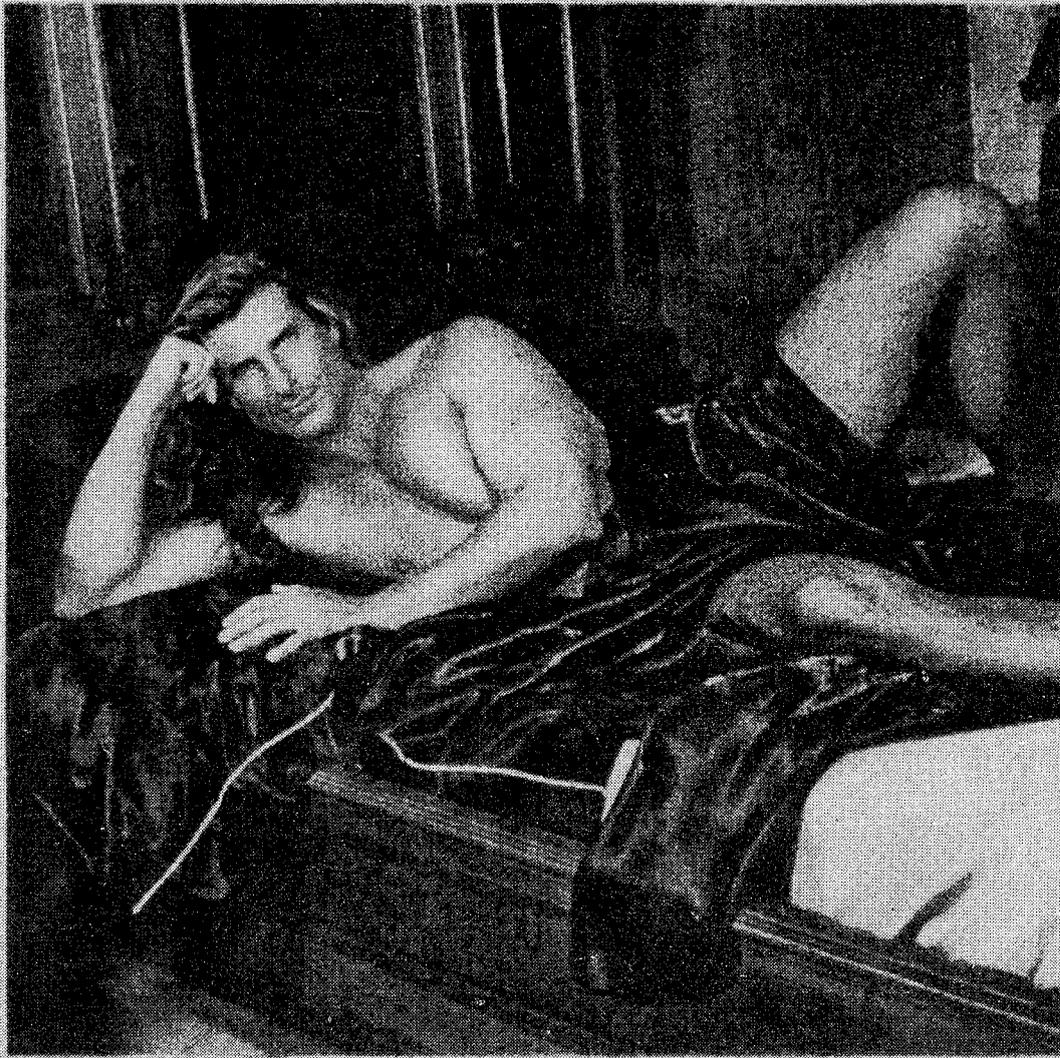


The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVII No.1 The University's Romantic Feature Paper August 28, 1995



"the memory of our perfect time together"

Buon giorno to all my special Stony Brook ladies

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Drinking
Games

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WELCOME
BACK

LIFE IN
HELL

Comics

A Guide For Freshmen: What is Polity?

By John Giuffo

Stony Brook is a scary place. I'm not going to lie to any of the new students about to embark on their Long Island college experience. You will see many strange, evil things here. You will come to question any religious beliefs you might currently have. Your world view will expand while at the same time, you will become very enclosed from the rest of the world. You will either have a lot of sex or masturbate a lot. Both, if your class load is light. And you will hear about Polity. Of all the evil, immoral, ooze-producing things you will experience in your lifetime, Polity will stand out as the most memorable. That's why I'm a Polity Senator.

Polity is your student government. We decide how to spend your money. We kowtow to Dr. Fred Preston. We yell. A lot. And we do our fair share of masturbation. Verbal and otherwise. Polity is a necessary element of the university, and, at times, and exciting and educating one. At times. At other times it's Polity Senate Secretary David Shashoua lathering out things like "THE AYES TO THE RIGHT", and "WHAZZUP?". If you don't know who Dave is, you will. Trust me. Keep reading, you'll see his name in print again. A lot. And usually accompanying some word synonymous with the word moisture. Every year, you, the student body, votes for who will represent you in the upcoming year, and every year, the results are late. We have printed the final results for you in this issue. Look at them. Out of about 14,000 undergraduate students, only about 1,100 voted in the Polity elections. That's just fucking stupidity. If you are going to fork over \$150 a semester, at least have a say in where it goes. Voting takes about 30 seconds. Stop being so fucking eager to fulfill the expectations other generations have of you. You don't have to be a generation of apathetics. It's up to you. Run your life or have others run it for you. I'd rather have a say.

By the way, our new President is Annette Hicks. A very capable, reliable woman. She'll be a great President. The second woman to hold that position. And a strong leader, the kind we need in the face of even more budget cuts. Get involved, show support, rally, lobby, vote and participate. We'll all be better for it.

And What About The Fed-Ex Orange Bowl..

The National Government recently told the Phillip-Morris Company that they can't have Marlboro sponsor sporting events because these ads supposedly influence young children to start smoking. Also, the Winston Racing Championship has to change its name, again due to the fact that people in Washington believe that after watching a stock-car race people will buy the brand of cigarette that they see sponsoring the event. Wrong.

People start to smoke because of peer pressure. simple as that. At no point does a 12-year old decide to start smoking and choose the brand that they think has the coolest logo, or backs the largest sporting event. They buy whatever cigarette they can of their friends. Which in many cases happens to be a Marlboro, the choice of most males under the age of 16 (females smoke Marlboro Lights... I guess there is some thing about the word Diet or Light that appeals to women.)

Is the government going to force the Blockbuster/Fiesta Bowl committee to change because they think people are going to go out and rent movies, and riot if they don't find the ones they want?

Can't you just see it now? It's January 1st after the game, hordes of people going to their local video store looking for The Lion King... and when they don't find it, stuffing the clerk into that machine that rewinds tapes, forcing unpoped microwave popcorn down his throat... It might get ugly, folks.

"The press is a gang of cruel faggots. Journalism is not a profession or a trade. It is a cheap catch-all for fuck-offs and misfits - a false doorway to the backside of life, a filthy piss-ridden little hole nailed off by the building inspector, but just deep enough for a wino to curl up from the sidewalk and masturbate like a chimp in a zoo cage."

-Hunter S. Thompson

JOIN US!

Meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 in the basement of the Student Union. Call 632-6451 for details.

For those of you who missed the official election results from last years' Polity election (probably because you were already on Summer Vacation), here they are in all their technicolor glory.

President

Sean Harris 490
Annette Hicks 742
Write in 17

Vice President

Laura Pace 532
Nicole Rosner 546
Write in 15

Secretary

Lisa Mather 841
David Shashoua 232
Write in 25

Senior Rep

Erica Abel 274
Julio Alarcon 226
Squiggy Bae 42
Write in 6

Junior Rep

Brendan Heddle 95
Cherri Lee 187
Write in 6

Sophomore Rep

Monique Maylor 249
Write in 11

USSA

Joshua Whittles 636
Write in 65

SASU

Frank Maggiore 680
Write in 68

The Press would like to congratulate everyone who ran for office. It is refreshing to know that there are people who care about the University enough that they would spend countless hours doing their job and getting nothing but crap from the student media. Here's hoping for a wonderfully successful year filled with really good scandals and mud-slinging.

DIGITAL WASTELAND

A SAVAGE JOURNEY INTO THE HEART OF A NEW WORLD

By David M. Ewalt

Part One: Prelude

Some years ago Canadian scholar Marshall McLuhan coined the term "Global Village" to describe a world brought together by vast computer networks. McLuhan's village was a world without borders, where information was exchanged at the speed of light across national boundaries, where people separated by geography, nationality, race and creed came together in a spirit of oneness in electronic meeting places.

In McLuhan's day, this community existed primarily in the minds of scientists and philosophers, but today the technology exists; it is known as the Internet.

If you don't know what the Internet is, there must be something seriously wrong with you. The Internet has rapidly become the media's favorite new subject- what "Generation X" was last year and "The New Democrats" the year before. They began by giving it user-friendly names; "The Net", "The Information Super-Highway", and the über-preentious "Infobahn". Then they wrote about it ad nauseam. In the past few months, Newsweek and Time have both run special issues about the Internet. New magazines -Wired, Internet, and countless others- have sprouted up to feed the craze. Hollywood has been affected as well; witness new movies with names like The Net and Hackers.

As usual, the media has missed the real story. They tout the Internet as a tremendous boon to mankind, a place where you can do just about anything, a boost to your productivity and an endless source of information.

This is, of course, bullshit.

The Internet isn't a global village- it's a worldwide waste of time. Most of the stuff available via the Internet is useful as entertainment only, and because of that the Internet hurts the productivity of modern workers as much as it helps it. It's a place not of peace and universal understanding but of hatred and discord, rife with illegal acts, scary people, and pornography. If the Internet is a village, you certainly wouldn't want to live there.

The unfortunate truth about the Internet has been largely buried by the mass media. That truth is that just about anything you can do on the Internet you can do in the real

world cheaper and easier. Why then, is the Internet so popular? Because it allows people to do things they would be afraid or embarrassed to in real life; buy pornography, pirate software, speak out their opinions to total strangers, and so on. Just as early sales of VCR's were fueled by the new prospect of watching porno movies in your own home, the Internet has flourished because it allows people to indulge their basest emotions. Lust, hatred, greed... they course through fiber-optic lines across the world, the lifeblood in the Internet.

Of course, the base emotions are often the most fun. There is nothing necessarily *wrong* with wast-

ing resources by playing video games with someone in Marrakesh or downloading naked pictures of Cindy Crawford from somewhere in Sweden. However, the mass media has largely ignored this important (and less palatable) aspect of the Internet. To remedy this problem, we present DIGITAL WASTELAND, a users guide to the stuff your computer science teacher never told you about. Over the next few months, we will take you

on a tour of the real Internet- a world of silly games, smutty pictures and stupid opinions. We'll examine how computer resources are being wasted by everyone from the federal government to the Comp Sci department right here at Stony Brook.

While we explore the nuances of the 'net here in print, we will also

provide online guidance to the Internet cognoscenti amongst our readers. Beginning with part 2 of DIGITAL WASTELAND, The Press's web page on the campus UNIX system will feature a multimedia version of each week's column, complete with hypertext links to all the sites mentioned therein. If you don't know what that means, don't fret- we'll explain it once we get it working.

In the meantime, feel free to send us any of your personal favorite sites or stories at SBPRESS@C.SUNYSB.EDU... and don't take any virtual nickels.

"...There is nothing necessarily wrong with wasting resources by playing video games with someone in Marrakesh or downloading naked pictures of Cindy Crawford from somewhere in Sweden."

A BUST FOR AGNEW

By Boyd McCamish

In 1896 a resolution was passed in Congress which commissioned the design of busts for all vice presidents. The decree was retroactive and many a sculptor in the Washington D.C. area was quickly put to work to fill the senate wing of the Capitol with the prestigious busts that would ensure immortality for all of those lucky enough to serve the nation in such an honorable capacity. It was a good idea which helped give character to a young and burgeoning republic that was in dire need of some history.

Enter Spiro Theodore Agnew, the thirty-ninth vice president of our vibrant and still relatively young democracy.

Spiro T. Agnew had all the makings of a competent vice president, with only one vital flaw; dishonesty. On October 10, 1973, Agnew pleaded no contest to Federal tax evasion charges. It was the easy way of avoiding Maryland state corruption charges in which it was implied that Agnew took kick backs from construction companies for the benefit of lucrative state highway projects. Add on the fact that Richard Nixon was his boss; the dream team it was not. This was clearly one of the most disenchanting political periods recently, it marked the end of innocence of the post World War II era

and invited a new and less charismatic animal into the political habitat, self service.

In that spirit it should come as no surprise that on May 24th of this year, friends, family and politicians who continue with the tradition that Agnew left gathered in the west wing of the capitol to pay homage to the individual who shamed us all.

A relatively small crowd gathered for the ceremony. It began with a prayer from the Senate Chaplin and then an opening speech by Senator Ted Stevens (R-Alaska). He spoke fondly of the time when Agnew cast the deciding vote in the Senate that gave the go ahead to the

Alaskan pipeline. Even Agnew must have been disappointed at that one; the pipeline, although an achievement, was probably not what he was looking for in terms of accomplishments, but hey, this is Spiro T. Agnew. He didn't have much to go on. Next was Robert Dole (R-Kansas). For those of you keeping score at home, he is the one the Republicans want to make President in 1996. Dole was surprisingly distant and quiet, he finished his speech and scooted off to the side not wanting to be in the lights too long. Then our very own! That's right, New York's hometown proud boy Senator

Daniel Moynihan stepped up to the podium, a little embarrassed. He spoke briefly and stated that many would be critical of the ceremony and that it was possible that this ceremony be conducted as he said for "Tradition more than worth". Agnew looked up at the crowd and very slowly said goodbye. He was more embarrassed to be there than the Senators who introduced him. The bust was unveiled and he and his wife were escorted out. It was probably the last time Spiro T. Agnew would see the inside of the capitol, he knew he was there for the wrong reason, the only problem was that no one else did.

When I first heard about this unveiling I thought I misunderstood. Spiro T. Agnew was forgiven on this day, at least by the people who run our government. As I watched I thought of what a media feast it would have been of someone like Senator Dole refused to address the ceremony calling it a travesty and shameful, but he didn't. He and the others condoned the crimes that Agnew committed, they are guilty by association. Which leaves me to wonder; are Dole and the others expecting the same fate? Have they or will they do something in the future to deserve historical forgiveness? As political elitism reaches new heights the course of our future seems unclear. Nothing could affirm that more than the complete unconditional pardon Agnew received, half hearted or not. When you forgive the highest levels of corruption you send a message that it is O.K. If Agnew's actions were acceptable then what isn't?

"...the pipeline, although an achievement, was probably not what he was looking for in terms of accomplishments, but hey, this is Spiro T. Agnew. He didn't have much to go on."

Et Tu, Brute?

Recently The Stony Brook Press has been attacked by ex-staff members who are complaining that The Press isn't what it used to be. Being Editor, you would think that I get the brunt of these complaints--wrong. I find out second-hand through my lackeys, sorry, other editorial staff members. These people then explain to me that these former staffers want The Press to return to more news and less 'schlock stories' like the misunderstood Dr. Fistfuck.

Instead of firing back with the 'well-if-you-don't-like-it-why-don't-you-write-something' answer, I'll try to figure out why the latest editions of The Press have gone awry from old incarnations of The Press.

First of all, one of the problems is the staff. The main complaint from ex-staffers is 'you guys now have a big staff, why don't you do more in depth articles?' I know the staff is larger than it has been in 3 years, but I can't force people to write stories that they don't want to. I can suggest stories to them, but being an all volunteer newspaper, it would be no skin off of their back if they told me to stuff it and never come down to the office anymore. Everybody knows how painful it is to do something for free, especially if you have no interest in the subject.

Getting people to write about things so that they can vent their opinions is much easier. Whether it be a story about the disastrous South P-lot situation or a women's march you have to know who would be most interested in writing a story about that topic.

The current staff is also 'out-of-touch' with the historical Press. Most of us have only read the last 2 or 3 years of The Press, and have no idea what kind of paper it was in the years before that. That's not to say that the last 3 years of The Press haven't been as good as the previous 13 years, but when your staff consists of 5 people and the editor has been known to pull all-nighters just to get the paper out 3 days after the date on the front of the paper, it's hard to keep the quality of the material the same.

Even I was 'out-of-touch' with the old, supposedly better, Press. So, in the interest of a longer editorial, I went back and randomly chose a few issues from our archives and read them, to try to get in touch with the spirit that The Press was founded on.

The first issue I read was from February 1981. With only **one** news story and a staff of 35+, I was disappointed, but then I realized it was the first issue back after semester break, so I couldn't complain about the story about deadheads and a best of 1980 music review. But the thing that caught my eye was the editorial. It is entitled "Fight For Your Country." It starts off as glorified flag-waving, with more trumped-up American feelings that it was hard to figure were it was going, but the last paragraph exposed this whole thing as bullshit. That the National Government is built on propaganda and that we must fight against the 'Powers-That-Be' to

win back our country from our government. Hmm, this sounds familiar.

The next two issues, from 1985 and 1989, stayed with the same basic formula. Put the word Viewpoint above the title and calmly vent about the subject, whether it be raising the drinking age to 21 or parking. The difference between these and our stories are that the old stories seemed to have more reporting and were more concerned with the university. And ours' are more global, less factual and all venting.

The issue I read from 1991, was focused, every story relevant, but then being in the middle of the "Gulf War" and having daily protests/riots on campus allow a paper ample opportunity to fill their pages with current news.

The next few issues leading up to my reign, were what I expected. A slightly off-center, bastion of free-speech with an underlying hint of humor newspaper, where just about anything that came into the office typed ended up in The Press.

And I think the 9 issues that I have been Executive Editor for follow this latest standard, except the 2 summer issues. I'll admit that the 'news' part of 'newspaper' has taken a back seat to rantings and reviews, but when, according The Statesman, the president's office contacts Newsday before the university, you can't help but feel left out of the loop.

One comment about The Press I heard was that it was 'a Polity funded fanzine.' But when people tell you that the latest issue was the funniest thing they have read since the previous issue, you have to feel good about yourself. Why change when people love you. I think it was Buster Keaton who said "Anyone can make you cry, but only a genius can make you laugh," or something to that effect.

Times also change. What people were reading 4 years ago is not the same as what they interested in reading today. Especially on a college campus. You have to look hard to find a less static environment than a college campus. Considering the population goes through a 100% turnover in 4 years, 5 years in the case of Stony Brook, it is impossible for any part of the university to remain unchanged in their views and outlook for very long.

If you don't change, you become obsolete. Only long standing institutions, with world-renowned standards can remain the same, for example The New York Times and the Notre Dame Football Team. It's the same in every walk of life, change or get out of the way. Just ask David Bowie, one-time glam-pop icon to just another bi-sexual dinosaur rock loser to on-tour with Nine Inch Nails. Change isn't more drastic than that.

If that doesn't help to get people off my back about the 'traditions of The Press,' then just pretend that The Press broke off from itself, started a new paper, and called it The Press, just like the original staff did when they broke off from The Statesman 16 odd years ago.

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Firefight Naked

Letters

Dear Editors:

Congratulations on your media savvy in not responding to my letter until the summer issue. As I said before, many of you are destined for dazzling mediocrity in the mainstream tabs.

Since your Francophobia is "genetically programmed", why not redirect your France-bashing to serve a good cause: nuclear disarmament? Under newly-elected Jacques Chirac, France plans to resume nuclear testing in the South Pacific. The nations of Oceania oppose this, as do environmental groups and anyone with a modicum of concern for the planet. France's record in the Pacific is grotesque and includes the terror bombing of a Greenpeace ship, resulting in the death of a photographer.

Not to be out-assholed, the great minds in the Pentagon and Congress are mak-

ing ominous noises about the U.S. resuming its tests. Why don't you dedicate a special "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" edition for the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of atomic terrorism?

Let's not forget that, locally, the Navy plans to start burying poisonous sludge under Long Island Sound. Frightening, No? Vast amounts of money are still being flushed down the toilet of nuclear submarines (Seawolves!!!) and the war machine lumbers on. Recently, Congress, which says we can't scrape together enough for school lunches, voted to increase military spending, proof positive that they don't work for us.

France is also responsible for peddling arms to belligerents in Rwanda. You could do a great piece on this, but to protect yourselves from charges of hypocrisy, you'd have to include an ele-

gant sidebar on how the U.S. is still far and away #1 in the export of weapons and we're less and less picky about our customers ("You're anti-communist? OK, Adolf, the goods are on the way.")

Since you evaluate societies by how proficient they are at war, you should do some research on French history—they've been warmongers since the beginning, as have all the other Europeans nations powerful enough. Ever hear of Napoleon? You might also discover that France helped the rebellious American colonists (for purely freedom-loving reasons, naturally.) "saving their asses" in the Revolution. But, then again, we all know that ignorance of history, other people's and our own, is another genetically ingrained American trait.

To call the black-dyed Coors that flows from most taps in this country "Guinness" is an outrage, and someone with a name

like Moran should know this, but again, lack of appreciation for and understanding of other cultures, even those we're genetically linked to, is yet another ingrained characteristic. There are close approximations to be obtained on this side of the Atlantic, most notably in the gas-impregnated cans and certain bars staffed by Irish immigrants, but real Guinness can only be found in Ireland, where the head not only lasts to the bottom, but also coats the glass on the way down.

As for linking Guinness consumption with primitive geopolitical views, this is nothing less than sacrilege. As a true-believing member of the Guinness cult, I hereby declare a holy fatwa on all of you—trucks laden with exploding fertilizer will arrive any day.

Efraim Csuwoj

continued on next page

A Letter To The German Chancellor

By Chris Sorochin

Mein Lieber Herr Bundeskanzler:

As you know, for the past fifty years, my country, the United States, has considered itself the leader of the "free world" and a shining moral example for all our allies, including your country.

Also, for the past fifty years, your country has struggled to come to terms with and make amends for the inhuman acts perpetrated in the name of Germany during the Third Reich.

I am pleased to inform you that you no longer need castigate yourselves for your past, nor need you continue to maintain public exhibition commemorating this shameful part of German history.

As you're no doubt aware, this year is the fiftieth anniversary of the atomic annihilation of the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Our national museum, the Smithsonian, had planned an exhibit showing not only the hideous effects of the bombings on human beings, but also the disagreement among military experts on their necessity and the continuing legacy of atomic weapons and testing, including some experiments on unsuspecting civilians that would make your Dr. Mengele envious.

But it was not to be. A coalition of veterans'

groups and reactionary politicians threatened to cut funding for the Smithsonian if it went ahead with the exhibit as planned, and so it was finally

reduced to just the fuselage of the Enola Gay, the plane that did the evil deed, with nothing describing its queasy mission.

Of course a few malcontents attempted to undermine the unveiling with banners and pictures of the victims. Several even managed to pour blood and ashes on the sacred aircraft itself. Others have tried to verbally ruin everyone's day of fairy tale history, but I hear that on one occasion, a group

of patriotic tourists, determined that no unpleasant truths would reach their ears, drowned them

out by singing "God Bless America".

So, my suggestion to your country is that you follow our lead and refuse to acknowledge any chapter of your history that isn't flattering to the egos of your citizens, particularly the military. You should highlight how necessary the Nazis were for Germany's pride and prosperity and emphasize the positives of Hitler—like Volkswagens and the autobahns and how the trains ran on time and there was law and order. And get rid of those embarrassing exhibits at Dachau and Buchenwald. I'm surprised that Wermacht veterans' associations have allowed them for so long. Why, children might actually see these things and conclude that blind loyalty to one's country could be dangerous! Where would we be if everyone thought like that?

The concentration camp buildings themselves can remain for historic interest, but get rid of all that other stuff about the victims and how they suffered. People always suffer in wars and we have to have wars, don't we? Anyone who attempts to inject negativity into these "politically cleansed" exhibits can be arrested or merely rendered inaudible with a rousing chorus of "Deutschland Uber Alles".

Learn from us: If you want to be proud, powerful and mindlessly complacent nation, don't be so honest about yourselves. That, as Phil Gramm would say, is the recipe for our cake. Isn't it delicious?



Handwritten
submissions will be
dusted for prints and
turned over to the
Feds

continued from previous page

Dear Press:

John Giuffo's article on flag-burning was terrific. It should be mass-mailed to every member of Congress and the American Legion and everyone else who wants to enforce nationalism. Giuffo even presented cogent reasons for not burning the fucker that didn't come off as the product of a small mind (not so Louis Moran's "homo" comment in his response to a letter, but that's not news.) Giuffo does wax a tad scatological towards the end of the piece, but what the hell, it's very Joycean.

And I really had a left-wing p.c. orgasm when I read the little blurbs slamming General Electric (AKA "the Antichrist") and that perennial fave, the Congressional Republicans (AKA "the Beast.") This is what we need to see more of, as all other media outlets are on their merry way to being owned by Disney (AKA "Sun Myung Moon.")

Since writing this "nice" letter isn't nearly as much fun as writing a "nasty" one, here's a little morsel of cynicism: please inform Heather Rosenow that our glorious nation doesn't undertake one of its interventions unless there's something in it for us. If the great god OIL were present, we'd bombed all of ex-Yugoslavia into a graveyard three years ago. Also, there's never been such a thing as American Isolationism—we've been busily robbing and screwing other people since the beginning. Ask a Native- or Latin-American—or a Canadian.

unsigned

Attention Freshmen:

If you think there are going to be more free food giveaways and live bands playing around campus like the ones during the first week of classes, you are sadly mistaken. The university will not be this friendly with free stuff until parents' weekend. So join The Press, we have fun and free stuff all year long. Okay, so we don't have live bands in the office, but we do have the next best thing.

Lap dancing.

Room 060 Student Union every
Wednesday at 1:00pm. Be there or eat
crappy food all year.

COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

© 1986 BY MATT GROENING

HELL FOR BEGINNERS

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO THIS CARTOON FOR NEOPHYTES AND A REMEDIAL COURSE FOR THOSE WHO HAVEN'T BEEN PAYING ATTENTION

<p>WHAT IS "LIFE IN HELL"?</p> <p>"LIFE IN HELL" IS A CUTE LITTLE COMIC STRIP FULL OF FUN, MERRIMENT, LAUGHS, AND FRIVOLITY.</p> <p>NOT TO MENTION ANGST, ALIENATION, SELF-LOATHING, AND THE MEANINGLESSNESS OF OUR IMPENDING DOOM.</p>		<p>WHAT ARE THE MAJOR THEMES OF THIS CARTOON?</p> <p>LOVE, SEX, WORK, DEATH, AND RABBITS.</p>		<p>WILL "LIFE IN HELL" OFFEND ME?</p> <p>WE'LL DO OUR BEST.</p> <p>WANNA PLAY LEAP FROG? OK.</p>			
<p>INTRODUCING...</p> <p>NAME'S BINKY. WOULD YOU MIND NOT STARING AT MY EARS?</p> <p>WHO: STAR OF THIS CARTOON. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: TWO GROTESQUE EARS, BULBY EYES, CONSTANT TWITCHING. EMOTIONAL STATE: BITTER, DEPRESSED, NORMAL.</p>		<p>HIS ESTRANGED GIRLFRIEND...</p> <p>SHEBA HERE. I'M PREMENSTRUAL AT THE MOMENT.</p> <p>WHO: RABBIT ON-THE-GO. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: BASICALLY, BINKY IN DRAG. EMOTIONAL STATE: GENERALLY MIFFED, OCCASIONALLY STEAMED.</p>		<p>THOSE TWO LITTLE FUN GUYS...</p> <p>HE'S AKBAR. HE'S JEFF. WE'RE AKBAR AND JEFF.</p> <p>WHO: BROTHERS, OR LOVERS, OR BOTH. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: FEZZES, BOTH EYES ON SAME SIDE OF HEAD. EMOTIONAL STATE: INSCRUTABLE.</p>		<p>BINKY'S ILLEGITIMATE SON...</p> <p>I'M BONGO. PLEASE QUIT STARING AT MY EAR, PLEASE.</p> <p>WHO: NO ONE REALLY CARES. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: TAKE A GUESS. EMOTIONAL STATE: SQUELCHED.</p>	
<p>WILL THE CHARACTERS IN "LIFE IN HELL" EVER ACHIEVE HAPPINESS?</p> <p>WHAT A SILLY QUESTION! BINKY AND THE GANG WILL BE AS HAPPY AS YOU ARE.</p>							

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Dilbert © by Scott Adams

<p>TINA, YOU'LL HAVE TO HAVE ALL THE DOCUMENTATION WRITTEN BY NEXT WEEK SO WE CAN SHIP IT WHEN THE SOFTWARE IS DONE.</p>	<p>HOW CAN I WRITE INSTRUCTIONS FOR SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T EXIST YET?</p> <p>YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE LOGICAL GUESSES.</p>	<p>"IF YOU PRESS ANY KEY YOUR COMPUTER WILL LOCK UP. IF YOU CALL OUR TECH SUPPORT WE'LL BLAME 'MICRO-SOFT.'"</p>	<p>DOGBERT TWEAKS TINA THE BRITTLE TECH WRITER</p> <p>IS TECHNICAL WRITING THE SAME AS WORD PROCESSING?</p> <p>NO!!!</p>	<p>I AM A HIGHLY SKILLED COMMUNICATIONS PROFESSIONAL! I CAN TAKE JUMBLES OF INERT THOUGHTS AND BRING THEM TO LIFE!!</p>	<p>MY SECRETARY IS RUNNING THE STAFF MEETING. I NEED YOU TO RETYPE THIS ORG CHART.</p> <p>THE DOCTOR IS IN!</p>
<p>I FEEL LIKE TWEAKING SOME BRITTLE PEOPLE. DO YOU KNOW ANY BRITTLE PEOPLE?</p>	<p>TRY TINA THE TECH WRITER. SHE BELIEVES THAT ALL FORMS OF EXPRESSION ARE AN INSULT TO HER GENDER AND HER PROFESSION.</p>	<p>THE STATUE OF "VENUS DE MILO" HAS NO ARMS.</p> <p>OH, I GET IT. YOU'RE SAYING THAT WOMEN CAN'T LIFT HEAVY OBJECTS.</p>	<p>THIS WEEK WE INTRODUCED TINA THE BRITTLE TECH WRITER TO THE STRIP. TINA IS DYSFUNCTIONAL LIKE EVERYBODY HERE EXCEPT ME.</p> <p>ARRR</p>	<p>SEND YOUR OPINIONS BY E-MAIL TO SCOTTADAMS@AOL.COM</p> <p>IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN LEARN.</p> <p>RRRR</p>	<p>PICK ONE</p> <p>A. WOMEN SHOULD ONLY BE PORTRAYED AS LAWYERS AND STARSHIP CAPTAINS.</p> <p>B. I DON'T HAVE E-MAIL.</p> <p>C. TINA SHOULD BE TREATED WITH THE SAME DIGNITY AS DILBERT AND WALLY.</p> <p>D. TAKE AN ART CLASS.</p>
<p>DOGBERT TWEAKS TINA THE BRITTLE TECH WRITER.</p> <p>WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE MOVIE "THELMA AND LOUISE"?</p>	<p>I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY. YOU THINK ALL WOMEN ARE BAD DRIVERS. THAT'S REALLY THE POINT OF THE MOVIE, ISN'T IT??</p>	<p>IF YOU'RE NOT OFFENDED YET, TUNE IN TOMORROW.</p> <p>THE "THREE STOOGES" WHY ARE ALL OF THE DOCUMENTARIES ABOUT MEN??!</p>	<p>RECORDS RETENTION</p>	<p>THESE VALUABLE DOCUMENTS SHOULD BE STORED FOR FIVE YEARS</p>	<p>THIS JOB GOT SO MUCH EASIER WHEN I REALIZED THAT NOBODY EVER ASKS FOR ANYTHING BACK</p>

The Earth knows nothing as large as the ocean... they cannot move you, man, no one tries... no one knows a mind as expansive as mine (nor an ego as deserving.) It is from this vantage I give you

OCEANSIZE

Dear Oceansize,

I'm an incoming freshman who has had very little experience with men. And now that I am living away from home, I want to be a wanton slut, throwing my body at every able-bodied man I see. Is there a way to just look at a man and know he will satisfy me? Or should I just walk up to them and grab their crotch? I heard that there is a correlation between foot size and penis size, is this true?

Want To Be A Slut

Dear Slut,

Yes, this is true, although some of the staff members would not want it to be. However, the most reliable way to find a large penis is to go up and grab the wad in the pants to make sure it is real. I, being of titanic size, have no need to stuff my pants like some of the people who populate the campus do. Most of these people can be found hanging out in the mens locker room or the Park Bench. That is why it is best to grab and squeeze the family jewels, to make sure that they aren't made out of two-ply tissue.

Oceansize,

My room mate believes that the FDA is controlling us through additives in our meat. He thinks that after we eat the carcasses of dead animals that the FDA, with the help of the telephone company, can influence our reaction to normal everyday things. From which beer we drink, to what food we buy for our cats. Can this possibly be true? He has stopped eating meat and anything with an FDA approval, and will only eat spoiled things (things

he believe have lost their ability to carry the mind controlling chemicals), hence, he has lost weight and his ass has all but disappeared. Please tell him he is wrong.

Dr. Fistfuck

Dear Doug,

Your room mate is severely paranoid, and of course, completely wrong. The governmental agency that is controlling us is NASA. Besides completely falsifying the moon shots (they really took place at a warehouse in New Jersey, I can give you an address if you really want it,) NASA is the group that controls things. Between watching you through the television, prorating your electricity if you don't pay the full bill, and hundreds of other evil things they do to human DNA. All the astronauts who supposedly went to the moon have all been the subject of genetic mutations. Have you seen Buzz Aldren lately? No, that's because he has an extra eye in the middle of his chest and is covered with green hair. The FDA is a pimple compared to the "powers-that-be" that we call the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Dear Oceansize,

My sister is a disrespectful bitch. She has alienated both her family and friends in favor of just one friend. She has managed to piss off everybody in the world and then some. She has become self serving and self absorbed. She is somewhat clueless half the time and when she's not she's a bitch. And to top this off she's become very bitter and thinks life is unfair and everybody is out to get her. She considers herself a "human punching bag" and I quote, "everybody's picking on me and

nobody care s how I feel". All this while our mother was ill. (oh, she still hasn't gotten her car fixed)By the way she thinks some guy is hitting on her when actually he can't stand her.

Disgruntled Medusa

Dear Medusa'

One word: euthanasia.

It sounds like your sister needs a man. I know a nice guy... does she eat a lot of meat? As long as she doesn't work for NASA they should be a perfect match... a kind of dueling dysfunctions.

Dear Oceansize,

I recently called up the DJ on a local radio station and struck up a phone relationship. I talk to him a couple of times a week and really like him. Now he wants to meet me in person, but I'm afraid he might actually be some sort of psychopath. What should I do?

Play Misty for Me

Dear Misty,

This could be ugly. Radio guys are a pretty repulsive lot. I'd recommend you find out his address first and then scope out his house. Does he ever wear a clown suit? Does he spend a lot of time digging man-sized holes in his backyard? Spy for a while before you commit to meeting. And if you do meet in person, be sure to try that crotch grab trick.

All letters should be sent to:

Oceansize
Stony Brook Press
Room 060
Stony Brook Union

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Short Attention Span Column

By Ted Swedalla

Here is a second attempt at this, the cop-out of all cop-out columns. 45 words about one subject before blindly jumping onto another topic. Sounds easy doesn't it...

...I just found out that Scully and Mulder will NEVER have sex on the 'X-Files.' Thank god, even though most of our staff would love to see Scully in some compromising position, we would rather have the show continue than to see her in stirrups. By the way, the one semi-nude shot of Scully (from the episode with the Jim Ross Circus where she opens the door in a robe) is available on the internet somewhere...

...Speaking of disgusting things on the internet. The Pink Power Ranger Fantasy Site. I don't know what's sicker, that I want the address or that half our staff knew exactly where to look to find it...

...My prediction: The Yankees will NOT make the playoffs and we will be hit by some part of Hurricane Humberto...

...Does the new Red Hot Chili Peppers song sound like it belongs on "Nothing's Shocking" by Jane's Addiction, or am I going crazy. And what is going on with Dave Navarro? What the hell kind of look is that? I thought Flea was fucked in the head, but Dave?!? What's going on...

...The Alanis Morissette rumor, that she was on "You Can't Do That On Television," is true. Also don't bother with the album. If she can't save a Canadian public TV show, what makes you think she can write more than one good song in her life. Don't jump on this bus, it's only heading over the Wilson Phillips cliff of No Return...

...Michael Moore, of "TV Nation," is god...

...How many people will notice that the large

radio antenna is not on top of the Grad. Chemistry building anymore...

...When will 'Generation X' end? When it does will we be notified? Can we call everyone under 20 the 'Lost Generation?' Because it seems to me that they have no clue what is going on in the world...

...The Republican plan to cut education actually sounds like a good idea when you think about it. Take away funding so less people could go to college and that way you have greater job security when you get older. Less competition from the younger people...

...Has anyone spoken to or seen our incoming Arts Editor this summer...

Am I the only one glad that Lea Thompson is coming back into public view? Her "Caroline In The City" sitcom looks great, as does she. Ever since those saddle shoes and sweaters in "Back To The Future," I have loved her. I even went to see "Howard The Duck." How many people do you know will claim to have done that...

...What exactly is that smell coming from the new couches we have in our office...

...Courtney Love: musical genius or media genius...

...Who exactly is the person who decided what a group of any animal would be called? And how stoned was he? A pride of lions, a gaggle of geese, a pod of whales, a murder of crows. Yes, a murder of crows, that has to be the coolest of all group qualification names...

...Thanks again for support. If you have any suggestions on what sort of topics I should cover, give the Press a call (632-6451) and leave a dirty message. If not I will know that people are reading it. They will be the ones who stare and point and say, "that's the freak who wrote about the pink power ranger..."

Join The Press

It's a roaring good time and can be had by one and all.

All you must do is visit one of our weekly meetings.

Student Union room 060 at 1:00pm every Wednesday.

You also must be able to write mostly coherent stories. Don't worry if you're having trouble with a lede or kicker (journalistic terms) we can help.

Most of our writers have avoided jail time while they've been on staff and a few of them have even gotten jobs after graduating.

Lotsa Love, See You Soon.

TOP TEN WAYS TO START A FOREST FIRE

10. Burn copies of The Statesman in middle of woods during Satanic rituals
9. Throw a warm crack pipe into dry leaves
8. Stir-fry kittens in dimly-lit wooded area
7. Make Shirley Strum Kenny walk through the woods wearing corduroy pants.
6. Tell Freshmen to begin a candlelight procession in Pine Barrens for official "Welcoming Ceremony"
5. Douse the lead singer of Depeche Mode in gasoline and hand him a match
4. Burn a witch
3. Invite Janet Reno to your cult meeting in the forest glen
2. Ask Colin Powell what party he belongs to and watch him burst into flames
1. Burn copies of The Press in middle of woods during Satanic rituals.

Sailing The Seas Of People

By Lowell Yaeger

PRIMUS at Roseland, 8/3. MIKE WATT opened.

Since the beginning of their career 8 years ago, Primus has been besieged by critics as being too silly, too showy, and too specific to ever compete with other alternative giants as a musical talent to be watched. Songs about race car drivers and wacky bass solos more reminiscent of Ren & Stimpy than regular music did much to exile Primus to the far end of the musical mainstream; their consistent refusal to settle into on any of the many musical grooves that they draw from did nothing to enhance this standing.

Regardless, Primus seems to have garnered a legion of fans with their multi-genre approach to music. Straddling the fields of thrash, funk, and prog rock (with a little bit of hip-hop thrown in for taste), Primus expanded their fan base from a cult of bloodthirsty Bay Area kids to an international collective capable of boosting the band's latest album, *Tales From the Punchbowl* (Interscope), into the Billboard Top 20 upon its release. And their live shows are consistent sellouts coast-to-coast, impressing U2 and Rush enough to grant the band an opening slot on their respective tours.

So it was no surprise that the Roseland show, which sold out within half an hour, was a delight for

those attending. After a brief and unnecessary set by Mike Watt, who is a good performer but was very poorly matched with the headliner, Primus took the stage to cartoonish background music, revealing a setup comprised of rose-covered wallpaper and holographic gremlins.

The roadies were dressed as penguins and waddled out whenever they were needed; Les Claypool, the frontman of Primus, was dressed in nothing more than a cowboy hat and a pair of boxer shorts.

Over the course of two hours, the 3-piece band managed to put all of the critics comments to shame.

Delivering a well-balanced set comprised of hits ("Too Many Puppies," "My Name Is Mud," the eternal "Jerry Was A Race Car Driver," and the new album's insanely popular single, "Wynona's Big Brown Beaver") and more obscure numbers ("Eleven," "Spaghetti Western"), Les and company kept the pit rolling and churning, proving a band doesn't need to be pigeon-holed in order to be popular. It was quite possibly the first time I've ever seen deadheads and skinheads in such close proximity to one another, with little to no fighting at all. The band's typical silliness was not completely dis-

carded, but a number of more serious numbers ("Southbound Pachyderm," "Over the Electric Grapevine") showed Les' darker side, while he kept the bass antics to a minimum, concentrating more on the unity between himself and the other two band members.

The roadies were dressed as penguins and waddled out whenever they were needed; Les Claypool, the frontman of Primus, was dressed in nothing more than a cowboy hat and a pair of boxer shorts.

In fact, the only negative aspect of the show was its lack of surprises, something I can only chalk up to Primus' realization that it will soon be in the big leagues

— after all, if White Zombie can play Nassau Coliseum on the strength of one hit single, can't Primus? While the set list was loose and unrestrained, audience interaction was kept to a minimum, something not often seen at previous Primus shows. And the stage show itself, usually provided by a series of concert-exclusive movies projected onto a screen behind the players, provided only visuals drawn from their previous album covers and insets. Still, Les and the gang have not lost any of their ability to play a good live show and look fit enough to greet the future on their own terms, and not those of the public.

Why Don't We Get Drunk And Screw

By Staff

We took a poll among the editors and found the most efficient way to waste time, especially when you are a freshman. Drinking games.

There are two basic kinds of drinking games. One, where you try get another person drunk, hopefully to then get them into bed, while you stay relatively sober; or where the only objective of the game is to get drunk as fast as possible and maybe even vomit on somebody's bed.

So we will give you a couple of either game, because variety is the spice of life.

Quarters: Rules vary, but the main objective is to get a quarter into a shot glass by bouncing it off a hard surface. [Tip: Never play with anyone who says that they won't play unless they can go get their special quarter out of its custom built case.]

Roxanne: First, get a copy of The Police's "Roxanne." Second, get two people who want to forget where they are. Third, have lots of alcohol within arms-reach. Fourth, the two people drink. One person every time you hear the word "Roxanne," the other drinks on "Red." Easy rules, see you in the infirmary.

Mexican: You need: a pair of dice and a cup you can't see through. Rules: one person rolls the dice underneath the cup and don't let anyone see, then announce what you have. Say you roll a '4' and a '5', you say 'fifty-four.' Always say the larger number first or you drink. Then you pass the cup clockwise to the next person, if they believe your roll, then they roll and try to beat you. So, they roll and announce their score which has to beat your score. They could be lying or telling the truth, that's up to the next person in the circle to figure out. If they believe them and try to beat the score, then they roll, but if they don't believe the roll they lift the cup. If the person was bluffing, they drink, if they weren't then you drink. And the next person starts the rolling all over again.

Of course there are special rolls. Doubles beat non-doubles, for example '1-1' beat a '6-5.' A '2-1' is "Mexican," which beats everything. If you say "Mexican," and the person believes you they drink, if they don't believe you and look, they drink twice, if they look and you don't have '2-1' then you drink 4 times. A '3-1' is "Death." You must bluff, if you get caught with "Death," then you drink 8 times. If you happen to pass it on to someone else with out them checking, then celebrate inside.

The Star Wars Drinking Game: Basically watch any of the three movies, and then whenever one of the following things happen, drink. Only a sip or you will be unconscious before Vader says "Don't underestimate the force."

- Someone has a bad feeling about this.
- It is Luke's destiny.
- A TIE fighter explodes for no reason.
- Obi-Wan materializes for a guest appearance.
- Luke discovers a long lost relative.
- Han brags about the Millennium Falcon.
- Anyone insults the Millennium Falcon,
- Tarkin brags about the Death Star.
- Leia insults somebody.
- Luke whines.
- The Emperor cackles evilly.
- Yoda uses bad grammar.
- Yoda talks like a fortune cookie.
- It's their only hope.
- Obi-Wan Kenobi plays detective.
- Boba Fett talks.
- Somebody gets choked.
- A gigantic technological marvel explodes in a single blast.
- There is a tremor in the force.
- Luke does a nifty acrobatic flip.
- R2-D2 plugs into the wrong socket and his head spins around.
- An old Jedi starts to ramble about the force.
- An Ewok dies, and the camera lingers longer than it did when the death star killed billions.

- Somebody's hand gets cut off.
- The Emperor foresees something.
- Luke teeters on the brink of a chasm.
- Stormtroopers armor proves useless.
- It's not somebody's fault.
- One or more heroes are almost eaten by a thing.
- Leia wears an outfit that covers everything except her face and hands.
- Twice if it covers her neck.
- Three times if she is almost totally nude.
- A Jedi is more powerful than he looks.
- A woman other than Leia is on the screen.
- Twice if she is a rebel.
- The whole can if she is an Imperial.
- Something on the Falcon doesn't work.
- Twice if its the hyperdrive.
- Someone exclaims, "No!"
- Luke is upside down
- Someone does something apparently suicidal that turns out to be a good idea.
- Twice if its not Han.
- C3PO loses a body part.
- Vader runs into one of his kids and doesn't recognize them.
- Twice if he tries to kill them.
- Someone's mind is controlled using the force.
- Luke's parentage is foreshadowed.
- People kiss.
- Twice if they're related by blood.
- A rebel pilot is a race other than white.
- Twice if they're non-human.
- Luke refuses to take someone's advice.
- An elaborately made-up alien has no lines.
- Twice if he's a General.
- Someone or something tries to get money from Han.

We know that there are a hundred variation of the Star Wars Game (like 'Hi Bob,' a game where people drink to the Bob Newhart show) and if you have a list of rules the editors would love a copy. Especially if it has to deal with Star Trek: The Next Generation Drinking Game. I can just see it. Drink every time Picard tugs on his jumpsuit....

YOU ARE HERE

By Chris Chambers and Friends

Here you are at Stony Brook University. At this point you are beginning to find out that this university has nothing to offer you in the way of twentysomething entertainment. No concerts, the dorms suck, and the union is really only good for buying your dose of caffeine or taking a nap. Outside the gates of the University you will quickly find out that you live in a college town that doesn't want to see or hear you. This will come as a shock to those of you who have visited friends at colleges that have college towns surrounding them. These places have miles of bars, cheap food, coffee houses, and alternative entertainment. The residents of Stony Brook would prefer you to stay behind bars like slightly dangerous monkeys.

Do not fear. I am here to help you. I know where just about everything is located in Stony Brook. I spent the first eighteen years of my life in this uptight hamlet and then the next eight in San Diego, California. I got used to having a good time. Then I came back here. Well, I've spent the last two years looking for places for open-minded people to party in Stony Brook. What follows is a few places that you should definitely visit and some that you should skip.

I'll get right to the important stuff; bars. There's only one good bar on campus and that is the Spot. Go there. They've got good tunes, decent people, cold beer and only occasional ventilation problems.

Out in the town you've got two within walking

distance: The Park Bench and The Checkmate. If you have the same haircut as all your friends, really like lots of white people dancing to bad music and think bar fights are a good time, definitely visit the Bench or the "Stench" as it is called by those who frequent it. Then you have The Checkmate. This little dump is an oasis in the Stony Brook Sahara. First off they've got Guinness. That should be enough, but they also offer an intelligent, non-racist, non-homophobic, non-sexist conversation and cool. If you see or hear anything to the contrary while visiting, look for me, I'm the bouncer. Thursday and Saturday nights at the Mate are the best for getting really twisted. Hippies, yuppies, burn-outs, professors, locals and students come together in a rare exhibition of love and stupidity.

On a Sunday nights, we offer alternative live bands. Yeah, I know I'm not supposed to use the word "alternative". Tough shit. There are very few places in town offering really good music. We are the only one within stumbling distance. Look for such bands as: Pud, 495, Mercury 49ers, Collarbone and appearances by recording artist Paul Zunno on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

There are a few other things in this town worth visiting. In future issues I'll give you the skinny on the best place to have sex, and where to buy your music. That is, if *The Press* has enough sack to print it.

A few quick pointers for all the new kids out there, brought to you by the friends of Chris.. experienced Stony Brookers in their own right:

DORM LIFE:

The first bit of advice comes from our ex-Managing Editor, he said to get off campus as fast as possible. He doesn't mean take 18 credits a semester to graduate early, because there are no jobs anyway, so stay in school as long as possible. But get an apartment with some friends and get out of the dorms, quickly.

Unless you find living with things from the insect kingdom comforting, they are cold and smelly with stained mattresses and the windows usually don't lock. A problem if you live on the first floor. Basically, you can't swing a dead rat around the dorms without hitting something that is broken, and dead rats are a little too easy to come by in the dorms.

ILLEGAL SMILES:

On where to buy beer with a fake ID, we have no idea. All of the editorial staff is of legal drinking age and have no need to hide our real identities to buy beer. We can, with a good conscience, walk into any place that sells beer and buy it. We feel no need to hide.

But marijuana is a different story, and the staff members who have tried it, but never inhaled, will not give the names and addresses of their dealers. For one, it is illegal to buy, sell and grow pot, and also they wouldn't want anyone cutting in on their action.

Someone else had the nerve to say that you should go to a real school, but we won't touch that one.

RAVE 'TILL... 11 PM?

By Lowell Yaeger

LORDS OF ACID and MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT at Roseland, 8/10. GOD LIVES UNDERWATER opened.

Over the course of the last few years, musical genres have mutated and evolved, some dying and some growing ever more popular. Industrial music has taken a different course, splintering with the birth of Nine Inch Nails into two separate fields: techno-industrial and metal-industrial, neither of which greatly resembles the music that pioneered the industrial movement in the early 80s. Ministry went from synthpop to synthgoth to speed-metal; others, like Front Line Assembly, have done the same, while new groups that can be called neither metal nor industrial, such as Stabbing Westward, Filter, and Drown, have cropped up, capitalizing on Nine Inch Nails' success. A few groups (Skinny Puppy, Front 242) remain true to their roots, while others have attempted to re-merge techno with metal, resulting in very ugly hybrids that are best described as "abortions" (KMFDM's *Nihil* comes to mind). And then there are groups that have disappeared into the ether, defying the rules and going off on their own, sometimes with disastrous results. Such was the case with the Sextacy Ball at Roseland.

The evening started off disappointingly with a set by God Lives Underwater, a band whose name really should be Alice In Chains With A Keyboard. Barely a fifth of the audience bothered to watch, concentrating instead on the displays scattered about the walls, quoting famous historical troublemakers and printing banned pieces of art and literature. Things picked up with the arrival of the in-between-acts performers, a fetish troupe known as the Fallen Angels, who provided homoerotic send-ups of religion to a searing industrial backdrop. It

kept the ravers from the fighting the goths, anyway.

The first headliner of the evening, My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult, was an even greater disappointment than God Lives Underwater. One of the biggest names on Wax Trax!, considered by some to be the Epitaph or Sub Pop of industrial music, the Thrill Kill Kult used to be well known for effortlessly blending glam, techno, and goth into a stew which delighted rivetheads and goths for years. But over the course of time, the lineup changed, as did their label, and the music reflected this, either becoming too bland or too "safe."

Advance reviews of their new album, *Hit and Run Holiday* (Interscope), criticize it for being too mainstream (read: safe). And their performance reflected that. Playing for a brief 45-minutes and sticking only to their hits ("Cuz It's Hot," "Sex on Wheelz") and a few new numbers, the band whipped through a set that was clearly pre-recorded. Their members, from a black disco diva to the lead singer (who looked more like a backup guitar player for Motley Crue), came off as looking silly and pathetic, spastically playing on instruments and lip synching poorly to the lyrics. Whether their refusal to rely on their live talent was a reflection on the nature of music today or something as simple as pure laziness, it ruined the show for me. Had I known they would have forsaken the showiness promised on their albums in favor of a bland performance, I would have stayed home.

"... Thrill Kill Kult came off as looking silly and pathetic, spastically playing on instruments and lip synching poorly to the lyrics."

The second performer, Lords of Acid, has surfaced in recent years as a techno act with an industrial background, possessing a weak hold in each field. Unlike the Thrill Kill Kult, Lords of Acid has done little to no tampering with their formula over the course of two albums, and it has done wonders for them; they grow consistently larger and stronger with each subsequent pass through New York, going from Limelight to Roseland in half a year. Lords of Acid's popularity relies both on their use of sex as a sales tool (the lead singer resembles Pamela Anderson down to the implants and their newest album, *Voodoo-U*, is festooned with paintings of naked female devils engaging in sex acts with one another) and their generic techno sound: a series of fuzzy bass beats with a drum machine clicking busily away in the background.

However, I'll give them this much: for a band whose entire set has to be pre-recorded (there was one keyboardist and one drummer on-stage — who are they trying to kid?), the energy level was amazingly high. The founder of the band and writer of most of the songs, Pragma Khan, emerged in a tight green sci-fi jumpsuit, dancing about and screaming at the crowd to "get up and dance." By the time Ruth McCardle, the singer, had taken the stage, a mosh pit had formed, and the ravers were in high-BPS heaven.

A man moved around during their set, selling acid and ecstasy, and my advice to anyone who takes those drugs and likes techno is to stay home and listen to the album. You'll save money, and if you're doing enough acid or ecstasy, you won't realize you're just listening to the album, either.

Dangerous Minds Think Alike

By Chris Cartusciello

Based on Louanne Johnson's autobiographical book *My Posse Don't Do Homework*, the film *Dangerous Minds* is a tough and often moving account of one person trying to make a difference in a harsh world.

Michelle Pfeiffer plays Johnson, an ex-marine who gets a job teaching a class of obnoxious and unruly inner-city kids. This is truly the class from hell. They taunt, they threaten and they fight. They are Generation X (God, I hate that term) with a chip the size of Montana on their shoulder. They also go through teachers quicker than the O.J. trial goes through jurors. Johnson is their fourth teacher in a year. After 10 minutes of her first class, Johnson goes running from the room. That night, back at her house, she makes the determination that she will not let them beat her. She returns to the class the next day with an attitude and a plan. She starts to get their attention by relating to them on their level and teaching them some basic karate moves. After being told by the principal that this is not allowed she comes up with another idea. For each correct answer that they give she tosses out candy bars. This isn't teaching, this is training seals. What finally peaks their arousal is when Louanne teaches them poetry by using the words to Bob Dylan songs. She shows them how to read the lyrics and decipher the codes and hidden meanings behind them. Now they actually start to think and take an active part in the learning process. As the kids realize how much Louanne cares about them they gain a new respect for "white-bread" (their derogatory nick-name for her).

The class is made up of your standard melting pot for a film like this. The boyish Puerto Rican,

tough on the outside with a sensitive soul, who wants to get ahead and make something of himself. The angry Latino who demands everybody's respect and gets it and who, you know, just as he starts to come around will have something tragic happen to him. His sexy, yet annoying, girlfriend who will scream and try to talk sense into him (the Rosie Perez type). The black kid who is as big as a bear with the heart of a kitten. The pregnant teenager who must decide what's best for her baby. The token white kid who is tossed a line every now and then. And the group of rappers who just want to make jokes and music. You also have the lovable but gruff best friend of Louanne, well played by George Dzundza.

Michelle Pfeiffer, who it is always a pleasure to watch, plays the role of Louanne well, despite the limited script. With her slight southern accent she makes Louanne seem frail and timid, but Pfeiffer has such a commanding presence on screen you know she is not going to be pushed around. My only problem with her is that this tough ex-marine looks as if she is going to cry in every scene. In some instances it was poignant and moving but in others it seemed as if she was going to have a nervous breakdown.

Most of this film works well but it has such a familiar form that there are no surprises. This story has been done before, and "better, in films such as *Lean On Me* and *To Sir, With Love*..

Just because school is starting again, it doesn't mean that you have no time for recreation, right? Well, the folks in Hollywood are betting on it and they have a full schedule of fall movies just waiting to be studied. Here is a sample of the films' set for September release.

To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything, Julie

Newmar : Wesley Snipes, Patrick Swayze and John Leguizamo in drag trekking cross-country. Kind of *Thelma And Louise* meets *Prisilla, Queen Of The 'Desert*. Snipes makes an ugly girl, Swayze is like the aunt everyone has and Leguizamo... well, he looks a little too good. Just check out the poster. (Sept. 8)

Clockers : Spike Lee directs this tale of cops and crack. Harvey Keitel is Rocco Klein, a cop going through a mid-life crisis. Delroy Lindo (*Crooklyn*) is a crack dealer and freshman Mekhi Phifer is his young apprentice. Serious Oscar talk for Lindo. (Sept. 13)

Seven : Morgan Freeman as an aging detective and Brad Pitt as his new rookie partner. Sound familiar? Think again. The two are tracking a serial killer who does in his victims according to the seven deadly sins in this dark, brooding thriller. (Sept. 20)

Showgirls : Elizabeth Berkley (*Saved By The Bell*) as a Vegas stripper. Complete with lap dancing, a script by Joe Eszterhas (*Basic Instinct*) and an NC-17 rating. 'Nuff said. (Sept. 22)

Canadian Bacon : John Candy in his last role as a Niagara Falls boarder guard who invades Canada after the president (Alan Alda) starts an anti-Canadian propaganda campaign. With Rhea Perlman and Steven Wright. Directed by Michael Moore (*Roger & Me*' and *T.V. Nation*). (Sept. 22)

To Die For : Nicole Kidman as a weatherwoman who hires a kid to kill her husband, Matt Dillon. This black comedy had them going crazy at Cannes. (Sept. 27)

Devil In A Blue Dress : Denzel Washington is Easy Rawlings, a private eye in 1940's L.A. Jennifer Beals is the girl he is after in this film noir. (Sept. 29)

Michael Moore for President

Thank God for the Fox network's revival of TV Nation. Hosted by Michael Moore, the show is a wonderfully intelligent, informed, well-executed spit in the face of such groups as corporate criminals, the Republican Party, and rich Connecticut elitists. The show decided recently to visit Cobb County, Georgia, Newt Gingrich's home county, and see how well they were doing in leading the country in getting their independence from the Federal government's money. Surprise of surprises, TV Nation discovered that Cobb County received more federal dollars than almost all the other counties in the country. At one point in the show, Moore confronted Newt himself about his hypocrisy concerning dependence on federal funds, asking him about such financial expenditures as \$36,000 in Coast Guard funding to Cobb County, Land-locked Cobb County, Coast-less Cobb County. In total, Newt's home county gets about \$4 billion in federal funds. Quite an amount of federal dependence from the "Shrink Federal Government" -rhetoric-spewing leader of the Republican Revolution. Every week, TV Nation hilariously illuminates the lies and hypocrisies those in power perpetrate (frequently attacking Republican Party dogma, and Republicans themselves.) They expose, without lecturing, and insult their targets masterfully, many times without the targets knowing they are being lampooned. The show is refreshing, terribly funny, and had Janeane Garafolo in the first episode, how can you beat that?

Wait, I Meant 20 Million...

To kick off Windows 95, Bill Gates bought "Start Me Up" from the Rolling Stones for a reported \$12 million. Mick Jagger chose \$12 million as an arbitrary figure when asked to sell the song. Apparently he did not believe that someone would shell out a that much money for a song written by a couple of guys who don't remember most of the early 70's. Mick made two crucial mistakes. One, that Bill Gates is a multi-billionaire, who has pumped truckloads of money into ripping off the system that Machintosh has used for ever, to whom \$12 million means nothing. And two, who wouldn't want to own a Rolling Stones song? Anything written by Jagger/Richards, probably the best song writing team ever (fuck Lennon/McCartney), is worth \$12 million and there fore not a bad investment.

THE 1995 PRESS "FILL IN THE BLANKS" CONTEST

We Press folks tend to amuse ourselves in bizarre ways. One method we came up with this last week; playing "Fill in the blanks" games. We came up with the sentence "I could not go to the ____ because I was _____, and then made up words to fill in the blanks. We'd like to see what you can come up with, so use the form below to send us your best try, or email us (SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU). Some of our best ones:

I could not go to the hoedown because I was massaging my Dad's ass.
 I could not go to the cross burning because I was out of starch.
 I could not go to the staff meeting because I was destabilizing the dollar.
 I could not go to the frat party because I was drilling a glory hole.
 I could not go to the Broadway musical because I was clubbing baby seals.

This is the special Clip-N-Drop part of The Press.

Directions: Fill in the two blanks of the following sentence with unique and wacky words, that make sense. Then rip this part out of the paper and stuff it under our office door (you can also give it to any of our staff members if they acknowledge their allegiance with the Press.) Make sure you read the whole issue first!!

I could not go to the _____ because I was _____.

Your Name: _____ Phone #: _____

The best entry will have their name and words printed in the next issue. (How exciting.)

Generation X Doesn't Suck

Neither Did The Bands

By Louis M. Moran

This story is being re-run due to the tremendous outpouring of people who want to read it again. Plus it is more timely then it was in the summer issue.

I went to Filter/Die Cheerleader at The Limelight, but that's not what this is about. It's not about Filter. It's not about Die Cheerleader (cool band, hear them). It's not about The Limelight (cool place, go drunk). This is about the crowd. The oddities, the amazing bodies, outfits, makeup, stockings, hangers on, fat chicks, huge guys, make out pits, mosh pits, Goth pits, rave zones and lips.

Before the show we stood on line with all the bizzaros, geeks, nons, wannabees and bouncers. They had one line, ticket holders and non ticket

holders and they eventually let everyone in, in an odd chaotic fashion. A bouncer came out and announced that *he* was sick of getting summonses for public drinking, looked up in the air and asked anyone who was drinking on line to stop and he wouldn't be forced to toss us off line. He then pointed out the offenders and said this profound statement, "Everyone who has a ticket stay on line, everyone who doesn't have a ticket stay on line, everyone else get off line."

Who was everyone else? Who are the people who just stand on lines? I don't know but about six of them left. One guy ended up in the club later, I knew it was him because he was wearing stockings and had his eyes done up like a raccoon. Listen kids I don't care what Trent is doing, men shouldn't wear any stockings! It's icky and men who don't are aiming for your lower back in the pit, trust me, I am.

Nine Inch Nails is a good starting point here. Inside the club nearly every other person had a NIN on their shirts, arms and one extremely dedicated fellow had NIN tattooed to his neck...yeah. Now I like Trent as much as the next guy, in fact, I liked Trent six years ago when Trent wasn't so cool and trendy, but I don't like him that much. The last time I liked a band as much as the NIN fanatics they were singing a song about the Battle of Britain, *Aces High*. Which is to say that I'm older than most of the patrons at the Filter show.

Yet despite this obvious faux pas we slammed, moshed, pogoed, sweat and rode together. It was pretty cool. I remember shows when I was a teen, the older guys mostly fucked with us, and tried to take our shit, pinched our girlfriends asses. They didn't care that we had something in common, we were all there for the same reason...to see so and so rock. Concerts were scarier, maybe they are now too, but mostly it didn't seem that way. I know I was cool towards the *kids*, I picked them up when they fell, I caught them when they dove. Yeah I snickered at the obvious geeks and

dopes who wanted to be cool and shaved half their head (the left half) or were wearing more clothes than I do when I shovel snow, but I was cool toward them.

They were cool to me too. I was thinking whilst in the pit, with my glasses on the whole time (until the end when my roommate broke them stage diving during the last song); whose show is this anyway? Is it the 10-20s show? Do they own the rights to Filter as a band, or can I claim rights to them too? (I don't want them.) If a kid today was to tell me he was a Van Halen fan, I could rightfully say, I saw them when they were still good, you don't know the real Van Halen. When I tell my mother that I love the Beatles she rightfully says, you don't understand the Beatles, you weren't there...you had to be there. She's right too.

Things happen to art over time. It gets deconstructed, torn down and molded into what ever the molder wants it to be. Shakespeare is a misogynist, Chaucer hater of gays, and the Devil misunderstood. Just think of what will become of the precious Trent in years to come. Although music has a record (ha ha) of its history it isn't really enough. Knowing all the words to *Sweet Home Alabama* isn't going to let you in on the inside jokes and back biting that was going on between Lynyrd Skynyrd and Neil Young...*Well I hope Neil Young will remember, a Southern Man don't need him around anyhow.*

So in a sense you have to be there when the music is happening, you need to know what's going on the world that's relevant to the music. So having stated that I wonder if I can lay claim to the music of today...I am after all older than most of today's rock stars; do I share a common experience with them? I'm the same age as Kurt Cobain (well I'll get older), I did a lot of the same drugs, I play(ed) in a band, I write songs (rarely about indigestion); how similar am I to him? The guys in Live are younger than me, Perry Farrell is older, Dave Navarro is younger, all the guys in Van Halen are older, all the girls in Hole are younger.

Does anyone have to own the music? Do I have to lay claim to a band? Well as wonderful as *it's music for the whole world to enjoy* is, it isn't. My mother is not supposed to be in Nails. My father shouldn't get off on Pop Will Eat Itself. My Dad turned me on to Led Zep after my billionth playing of Kiss Alive II by tossing Led Zep I into my room yelling, I think you'll like this. Clearly he was sick of *Detroit Rock City* and figured if he shared his band with me he wouldn't have to beat the stuffing out of me for playing *God Of Thunder* (the extended live mix) at maximum volume. There are some bands we can all enjoy like

that damned Hootie and the Blowfish, they sound like stuff my parents listened to, and bands we can all hate like Wilson Phillips. Over time music does become public domain though. Glenn Miller is going to be huge in twenty years the same way Bach is now.

I rode into the Limelight with two teens who are *into* current music (they could be making it) and they rattled off a swath of bands I'd never heard of and I threw an equal number back at them as we discussed music in it's various forms and finally decided that Ministry rocks. I used to find common ground in talks like this or jams with Led Zep or The Sex Pistols, yet the closest we could come was Ministry. Our base was Ministry. My common link to an actual Generation Xer's was an eight year old band (if you call an E-Mu, Mac, and Alan Jourgenson a band). Which is sort of cool. I love Ministry, I even forgive them for that wimpy Depeche Mode meets Erasure first album. I absolutely get off on Ministry, my butt twitches, my fists clench and I get angry, real fucking angry, pissed, intense, I throw myself in a pocket mosh and scream about NASA's dirty dealings with eugenics! I like Ministry plenty.

So if Ministry is mine by virtue of having seen them play live and watching their bass player leave the stage via a chainlink fence erected to keep projectiles and stagedivers to a minimum, then is NIN as well? NIN was certainly influenced by Ministry; doesn't lineage give me a right? No, I love REM, they are great, they were influenced by the Beatles (despite anything Stipe blathers on about the Monkees), so REM is mine but not the Beatles. And so logic follows that Ministry is mine for them to enjoy and Nails is theirs for me to enjoy.

Unlike Zep which was theirs (the oldsters to me) and they'd kick my ass at a concert if I stepped foot in one. Which makes some assertions about Gen X true, they are a lot more giving than other generations. The example/anecdote I've heard most recently was that if there was some way to get something free or a good place to work they told each other about it they didn't horde the information. They (ick) share. So we shared the latest Buzz Binners, Filter, who was sort of cool. Their main problem seemed to be that they didn't know you can't taunt a New York audience and they weren't very much better than Die Cheerleader which makes the headliner look bad.

Quick Review...good show both bands were cool, the Limelight was in great shape, lots of latex, PVC, leather and other synthetics, and the crowd was really cool. They shared their stuff with me, the fifty year old man in the pleather pants, the fat goth chicks, the heavy lipped women, the waifs in vinyl, the thi hi booted bimbo I saved from certain death, the lamers with NIN hats, shirts, shorts, shoes, and necklaces and the guys in snow gear.

"Shakespeare is a misogynist, Chaucer hater of gays, and the Devil misunderstood..."

"...I throw myself in a pocket mosh and scream about NASA's dirty dealings with eugenics!"