

The  
Stony  
Brook

# PRESS

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# The Politics of Poverty

By Germ Blandstone

**B**ashing the poor for being in a state of poverty has become a national pastime. While the economy is arguably getting better, there are indications that this recovery is due also to the fact that people are having to work more for less (if in fact they have a job), we are slowly losing a portion of our salaries due to the costs of healthcare, and increases in taxes. The one income family is a dream many cannot obtain, so while the parents work, and the kids are a mess and the dog needs a psychiatrist, we need something to do. We are disgruntled, and what better socio-economic group to pick on but those who do nothing for our society.

The unemployed, yet federal and state funded poor cut to the heart of most people's frustration in these times, their defiance of the work ethic which our society places so much emphasis upon is the source of their utility as a scapegoat. Not unlike medieval Jews before them who were castigated for usury and were accused with not contributing to society but charged fees for loaning money to others. (Pardon what members of the Jewish or financial community may feel, but I am of the opinion that no group deserves to be used as a scapegoat without their consent.)

The poor are rapidly becoming America's favorite scapegoat. The facts are a bit sketchy as to why the poor's most hated segment, single mothers, are so reviled. Oddly enough, the program which most exclusively funds this segment, Aid for Families with Dependent Children accounts for roughly \$25 billion per year in Federal and State money, and according to a recent article by Mickey Kaus in *The New Republic*, even adding in the costs of Food Stamps, the amount is only 3% of the federal budget. That's about 10 Stealth Bombers (I think \$2.5 billion a pop was the damages, don't quote me on this though).

Through time, society has found a useful purpose for the sin of usury and at this point, what was once considered a parasitic activity is a cornerstone of our mixed-capitalist economy. We would find ourselves hard pressed to exist without money lenders. Therefore, if it is for their inactivity that we castigate the poor, then it may be time to reevaluate the achievements of all those over-achievers out there. Let us examine the high and mighty accomplishments for which we can thank them.

**The Wheel** An ancient over-achievement of man, making possible everything from baby carriages to drive thru windows. Of course, it has also created the greatest oxymoron known to mankind, the Long Island Expressway. However, toxic fumes, global warming and parking tickets are also perverted ripple effects from this invention.

**Industrialization** Unleashed an increase of productivity which allows modern day man to sit on a couch and watch *The Simpsons* without having to spend all day searching for bugs and berries and stuff to eat. But all this luxury has its ill effects, look at yourself, you fat, lazy armchair philosopher, with a bag of Cheetos in one hand and the remote in the other. We have created a nation of weaklings who would starve to death even if a cow rolled over dead in front of us. Which by the way it wouldn't because we're too concerned with bovine odors to get within a mile of a live one, let alone a dead one.

**Medicine** Possibly one of man's greatest and wonderful accomplishments. Medicine has increased our life spans, and helped those who would not be able otherwise to live. Of course, as medicine has advanced, so have the costs for research and treatment of the sick and an increase of money going to medical costs. Not to mention that the overall effect of all these people living is a dramatic increase in population, creating more trash, more people who can't get along, which causes more wars. The problems spiral off from there.

**The Manhattan Project** Our crowning achievement in ironic engineering. We have created the perfect weapon. Nuclear weapons provide for peace in the world since any large scale use of the damn things muck up the atmosphere to the point that both our enemies and ourselves are affected. Nuclear energy has created a job market which

will last... oh, what is the half life of plutonium? ..lets just say a long time after this paper has been used to line someone's birdcage. After all, now that we've created nuclear waste, there's always the chance that someone will try to find a socially unacceptable use for it. So its best to pay someone to look after it for a while.

So it seems that progress has advantages as well as disadvantages, but what are the benefits of poverty? A silly question, you might say, however the poor do benefit certain segments of society, apart from being an easy scapegoat. For all their inactivity, at least they remain a constant in our society, as Jesus pointed out, we will always have the poor. This constant means that there will always be those who use them to their advantage, whether in a financial sense, or simply to get re-elected.

Far from being a drain on society, the poor are a source of income. At the very least, poverty creates the kind of atmosphere which helps to hire trained professionals. Drugs create jobs in rehab clinics. Social Workers are needed to help the poor. Even crime, a phenomena always linked with poverty has created a growing industry in security. Many are employed as police and prison guards, contractors also benefit from the demand for prisons. The private sector has addressed our crime concerns in home security, and just think where "the Club" would be if it weren't for car thieves. Let us not forget the contributions of poverty to the entertainment industry. Where else would we breed the colorful characters on our daily true-crime shows?

Welfare, we are told is a drain on society, yet exactly where does all the money go? It returns to the economy when those dollars are spent at our local supermarkets, are used to pay utility and phone bills, and are spent on transportation. When we fund the poor, we create a market. In reflection, the one economic section which is sending dollars out of the country to buy luxury cars, VCR's and other high price imports is definitely not the poor.

The poor it is argued, do not contribute to the well being of society, yet when the rich defraud the government, bilking them for billions of dollars, with no contribution to society, we keep our mouths shut. Blue collar criminals are incarcerated, when they have committed acts against society that have infringed upon the rights of others physically, and are heavily punished. Yet when we find white collar criminals guilty of crimes that affect us all, they are not punished in the same manner. Clearly we have a double standard, the law exists and benefits those who have a vested interest in our mixed-capitalist economy, those who display the much glorified work ethic, and prosper the greatest are those who can afford to make the judicial system work to their advantage. The rich may not be above the law, but certainly they have more resources to find loopholes.

The government is a source of income for many. We can berate the poor for not contributing to society, but how many military contractors received payment for billions in defense contracts for a military arsenal that now will possibly cost more to dismantle than it took to create. We're all trying to get a piece of the fiscal pie.

The eighties were a wonderful time for engineers in the defense industry, jobs were plentiful, we all agreed that they deserved their pay for the weapons systems they created to protect our lives. But even engineers aren't saints, look at tests that were fudged by contractors for our wonderful Star Wars program. The poor are not alone in taking advantage of tax dollars. If we are going to give people money to lie to us, the poor could have done it cheaper and benefited just as much. The point is that we had plenty of money to throw to defense contractors, yet now we clutch our purse when the poor need a handout.

Incidentally, with the recent elections and Republican predominance in Congress, there has been talk of a neat little clause in the Republican's contract with America. As well as all the other neat ideas such as a balanced budget and a decrease in taxes, is something called the National Security Restoration Act, one

of the bills of this act if passed would have as its goal the creation of an anti ballistic defense. A rather costly security blanket that sounds kind of like that "Star Wars", "Evil Empire" (sorry, flashbacks)... where have we heard these terms before? Well at any rate it sounds like at least a couple billion doesn't it?

A lot has been said about a recent book *The Bell Curve*, part of its claim is that the poor are poor because they are not intelligent, and that there is a genetic gap widening due to the exclusive interbreeding of people with high IQs and those with low IQs. If there is any truth to *The Bell Curve*, that those who are born intelligent have a better chance of succeeding in life, then why not give all of the wealth in this nation to the poor? They would supposedly lose it anyway to the rich who would be picking themselves up by their bootstraps and fleecing them.

I beg to differ that were it not for the fact that people are

born rich, we would hear thousands of Horatio Alger stories. Knowledge is not the same as power. Although you may know something, if you do not possess power (economic or otherwise). You are not in a position to utilize that knowledge. To succeed, is a combination of knowing how to do something and being able to actually

put that knowledge to use. Clearly when it comes to earning a living, having a high IQ does not necessarily put you in a position to benefit from that knowledge alone. Add to this the fact that poor areas fund poor school districts.

Johnathan Kouzens, in his book *Savage Inequalities*, has demonstrated that the conditions of schools in poor areas are many times in dire need of repair and lack much of the amenities that richer school districts can offer. (Although the book was written several years ago, cuts to school budgets since its publication, particularly in New York State, could not have helped these areas any.) The playing field is not level from the start for those who come from poor school districts.

Why are people rich? If we look deep into the past, those who have great wealth did not obtain it through very nice means. Namely those who are really rich got their wealth by screwing someone over. Profit is created by making a product with a value greater than the costs expended in creating it. In short, if you have leather, thread and shoelaces, and hire someone to make shoes, you sell them for more than what it cost to manufacture, but how much do you give to the person who made this possible? If you wish to maximize profits, you give them as little as possible. Of course it helps to not invest in your workers or their environment.

Ironically, our poor are not poor enough and do not live in enough squalor to be a source of cheap labor. It is now necessary to go outside of our country to take advantage of other countries' poor, leaving our poor and lower-middle classes with even less employment opportunities. Maybe at some point, our unemployed will be so poverty stricken as to be a cheap source of labor, they should be so lucky.

So, are the poor really the salvation of our country? Who knows, maybe in the future the poor will save us all. If we can all find a form of work addressing their needs they can become our new aristocracy, replacing past loyalties to other segments of society which did nothing. But by making them a scapegoat and not addressing any serious questions about the costs of getting people off welfare (and creating jobs to employ them, public or private) we only assure ourselves their existence will be continued, their numbers increased, and their problems multiplied.

When it comes down to the bottom line, we are building prisons and not schools, we are asking for the death penalty, not asking why people commit crimes. To quote Doug Kinney, "Cut to the root of your problems, otherwise you're just trimming branches." We are a culture that looks for the quick fix, the inexpensive solution. But by ignoring the disease and fixing the symptoms, nothing gets solved and the wounds of poverty fester.

*If there is any truth to The Bell Curve, that those who are born intelligent have a better chance of succeeding in life, then why not give all of the wealth in this nation to the poor?*

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# March of the Pigs

By David M. Ewalt

"the pigs have won tonight  
now they can all sleep soundly  
and everything is all right"  
-Nine Inch Nails,  
"March of the Pigs"

Seventy-seven years ago, during the second week of November, the Winter Palace in Petrograd was invaded by Bolsheviks demanding a communist government. In 1994, during the second week of November, the US Capitol in Washington D.C. was invaded by Republicans demanding welfare reform, tax cuts, and draconian crime laws.

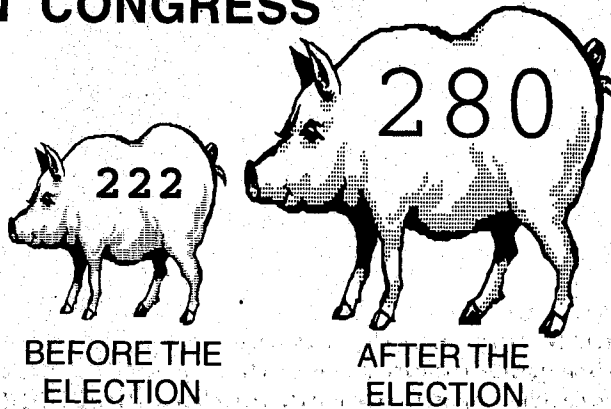
The Republican party gained nine seats in the Senate and forty-nine in the House in this year's election as the American people overwhelmingly dumped Democratic incumbents. Voter anger displaced many of the Congress' most powerful men. Thomas Foley, the speaker of the house, became the first standing speaker not to be reelected since the Reconstruction. Dan Rostenkowski, Chicago's scandal-damaged but none the less influential representative, was booted out as well. Across the country, voters traded in their powerful, experienced Congressmen for Republican nobodies.

Additionally, Democratic governors found themselves on the cutting block. Long-time political players like Anne Richards in Texas lost their jobs-Richards losing hers to the son of ex-president George Bush. All in all the Republicans increased their gubernatorial hold to thirty states -a rise of ten seats. State legislatures also went Republican as the GOP doubled their hold of states to seventeen.

This year's election is doubtless one that will be remembered in history books for a great while. What is remarkable about the election is not just the republi-

can takeover, but what it says about the American people. Two years ago the electorate decided it wanted change and ended a twelve year Republican presidential dynasty with the election of Bill Clinton. Today, the election of a Republican Congress effec-

## NUMBER OF REPUBLICANS IN CONGRESS



tively invalidates everything that vote stood for.

The logic behind this electoral about face is questionable. If the voters supported Bill Clinton, why do they now cripple him? The answer is that this was a campaign governed more by passion than logic. The American people were dissatisfied and wanted to blame someone for it, and Democratic incumbents were an inviting target.

Indubitably Americans voted how they felt, but was that a wise decision? Consider the words of Adlai Stevenson:

"An election is both a selection and a rejection; it is a choosing up of sides. It matters greatly whether reason or passion guides our choice. Reason will enlighten and elevate our understanding and it will discover in controversy the springs of a new unity. But passion will poi-

son the political atmosphere in which the nation must meet the tests of the future."

None the less, the ballots have already been cast. Republicans control the Congress and much of the rest of the country. What does this mean for the future of our country? For starters, we have a new Speaker of the House; Atlanta's vitriolic and argumentative Newt Gingrich. Gingrich, the man who said that Democratic rule would lead to "Soviet-style brutality and murdering of children", is now the GOP's main negotiator with the new Democratic minority. It will be interesting to see if Gingrich continues to verbally assault others like he did when he called Clinton Democrats "The enemy of normal Americans".

Other important posts are now held by Republicans as well. Long time Senate minority leader Bob Dole is now the majority leader. North Carolina's Jesse Helms will take over the Senate Foreign relations committee. Numerous other important committee chairs will be held by controversial figures like Phil Gramm, Nancy Kassenbaum and Arlen Specter.

To see what's to come, one should look at the different issues and proposals the new GOP leaders have been mulling over in the past weeks:

Newt Gingrich: Radical welfare reform.  
Cutting funding to the  
National Endowment for  
the Arts.

Rep. Bill Archer: Abolishing income tax.

Sen. Jesse Helms: Invading Cuba.

Sen. Phil Gramm: Amending the  
constitution to allow  
school prayer.

Now doesn't that make you feel better?

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# Ad Memorium Shaherzad Nezami

As many of you have already heard (see *Statesman* vol. xxxviii #22) **The Press** has recently lost one of our most valued editors in a tragic automobile accident. Shaherzad Nezami, known to most of us as simply, "Shari" joined **The Press** in 1991. Since then she has held several editorial positions, including that of editor-in-chief. Since assuming control of the paper myself, I have found that her experience and her personality made her an invaluable source of input and advice. Although Shari and I were never especially close, over the two years I have known her I always felt that it was our different back

grounds and often conflicting viewpoints which made working with her so very exciting. I could always count on Shari to speak her mind, and not to accept any bull-shit. I suppose what was really impressive about her was that she put her heart into all that she did, and her list of accomplishments is no small one.

Shari's relationship with **The Press** was one founded upon respect and commitment, and it is with this in mind that we present our memorial supplement in the centerfold of this issue. Shari's life was by no means a tranquil one, and there are a number of difficult issues

associated with her death. We have chosen as a matter of editorial policy, to try and focus on the positive experiences we all shared and have had no trouble doing so. Shari's beauty as a human being clearly outshined the burdens she carried and this is how we chose to remember her. She made the most of her time on this earth and her absence is painfully felt by all the lives she touched.

We at **The Press** wish to extend our condolences to Shaherzad's family and friends, and our thanks to the support of faculty, staff and students through this difficult time. Shari, may your dreams live on forever. Peace.

## Letters

## No Day Classes At Stony Brook

When I first came to this school, the buses used to run every 15 minutes. The north and south local usually were prompt/on time but now it is every 30 minutes which is ridiculous. The people in authority have cut the bus service to less than half. They are such dolts, I mention this because on one side of the street the bus runs every 15 minutes and on the other side, it is every 30 minutes. As I think about it I want to laugh, this stupid, nutty, higher-ups. They should be booted out of office. I want to know why they didn't reduce the bus pass since they are giving students less than half the service that we are supposed to get.

They are always offering jobs, ad always complain they are in need of workers! The pay is \$8.00 an hour. Why don't they increase it to \$10.00 an hour, (they can afford to, seeing how much money they get from the students)

\$25 X 17,000 plus they get money from the state for funding.

They have this technicality that only students or state drivers can work as bus drivers as long as they have no tickets and a clean driving record. They are so backwards, why not remove the technicality and hire drivers who are not students or state-affiliated, but who have clean records. A lot of people are unemployed and they would be glad for the job.

Students need the buses to run every 15 minutes, so we don't have to freeze our butts off. There are mothers who depend on the bus for transportation. There are people who need to take it in order to go to classes, or to go to work, sine they have a job on campus. The buses used to be free and they should be free again. This school is a lousy school and it's reputation is seriously overrated. They should be ready, willing, and able

to give efficient bus service. How would you like to be standing in the cold waiting half an hour or 45 minutes for a bus? The transportation department needs to change their hiring policies. The buses need to be free again! Students get lousy service at Stony Brook!

Why is it that they have buses running every five minutes from South P lot to the loop, and can find drivers to accommodate these students, but have buses running every 15 minutes to 30 minutes at Chapin/Hospital? That is not fair. Students that live here should get the same benefits. There need to be some serious change at Stony Brook, where students come last and the people in authority (their needs) comes before the student. It's time for a CHANGE!!

JUDAH

## No Bus Services At Stony Brook

It is time to register for Spring classes, and as I look through the '95 bulletin, I see that there are no day classes available. I am paying over \$3000 a semester for classes and I am not able to take classes in the daytime because some lazy-ass professor wants to sleep all day. To say I am pissed is putting it lightly! This school is not worth the aggravation. Please tell your friends, relatives not to come here.

A friend of mine said something very insightful as to the reason why they are INCONVENIENCING students by not offering day classes and that it is because they want students to stay an extra semester or year, so they can make more money. The greedy, blood-sucking bastards! They seem to have

professors available for these boring science courses in the daytime, but the really important courses such as English 205 have no daytime courses which is totally ridiculous. I want my money back, so I can go elsewhere. I can do without this needless aggravation. Is this a continuing education school or what? All that I see in the bulletin are evening classes. Don't these people know that people work in the evenings, and there are some students that are mothers and only have the time to attend classes in the daytime?

One of my classmates has to inconvenience herself and go to another school in order to graduate and she has other obligations, such as her family and a job which is a lot of stress in addition to this lousy school.

Students should not have to go to other schools to take courses because of these idiots in power who don't know how to run a school. We are the consumers/customers and we should be given options and treated well, because we will take our business elsewhere if they don't change things around. They try to be slick/cunning and only offer day classes in the fall semester, when freshmen are coming in and then they show their true colors after the influx of new students arrive. They are like wolves in sheep's clothing.

We need day classes in English, humanities and core courses and we want the option of Tuesdays or Thursdays or Monday, Wednesdays, or Friday classes. We want ore than 2 sec-

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# Zymurgy Naked

tions, and if they need to hire more professors, then hire them. There are a lot of people out of work and need a job. There is no excuse to be a Scrooge, when the University makes millions of dollars and spends nothing on students. They like to take, but don't like to give nothing back. Students are paying for classes, housing, and money to commute, so the higher can do their fair share and give us day classes in return. This is the least they should do. This school isn't all that and they should be glad anyone comes here and stays here! I have been to two other, and this is the worst. Students want day classes NOW!

(Down with racism.  
Down with classicism.) JUDAH



# Along the Color Line:

## Colin Powell for President

By Manning Marable

Colin Powell is widely recognized, according to *Newsweek* magazine, as "the most respected figure in American public life. He is an African-American who transcends race; a public man who transcends politics." When *Newsweek* asked Americans several weeks ago who they would support in a presidential election if Powell ran as the Republican candidate against Bill Clinton, the choice was obvious and easy: Powell received 54 percent to only 39 percent for the incumbent president.



Powell's rise to public prominence has been nothing short of spectacular. And in many respects, the closest parallel which can be drawn with Powell's political career was the rise of Booker T. Washington, a century ago. Like Washington, Powell's origins were humble. Born in Harlem and raised by a seamstress and shipping clerk in the South Bronx, Powell joined the U.S. Army. After fourteen years, he had served two tours of duty in Vietnam, winning a Purple Heart and a Bronze Star along the way. Also like Washington, Powell has benefited from the patronage of the Republican Party. In 1972, former Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger selected Powell to work in the Nixon budget office as an administrative fellow. Under the Reagan Administration, Powell's star rose steadily: first as Weinberger's military aide, then as Frank Carlucci's successor. When Bush became President, Powell advanced to become Chairman of the Joint Chief of Staff. As head of the U.S. military during the Gulf War against Iraq, Powell became a popular, well-known figure to the American public.

Booker T. Washington became powerful with Republicans, corporate capitalists and white conservatives by preaching a doctrine of self-reliance, hard work and faith in American institutions. He promoted these values to develop the National Negro Business League and Tuskegee Institute, at a time when white

Americans were endorsing racial segregation. Similarly, Powell has stepped forward on the national stage to embrace the same kind of conservative credo. Powell warns blacks not to let racism "drag them down. Don't use it as an excuse for your own shortcomings." Powell embodies solid, white middle-class values: faith in family, religion, patriotism, personal responsibility, and political independence. White conservatives can point to Powell's stellar career as an example that African-Americans don't need affirmative action or liberal social programs to promote their advancement. Evidence of Powell's hostility toward social liberalism was also illustrated last year when the general bitterly opposed Clinton's efforts to end the ban against homosexuals in the military.

Speculation now exists that Powell may follow the strategy of Texas billionaire Ross Perot, by running as an independent in the 1996 general election. By establishing a platform which is pro-military yet moderate enough to attract so-called "New Democrats," Powell privately believes that he can capture the centrist high ground between the ideological policies of the two major parties. He recognized that despite his popularity, the Republican Party has moved sharply to the right since 1980, and would be unlikely to find his views sufficiently conservative. Watching the Republican Party Convention in 1992, Powell was shocked and disgusted by the extremist tactics and polarized polemics of leaders like Patrick Buchanan. By running as an independent, Powell might attract the same following as Perot, plus a sizable share of African-American votes. The *Newsweek* poll confirms this analysis. Forty-seven percent of Americans polled stated that electing an "independent president" would be a "good way" to make changes in Washington.

Can Colin Powell become the next President of the United States? As a public leader, Powell is certainly far more impressive than any serious contender the Republicans have for the presidency. Politically, he would bring a degree of experience in international affairs that Clinton sorely lacks as chief executive.

I have serious questions and criticisms about Powell's positions on public policy issues. But I believe that there are two fundamental barriers which Powell will have to overcome in order to be a serious prospect for the presidency.

The first barrier is the "racial ceiling" in American politics. Simply put, the majority of white voters will not vote for a black, first-time candidate for public office. Even African-American officials who made strenuous attempts to reach out to the white electorate by moderate, non-threatening gestures never fully succeed in winning the trust of most whites. Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley, for example, was defeated twice in his bid for governor of California largely due to the racial antipathy of a segment of the white electorate. David Dinkins, former New York mayor, received less than one-fourth of the white vote last year in a city with a five to one ratio of registered Democrats over Republicans.

Powell's other significant difficulty is ideological and strategic. The present crisis in American politics is expressed on the edges, not the center, of public discourse. The Radical Right, led by the extremist Christian Coalition, is pursuing an activist agenda through purging moderate conservatives like Powell out of the GOP's ranks. Powell is trying to revive an Eisenhower style strategy of moderate Republicanism in an environment of extreme cynicism, hostility toward government and reaction. Unless Perot bankrolls Powell's effort, it appears unlikely that Powell will have the resources or state-to-state network of volunteers and paid staff necessary to run a national campaign. Colin Powell's centrist, patriotic and middle-class orientation may not be enough to mobilize millions of voters who are simultaneously alienated and apathetic toward politics.

*Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Political Science and Director of the Institute for Research in African-American Studies, Columbia University, New York. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 275 publications and is broadcast by 75 radio stations internationally.*

## Racism In The Classroom

By Judah

I have been running into a lot of racism from Professors that is aimed at Black people, and it is sickening. I am sick of the Professors belittling and insulting Black people, if they are doing it for show, because they think it is cute, or to gain approval from the students, this shows how egotistical and insecure they are. Leave Black people alone, if you are a racist professor, then you should not be teaching. There should be a test to screen teachers, and people in authority because they can abuse their power. Professors that are racist need to be reported, so they can be booted out of here.

Students from all nationalities and cultures come here to learn and should not have to experience racist remarks in the classroom. It is unprofessional, backward and tacky. Professors who engage in this kind of behavior should be reported, and when they are evaluated, do not fail to mention the negative effect their racism had on you, it may even affect your performance in class. Rules and laws have to be changed to protect Black students, and all students from being targeted by racist professors.

I have a professor who incorporated his

backwards, racist hypothesis with the book he assigned to class. He is so racist that it is backfiring on him. He even gave a C+ to a White guy, because it didn't coincide with his racist doctrine. IDIOT!!

Professors who are racist are not only ignorant, they are deemed educated fools. They are not only fearful/paranoid of Blacks, but they have limited minds and experiences with other nationalities. They are technically educated, but they are ignorant. They do not possess an open mind. They only things they know about other people from different backgrounds are stereotypes that perpetuate ignorance and lies about other races. It is so stupid, I, as a Black woman have to laugh. Some of the lies are perpetuated by White racists are that Black women are promiscuous, sluts, are bad mothers, sisters, wives, and Black men don't take care of their families. We are not responsible. Black people talk loud, are drug dealers and want to rob White people. I laugh at those stereotypes, and to think that people can believe that about a whole race of people is appalling!

There are good and bad people in every race and nationality!!!!

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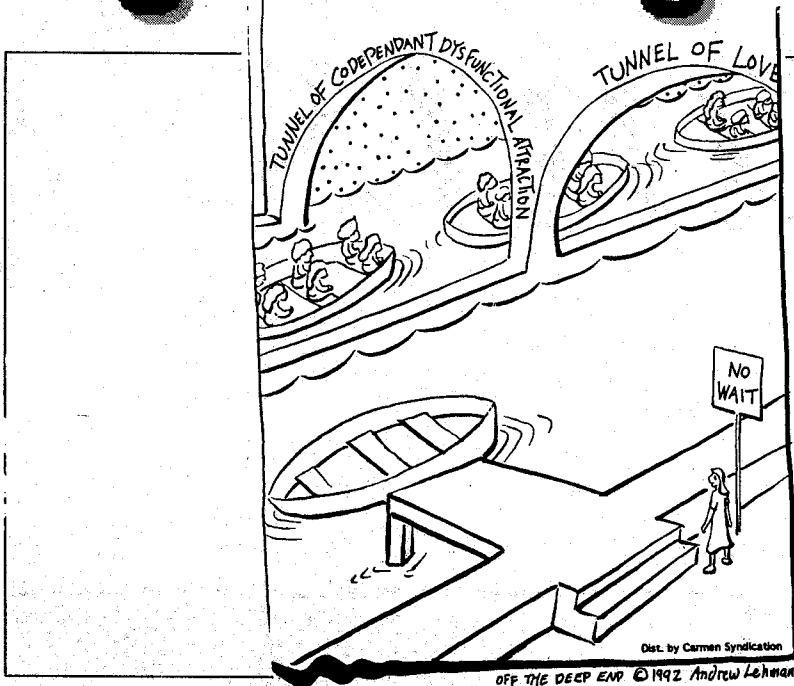
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# COMICS



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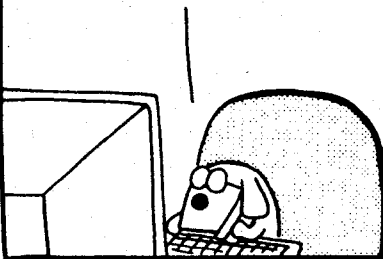
## DOGBERT'S TECH SUPPORT

ACCORDING TO MY ONLINE DATABASE, OUR PRODUCT ISN'T COMPATIBLE WITH YOUR COMPUTER.

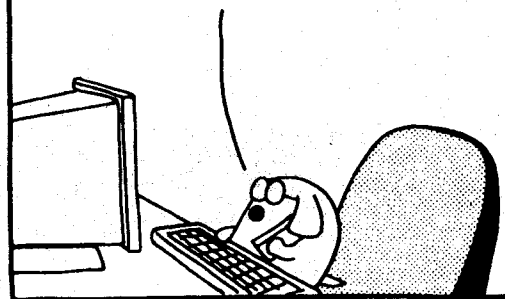


S. Adams E-Mail: SCOTTADAMS@AOL.COM

IT'S ALSO INCOMPATIBLE WITH ALL OTHER COMPUTERS AND ALL OTHER SOFTWARE INCLUDING OUR OWN.



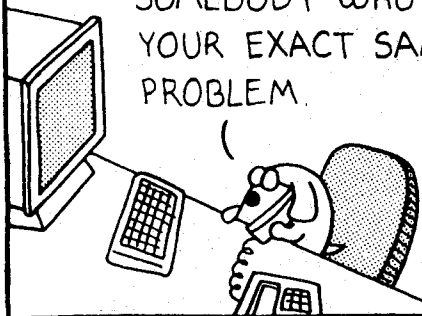
AND THOSE RED BLOTCHES ON YOUR HANDS - THAT'S BECAUSE OUR BOX IS MADE OF POISON IVY.



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## DOGBERT'S TECH SUPPORT

PLEASE WAIT WHILE I CONSULT WITH SOMEBODY WHO HAS YOUR EXACT SAME PROBLEM.



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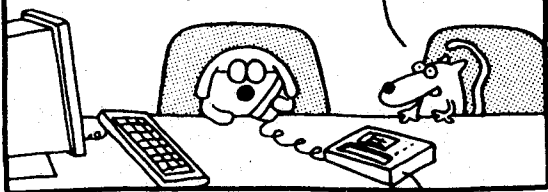
HOW DO YOU COMPENSATE FOR A TINY BRAIN, RATBERT?

I JUST SAY I'M WAY TOO BUSY TO LEARN. THEN I GET SOMEBODY ELSE TO DO MY WORK.



I'M GOING TO TRANSFER YOU TO AN EXPERT.

SOMETIMES I PRETEND TO BE DEAD.



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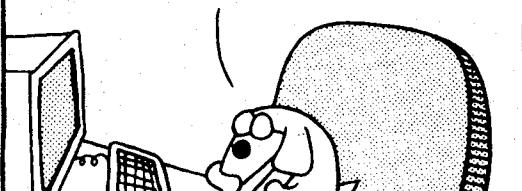
## DOGBERT'S TECH SUPPORT

SO... THERE ARE THREE MENU CHOICES AND THE FIRST TWO DIDN'T WORK...

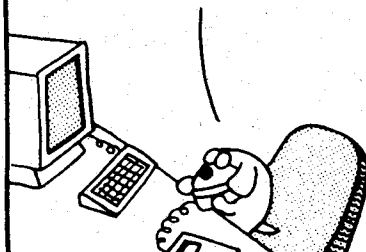


S. Adams E-Mail: SCOTTADAMS@AOL.COM

SOME PEOPLE WOULD HAVE RECKLESSLY TRIED THE THIRD CHOICE BEFORE CALLING FOR HELP. BUT I CAN TELL YOU'RE DIFFERENT.



LET'S BE HONEST WITH OURSELVES, DAVE. DO YOU THINK ANYBODY IS GOING TO READ A MEMO FROM YOU?



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Dilbert R by Scott Adams



# *Memiors*



*Shaherzad Nezami*  
1971-1994

By Liv Ann Macerra

I deeply regret that I never had the chance to know Shari as well as the old Pressers. (I would think that it is safe to assume that the present junior staff here at the Press feel the same way as I do.) When I first met Shari last spring semester, I felt somewhat intimidated yet attracted to her strong presence. It wasn't the way she moved around the room the way she was editing three papers at once; Ron's, her friend's and her own( and every so often downing a large cup of 7-11 coffee), but the way she carried on a challenging argument with everyone in the room about Sufism, Rumi, and her Islamic faith. She then told a funny anecdote to her friend about her mom and her sister in which she proceeded to finish in Persian. (I always wanted to know what it was about and I always forgot to ask her about it.)

She was always so full of life and compassion and I really couldn't help but like her. She was helpful and understanding every time I get extremely stressed over each production week. She even suggested one day that I kick everyone out and have the whole office to myself at least one day out of each production weekend. I think that she just said that for fear that I would quit and leave in the middle of a Press production.

At those times of consolation, we would just take a break and smoke Camel's. Most of the time, we would share each other's last cigarettes. Those were the times when we would have an opportunity to talk to each other as friends and not as Stony Brook students or Pressers. I will miss those times with Shari when we would exchange ideas about each other's papers. She was one of the few people that would ruminate on my inputs and opinions about anything. I always thought that that was a very interesting facet of her intellectual personality. Whereas others would just try to defend their own ideas and beliefs and would result by offending the other person, Shari would just sit back, and flick the ashes of her cigarette and would delve deeper into the subject.

I would never forget the time when she found out that I was an Aquarian, that I possessed all the qualities that Aquarians were known for. She said that we were supposed to be kind, passionate, creative and independent. She was convinced I was and I tried telling her otherwise but she insisted. Oh well, I didn't want to break that illusion.

I could just keep on writing about how I knew Shari but that could be done better by "really talking" about her because that was how I knew Shari, not by her writings and spending time with her outside the campus, but by having had interesting, lively, sad, depressing, funny, hilarious, heavy and deep discussions with her.

For the short amount of time in which I was friends with Shari, I knew that she tried to live her life the best way she could and that was; living without compromising her faith and beliefs and by trying to be happy one day at a time.

seemed more and more achievable. Shari was beginning to rethink her destiny and to have more confidence in life.

More and more when I think about it through the clarity of hindsight, I realize with a sense of futility and much self-recrimination that the foreboding Shari felt was really the crying out of an emotionally battered young woman undermined by love so tragically misdirected. As time went on Shari had begun to free herself from the encumbrances of that love, although sadly not quickly enough to have saved her life. Just as Shari was beginning to free herself, just as her own life and dreams were just beginning to come into focus, her love rose up and snuffed her dreams out forever. It tears away inside of me to realize that Shari didn't have to die that night. Ron, the man she loved so much and so self-destructively, the man whom she had sacrificed so much of her happiness for, the man whom all her friends had warned her about so many times, was at the wheel that night. Shari and Ron had been arguing that night and in the days leading up to it. As he drove down route 347, he ran two red lights and refused to stop even as Shari and Ron's brother, Ian, who was in the car as well, pleaded with him to do so,

causing the accident that took Shari's life. I think about this capricious and ultimately murderous act by the man Shari loved so much, about the senseless way her life had to end, about the betrayal this act represented, about the fear Shari was forced to suffer as she died, and I feel an overwhelming anger. Perhaps I always will, but I realize my anger will serve no purpose, that it will never bring her back, and in a way I wish I could just let it go. Certainly, I want justice to prevail in a world so often unjust, as it was to Shari, but more than that I want to remember Shari's life unclouded by anger or hatred, to remember the times we shared together, to leave my anger and my desire to see justice through momentarily aside and just to pray for Shari. to pray that she has found in death the happiness she so deserved in life, that she is finally at peace.

Since her death I have walked around this campus in a daze and thought about how unmercifully life goes on. I look at the many places Shari and I spent time together and I see others where Shari had always been, others who never knew her or will ever know her sitting where she had sat, talking where she had spoken, laughing where she had laughed, where she had studied,

where she had lived. And it terrifies me to witness the indifference of the world, to realize the silence of her absence, to know how easy others rise to take her place, how easily we are all forgotten as if we never lived at all. And I so desperately want the world to stop, just for a moment, to stop its brutal progression onward and to acknowledge, even for a minute, the life of my friend. Yet the world never stops. The days and weeks and months keep turning ceaselessly and the daily responsibilities of life importune themselves upon us. There are papers to write and tests to study for and applications to fill out and so much work to be done, and with every moment the life of my friend recedes further and further into the distance and our memories of her fade. and the pain we feel subsides and then there is just life again like it always was, like it always will remain. And yet still I just want the world to stop, just for a moment, and to realize that such a beautiful person had lived and to linger a moment in their dreams, to partake in the spirit of her life, and to know how much I loved her as a friend. Shari, I loved you very, very much. As long as I live I will never forget you, no matter what the ravages of time. Goodbye...

## Tomorrow, Tomorrow, Tomorrow

I don't know or want voice my anger,  
because it would only be futile.

Shaherzad's physical essence may be gone  
But her spirit will always remain  
Dear to me

We where supposed to of hang  
out, on Saturday

But I never called  
Now I wished I did.

I remember you coming  
over  
the week before  
and I  
the week after

We knew each other  
Strictly on Academic terms  
Now I wish it could have been  
Different

NOW YOUR GONE  
Rest in Peace

I'll miss YOU

-H.Hasan.





#### PERSONAL STATEMENT

In the Spring of 1990, while recovering from an illness, I became intrigued with the description of a course being taught at Stony Brook by, as a friend was relating to me, a Japanese woman on Islam. As my friend spoke quite highly of the course in general and the professor in particular, I decided to register for the class the following term. That professor was Dr. Sachiko Murata and I feel it no exaggeration to say that the course changed not only the course of my studies, but also that of my life.

During that same term I joined the department of Religious Studies, and have found the work both challenging and exciting. It was while watching my professors at work that I decided to dedicate my life to the study of religion and to pursue a career in academia. I found myself amazed by both the breadth and the depth of knowledge possessed by my teachers. I was equally impressed by their commitment not only to their particular fields of study but also to their students. These are but some of the many qualities which I found myself admiring within my professors, qualities which I have aspired to cultivate within myself during my pursuit of a career within academia.

I have also taken several other steps in order to achieve this goal. I have undertaken extensive travels in the Middle East, in particular in Iran and Turkey. I have also gone out of my way to acquire a better grasp of the Persian language, my mother tongue, by doing extensive readings on my own and have begun the translation of a work by the eminent Iranian female theologian Lady Banu Amin. I believe the work to be of the utmost importance not only because of its subject matter, Islamic eschatology, but also because it is a work by a female theologian and mystic. The works of women scholars of Islam traditionally having been marginalized, I believe it to be extremely important, for Western readers in particular, to be able to learn about Islam, Muslim women, and the question of the status of women in Islam, from Muslim women themselves.

Furthermore, I have studied Classical Arabic for two years and am currently working on a translation of Ibn-Khaldun's *Muqaddimat*, under the supervision of Dr. Robert Hoberman, a faculty member at Stony Brook. As indicated by my transcript, I have also studied both French and Spanish which I believe will be of importance during my studies. My studies in the department of Political Science have provided me with the opportunity to view various religions as they impact upon the political, social, and economic realities of various societies around the globe. In addition, my past teaching experience at an Islamic summer school program have been invaluable insofar as allowing me to gain experience as a teacher, and also to observe and partake in a Muslim community where abstract religious concepts are applied within day-to-day life.

My concentration throughout my studies has been in Islam and the Middle East in general with a particular emphasis on Sufism. I have also done a substantial amount of work on East Asian religions such as Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism. I am applying to Princeton University because I feel that the department has much to offer me. At this point in time my interests continue to lay in the field of Classical Sufism and I am extremely interested in doing comparative work on Persian and Arabic Sufi literature in particular. I have been fortunate to work with excellent scholars and teachers and am confident that I will find the same atmosphere at Princeton. At the same time I believe that my previous academic experience coupled with my extensive travels within the Middle East, my own background as an Iranian and a Muslim, experiences working with scholarly texts and also as a teacher within the Islamic community make me an excellent and unique candidate for admission to your graduate program.

Bodas de sangre  
 Cuerpas que no sienten  
 Como  
 Como tu puedes  
 Me destruye  
 Cuando ne le veo  
 Pero el viene  
 Como un camion  
 Yo te digo.  
 Donde esta  
 mi vida  
 y mi sangre  
 Tu les tienes  
 y ahora  
 no tengo nada  
 Su memoria  
 es como  
 una piedra  
 y me destruye  
 ahora  
 no soy nada  
 fui como yo viene  
 una aparicion  
 de su corazon  
 que no existe.

Shari N.

Marriages of blood  
 Lifeless bodies  
 How  
 How it destroys me  
 Like you do, when I don't  
 See it comes in, like a truck  
 I say  
 Where is  
 My life  
 And my blood  
 You have it  
 Now I have nothing  
 Its memory  
 is like  
 a rock  
 and its destroys me  
 now "  
 i am nothing  
 i left as I came  
 an apparition  
 in the heart  
 non- existent.

trans by Jorge H. Londono

One of the true joys of the soul is  
 found in love. Love can make us  
 more intimate with God. It is that  
 which allows us to call Her friend. It  
 can change people and events. It can  
 bring people closer to each other,  
 closer to themselves, and closer to  
 God. According to Rumi:  
 Through love bitter things seem sweet,  
 Through love bits of copper are made  
 gold.  
 Through love gregs taste like pure wine.  
 Through love pains are as  
 healing balms. (Love, Beauty,  
 and Harmony in Sufism, p32)  
 Love has power on the human heart, mind,  
 and soul which is incomparable. But not  
 just any type of love has this sort of power  
 to join us with God and change our heart.

FUNNY HOW THINGS CHANGE  
 I REMEMBER YOUR EXCITEMENT  
 BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

FUNNY HOW THINGS CHANGE  
 YOU SPOKE OF GOD AND THE FUTURE  
 BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

FUNNY HOW YOU USED TO  
 BE UNDERGROUND ALL DAY  
 HOW YOUR EYES USED TO LIGHT UP  
 BEFORE THE REVOLUTION CAME

IT USED TO STRIKE ME AS FUNNY  
 HOW EXCITED YOU WOULD GET  
 WHEN LAUGHING AT THE RICH  
 THEY'LL GET THEIRS SOON YOU SAID

FINALLY WE'LL HAVE FREEDOM  
 YOU'D HOLD MY HAND AND SAY

WE CAN BE TOGETHER  
 THAT WAS BEFORE THEY  
 TOOK YOU AWAY.

NOW YOUR EYES ARE COLD  
 AND MISERY'S GIVEN WAY  
 TO ALL THE DREAMS  
 THEY SOLD YOU  
 IT'S FUNNY HOW THINGS CHANGE.

Shari N.



---

By Catherine Krupski

Shari Nezami was one of the most multi-faceted people I knew. The number of people she reached through various groups, many of which we will never know about, is incredible. When I saw her talking to students from some of those groups while having a cigarette in the fireside lounge or the library, I realized that she extended herself to the fullest and touched so many.

It was through those experiences that she gained the most knowledge, which she passed along to the Press to give it an edge that made it unique. As a result of her influence, true Pressers understand what the paper is or at least supposed to be about and try to uphold those values as described in the Press manual.

She saw how stressed out I got if things didn't run smoothly after I became editor of the Press. She said, "Don't let this stress you out. It's not worth it." It was this attitude coupled with an air of confidence that was the Stony Brook Press which intimidated any Press newcomer. After a while, we all acquired those traits to some degree and utilized them.

I know this because of the first time we talked. She was wearing blue John Lennon sunglasses, a scarf in her hair and was chewing gum. I said her name and asked her about the issue that was supposed to be out and she looked at me wondering how I knew who she was. It totally threw her off. We had attended the Press meetings, but we just happened to sit on opposite sides of the room.

As we got to know each other, we shared family horror stories. She told me her memories of Iran and I told her about growing up in Center Moriches. She made me laugh at those things which I most tried to suppress or hide instead of accepting them. She made me realize, not intentionally, that not everyone's life is like the Cosby's.

She also had this amazing insight and always knew why certain things happened, even if it wasn't said. One day she asked me something so point blank that no one else knew about except for me and of course I denied it until I was blue in the face. I laugh now because I have this firm belief that once someone dies, all truths will be revealed to them. So now she knows not only who killed Kennedy and what really happened to Marilyn Monroe, but she is stomping her feet, shaking her body with her arms at her side and screaming, "I knew it! I was right!" Yes Shari, you know it all now.

When I became sad thinking about her and was on the verge of crying again, I would see her looking at me, exhaling the smoke from a Camel cigarette and saying in that confident voice, "Cathy (in the way that only she could), I'm dead—get over it. You should be crying for your own sorry ass because I'm up here and everything is great and you still have your whole life to live."

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Things I Didn't Know  
by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

It is easy to feign irreverence  
when life surges through our bodies  
and we are so young...  
how immature, how sweet-smelling  
compared to the powers that be!  
It is only a dream that we can outrun the wind,  
or soar higher than an eagle  
and touch the stars,  
but if we do not try  
our hearts will die  
and fall forever through a dark abyss.  
I didn't know that until they told me  
you weren't coming home.  
After that we learned  
all sorts of things  
in memory of you,  
and made the promise to slow down  
and listen more.

By Ian Asch

It is funny to think about it now, but when Shari and I first met we despised each other. It was strange, but despite all this dislike, we knew nothing about each other at all. I first met Shari when the Israeli ambassador came to Stony Brook to deliver a lecture on the Middle East. My own interest in the matter was merely in passing, so I lingered at the door of the Union ballroom just to have a glimpse of the goings on. And that was when I first saw Shari. She had stood up during the question and answer session to challenge the ambassador, the likes of which I would never do. I don't remember what she had said but the fiery passion which drove her made quite an impression on me. When she had finished grilling the ambassador she quietly gathered her things and proceeded to leave before the discussion had ended. All the eyes in the ballroom followed her as she left. She was proud and defiant as she left, refusing to acknowledge the stares of the audience. She continued out this way in staunch defiance until she came to the door. There she stopped, hesitating for a moment, then turned to look me square in the eye. We looked at each other meaningfully for a few more moments, and then she turned and left.

I told her later on, after I had become friends with her, that at the time I had strongly disapproved of the anger and the passion that had driven her words that night. But as I got to know her more I also had to admit to her that I had totally misunderstood the quality of her emotions. She did not have an ounce of hatred for anyone, only a deep and profound yearning for justice. I found that there had been no true anger in her voice that fateful night, only the longing for a better world, a longing that we all share. Such was her yearning that it never wavered, even as her young life had treated her cruelly, even as she came to experience the remarkable injustice of the world. How often did she speak to me about the pain of her life? How often did we come to share that pain together? Despite all the pain she had endured, she would take the time to listen to my own, to listen and to care. She was truly the most wonderful and sensitive person

I have ever known, and the best friend that I have ever had. She was selfless and giving and there for me always. She cared for her friends more than she cared about herself. In retrospect,

I wish she had given herself more credit than she did. I always warned her that she was too selfless, as if there could be such a thing, that her sense of loyalty and obligation to the people she loved bordered on self-immolation. Tragically, this has proven prophetic. Those who did not know her don't understand how lonely she had been in her brief life. She had experienced much anguish and loss. All she ever wanted was to undo the emptiness that she felt in her life. All she ever wanted was to love and to be loved. Ultimately, despite all the protestations of myself and other friend, she loved too much and for the wrong reasons and it wound up costing Shari her life.

Of course on that fateful night none of this was known to me. All I saw were superficial signs of pointless rage. I had no conception of the noble and beautiful heart that fueled it. I am sure my disapproval registered itself in my eyes that night as we stood glancing at each other at the ballroom door, just as her own eyes bespoke her defiance and her disapproval of me. Yet in reflection back on the event I remember that even at the time, before the embellishments of memory could have their influence, I felt that there had been some-

thing more to it than that, that even though we didn't know each other at all, in some profound way our lives had been brought together. I never understood it then, and I still can not understand it now. As our friendship blossomed and grew, I always meant to ask Shari about that night, although it would have been awkward to mention the foolishness of those early times. I pictured in my mind a time off into the future when she had achieved her dream of becoming a professor in religious studies and I had gone on to my own career when we both could sit back and laugh at the stupidity of youth and think nostalgically of those times. Now we will never have the opportunity to do so.

Fortunately, fate was not done with either of us. At about the beginning of October, during the same semester I became friends with Farah, who unbeknownst to me was also friends with Shari. For the first few weeks of our friendship Shari's name was never raised. Then one day as I sat in Farah's dorm room she told me that a close friend of hers was going to move in with her, and that her friend was coming over that night.

Not knowing who this friend was, I sat there waiting to meet her without much anticipation or concern. Needless to say, I was totally flabbergasted when Shari walked through the door.

At first Shari and I both resolved to be civil. This meant avoiding each other as much as we could and not saying a word to each other when we could not. Finally, Farah, who had become disgusted with our behavior, arranged that all of us should go out one night to break the ice.

It was on Farah's part a noble effort, but the night turned into a disaster. For the first hour Shari and I refused to address each other at all. When we finally did speak it was only to trade insults. I must say that it had not been planned this way. I imagine we both approached that night as an opportunity to truly give each other a chance. However, these things are much easier said than done. For weeks afterward, Shari and I took turns haranguing Farah, each one of us telling her how we simply could not believe she would be friends with someone like the other. To her credit, Farah stood her ground and correctly told us both to grow up.

What ultimately brought Shari and I together was a combination of blind luck and, strange as it may sound, a dream. Early in the spring of the following semester Shari unexpectedly moved onto my hallway in Greeley. I never really stopped to ponder the gross improbability of this event, but at the time I felt that I was the most unlucky person on earth. Shari, for her part, was as taken aback by the turn of events as I was. Neither one of us knew exactly how to handle the situation. At first we tried vigorously to pretend that the other did not exist. We passed each other in the hallway obliviously without acknowledging that the other person was there at all.

Perhaps this childishness would have continued but for the occurrence of a strange dream that I had a couple of weeks after Shari moved onto my hall. In essence, I dreamt that I had approached Shari and talked to her and that we both agreed to be friends. It was a dream born out of the guilt I felt for never properly giving her a chance, and I am certain that Shari felt the same guilt as I did, for a few days after this dream, and with still no encouragement from me, Shari stopped as we passed each other in the hallway and simply asked me how I was doing. From that moment forward

we were friends ever after.

I remember a day two summers ago when I visited her house for the first time. We sat in her living room and talked for many hours about our lives and our dreams. As evening approached and it was time for me to go, Shari walked me to the front door and we said good-bye. However, I could not leave just yet. I had something more to tell her. I wanted to tell her how much our friendship meant to me. I told her that it gave me hope to realize that we were friends, that we had overcome so many superficial differences along the way, differences which take on so much more importance than they deserve, and that in our friendship we had overcome so much

within ourselves. As I turned to leave I told her that for the first time in quite a while, I truly felt happy.

Over the summer just passed Shari and I talked endlessly about her future. Shari was taking her GRE's in September, and although she was an excellent student, and though

she would ultimately do very well on the exam, Shari worried about it just the same. Yet this apprehension was more than simple anxiousness. There was the most passionate yet plaintive longing in her voice as she talked about her future aspirations. Shari had placed so much stock in the future. In it she fostered all her hopes and dreams. She saw in the future an escape from the misery of the past and a cessation of the pain she felt so much in the present, though she tried so bravely to conceal it. As unbearable as her death has been, I find it even more unbearable that all her hopes and dreams, dreams which she talked about so often and with such yearning, are now no more.

Shari Nezami was 23 years old, with all her life literally in front of her, when she died in a car accident on the night of November 12th. I talked to her on the phone that night just a few hours before she died. Her voice was sad and weary as she told me that she would call me back when she got home. I didn't hear from her again that night, though I didn't think it meant anything unusual. The next morning I called her home expecting to talk to her. We were planning to go into New York City that day. It was then that I heard she was dead.

In the brief time since she died, and as the shock slowly passes, I have begun to try and come to terms with her death. More than anything I have thought about all the times she talked about dying young. There was the strangest sense of fatalism about her life, a sense of foreboding tragedy that Shari recognized and understood. This foreboding added so much weight and so much sadness to her life. So many times as we talked about her dreams a shroud of sadness would come over her and she would be silent for a long moment and think about her dreams informed by her presentiment of impending death and shutter and cry out almost pleadingly about how important her aspirations were to her and how she only wished to have more time to live them, to be happy, though she wasn't sure if she would. Indeed, in thinking about Shari's life I am most struck by her apparent contradiction, her premonition of death and the fervent way she lived her life, though in truth the two go hand in hand.

Sometimes, in remembering the circumstances through which Shari and I met and the foreboding she felt about her own death, I think long and hard about the meaning of fate, but I really do not know what to think at all. Inasmuch as I remember the foreboding which she felt about her own death, I can not forget nor completely reconcile to this foreboding the intensity in which she lived her life and embraced her dreams. As time went on the hopefulness of her voice grew stronger and her dreams

*All she ever wanted was to undo all the emptiness that she felt in her life. All she ever wanted to do was to love and be loved*

*The next morning I called her home expecting to talk to her. We were planning to go into New York City that day.*



The Stony Brook Press wishes to present this supplement in memory of Shaherzad Nezami, who graced this paper with her vitality and presence since 1991. The following pages include some of her own work but we have also brought in some of the thoughts and perceptions of her friends and associates. These pieces have not been edited except for spelling and grammar, and thereby speak for themselves. Any expression of editorial policy has been reserved for the editorial section of this issue. We also regret that some pieces could not be included due to time constraints.



Shari Nezami was one of my favorite people, both as a personality and as a writer. I loved her no-holds-barred style of writing. When she would go to a guest lecture and she did like it, she would blast it away in a very intelligent way. I remember she covered Henry Louis Gates; an Uncle Tom, token black Conservative, and she took him to pieces. She wrote about controversial issues and never backed off. Her articles and viewpoints generated more letters to the Press than any other Press writers.

I remember a controversy after an article she wrote calling for the end of the Israeli settlements on the West Bank, an S.B. Press member, David Turner, made a stink about it. It was very personal, he made an issue of her being from Iran and of the Islamic faith, she politely and strongly stood up to that. She was not going to let someone make an issue of where she was from and her religious beliefs. Right on Shari! David was an interesting character, he is the only acid freak I know who is AWOL from both the American and the Israeli Army. Shari stood up to him, and the Press backed her.

Her disappearance for a year was noted at the Press. I thought that she had moved away to the Southwest with her lover.

Shari was a wonderful presence in the office. I used to greet her with a ridiculous song parody in which I put her name in and do a silly dance, she had a good sense of humor about it. She was smart and was a good conversationalist. She can talk about a whole range of topics, and when she liked something, she would say, "that's dope". Last week, an Edie Brickell tape was playing and she said, "Rob, this tape is dope". She was a warm person with a big smile. I will miss her kindred spirit and her friendship.

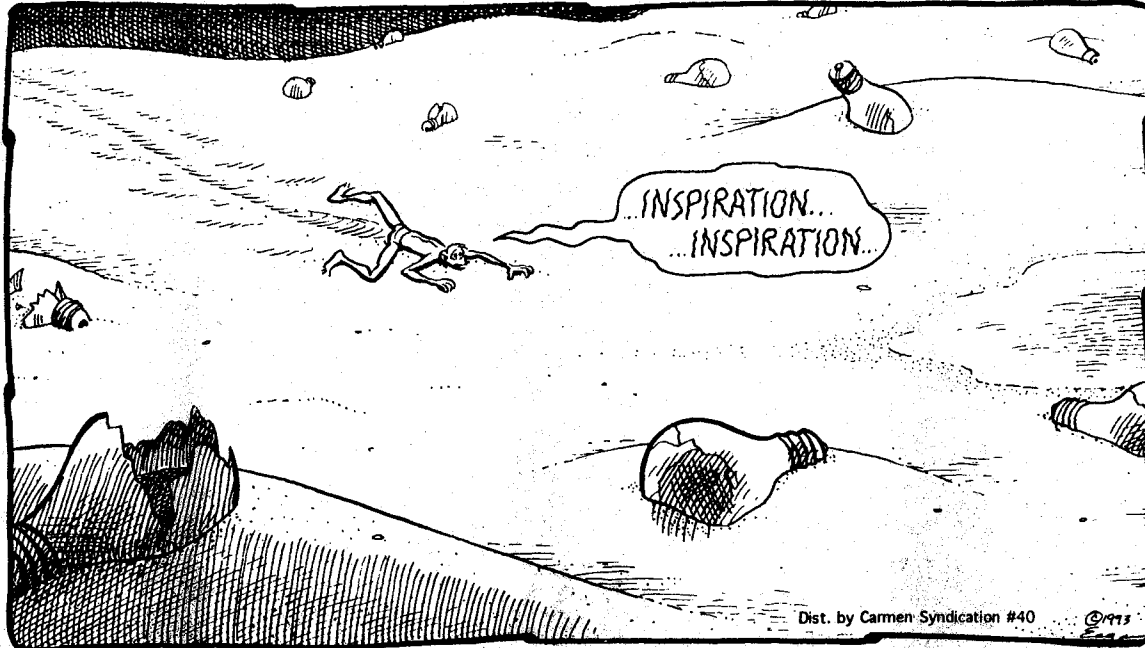
-Rob Gilheany



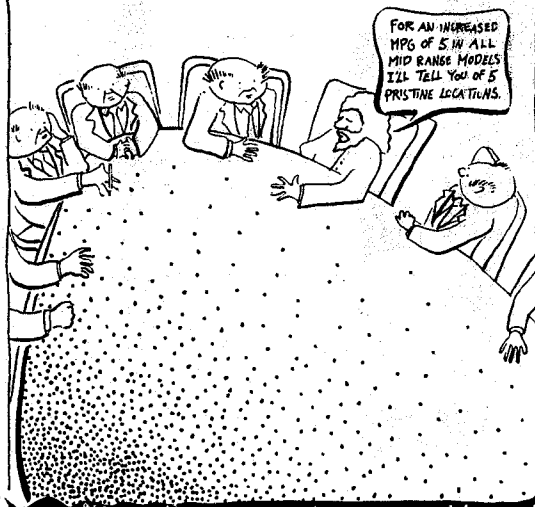
jazz  
 be boppin  
 hip hoppin  
 foot stompin  
 and oh so *smooth*  
 for a white boy he shore do got some rhythm in him  
 i hope so man  
 is math really all that counts milo  
 has it really always been here  
 like God ?  
 ornette colemena  
 sun-ra  
 and miles  
 is every good jazz musician  
 afflicted  
 and do they all die so young  
 and why you  
 will i ever see those  
 blue eyes  
 or run my fingers through your hair  
 and would you hold  
 me  
 like you held that bass  
 and the wall  
 can i ever sit there again  
 are these tears for you milo  
 or for me  
 and is your dying  
 just reminding me of  
 my own mortality  
 and am i sorry that your'e gone  
 for you  
 or for me ?  
 you came like a shadow  
 in the morning  
 but you left before the sun ever went down  
 were Thursday nights at first and first  
 really that bad  
 was it that good  
 is your going away make me want you  
 more now than i did when you were here  
 did I take you for granted  
 would you always be here  
 what did I see in him  
 why didn't I see it in you  
 is that what you really wanted to know  
 i saw a lot in you  
 i still do  
 but it's only a memory now  
 and i miss you milo  
 i want you to come back  
 i don't care abut miles or ornette  
 i wanna see you play again  
 i wanna see your bass  
 play it for me milo  
 play it for me  
 did you want to be a stockbroker  
 and will people ever understand music  
 the way you did  
 will people ever understand you  
 or me  
 the way you did  
  
*in my solitude you'll haunt me*  
 like billie sang it  
 in my solitude you better  
 haunt me.



# SUBCONSCIOUS COMICS ©1993 TIM EAGAN



THE YEAR IS 2021. GENERAL MOTORS PLACES A MEMBER OF GREENPEACE ON ITS BOARD WHEN IT DISCOVERS THERE ARE NO SCENIC VISTAS LEFT TO FILM AS BACKDROPS FOR COMMERCIALS.



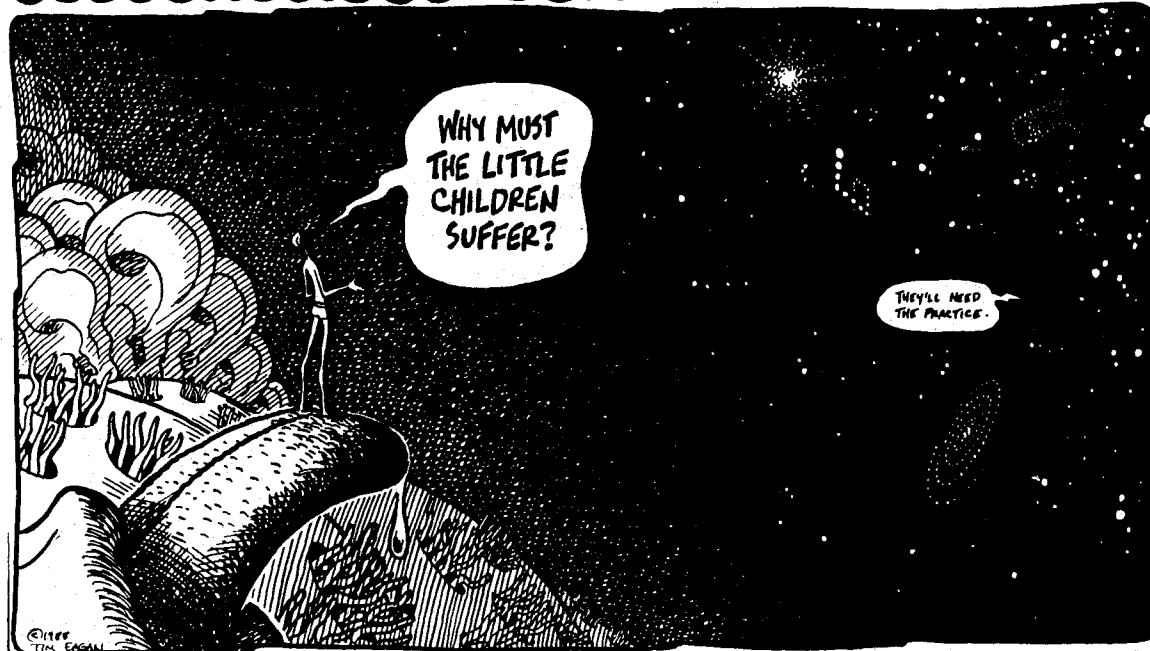
OFF THE DEEP END ©1991 Andrew Lehman



Blue

THE REBELLIOUS '50s

# SUBCONSCIOUS COMICS ©1988 TIM EAGAN



## Top 10 Things You Should Run Over

10. Freshmen
9. Your neighbor's cat or Pataki
8. Dancer, Prancer, Comet, Cupid
7. ALL the Power Rangers
6. At least one Admin person
5. Jay Leno
4. GAP salespeople
3. Brad Pitt
2. Your disgruntled ex-fucks
1. Bruce Davis (the 1-800-LAWYER dude)

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BURN IN  
HELL**

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-Jean Giraudoux *The Madwoman of Chaillot* (1945)

The Stony Brook Press

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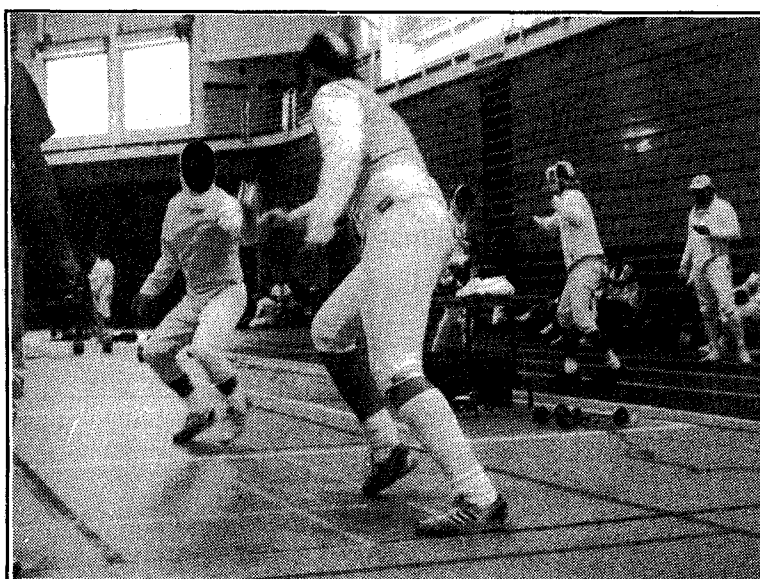
## Silver Competition

**3 EVENTS:**

Foil

Epee

Sabre



USB 4th Annual Fencing Open

**1st Annual**

**1994**

**December 18**

**10:00-4:00pm**

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Scholarships**

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**Donation:** \$10 1st event; \$5 each additional

**Winnings:** 2nd- 6th place medals; 1st place trophy

**Prizes:** Three gifts of fencing equipment randomly allotted to one fencer in each competition who enters the first round.



From the darkest reaches  
of the infernal abyss,  
The Stony Brook Press  
presents...

# Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Dear Dr. Azazel

Ever since my mother told me not to take that faculty job in a nasty second rate university, my life has been going downhill.

I have finally found employment as a secretary in a senior administrative office here, and I am learning a great deal about the way the university is run. Unfortunately, I think I am about to lose this heaven-sent (OOPS, sorry) job. My boss keeps telling me to send these things to "brass hole", and I can't find out what it is. At first I thought she meant the wastebasket, but quickly learned otherwise. She knows the messages are not getting through, because she has started to complain, and even yell at me, which I hate. I finally thought I had it last week. I sent a package of documents up to S.U.N.Y. Central (you understand - where the top brass live) but it came back unmarked "addressee unknown". I am sure that if I fail again, she is going to fire me. I've tried every thing. The Campus Directory. Yellow pages. White Pages. Encyclopedias. Dictionaries. Metallurgical treatises. Interment. Even a really neat little dictionary of nonstandard English. NO luck! NO mention anywhere of what this "brass hole" is,

Please, please help me before I lose this job... Who, what or where is BRASS HOLE?????????

Desperately,  
Perplexed, Ph.D.

Dear Perplexed:

I was particularly moved by the irony of your letter. It would seem that your job, your career, indeed the life-giving bread of your profound yet paltry existence has been endangered by a mere misanthropic miscommunication. You could be sitting pretty were it not for the lack of an adequately loquacious lexicon. Oh, what joy that such a tiny thing could cause such terrible turmoil in a life. But alas, your petty perturbation peaked my curiosity so, with my black heart filled with the kind of glee only a jaded cynic could appreciate, I meandered over to the Muse of Meaning, in the hope that she could quell the curious query which sprang from your letter.

Unfortunately the Muse of Meanings memory surpasses her capacity for compassion and she refused to aid me. (Hey, I was drunk; she was asking for it- did you see how she was dressed?) Fortunately, the glare of my brilliance dims the sun and I was able to engender some etymological ingenuity. Brass Hole seems to be a term in what one would call

rhyming slang, though its use intends more than a simple sugarcoating of a harsher vulgarity. Though I believe your employer is referring to not merely an asshole but one with the balls of a brass monkey.

Among the upper echelon of Stony Brook faculty and staff there can be only one Brass Hole, your friend and mine: Alan Devries. Send your letters there, in fact why don't we all sit down and write a letter to Al and let him know what we think of him. Write to:

Al Devries  
Campus Residences  
O'neil/Irving  
Campus Zip #4444  
Alan.Devries@sunysb.edu

-Azazel

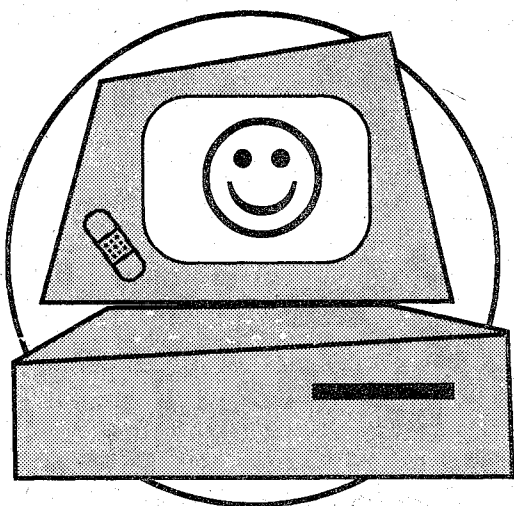
P.S. Reflect on the following: If there was but one piece of universal wisdom which could be found applicable to all creatures ever borne of woman, a single axiom for both kings and buffoons, it would be this:

Listen to your mother.

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# Do You Sense a Certain Recurring Motif Here At USB

# ? Share Your Feelings With Us

# At The Press

## Dysfunctional Fables

# The Hammerkopf and the Firefly

By Rachel Wexelbaum

in memory of Shari, the flame of inspiration

In Africa, there lives a bird who has two names. The Afrikaaners call her "hammerkopf" for her hammer-shaped crest while native Africans call her "the lightning bird" for her speed. However, she is most famous for where enormous nests which she and her husband build over water.

Often weighing more than two hundred pounds with walls and a roof four feet thick, the hammerkopf estates are woven from branches, grass, animal hair and wildebeest tails. Married couples build their nests together with the female hammerkopf performing most of the difficult labor. She is the better weaver of the two, and she will reconstruct anything the male had done that does not meet up with her standards. She must have a safe, neat harmonious home in which to raise a family, and she is accustomed to getting what she wants. Her nests will be impervious to searing heat, and from most predators.

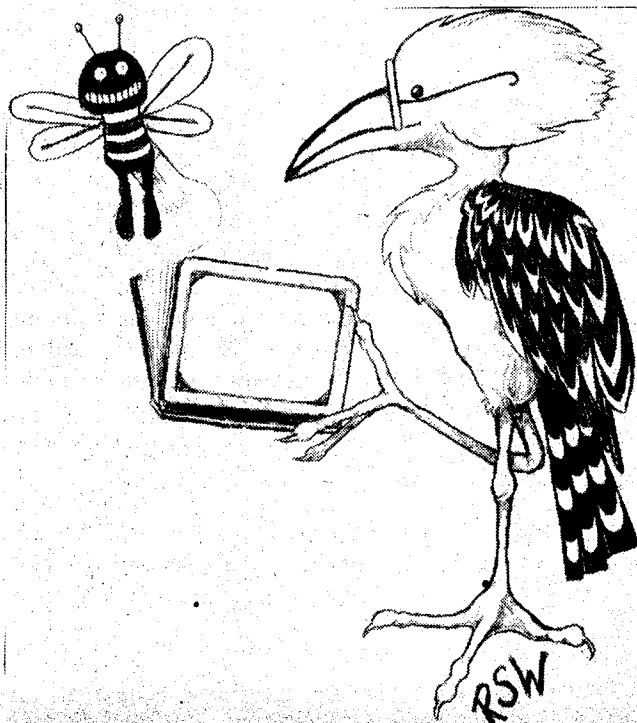
What naturalists do not understand is why the hammerkopfs, after their children grow up and leave home, abandon their nests to weave new ones. One theory is that the female hammerkopf, after sitting with her children for so long, grows irritable and must have new surroundings to maintain her sanity. In abandoning the old nests, however, she is actually performing a good deed for the community — who would pass up low-cost waterfront housing? Owls, snakes, mice, civets and other less industrious creatures take over the hammerkopf nests and maintain them for years...

Imagine the pain a female hammerkopf must experience when she becomes too old to have children and must live in her last nest. Her final home is usually in need of constant repair, for in their later years the hammerkopf's bills grow dull, they lose their strength and coordination in their claws and their eyes begin to fail them. The male usually dies before the female (she sends him out for more and more building material until he gets a heart attack) and she ends up living alone in this rickety old

house. No one ever comes to visit, for the female hammerkopf's bad temper emanates from the nest and keeps most people away.

Fireflies, unlike most people, do not recognize crankiness. They have the power to get along with anyone and change their life forever. So now the story begins...

Firefly, lovable vagrant that she is, decided to squat in a hammerkopf nest for awhile. Unfortunately, the one she had chosen was still



inhabited but a nasty old hammerkopf. "Go away!" screeched Hammerkopf in her creaky voice. "No room for you!"

The nest was quite cluttered with debris and antiques, but there was still plenty of room for someone as small as Firefly. "Please, Madame Hammerkopf," Firefly pleaded, "The rainy season is coming and I need a place to stay."

"Bah! And what will you do for me?" squawked Hammerkopf. "You can't possibly build anything!"

"Your nest is very dark, Madame Hammerkopf," Firefly observed. "I can provide you with light." She glowed very brightly to prove it, illuminating the entire nest.

The old woman's eyes adjusted to the brightness. "Why would I need all this hoo-ha for? Light is

something that belongs outside! We hammerkopfs prefer to live in darkness.

"Give it time, Madame Hammerkopf, you will grow to like it."

Reluctantly she let the firefly stay in where home, and after a few days she began to take interest in the insect's habits. "What are you looking at up there?" she asked.

Firefly turned the page slowly and smiled. "It is called a book. Would like to see it?"

It must be interesting if you've been looking at it for so long. Bring it here!"

Firefly flew down with the book and let Hammerkopf study it. "I do not understand these books," she croaked. "What do they do?"

"I will show you," Firefly smiled with all of her teeth. "I will teach you how to read in no time."

By Firefly's light, Hammerkopf made a steep uphill climb toward literacy. Once she learned to read, however, she became a voracious eater of ideas and adventures. They took her mind off the poorly kept nest, and her mood began to sweeten. She did not realize what had existed all this time outside of her nest and time. Unfortunately Firefly had only three books with her, and after Hammerkopf had read them five times each she grew sad again. "Sweet Firefly," she pleaded, "if only you could bring me more books I should be so happy..."

Firefly had many friends who had big libraries, and she promised Hammerkopf two books per week. Together Hammerkopf and Firefly traveled thorough history, literature, philosophy and diaries from around the world, and the two had the stamina to fly forever...

**MORAL:** A friendly gesture brings much light into a dark, lonely world.

**MORE IMPORTANTLY:** Great friendships are built on the exchange of ideas.

# Sink Into This One

Movie Review

By Patricia Hyland

*Interview with a Vampire*, written by Anne Rice, and directed by Neil Jordan, could almost make you believe that vampires do exist. If you like gore and violence, this is the movie for you. Tom Cruise portrays the perfect Lestat, and after seeing this movie, you can see no other actor portraying this role. Also, Brad Pitt as Louis, was phenomenal. Both actors portrayed the characters in such a lovably evil way and yet were still able to retain their human qualities of regret, sorrow, and fear. The sets and costumes were beautifully authentic that you could actually see these events occurring in those times and in the here and now. If you have read the book by Anne Rice, it doesn't follow the book in verbatim, but you can see the events in the book portrayed on the screen.

In the book and the movie, according to Anne

Rice, vampires do not age; they stay as they are (the hair, the nails, and of course if that person had a pimple on them before they became a vampire, it will be with them for all eternity.) In the movie you see Brad Pitt feeding off rats and other four legged creatures.

This definitely is an A+ movie, a must see for all except children. If you take a child to this movie, they will need a psychologist for the rest of their lives, not to mention the slew of pending nightmares. This movie depicted the ultimate evil fantasy that could reside in the hearts and minds of everyone in the human race, vampires included.

Tom as a blonde was a new experience. He is evil incarnate, slightly demented, and was deliciously devilish. His sarcastic wit is truly appreciated in this movie. I think he has grown as an actor since *A Few Good Men*. He is an intelligent man or vampire, as you see fit to label him. His acting abilities and the script were so in tuned to one another it was

hard to distinguish the man from the character. They were as one; where one began the other ended, but it was so meshed, that it was hard to tell which is which. Brad Pitt was his usual beautiful self. His character of Louis was a very deep person with a lot of regrets, and pure soulful pain. His character could not grasp that he was not human anymore physically, but there was still a part of him that was still human in his soul. But when he made a companion for Claudia, a 30 year old soul in a child's body for eternity, that human heart died a slow painful death and he was a true Vampire, during the last transition for Luis, he met Armand another vampire, who was a 400 year old vampire, the oldest of Luis' circle.

On a whole the movie was a success. I definitely recommend you see the movie and read the book if you like vampires. If you liked Francis Ford Coppola's *Dracula* you will absolutely love this movie.



# Rethinking Camelot

Book Review

By Robert V. Gilheany

Noam Chomsky, one of the most important American intellectuals today wrote a very challenging book about the Kennedy administration and Vietnam.

The book's thesis was that of the Kennedy administration, and the President in particular, where warhawks about Vietnam and all talks of withdrawal were contingent on victory of the U.S. client regime setup in S. Vietnam.

The U.S. role in Indochina or Southeast Asia was the taking over for French domination of the region in the 50's. Washington went on a course of undermining the Geneva accords of '54 that called for free elections because the Viet-Minh leader Ho Chi Minh was going to receive 89% of the vote and independent nationalism was unacceptable to Washington. The government saw world nationalism as a threat and an example to others that they too can take charge of their futures and that's a dangerous idea to the US rulers.

In violation of the Geneva Agreements the US set up a client regime in the South led by Ngo Dinh Diem. The regime moved to terrorize the Viet-Minh and cancel the 1956 free election of that was called for in the Geneva Accords of 54.

Chomsky argues convincingly that the Kennedy administration stepped up US repression of the Vietnamize from client state terror to aggression from 1961 to 63. Chomsky made vast use of the internal documents of the administration and the public statements by Kennedy and his representatives. It was the Kennedy administration that introduced American

combat forces to withdraw and have a negotiated settlement and Vietnamese neutralization. ( Neutralization means that Vietnam would be non-aligned and not accept military aid from the outside ).

The Kennedy administration moved to overthrow Diem. The new generals in charge were Kennedy's only hope of victory because Diem wanted to negotiate.

Kennedy did have withdrawal plans in motion for US disengagement in Vietnam, but as Chomsky points out in the internal record is that the withdrawal of US forces on Vietnam is consistently contingent upon a victory that was to be carried out by the client regime. Kennedy did not want independent nationalism or neutralization in Southeast Asia. His rhetoric was inflammatory and provocative: "The stakes are too high ...we are not wary of the task"

Noam Chomsky goes through the internal documents that show the administration moving from terrorism to aggression with victory as its only goal and withdrawal only as a contrast of victory. In 1963 the reports from Vietnam were optimistic from Washington's point of view. By '65 the situation had deteriorated prompting on higher escalation of US aggression in Vietnam.

The thesis of the book is that the escalation is a continuation of the Kennedy policy therefore withdrawal from Vietnam was not a reason for the assassination. Chomsky is curiously disinterested in the assassination but thoroughly demolishes the Vietnam theory. But keep in mind Dallas was a hostile city for right wing reasons; 50 witnesses said that shots came from the grassy knoll. Parkland Hospital doctors testified that the wound in the back of the head was an exit wound and the Warren commission went to great lengths to put

forth a cover story alleging that Oswald acted alone and the House subcommittee on assassinations concluded that the JFK assassination was a conspiracy. If you're interested in the assassination, I suggest "On the Trail of the Assassins" by Jim Garrison, it is excellent.

Camelot revisionist, came under attack in Chomsky's book he argues that people like Arthur Schlesinger and John Newman (with his book *JFK and Vietnam* are engaged in rewriting history in an attempt to resurrect "Camelot" in the image of JFK as a bright progressive reformer who was foiled by an assassin's bullet. Pointing out that people like Schlesinger never made anti-war statements and the time Chomsky says that there is nothing in the official record to support Newman's claim that Kennedy was planning to end that Vietnam war ( short of a US victory ). And criticizes Newman mercilessly for notions that Kennedy was secretly planning to end the war because Chomsky points out that if it were true he kept it from his closest advisers.

*Rethinking Camelot* is an impressive study of the internal record of the Kennedy administration and in complicity in the aggression against the people of Vietnam. It is a must read for anyone interested in that topic.

*Rethinking Camelot*  
Noam Chomsky  
South End Press  
Boston, Ma. 1993

## Moon Rising

By Tommy Crean

Hello, and welcome to another edition of Moonrising. The holiday of Samhain has just passed and I had a very good time. The only thing that I wish was different is that the typical beer-guzzling StonyBrookites would stop going to the bamboo forest. I was just finishing a ritual and this guy comes along...

Guy: Yo, whatcha doing ? Havin' a seance for Halloween?

Tommy: No.

Guy: Well we're going to be havin' a keg party here later.

Tommy: That's horrible.

He smiled and then left. I haven't had a chance to see if they damaged the area. I hope they did not. Well, at least there has been an outbreak of lyme disease infected ticks, and people going in the forest have been becoming ill. Don't misunderstand me, I am not happy that these blundering dolts have been getting sick (yeah!), it's just that I do not want that area harmed in any way. Aside from that the festival was wonderful. I completed the third and final part of an elemental summonings /empowering ritual, and he's working out just fine. Well enough of that. We are now in the watery sign of Scorpio.

Scorpio is a very fascinating sign. Its element of association is water. If there is one word that I can use to describe Scorpio, it would have to be emotional. Scorpios are usually emotional, secretive, sexual and deeeeeeep. All of these traits are in excess. I myself can testify to the above, though I have successfully balanced the emotions and deepness.

Say the wrong thing to a Scorpio and one of several things can happen to you; one you could receive a very nasty remark; you can get on that

person's shit list, (woe to you of the earth and sea); or, the person might just cut you off.

I have found that most Scorpios tend to be emotionally unstable. Scorpio is a feminine sign that is associated with the genitalia. One of their favorite types of foods is tomato products. Scorpios in general tend to be watery messes.

We have about four weeks left before winter recess. This year the holiday of Yule is on December 21st, the winter solstice. On Yule the god is reborn, light is reborn. Hmm, what a coincidence that Christians have Christmas on the 25th of December, so close to Yule. Actually it is more than a coincidence. The old religious holidays were here long before Christianity and when the church started to gain power they needed to convert most of the common people to their faith. They decided to coincide their holidays with the already existing pagan festivals since they were so similar. The similarity between pagan festivals and Christian holidays is again more than chance. As new religions developed, people usually borrowed ideas and practices from already existing religions.

With Christianity this is usually true. Not just with our holidays being similar (Yule, the god is born; Christmas, Jesus is born. Beltane, nature is reborn from winter's death; Easter, Jesus is resurrected from death.) but with folk beliefs also. But for instance the practice of candle magick, and very subtle saint worship, though they would never call it that. My purpose here is not to offend anybody, but merely to print what is true.

Recently on our beloved campus, the Campus Crusade for Christ (AKA neo-inquisition haha) sponsored a program entitled, " Satanism, Occult, Witchcraft, New Age, Ouijia boards, Morality" or something similar. Of course with a title like that I

had to attend to defend the craft; they were obviously trying to present our religion in a bad light compared to theirs. The program started out with a presentation on Satanism, then went into witchcraft. The guy doing the presentation did acknowledge that wicca was a friendly religion, but that (of course) it would eventually lead to Satan. He compared the wiccan creed of "an it harm none, do what thou wilt" to the Crowley creed of just "do that thou will" and then eventually lead to Satanism. Where this guy gets off with the nerve of comparing our beliefs against " the only truth of the bible" is beyond me. He is telling us (in a roundabout way of speaking) that our religion is just a farce of the bad guy in his religion. Nice. The program itself was presented very well except for the question and answer part. Whenever someone would ask a question that he did not have an answer for he would respond " interesting point....next question please!" I brought up the above points and received that same reply. This happened two different times. When two acquaintances of mine, Conrad and Joe, brought up their respective points: 1) Beltane is a pagan holiday not a satanic holiday, which the presenter mistakenly iterated. 2) The presenter said that all occult topics are paths to the devil and there are Christian occultists who are not a minority out there, utilizing these teachings. They both received the same reply that I myself received. The program itself was far from friendly and accepting in its approach and I think it should have been more of just presenting the facts than trying to influence people.

Well that is all I have for this issue till next,  
BLESSED BE-!

P.S. If you don't want lime disease keep away from the Bamboo forest.

# To Baldly Go...

by Ted Swedalla

The latest *Star Trek* movie opens with a long slow-motion shot of a champagne bottle, christening the *Enterprise-B*, the only *Enterprise* yet to be seen. Resembling the opening of the first *Star Trek* movie, with its long shot of the original *Enterprise* in space dock. These two shots, besides opening two movies, each begin a new order of *Star Trek* history.

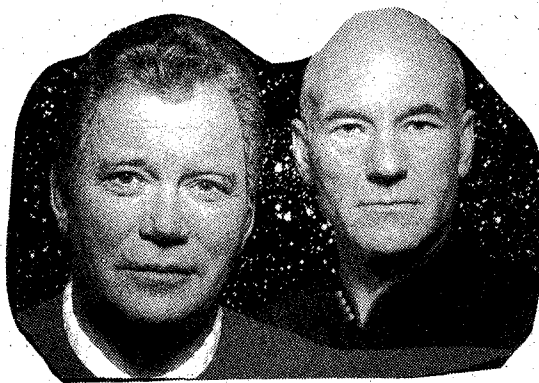
Similar to all *Star Trek* movies, this one revolves around the crew of the *Enterprise* and its quest to stop the destruction of something. In this case it is the destruction of a sun, which happens to be circled by a planet with 230 million people on it. This would also stop a crazed scientist who created this weapon, which can end all fusion reaction in a star. No big deal for any *Enterprise* crew.

Also, like all *Star Trek* movies, this one has a deeper, pseudo-meta-something meaning, which pervades all *Star Trek* works. In this case it is the 'passing of the torch.' Not only from one *Enterprise* crew to another, but also from the hippy generation of the 60's to our over-defined x-generation. (I do not capitalize that term because I despise it.)

The meeting of Captains Jean-Luc Picard (Patrick Stewart) and James T. Kirk (William Shatner), is the centerpiece of the first *Star Trek* movie with the *Next Generation* cast, who are barely in the movie. And when they are, they are not on their feet, they are flying all over the bridge. In fact, Marina Sirtis (Counselor Troi) was considering not appearing in the movie, due to her small role. (The producers threw her a bone by allowing her to navigate the *Enterprise* for a while.) She also received the largest, and only, pre-movie applause, probably because of how good she looks in that jumpsuit.

The mad scientist Dr. Soren, aptly played by Malcolm McDowell, is trying to return to the Nexus,

a place which Guinan (Whoopi Goldberg) describes as "being wrapped in joy." To return to the Nexus he must enter a energy ribbon traveling across the universe. Unfortunately, any ship that enters the ribbon is torn up (as the *Enterprise-B* almost is), so he must bring the ribbon to him. He destroys one sun which changes the gravity in space, changing the course of the ribbon. Doctor Soren then plans to destroy



another sun (which will destroy the planet with 230 million people on it), so the ribbon will intersect with the planet he is on, thereby taking him back to the Nexus, which he was ripped from years before.

Picard initially tries to stop him, but then he must gain the assistance of Captain Kirk, to foil the doctor's plan. I don't want to give away too much plot,

but if you've read any movie publication or have access to the Internet, then you knew what would happen 4 months ago. Kirk dies.

Instead of *Generations*, this film could have been subtitled *To Baldly Go*. The last third of the film focuses on the two bald captains; only Picard is smart enough to know that no toupee ever looks good enough. They have their official 'Captain's talk,' filled with morals and other ethical crap, (on horse back of course), then head out to thwart the evil doctor.

The main subplot involves Data (Brent Spiner) getting his emotion chip. (Data is an android and has no emotions, for those of you who live in a closet.) Data's problems with the chip is what gives the movie its humor.

For a show that usually spent \$1 million per episode, the special effects in the movie were disappointing, except for the crash of the saucer section (so expensive and well done that they showed it twice.) The movie was also very darkly lit, in some scenes the shadows were obvious to the point of distracting.

This movie could have been shot as a two-hour TV show, instead of a full length movie. It didn't really seem like a movie, and was a bit disappointing. But when the Oscar's are given out next spring, *Star Trek: Generations* should win all the technical awards, like Best Make-Up, (the Klingon women are strangely exciting), Best Special Effects, and Most People Flipping Over Inanimate Objects on the Bridge.

This movie is the best *Star Trek* movie, if you only count the odd numbered ones, but if you add the even-numbered ones, it places tied for third with *Star Trek 2: Wrath of Khan*, falling behind *Star Trek's* 4 and 6. If you go to see it, set your engines at half impulse for the theaters; no need to rush to see the passing of the torch.

Any inconsistencies between the TV shows and the movie, please let me know. I only found one.

## Tributes and Other Stuff

by Scott J. Lusby

Over the course of the semester, I have received numerous discs from various major and independent record companies, trying to solicit a review of whatever bands they happened to be promoting. As this semester is quietly winding down (only one more issue left after this), I figured that it was about time I reviewed some of the more interesting discs I have received.

*You Got Lucky*, released by Backyard Records, is a tribute by various artists to Tom Petty. The fact that this compilation is made up of up-and-coming bands performing classic Petty tunes strikes me as being appropriate; Tom Petty would probably accept this, even like the idea. While I don't necessarily agree with the arrangement that some of the songs were recorded in, it doesn't mean that this isn't a disk worth picking up. There are some bright spots on *You Got Lucky*, even a couple of downright outstanding renditions of classic rock songs.

*You Got Lucky* starts off with perhaps its best track, "American Girl" performed by Everclear. This marked the first time I have ever heard Everclear perform (although I have heard of them), and I must say I was impressed. Their interpretation of "American Girl" was outstanding, lending a '90's "roughness" to the song. Other excellent numbers on the disc include "Stop Draggin' My Heart Around" performed by Lord Lucy with Lucy Post, "Don't Come Around Here No More" by Fig Dish, and Punchdrunk's rendition of "Nightwatchman," which finishes a close second to Everclear as the album's best performances. On the whole, *You Got Lucky* would make for an interesting Christmas gift for any music lover or Petty

fan, should you be in the market for such a gift.

After listening to Everclear on the Tom Petty tribute CD, I became intrigued by them, and wanted to hear more. As if hearing my request, the gods that are Capital Records sent me Everclear's latest release, entitled *World of Noise*. I was a little worried that a band that had shown so much promise may fall short, as many bands do these days, but I was not to be disappointed.



Everclear opens *World of Noise* with a number entitled "Your Genius Hands," which is an absolutely phenomenal song, appropriately placed at the disc's beginning. This is followed by another excellent piece, "Sick and Tired." After these works, *World of Noise* loses its edge just a bit, but regains it towards the end with "Nervous & Wired" and "Loser Makes Good." The entire disc,

save for the slight lull shortly after its beginning, exhibits a rawness to it that comes across as being pure, as if they were jamming in a garage with a tape player on "record." These guys are good- watch for them in the future. Everclear definitely have a platinum future ahead of them. And pick up *World of Noise*— you won't be sorry.

Another interesting disc, this one sent from Elektra Records, is from a band called Drown. Their latest effort, entitled *Hold On to the Hollow*, has a sound reminiscent of Nine Inch Nails and Ministry. This means that they use a lot of computers and sampling to make their music come to life. This is okay, but Drown runs into two problems with this: 1) It isn't original anymore, although such bands aren't exactly prevalent now; 2) They haven't gotten the mood down quite yet. One of the things that make Nine Inch Nails so successful (and now popular) is the disturbing nature of Trent Reznor's lyrics- and the music echoes this mood. Ditto with Ministry- just change the mood to more of an anarchistic one rather than a disturbed one. Drown has yet to fully capture this. But they are trying, and I think it is only a matter of time before they do find the right mood- and then they'll take off.

Regardless of this fact, *Hold On to the Hollow* is an interesting album. Bright spots include "I Owe You" (the opening song), "What it Is to Burn," and "Transparent." This band may be coming around at the right time for their particular style of music, if such things can be gauged from Nine Inch Nails' popularity. Don't wait to jump on the bandwagon- catch them now!

**Next Issue:** More exciting stuff from my personal archives!