

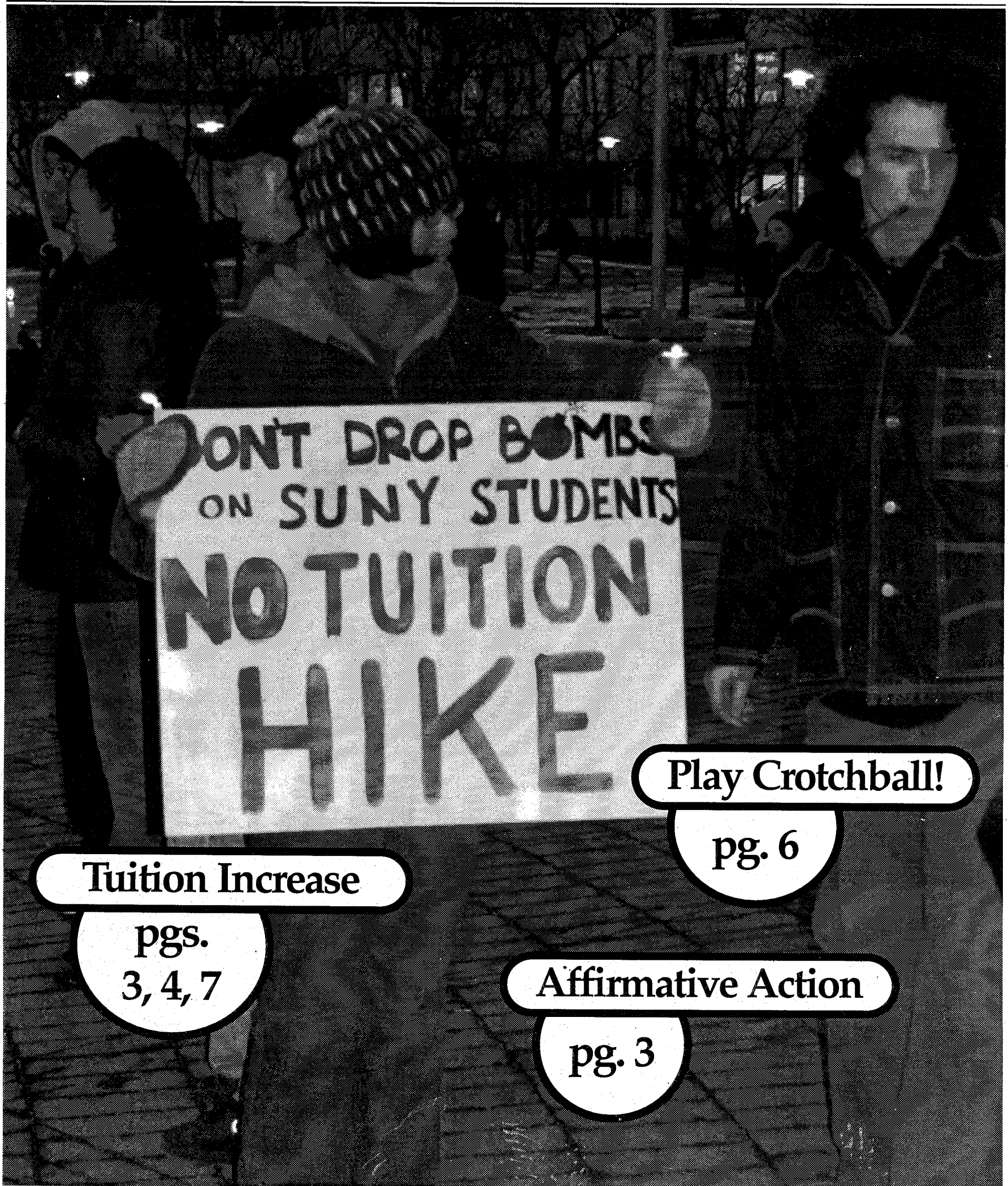
THE STONY BROOK

PRESS

Vol. XXIV, Issue 8

"I kick ass for the lord!"

Feb. 6, 2003



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Self Indulgent First Person Journalism

By Bev Bryan

The two buses chartered by the Stony Brook Social Justice Alliance to take people to Washington D.C. were mostly full of townies. Apparently there were few students at this apathetic commuter college who were able or inclined to show up for the six a.m. meeting time. The woman sitting next to me was coming to Stony Brook for the first time this Spring to study health sciences. She has grown children, and remembers protests against other unpopular wars on foreign soil. I personally don't really remember Dukakis or the Iran/ Contra scandal.

We watched the sunrise over New Jersey and talked about our hopes for the future of American democracy, and our fear of the bitter cold that we expected for the day we had planned to spend marching through the nation's capitol against a war that even many who demonstrated believe cannot be averted.

When the bus let us out in front of the National Mall around eleven the sun was shining brightly and the party was just getting under way. The wind wasn't biting and my companion was able to kneel and, without much trouble, print Long Island Grandmother Against The War on the poster board she brought. Placard in tow we set off on a tour of the mall. Communists and Socialists of every imaginable stripe ranged the lawn asking for donations in exchange for their political newspapers. The Long Island Grandma noted with pleasure the number of people of color who had turned out to demonstrate their opposition to the war, reflecting that this was more than a white liberal issue. I noted silently with pleasure that not everyone there was a dirty hippy.

The crowd really did look like a cross-section of America. Bands of people held banners identifying themselves as visitors from nearly every state in the union. If the composition of the crowd was any measure, then the Midwest does not want this war any more than the supposedly more leftist coasts. There were a lot of people there old enough to remember the Second World War, along with the usual bunch who were in middle and elementary school during the Gulf War. Veterans Against The War held up photographs of Donald Rumsfeld with captions that said: NEVER SERVED. A lot of people brought their kids.

There were two stages with enormous amplifiers set up and a wide space between one another on the mall. The crowd was so thick I never actually got to see any of the public figures who spoke but they could be easily heard. From Al Sharpton to Jessica Lange, they all invoked Martin Luther King's name as one who fought for peace through peaceful means as well as one who had explicitly condemned the Vietnam War. Organized by the activist group A.N.S.W.E.R., the demonstration was held two days before the great leader's birthday in an effort to draw strength for this anti-

war movement from the ideals King's name represents. It's hard to imagine him supporting this war.

There was a crush as the march began and things got off to a slow start. This is not surprising considering there may have been 50,000 people there. The mainstream press definitely underestimated but A.N.S.W.E.R. definitely overestimated. That's usually how it works anyway. If you want to know how many people were at a demonstration double the Time's estimate or halve the organizer's.

I found an old friend who goes to school in the city. She introduced me to the kids she came with and I lost my bus buddy in the crowd. Our lit-



tle band fell into step with a group whose banner identified them as Young Uptown Communists Against the War. They are a group of mostly Black and Latino socially committed high school and college students. I nearly learned to say "can't stop the power of the people 'cus the power of the people don't stop" in Spanish but I am slow of wit. Chants in English included: "hey, hey, ho, ho this racist war has got to go" and other variations on traditional protest chants. Jumping up and down and shouting at the top of your lungs is a good way to keep warm and incidentally to keep from losing your mind. My friend seems to know about one in ten Americans and knew a few of the Uptown Communists already so we stuck with them for most of the five hour march.

They were good company. They had brought a lot of laughter and energy and hope with them on their bus along with their own newsletter. We passed another bunch of youthful socialists chanting, among other things, about their ambition to set the president's ass on fire. I wasn't immediately averse to the idea but then an Uptown Communist shouted them down pointing out that this was a peace rally. She was right.

There were a lot of young men and women who came to the rally with drums and costumes and a spirit of celebration. Kids dancing and banging pots and pans stood in sharp contrast to groups of older demonstrators like the bearded Midwestern types we passed who were marching

to a dirge-like rendition of "We Shall Overcome" on the tuba.

Um, there's strength in diversity.

Shop owners and other DC residents lined up along the street to watch the parade.

A lot of people were there to show their support. There was one memorable group of men standing in front of a bar with posters that read: AVERAGE WHITE GUYS AGAINST THE WAR. Along the parade route leading between the mall and the Washington Naval Yard only one sign could be seen denigrating the march. Some young Republicans society stood on a marble balcony with a banner that read: HIPPIES GO HOME. Scathing.

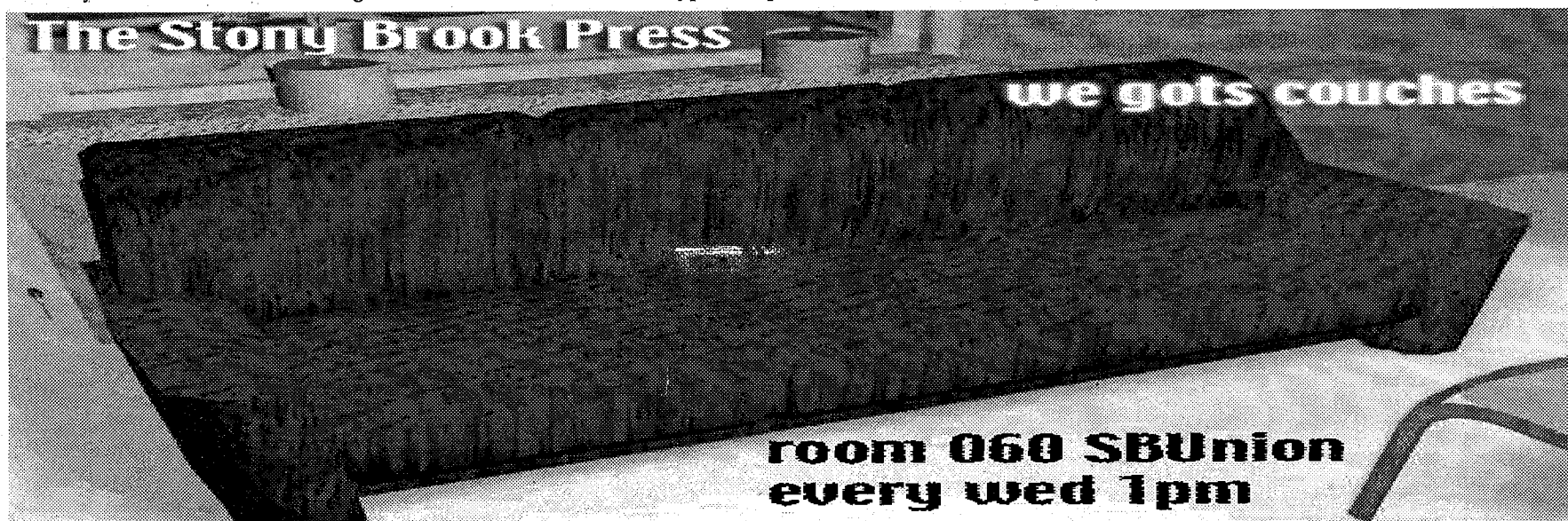
This was an officially permitted rally and there were no incidents of police brutality that I saw or heard about. But the police were always there along with the constantly hovering white helicopters. I heard a little civil disobedience was planned for the following day but I don't know what came of that. I know that as the sun went down I lost all feeling in my hands and face. My new friends couldn't understand me when I tried to bid farewell through frozen lips. There was some mishap in getting the Social Justice Alliance group back together with the bus to Stony Brook but other than that no problem. It was a party and you should have been there.

I was there because I believe that citizens should be able to define the terms of political discourse and that one extra warm body at a peace rally can help to do that. What gets you through the night?

It was for similar reasons that I joined a group of about thirty Suffolk county residents in front of a Methodist church on Route 25A close to Old Field Road (that actually doesn't narrow it down much) for a candle light vigil the following night. It was definitely a Long Island grandparents type crowd but there were a few younger people. People without candles held up signs that said HONK FOR PEACE and similar things. A lot of people honked for peace. We were positioned at an intersection and at some red lights there would be two or three drivers leaning on their horns at once.

It was like music. A few frat types leaned out of their SUV's to shout pro-war slogans but I think they were just trying to keep warm.

A few days later a friend of mine asked me what the point of such a small protest in a little town like Setauket could be. It's a fair question. A little vigil like that let the people driving by that night who think invading Iraq would be criminal or stupid or both know that they are not the only ones in town. Ask the honkers if there was a point. Before recently I thought I was more alone in my thinking than I actually am. Don't believe the AOL polls. Most of America isn't online filling out surveys.



Blue, 32! Blue, 32! Tuition, HIKE!

By Joe Filippazzo

I bet that the first thing that comes to your mind when you think "college student" is a slovenly dressed, exhausted, malnourished and (above all) penniless freeloader. The justification for this stereotype lies in its accuracy. With this in mind, the bane of the average student's existence is pretty obvious. No, not Deng Lee's, but bills. There's actually a quite brilliant explanation for why we're all cheap bastards ... we have no money. In addition to paying tuition and loans, we have to cough up a few hundred more for

state. The proposed hike is part of a \$4.3-billion budget proposal for 2003-04. It would be the first increase since 1995's \$750 addition and it would boost the current tuition of \$3,400 to \$4,800 at SUNY and CUNY four-year institutions.

Luckily this is just a proposal for now which is currently up for review by the governor and Legislature. Approved by 14 of the 16 board members appointed by Governor Pataki, the projected increase has met a good deal of resistance by student advocates and insolvent, destitute school-goers alike. Ultimately it is the governor's budget proposal that will determine SUNY's next move. Although New York is currently below the national average of \$4,081 per year for in state, public universities, it will be well above states such as Connecticut, Texas and California if the bill succeeds.

Unfortunately, it is unclear whether

or not aides such as the Tuition Assistance Program, lovingly referred to as TAP, will be adjusted to account for the increase. We basically get stabbed in the leg then kicked in the wound by the steel-toed boot of higher education. It goes without saying that this fine bundle of lettuce will pose a problem for many people. When asked about his feelings on the tuition increase, concerned freshman Tristen Walker of Roth Quad said, "Next year I won't have to steal ... I'll have to steal steal steal."

Currently, few alternatives to the hike have been considered very deeply. The truth is

that the state needs the money due to our economic situation and they are presented with a difficult dilemma: Increase tuition or cut funding for programs and classes. Although no one likes tuition hikes and the word "tuition" is eerily reminiscent of the word "tax," experts fear that cuts will degrade the value of public education. Basically, if you buy cheap, you get cheap. I understand that no one enjoys giving a lot of their non-existent money to the state but, believe it or not, many schools such as the University at Albany and none other than the good old University at Stony Brook are among the top up-and-coming prestigious schools in the country. Program cuts threaten to shoot down this momentum; a risk the SUNY system would not like to take. To some economists the new plan seems inevitable.

Finally the ever-elusive College Fee of \$12.50 is revealed. This is the state's way of subtly increasing tuition. While tuition raising causes rallies and headlines that draw national attention, a non-descript, \$60 Activity Fee or a \$150 Activation Fee for the meal plan are less obvious. They are bitched about by a handful of kids over lunch at the SAC and quickly forgotten. This method of fund raising is surreptitious, devious, and perfectly legal but it doesn't bring in the kind of cash the state is looking for. This means that it's time for a straight-up, give-us-money, tuition hike.

The good news is that \$1,400 is the ceiling price and worst-case scenario for the increase. Governor Pataki referred to the number as just a "starting point" in the budget negotiations. Debate and deliberation have yet to take place and it is unlikely that students will ultimately be charged the full 41 percent. The bad news is that we have no money. And it is our great misfortune that, as we all know, cash rules everything around me. Cream, get the money. Pay another bill, y'all.



books, room and board, activities, transportation, athletics, technology and laundry. There's basically a fee for everything up to and including the \$12.50 College Fee. What the hell is a "college" fee? Well, I don't know either but we're paying it! Oh, we got colleged reeeeeeaaal good. Ain't nobody done been colleged this good since never!

But January 17th seemed like a typical Friday if you disregard the \$1,400 kick in the ass SUNY students received. The State University of New York Board of Trustees made the proposal of at most a 41% increase in tuition to combat the declining economy and financial condition of the

Bush Speaks Out Against Affirmative Action

By Jackie Hayes

"Any suggestion that the segregated past was acceptable or positive is offensive and it is wrong," stated Bush in reaction to Trent Lott's expressed support of Strom Thurmond's 1948 segregationist platform. Only about a month later, on January 16, the Thursday before Martin Luther King Day, Bush attacked affirmative action and the University of Michigan's admissions' policies arguing that they are, "fundamentally flawed and unconstitutional." The White House filed a brief expressing their opposition to the University of Michigan's admissions' policies regarding the court case that is scheduled to go before the Supreme Court on April 1, 2003.

Jennifer Gratz, Patrick Hamacher, and Barbara Grutter say they were denied admission as undergraduates because of Michigan's race scoring policy. Applicants are scored on a point system. Potential students must score at least 100 out of 150 points in order to be considered for admissions. Applicants of ethnic minorities, mainly Native Americans, African Americans, and Hispanics, receive 20 points. Bush criticized Michigan's policies stating, "at their core, the Michigan policies amount to a quota system that unfairly rewards or penalizes prospective students based solely on their race." Yet Mary Sue Coleman, University of Michigan's President says the university does not have and never has had quotas or a numerical target. Quotas were outlawed following the 1978 Supreme Court Case Bakke vs. University of California Regents. Lee C. Bollinger, a previous University of Michigan President, also stated,

"these are not quotas" and testified to this fact in front of the Supreme Court on January 18.

The brief filed by the White House is, according to a senior White House official, "very narrowly tailored," addressing only University of Michigan's policies, not those of other selective university. The brief does not ask the Supreme Court to overturn the Bakke decision allowing that race could be a factor in the admissions process. Since the brief is targeted solely towards the University of Michigan and acknowledges that race can still be a factor, it is hard to define exactly what Bush is asking of the Supreme Court. Although Bush didn't specifically address alternatives to affirmative action, while governor, he supported a state decision to abandon ethnicity-based admissions replacing it with the guaranteed admission of all students graduating in the top ten percent of their class. In the brief filed by the University of Michigan they stated that even with a "race blind lottery," African American enrollment would fall below 3%. Lee Bollinger criticized the White House brief stating that Bush is trying, "to isolate a program and make it seem exceptional, but the fact of the matter is that Michigan's program is virtually the same as those of selective universities across the country."

If the Supreme Court does rule in favor of Gratz, Hamacher, and Grutter it is tough to say how this will affect college students nationwide. Stony Brook University does not follow a point system. According to Judith Burke-Berhannan, Dean of Admissions, the university's policies are "color blind." The university does not use race as a fac-



tor in determining admissions. Stony Brook has an EOP program targeting economically disadvantaged applicants and currently includes 500 students. Stony Brook University also has an Office of Diversity and Affirmative Action, yet the office is not involved in admissions and only handles complaints of harassment and discrimination. Therefore the Supreme Court ruling will probably not have a large affect on Stony Brook applicants. Yet it could affect many students and applicants of other selective colleges and universities. If the University of Michigan is correct in its projections, it could also result in a decrease in diversity on campuses nationwide. As for Bush's statements, neither Judith Burke-Berhannan nor Valerie Sims, Affirmative Action Specialist at Stony Brook, cared to comment on the university's support or opposition to Bush's views on affirmative action.

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Editorial: The *Statesman's* Integrity, or Lack Thereof

The Stony Brook Statesman recently printed a letter from a reader (1/30/03) questioning the quality of their publication. This letter was responded to with a long-winded editorial that needlessly branched out beyond the scope of the reader's question. The editorial is childish, offensive, and ignores journalistic integrity.

The letter to the *Statesman* brings up valid points, questioning the need for so many editors as well as the exorbitant amount of advertisements per issue. Instead of answering these inquiries maturely, the editorial makes ridiculous claims. It states editors "put in more hours than a full time job," which in reality is the equivalent of working 9:00 - 5:00 weekdays, and impossible for a full time undergraduate.

In response to the inquiry about advertising versus articles, the *Statesman* admits "roughly 50 percent of each edition," and goes on to say their advertising "reflects our campus diversity, containing widespread viewpoints." The editorial also defends its use of written pieces from other sources, namely, *The Chronicle For Higher Education*. Corporate advertisements and reprints from other publications cannot possibly tailor itself to the viewpoints of a specific community.

If this wasn't enough, the *Statesman* goes on to criticize other campus publications. These attacks are more than uncalled for. Quantity is no excuse for quality; yet the *Statesman* editorial goes

on to say they print more often than our own paper. They pointlessly remark we receive more money from Polity than they do, conveniently leaving out their advertising revenue, of which we get very little. Lets recall whose newspaper consists of "roughly 50 percent" advertising. Who really has more money?

The *Statesman* continued by attacking the credibility of *Shelanu* and goes as far as to say, "There is evidence to suggest that these allocations and the office space provided to certain groups are being used in certain ways that do not benefit the community at large, but rather provide a few students with personal perks."

This comment, while ignorant and childish is also a strong example of poor journalism. The editorial provides no "evidence" of students using our money on "personal perks." This can be considered libel.

The letter written to the *Statesman* is clearly criticizing the *Statesman's* quality. Their editorial response attempts to deflect that criticism without answering it. The editors of the *Statesman* should seriously sit down and have a look at their own publication before they attack others. They should be embarrassed to claim such high standards of integrity and quality when they depend on advertisements and content from other publications to represent intellectual views.

Editorial: A Fistfull of Tuition

Twelve hundred dollars can buy you a lot: a computer, a used car, sex, etc. In short, that's a lot of money, and money is one thing most SUNY students don't have. For many of us, the primary reason we go to a SUNY is because we can't afford anything else. Clearly, a tuition hike of \$1200 would mean that many of us wouldn't be able to finish college.

So what is the logic behind Pataki's \$184 million budget cut? The last tuition hike in 1995 of \$750 resulted in roughly 30,000 students dropping out of the SUNY system. That means 30,000 students are left with no choice but to enter the workforce early to pay off loans for an education that they could not even complete. Good thing, this frees up more young people then ever for the upcoming war's draft.

Last time there was a huge decrease in SUNY enrollment. This time, an even greater dropout rate is expected, especially since this hike is twice the last. Theoretically, depending on what kinds of aid a student receives, tuition could double. Quite disturbing when you think about it.

For those who can no longer afford col-

lege, aside from hunting down employment, the only clear option would be joining the armed forces. Maybe if enough college dropouts enlist, we won't even need a draft.

A tuition hike alone is bad enough, but when TAP is cut by 33%, and EOP programs are cut by half, it adds up to more than just a tuition hike. Students had to pay a fraction more of what they will currently be paying, and look how many left SUNY. Imagine how many would leave SUNY now. Forty, fifty, even sixty thousand maybe? The numbers are not as far fetched as you think. Just ask around, and see who you know that might need to leave school.

Imagine how much money schools will lose in lost student fees, and even how much money the SUNY system itself will lose if there are tens of thousands less students paying tuition. It's a no win situation. When you add up the facts, you really start to wonder what they were thinking with the tuition hike and aid cuts. Get used to Saluting.

On the bright side, you'll be saving money on books each term, right?

Letter: We Look Out for Our Own

Hi there,

Please remove the old website URL (sbpress.org) from your paper's masthead immediately!

The domain name has expired, and it has been taken over by a Russian cybersquatter who is linking it to Asian hardcore porn!

I realize you guys are probably still away on winter break, so Dave Ewalt and I bought two new domains for *The Press* today.

We reserved *stonybrookpress.org* and *stonybrookpress.com*, to make sure they don't get taken over too. We'll hand over everything to your current editors when you're ready to publish web content on a regular basis.

In the meantime, we will put up an interim cover page and a page for alumni. Starting early next week, the URLs will lead to my website, *biomonkey.net*. When Gary has his server ready, he'll be able to host the site.

Anyway, we should talk sometime about finding a way to put each issue on the web in a timely fashion. I understand that you're all busy with schoolwork and other duties. (Hey, after all these years, I'm still in school myself!) But to be honest, I'm more than a little disappointed that almost nothing has been done to update the site since I left in 1999. In fact, I was still listed as the administrative contact person until the domain expired a few weeks ago.

Well, I suppose I'm not in a position to complain, so here's something more constructive. How about finding a student in the journalism or media studies program to work specifically on the website? Perhaps you can ask Norm Prusslin to allow the web person to receive academic credit through his class, as an incentive to keep up the work.

If I can be of any assistance, please feel free to contact me anytime if you have any questions or ideas. The website means a lot to alumni and other people off campus who miss seeing the print edition, and I'm certain we can make this work.

Talk to you soon! :-)

Michael Yeh

Dear Mike,

Thanks a bunch for the heads-up. It's heartwarming to see that Press alumni still care about us. We have been trying to get a website going for the longest time, and losing our domain was quite a setback. Hopefully we can put up a new site some time in the next month. The new site should be much improved, and include all kinds of fancy stuff like flash.

Thanks again,
Everyone at The Stony Brook Press

Letter: Fecal Matters of the Heart

Dear Stony Brook Press,

My name is Jess. I have a problem, a problem with poop. I don't know why, but since the day that I realized I would be given a cookie for pooping correctly, I've been obsessed. It's not so much the physical poop matter that I love, because let's face it, that's just foul, but I'm more focused on the actual process of defecating. It's such a rewarding experience. You can't sit there comfortably and tell me that when you poop after holding it in for a whole day you don't feel relieved, with a hint of elation. Maybe it's just my heightened acuity to all things involved with the process of eliminating, but I have noticed that the majority of the bathrooms here at Stony Brook carry the potentially hazardous, Grade F, one-ply, toilet paper. That stuff is just ridiculous. It literally hurts. I would like to meet the guy that invented that trash and give him a slap across the face with a palm full of sandpaper. I feel that a call of action is necessary. We don't need the fancy-schmancy, lotion infused, springtime scented, top-of-the-line wiper, but we should at least be given something that doesn't take the fun out of pooping. Am I wrong to dislike what the school feels is suitable for the sanitary needs of its students and faculty? Am I wrong to like poop?

xoxo,
Jess

Dear Jess,

We thank you from the bottom of our colons for this magnum opus which you have bestowed upon us. We here at The Press completely agree. That's why we print a newspaper. No longer do we here have to worry about one or two ply, scents or texture. We wipe our asses on 100% grade "A" newsprint. Soft, absorbent, and full of ink. What's good for our asses also pleases the likes of gerbils and birds when properly placed on the posterior in their confinements. What we here find absurd is not that toilet paper on this campus not only is one ply, it does not even have perforations! Thankfully, napkins on this campus come in rolls too, and even have perforations. Napkins tend to be three ply even! May we suggest you steal a roll or two (yes, they come in rolls) and put the rolls of napkins in your bathroom instead of what is currently stocked. All in all, rectal clean-up is definitely one of the many simple pleasures in life that Stony Brook so artfully has found a way to rob from us. All we can assume is that next the bathrooms won't get cleaned properly, and you'll have to wear shower shoes all the time, and you'll never feel quite clean and refreshed after a shower. Oh wait, it's already like that.

Thanks again for bringing attention to this most serious matter. Perhaps we should form a support group in the name of proper toilet paper, and fight the good fight to get ourselves some quality ass paper.

Sincerely,
The Stony Brook Press

Going Nuts Over Crotchball

By Sam Goldman

The two combatants eye each other nervously, like gladiators in a Roman arena. They sit on their chairs warily, and to get ready, they fix their genitalia so as to protect themselves. One of them pulls out an object, about a foot and a half long, with the ominous-sounding name of "the Death Rattle". True to its name, it rattles when you shake it around, due to the bunch of hackeysacks stuffed inside.

One man takes the Death Rattle in his hand, while the other sits back in his chair, legs open, bracing for the shot. The weapon is thrown shot-put style. It makes a low arc in the air and lands firmly in the other's crotch. The audience moans and grabs their genitalia, partially in awe, partially because they are afraid they will be next. The man who was just hit by the Death Rattle grimaces, but he does not move from his seat. Rather, he picks up the weapon and begins to aim it, with the intention of inflicting the same pain to his opponent.

Wondering what the fuck this is all about? Welcome to the Crotchball Association, headquarters located in Amman C116. Come in, but keep one hand on your nuts at all time.

The Crotchball Association is made up of a group of Stony Brook students, numbering about 20 in all, who pass the time knocking each other's privates into oblivion, whether in "duels" like the one mentioned above, or just in free-form fashion, where every crotch is a potential target, and no one is safe.

What can be used? Nerf footballs, wallets, water bottles, juggling balls, two-pound bags of instant coffee. "Just about anything, really," says CBA founder Andy Miravalle. If you want to duel, though, the CBA has created some special weaponry for the task. Besides the aforementioned "Death Rattle," also available for use are such items as "The Cube," a cube about an inch wide filled with little pieces from the board game Crossfire or "Nut-Chucks," which, true to its namesake, consists of two pieces held together with heavy-duty tape.

The CBA is serious about its dueling (or as serious as this can really get, anyway). When you duel, you cannot protect yourself in any way. No hands. No stuffing socks down your pants. Nothing. In fact, to ensure that your opponent has a clean shot, you have to lean back in your chair as far as you can while still sitting upright. The only pre-match preparations that can be made involve "tucking," the act of tucking in your balls higher than normal, to hopefully give the opponent a more difficult target to hit. The first one to fall off his chair in pain loses the match. After 15 minutes, the judges (a.k.a everyone else who is watching) call the match.

But it's outside of dueling that things become interesting. You can be the victim of Crotchball anytime, anywhere. Therefore, people who play (and once you throw back at someone, make no mistake, you are IN), must constantly protect themselves from getting hit in the balls. Andy describes a typical situation. "We were down in the basement of the Math Building playing hack. I brought down a cold Snickers bar; I intended to eat it ... I go, 'Guys, you wanna see something funny?'"

Then I slid into the middle of the circle and hit my friend in the balls." In fact, Andy and his friends were getting so paranoid about getting hit that, near the end of last semester, they kind of took an unofficial break. "It's stressful, really, because you always have to cover yourself."

The ladies need not feel left out, as they too are invited to play, even though they naturally have a physical advantage.

Andy Miravalle sums up the appeal of the CBA in this way: "How funny is it when you see someone get hit in the balls and go down?"

As a freshman student last semester, Andy and friends just began throwing random objects at each other's crotches. "It became somewhat of a pastime," said Andy. Eventually, during a sleepless night, Andy came up with the idea of turning this pastime into something semi-official, and the Crotchball Association was formed. Andy made up about 120 stickers, looking somewhat like the Major League Baseball logo, printed them out himself, and began sticking them across campus. If you are wondering what they look like, you can find one in the men's room next to the Union Deli.

Eventually, the thing just snowballed. Official rules for dueling were made, including such things as how to challenge an opponent (slap him/her in the face with a glove) and theme songs (like "Eye of the Tiger" or the Indiana Jones theme). Standings were printed up for everyone involved and posted outside Andy's door. There was even discussions about getting a professor to sponsor them, so they could be an official campus club, but they felt that getting a teacher to support them would be hard, if not impossible.

At some point, they felt that they had "gone too far," so the official rules were scrapped.

"Then it just became casual duels." But not before some CBA legends were established, such as that of a man nicknamed only "Legend". Andy recalls, "he came in with a friend of ours and he wanted to play. We were playing with a hackeysack. He didn't flinch, he just looked away." Another CBA story involves David "Weed Guy" Bucceri facing a man named only "Mr. Clean" in the first and only "Iron Man Match". It was made up of four 15-minute quarters, with any weapon allowed.

They were done by halftime.

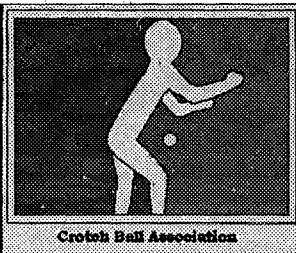
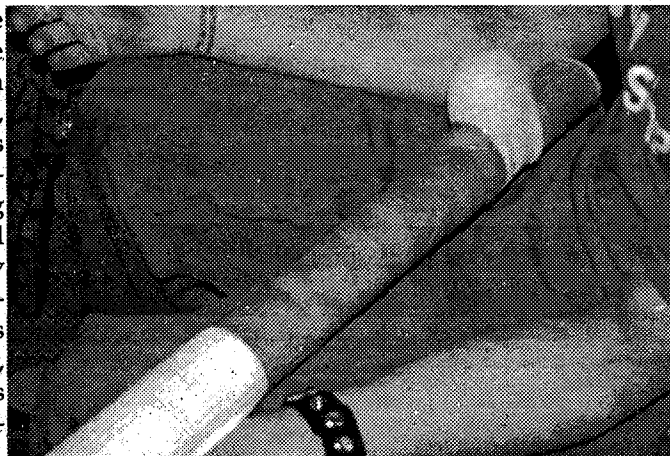
No matter what the future of the CBA is, Andy is proud of himself. "I have so many people organized on something so stupid," he says, smiling.

The duel, set up at CBA HQ, is between Andy and his friend, Justin Medoy. On hand are fellow CBA mem-

bers David "Weed Guy" Bucceri, Matt Siciliano, Nick Shaillas, myself, Jackie Hayes (whom you can thank for the photos), and two gentlemen, one who didn't wish to be named and another who gives it out as "Anon Y. Mous." The infamous Death Rattle is in use tonight. The two sit about three feet apart, with the audience on the sides, most of them (myself included) protecting their balls in some form or another. Unfortunately, this duel has been a bit one-sided, as Justin, in his first duel this semester, is a bit rusty, and has been missing the target, to Andy's relief, and the audience's dismay.

It's Andy's turn to throw. He carefully judges the distance, and throws it at Justin. It hits him and almost immediately Justin's face turns an unnatural shade of purple, and a second later he's on the floor. Andy is the winner this time. He celebrates modestly, then wonders how he got him, as it appeared the shot was off-target. "I tucked HIGH!" Justin blurts out. He jumps on his heels (said to help one recuperate), goes to the bathroom to check his faculties, while Nick and David sit down, tuck in, and get themselves ready for their own Crotchball duel.

If you and your friends are just sitting around in your dorm, watching TV, and there's a water bottle (empty or full, it doesn't matter) lying around, surreptitiously grab it and hurl it at someone's crotch. If they throw it back at you, you're playing Crotchball. Keep playing, and maybe someday you will be summoned to Amman C116 to take on the pros.



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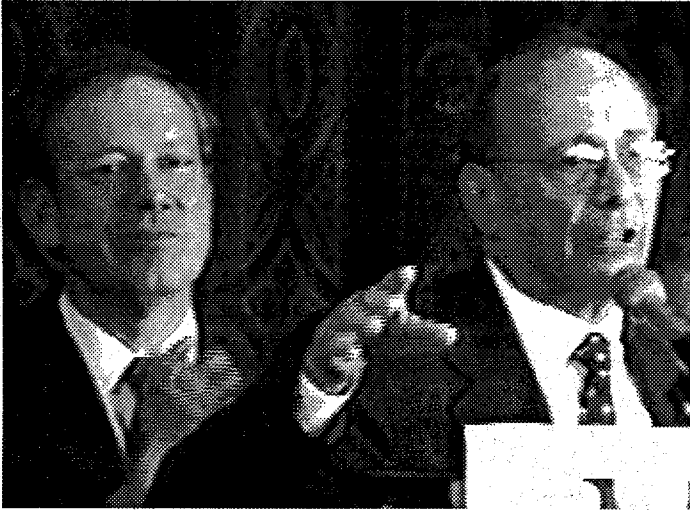
Paying the Price

By Alex Nikulin

Ready or not, the tuition hike for SUNY and CUNY is at the gate. Students are most likely to find themselves paying much more for education as soon as this semester. The tremendous increase in tuition amounts for all public universities and colleges was well planned out by the Albany administration. The new budget plan not only calls for increases in the cost of attendance, but proposes cuts to many essential programs. Yet, while students are faced with a higher bill, the State legislature is proposing substantial tax cuts which will drain the already depleted treasury. Albany's politicians are using SUNY and CUNY students to close the budget gap that is to result from the tax cuts proposed by Pataki. Should the new budget pass, hundreds, even thousands of students will be forced to withdraw from universities and colleges across the state, depriving our economy of the most needed human resources.

Albany does not employ stupid people, as far as taking our money is concerned anyway. Pataki's team of politicians and bureaucrats strategically planned out their actions, encountering minimal resistance. The announcement of

the new budget plan came during the winter intercession, when most students were spread out, some even outside the state or country, unable to resist or impact the decision in any way. Furthermore, the decision was made in such



a way, that the announcement came on a Saturday, a day when the public is statistically more apathetic to the news. The students were caught when they were most vulnerable, separated from their colleges and universities, and most importantly, from each other. Unless the students

of SUNY and CUNY are able to unite in a speck of time before the budget is set, there will be a lot more loans taken out in the years to follow.

The new tuition hike is the most substantial increase in the cost of public education ever witnessed by our generation. The new proposed budget for the State University calls for a 41 percent tuition increase, that's about \$1,400 more than students are paying now. Unfortunately, the hike does not stop with tuition. Pataki has proposed a further 33 percent cut to the Tuition Assistance Program (TAP), something most SUNY and CUNY students

depend on. A 50 percent slash to the opportunity programs (EOP, SEEK) is to go into place, greatly hurting the first generation college students, many from poor communities and families. The net result will most likely be a withdrawal rate of a magnitude never before seen; a substantial portion of the SUNY and CUNY student body will simply be unable to pay for the cost of higher education.

The first interest of a politician is to get re-elected. To get re-elected you would need ratings. Anyone who has ever taken an Economics or a Political Science course knows that the best way to get ratings is to give the taxpayers tax cuts. Tax cuts, however result in a depletion of state funds; something is needed to bridge that gap. In the case of New York State, the governor is obviously planning on using the backs of college students to ride out triumphantly, under the banner of tax cuts. The people get their taxes back, Pataki gets his ratings, we pay the price, seems like a nice plan, right? Well, if you like being the people's and the governor's bitch and paying out of your own pocket for education that is actually free in most modern countries, that sure is a nice sounding plan.

As apathetic as all of us here are, at USB, none of us like paying for anything, we prove that every time we visit the SAC cafeteria. So maybe for once we actually should pay attention to what is going on around us and realize that it does impact our lives directly. If we don't fight for our right for a higher education, we will lose the battle of our lives.

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ing the "make your
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-Rhymes with "Bex
toys"

-Mom really knows
where to stick 'em

-Fun the whole family
can enjoy

-No need for batter-
ies

-You can eat them in
public

-Self-lubricating

-Mom really knows
how to pick 'em

-Rhymes with
"Antaloupe"

-What's a cantaloupe?
It's a couple without a
ladder! ROFL!
LMAO!

-Fun the whole family
can enjoy

CON

-When found, hard
to explain

-No USDA seal of
approval

-C batteries are hard
to find

-Not as tasty as a
Cantelope

-Your sister owns a
vibrator, it smells like
my mouth

-Might have to go to a
head shop to get one

-Needs regular clean-
ing

-Does not come in
female friendly
model

-Not always in sea-
son

-Can't sell pictures of
use on line

-Sure as hell can't
deep-throat one

-Seed filled center

-Needs regular
replacement

-Not Dishwasher safe

10

That's a pretty big candle you've got there fella. You wanna throw it at my crotch?

9

Nice protest, wanna fuck?

8

Got any activist in ya? Want some?

7

<sung> Would you light my candle? <sung>

6

Hey baby, musicals are the lowest form of entertainment. So do me and not the other dipshit hitting on you.

5

Oh excuse me, you just spilled some hot wax on me and although initially I found it unpleasant, I feel rapidly growing arousal.

4

I always find eating by candlelight to be so romantic. So, take off your pants.

3

Are you protesting TAP cuts? I'd like to tap your ass.

2

Hey baby, everytime I look at you, my "tuition" rises.

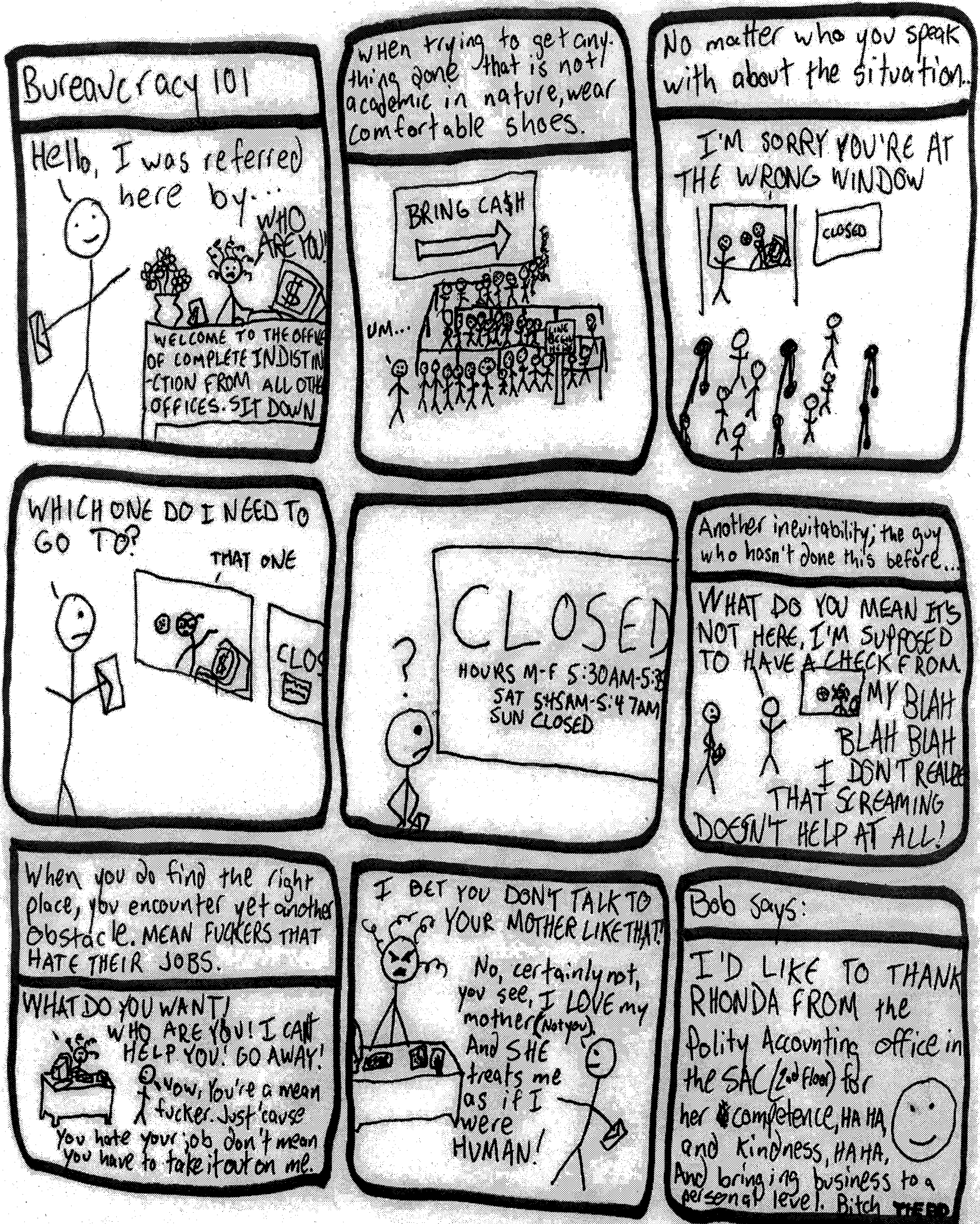
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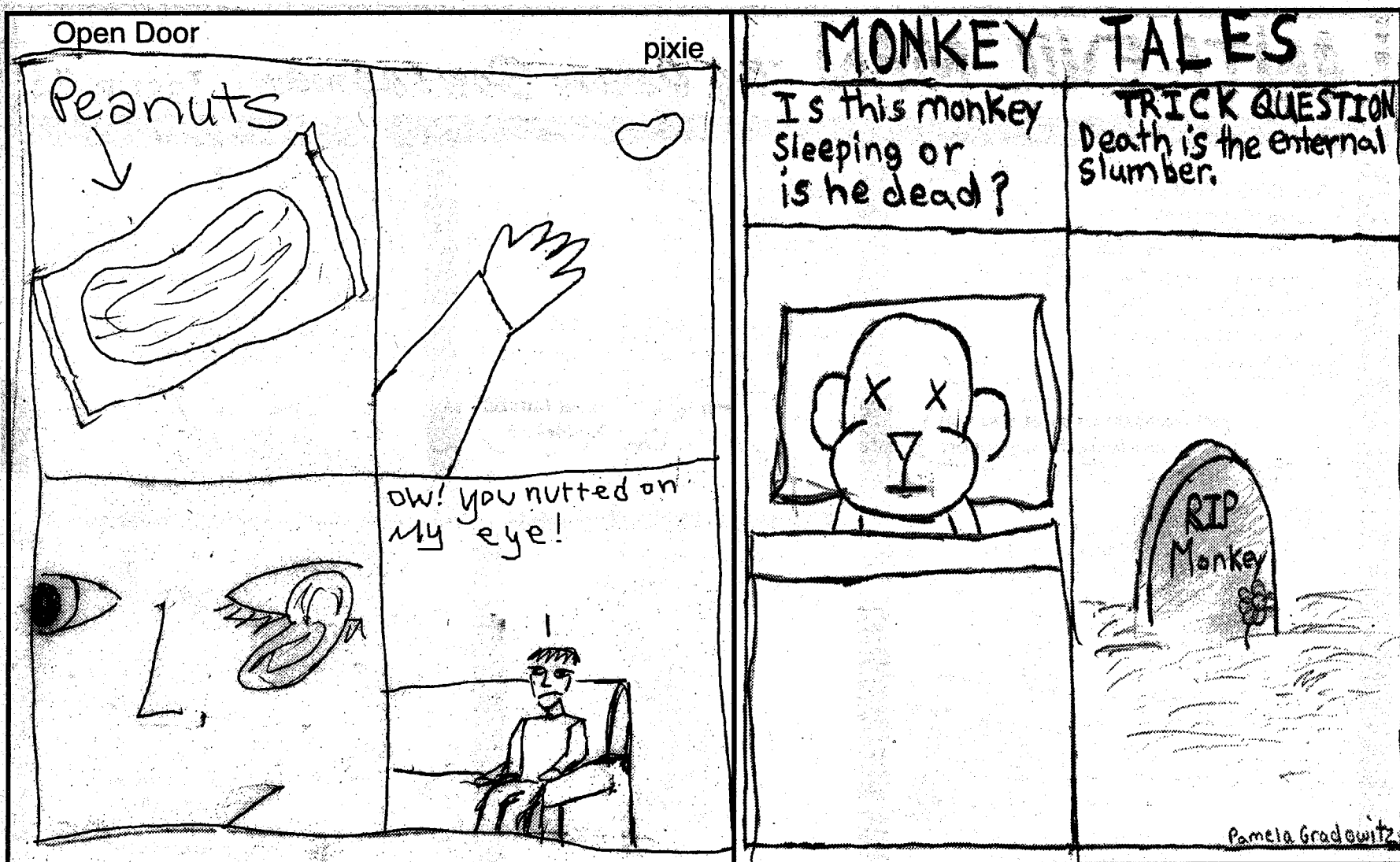
You know...I've got some pot back in my dorm...

THE COMICS SECTION

Bob is Cool

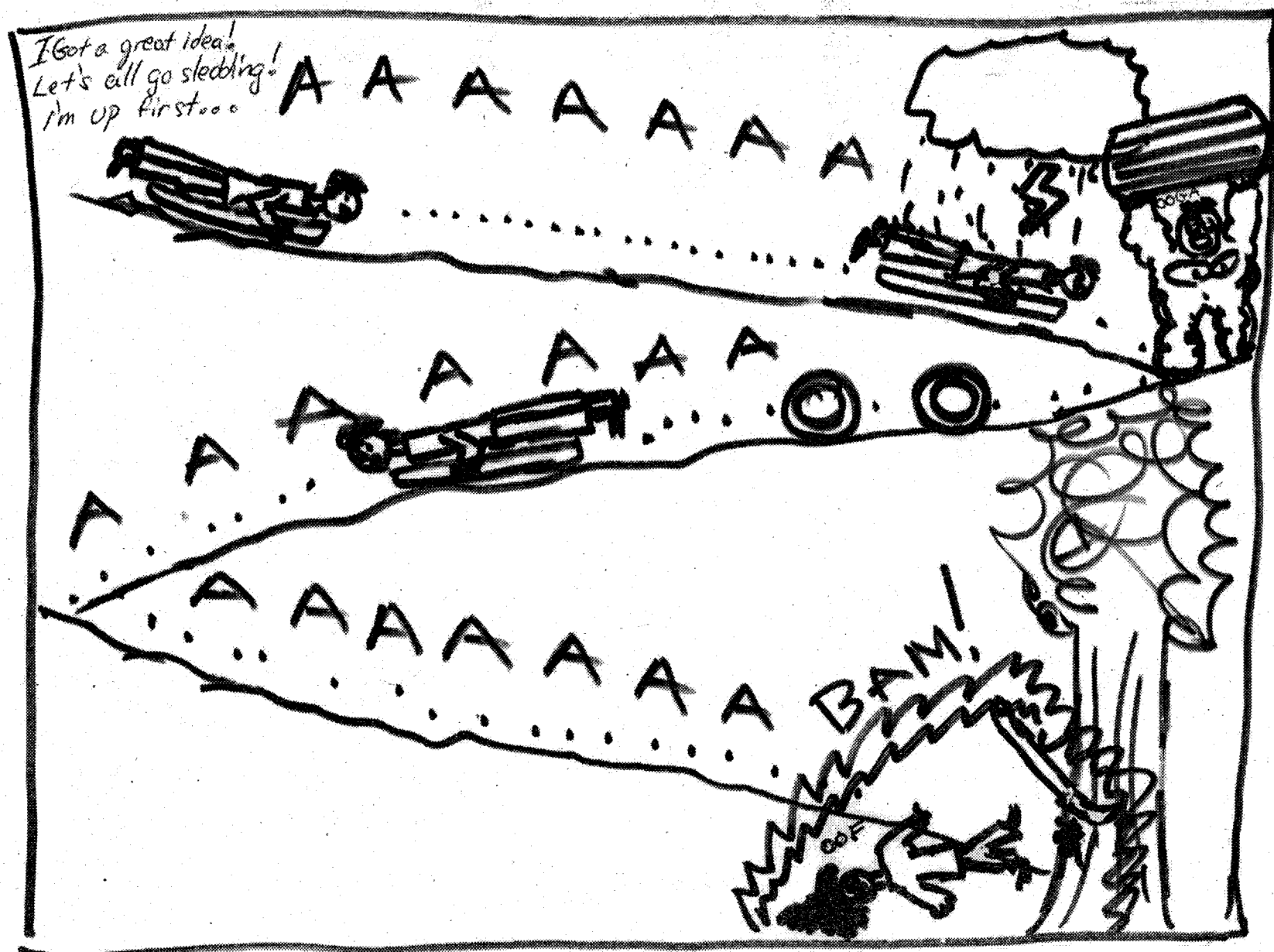
By Jamie Mignone





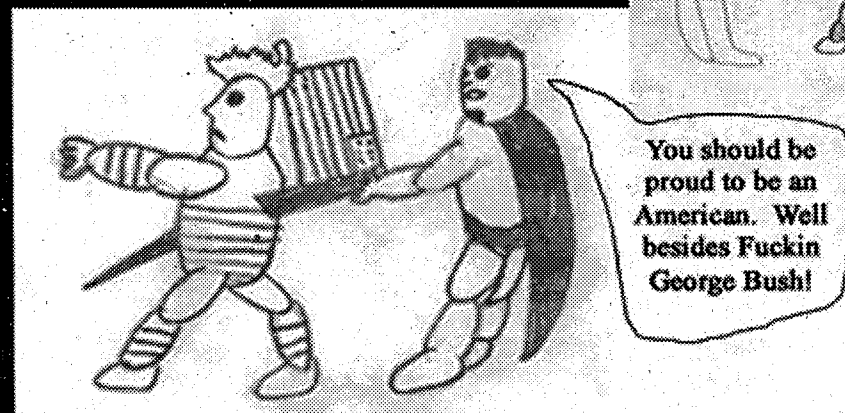
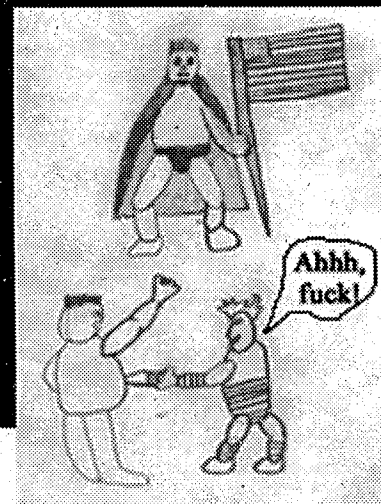
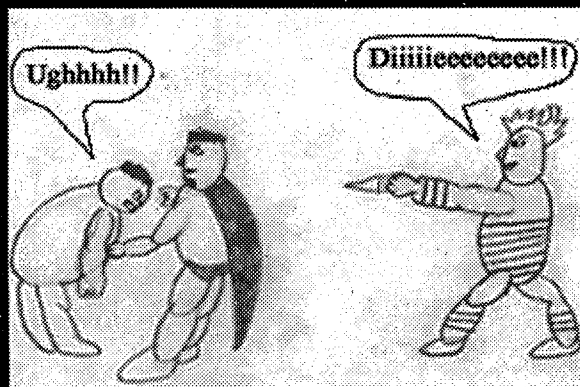
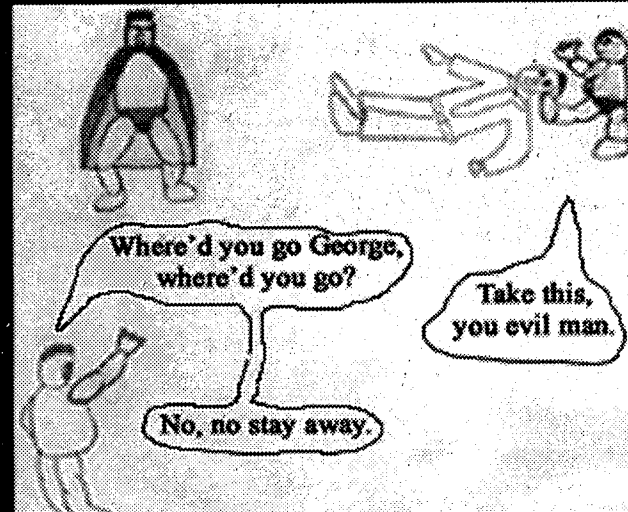
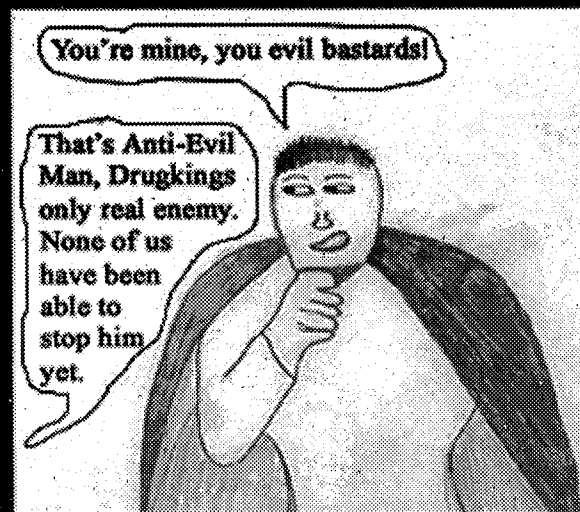
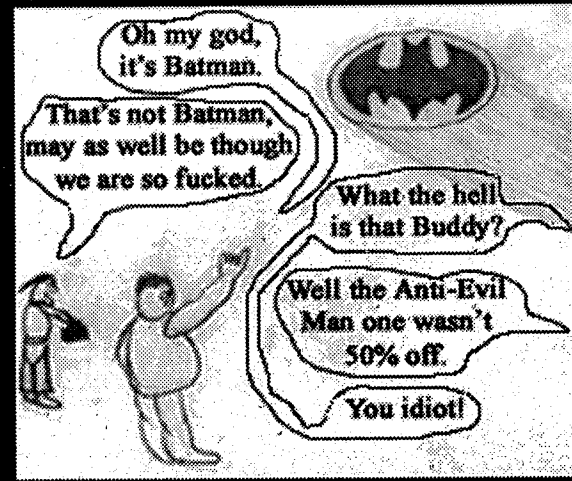
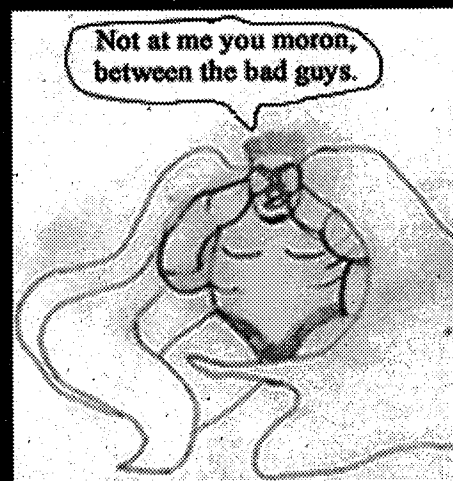
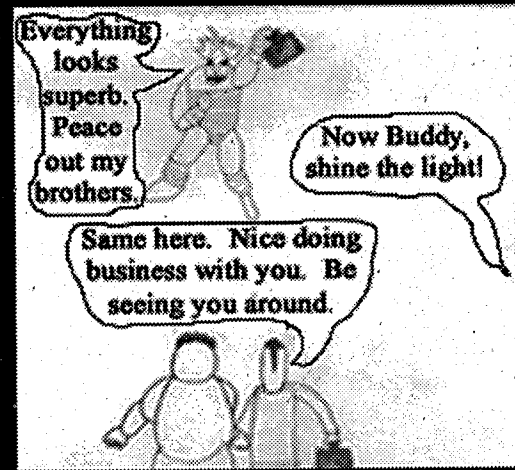
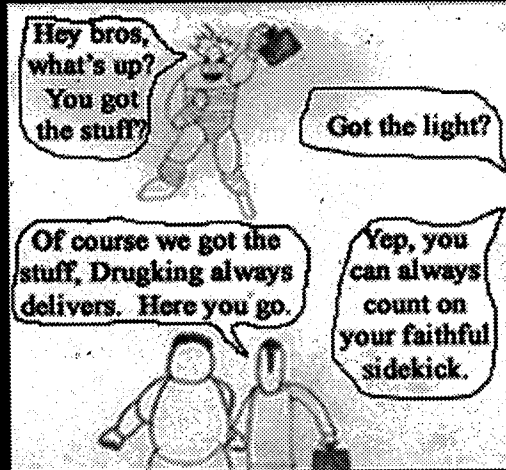
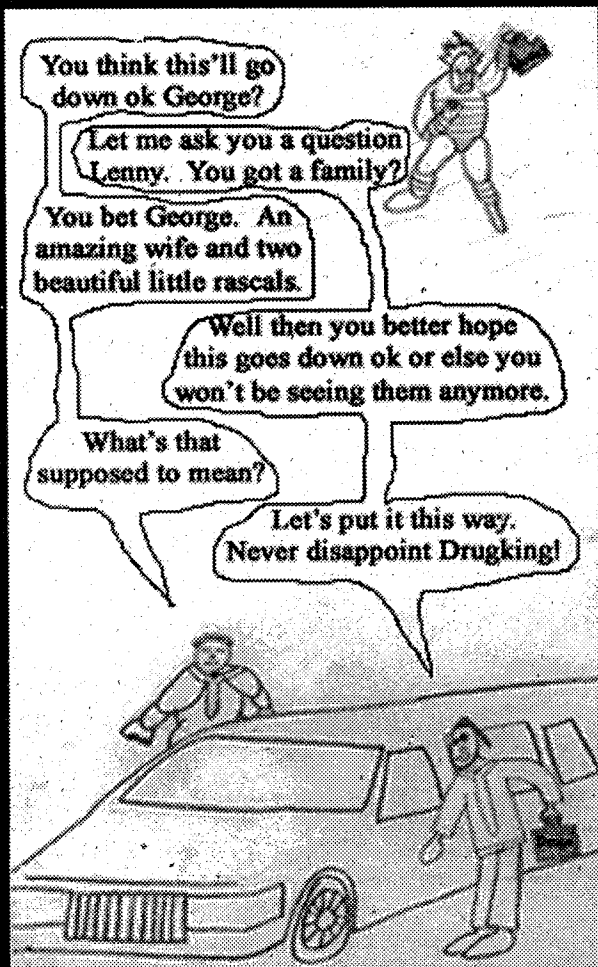
RUMINATIONS ON WINTER BREAK

by Sam Golob (Sam Goldman)



ANTI-EVIL MAN By Adam Schlagman

ISSUE #4



How many innocents will perish cause of George Bush? Find out this year as Bush starts World War III.

How many students will drop out of school in NY State cause of George Pataki? Also find out this year as Pataki raises tuition and cuts student aid programs.

Next Issue: Meet the Dreaded Drugking!

The 2003 MFA Exhibition: An Invitation

By Ana Maria Ramirez

Monday morning. The doors to the Staller Art Gallery are locked shut. The paintings and floor pieces have already been removed from the previous exhibition.

The lights have been turned off over the empty space. The white pristine tiles that cover each square foot of the floor have already been cleaned. The walls have been spackled and painted over the punctured holes, nails had previously left behind.

The gallery now awaits for the graduate students to come and again fill the room with their new creations in this year's annual Masters of Fine Art exhibit.

Art Gallery Director Rhonda Cooper has seen 15 MFA exhibits in the 20 years she has held her position. "When I first came to the gallery there wasn't an MFA program, there were a lot of one person shows and I tried to have more group shows," and she adds, "there are actually fewer shows now because we have less money."

As the Director of the Staller Center for the Arts, Alan Inkles explains that up until a couple of years ago Staller had funds covering the gallery costs, but now these have been depleted. One reason for this is from all the budget cuts placed on Stony Brook University, as the other SUNY universities have experienced.

"Since the 19 years of being here, between being a student and working here, we've had cuts, but I have never seen them so severe as this," Inkles said.

Most students know the Staller Center for their weekly movies, plays, or concerts that are shown on the Main Stage or in the Recital Hall where students get up to 50% off on box office tickets. But as for the gallery, nestled at the far right hand

corner of the first floor, the price to enter is your own presence. And because the gallery is what Inkles states as a non-generating income program, it is under-funded.

"The gallery is in trouble," Inkles said. "We've got a very tiny budget and we have to stretch it ... we don't bring money in from the gallery, it's all one direction. So everything we do in the gallery has to be subsidized with money we raise. Right now the gallery is being funded completely and totally on fund raising dollars the Staller Center receives."

SARAH BIELSKI

Inkles adds that if there isn't a large influx of people coming to the gallery then it will only be harder to subsidize. "If I've got students in the gallery enjoying it, then it's worth subsidizing. If we don't have students in there, if we don't have people coming

to it and it's sitting there empty, then there is less reason to subsidize it," Inkles said. "It means getting bodies in to prove that we need this gallery."

But even with all these setbacks, Cooper still takes great joy in curating every show. She states that each new exhibit feels like unwrapping a new present, she's always excited to see how each one turns out.

The present that is set to be unwrapped from February 1st - 22nd will display the works done by the graduate students, Sarah Bielski, Makiko Miyamoto, Raymond Prucher, Jeffery Allen Price and Glenn Webb.

The group, who already have experience displaying their pieces in solo exhibitions at the Graduate Gallery in the library, will now be exhibiting their final pieces, demonstrating how far each one has come from three years before.

Glenn Webb who actually transferred to Stony Brook from Buffalo states: "If I would have stayed in Buffalo I would have never gone on to make the art that I do now, just because I never had the technical facilities to do it. This department is really lucky to have faculty like Christa Erickson and Stephanie Dinkins.

Stephanie Dinkins, who teaches undergraduate and graduate courses in Electronic Media and Video, believes that this year's show is going to be very dynamic. "When Glenn first got to Stony Brook he was computer illiterate, it's wonderful to watch his growth."

Inkles encourages students who are not only in the art department to go the exhibits and even to this reception in particular, which is scheduled for Saturday, February 15 from 6:00 to 8:00 pm, to come experience the exhibit and ask the artists about their pieces.

"I think someone who has no training at all can walk in that gallery and walk away with something. The artists that I've talked to are much more interested in the average person that walks in here and says what they think of it and how they react to it."

Cooper agrees. "The MFA students are wonderful. They are always interesting, they always do great stuff, they're always so different. The MFA show usually has cutting edge works and for anyone who is interested in popular culture and doesn't know much about art this show is particularly interesting," Cooper said. "It seems to me that because they're still in school this is a really good opportunity to be very inventive and be very innovative because they have fewer restraints."

So as of now, the gallery sits and waits for the artists to finish the final touches and finally get the pieces installed/ It waits for Webb to erect his two paper houses under a Astroturf lawn and for Miyamoto to hang up her spherical netted white fabrics. It waits until the lights are turned back on, for the doors to be opened and for one person to quietly walk in and look around.

MAKIKO MIYAMOTO

RAYMOND PRUCHER

JEFFREY ALLEN PRICE

GLENN WEBB



Hey, did you hear about The Press?

The Press? Yeah, I heard about them. Well?

I heard that they only like people with racoons on their backs.

Really?!

Word yo. Racoons.

Boo-yah baby, I'm in like Errol Flin!

The Press
rm 060 in the student union
www.sbpress.org #2-6451
meetings every wednesday at 1pm

Man of La Mancha

By Ralph Sevush

I've always thought of MAN OF LA MANCHA as one of a handful of greatest musicals ever written and produced on the Broadway stage. It is rarely revived in major productions, however, and the last Broadway revival, with Raul Julia and SHEENA EASTON, sucked monkey balls.

The current Broadway incarnation stars Brian Stokes Mitchell (star of RAGTIME and KISS ME, KATE) and Hollywood's Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, along with Ernie ("Pumbaa") Sabella as Sancho. And it most definitely does not suck monkey balls.

In fact, not having had the opportunity to see Richard Kiley and the original Broadway production but having seen almost every High School, community theater and stock production in the tri-state area over the last 25 years, I feel quite comfortable saying that this is the best production of this transcendent work I've ever seen.

I have no idea who put the stick up NY Times critic, Ben Brantley's ass, but his soul must have shriveled up and blown away when his opening night review failed to appreciate what was going on nightly at the Martin Beck theater in Times Square, NYC.

On the whole, this production of Man of La Mancha is a beautiful work. For example:

I knew she could act, but who knew Miss Mastrantonio could sing like that?

Brian Stokes Mitchell lives up to his billing, even while standing in the long shadow of Mr. Kiley's original and legendary performance in the role of Cervantes.

As the priest, Mark Jacoby does a lovely, ethereal "To each his Dulcinea"... a short, almost throw-away song that contains the heart of the show's viewpoint.

The design elements, sets and lighting especially, were innovative and powerful, making me re-imagine this work I'd imagined so many times before.

The famous "rape scene" is staged to emphasize and de-romanticize its sadistic violence. Unlike prior productions, they don't try to turn this horrible event into some form of stylized ballet, even though they seamlessly choreograph its startling stage action.

The orchestrations are simple and authentic, featuring Spanish guitar, without

over-blowing it for a "Broadway sound".

But I did have some quibbles, too.

Ernie Sabella's "Sancho" is a tad goofier and a tad less moving than other Sanchos I've seen. He gets laughs, but no tears.

The choreography is only OK, and given short shrift.

My main problem was a directorial one.

This is the story of a man, Don Miguel de Cervantes, thrown into prison by the Spanish Inquisition, where he is to await his fate. He is an actor and playwright, accompanied by his friend and servant Sancho Panza. In the prison, his fellow inmates are about to steal all his possessions, including his precious, leather-bound manuscript... an unfinished story he is writing. He is placed on "trial" by the other prisoners... the crime? Idealism. He pleads guilty, then as a defense he performs his story of The Man of La Mancha.

For this show to work at its best, it's necessary for Cervantes to seduce his fellow prisoners into his story first, before they all turn and eventually lure the audience in. Cervantes picks particular roles for each of the prisoners to perform, and their transformations during the show become our transformation.

In this production, however, you don't even see Mastrantonio's "Aldonza" until her first song, so she doesn't seem to BE one of the prisoners... and it is HER transformation that is the most profound. Also, the other prisoners (they are Cervantes' "jury") select their own costumes, disappear too quickly and then return with all their attention on US... way too soon. It is a thematic misstep that keeps this production just this side of paradise.

In fact, the pacing of the whole show seemed RUSHED, as if they were afraid to bore us. This was especially true of Cervantes' classic "I'VE SEEN LIFE AS IT IS" speech. Stokes performed it as many actors doing Hamlet do with the "To be or not to be" speech...

they rush through it, tossing it off as if it were unimportant. But once you've heard Peter O'Toole perform this monologue, having it treated so cavalierly was a disappointment.

But, despite these drawbacks, this LA MANCHA is a satisfying interpretation of one of the great texts and scores produced for the stage. Why great?

Thematically (if not chronologically), it is the UR-text. It says that we can transform the world if we transform ourselves. The catalyst to our own transformation? It is our artists, our poets, our shamans and storytellers. They can teach us to see ourselves in our purest nobility, allowing us to become those things dreamt for us by our dreamers. It dramatizes the power of the story in our lives. Every other story that so affects us, then, can be seen as an example of this story's simple profundity, and proof of this story's essential truths.

And this doesn't even consider the craftsmanship inherent in a libretto that adapts such a work of literature and finds this unique structure to tell this story. Nor have I even touched on the fact that the writers created a score with no bad songs, and some of the best ever written for the stage, including the still moving THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM.

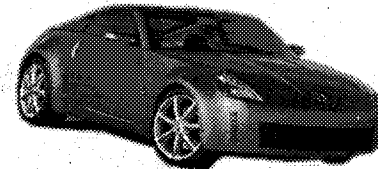
In other words, Ben Brantley is an asshole. Run, do not walk... yada yada yada blah blah blah...

Camping Club

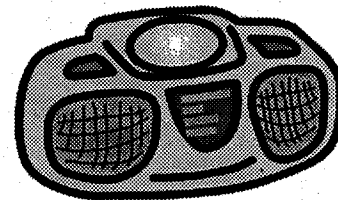
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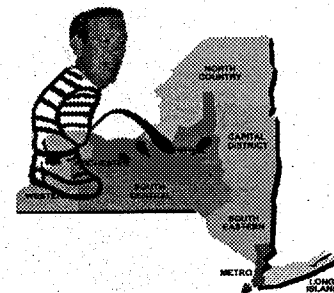
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Recycled Percussion Program

By Amberly Timperio

It's comforting to know that in this age of peril, with the dogs of war lapping at our door, and images of destruction flying at us from all sides, that you can still have a kicking good time banging on junk that people have thrown away.

Such was the Recycled Percussion Program last Wednesday night - a good old visceral experience for young and old alike. I had the privilege of sitting next to some lovely people, a very vocal contingent of females who got increasingly into the program as the four sweaty and muscular performers beat, bashed and slammed their way to an enthusiastic standing ovation.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

In case you are not familiar with this breed of musical stylings, it might help to picture a literal blur of lightning-speed hands and sticks hammering on shit you would find at the dump. Large plastic tubs with stains of unknown origin, hazardous waste-buckets, rusty scrap-metal, and those industrial-strength blue vats from Sears. In the spirit of the current war, (or maybe not since I often make wild associations), they also used a lot of nuclear parts, oxygen tanks, and a large phallic missile launcher at the end.

And of course, the unflappable duct-tape, without which we would all be lost, holding it all together.

At moments during the production two of them donned motorcycle helmets, which they utilized in the act. It seems they brought out everything, say it with me, "except the kitchen sink." But guess what, they used that too. (Like you didn't know that was coming.)

I should say this at the outset that I thoroughly enjoyed the show, much to my (and lovely Samantha's) chagrin. We don't blush easily, it seems, but the band caused quite a stir. After the sweaty, and very talented men whet our collective appetite with numerous drum-solos that would make John Bonham proud, they stepped up to the mic for some beats and rhythms. You see, they are orally savvy as well.

A female audience member voiced her need for the sounds of "oral pleasure," and the men obliged. At that moment the whole audience truly embraced the show. Sure, content didn't exactly go up a moral notch, but who's complaining.

The men were true performers, and they did indeed deliver. I'm just surprised they didn't remove their shirts.

As memories of that night subside, I remember the lights going out and metal on metal chainsaws making wild, bright sparks fly into the air; almost like ginger fireworks, which, thinking back, produced a very strange burnt smell that no one seemed to mind.

These were indeed performers. Anyone (except for me, for I am without musical ability), can pick up an actual instrument, honed and designed for a specific musical purpose and play. But who among us can produce a "high energy rhythmic experience," with a bunch of crap I wouldn't want to store in my basement.

Really, I think Jerry Nolan is smiling in his grave.

Despite multiple distractions, blindfolds, screaming girls, and the occasional few people who clapped out of sync, the foursome never lost their frenetic energy. It only seemed to build to incredible amounts. With pressure and build-up there should always be a release, and I submit that more than a few of those ladies double-clicked the mouse that night. (My lips are sealed.)

After all was said and done, and the sweat mopped from our collective brow, groupies had stationed themselves by the stage, lying in wait for the performers, Justin, Zack, Aaron and Ethan. As I walked by I heard many students make the comparison.

"Dude, that was just like Stomp."

"No man, it was better than Stomp."

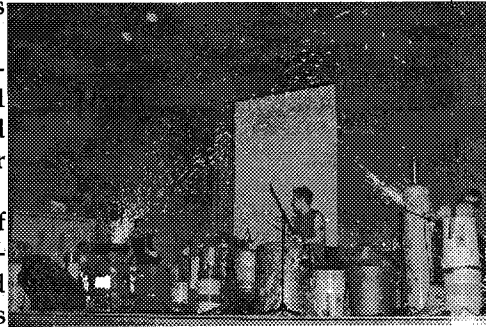
"Yeah, see if you can nab their sticks."

I ambled up to two of the performers afterward, Ethan and Aaron, and as it turns out, they are some swell guys to

boot. The group started humbly after a talent show in high school, and now make all their coin from this gig, playing an astounding 300 shows in 10 months. (For more info:

www.recycledpercussion.com)

As a last note, some of you may have the attitude: 'If I wanted to see people beat on garbage cans I'd go up to Penn Station.' But I insist, next time you get a chance, check these guys out. If not for their raw talent, speed and propensity for showmanship, then simply for the sweaty man-candy that they are:



HOROSCOPES

Aries - During the cold month of February, be careful of who you become buddy-buddy with. The TA in your recitation class thinks you are gay, so act like a real man and beat your buddy up.

Taurus - Some stars to follow... the only way you'd be an interesting Taurus would be to make a constellation of bullshit. So find something interesting to do in life.

Gemini - An Aries of the same sex will come into your life, don't immediately push them away. You may be gay, don't misinterpret their aggressiveness, they in fact like you.

Cancer - If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say it at all.

Leo - Roar, Roar. In the cold months after Christmas you have nothing to look forward to, you are a summer baby. In fact, you hunger, for you haven't made a kill in a while. Adapt with the season, dress in white and hide in the snow.

Virgo - In the next two weeks you will think about the past more and more. What has your life amounted to here at SBU? How long has it been since you lost your virginity? Well, you will find answers in other people's problems. Stop whacking off.

Libra - The only thing unbalanced in your life is your diet. Be careful what you put in your mouth here at Stony Brook or the stars might make you fat.

Scorpio - Scorpio's have always been known to be sexually charged. Here at college you are in the prime of your life. You will find yourself in an interesting situation at the Press Office on Wednesday February 5th at 1pm.

Sagittarius - You have always been an aggressive leader all your life, teach your Aries friend to take charge. If you do not use your leadership role, you will pay \$1,200 more next semester.

Capricorn - What a great two weeks you will have as you wait for the next issue of the Press! Finally getting over your birthday and the ME attitude, you will find more and more choices as you talk to more and more people (especially if you're good looking). Just be careful of an Aries coming into your life, he may be gay.

Aquarius - Roth pond water levels have told me you're freezing and won't accept garbage cans into your murky bottom. You will find life more productive by dealing with one person at a time. Spend quality time on your homework and you will find good grades in your future despite Roth Pond hating you.

Pisces - Take a shower, you smell like a fish on the bottom of Roth Pond. Spend time with an Aquarius and they may make you shower as the weather gets warmer.

Imaginary Play

By Ralph Sevush

I was thrown a pair of free ducats to the opening night of IMAGINARY FRIENDS, a new play by screenwriter Nora Ephron (SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE), with songs by Marvin Hamlisch and Craig Carnelia. Opening nights on Broadway are usually big events, and not easily passed up.

This opening had a definite HOLLYWOOD flavor. Spielberg was there, along with pal Tom Hanks, and their respective better halves; Candace Bergen, looking lovely; Meg Ryan, looking a bit thin but still cute as a button; Patricia Neal (yeah, she's still alive, but just barely); Dick Cavett, who is referred to often in the play, wandered around seemingly lost; Caroline Rhea (who let HER in here?); Kurt Vonnegut, who keeps looking older and older (I fear he might just disintegrate one day); ditto re: Tony Randall, also in attendance; Dominick Dunne, shorter than I realized; playwright John Guare, working the room with aplomb...

... and a massive buildup of furs and collagen and power ties so intense that it made the old theater vibrate with the ostentation of wealth and influence.

What about the play? Oh, yeah. The play. It sucked.

It is the story of Lillian Hellman and Mary McCarthy, two leftist ladies of letters who feuded during their lifetimes, and were now, apparently, embroiled in their feud throughout eternity in a hellish afterworld of their own devising. With a few songs. And some soft-shoe numbers.

I kid you not.

Lyricist Craig Carnelia's work is the best thing in the show, despite typically shlocky watered-down music from Mr. Hamlisch. But why are there songs in this play? Because, there is no PLAY... and the veteran stage director Jack O'Brien and 1st-time playwright Nora Ephron try to divert the audience from this fact with all kinds of razzle-dazzle.

It doesn't work. You definitely notice that the play sucks.

The cast is great: Swoozie Kurtz as tart-tongued fabulist Hellman, and the great Cherry Jones as the upright moralist McCarthy, trading barb for barb. Harry Groener is charming in the role of ALL the men in their lives. They just have no play to act in.

Biography is a tricky thing. It is such a presumptuous endeavor. Someone's life is only interesting if (1) compellingly told, and (2) that life has some relevance to an audience unrelated to the subject by either blood, culture, era or geography, and (3) explores universal themes.

This play does none of those things.

Firstly, it is not compellingly told. The characters just describe their lives through monologues to the audience, with very little interaction beyond mere banter. There is no dramatic conflict; there is almost no narrative structure, beyond a climactic court-case in which Hellman sued McCarthy for defamation. But the case never really happened because Hellman died, and it is utterly anti-climactic as staged. The play ends up being just an accumulation of biographical incident. We learn little and the characters learn nothing, since they're dead to start with. Occasionally, the "action" is interrupted for a song and dance number. This does not help the non-existent narrative flow.

Secondly, the story is about the biography of two people, only one of whom I'd ever heard of, but neither of which has really endured as significant figures as we move into the 21st century. OK, let's say Hellman gets the benefit of the doubt based on pure name recognition. Still, did I want to know her life story? Not particularly.

Well, perhaps I would if it were told for some greater purpose, to explore some essential and enduring themes. But the only thing going on in Ephron's play is soap opera. Who hurt whom,

who slept with whom, who topped whom and whom cares?

I take that back. There is one idea the notion that while fact and fiction would seem polar opposites, they are interrelated ideas and often difficult to distinguish. McCarthy is a profound acolyte of the truth, Hellman a fantasist. Their war of words is philosophical, intellectual, emotional and personal, yet they also wonder if they could've been friends.

- Hellman to McCarthy: "You wrote the truth and called it fiction"

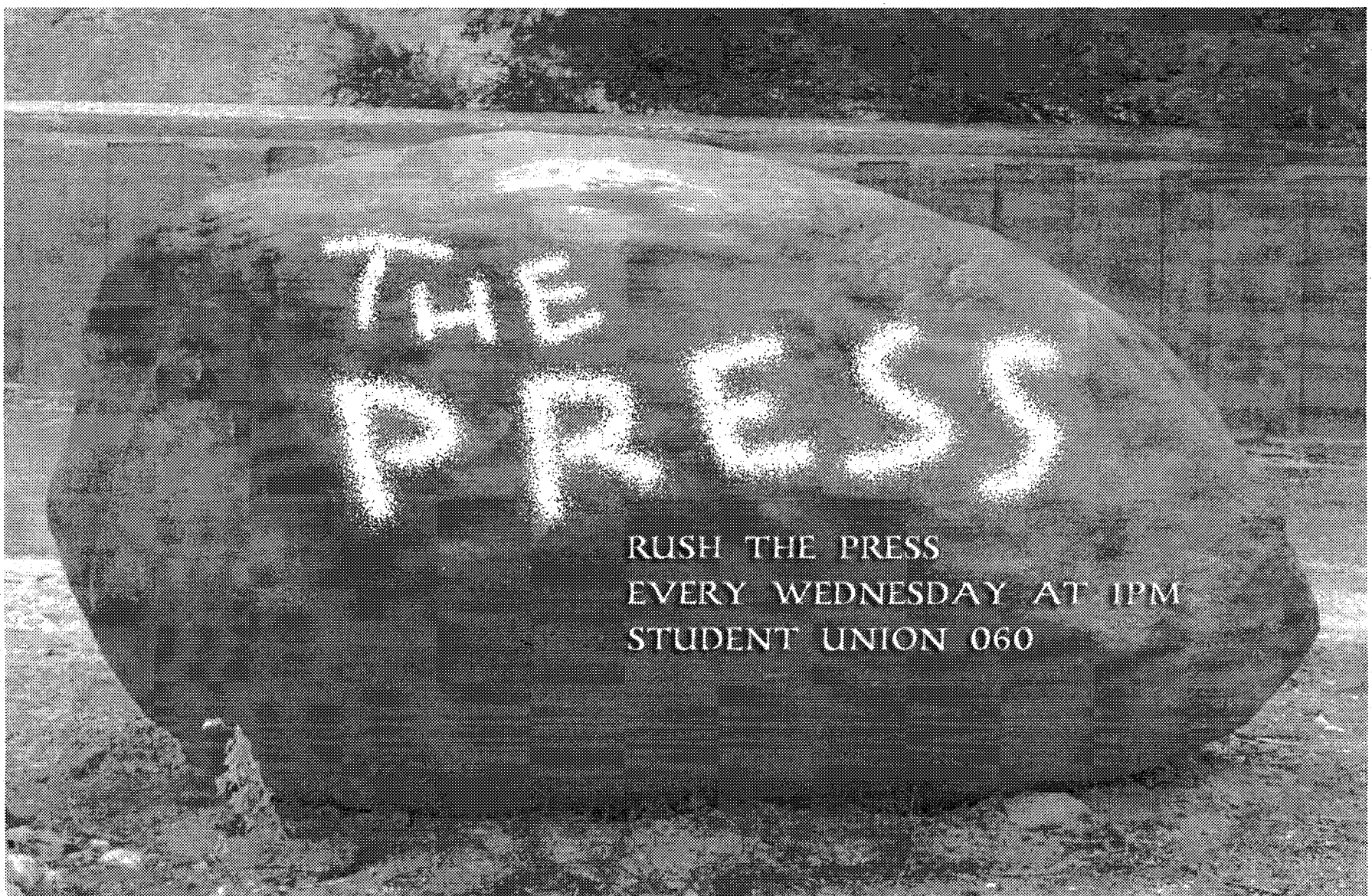
- McCarthy to Hellman: "You wrote fiction and called it the truth"

Then occurs a soft-shoe number. Two guys with straw hats and canes ... one "Fact" and the other "Fiction". Why? I guess they needed to do a set-change and wanted to kill some time. Or distract us from the fact that nothing is happening, nor will anything happen for the duration of the evening.

Ephron ultimately does nothing with this nugget this idea about the fact/fiction dichotomy. Instead, she explores the two women's childhoods, identifying particular incidents that would make each choose to see the world in their particular way. So, again, the idea is only there to further explicate the particulars of these two figures, giving Freudian interpretations of their live's work not to explore any larger questions, but merely to understand these two people. It is biography for its own sake.

The problem, of course, is I don't care about these two people or their endless feud. And nothing Ephron does makes me care. And that is, after all, her job here.

Go back to Hollywood, Nora. There, the ability to write a clever quip pays much better. In the theater, we want illumination of the human condition. Or at least drop a chandelier of more significant proportions.



**Governor Pataki wants to increase
your SUNY tuition by 1,200 dollars.**

**Governor Pataki wants to cut funding
to SUNY and its financial aid programs:**

33% cut to TAP

50% cut to EOP (and related programs)

15% cut to the SUNY operating budget

The Governor's proposal for the higher education budget is ridiculous. Pataki states we are dealing with the worst fiscal crisis "in our lifetime." If the SUNY budget is not cut, according to Pataki, taxes will need to be increased, and jobs will be lost. Has our Governor forgotten about the 1995 tuition increase of 750 dollars which caused the dropout of close to 30,000 SUNY students? That's a solid number of unemployed New Yorkers. If 30,000 students are forced to drop out this year, how much money is the state really saving? Pataki has proposed to cut various financial aid programs by over 80

million dollars, yet put 180 million to "public security activities." What we need now more than ever is a strong education for our professional futures, not another counter-terrorism terminal.

Governor Pataki wants to take 1,200 of your dollars and give you less in return than you have been getting. This is nothing short of extortion. On Wednesday, February 12, join the No Tuition Hike Coalition's meeting in the Colors Café (Union Basement) during campus lifetime. Now is your chance to rally together to fight the hike instead of feeling helplessly robbed.

**The No Tuition Hike Coalition
Room 079 Student Union.
Phone 632-6457**