you don't want to "get involved," call 333 or 2-TIPS and make an anonymous report. If you hear a thump in the night, and it bothers you, call PS. Close the gap.

As Mr. Little said, "the bad guys have a way of taking advantage of people's vulnerabilities." I am too trusting and keep my door unlocked, then of course someone will find that out and rob my ass. It may not be my fault, but it is my responsibility. I want to walk across the field to 7-11 at 2 AM. Do I have the right to? Hell yes. Am I dumb to go by myself? Maybe. Will nothing happen 98% of the time? Probably, but a lot can happen in that 2%. If you hear a scream for help, report it. "We all have a responsibility to watch out for each other and have a partnership with us (PS) and to report things to us is so important."



Public Safety's own, Doug Little (hey, nice tie)

While the diversity of the police force does not reflect the diversity of our

campus, PS is aware of that fact and is looking for applicants to bridge that gap. In the meantime, student liaisons increase the diversity of the "extended" PS. The task is made less easy by the fragmented nature of our diverse campus. Reaching out to 15 distinct and separate groups is much more difficult than reaching one unified group of students. Adding to the task is the need to be respectful about the diversity of our students while actively enforcing laws that are unequivocal. Of concern are the many cultures that are here on campus. They must all live together in a new environment. Each year, PS actively educates incoming students that certain things that are acceptable in other cultures cannot be tolerated here. Paramount is the safety of domestic partners. Abuse is criminal and must not occur. Pamphlets on this subject are printed in several languages to ensure that this stance is well known.

We also spoke about complaints against public safety and the procedure for handling those complaints. Mr. Little said complaints are "few and far between" and are often "unfounded." When a complaint is made against an officer, the matter is referred to a Supervisor in the department. The incident is investigated. Most complaints center around traffic violations and are deemed "unsubstantiated"; since most traffic incidents involve two people, there are no witnesses to back any one story. An officer with a history of unsubstantiated claims against him is targeted for investigation and removal.

All complaints are followed up by a letter to the complainant, explaining the course and resolution of the investigation. No major complaints against PS have been received in the recent past.

read the press

Public Safety Puts Campus Bar on The Spot

By John Giuffo

"The exaggerated focus on this place could be better placed on campus. One would think there were better things to do."

--Godfrey Palaia, manager of The Spot

Public Safety Officer Philip Morales made his way through The Spot last Friday night, flashlight in hand, looking for smokers.

He circled the side room, where most of the bar's live acts play, checking all corners, under tables, even walking directly in front of the stage at one point. Everyone in the room was made aware of his presence.

The Spot's customers got off easy this particular Friday: usually when Public Safety does random spot checks, they also ask patrons for their I.D. Campus police officials say it's all in an effort to enforce university and state policies.

Bar manager Godfrey Palaia disagrees. "We've been a target of systematic spot checks on a regular basis. We welcome their visits, up to a point."

Public Safety's visits are starting to hurt business. Their twice-weekly inspections, begun last November, are turning away customers in droves. Many of The Spot's smoking patrons are opting to spend their nightlife dollars elsewhere. Other bars near school allow smoking on their premises.

"It appears to be selective enforcement," Palaia said. The facts back him up. Since The Spot opened in 1994, they've allowed people to smoke. They've also enjoyed an unspoken policy of 18 to enter, 21 to drink. In four years of operation, Public Safety's been called to answer a complaint only once. "After three and a half years of smoking being allowed, they came in to enforce the no-smoking policy," Palaia said.

Public Safety director Richard Young says the recent enforcement of the campus' no-smoking policy is not his decision, but a recent one by university president Shirley Strum Kenny. "It's above my head, and I'm glad and I don't want to get involved in it," Young said. Any complaints with the policy, or Public Safety's enforcement of it, shouldn't be directed at Public Safety, he said. "I think what they really ought to do is lobby the president's office," Young said. "They should lobby for an exemption."

Palaia says he has, claiming the Administration has "rejected our appeal out of hand."

Recent enforcement of the 21-and-over rule has also impacted business. "When a group shows up at the door, even if one of those people is under 21, they don't leave that one person behind, the whole group goes somewhere else," Palaia said. "That's where we lose business."

The regular spot checks started in November, after a birthday party for Polity President Monique Maylor was held on the lower level of the Fannie Brice building. By most estimates, approximately 300 people attended the party, which featured a reggae DJ. For the first time in years, Public Safety showed up en masse.

"There were a lot of people at the event, and quite honestly, there were a lot of black people at the event. I think it kinda tweaked Housing and Public Safety in general," said Wilbur Farley, an employee of The Spot. Farley said Public Safety was there responding to a noise complaint, but that officers wouldn't say who complained.

Palaia says the Public Safety officers who interrupted the November 14 birthday party said they felt threatened by the partygoers, and were reluctant to break the party up. "There were some comments made about officers not being safe," Palaia said. No arrests were made that evening. Officers did not indicate why they felt threatened.

"It went well. We didn't have any trouble except for when Public Safety showed up," Farley said.

Young said the party had gotten out of hand, and that it was an example of the kind of programming The Spot has been sponsoring lately that

has overreached their original mission and sanction. "There's a tendency to expand any business," Young said. It's the speed and unregulated nature of its growth that has attracted Public Safety's attention. "We told them we were going to give them some supervision and they said, 'fine.'"

According to Maylor, who was celebrating her 21st birthday that evening, Public Safety was rude and insensitive. Maylor estimates it was around 3:30 a.m. when campus police cut power to the party's sound system. "In the process of doing that, they damaged A.V. equipment," Maylor said. She estimates \$300 in damage was done to Polity equipment, and a petition is pending to have Public Safety pay the repair bill.

Public Safety now inspects The Spot twice a week. Enforcing the smoking ban and the 21 and over admittance policy are the two objectives officers cite when visiting. Palaia says the inspections are part of an agenda on the part of the administration to regulate The Spot's events, and control what goes on there.

"They want to run the events. They want to make sure it runs according to their standards," Palaia said. Other campus groups who wish to have live music at an event must submit to an exhaustive process of paperwork and permission-getting. "Every year they've tried to get us to be a part of that process, and we've always argued, successfully, that we shouldn't have to adhere to that process."

"We have no agenda other than making sure there are safe events and that we know what's going on," Young said. He said he had no personal objections to The Spot, "as long as there's no underage drinking and it doesn't get out of hand."

Palaia wants to stress his displeasure not at the presence of Public Safety Officers, but with the frequency of their visits and their tactics. "They have every right to make sure no laws are being broken," he said.

"I welcome random checks, random checks are fine. We've asked them to patrol downstairs," Palaia said, referring to the building's graffiti and litter-plagued lower level. "We've asked them to be more proactive in that area, and actually serve and protect. They haven't."

Farley predicts that if the no-smoking ban remains in effect, the bar will soon be crippled financially. "It's a bar. It's a reasonable expectation that when you're in a bar, people will be smoking," he said. "A lack of smoking at The Spot will kill The Spot."

"There's no plan by me or anybody in this university to close this place down," Young said.

The possibility of The Spot closing is a prospect that has a number of people worried. "If The Spot were to close, it would leave SUNY Stony Brook students in a desperate,

desperate place," said Isaac Guzman, a music writer for Newsday. "Especially for eastern Long Island, it would create a vacuum of places for bands to play."

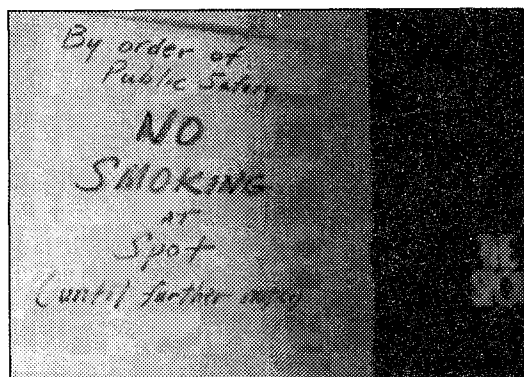
Guzman praises The Spot for the quality and number of bands that play there, and he's not alone. The Long Island Voice, Good Times magazine and The Island Ear have all cited The Spot as one of Long Island's premier locations for up and coming live music acts.

Dave Klein, a programmer for WUSB, is one of the people that helps The Spot book bands. He's worried about the impact the recent encounters with Public Safety will have on The Spot. He says his pride for having done his part to support the local independent music scene is matched only by the frustration he has over Public Safety's efforts. "It's annoying as hell. I'd like to know what we're doing wrong."

Public Safety has a history of accusations of heavy-handedness when dealing with campus nightlife businesses. An employee of the End of The Bridge Restaurant, who wished to remain anonymous, credits Public Safety with destroying EOB's nighttime business. "We don't have a night life anymore as a result," he said. The employee claimed a campaign of harassment by Public Safety officers consisting of constant I.D. checks and frequent interrogations of patrons drove all but the most determined customers away.

EOB's night programming now consists solely of the occasional party sponsored by campus clubs and organizations. Even so, claims the employee, whenever one of these events is held, Public Safety can be counted on to make an appearance. "They're always popping their heads in," he said.

Palaia would like The Spot to avoid EOB's fate. He has plans to further expand the services The Spot offers the student body, including a food service area, a weekly salsa night and the possibility of an on-site microbrewery. "All we want to do is continue business as we have," he said. "We want to continue our momentum as we've been doing. We hope to continue what we've been building for the last four years."



Will new rules kill SPOT business?

"There were a lot of people at the event, and quite honestly, there were a lot of black people at the event. I think it kinda tweaked Housing and Public Safety in general."

<http://www.sinc.sunysb/Clubs/sbpress>

Exactly what criteria are traffic violation appeals based on? (I have received two different responses to appeals for the same infraction). Who gets priority on the campus buses--commuters or residents? At what point will a car get booted or towed? These are questions the commuting campus community would like answers to. Questions which, as fee-paying students, we deserve answers to. Unfortunately, in order to get those answers, our Public Safety officials have to be willing to pick up the phone.

www.sinc.sunysb.edu/C lub s / sb press

What's So Bad About the Software Incubator?

By Stephen C. Preston

I'm glad you asked that question. The story of the Software Incubator is a long one, and bound to get longer soon. It's a bit confusing as well, so I'll do what I can do sort out what I've found out about it so far.

First, a little history about the Incubator: it all began, apparently, with the Long Island Software Conference last year. At this Conference, it seems, several collaborations were proposed between Stony Brook and Computer Associates [Referred to as CA here after]. One was the donation of money to the Computer Science department in order to double enrollment in the department. Another was the "Center for Software Excellence," whose purported purpose was to encourage the development of the software industry on Long Island. The CSE's first project was the Software Incubator, which also seems to have been initially proposed at the Conference.

The Software Incubator is a facility in Nassau Hall (somewhere near the dental school in the south campus), which is designed to hold 10 software companies. New companies will apply for space in the Incubator; CA and Stony Brook will jointly decide who gets in. Space in the Incubator will cost \$10 per square foot, as opposed to the going rate for industrial space on Long Island, about \$25 per square foot. The rent subsidy is coming mostly from CA.

It is similar in concept to the High-Tech Incubator residing near the hospital and Chapin. This facility was proposed over ten years ago, and was finally built in 1992. It was designed primarily to start up biotechnology companies, but has also been home to several other technology companies. The two Incubators have significant differences, though: the High-Tech Incubator was funded almost completely by the state, while the Software Incubator is being funded almost completely by Computer Associates. In addition, the High-Tech Incubator was intended to house a variety of industries, including software, while the Software Incubator is obviously only for software. The differences are significant, as we shall see. While the High-Tech Incubator is clearly an industry subsidy from the state designed to promote development, the Software Incubator seems to have a very different purpose.

People ranging from Charles Wang (CEO of CA), to Shirley Strum Kenny (President of USB), to Yacov Shamash (Dean of Engineering) have taken credit at various times for the Software Incubator idea. Wang claims to be motivated primarily by the shortage of employees on Long Island, and says the purpose of all these projects is to advertise his company to Stony Brook students. Kenny's claim is that the Incubator will exist to boost the Long Island economy, an approach that always scores points with *Newsday*. Shamash seems to be admitting that the Engineering department, traditionally poorly funded compared to the sciences here, needs all the money it can get. Shamash's claim is understandable, but Wang's and Kenny's deserve scrutiny.

What's So Bad about Charles Wang?

As *Newsday* and the *New York Times* have reported, the computer industries are short of qualified employees. Computer Associates seems doubly troubled, having also the unfortunate location of Long Island, notorious for high living expenses and general unpleasantness. According to *Newsday*, CA is currently unable to fill 75 positions in its Islandia office. Let's discuss his claimed solution: Heavy recruiting among Stony Brook CS students.

It is at least conceivable that CA's November donation to the Computer Science department was for this purpose, though I've already discussed their other, more probable motivations in a previous issue. The idea that CA's support of the Software Incubator is primarily for the purpose of recruiting -- as Marc Sokol, a CA vice president, indicated -- is simply too bizarre to be true, especially since there are no plans for undergraduates to be involved with any of the companies to inhabit the incubator.

Another idea proposed -- the one in CA's press release, which seems to contradict Sokol -- is that CA is doing this to help the Long Island economy and software industry; in other words, this is basically just charity. This seems ridiculous for two reasons. First, the Software Incubator is supposed to start small software companies who will stay on Long Island. Computer Associates, whose product line continues to diversify through their acquisition of new companies, would have to compete with these companies, especially if they entered CA's very profitable markets. CA has already complained about fierce competition, and would hardly be willing to pay to create new competitors. Secondly, creation of new companies would mean new employment opportunities for Stony Brook students. So good students who were scared away by CA's notoriously long hours and low pay might be more willing to seek out these smaller companies, and CA's employment plans would backfire.

So what's really going on at the Software Incubator? Marc Sokol said that CA will be spending several hundred thousand dollars over the next three years for this project, to subsidize the rent on the property. But CA will also provide furniture, power, receptionists, and various other office equipment to the incubator companies. In addition, Sokol added, CA will provide consulting, some management services, public relations, and even its own relations in venture capital. It, along with Stony Brook, will decide which companies can enter the Incubator.

All of these things seem to lend credibility to the rumor that Computer Associates is intending to acquire these companies. Wang started CA with one software product, and many of the other products that CA now sells were acquired when CA bought smaller companies. It seems likely that CA is planning to take over the more successful of the companies which come out of the Incubator and leave the rest to struggle on their own. There is no other plausible way to explain CA's relatively heavy investment in this project.

So essentially what is happening here is that CA, who grew large and wealthy through aggressive takeovers of smaller, weaker companies, has run out of innovative new companies to swallow. So it has enlisted Stony Brook's and the State of New York's help in creating new ones cheaply. It is cheaper than conducting their own research, since they are only dealing with people who already have ideas and thus don't have to wait for researchers to make new discoveries. More importantly, it is less risky for CA; they can wait until the products have already succeeded or failed before deciding to possess it. CA's reluctance to take chances on new software are understandable: the most recent crash in the value of CA's stock was due to one of their new products performing somewhat poorly in Europe.

What's So Bad about Shirley Strum Kenny?

Having discovered CA's most likely motivations for this project, we can now ask why Stony Brook is allowing it to happen. One possibility could be the royalties that Stony Brook is rumored to be getting from any new products which come out of the Incubator. But the real answer lies with President Kenny.

As you probably remember, Kenny is on the Board of Directors of Computer Associates, and receives \$45,000 per year for her service. State employees who serve on Boards of Directors must ask the New York State Ethics Commission for permission. The Ethics Commission originally said Kenny could not accept any stock options because "a personal equity interest in CA would create the appearance of impropriety." A slight change in the wording of CA's stock option plan, along with a slight change in the membership of the Ethics Commission, resulted in a modification of the original Advisory Opinion: now Kenny can receive her salary entirely in the form of CA stock options.

What sort of "appearance of impropriety" was the Ethics Commission referring to? Their original concern was that Kenny would use her position as President to get Stony Brook to purchase software from CA instead of its competitors. This has not happened. However, the Ethics Commission also gave broader warnings to Kenny, demanding that she not participate in any "matters concerning Computer Associates or SUNY (e.g. Computer Associates' giving of property or services to SUNY)." But Kenny claimed in an interview that the Software Incubator "was initiated because of my interest" in the project, and that she was "very much involved" throughout the entire process. This is a clear violation of the Ethics Advisory Opinion.

Now the situation starts to make a bit more sense. Kenny, who seems to have forgotten what was in the original Ethics Advisory Opinion, has sought to both help CA develop new products cheaply and insulate CA from the associated risks. Wang gets all the resources of Stony Brook in exchange for relatively small payments both directly to Kenny and to the Computer Science department. And the College of Engineering and Applied Sciences is happy to get research money any way it can.

You may be interested in why I think this is evil, rather than good. First, it's dishonest. The story that this is all to benefit the Long Island economy and not CA specifically is ridiculous; yet the local media outlets portray it as true because they want it to be true. Second, although the Computer Science department is still somewhat independent, its research projects and curriculum are gradually becoming more beholden to CA. Money is great, but it is necessary to sell the soul of the department to get it. Finally, it is yet another example of President Kenny helping her corporate friends take advantage of the students and faculty here. You can agree or disagree about the problems with Kenny's corporate-friendly Administration, but when she uses her position for personal profit, it is time for all of us to protest.

Soon the Ethics Commission will decide whether to pursue our complaint about Kenny's dealings with Computer Associates. Hopefully the Ethics Commission will conclude, as we have, that the Software Incubator is the result of a clear conflict of interest, between Kenny's interests in Computer Associates and her position at Stony Brook. Only then will it be possible for everyone to see clearly what's so bad about the Software Incubator.

"You may be interested in why I think this is evil, rather than good."

De Russy Watch



By John Giuffo

SUNY trustee Candace de Russy criticized the now-infamous November 26 issue of The Stony Brook Press as being an attack on her religion, one which she claims was "rejecting civil, rational debate." Strong words coming from a woman who brought herself to our attention by attempting to silence free speech on college campuses.

For those not familiar with the issue in question, we ran a cover depicting de Russy's head superimposed on the body of an S&M-clad woman with her hands tied behind her back. The accompanying editorial took her to task for her efforts to remove SUNY New Paltz president Roger Bowen because she was offended by a conference she attended entitled, "Revolutionary Behavior: The Challenge of Women's Sexuality." Her outrage, and resulting action, called into question the school's right to have such conferences. Because she found the goings-on personally offensive, she wanted to ban all such conferences from SUNY campuses. Luckily, cooler heads and less ignorant opinions prevailed.

A committee formed by SUNY Chancellor John Ryan found nothing wrong with the conferences in question, and in their support of academic freedom, exposed de Russy's position as uninformed and misrepresented.

Small surprise then, that de Russy, in her criticism of our editorial, completely glossed over the real subject of the editorial, which was the danger of her attempt to declare certain subjects *verboden* on SUNY campuses. The conference centered around practices and lifestyles the Catholic Church considers immoral, so de Russy used her influence to try to adapt SUNY policy to her own moral guidelines.

De Russy, as a Pataki-appointed conservative administrator, threatens the very tenets institutions of higher education exist by.

SUNY New Paltz president Roger Bowen agrees. Having been a target of de Russy's ignorance, Bowen has seen, close up, the type of politics Candace de Russy practices, and he considers them harmful. "Candace de Russy believes in trustee activism and she has laid out her views very carefully in a number of published articles," Bowen said. He's referring to frequent contributions to *Catholic Crisis* magazine, a politically-conservative publication that offers criticisms through the eyes of devout church adherents.

"Activists should understand what the limits of their authority are," Bowen said. "One limit clearly is a constitutional limit. No one should, either wittingly or unwittingly challenge free speech or academic freedom."

Michael Zweig, an economics professor here at Stony Brook sees de Russy's attack on

SUNY New Paltz as "an attempt to stifle outlooks and viewpoints with which she disagrees."

Zweig considers her views and efforts "a very severe problem"; a problem that threatens the academic health of SUNY. "I think that coming from a trustee, it indicates wrong-headed stewardship for the university. It just takes us in the wrong direction."

"I think what we're dealing with here is a situation where the trustees are not defending the institution they are entrusted with," Zweig said. De Russy has an agenda, Zweig added, one he's convinced that if followed would prove disastrous for the state university. "The agenda that de Russy brings is an agenda for limiting SUNY, for limiting public education in the State of New York."

De Russy's writings speak volumes for her. A memorandum dated July 25, 1995, sent to the 13 other SUNY trustees and to Chancellor Ryan entitled, "A Personal Vision of SUNY's

Future," reads like a road map to SUNY's destruction. Consider the following:

- Page two of the document includes a recommendation to "Refocus which programs are offered at each

SUNY campus, because it is not necessary that each campus offer a comprehensive menu." This is advocating the elimination of an array of departments and programs. Change NY, a group which de Russy used to belong to, seeks to eliminate what they call "redundancy" at SUNY campuses. What is actually at stake is accessibility to programs.

- The same page also calls for an effort to "eliminate weak course offerings." This section is a declaration of her intention to micromanage academic content from her politically-appointed office in Albany. She recommends appointing a committee of "eminent scholars" to review all the course offerings and eliminate those they consider "insubstantial." One has to question what former Westchester Community College trustee de Russy would consider a scholar "eminent" enough to decide what to teach at SUNY and what not to. One also wonders how much input de Russy would like to have in the selection of such a committee.

- Page three calls for an elimination of all "SUNY graduate programs in fields that are amply covered by private institutions within the state or region, e.g. law, medical, dental, and pharmacy schools." This is a blatant call for the elimination of most SUNY graduate programs. State University graduate programs have a hard enough time competing with their better-financed private counterparts (although many schools not only compete but excel) that an attack from administrators within the system threatens not only the viability of state-funded graduate programs, but access to graduate studies for New York's poorer students.

- The same page boasts a desire to "Eliminate any English-as-a-Second-Language courses offered by SUNY." Trustee de Russy believes only those students who speak English deserve college degrees. Rather than having SUNY schools assist foreign and non-English-speaking Americans in their attempts to learn English, de Russy would like to see this segment of society denied a college education. Xenophobia has no place at SUNY.

- Page four of de Russy's memorandum details her belief in the need to "Raise SUNY tuition further to bring it in line with the average of neighboring states." This after a June, 1995 tuition raise. Making it more difficult for lower and middle class students to attend SUNY runs directly contrary to SUNY's mission. How does such a move serve the interests of SUNY students?

The memorandum contains much more. Among de Russy's other ideas are a push to allow private business to have more influence over, and input into New York public education, a call to eliminate day care and family planning at SUNY campuses and an effort to eliminate affirmative action at SUNY a la Proposition 209, California's backward-moving nod to racism in state education.

De Russy's agenda is as plain as day, for those who wish to see it for what it is. Governor Pataki appointed de Russy in April, 1995 after an election which he read as a mandate to conservatize New York State. De Russy was one of dozens of minions appointed to state-paid positions by Pataki in an effort to change New York. "I have no question that she's there to represent a very Republican, conservative viewpoint," Zweig said. "The fact that it's Republican is not important. The fact that it wants to shut SUNY down is."

De Russy's objections to the New Paltz conference, when viewed within the context of a short career of anti-SUNY maneuvering, can thus be seen as the latest volley in the battle for the future of public higher education in New York. De Russy has seized on a controversial and flamboyant academic debate and has expertly used its volatility as a weapon in her efforts.

It's not too difficult to see de Russy as little more than a bureaucratic ostrich, either to stupid or too cunning to pull her head out of the ground. "I have no doubt that her outrage is genuine," Bowen said. "I think she has difficulty understanding why people aren't outraged in the same way she is. What I worry about quite honestly, is that she believes that everyone else should see things the way she does."

Stupid or cunning – either way, Zweig feels de Russy and the movement she represents is dangerous to SUNY. "[It's] a direct assault on public higher education in New York and it needs to be resisted," he said.

De Russy Watch is a bi-weekly column that examines SUNY trustee Candace de Russy and her efforts to dismantle the state university system. Every week, we'll use Trustee de Russy's own words to expose her as the dangerous politician she is.

MASSACRE IN MEXICO

By Terry McLaren

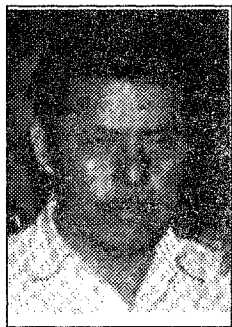
Forty five defenseless refugees, including 39 women and children, were brutally massacred on December 22 outside of the village of Acteal, Mexico. Twenty five gunmen in trucks, dressed in black and wearing masks, opened fire on the refugee camp's occupants with their automatic weapons, some of them picking off the wounded who were stranded in the mud. The shooting lasted for five hours. Refugees, members of the indigenous Tzotzil group, had been gathering for months in the hillside camp, living in shelters consisting of posts and banana leaves.

This is not the first violent incident the impoverished southern state of Chiapas has seen, but it is by far the bloodiest. Home to the guerrilla Zapatista Army for National Liberation (EZLN), which defends Mexico's downtrodden indigenous people, the state has seen little peace since the Zapatistas exploded onto the scene in 1994. Two weeks of fighting during the Zapatista uprising left 140 people dead. In total, about 500 people have died in political conflicts and land disputes following the rebellion. The slaughtered refugees were known supporters of the Zapatistas.

One aspect of the slaughter that makes it all the more horrifying is the government's involvement in it. Survivors of what has been called the "orgy of killing" in Acteal were able to identify their assailants and even provide reporters with a list of names of suspects. Despite the killers' masks, refugees recognized them as part of a group of young paramilitaries who have been training at night in four military style camps near the settlement. The paramilitaries are backed by Mexico's

recently weakened ruling party, the Institutional Revolutionary Party or PRI.

Public global outrage following the bloodbath has led to the resignation of several high-ranking officials. First to go was federal Interior Minister Emilio Chuayffet. Three days later Chiapas Governor Julio Cesar Ruiz Ferro stepped down. The two had come under harsh criticism from opponents who claimed that they knew about the planned paramilitary attacks and did nothing to stop them. "Ruiz Ferro is responsible by omission and incompetence in the massacre of 45 [people],"



CORRUPT MAYOR

said state congressman Arturo Perez to the chamber. Ruiz was replaced by a PRI congressman from Chiapas, Roberto Albores, who is said to have good relations with all sides involved in the conflict, including the local Catholic Church, which staunchly defends the indigenous people. Acteal's mayor Jacinto Arias Cruz, is now behind bars, charged with arming the killers. Forty suspects in total, many with PRI ties, have been arrested in connection to the recent carnage.

The innocent survivors gave heart rending accounts of the event that shattered their lives and families, in order to make the world aware of this inhuman nightmare. The following were obtained from Reuters Online.

"When the gunfire started, we ran toward the stream and tried to hide in the bush, but the attackers came after us, firing at everyone" a sobbing

survivor, Manuel Perez Vazquez, 40, told Reuters. "They killed a lot of women and children. They killed off those who were lying wounded on the ground."

Pedro Vazquez, a 13 year old survivor, said he caught sight of the killers on a main road near the camp.

"I saw some armed men on the road," he told Reuters. "They asked me to come with them to the camp, but they scared me, so I ran into the bush and hid. Only afterward did I learn they killed my father and mother. The shooting lasted for hours."

Orphaned by the massacre, 4 year old Lucia Vazquez Luna lay in a hospital bed with her leg shattered by a bullet. Her aunt, Maria Vazquez Gomez, whose mother and brother died in the bloodbath, was with her.

Gomez trembled and sobbed uncontrollably as she cried "I'm all alone, I'm all alone."

Despite pleas for calm in Chiapas, tensions still simmer. The Zapatistas now accuse the army of trying to provoke the rebels into an outright war.

In a January 5th statement, Zapatista leader Subcommander Marcos said "To date, the EZLN has maneuvered to avoid fighting with federal army troops...but from one moment to the next there could be armed conflict." Can you blame them?

The Zapatistas hold the government responsible for ordering the December massacre and say that President Ernesto Zedillo instructed the army to use public outrage over the massacre as an excuse to enter Zapatista-held areas in search of arms.

"We will never give up our weapons," Marcos said.

"Dissent," continued from page 3

listen as the TV people did their thing. They took some shots around the office, and filmed our "spokesman," Jamie, reading the statement.

As soon as they finished, Channel 5 called. Then 12. And 9.

I spent the remainder of the day on the phone with the office as I packed my bags to return to school a few days early. John handled the news crews and even appeared on camera once or twice.

I will spare you the repetitive details of each news crew's visit, but offer these analysis of their behavior: Channel 9 was the nicest (you go, Ernie Anastos!), and Channel 5 the meanest. This, however, is no surprise, as Fox Five is owned by Rupert Murdoch, who also owns the New York Post.

Eventually, the news crews left, and I hightailed it to campus on the next train I could get.

The news reports that night were both wonderful and terrible. On one hand, we were thrilled that our little paper had made it onto four TV stations in the biggest of big cities. On the other hand, we saw a lot of things which really pissed us off.

For one thing, there was the way in which the TV people took de Russy's bait, hook line and sinker. They reported the story as if we were the bad guys --those crazy kids!-- and not de Russy, who, if you remember, was trying to censor and silence student voices! Only two

channels (9 and 11) even gave our point of view at all.

We were also a little more than upset to see Shirley Strum Kenny, our own University President, show up on several of the reports. True to form, Shirley took a student crisis and used it to get her face on camera. While a real University President (say, for instance, New Paltz's Roger Bowen) would have used the opportunity to show that they stand by their students and by the first amendment, Shirley used it to get back at us for all the times we've criticized her. More on that in our editorial.

All in all, however, watching ourselves on TV was a great experience. Even if it wasn't the kind of attention we might prefer, we're happy we had the opportunity to pull trustee de Russy out of the shadows and into the realm of public criticism.

I arrived on campus the next morning, anxiously awaiting more media attention. We waited breathlessly for the issue to mushroom, expecting calls from the big networks, the New York Times, Time and Newsweek.

But none came.

We can only hope these larger media outlets recognized Trustee de Russy's complaints as what they were: a smokescreen, not worthy of attention. Chances are, though, that they just didn't think we were that interesting.

Over the next few days, we talked to a couple more newspapers, including the Long

Island Voice, the New York Press, and the Village Times. Thankfully, they were all willing to listen to our position, and help shine some light on Candace de Russy's crimes at New Paltz.

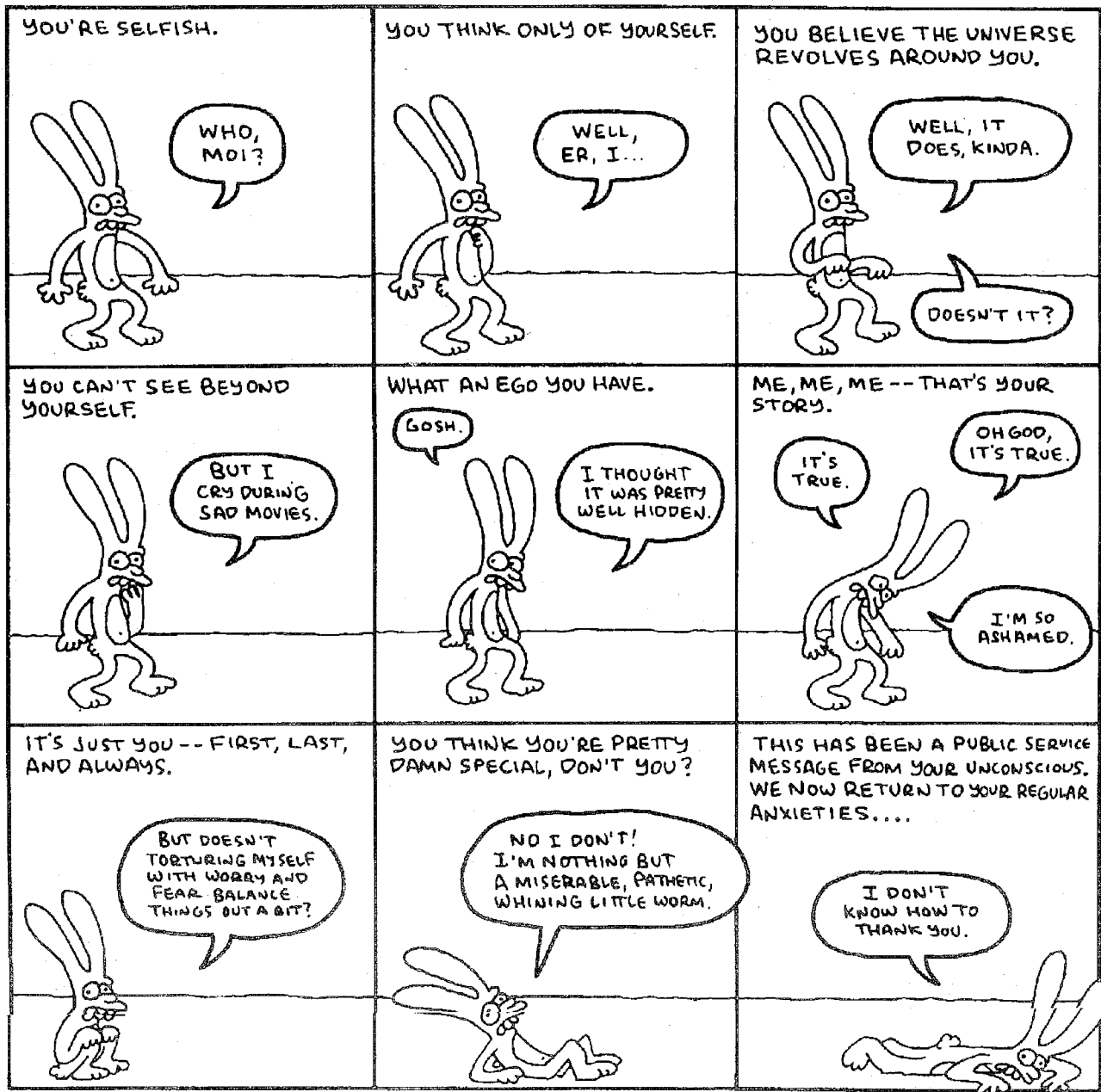
Since then, nothing much has happened. We've heard from a lot of students and faculty, all of whom wished to congratulate us and tell us to keep up the good work. In fact, we've only gotten one complaint... it's reprinted on page 5.

As far as the school itself goes, we've received no backlash... no cries for punishment or defunding. It would seem the students and faculty are smart enough to see the real issue.

One person, however, apparently isn't: SUNY Chancellor John Ryan. He has asked us to issue an apologize for our actions.

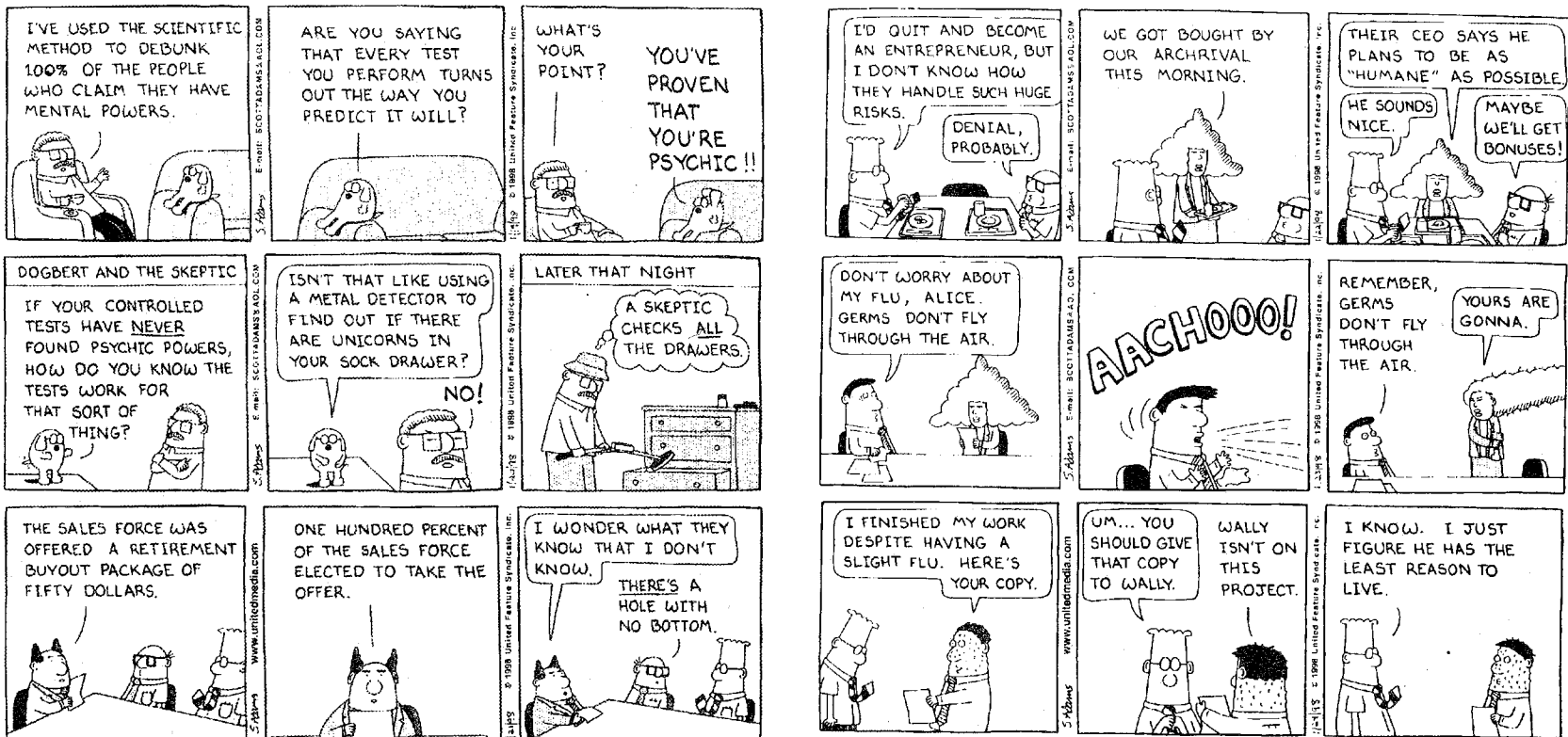
So here, then, Chancellor Ryan, is your apology. We are quite sorry that some of you took our November 26th issue to be sexist or anti-Catholic, because you missed the point entirely. The New Paltz/Candace de Russy controversy isn't about religion, it's about censorship. Candace de Russy isn't important because we made fun of her, she's important because she is in a position of power in the SUNY system. The real issue here is freedom.

Any critics who wish to further question the rights of the Stony Brook Press, and of the students at SUNY New Paltz, are referred to Amendment I of the Bill of Rights.

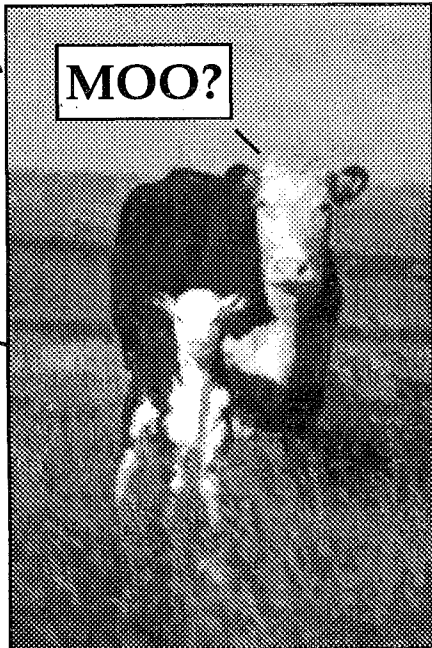


DILBERT[®]

by Scott Adams



WE'VE ASKED YOU NICELY. WE'VE
EVEN RESORTED TO CHILDISH
NAME CALLING. NOW WE'RE
TELLING YOU, IF WE
DON'T GET COMICS
SOON WE'LL KILL
THIS BABY COW.
NO JOKE!!!



Cosmopolitan says the only way to achieve this bouncing bob hair cut is with a weed wacker.

Seventeen says that the "baggy jean look" is out, the "baggy leg look" is in. It's like wearing one really huge leg

The Fashion Edge

by Amanda C. Stevens

Young and Modern says that "the Streetwalker look" will be very profitable this spring.

Evil Steve:
Megalomaniac Squirrel

Hello. I'm Steve and I'm a megalomaniac.

Don't get me wrong. I mean I'm not some genetically engineered rodent...

This is all me baby.
Mwah Ha Ha Ha!!!!

Cogito ergo sum...
non cogitas bitch!

THE ANGRY SQUIRREL

With this whole de Russy-S&M thing,

I only have one thing to say.

Quando pongo mi mano en tu mento...

Yo dip, tu dip, nosotros dip!

IN FREAK-RUSSY MEETS ESTEBAN

In honor of our Public Safety issue...

Top Ten Lines from New Jack City

- 10) "Money talks, and bullshit runs a marathon."
- 9) "I oughta wax yo' high yellow ass."
- 8) "I was a po' white trash Pookie."
- 7) "Cancel this bitch!"
- 6) "Fuck them scungilli-eatin' motherfuckers!"
- 5) "That schoolteacher you shot? That was my mother, bitch!"
- 4) "Say, baby, do them titties give skim milk?"
- 3) "This ain't business, bitch, this is personal!"
- 2) "Yo, man, I know I look like stir-fried shit."
- 1) "I wanna shoot you so bad, my dick's hard!!"

What Do You Want to Do When You Grow Up?

By Marlo Allison Del Toro

If you don't know, or if you are having a hard time trying to get your foot in the door, the Career Placement Center can help. The CPC is a college office designed to aid students in finding internships and jobs.

Students who aren't sure what they want to do, or even what they want to major in, can take one of the centers "strong interest inventories"; the inventories, which take about 30 minutes to complete, reveal professions the student may consider working in based on the student's interest areas. Once the student has an idea what s/he would like to do, or even if s/he still needs help figuring it out, the student should make an appointment to speak with one of the centers six counselors.

On the last Wednesday of each month the appointment book for the next month is opened to students. During appointments, counselors will go over the students' resume, and help students find information about jobs and internships. Counselors also encourage students to volunteer in their areas of interest through V.I.T.A.L. (Volunteers Involved Together for Action in Life), so students can experience first hand the work involved in that field. Counselors will also perform mock interviews and video-taped interviews with students.

For students who would rather work alone, the center holds several information workshops throughout the year on resume and cover letter writing, interviewing skills, presenting yourself to prospective employers, job search strategies, etc. The center also has a career resource library which, since the center is also in charge of graduate school placement testing, holds books on taking the GRE and the LSAT in addition to magazines about several job fields. Students can look through binders for companies that are hiring, and there are computers in the center hooked up to the CPC on-line site, through which students can look up businesses that are hiring and file their resume on Job Track.

Tim Luzader, the director of the CPC, would like students to check out the center during freshman year. Then, the counselors can help students choose the major that is best for their proposed line of work, and suggest classes that may be beneficial. Also, the center can help underclassmen find summer jobs.

Job Fair

On March 11, the Career Placement Center will be hosting a job fair in the sports complex. Approximately 150 companies will participate in this semester's fair. Luzader recommends students attend one of the center's 30 minute orientations, which should better prepare them for meeting company executives.

And so... like... they let
me put this paper
together all by myself...
and like... well if they
let me have that kinda
power... well then, just
think of the places you
can go.

Join the Press. Please

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THE LUNATICK'S RAVINGS

THE FORGOTTEN ONES

By The Lunatick

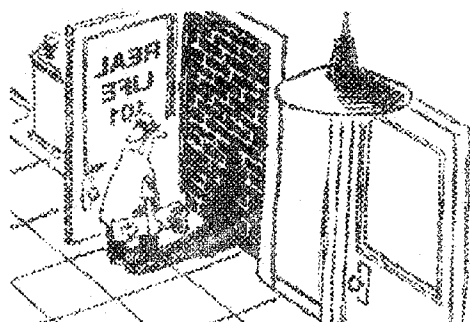
We are the forgotten ones--the odd, the strange the deviant; We are the December graduates. We do not follow the mainstream. Until last year we got no ceremony, no pomp, no circumstances. We essentially get a Tea party. How very British of an American university. We did not get a grand showing of the hard work we put in. We got a quiet and dignified tea. A--"well-I-guess-we-should-do something-for-them-to-throw them-a-bone. Of course you also receive the option to come back in the spring for the real ceremony, Which grants us the ability to wear a tassel with the wrong graduation year. By my calculations, if you graduate in December '97 you are still class of '97 not '98. You don't even attend classes in '98. What the hell, it's close enough for government work, and this is a government institution.

Why do we graduate in December? For two main reasons: We worked hard and actually graduated early. What drugs have I been on, we couldn't get the into the proper classes to graduate in the previous May, and the classes weren't offered over the summer (the more realis-

tic USB answer, that is why all the permits and ID's last 5 years).

What awaits us after graduation?
A job.

That about sums it up, if you were lucky enough you found one. However that is a difficult task in December. Most companies expect people in May. If you were smart you started looking in September. If not, I pity you. With luck you will have a jump



on the May graduates. However I suggest you start practicing this phrase, "You want Fries with that?" because that is probably where you will end up. I got lucky and had a job fall in my lap, but not until May.

We are the forgotten ones. We slip through the cracks in the system and have to put our lives on pause until the mainstream catches up with us. Even if you go to some graduate school, you will still end up waiting until September. Unless you happen to be lucky enough to find

one that allows you to start in the spring semester.

If you are unfortunate enough to be one of the forgotten ones I wish you luck. I also leave you with this poem. If you are lost, let it guide you. You may never know where life will lead you, but never give up the hope of fulfilling your dreams.

The Uncharted Horizon

I look to the future
The uncharted horizon
I go in a single direction
Forward into the unknown
can see where I've been
Though I can never return
Instead I draw strength from whence I came
I use it as the force that propels me forward
My course is unknown
Yet I move forward
I look to the direction of my travels
But my vision is unclear
I know not what lies in my path
But I shall fear it not
For life is an adventure
Into the uncharted horizon.

Congratulations graduates, and remember: these are nothing more than the ravings of The Lunatick.

The World Through My Eyes

By Philip Russo Jr

Now that the vacation is over, we all must begin the difficult task of reviving our brains from the TV-induced coma that we put them in. I myself sat and watched a lot of news over the break, and since I live in the city I turned on NY1, the New York City cable channel, and allowed the media to spoon-feed me all the information I needed to know. I had problems with a lot of the things that the television told me, but most of them revolved around the big plans Mayor Rudy Giuliani has for my dear city. Apparently Giuliani hasn't turned the city into a big enough police state, and is now beginning a shitload of projects to rectify that situation.

First and foremost, the esteemed Mayor is planing to hire sixteen hundred more police officers. No city can survive without grunts with handguns ready to keep "the streets safe". I don't know about you, but I'm not sure if I really want all those cops on the street. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I think it's a bad move to give any New Yorker permission to carry a gun. Just my opinion.

Next we have a two-fold problem. The first problem is something called the pedestrian barricades. These little devices are supposed to slow pedestrian traffic by keeping the walking public from crossing certain streets, making it easier for the automotively endowed to get where they want to go. The second problem, and

the one I am most annoyed with, is Giuliani's crack down on the evil jaywalker. Now, can you tell me what on earth is giving a person a twenty-five dollar fine going to do? I say it's just going to give police officers another reason to harass kids they would otherwise have no reason to harass.

"So," you might say, "it seems like the Mayor is just trying to get the city to run more efficiently, and cut down on the rate of accidents and such. What's the big deal?" And if it were only the examples that I have just given you, I would be inclined to agree, and chastise myself for being a worry wart, but unfortunately the problem runs much deeper. Not only do we have more cops, and more rules, but now we have the watchful eye of technology looming in one of the most frequented parks in the city. Yes there are now cameras placed strategically around Washington Square Park. That little tidbit of information almost made me lose my lunch when I first heard it, and continues to make me sick every time I think about it.

So let me put all of this together in a way that will show you exactly how my mind works. You can hop off of the Long Island Railroad one morning and proceed to your place of employment. You notice that there is an unusually high number of police officers swarming around the city, but you act like a good New Yorker, and ignore everything but your prime directive, Getting To Work. You see that the street that your place of business is on is blocked off by one

of those pesky pedestrian barricades, but you think nothing of going around it, when all of a sudden a large armed man in a uniform asks you for your I.D. and then writes you a twenty five dollar ticket. Now you're in a bad mood and you're still on the wrong side of the road, so you rush to the next corner, and you look both ways, making sure there are no cars coming. Like most new yorkers you ignore the don't walk sign because hey it's just a suggestion anyway, right? But not true, and in the middle of the street you are stopped by another cop and given another twenty five dollar fine.

You go to work and have a regular day, which we all know is really a shitty day, and all you want to do is hop on the E train into the Village and buy a dime bag and go home and smoke your day away.

Now you have arrived at Washington Square Park. You go to your favorite drug dealer and begin your purchase, when out of the corner of your eye you see the setting sun glisten off of the lens of a slowly moving camera. You snatch your ten dollars back, but you're not in time. Five officers rush towards you with their guns drawn, and arrest you and your favorite drug dealer.

Not something Orwell would write? Well I'm not Orwell, but that is the best case scenario. Just think what the worst case scenario might be like? Who knows what else might be in store for us when we wake up tomorrow morning? Who knows. . .

Painting the Zeitgeist

EX-STALLER HEAD TURNS HEADS IN SOHO

By Michael Yeh

Many visitors to the Woodward Gallery in New York City last month agreed on one thing: the exhibit certainly lived up to its name.

"Beyond the Here and Now," a collection of paintings by Stony Brook art professor Terence Netter, was on display from December 4 to January 10 at the prominent SoHo gallery.

Netter draws upon a lifetime of experience to create a unique style that seems to speak from the soul. And what a life it has been! At the age of 68, he has served as a Jesuit priest, a university professor, director of several performing arts centers, and until recently, the founding director of the Staller Center for the Arts.

But Netter's fascination with art prompted him to resume painting in 1962, after earning degrees in English, philosophy, Theology and Studio Art, and spending 15 years in preparation for his ordination. Using his religious training and academic background to become "plugged into the Zeitgeist," Netter expresses what he believes to be the evolution of the human spirit through time on his canvases.

"Like many another gifted educator, Terence Netter is very much on the jump in his own work," wrote New York Times art critic John Russell. "Theme after theme from the history of modern art floats in and out of these canvases."

"The style of these paintings is a joining of all the different worlds," said John Woodward, Director of the Woodward Gallery. "It's science, art, and religion all at once. He is a renaissance man."

These paintings were created by a reverse printing process called "frottage" that was first invented by Dadaist pioneer Max Ernst. "I was too rigid to approach a painting properly," said Netter, "But one day, I discovered an interesting texture by accident while I was removing old paint with turpentine."

After much experimentation, Netter recreated this effect by covering a water-based gesso painting with a layer of oil paint. He poured paint thinner over the canvas, causing the two layers of pigment to mix together into a rich swirling sea of color. Then he laid down pieces of newsprint paper on the wet canvas and printed off, creating the fluid forms that have become his signature. Sometimes, he paints out much of the original picture, but he always leaves a trace of his creative process.

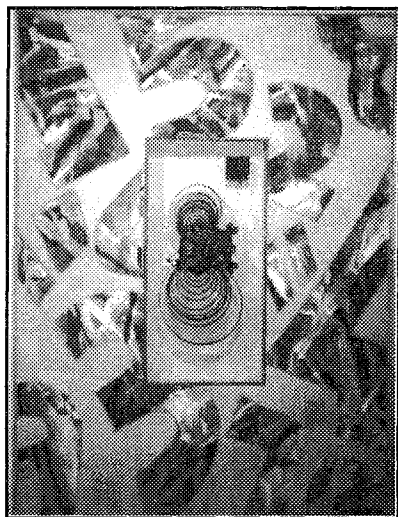
"Some people think the paintings are photographic, microscopic, and organic," said Woodward, "but most of all, they're original and extremely contemporary."

Upon learning about Netter's religious background, many visitors were surprised to find very little iconography in his paintings. "I wanted to create paintings that moved, with imagery that is not outdated and corny, and uninteresting to contemporary people," said Netter. Yet he skillfully touches the heart and offers glimpses into the spiritual world.

The human desire to make contact with

the supernatural was represented in *Communion*, with a flying frottage angel and a telephone dial. One visitor commented, "I like the idea of dial-a-prayer."

In *Windows '97*, Netter portrays the Holy Trinity with three overlapping windows representing the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. A sea of deep reddish purple frottage forms the background, which also gives rise to symbolic shapes that appear to sprout from the realm of the infinite. As in *Communion*, an angel



Hurry Up and Wait, 1993

flies over a solid circle, but its tail blends into the background. A slanted human figure juts into a solid rectangle on the lower right, with its caudal end dissolving into the purple ground below. A cross hovers between these figures, showing the delicate shades of the background.

But the most striking and mysterious message in *Windows '97* comes from the phrase at the top of the painting that reads "Ogni Speranza Voi Ch'entrate", or "All hope you who enter here." This quotation presents an optimistic antithe-

sis to the famous line from Dante's *Inferno*, "Abandon all hope you who enter here."

"The paintings made me think that I could walk into them," said junior Scott Michelitch. "There was a lot of depth to his work."

One constant feature in Netter's paintings is the use of circles. "The circle is a symbol of perfection, and therefore of God," said Netter. "I need a circle to make a painting look complete." This completeness is often achieved by portraying spherical objects from nature such as the sun and the moon.

Window to Cathedral on Mars is the only piece that doesn't contain any circles. Instead, the canvas itself is a large circle of fluid blue and white swirls covered with a geometric vermillion web. Or is it a vermillion background

covered with a blue network? The two contrasting colors compete for attention and create an illusion of gray vibrations at the edges. Netter said, "I wanted a vibrant painting, something like the Rose Window of Chartres, but with a contemporary look."

Although much of Netter's work represents the enigmatic realm of the supernatural, he often uses frottage patterns to create images of concrete objects in nature. In *Moon Rising*, the viewer peers through a layer of maple leaves to see a bright yellow moon emerging into a dark blue sky. The leaves were somewhat reminiscent of an autumn landscape, blending almost every color in the rainbow into what Woodward

describes as "a painting within a painting."

Four Seasons is a collection of four paintings inspired by nature. In *Spring*, a large yellow sphere rises behind green frottage grass blades. *Summer* has a carefree atmosphere, with an ocean of blue frottage fragments on a white background that flirts with the eye. A fish emerges from the blue swirls, but look again from the side and it becomes an angel floating in the sky. In *Fall*, light blue and crimson branches are superimposed over a dark, gloomy sky under a black moon. The emptiness of *Winter* is represented by bare tree branches with frottage bark under a bleak, bright sky. Stenciled signs at the lower left corner shout "CLOSED" and "KEEP OUT!"

"In this day and age, there is very little to get excited about," said Woodward. "There is very little art I see that is truly creative. But Terry Netter is the most unique, for he is not riding on the coattails of any artist."

Woodward believes that Netter's style may define the art of the next millennium. "You are witnessing something in this show that will become very apparent in the year 2000," he said.

The millennium is approaching rapidly, creating the same sense of urgency that Netter captures in *Hurry Up and Wait*. Multicolored numerals jump from the canvas, while a spring from a grandfather clock and a smaller electric clock tick away. But Woodward believes that people in the art world "haven't accepted the fact that the year 2000 is just a few months away," and will not realize it until late 1999. He predicted that "two years from now, there will be a major revelation in the art world, and at that point, these paintings will register."

Netter's art is already enticing those who plan for the future. Some of the paintings

on display have been sold, and some will be installed in the newly renovated Albany State Library.

To his students, however, this art is only one of Netter's many admirable characteristics. "As an instructor, he's brilliant," said senior Trinda Moses, "I've learned more from him than anyone else."

Many students admire his dedication to undergraduates

and his efforts to reach out to them. "He's not just a teacher, but he's a friend," said junior Howard Chen.

"He is a priest for atheists," commented junior Laura Kolker on his open mind. "I was impressed by his willingness to learn and grow throughout life."

Terence Netter's rich academic background and creative talent have changed the way his students view and appreciate the fine arts. "I now know the difference between 'I like it' and 'it is beautiful,'" said one student. "Professor Netter's art is beautiful. He is a rare combination of modesty and bravado."



Four Seasons, 1994-1996

Modern Dating:

The Perils of Love?

By Hilary Vidair

Once upon a time, in an era not too long ago, men and women dated, "went steady", and eventually, got married. In today's society, however, things are not as simple. There are various words associated with the different types of courtship adhered to nowadays, yet I refer to them as "talking", "seeing", and "going out".

Talking is when you just meet someone that you like. You exchange numbers and hangout a couple of times. There is no pressure to be committed because you aren't considered a couple. You're just getting to know each other.

Seeing someone is when things start to get a little more serious. People are aware that the two of you are dating, yet you are "together when you're together." In other words, both of you have the freedom to see other people.

When you are going out, the two of you become monogamous. You are officially boyfriend and girlfriend. Yet this does not guarantee falling in love, getting married, and so on. It means that you are supposed to be faithful for as long as you both agree to.

Yet in today's world, many people do not stay monogamous. Cheating seems to be a norm in young people's relationships today. People commit to each other with no intentions of remaining faithful. Many people want to see more than one person. This is perfectly fine as

long as they are honest about it to all of the people they are seeing. It is not fair to lead someone to believe that they are the only one when in fact they are not.

I know a guy that goes out with as many girls at one time that he can. He tells each of them that they are the only one for him. Meanwhile, he's banging five other girls. When asked about his behavior, his only comment is, "I got hurt once by a girl I really cared about. I don't want to get hurt again. So I tell every girl I care about her so that she'll sleep with me. I ended up caring for about twenty girls last month. If I act like this, I'm not being truthful to them, so I can't get hurt if they try to hurt me. You see, I'll have so many others left that it will be alright." The only person that this guy is hurting is himself. He'll end up alone. What he needs to do is take some risks in life. That's the only way he'll get anywhere. Otherwise, the only thing he will get is a disease.

Another guy I know cheats because his friends do. He denies it, but it's obvious. Every time he says that he really cares about someone, his friends make fun of him. They tell him that he's "whipped" and that he is wrapped around her finger. Soon after, he cheats on her. Then his boys give him pounds and he's proven to them how much of a man he is. What he is, is a moron.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that all guys are like this. And girls can be just as evil.

This girl that I'm friends with is in a wonderful relationship. In fact, it's the first decent one that she's ever had. So this is the deal. She's really nervous that the love-of-her-life may one day screw her over, which scares her because she cares about their relationship a great deal. So she goes and cheats on him with one of her loser ex-boyfriends. This way, if she ever finds out that he cheated on her, she won't feel as bad because she will know that she did the same thing to him. Can we say stupid?

The point I'm trying to make here is that if a person doesn't want to get into a monogamous relationship, they should say so from the start. Honesty is the best policy. I know that I'd rather be talking to someone who told me that they didn't want anything serious right now than someone who professed their undying love for me while fucking some other bitch(es). If people were truthful from the beginning, they wouldn't have to be so on guard about hurt or whipped.

If all you do is cheat, then either you'll get caught or you'll be stuck with the feeling of guilt when you finally do care about the person you cheated on. Then you'll either have to spill your guts and face the consequences or live with that for the rest of your life. And to all those cheaters who don't think they'll ever get hurt, what goes around comes around! You'll either be hurt by someone you really care about or end up by yourself. Then look who has the last laugh, sucker!

Urinal Etiquette

By Owen Tighe

PART II

When they visit a public toilet, women frequently have to deal with long queues and inconvenient clothing. It can't be pleasant for the girls, but they have it easy compared to us blokes. They just grab two or three other lassies (mates or strangers, it doesn't seem to matter), and off they go. Chatting, laughing, sharing make-up, and even sharing cubicles--they almost make a day of it.

For men, the whole thing is lot more complicated. Admittedly, we rarely have to wait more than a minute for a place at the porcelain, and once we're there, all the necessary equipment is readily at hand--available and in action in the blink of an eye. We barely even have to adjust our stance to take a look.

But every man will agree that when it comes to using public toilet, the obstacles in the way make the minefields of Bosnia look safe. There are a rigorous set of unspoken rules that dictate how you must react to any given toilet situation, and be warned: you break them at your own peril!

Every man's nightmare is to find four urinals in a row--with one guy at each end. Confronted with such a situation, you must make a split-second decision. Who do you stand next to? If you don't act quickly, the other men might think you're a "loiterer" and eye you suspiciously. Chances are, whoever you choose to stand next to, the other will leave almost as soon as you've started and you will be left standing cozily next to another unzipped man, with plenty of space around you. You'd better hope that you're new friend finishes and leaves

before someone else comes in and catches you standing out of position. Because if you aren't standing as far away from all other men as possible, you have broken the first rule of urinal etiquette.

The repercussions are unspoken, frequently unacknowledged, but potentially enormous. A friend of mine swears that he had a very nonchalant attitude to using the gents until the day he was caught out of position. Someone made a sarcastic comment, and now he suffers from "performance anxiety"--even after a heavy night, he cannot come up with the liquid goods in public.

If he'd been caught glancing towards his neighbors things could have been worse. In the gents, it is a cardinal sin to look at anything other than your own "best mate" or the tiles on the wall in front of you. A few bars have put tabloid sports pages in glass cases above urinals, and I applaud them. They provide plenty to occupy the mind, and prevent any temptation to check out what sort of equipment your neighbor is using.

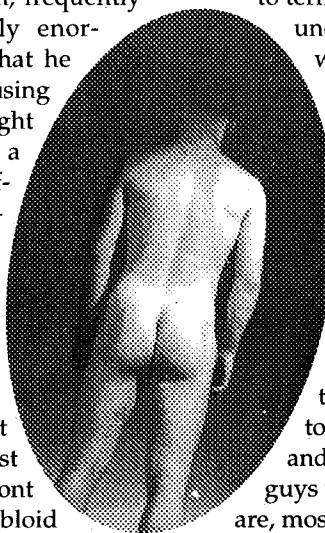
Don't get me wrong. Urinal etiquette isn't all about size--it has little to do with hiding if you're small, or parading if you're big. It is about not providing anyone (least of all yourself) with a reason for thinking you are in the bathroom for any reason other than a quick tinkle.

Maybe we're just paranoid, but in a room full of men in a state of undress, most blokes like to feel as masculine as possible. Emphatic hawking, lung

clearing, and gobbing are the most obvious attempts to strut masculinity. Some guys love it, but I always feel slightly nauseated standing next to someone who's spitting into the bowl. Likewise I've never liked the blokes that still haven't come to terms with using button flies. Instead of just undoing the fly, they feel obliged to go the whole hog, belts, top buttons, it seems the lot has to come undone. I suppose they are simply asserting their masculinity in a slightly exhibitionist way.

The most blasé urinal-users have been seen to swig beer from pints as they sprinkle the porcelain. But even these men quake in fear of the most appalling toilet situation...the arrival of girls. It is frightening, but true, that some girls feel that it is their right to use the gents when their own loo queues are too long. Only bawdy, brassy, girls do this, and they scare the hell out of men. Some guys will nervously joke about how rude they are, most blokes will try to ignore them. All guys will attempt to ensure that the girls can't see what they are up to, and some will quietly wish that the girls would put on a show for the boys and use the urinals like everyone else.

The shock of a girl in the gents is the one thing big enough to re-write the rules on urinal etiquette. It stops us from asserting our aggressive masculinity, and turns us all into fumbling thirteen year old schoolboys. I can say all the above with a reasonable amount of certainty, but I cannot say for sure whether it is good luck if the flush interrupts you mid-stream. And remember it is never acceptable to relieve yourself in the sink.



"Jammin' till the Break of Dawn"

By Sophia Rovitti

On December 30, WUSB began broadcasting the first 7-day reggae marathon in the history of music. This was also the first time that WUSB was netcast over the Internet. People all over the world were able to "tune in" by accessing the WUSB website (www.wusb.org), where they were prompted to go to the clappers site (<http://lister.ultrakohl.com>), where they could hear the broadcast. People could also listen over the phone. Reportedly, people would call on speaker-phone and leave it on all day in place of the radio.

Throughout the marathon they had a tremendous listening audience. People logged on from Austria, New Zealand, and Denmark, just to name a few of the countries. Their first request, came from Turkey.

For that week, the marathon made reggae highly accessible to countries where it is not ordinarily so. During the marathon, the people participating in it monitored the clappers website on a web-TV unit. At times, there were so many people trying to log on that the signal got knocked off temporarily.

The marathon lasted from 7pm December 30 to 5:30pm January 5. They had over 60 guests, including DJs from the tri-state area who donated their time to keep the marathon going around the clock. Reggae artists, including Beenie Man, General Degree, Michael Rose, and Morgan's Heritage, also took part in the marathon. The sponsors included Cataffo's Pizza, Eastern Pavilion, Strathmore bagels, Yvonne's Caribbean Delights, VP Records, and SOB's Nightclub. The event was coordinated by Kibrett Neguse, Lister Hewan-Lowe, and Gopher Kay, and was also made possible by the people at WUSB who gave up their time slots. Regarding the marathon, Hewan-Lowe said, "I wanted to... have people actually experience a

real reggae station. So it's a fantasy that only lasted 7 days and it had a tremendous impact."

The idea for the marathon started a few years back when Hewan-Lowe was the first person in the US to broadcast reggae for 24 hours. He did it again the following two years. One of the features of the marathon was that Hewan-Lowe would not repeat any of the tunes played during previous marathons. Eventually, he had to stop, not having the financial resources to keep up with his no-repeat policy.

It was Neguse's idea to start it up again. The two years before this it lasted for 4 days. This year they made history again with a whole week of reggae, which was prompted by the huge response they have gotten from listeners in the past.

This year the marathon came at a poignant time; a radio station in NYC, WNKW, the biggest Caribbean radio station in the area, was purchased for \$1.15 million and starting January 1 became a Spanish station. The people who organized the marathon feel that this is a great loss and that the gap needs to be filled. According to Hewan-Lowe, "In the country, politically, reggae music has been more oppressed than any other music in the history of the United States of America, much more than rap music, although rap music comes from reggae music, which is something the rock and roll press and most of the rap press don't want to admit to."

But WUSB's regular programming does include reggae shows four times a week. Reggae can be heard from 3-6am on Monday, 10-12pm on Thursday, 7-9pm on Friday, and 12-3pm on Saturday. Indecently, the show on Saturday is the longest running reggae show in the US (28 years).

Some of the videos of the marathon will be

airing on 3-TV in a few weeks. Also, sound bites and possibly video clips from the marathon will be available for downloading from the clappers website, which is the only reggae site with an active conference site and chat rooms. The clappers website was created by

Gopher Kay in Atlanta and was named after Clappers, a hard-core underground reggae record company. The word clappers comes from a Jamaican slang word, which can mean

to redo someone's

song, to have sex with someone, or to kill an enemy. Rumor has it, the marathon may be even longer next year, depending on how much time the radio station will give them. Hewan-Lowe and Neguse would like to see as many artists as possible in the studio broadcasting with them next year. Hewan-Lowe would also like to see more women behind the mic, saying that, "The whole thing behind the reggae marathon is that everybody is equal. It's not a male or female thing. It's just a oneness thing."

For those who listened to the marathon and check out the website, there are two contests there. The first one is for people to list reggae artists who were not played on the marathon. The person with the longest list will win the reggae cd on Island Records of their choice, compliments of Lister Hewan-Lowe. The second one is that if anyone has the whole marathon on tape, Hewan-Lowe will give that person a special gift for the opportunity to copy it. But, even if you don't have the tapes and don't know who wasn't played, you should still check out the website to get the sound bites and find out more about the music, the marathon, and the people who run it.

STONY BOOKS VS. WALLACE'S

By Jill Baron

Although the beginning-of-the-semester-textbook-frenzy is dying down, many of us, (myself included,) continue to ponder this question: how can a bunch of pages stuck together with boring crap written on them cost so damn much? This, I'm afraid, I can't answer. However, I did go to the two places where Stony Brook students generally buy their books, Wallace's and Stony Books, and compare prices and speak to some of the head honchos to find out, once and for all, who you should be giving your money to.

At Wallace's, the on-campus bookstore, I spoke with Richard Hastings, the textbook manager. Mr. Hastings has worked at the bookstore for about nine months. I asked him why he felt that students might prefer to shop at Wallace's instead of Stony Books. He felt that the "open base situation" makes shopping for books easier for students; students can walk around and peruse the books at their leisure [although the beginning of the semester crowds make it difficult to do so], whereas at Stony Books, students have to give the people behind the counter a list of their courses and let them retrieve the books from the back. Mr. Hastings also cited "one-stop shopping," "personalized service," the convenient on-campus location, and the fact that they employ "fellow students" as incentives for students to shop at Wallace's instead

of Stony Books. I asked him how long the bookstore has been around, and what problems they have run into in that time. The main problem the bookstore faces, he told me, is with professors not cooperating; they often don't order their books on time and don't seem concerned about their students having access to required books. They also run into problems with publishers running out of books, and they sell out of the ones they do get. Mr. Hastings also said the fact that our semester starts so late in the month causes publishers to put us on the bottom of their list; a school that starts, say, January 10th will be ensured their orders before one that starts on January 21st. As for allegations that the administration is urging professors to only order from Wallace's, he said only that Wallace's has an arrangement with the university that they must carry books for all classes. I then asked him what he would tell a professor to urge them to order from Wallace's, and he said he would tell them that it would be a help to their students and gives them the opportunity to do "one-stop shopping." In conclusion, Mr. Hastings said that because Stony Books is not under a contract with the university, they have much more freedom to do what they want in terms of prices, stock, etc.

The same set of questions were posed to the proprietor of Stony Books, Bob Bruen, who has been running the store since 1979. In regard to price being the reason for student preference for Stony

Books, he said, "It's also a comparison in service and in having the books. Are we cheaper? Yes, we do discount and we do have a lot of used books, which we're very aggressive on. Even for people who ordered last week, the books were here." Bruen said he worked seven days a week, for the last three weeks in order to prepare for the busy season. "Basically, at the used prices, we're the same, but where they might have three copies, we have 90." He said students also prefer Stony Books because, "We are a counter service, all they have to do is give us a list." He says Stony Books hasn't had many problems outside those of other similar businesses in its 19 years. As for the claim that the Administration is pushing professors to buy through Wallace's, Bruen said, "They've exerted a heavy amount of pressure on them. To me, it's a restriction of academic freedom." He said that in order to get course book lists, they aggressively e-mail, call, and send mail to professors to get their lists. He said he also has a big problem with professors not filing their course lists on time in order for them to fill book requests. "Books are expensive, there's no ifs, ands, or buts about it," he said in conclusion.

The bottom line is: if money is not that a big deal to you and you just want to get your books without having to go off-campus, Wallace's will do the job. However, if money is of concern to you, and I'll wager it is, go to Stony Books.

WAG THE DOG AND THE MEDIA'S IRAQ ATTACK

By Stephen Preston

The only good thing about *Wag the Dog* is the script.

It's not surprising that the movie was filmed in less than a month, on a low budget. There's nothing especially bad about the directing or any of the other technical work. But there's nothing impressive about it either. Scenes always seemed to be missing something unidentifiable that one expects. It would have made a fantastic play, but as a movie it's just technically unspectacular.

Some of the actors seem miscast. Robert De Niro, as one of the producers, cast himself in the central role of Conrad Brean, the White House advisor who devises the Albanian war distraction. I appreciated the way he was able to make an essentially evil character likeable and therefore keep the movie from being too simplistic; however I think someone like Michael J. Fox probably would have been better, due to his uncanny resemblance to George Stephanopoulos (whom I think this character was probably based on). De Niro, perhaps due to his previous roles, gives the impression of sleaziness, and I think someone more innocent would fit better with the ironic tone of the movie.

Most other actors were wasted. Anne Heche is reduced to simply weeping and worrying throughout the movie. But at least she has more time on the camera than Andrea Martin, who certainly deserved more than three throw-away lines. I couldn't understand half the things Willie Nelson said, because other characters kept talking over him. Woody Harrelson almost single-handedly ruined the last half hour of the movie. Dustin Hoffman plays his role of the Hollywood director Stanley Motss (a gay-bashing joke: MOTSS stands for "members of the same sex") well, but a bit too patronizingly effeminate and stereotypical for my taste. Craig T. Nelson and Dennis Leary, both of whom I ordinarily don't care for, gave surprisingly good performances, and I would have liked to see more of their characters.

But Hilary Henkin's and David Mamet's screenplay, based on the novel *American Hero* by Larry Beinhart, is hilarious. Director Barry Levinson times the lines

quickly enough that the astute viewer can just barely catch every reference in the film, a rare feat in most comedies.

The most impressive feature of this movie is that it tells a story most people are afraid to think about. The story is about a President who is accused of molesting a Firefly girl in the White House, eleven days before the election. Brean (DeNiro) recruits Motss (Hoffman) to help him distract the media until after the election, using the most dramatic story he can devise: a war with Albania. Gradually Motss and Brean concoct stories about the Albanian situation, making it more dramatic day after day as the election approaches; media reports echo word-for-word everything the President's advisors want them to say. Fads, T-shirt slogans, and

"spontaneous" demonstrations are invented by Motss' friends, portrayed by the media as genuine, and copied by the public.

The movie is more daring than most Hollywood movies: it demonstrates how easily the media can be controlled. As you are probably well aware, most movies portray journalists as unceasing crusaders for truth: *The Paper* and *The Hudsucker Proxy*, for example. Those who thought uncritically about the movie might just think it's the product of someone with a strange conspiratorial view of life. Reality is somewhat different. As a quick perusal of *Time*, the *New York Times*, or CNN will demonstrate, most reporters are happy to repeat the opinions of government officials. "Objectivity" consists of the opinions of two government officials who disagree only on tactics and timing, not on real policy.

For example, consider the current mainstream news coverage of the situation in Iraq. Compare the versions of the story you've seen in several forms of the media. In all of them, you will see the story about William Cohen and his bag of sugar (used to simulate anthrax, in order to threaten the public). You will see some "anonymous government official" talking about how he thinks the government should kill Saddam Hussein. You can see analysts dismissing Iraqi claims of poverty as propaganda; remember when a group of Iraqis protested in front of the UN embassy against the sanctions, and "experts" said Saddam had probably organized the whole thing as a trick? Did you ever see Iraq's perspective presented? Did the news

media ever seem to believe Iraq had one?

Or how about this: remember 1990, when Iraq had just invaded Kuwait, and every news outlet presented the story of a Kuwaiti nurse who claimed that Iraqi soldiers had stormed her hospital, ripped babies from incubators, and tossed them on the

floor to get the medical equipment? It was a horrifying story, and used by the media in editorials to justify a vengeful invasion of Iraq (and hopefully the murder of Saddam Hussein). Only after the war had long been over was it discovered that the entire story had been fabricated. The nurse was actually the daughter of the sultan of Kuwait; the sultan had hired an American public relations firm to demonize Iraq in order to persuade the American public to invade (which worked quite well). Why did no newspaper in the country investigate this before announcing the story?

Remember smart bombs? And how it was discovered after the war that their success rate was actually much lower than the Pentagon got everyone to believe? How about all the Iraqi

civilians who were killed when the "smart" bombs missed their military targets, or when civilian targets were bombed because military intelligence mistook them for military installations? None of this was revealed by the media until long after the war was over.

Why not? There are several possibilities. One is that mainstream news reporters concealed the truth for the sake of patriotism, afraid

that any negative publicity about the war would jeopardize the mission. But this doesn't explain why the media deceived the public even before the war had started. Another is that the media was provided with all their information by the US government, and that they never actually checked

their facts due to budget constraints. But surely the larger newspapers such as the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post* would be able to send a few reporters to Iraq and Kuwait to actually check the stories. Or it could be that the twelve corporations who own most of the major news media are just being protective of their good friends in the government, but this would require one to believe that a conspiracy is taking place. Whatever the reason, it is clear that investigative reporters were prevented by their superiors from discovering or revealing too much about the other side's story.

This is why, when other countries view our national media, they are amazed at the jingoism, and are shocked at how similar it seems to official government propaganda. Once you start to look for these sorts of perspectives in mainstream media, it is amazing how often the media presents only one side of a story, or else trivialize one side of a story (e.g. making it sound naive or unpopular). *Wag the Dog's* beauty is that it exposes how willing the media is to report what the Administration suggests. Some reviewers have summarized the movie by saying, "The movie is funny, but too unrealistic; in real life, the media would not be so gullible." More careful analysis of the media in real life, however, reveals that the movie, while not true, is not that implausible.

If you are interested in learning more about the media's role in American politics, and how dependent they are on political leaders, there is a significant amount of research you can consult. Noam Chomsky, for example, has written many carefully researched books about the media. A good introduction to his work is *The Chomsky Reader*; you can also read *Detering Democracy*, *Necessary Illusions*, *Year 501*, and other of his books for some very surprising facts about the media. For more current information, you can try to find *Z Magazine*, which often critiques mainstream media (and also runs Chomsky's articles). Go see *Wag the Dog* and laugh about how ridiculous it is; then read Noam Chomsky for a chilling account of just how accurate the basic premise is.



Bobby and Dustin share a cup of coffee and a laugh



Anne Heche takes a minute to call Ellen back



Cookin' With Mocha

With Ed Ballard



In this edition we look at the perils of dating interracially. Our special guest columnist is Ed Ballard.

Ed Ballard is a large Afro-Native American who carries a lunch box and wears bowling shoes for the sake of fashion. . . Turn to the left. . . fashion . . .

Q: I'm dating this guy and his sister is a Nazi. So, uh, I've been invited to dinner at their house. I'm a Jew and I don't know if I should cut out on them or go just to piss her off. What should I do?

A: Young lady, your course of action is all but laid out for you: piss her off... a lot. If there is one thing that I've learned about Nazis, it is that when all has been said and done, they enjoy being the butt of a good hearty joke or being flouted. This is a doubly accurate statement if the derision they receive is at the hands a black or a Jew. Also, if you really want her to appreciate you, dump your boyfriend and shtoop one of hers. Next victim!

Q: There's this, like, this friend of mine (who in no way shape or form resembles me) and he like, um, has some pets. Which might I add, there is nothing wrong with. . . nothing at all. Anyway, one day this guy was caught by his girlfriend sharing a very tender, albeit stark raving naked, moment with his burro Manuel. She actually broke up with me after that. . . do you think she has you know issues?

A:Manuel...?

Q: Yeah, um, I'm dating an Afro- American

female with these two really huge. . . ferrets, and I was just wondering-

A: HEY!!! That's quite enough stories from the Richard Gere playbook, thank you. Next!

Q: I am, what I guess you would call, a dwarf. My girly-girl, it so happens, is an Albanian center for her country's professional basketball league. Everything about this relationship has, so far, made me happier than a wild boar in slop but there's just one problem...Whenever we get together to go to the movies she leans over to the ticket guy and says, "One adult and one child please." Then she starts to laugh and laugh and roll around on the floor as I sheepishly pay and apologize for her behavior. What I want to know is... are all honkies this cheap??? I mean godamn!!!

A: My ottoman-sized friend, you couldn't be more right about honkies. Just make your yeti-like associate know that if she doesn't start pulling her weight (which, I understand, in her case is no easy task) you will stop... performing, if you catch my drift. Remember even though you may be from the Diminutive Republic, you are still a brother, and we all know that the heat of the meat is directly proportional to the angle of the dangle. If she somehow does not respond to this threat, (hard to imagine, I know,) take a page from the book of many successful people, and kick her while she's down.

Q: I belong to a modest sorority of some fifty or so young women. Last summer we turned down an offer to pose for Playboy in the Riviera.

Mainly because many of us already agreed to work full-time on maintaining the Fulbright scholarships we won. We don't communicate very well, but one thing we have noticed is that we have an almost unnatural predilection for darker skinned men. Particularly, African or Native American men. Is this a problem?

A: I regret that you did not contact me sooner. I do not mean to alarm you but YOU ARE IN GRAVE DANGER. The only way this situation can be remedied is immediate and personal counseling by yours truly. Please don't endanger yourself by seeking help elsewhere. Also, I have a shorter. . . er. . . brother who can also help you and your friends. Godspeed my child.

Q: My son is given to vacuuming a lot more, in fact, then I thought was healthy for a young man. So I began to stake out his hoover and what I discovered was startling. Sometimes he dons speedos and dances in front of the mirror with the hose part. Once, when he thought I wasn't home he covered himself in raspberry jam then-

A: Mother?!?...Ahem, that's all for today thank you. 'Til next time....remember it's nothing personal, just have your momma pay me by the end of the week.

Ed Ballard is a syndicated schmoo, with a degree in lap dancing from the Dinah Shore Charm School in Topeka, Kansas. This column is the result of Philip Russo's unending whining.

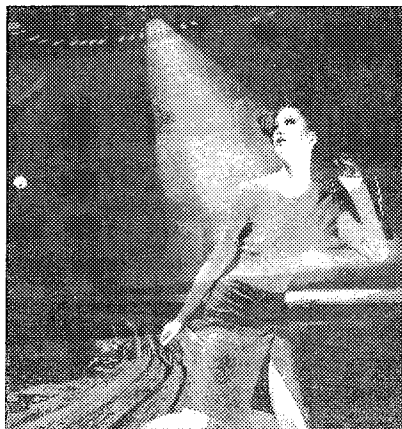
Beam Me Up

By Amanda C. Stevens

I am a skeptic. I have no qualms about questioning anything and everything. One of my primary rules is "Don't believe it, if you can't see it." One of the subject that falls under this umbrella is that of aliens. As a skeptic, therefore, I must expose the entire alien abduction conspiracy for the crap it really is.

I must be the last person in the United States of America who has not been picked up and probed in some demented manner by aliens. I am beginning to believe that nearly every American I know thinks that he has been abducted by aliens. Perhaps you have deluded yourself into believing that you, too, have been on the "mother ship."

I have one friend in particular who insists on calling me to relate his latest experience. I have now heard the same played out story nearly a thousand times. It usually begins with a phone call at 4 a.m. I pick up the ringing beast and my friend



Ahplom ozona ah-ah ecree nanserrr...

whines "I can't get any sleep tonight because 'They' came for me again." I think to myself, "O dear God, not again". This is what comes from staying up all night with Jack Daniels. I almost even say, why of all the people in America would 'They' choose you to pick up? Why not a Nobel Laureate or the President? My friend is an unusually ordinary person with a minimum wage job, a minimum cumulative grade point, and a minimally exciting life.

However, I breath deeply, listen halfheartedly, and go down the road I have traveled too many times before. I ask "Did 'They' take you after you masturbated again because 'They' know you're in a weakened state?"

My friend responds enthusiastically, "Yes, how did you know? I was lying in bed, nearly on the verge of sleep. And suddenly this horrible loud noise paralyses my body. Three alien beings enter the room and 'They' regard me coldly like a science experiment. And that's just what I am to them, don't you understand? We were transported aboard their galactic star cruiser and there I was restrained with invisible space restraints and 'They' began their sick experiments on me. I was naked of course."

At this point my mind begins to wander and I usually find that depending on my friend's sexual tastes at that time his alien abduction somehow fulfills a particular fantasy. For example, if he's on a S & M kick then there is some kind of painful experimentation such as a beating or an alien walks on his face in high heel shoes. Perhaps even electrodes are attached to him because the aliens seem to enjoy finding out where human beings are most vulnerable. Sometimes there is the occasional organ removal or accidental amputation of various important bit and pieces. At the end of the ordeal, my friend insists "Then 'They' tagged me with a special receptor in my brain and you know that's why we always get bad

reception on my car's radio. I was then transported back into my own bed and nothing was different. It was like I wasn't even gone. Then I called you before I forgot what happened."

I sometimes wonder to myself, why didn't the aliens give the subject a special forgetting shot. I mean 'They' can travel for thousands of light years, why don't 'They' have a brain eraser? In the end I finally say, "That's terrible. I hope it doesn't ever happen again."

I am certain that future generations will make fun of us for this obsession we have with aliens. Our collective consciousness has been completely infiltrated with the little buggers. For instance, we all know that 'They' have huge black eyes and large heads, with tiny bodies. For some reason 'They' have no apparent clothing or sexual organs. These other worldly creatures appear on everything from tee-shirts and posters to coffee mugs. Some day we will look back on the 1990's and feel embarrassed for the same reason that past generations have hung their heads in shame over such objects as the Pet Rock and the Hula Hoop. Our only response to such inquiries as to what we were thinking will be to sheepishly grin and shuffle our feet. Perhaps you might even hear yourself saying "The National Inquirer seemed like a credible primary source of information at the time."

In conclusion, I hope that I do piss someone or something off up there in the cosmos with my skeptical opinions. I bet all the true believers are thinking "It would serve her right if they did beam her up." That would be fine with me. I have always wanted to meet Elvis in person. Furthermore, there would be one more plot for the X-Files.

Chin Slinky

CHIN SLINKY
By Lowell Yaeger

Say what you want about Ween; at least they give you your money's worth.

At three-plus hours, Ween's latest visit to the New York area was a delightful but exhausting performance. They answered the unspoken question of every Ween fan at the show ("will they play <insert song here>?") by playing as much of their discography as they could -- in short, too much of a good thing.

After years of listening to them, I still cannot adequately distinguish between the two members of Ween. I'm almost sure that Aaron Freeman is known as "Gene" Ween, and he handled most of the vocal duties, while his brother, "Dean" Ween, aka Mickey Melchondio, played an adequate, if not entirely stunning, lead guitar.

The band opened with "The Mollusk", the title track off of their new album, where Freeman proceeded to sing in a "so Yes it hurts" falsetto while his "brother", Melchondio, laid down some intricate skronk to the delight of the mixed (stoners/Deadheads/NYU pompous asses) crowd. That led straight into "Spinal Meningitis (Got Me Down)", a truly disturbing number that found Freeman squeaking "Why they wanna see my spine, mommy?" in the voice of a terrified infant.

The first half of the show was absolutely perfect. For the most part, Ween are richly endowed with every quality a great

live band has: everyone knows the songs well enough that no set-list is needed (they even took a few requests); everyone seems to like everyone else, so there's no tension; and the band seems to be genuinely happy about performing -- I haven't seen goofy "gosh, it's fun to play" smiles like this since Fishbone. But knowing Ween, those smirks might have just been grimaces of strychnine gas.

The band worked their way through all of Ween's albums with the speed and attention to detail of a dental hygienist. Highlights included a rousing rendition of "Mister, Would You Please Help My Pony?", the obscure non-album track "Puerto Rican Power", and the anthemic "Don't Get 2 Close (2 My Fantasy)".

Ween has the remarkable ability to pair hysterically obnoxious lyrics with amazing songwriting, something that stood out

even more so live than it does on record. Tracks that seemed like throwaway jokes on record, like "The Golden Eel" and "The Stallion Pt. 3", took on a life of their own when performed by a live band.

Unfortunately, the band began to overstay its welcome. The show lost its continuity shortly after the second hour, and the obviously tired band began to throw songs at random out to the crowd. Not bothering to take a break for an encore, the band pushed doggedly ahead, breaking off into improvisational jams that went nowhere and did nothing. By the time the keyboardist -- an oddball

who looked like a cross between MacGyver, the dad from *The Hogan Family*, and John Tesh -- performed a straight-faced world music solo, things had gotten pretty far out of hand.

Royal Fingerbowl opened with a not-entirely-irritating set of folk and rock -- not to mention a Jimi Hendrix cover. Quite a motley crue: a hardcore drummer, a bummy looking guitarist-singer who played sitting down, and an upright bassist with a tie-dyed Star Of David shirt and a long blonde ponytail. They didn't blow me away, but compared to some of the other opening acts I've seen, they were a breath of fresh air.



The boys from Ween take a nice cold shower

Hold the Oregano, Please

By Marlo Allison Del Toro

I admit it: I think the Spice Girls are okay. For pre-teens. I mean, when I was twelve I listened to Tiffany and Paula Abdul, which are of the same genre, maybe, in certain circles, pop is in. So, I thought a self-parody film of them would be amusing. Having written that, I am now sad to report that Bob Spiers' *Spice World* is a seasoning disaster.

Spice World is supposed to be a week-in-the-life-of-the-Spice Girls comedy, but I'm tempted to label it, as some Spice-bashers do, a horror flick. Horror as in it is scary that a group of people got together, scripted, filmed, and edited this junk and thought it was good. Well, it deserves the zero stars it earned. The movie is chock full of semi-related sub-plots (like that other winner, Gary Altman's *Ready to Wear*) and Peter Brady-like, my voice is changing, sing-alongs.

The songs in *Spice World* were all obviously pre-taped, and much worse versions of the Girls tracks. Their producer definitely didn't do a good job. But, if the Spice Girls don't care, then oh well. An even drearier musical moment came when Meatloaf (Dennis the bus driver) said that he loved the girls, would do anything for them, but he won't do that.

I won't do that, is something the Girls should have said when some of these scenes were proposed to them. Luckily a few of the worst were left on the cutting room floor, including the scene from the preview in which one of the Girls says that she is hot and needs a fan. Just then a 12-year-old runs

in screaming and then runs out, and the Girls then say, "That feels much better." Victoria (Posh Spice) specifically should have had problems with the script. Not only was hers the most one-dimensional character, it was especially obvious that the girl can't dance. In the army/dance scene the camera often cuts her out of the shots, or the camera angle changes just before she was supposed to turn, shake, or shimmy. I'm sure it's not only because she's fashion

conscious that the director put her in a mini-skirt and pumps when the other girls were in combat fatigues. The restrictive clothing made it so that Vicky wasn't expected to do the tricky stunts.

The other Spices didn't have any defining moments like Posh's, but they all need to work on their dancing and body tone. After all, they aren't really singers they're entertainers.

As Thom, 26 of Bay Shore, said, "This movie fucking sucked balls and not in a good way." So, although I know several 8-year-olds that desperately want to see this film, I wouldn't suggest that

any adult waste their money on *Spice World*.

Spicy Horror

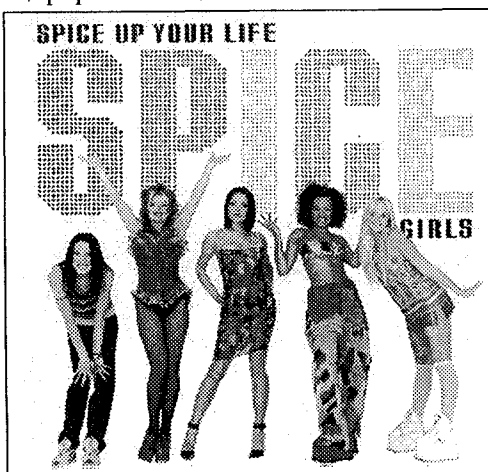
I have a suggestion that may make *Spice World* bearable. The idea came to me partly because Meatloaf, who pops up several times during the movie, first starred in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

As we all know, *Rocky Horror* isn't a movie masterpiece. The best part of the movie is the audiences ability to laugh at the stupidity of the characters and the movie's cheesiness. Since *Spice World* seems to have this same attribute, as shown through the uproarious laughter every time one of the girls TRIED to make a joke, I think we the people should make it into a movie classic in the same fool-hearty way.

First whenever Meatloaf shows up on screen the entire audience should yell, "Eddie." Secondly, when Geri (Ginger Spice) says, "Girl Power," the audience could yell, "Bullwinkle. Finally," as the kicker, during the spittle scene the audience could spray each other using seltzer bottles.

Other suggestions include: requiring that the audience come dressed in platforms, shimmying-along during "Spice Up Your Life", peppering other audience members with spices every time the word bum is said or every time a bum is seen, and yelling, "Suck it Baby", whenever Emma (Baby Spice) is sucking on a lolly-pop.

Anyone interested in starting a *Spicy Horror Picture Show* event with me, please email (mdel-toro@ic.sunysb.edu).



How long can the fame last?

NOT DEAD YET

By Steveoh!

Writer Emeritus
Alumnus Extraordinaire
All-Around Good Guy

**The Rolling Stones at Madison Square Garden
January 14, 1998**

My friend Sean called me up two days ago and asked me if I would want to see the Stones. I already saw them at Giants Stadium during their "Voodoo Lounge" tour, yet I literally jumped at the chance to see them again at the Garden for \$85. So I consummated the deal with an emphatic "Yes!" The Fucking Rolling Stones at the Fucking Garden! Whoo-hoo!

The plans were for me to meet Sean and his girlfriend, Corrine, at Mustang Sally's at 6pm. Being that I work on the east side, I left my office at 5:30 and took the M42 Crosstown bus. I had never taken this before. The driver, a heftier Shirley Hemphill with a gracious smile, narrated all the sights on 42nd Street with the voice of a hypnotist. She offered us such nuggets of information like "This is Grand Central Terminal. If you go inside and look up, you will see a star map. Because of the bright lights of New York City, you can't see stars at night. But you can at Grand Central. But be careful not to hurt your neck!" or my favorite "This is the New York Public Library. Oh no, this isn't a library where you can rent out books! They have all artifacts for you to look at! If

you try to take a book out, my friends Mr. and Mrs. Security Guard will take you away!" All this for \$1.50! I considered myself fortunate! I got off at 7th Avenue and accidentally took the 1-9 Express downtown. I had wanted to get off at 28th Street, but I got dropped off at 14th, so I jumped off and took the 2-3 back uptown, where I got off at Penn Station. Disaster was neatly averted.

I met Sean and Corrine at Mustang Sally's, a bar/restaurant on 28th and 7th. We got a table in the back and ordered. Corinne ordered corned beef, while Sean and I both ordered Reubens and a plate of Buffalo Wings. If you ever go to Mustang Sally's, order the Reuben. It's mmm mmm good! We then paid our bill and headed for the Garden early because we had an extra ticket to sell. The Garden was packed with scalpers and news crews. MTV was there with all different reporters. They were doing a story on scalping. By the way, every single one of the MTV reporters were very good-looking. Sean took off to sell his ticket, and Corrine and I walked around, trying to get our faces in the background of an interview. We were interviewed by a gorgeous newswoman from NBC. I think her name was Vicky or something like that. She was absolutely breathtaking. Unfortunately we didn't make the cut for the 11 o'clock news. Screw them. Anyway, Sean sold his ticket and we headed to our seats.

Our seats were located behind the stage. It was frustrating to watch Fiona Apple jiggle around and not see her bellybutton. So the three of us walked around. What struck us as odd was the

high number of handicapped people at the concert. There had to be at least 50 people in wheelchairs. Not that handicapped people shouldn't go to concerts, but I found it pretty odd. It was also strange that waiters sold bottles and glasses of champagne. I can honestly say I have never seen that before at a concert where you can pronounce the performer's name. At around 9:30, the Stones came out. It's needless to tell you that they were beyond amazing. I implore everybody to see them perform live at least once. It's mind-boggling to see 55-year-old men run around like 6-year-olds for three straight hours. Everybody was standing and dancing and singing - except for the couple next to me. I would say they were in their early thirties, probably doctors. They just had that look. Not that doctors have a look, but I just got that feeling. Anyway, for three hours, they sat there or just stood like cardboard cutouts. The guy knew "Honky Tonk Woman" and he picked up "Jumpin' Jack Flash" halfway through the song. She was totally uninterested. I wanted to ask them why they were there, but I chose not to awaken them from their naps. They left DURING the first song of the encore, which was "Sympathy for the Devil." What a waste of \$170, in my opinion. The concert ended at 12, and all was well with the world, except for the old guy who sat in front of me who had a horrible stench. Did you ever notice how the older people get, the more they smell like death? Anyway, next time around, go see the Stones. Before Keith dies.

WUSB 90.1 FM TOP 30

January 19, 1998

- 1.curve: chinese burn (universal)
- 2.doktor kosmos: coctail (minty fresh)
- 3.hum: downward is heavenward (rca)
- 4.recoil: unsound methods (reprise)
- 5.aquarhythms: greetings from...(astralwerks)
- 6.dj shadow: preemptive strike (mowax)
- 7.yamo: time pie (hypnotic)
- 8.for against: shelf life (world dom)
- 9.fatboy slim: better living...(astralwerks)
- 10.imani capola: chupacabra (columbia)
- 11.joy electric: robot rock (bec)
- 12.his name is alive: nice day (4ad)
- 13.david poe: s/t (epic)
- 14.peter gratton: \$203 in library fines! (really)
- 15.dirtys: you should be sinnin (crypt)
- 16.biosphere: substrata (thirst ear)
- 17.komputer: world of tomorrow (mute)
- 18.young pioneers: fall of richmond (lookout)
- 19.bardo pond: lapsed (matador)
- 20.cramps: big beat from badsville (epitaph)
- 21.free kitten: sentimental education (killrockstars)
- 22.chico banks: candy lickin man (evidence)
- 23.arcana: arc of testimony (island)
- 24.the dave chow experience: monkey time (bar none)
- 25.verbena: souls for sale (sentanta)
- 26.promise ring: nothing feels good (jade tree)
- 27.laika: sounds of satellites (too pure)
- 28.apples in stereo: tone soul evolution (spinart)
- 29.velour 100: of color bright (tooth and nail)
- 30.rodeo boy: how is it where you are (sit n spin)

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27th Supergenius & My time on Earth

Goon 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.
Continued from previous issue....

...when I saw the large shape with the unmistakable hair and beard form a shadow in that circle of light, I knew I was in trouble. I froze like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming truck, but it did no good -- the Goon, in his natural habitat, saw as clearly as if it were day.

He ran forward and grabbed me by the waist in a semi-bear hug. My mind was racing. I can't accurately recall the experience, simply because I was so confused. The Goon's friend grabbed my helmet and tore it off.

"You're that Cleveland guy who's been writing about me in The Press!" the Goon roared.

I said nothing. Even if I could calm down enough to speak, I couldn't think of anything to say. The last shred of rational thought I possessed told me to make choking sounds, to ease the bear hug and buy time while I thought of an excuse.

"Buh! Buh!" I cried.

He loosened his arms and I slid to the floor, still choking. I ran a hand over my chest. The area where the Goon had grabbed me was warm, but intact and unbruised.

"Bug exterminator," I said after clearing my throat one last time. "I'm a bug exterminator."

The Goon looked at me suspiciously and took a step back. His friend poked him in the shoulder and said in a thick Eastern European accent, "I think he may be telling thuh truthski. Look at theese helmet!"

I relaxed a little bit as the Goon's face softened. Then his features hardened again, and he said, "What are you doing under my bed?"

"I had to poke around the, uh, your, furniture. And I fell in."

"And into the tunnel in the wall?" asked the Goon.

Oh well.

He grabbed me by the throat and pushed me up against the wall. "You ARE that Cleveland guy!"

"I don't know who you're talking about," I sputtered, my voice choked by the hand on my throat. His hand was so big that it engulfed my throat fully, and took in a good bit of shoulder in the process.

"Shut up!" he yelled. He looked at me for a minute, unsure of what to do. The look on his face was one of desperation and bewilderment, but it didn't seem like he was going to do anything violent.

Then they threw the burlap bag over my head, grabbed me by the chest and legs, and carried me off. I was roughly folded in half, shoved into what felt like a rough box, and it was more than an hour before I could finally wriggle into a position that allowed me to pull the bag off of my head.

The Goon and his companion had gone upstairs and left me in a kind of wrought-iron contraption made from steel chair legs and heavy twine.

No one else was in the room. I was in the chamber directly below the Goon's bed, which had been moved back over the hole. My knees were an inch deep in damp cigarette filters. I stood, stretching my legs and wincing at the stiffness I found there.

The bed above me creaked slightly, and I

heard muffled voices. I prayed it was still the Goon's friend, and not his female friend. While my scientific curiosity allows me to view without judgment much that others might find repugnant, watching the Goon engage in intercourse is just too much for me to handle.

I shook one of the "bars" of my cage and found it loose. In fact, all of the bars were loose. It was obvious that the Goon had never actually kept anything in here before. I hypothesized that it might have been a play fort at one time, but I sincerely doubt the Goon could fit his girth between its narrow walls. I doubt even his friend could fit there. I was having trouble myself. When I pushed one of the bars and pulled the one perpendicular to it, the heavy twine joint snapped, and the entire structure collapsed.

Thanks to the cigarette filters, the crash was minimal. I looked around for my helmet, couldn't find it and decided I could just build a new one. That didn't help my current position, though.

What could I do to escape? I thought desperately. They were clearly upstairs, so I couldn't just scurry out. But maybe by providing them with a distraction, they would lose their bearings and give me the few precious seconds I needed to escape. The tantalizing thought that a dorm hallway was less than ten feet away was tormenting, to say the least.

Realizing I was probably going to get hurt but equally sure that if I stayed I was going to get made into anthropologist l'orange, I reached up so my hand was underneath the bed, above the rim of the hole I was in but below the slightly squeaky mattress above me. My hand closed around the nearest bed leg and I pushed as hard as I could.

It worked even better than I had planned. The opposite end of the bed, at the other side of the room, slid over the edge of the hole and crashed into the pit. My wrist was bent back as the bed slipped and fell, and my head saw stars when the bed's metal rim struck my forehead.

Determined to escape, I wriggled free of the furniture, crawled around it, and almost made it out of the pit when the Goon, his eyes blazing with pain and rage, grabbed my ankle and dragged me towards him.

The smell was awful. Based on his relative lack of smell before, I assumed that the stench's intensity and depth was dependent on the Goon's emotional state. Rage was one of those emotions that made it flare up, thick and chunky. I gagged and then gagged harder as he grabbed me by the throat.

"Look. We have to work something out," I choked. "If I'm not back in a little while, people are going to come looking for me."

This comment appeared to have no impact on the Goon. His expression remained featureless. Maybe he was thinking about something else, I don't know. I repeated myself, to make sure he heard, but he cut me off.

"Are you going to write any more articles?" he asked.

"We should write some articles about heem in the Presski," barked his friend.

"You're a little twerp," the Goon said to me. "Why don't you go half-fuck yourself, you little twerp?"

"What does that mean?" I asked. The bed, in a precarious position already, sank another foot under the weight of the Goon, his friend, and myself.

"What does what mean?" he growled.

"Go half-fuck yourself. Who talks like that?" I was genuinely bewildered.

He flung me to the floor of the main room and then climbed off the bed after me. The sudden impact knocked the wind out of me, and I found myself unable to speak.

"You have to let him go," said the Goon's friend. "He's right. People weell come looking for heem."

The Goon froze, and his stony pensive features softened somewhat. His rigid upper lip resumed its characteristic half-witted lift and the dull light glittered off his hairy gums and teeth. I noticed that his stomach moved of its own accord while he thought. The air whistled in and out of his nostrils, which flared rhythmically, and the bulge of his gut pulsed monstrously to the same beat. Could his stomach be prehensile?

"Meet me tomorrow at the shrimp bar in Bleacher's. We'll talk there," he said. Then he picked me up by the neck again, opened the door, and threw me out into the hallway. His door crashed shut; I collapsed into a ball and shuddered helplessly.

The Goon had already worked his way through a large plate of peeled shrimp by the time I arrived the next day. Of course, I didn't come alone; I had three friends observing from throughout the cafeteria, and a fourth stationed at the door.

"Why do you write about me?" the Goon asked. No "hello," no "so did you like my place," just "why do you write about me?"

The question was understandable, I guess. "Because you're different."

"You're a little faggot," he said. "I hate you, you four-eyed little faggot."

I whipped out my notebook and wrote down that he likes to use the word "faggot" derogatorily. He reached for it to grab it and take it, but decided to get more shrimp instead.

"When are you going to stop?" he asked.

"As soon as I'm done," I said.

He pressed one chubby hand against the exposed skin of my forearm. Up until now, all physical contact had been through clothing; this was my first flesh-on-flesh experience with the Goon. The skin began to prickle and itch, and when he withdrew his hand, it had left a bright red blister-ridden band, from my elbow to my wrist.

I whimpered in pain and staggered away. My mind was running, but more than anything else, I needed to get to a bathroom, to wash it off. A strange smell was already beginning to rise from my arm.

"This is the last one," he said. "No more."

"Okay!" I screamed. "Okay! Just don't touch me again!"

So this is, indeed, the last one. Fearing for my (social) life and having already transgressed as many boundaries as I'm allowed, I've shut down the project. I've certainly seen some fascinating things, though. And my arm is starting to heal! The dermatologist couldn't identify the infection, but it isn't spreading, and the heavy duty anti-bacterial cream seems to be making a dent. The blisters don't itch as much and the smell is completely gone.

So what can we conclude from this semester-long journey into the heart (or stomach) of darkness? Pages and pages of scholarly analysis? A short summation of the Goon's existence? These things are for those that come after me, the students and professors who study the observations made by myself. Previous installments of GOONS IN THE MIST will certainly speak for themselves as they stand the test of time and enable others, smarter and braver than I, to pursue the Goon throughout his travels so that science might understand... and one day accept.

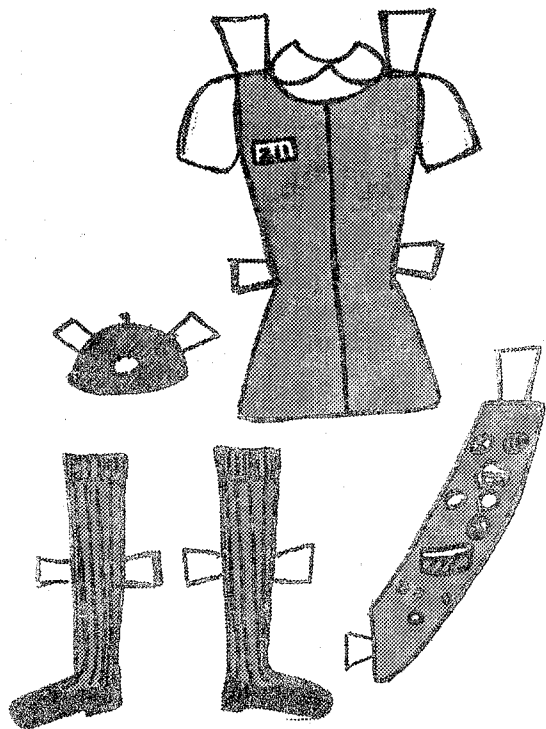
The Goon isn't quite human, but he isn't quite a monster, either. He's just a big fat person who smells really bad.

BE GOOD OR THE PAIN CONTINUES

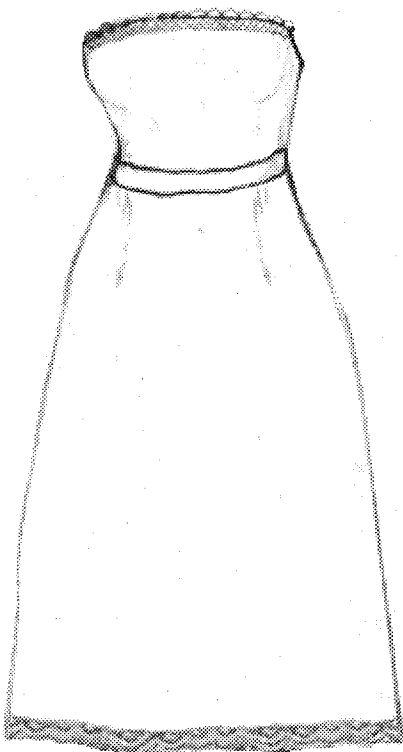
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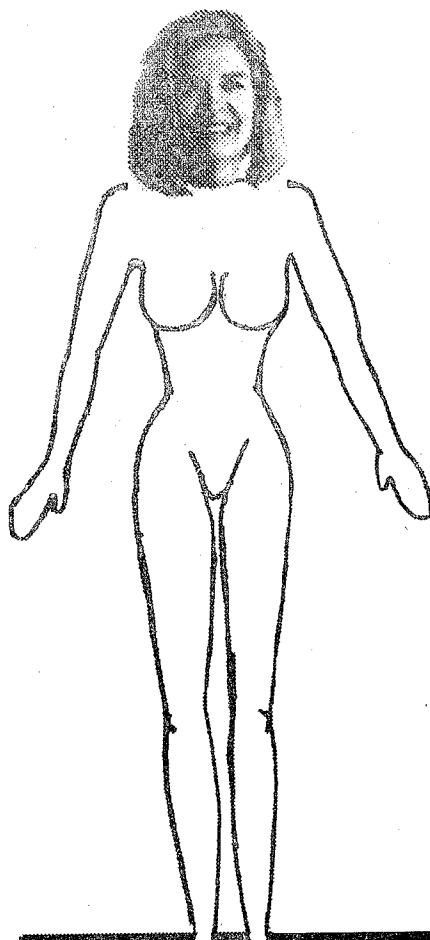
Evening Gown

Instructions:

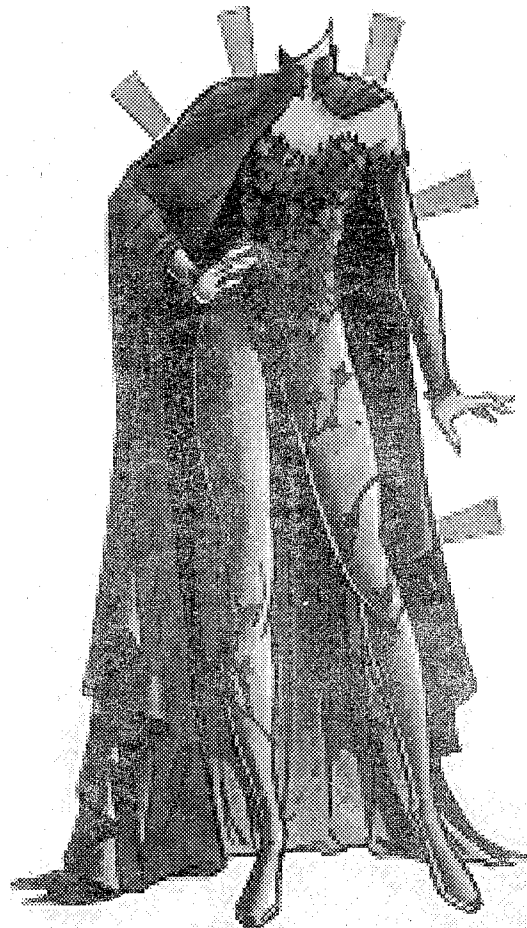
Select an outfit, or any combination of outfits. Cut out Candy's body and the clothes you want, and attach them to her frame.

Put your creation on the cover of a student newspaper and wait two months. Then watch the news vans roll in!

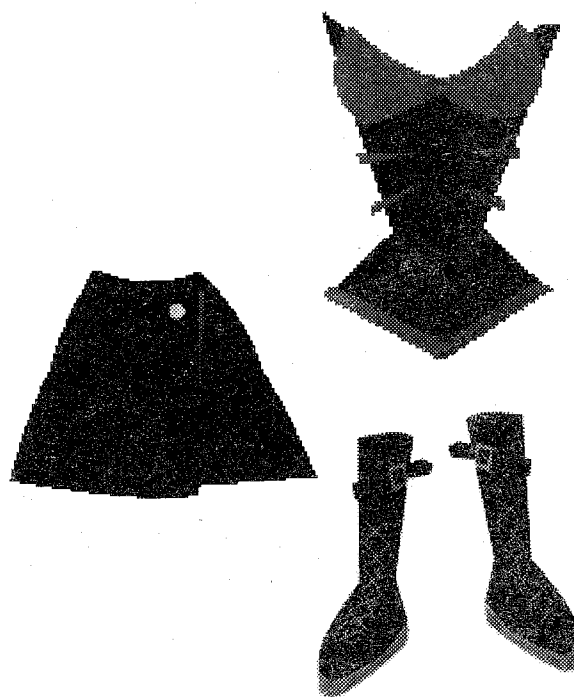
Enjoy!



Hi! My name is Candace!



"Poison Ivy"



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