

The  
Stony  
Brook

# PRESS

Vol. XVII No.3 The University's Most Popular Paper October 2, 1995

**WANTED: \$10,000 REWARD**



**George Pataki**



**Al D'Amato**

**Wanted for the Rape and Robbery of the educational system of the State of New York. Any information leading to the arrest and/or timely demise of these men may result in up to \$10,000.00 reward**

Also Inside:

**Digital Wasteland**

**Senator Dole**

**Police Brutality Lives**

**Affirmative Action Is Dead**

**FIRE DRILLS**

**Red Hot Chili Peppers**

**Homo-Erotic Contests**

**Reviews**

## Give a pig a gun....

## ...and he'll think he rules the world

By John Giuffo

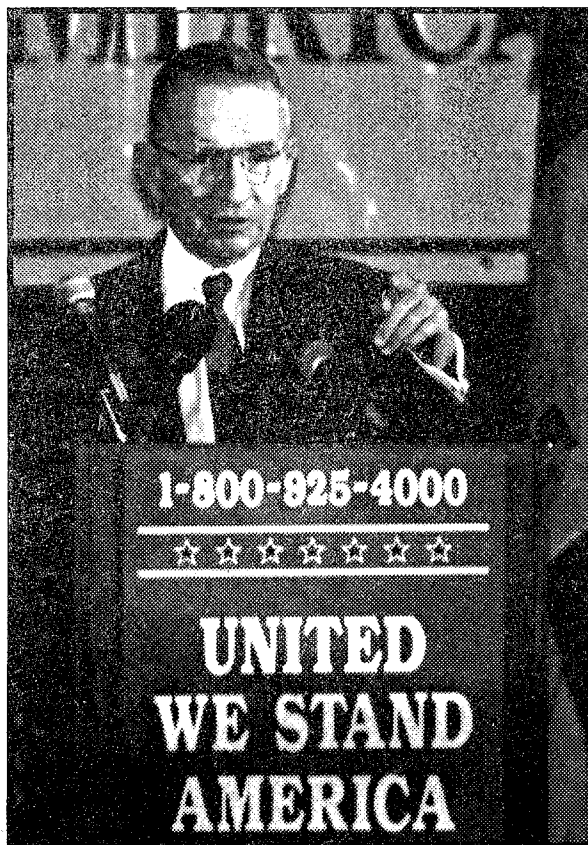
In response to the recent hold-up at the FSA Check Cashing Counter on the second floor of the Student Union, the University Police Union, Local 1792, has filed a class-action grievance against the University requesting that their officers be fully-armed at all times.

University Police are trained in a manner equivalent to other police departments, such as the New York City Police Department and the Suffolk County Police Department; were the University Police to carry firearms, they would be using them at a level of proficiency comparable to that of the above-mentioned departments. Still, that didn't prevent one unarmed Stony Brook student from being gunned down by a Suffolk County Police Officer at the Smithhaven Mall last year, for suspected grand larceny and the ever-popular post-shooting excuse, "I thought he had a gun." Mistakes happen. People die. Do we really want to invite a fertile ground for mistakes on this campus? No one can guarantee that a repeat performance of last year's Smithhaven fiasco won't happen on the Stony Brook campus if the Local 1792 gets its way.

There are 50 sworn officers on the University police force. They want these 50 armed — all the time. Cops are human beings; human beings make mistakes. And when cops make mistakes, students die. Providing a police officer with continual access to firearms grants him an option that he would be better off not having. This is not 42nd Street or a place so riddled with crime that extreme measures like this are necessary. The recent burglary at the FSA office is an unpleasant, albeit infrequent, consequence of the FSA Check Cashing's very existence; were this kind of thing happening continuously, the Local 1792 might have a case. However, simply arming police officers will not stop burglary on this campus. Indeed, it may lead the burglars to

arm themselves, and this leads to a higher possibility of injury and/or death.

There will be more crime on this campus — there are a lot of people, and it's inevitable. In recent memory, no one has been killed as a result of a burglary. Arming 50 officers would certainly change that. We at *The Stony Brook Press* vehemently oppose arming University Police officers. We feel they are doing a fine job without the ability to kill. It is possible for them to perform their duties and not have to resort to gunfire. Let's do everything to keep it that way.



Our good friend Doug Vescuso was supposed to write a scathing article about H. Ross Perot, and we allotted him this space to do it. Unfortunately, by 4:30 AM on our final night of production, Doug still hadn't shown up, and we were left with this big ugly space right on page two. In order to keep this from happening again, we need kind, generous, creative, and most importantly, reliable people to join our staff. We offer a caring and nurturing environment for such budding geniuses as you, and we hardly ever make fun of our writers in print, like that dumbass Doug.

The Press holds staff meetings every Wednesday at 1:00 in room 060 of the Student Union. If you can't make the meetings, feel free to call us (516-632-6451) or email us (SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU).

Join us.

And if you see Doug, tell him Ted's gonna kick his ass.

## RAGING BULL: THE BOB DOLE STORY

By Anne Ruggiero

As the '96 presidential campaign draws closer, political contenders are running amok, searching for the perfect party platforms. Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole unleashed his campaign for the Republican ticket several weeks ago with a belligerently pro-American values stance at an American Legion meeting in Indianapolis. In his address, Dole insisted that we must end the "war on traditional American values," citing a proposed constitutional amendment banning flag burning, a change in national history standards, and legal action to make English the official language of the United States.

Dole, in his hopelessly single-minded way, lamented the loss of America's pride in itself and the sacrifice of our traditional background to "intellectual elites who [are] embarrassed by America." In his campaign, he primarily blamed the divisive nature of our country and vowed to unite us through language, promoting at least four bills to inaugurate English as the national form of communication.

Okay, Dole, we get your point. You smiled at all the people, spoon-fed them shit about this great country of ours and sent them home with a simple solution to all of our problems. Never mind that the "solution" wipes out the ideology that this nation is based on. It's okay. After all, you're from Kansas. What can we expect. You see, senator,

there's this thing called reality, and, unfortunately, we have to live in it. While a happy politically-silent, WASPish, American public may appeal to your tastes, consider whether or not we really want to return to the social stigma of the 1950's.



Dole and his political cronies, namely representatives Toby Roth and Peter King, claim that the U.S. is degenerating from a powerful world influence and the fault of it lies in the extensive criticism by minority groups seeking to gain the upper hand. Dole attacks new history standards laid out

by a panel at the University of California as portraying Western culture in an unflattering light. I'll give Dole this: America should not be ashamed of itself. White culture is not a bad thing, and we should not forsake its advantages. However, we cannot go back to the days when deviation was forbidden. Political correctness, while it may be a bit extreme, is not an erosive force in this country, and if it is used advantageously, it will benefit society. Sen. Dole needs to understand that there is more to life than the white, middle-aged male.

If one claims that politically correct curriculum belittles Americans, then one must consider what an American is. The American citizen is a fluid being, encompassing a variety of races, nationalities, and languages. This is the beauty of our society. No where else in the world could you walk down the street and see a representative from every corner of the globe. The United States contains a global community within its borders, which should be celebrated, not denied. We have diversity, not because of imperialism, but because, for the most part, various nationalities came to us. It is this fact that makes America great—not the military campaigns, or the political achievements, every nation has its glory days in that respect. But America is great because of its diversity. We must cherish that, accept it, and admire it. We must not, as Sen. Dole would have us do, erase our cultural differences.



# DIGITAL WASTELAND

## A SAVAGE JOURNEY INTO THE HEART OF A NEW WORLD

By David M. Ewalt

Part Three: Government Gigabytes

These words were written while traveling nearly a hundred miles an hour. I'm sitting in my seat on a train from Washington, D.C. to Penn Station, notebook computer perched on the seat tray in front of me. Handwritten script is impossible to produce on a train because of the constant vibrations, but the big, sturdy keys of a computer make inviting targets for my unsteady fingers. There's no arguing that technology yields great things; if not for my trusty PowerBook I'd probably be writing this at the last possible minute in a dark corner of the Press office while the editor scowls at me.

Of course, with the wheat comes the chaff. The same technological movement that gives me mobile computing wastes my tax dollars at the speed of light. As our governing bodies fall for the hype of the Internet and other new technologies, they find new and exciting ways to screw things up. This "virtual pork" can range from such seemingly beneficial programs as putting computers in schools to wasting millions putting government documents online.

Vice-President Al Gore, the administration's technological front man, recently announced a his newest initiative in a long line of programs designed to wire up the country. This program, part of the "National Information Initiative", set the questionable goal of connecting every schoolchild to the Internet by the year 2000.

I can't help but question the logic -and the feasibility- of this plan. For starters, it's a massive use of resources; buy computers, buy software, pay for wires to be run to and through your school, pay for network access, pay for training for teachers, pay for expensive consultants when the computers don't work... the cost is phenomenal. Our schools are using history textbooks written in 1960 because they can't afford to replace them... how are they going to afford the Internet?

Perhaps more important than "How?" is the question, "Why?" Despite its cost, Gore's plan is widely supported, largely because of the mythic qualities of the Internet. Popular perception is that the net is a great learning tool, a repository of knowledge and a researcher's dream. The truth is, the Internet has very little -if anything- to offer our public schools.

Imagine you're ten years old, and you've got a report to write. Your topic is the Civil War, and you decide to do some research on the Internet. Can you access an encyclopedia over the net, and search for everything it has on the war? No, not unless your school can afford to shell out big bucks to an online service like Prodigy or America Online. No problem... your teacher put off fractions until next month and taught you how to use the Internet to search for information. You fire up a search program like "Archie" or "Veronica", and look for anything having to do with the Civil War. I did such a search, and here's what I came up with:

```
-----Search lots of places at the University of Minnesota -----
Words to search for      +-----Gopher Error-----+
Civil War                | Nothing available. |
[Help: ^~] [Cancel: ^G] | [Cancel: ^G] [OK: Enter] |
-----+-----
```

Hmm, you think, maybe the system is too busy or something. You try another search method:

```
Find GOPHER DIRECTORIES by Title word(s) (via NYSENet): Civil War
-> 1. *** Too many connections - Try again soon. ***
```

Shoot, that didn't work either. But you're an unusually smart ten-year-old... you try yet another method. After six tries and fourteen minutes pass, the search proves fruitful:

```
Search GopherSpace by Title word(s) (via PSINet): Civil War
1. The Unionist Civil War
2. Jewel Family: Civil War Letters, 1859-1878
3. Civil War Roundtable, Newsletters, 1958-1967
4. Jewel Family: Civil War Letters, 1859-1878
5. * Civil War Round Table of St. Louis; Newsletters, 1958-1967
```

```
6. Chapter 2.05: LINEAGE SEGMENTATION AND THE SOMALI CIVIL WAR
7. alt.war.civil.usa
8. civil-war-usa/faq
9. civil-war-usa/reading-list
10. civil-war-usa/
11. Civil War (U.S.)/
12. U.S. Civil War FAQ
13. U.S. Civil War Reading List
14. The Drug War On Civil Liberties
15. MUSIC: THE CIVIL WAR
16. THE CIVIL WAR
17. Civil War Institute - Completed Requests [ 9Sep94, 16kb]
18. Civil War Institute - Just Completed Requests [ 9Sep94, 3kb]
19. Civil War Institute - Outstanding Requests [ 9Sep94, 6kb]
20. CIVIL WAR, 1993-94 [ 3Sep94, 2kb]
```

This list goes on to 183 entries! Look at all these sources! The Internet is great! But then, as you examine each source more closely, you begin to see some problems. For starters, not all of these are about the AMERICAN civil war. Only about half of them are on your topic...

As our ten-year-old delves further he'd find more and more problems. Out of all 183 sources, I only found nine which 1) I could connect to, 2) contained useful information, and 3) were simple enough for a ten-year-old to understand.

The whole search took me, a college educated net-veteran, nearly two hours.

Nine sources! If our school child had gone to the public library, he could have found ten times that many books... and he wouldn't have had to print them out or

spend time downloading them. A library card won't cost you an arm and a leg either.

Sure, the net can be educational at times. When it comes to higher education, the Internet can be a great source of information. In its infancy, the net was largely used by college professors and researchers; they still remain online, exchanging theories and data. Unfortunately, for anyone without a high school degree there is little of value.

If the information initiative comes to fruition, it could be the most gargantuan waste of federal dollars in our time. There is so little of use to our schoolchildren on the Internet.. unless they happen to be taking a class on games or pornography.

### I'm Going Home To Take A Nap...

The world of drug therapy took a gargantuan leap forward last month when scientists made a stunning discovery: While being tested by the FDA, a new anti-depressant drug proved to have a most unusual side effect: when some of the test subjects yawned, they experienced orgasms.

Most of the people who encounter this side effect have found a way to get around it. One man wears a condom all the time so he wouldn't make a mess in his pants.

The great thing about this is that doctors don't even count this as a bad side effect to taking the drug. They feel that since the side effect produces such a wondrous feeling that the patients would be more willing to remember to take their doses.

This sounds like a good way to make sure that people take their pills, put in a chemical that induces orgasm. But maybe they could do something about the mess it makes.

## THE STATESMAN THIEVES GUILD?

By Raoul Duke

Ever wonder what Statesman editors do in their spare time? Answer: they embezzle from the school. Take a look at this clipping, taken from the Classifieds in Thursday, September 28th's edition of The Statesman. We called the number in the ad, and the voice mail answered: "You've reached the editorial offices of the Stony Brook Statesman." Apparently, some of The Statesman's editors have been running a little business on the side, charging people cash to use their fax machine... a fax machine they paid for with your student activity fee!

Of course, there's no way to trace the money that comes in this way... if some student pays the editors three bucks to send a fax, what's keeping them from pocketing the cash? How do we know the fax machine earnings aren't going to fuel some depraved Associate Editor's crack habit? Are your quarters paying prostitutes to fulfill the sexual urges of an untalented cartoonist? We may never know!

Furthermore, there is the issue of legality. Is The Statesman even allowed to make money on their own? I'd bet you your weight in newsprint that Polity has a rule against this. Unfortunately, we didn't discover this gem of an ad until the Saturday before this paper went to production... and since Polity was closed all weekend we couldn't check with them for the details... but you can be sure we will. Stay tuned.

### SERVICES

**Fax service. 50¢ PER PAGE (including cover sheet). Call 632-6479 or come to Room 057 in Student Union.**

# Statesman=Feces?

The Statesman received a letter titled "Statesman=Feces" a few days ago and printed it in their "Letters" section in Vol. 38 No. 8. This was not a huge letter nor an important one in terms of content (check title again.) It was not the answer to the meaning of life, the universe and everything. It didn't drive any of us to drink, nor did it cause any kind of war between the two college newspapers. But it did send almost all of the editors at the Press in a raging tizzy. This would not have been a rousingly controversial event if not for that editorial note at the bottom of the letter. Oh no! Could it be a breach of editorial policy? Or another good example of the Statesman's acuity in the journalism field? The answer, ladies and gentlemen, to both questions is a big resounding yes. A humongous positive squared divided by a positive yes times yes.

The fuss was not about the content of letter, as I mentioned earlier, but the context in which it was printed in that issue. The editorial note stated that the author of letter was written by a Press staffer. First of all, this is untrue, the author of the letter is not an official staff member. Normally, you could investigate this by looking at a staff box of a recent issue of the Press. But this would be too easy. Or, in between a food break and their busy production schedule they could call us up or walk two doors down the

hallway and ask. These courses of actions apparently slipped their mind. (The ubiquitous "they" would have to remain anonymous.) The editorial staff of The Statesman has committed a gross negligence of editorial action by not finding out who this person was. Second, the author was not authorized to represent the Press and did not actually and literally admit to being part of the Press. Writing that editorial note under that foaming-in-the-mouth critique of Statesman journalism is a breach of professionalism and indicative of such behavior and state of mind that they do agree with the letter or maybe even admit to it.

This discussion should not be mistaken for petty bickering of editorial policies and hopefully would not sound like editors on a glorious power trip. Publications like The Press, Blackworld, and The Statesman play a major role in the community in that they were established as sources of information for the community, by the community. There is no competition and frankly, there is no basis for one considering all three have different agendas and schedule of distribution. They are media to be used as a platform for news, perspectives and opinions and all the editors have a responsibility not to perpetuate this idea of vindictive competition.

## Letters

Editor,

In response to Mr. Andy Preston's letter of September 11, 1995 in the Stony Brook Press, we at the Student Health Service understand your concern regarding the campus policy of not administering allergy shots at the Student Health Service. The decision not to inject allergy shots was arrived at after careful consideration and consultation among the Student Health Service, Health Science Center, University Hospital and SUNY legal counsel.

Three important areas were considered—safety, liability and convenience. As you might agree, the concept of safety for students outweighed that of convenience in making Stony Brook's decision. Anaphylactic shock is a real and possibly deadly complication of allergy injection. Both the Student Health Service and University Hospital feel they can only dispense or deliver medications which they themselves have prescribed.

Our concern for the convenience of our students prompted the practice of contacting local physicians. They are willing to supply those shots that are offered by the student's physician and thus provide continuity of care. In fact, we have tried to facilitate these visits by referring to physicians who are located in the community and who can be reached by a short bus ride from campus.

I invite any member of the campus community who has concerns about medical practices and delivery of care to come and share their con-

cerns and meet our Board certified physicians, physician assistants and nurse practitioners.

Sincerely,  
Rachel Bergeson, M.D.  
Director

Dear Editor,

Recently, I have developed the utmost appreciation for The Statesman. I wish to change the mass belief that the paper is substandard, useless rubbish. Let me tell you of a recent occurrence that will wipe away your misconceptions and "let each become aware".

It was a serene afternoon. over the blue lake, brown-birdies emerged slowly frame their dark homes, in anticipation to wash in the crystal waters, while the porcelain-white clouds swept swimmingly over the campus below. I, in my morning dress, heard the intoxicating call of nature, and rubbed my eyes to the organic smell of morning.

When I awoke, I immediately began my morning hygiene rituals, and got ready for the long day ahead. As the morning transpired, I thought back to the night before, when I enjoyed one of the biggest meals of my life. It was then that I truly heard the intoxicating call of nature.

Seeing that my hallway bathroom was flooded, I took the initiative to utilize the public facilities in the lobby. I sat my rosy buttocks on the toilet, and enjoyed the insightful biographical bathroom literature about Bonnie,

Susan, and other such flowers of femininity. I admired the chipped tiles, and the mildew laden caulk; it was then that I realized how well my education money is being spent. In my observations, I noticed on the floor the new issue of The statesman. The bathroom was falling apart, but I supposed that this exceptionally savant piece of journalism would compensate by expediting the shit from my ass. I picked it up indifferently, ignorant to the true quality of the paper.

After a few minutes of page flipping through the unprecedentedly elaborate fourth-grade journalism, my doo-ty was done. While engulfing my environment, there was one detail I failed to notice: the brown cardboard cylinder on which toilet tissue is rolled, spinning freely on the plastic dispenser.

What was I to do?! Was I to wander with my gooey butt to another restroom? That would be uncomfortable, and make my fellow students run from the horrendous malodor. Was I too smear it on the seat? Surely that would be disgusting, and probably require some yoga abilities. It was then that I had my first toilet epiphany, and I realized that an escape to my pitfall was steadfastly at hand.

Let me just say that the sports section kissed my ass with the softness of a cloud. It made K-Y seem like sandpaper. The title "Seawolves Score Lucky 13 in Shutout Laughter" was shortened to "Laughter" by the smeared shit.

My happy ass went through all the

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Stony  
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## Homilize Naked

articles irritation-free. I wiped from the classifieds to the headline, and not one single piece of journalism was spared from my brown wrath. It was the most delightful doodie-plop I had ever taken.

In summation, I will say not to bother "squeezing the Charmin," and instead grab yourself a fistful of issues of The Statesman. Next time you see the delivery boy, ask him for a few extra copies. Grab the paper greedily when you see it in the union and the academic buildings, because with this newfound discovery, it'll go like hot-cakes. I defy anyone who says The Statesman is valueless, for they have not tried it in the true test of newspapers. I scream The Statesman tradition: "let each become aware".

-Sean P. Connelly



# Oh, Say Can You See...

By Kelly S. Carey

To the Editor,

I am writing in response to an article by John Giuffo entitled "Burn, Baby, Burn" which appeared in the Stony Brook Press on September 11, 1995.

As a veteran who served during the Persian Gulf War and a soldier who marched proudly behind the colors of this country, I felt particularly compelled to respond and redress the injuries you have so callously caused to the millions of Americans who have lived, fought and died for the ideals, hopes and dreams that are represented by the flag of the United States of America. If you have ever served in the Armed Forces you would know that I am referring to the concept of pushing aside your own self interests and personal freedoms and placing the interests of a nation before your own. The first amendment established in 1791 states the following: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

Now, since when did burning the flag of the United States ever become a form of free speech? When did the burning of anything, on public property, become defined as peaceable assemblage? The act of burning is a violent gesture and suggests oh, so much more than free speech. So what you're saying is that you would support the burning of a cross on the village commons or perhaps the desecration of grave sites in Germany as a sort of free speech. Of course you wouldn't, these are ethnically charged racist acts and must be suppressed. If the desecration of symbols for individual institutions must be suppressed, then the case for the suppression of the desecration of the symbol for an entire nation and its many institutions, both religious and secular, must be that much stronger.

Yes, burning the flag gets attention, albeit not the sort that is productive. It creates division and controversy, which is wonderful for our sensationalist news media, but which is, ultimately, counterproductive to mediation of disputes. On one side you have the liberal bandwagon and on the other the

conservative bandwagon together they raise such a din that you can't hear the original message. As to the idea that flag burning is a form of protest against the government, your assertion is misplaced. When a flag is burned in protest you not only burn the symbol of our governmental institutions; you also burn the symbol that represents every race, every religious institution, as well as every man, woman, and child that calls the United States home; not to mention the hundreds of thousands who have fought and died in the hopes of perpetuating the ideals of freedom and Republicanism. For want of a few, the many are forgotten. A few people want to get together and burn the flag to make a statement and to hell with the rest of us. John Stewart Mill would love to get his hands on this one I'm sure.

Addressing your assertion that "the symbol itself might be inherently wrong by now" is more complex. I agree that parts of our past, as a nation, are a bit sullied and deserve to be recognized as such. However, you must take into account the historical conditions which existed and which allowed these things to occur. To just slap present day social ideology into the context of colonial and post-colonial America would be an abjuration of historical realities. Throughout the nineteenth century much of our foreign policy was based on the ideology of manifest destiny. Its tone and content, retrospectively viewed from the perspective of today's social norms is racist. It basically implied that the people of the United States were tasked with the mission of expanding its supposed ideology and to regenerate lesser peoples through their emulation of our own society. This, however, along with the Monroe Doctrine of 1823 insured that the "Old World" powers would no longer hold any sway over the North American continent and later would reduce the "Old World" power's sway in the Caribbean and Latin America.

Yes, along the way many atrocities occurred that we, as Americans must acknowledge and learn from. No, we as a nation are not perfect and have much to learn from our past. The important thing now is to take what we have learned and, together, forge a future for our nation. Therefore, the symbol itself was never wrong because it represents the people, not particular policies that our government embarked upon. The flag represents each and

everyone of us, with our diverse opinions, cultural backgrounds and ideas. In this light, it truly is a living thing emblematic of our people, institutions and beliefs. It is an ideal we strive to meet, a representation of all that every American strives for. We should not burn it, rather, rally behind it. It is here that race, culture and creed find common ground, it is here that we call ourselves Americans. When I was in the Army it was considered an honor to either carry the colors of this nation or to be a member of flag detail which was responsible for the raising of the flag in the morning and the lowering of it in the evening. Aside from the pomp and ceremony surrounding these events, there was a certain gravity to the situation, particularly evident when you were so far away from home and stationed in a foreign land. The gravity lay in this: As we raised the flag I could envision the rising of America and with it the hopes and dreams of an entire nation, there to greet a new day. All the while soldiers were snapped to attention and rendering a salute, not merely to our government, but to our people, the nation of the United States of America. In the evening we would lower the flag and as we folded it, ever so gently, we laid to rest for the evening an entire nation that entrusted their security to us.

Today, as a private citizen and student of Stony Brook, I am embarrassed by the lack of respect for the emblem of this nation. Somewhere along the way, people confused the symbol of the flag which was created as a representation of a nation and a people as a whole with that of a bureaucratic government. It has and always will represent the ideals of the people and despite our setbacks will always offer the people of the United States inspiration to seek out and mold their society as they see fit; imperfect though seeking perfection. Regarding ideals, Socrates says it best in the ninth book of the Republic where Plato and Socrates are holding discourse:

"Glacon: But the city whose foundation we have been describing has its being only in words; there is no spot on earth where it exists.

Socrates; No; but it is laid up in heaven as a pattern for him who wills to see, and seeing, to found that city in himself."

## "THE PRESS IS THE ENEMY."

### -Richard M. Nixon

**Come to our meetings every Wednesday at 1:00 pm in room 060 in the basement of the Student Union. Or else get on our hit list.**

# Wanted : Real Talent

By Martha Chemas

As a recent transfer to USB, I have busied myself with getting to know this fine school. Part of this has been reading school sponsored publications. On Tuesday, September 19, I came across a newspaper called Blackworld that contained an article titled "Republicans Threaten To Kill Affirmative Action," by Joanne Johnson.

As a registered member of the Republican Party, I took exception to this article. As a member of a minority group I was appalled by it.

The fact that affirmative action was necessary in the 1960s is uncontested. The theory that it is still necessary today is arguable. The concept behind it is revolting. It is a system built on favoritism; a concept that violates our Constitution. It is a lot like Marxism in the sense that it looks great on paper but in reality it sucks.

By giving preference to any group, a community unconsciously undermines that group. By giving preference to an ethnic, racial, or gender group, a community draws sharper dividing lines between these groups and others than those that may already exist.

Johnson quotes Kenneth J. Cooper in saying, "...the truth is if merit were on the basis of test scores, Asian-Americans and Jewish-Americans would hold the best positions everywhere." This would seem to imply that standardized tests are biased. Recent research has shown that they are slightly economically biased and somewhat culturally biased. Note the words "slightly" and "somewhat." Those words hardly mitigate the

harsh numbers governing standardized test results. Being a member of two minority groups myself, I looked into my personal achievement on such tests. I came up with the result that since I started my academic career, I've never scored below the 95th percentile on any standardized test. Am I the exception? I doubt it.

Also mentioned in the article is a case pending in Maryland where the fourth circuit court of appeals "ruled that the school [local university] could not set aside about 30 scholarships for high achieving black students" complaining that the majority of scholarships already go to white students. Well guess what? If 30 scholarships were set aside for white students only, that would be called racism. Towards the end of her article, Johnson states "African Americans who are against affirmative action are another story. They really believe they made it on their own merit." If we take this argument to its logical conclusion, then we must assume that Johnson attributes the success of any and all minorities to affirmative action. This is sad. We must assume Johnson does not believe she is capable of being in college without affirmative action — or, in that case, more than 60% of our current female student body.

This mode of thinking exemplifies what is really holding minority America back. They believe they alone are not capable and they need a break to succeed. If the word "self-reliance" was more important to people of this mind-frame, minority America would be in better shape today.

In believing that society as a whole and surrounding conditions specifically are responsible for your

success or failure, people who embrace this ideology oppress themselves. I think Johnson's article is an insult to minorities everywhere. It propagates the theory that minorities are substandard. You are responsible for your actions, and not society.

When I was a senior in high school, I got a 4-year merit-based dean-scholarship to NYU. I got it because I ranked fourth in a class of 450 and scored in the 96th percentile on my SATs. Thanks to affirmative action, I had somebody say to me "you got that scholarship because you are a minority." Affirmative action plants the seed of doubt into people's minds, and in that, it is ruinous. I also turned down a minority scholarship recruitment because I don't think it's fair that since I was born into what is considered in the U.S. a minority group that I should get special treatment. I'm sure that the impoverished Jewish-American male doesn't deserve that scholarship any less than I do.

You see, I don't need a special break to succeed and neither does any minority of my mind-frame. If I fail in what I set out to do, the responsibility will fall on my shoulders, and not on those of society. Unfortunately, not enough people think this way and that is why some are where they are. I was raised with this mind-set and that is why it would not surprise anyone that the people I surround myself with are all extremely successful at what they've chosen to do. You can only go far if you depend on yourself to get there.

As a closing note, I'd like to point out that the Republican Party still believes in self-reliance, and that may be why they'd like to see affirmative action go the way of public hangings.

## Have A Cigar

By Boyd McCamish

In the final days before his announcement to resign, Senator Robert Packwood (R) Oregon took on a somber, breathless look. He was visibly tired and shaken, he had lost the battle to retain his Senate seat.

At the outset Packwood had denied the charges, questioning the "moral integrity" of the accusers. After thirty separate women came forward, most of whom had not been employed by him, Packwood's attorneys braced for a hopefully short, quiet battle and possibly some good old fashion litigation. Packwood was beside himself with fear, his attorneys pleaded with him to remain calm, it was not to be. Soon after Packwood began appearing on national news shows, vehemently denying all allegations and challenging the notion that a distinguished gentleman would do such a thing. He should have stopped talking but his conscience would not allow it. The Senator's plight became the topic of choice around every watercooler in America.

Packwood had succeeded in drawing enough attention to himself to warrant a senate investiga-

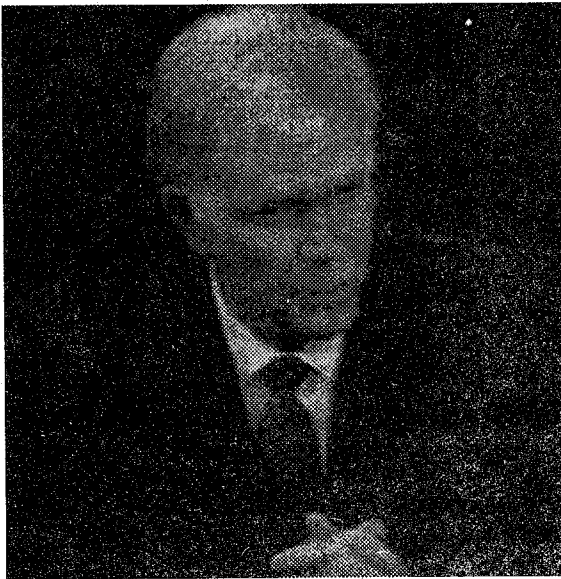
tion. The sexual harassment charges had come to symbolize the inner turmoil Packwood now faced openly. Like a national therapy session, Packwood feverishly analyzed all the text printed about him while his colleagues stood by, quietly red faced pleading for his silence.

At home his wife spoke of the three or four nights a year that he would arrive home excessively drunk, ranting and raving about the need for a divorce. The unhappiness mounted, brewing and growing each day.

Meanwhile America's tolerance of sexual harassment was diminishing rapidly. Packwood was no longer welcome in certain circles. He had achieved what must have been his goal, people were turning their backs to him.

It must be assumed that the all encompassing guilt that Packwood carried was far too much for him to bear. Packwood has been around to much not to

understand the way media and eventually the public would react to him. I suggest that Packwood chose this sort of political suicide as a seemingly unintentional way of ending something he did not enjoy. Packwood up until very recently could have preserved his political career by releasing his diaries without a fight. Instead, Packwood stood before public television and lied to a Senate Ethics Committee about the descriptions and volumes he had not released. It was time for Packwood to leave, the problem is he doesn't know where to go.



## JOIN THE PRESS

### It's Raining Sheep

A few weeks ago, I read a funny story on the AP wire. Apparently a jogger in New Zealand found sheep in the forest. While this isn't odd, it's where he found them that is odd. They were in the tops of trees, with their legs bound together, and, obviously, very dead.

If this mystery wouldn't have been solved later in the story, it would have made it more interesting. But it was. The sheep ended up in the tops of the trees because they were being shipped to a sheep burial ground by helicopter. (Before we go further you must realize that there are more sheep in New Zealand than there are New Zealanders.)

Now I want to know how the pilot of the helicopter was flying to have almost a dozen sheep fall from it? Why weren't these sheep eaten? Why people in New Zealand need things like sheep burial grounds? If they were dead, why did they have to be hog-tied? Why isn't the sheep burial ground closer to the place where the sheep are? How does the pilot explain his job to other people? Why was that guy jogging through a forest?

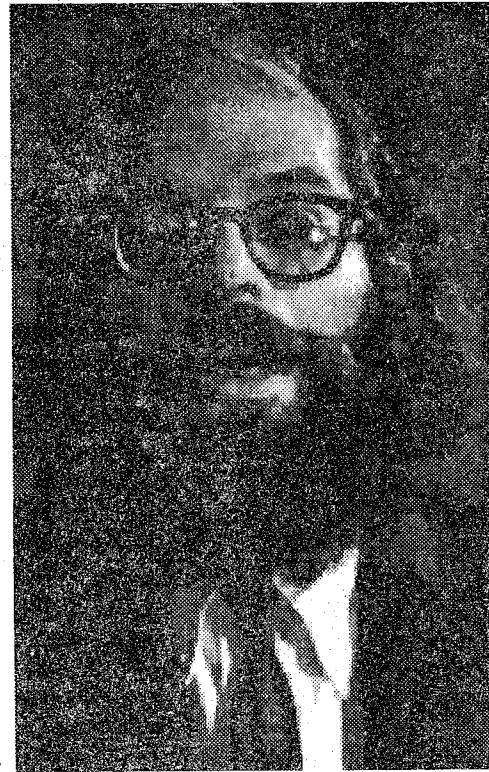




Samuel Beckett wouldn't be Waiting for Godot if he wrote for the Press's Fall Literary Supplement.



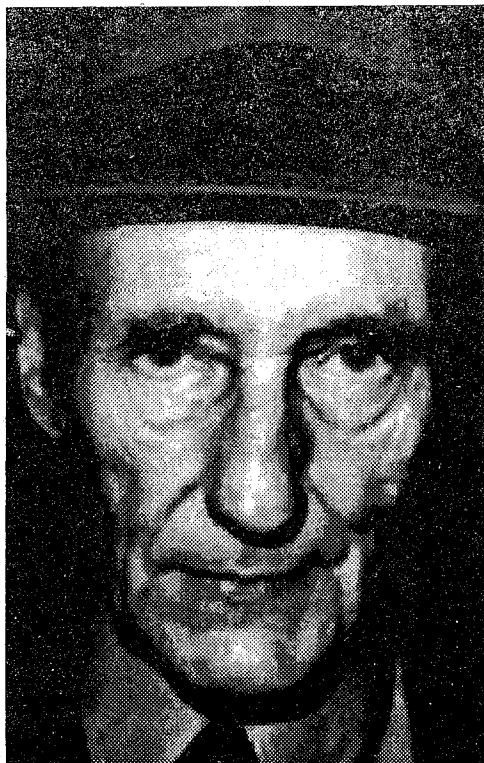
If Anne Sexton had sent something in to the Press's Literary Supplement, she wouldn't have needed Thorazine.



When Allan Ginsburgh got his copy of the last Literary Supplement, he rolled it up and smoked it.



When she realized she had missed the Press's submission deadline, Sylvia Plath stuck her head in an oven.



William S. Burroughs found that if you twist the Literary Supplement into a cord, you can use it when you shoot heroin.



When Jack Kerouac went On the Road, he took the Press's Literary Supplement with him for inspiration.

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SEND IN YOUR SUBMISSIONS TODAY.**

# A Pig Is A Pig Is A Pig

By John Giuffo

"The only good nigger is a dead nigger."  
-Mark Fuhrman L.A.P.D.

That statement paints a more accurate and telling picture of the police than any episode of "Cops" ever could. Police today are just as racist and intolerant as they ever were; all the evidence you need is to look at Mr. Fuhrman's comments regarding those people who he was employed to protect and serve. He displays an all-too familiar contempt for people of color, a contempt that manifests itself in episodes like the videotaped beating of Rodney King.

Still, there are those who, when faced with obvious facts, choose to ignore them, or alter them in order to suit their worldview. Many people will argue, adamantly, that the police deserve the respect of the community. They will argue that incidents such as the Rodney King beating and the recorded racist ramblings of Ex-Detective Fuhrman are isolated and represent the opinions of a minority of police officers. It's a harsh realization, when something you've viewed your whole life as a pillar of responsibility and deserving of admiration, is revealed for what it is—a microcosm of society as a whole, a society rampant with racism and ignorance.

Cops are human beings. We forget that sometimes when we interact with them. Those imposing, sharp uniforms, the short brimmed cap, the nightstick, the gun, still conspire to instill a little bit of that mix of awe and fear we were taught to have for the policeman by our mothers and our fathers. The police are society's most visible emblem of social order and its desire to protect its members. Perhaps a cop intervened on your behalf during a family dispute. Maybe they were there to comfort you or reassure you when you were the victim of a crime. Maybe one saved your life. That feeling of

respect and gratitude following such an incident is natural, we all feel it. Perhaps that officer deserves a little gratitude and recognition for a job well done. Remember though, that's the policeman's job. That's what he gets paid for.

They deserve no more latitude in their accountability for their behavior than say, a plant worker. The argument that the occupation is a difficult one just doesn't wash. No one forced a cop to become a cop, they chose the job. It is not unreasonable to expect it to be performed well.

It could even be argued that cops should be more aware of the effects of their actions. We tend to look up to them more. If the cashier at K-mart made some offhand remark about "nigger this" or "nigger that", most would just chalk it up to the ignorance of one person. A rather insignificant person at that. We only have to interact with that person insofar as we need some new underwear or a new package of socks. If a cop were to say the same thing, it would affect us in a much deeper and more profound way, because of how we are taught to respect cops. It's a let-down of sorts. You've put your respect and trust into a person who then betrayed your beliefs, it hurts deeply and you will resent them more for it. You won't forget it, it will probably change the way you look at cops. That K-mart cashier could never have such a profound impact.

So it's completely understandable then, when a poll taken last year indicates that "more than 80 percent of black respondents said they did not trust the criminal justice system". Fifty percent said the police in their communities behaved like "a lawless gang". That is the case. The police *do* behave like a lawless gang in many minority communities. In New York City, a large percentage of the police force live in the suburbs, Westchester, Nassau, and Suffolk counties and commute to their precincts. They view the areas in which they work as zoos, places where animals are kept. Poverty, combined

with institutionalized racism work together to produce crime and violence in many Black and Hispanic communities. The police deal with these people as "others", as animals, and their attitudes and behaviors help to reinforce the view of the police in these communities as lawless gangs.

A friend of mine, a successful 33 year-old black illustrator, owns a condo in Jersey and drives into Manhattan every day in his \$50,000 Nissan 300ZX. He earned this car. He paid for it with hard work and determination, the same hard work and determination that allowed him to be appointed CEO of a new media division of Motown Enterprises. He makes a shitload of money, and he dresses the part. Yet not a week goes by when he doesn't get stopped by some earnest state trooper on the Jersey Turnpike, telling him what a nice car it is he's driving and asking him where he got it from. He makes it a point to always keep his hands visible on the steering wheel. He doesn't want to give some racist cop an excuse. It's surprising how often police officers go before a judge and say "I thought I saw him go for a gun". It's not surprising how often it works.

Imagine being stopped on your way to and from work every week, being treated like a criminal, wondering each and every time whether or not this is going to be a Mark Fuhrman, or a Stacey Koon. Will you die tonight? Will you be killed because the cop who stopped you believes, as Mark Fuhrman believes, that "the only good nigger is a dead nigger"? Will you die with your trust in the police, believing until the very end that these people are here to serve you, to protect you? You wouldn't be the first, and you won't be the last. The police will kill innocents again. That's what they're hired to do. That's why they come into the zoo. They'd kill you in a heartbeat, and you'd die respecting them.

## To Serve And Protect

By Chris Sorochin

I've made a point of religiously not paying attention to the O.J. Simpson trial. It's been an overplayed circus right from the start, but now here's Mark Fuhrman and a déjà vu sensation of the Rodney King case. Once more a blatantly racist police officer, from the same department no less, filling tape with racial epithets and hatred. Didn't they learn anything the first time?

A friend of mine dated and eventually married a New York policeman and I recall one tortuous social evening I spent with them in which he explained, in between cascades of remarks about "niggers" and "gooks", how he felt he didn't have to live next to black people, they're all on welfare, selling drugs, etc.

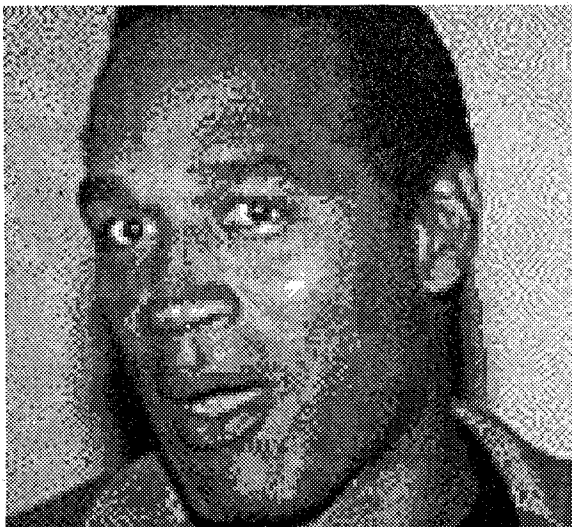
"What about my rights?", he demanded in all seriousness.

My friend, of whom I'd thought better, began to take his side and I just had to wonder how someone who's a public official, one authorized to use force, in a city where the majority of the population is nonwhite, could actually say and believe such things openly, as if there were nothing in the least wrong or offensive with it. As if it were something everyone just realized and accepted.

Police officials must recognize that this sort of attitude is a disgrace to the entire law enforcement profession and projects a bad image not only to minority communities but also to the population as a whole. How can they not see that the officers' job could be much easier and much less dangerous if large segments of soci-

ety didn't view them as the enemy?

I do not mean to say that all cops are racists. To be fair, many departments have taken positive measures, such as community outreach programs, intercultural training and increased



recruitment of officers from under-represented groups. But I don't have to mention the Mollen Commission findings or the countless anecdotes of harassment from female and minority officers within departments to illustrate that the problem may be more.

An additional disturbing fact is that many of these unabashedly racist cops are relatively young, so it's not just a case of an old guard who won't change and will soon be retired anyway. These people wouldn't be half so strident if there

weren't some institutional tolerance or even encouragement of it. You may have heard of the "Good Ole Boys' Roundup", an openly racist event attended by many federal law enforcement officials. Souvenirs included T-shirts with a picture of Martin Luther King and a rifle sight superimposed over the picture.

Morality and openmindedness can't be legislated or coerced, so what must change is the nature of the institution itself. Police departments reflect the societies they serve and if the dominant society has an attitude that it must be protected from certain races or classes of people, that sentiment will be expressed in its police, a majority of whom themselves are from working class backgrounds and have their own frustrations and, believe it or not, feelings of powerlessness to contend with. Like many middle class people, they believe they have a stake in protecting the status quo and fail to see its inherent injustices.

Why wasn't the Rodney King beating and subsequent farce of a trial publicly condemned by other police departments? Why has the U.S. Justice system consistently drawn criticism from the international human rights community for the highly questionable trial and capital conviction of journalist and former Black Panther Mumia Abu Jamal? More importantly, why has the state machinery tried to suppress his writings from death row? Shouldn't those sworn to uphold justice be in the forefront of those demanding a more just society?



# THE DEATH OF EDUCATION?

By Heather Rosenow

Ah. Rallies. Only Stony brook knows how to plan a rally that no one will attend. Allow me to set the scene for those of you who weren't lucky enough to witness this turning point in history. The title given to this little shindig was "The Death of Education Rally" held on September 13th. What is really sad is the fact that this was supposed to help prevent the "death" of our educational systems, but instead it turned into a testament of the apathetic nature of the 90's student.

Now the ultimate problem with the rally was the timing, or for that matter the lack thereof. It was supposed to start at exactly 1:00pm. Well my companion and I checked a total of three times to see if the rally had begun. It started about half an hour late. That should have warned us sufficiently. We decided to stick it out however. Now many people, even had they been interested, couldn't stay because of class obligations. Had the rally started on time, people wouldn't have just been passing it on their way to class. In fact, they could have attracted the attention of a good number of people had it been planned properly.

This rally took place in the middle of "Rush Week". There were millions of would be fraternity and sorority members floating around the general area. Unfortunately, the rally became background noise for the "Greek Societies." Don't get me wrong. The speakers were well chosen and all very good. While we waited for the rally to begin, my

friend and I played a round of "Find the Bureaucrat." We found New York State Assemblyman Steven Englebright, and the Assistant Secretary of U.S. Department of Urban Development, Andrew Cuomo. Victor Malison spoke before either of these men hit the podium.

He began "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, I present you with three different defendants...Mr. Gingrich of the House of Representatives, Mr. Dole of the Senate, and Governor Pataki, along with their ideologies and policies are on trial today." He went on to accuse these men of thievery and tyranny. I won't dispute the part about thievery, however, I am willing to argue against his charge of tyranny. We live in a democratic society. These men, and all their contemporaries, were voted into office by the public that they represent. As evidence for the aforementioned crimes, Victor presented the cuts to education, as proposed by Congress. The cuts include \$11 billion to student loans, \$700 million to financial aid, and \$4.5 billion to education across the board. (This includes primary, secondary, and college level programs.) While the material is quite relevant to our lives, the way in which it was conveyed to us left something to be desired.

Our beloved speaker, who obviously hadn't read over his speech, lost his place at least 12 times. This caused people to loose interest rather quickly. (Not to mention the fact that the loud music problem was annoyingly persistent in its presence.) He also went on to attack Pataki for his proposed cuts of an

additional 22% to education. It unfortunately didn't come out in a very organized or clear manner. It was all a rather chaotic blur of muddled words, loud rap music, and rustling of misplaced papers. Thrilling. Spontaneity at its best.

Steven Englebright managed to spit out more party rhetoric than any other person who has spoken on this campus. The only thing that Andrew Cuomo beat him at was his ability to blindly follow party lines. Cuomo compared the president's budget with Congress' but never substantiated his claim that Clinton's was the better of the two. When I interviewed him one on one, I asked where the proposed \$41 billion to be used on education would come from. He, having apparently underestimated my ability to comprehend details, skimmed over my question and left. He did however come back to apologize for his nonchalant behavior. He said he had a plane to catch. (Note: He only did this after his P.R. man noticed how irked I was at his attitude, and commented to Cuomo that perhaps he should add a closing statement. I have excellent hearing.)

All in all, this was a disappointing little rally. It reaffirmed my belief that our politicians are self serving little beings (the term election was used way to many times to be an accident.) Also it reminded me that it is going to take a hell of a lot more participation on our part than that which has been demonstrated here, for our government to realize that we exist.

## I HATE ESKIMOS TOO

By Louis M. Moran

Howard Stern, America's greatest social commentator, recently had the "KKK Guy" on the phone lines so the jerk water, backwoods, inbred son of a bitch could espouse his idiotic brand of hate. Mr. Carver (the KKK Guy as dubbed by listeners) when asked what he likes to watch on TV said that cartoons were his favorite programs. "Which ones," Howard asked. "I don't know, I like them all." In the deck of life, this guy's got jokers where his face cards should be.

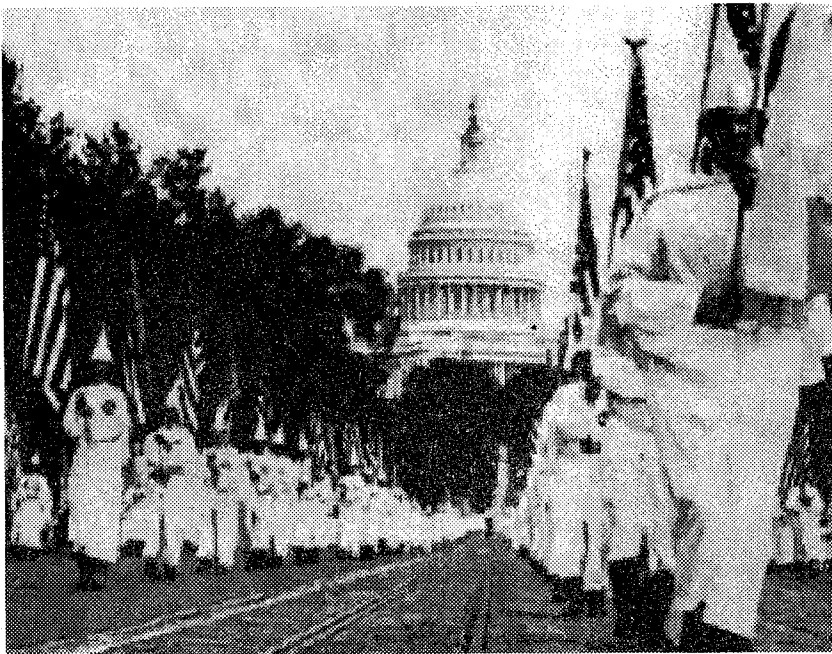
However, Carver's dilemma of the day was one that was frighteningly on the money. It seems in his home town, Carver is under some pressure to take down his "Nigger Signs" that festoon his lawn. Apparently he has large billboard type signs with wildly spray painted cursive script that tell of the horrors inherent in Blacks. He calls them "wide nosed, thick lipped, natty haired apes that swing from trees," says that "African-American," is a lie and that it's, "African's living in America raping our women and children."

Carver, despite his hatred of Blacks, Jews, Gays, Eskimos, and Asians (that's right Eskimos...he especially hates Gay Eskimos, both of them), is a big Howard Stern fan (Howard is after all only a half Jew, and often says everyone should try to be a white, Christian male) and is a bigger fan of Robin Quivers, Howard's sidekick, whom he obviously lusts. Carver has gone so far as to insist that she is part white. Robin doesn't deny this, and seems amused more than angry at Carver. She seemed somewhat sympathetic to his cause.

The local town board wants those signs taken down and has agreed to let him have one small "Nigger Sign." Now Carver is complaining loudly

not only because he is in jeopardy of losing his scrawled out signs, but he is also forced to drive past a sign posted by a local church that he finds extremely offensive. "Black, White, Yellow or Red...They're All Blessed In God's Head." Not only does he object to the message, Carver doesn't like anyone going into God's head.

Herein lies the dilemma. Why should a sign of



peace be posted when no signs of hate should be? Despite the fact that this man is clearly outside the norm he IS offended by the church's sign. It should be noted that Carver does not live in a major city or municipality. This guy lives in a wheelless trailer-home behind a factory. He is on no major route or thruway. People come to see his signs out of morbid curiosity and if Carver is right, because people say the same things he does, just quietly. There is a strong point to made for Carver's sign case here.

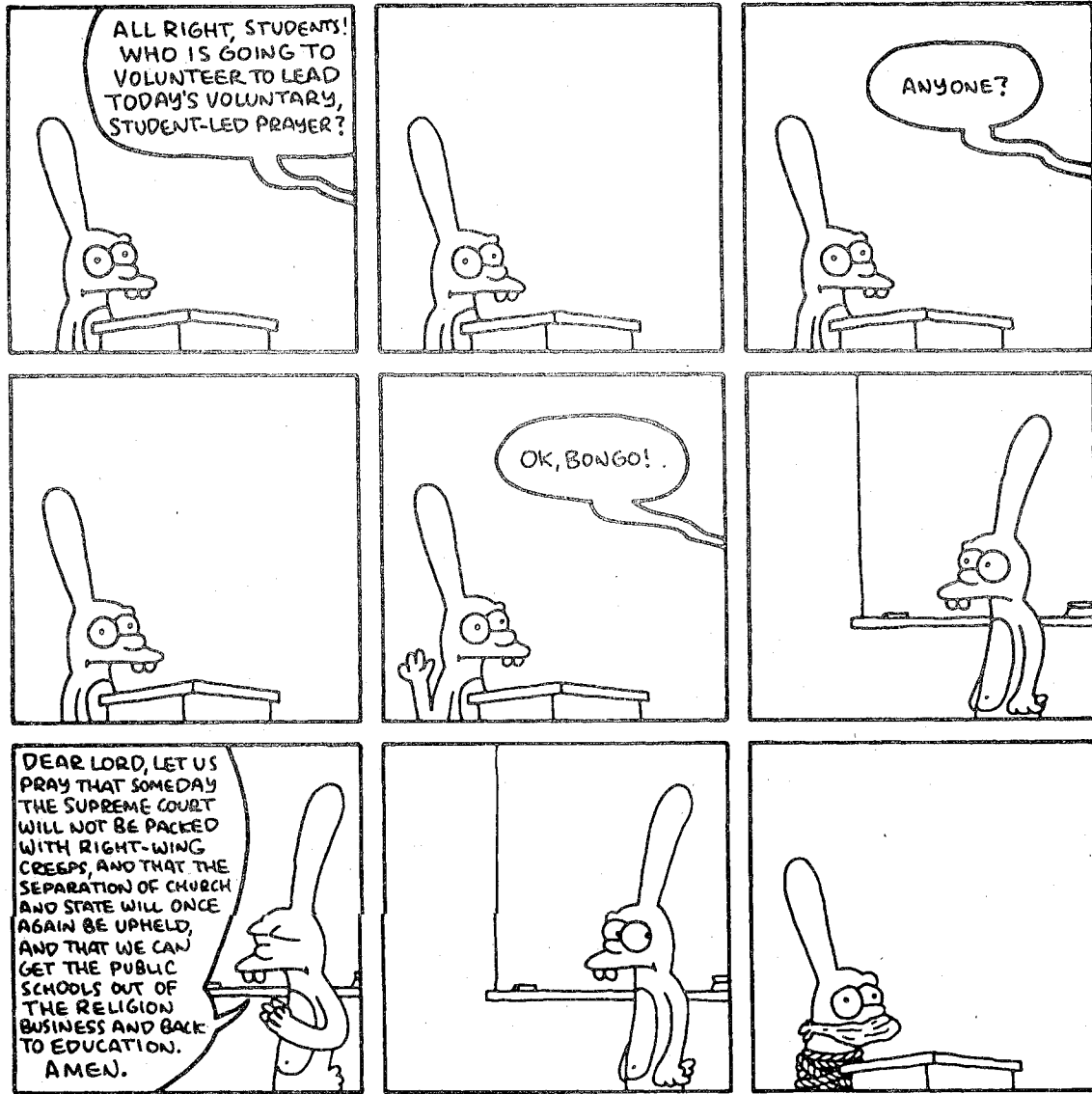
As an American you can be a KKK guy if you want to (a lot of our Presidents were.) As an American you can still burn a flag. As an American you can have a bumper sticker that says "IMPEACH CLINTON, AND HILLARY TOO!" American's have enjoyed this freedom for some two hundred plus years. As long as your free speech does not cause physical danger to anyone (yelling fire in a crowded movie house, or saying I have a bomb in my luggage at the airport.) So if you sport a shirt that says, "First thing we do, kill all the Jews," as Mr. Carver has marketed (and sold in great numbers) you are endangering the lives of Jews, so no good. However if you post a bill in your yard (YOUR YARD) that states you hate Blacks, Jews, Gays, Eskimos and Salesmen there really isn't anything wrong (legally) with that. Because Carver is extremely un-PC shouldn't relieve him of his rights as an American.

If the government were to get nuts and deny all rights to Blacks (again) and Mr. Carver were the voice of the populous and the church down the road from Carver's shack were the minority, your sensibilities would probably lie with the church. If this were 1935 that church would be burned to the ground. That's only 60 years ago. In 1975 when the peace sign was still a viable icon the government was powerless to stop the outcries of the "minority" and major social upheaval ensued. The Flower Children are all grown up and they have become the machine that oppresses. It is not popular to stick up for the real underdogs now-a-days by Daniel "KKK Guy" Carver needs to be stuck up for. His fight could be yours in no time.

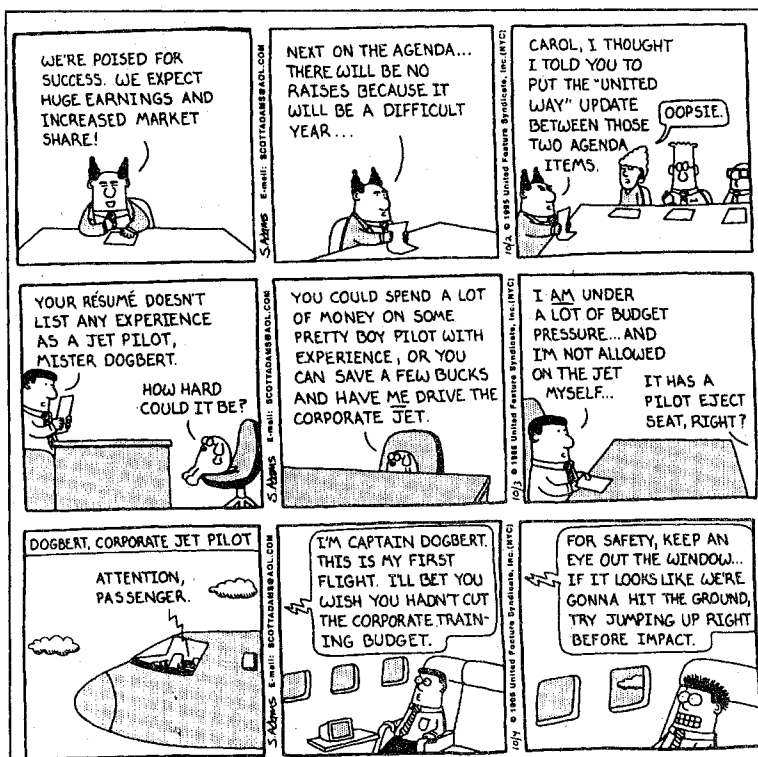
# COMICS

## LIFE IN HELL

©1995  
BY MATT  
GROENING



Dilbert © by Scott Adams





The Earth knows nothing as large as the ocean...It ain't easy livin', I want your pain..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 cannot decide whether to be a college Republican or an college Democrat. Which path will lead me down the road to success?

Undecided

Dear Undecided,

You have asked an intelligent, thought provoking question, but a more important question is; why bother at all? You see Undecided the question you should be asking is; do I want the government involved in my life at all? Asking that question is much more important than which affiliation you choose, because when you choose an affiliation, you're basically saying, "I want the government to run my life." That is an unwise choice. The government is not your friend, nay it is the enemy. These are the same people who would steal your right to vote had they the choice!

Of course not choosing is a choice and then you'll look like one of those silly PJ harvey listening, saggy pant wearing, SK8ing is not a crime anarchists that ruin sidewalks with their own brand of non-conformity, that is shockingly similar to everyone else's. However, not wanting the government to be involved with your life has its own set of downsides. No more free cash to go to school. Of course if school weren't so expensive you wouldn't need it; right? True enough, but if the government weren't giving out the cash college would cost less. You wouldn't have to register your car, or get it inspected, but then your insurance would soar through the roof because the roads would make Road Warrior look like a Sunday drive in Port Jefferson.

If you must choose let me help you out with

these opinions on the two big parties. The first thing you should know is that if I were a Democrat the last sentence would have read, "...let me give you these facts about the two parties along with these statistics." If I were a Republican the last sentence would have read, "...based on our studies the best party to go with is ours." Another notable about the two parties is how one can teeter-totter between the two and not even know it because ultimately they both want to run your life. The Republicans want to run your life with a small powerful government that could crush you with the bat of an eye, and the Democrats want to smother you with a big hulking, wet teddy bear of a government.

Republicans will tell you that Democrats are bleeding heart liberals who want to spend zillions on fixing the country to make it all the same, in a democratic communist sort of way. Republicans are quick to point out that the most recent attempt was Socialized health care. They point to Canada and yelp, "If you need heart surgery in Canada they send you to America," and, "Have you ever seen Canadian teeth?" Both valid points, and yet the Republicans know that their voter base is older Americans and so they don't want to tick them off so they leave huge, hulking bureaucracies like Medi-care alone.

Democrats say that Republicans are fascists, and racists. I would venture to say that few people on the planet could identify a fascist if it were fascist mating season and the aforementioned fascist were singing a fascist hymn.... As for racism, both Republicans and Democrats are racist. Republican hate Blacks and Jews, and Democrats hate Whites and Jews. Oh come on its true, everyone hates Jews. Jews even have a degree of self loathing! No other group of people

have been so consistently thrown out of countries since the formation of countries. It doesn't make you a bad person to be a Jew, just loathed by most. But seriously... Republicans, of myth, have a hatred for minorities, looking at every avenue to squash them for "the meek shall inherit the Earth." Democrats, who carry their own pile of self loathing with them like Marley's chains, want to suppress the ever growing power of the white, heterosexual, Christian male (whom Howard Stern, a Jew of dubious sexuality, says everyone should be like).

-So in conclusion the party you should choose is the one that has the mate your most likely to want. A quick overview is as follows: Democrats do not bathe regularly, Republicans bathe far too often in a manic, compulsive manner.

Dear Oceansize,

Lately your column has been lame, as if someone else were writing it. What gives?

Concerned

Dear Concerned,

Got me...

OS

All letters can be sent to:

Oceansize  
Room 060  
Student Union

## Top Ten Things The Pope Will Be Doing While He's In Town

10. Shmoozing all the ladies with his Italian
9. Guest hosting "Showtime At The Apollo"
8. Shooting abortion doctors
7. Have cage-dancers in the Popemobile with him
6. Denny's "All You Can Eat Rib Special"
5. Scream at Squeegie guys in 8 languages
4. Go to a massage parlor
3. Spear East River fish with his big pointy hat
2. Appear on MTV's "Singled Out"
1. Hold up check cashing



# Lip Service

By Vic Alfieri

This is the second installment of *Lip Service* and I am sorry to say that there were no complaints from the last one. Either the readers of this paper actually agreed with me or they are just too lazy to pick up a pen. Nobody ever agrees with me, so I'll take it that you were all lazy. That is typical, considering the college student of the 90's won't even rise up and rebel at a rally for the sake of education, humankind or any other cause. The "What's in it for me?" attitude of today has brought this country down to its knees. There would have been several thousand students at the "Death To Education" rally if there was something in it for them. Today, we can't even have a protest that creates a media stir. Everybody wants things done for them. Nobody wants to work to achieve success. They just assume if they watch MTV long enough, Ed MacMahon, or somebody else, will just lay money, success and prestige in their laps. Things do not work that way. Get off your ass and do something. The majority of the students are leaving all the hard work to the few who care. Those few can only carry the masses for so long. Then they will just be left behind.

Anyway, I want to apologize to someone who did not like my statement about the Yankees. I was wrong. It's not the first time and it certainly won't be the last. I still would like to turn the clock back just a little bit though.

There seems to be a little controversy over an article written to the "Statesman" by a contributor to this paper. Let's get one thing straight. That individual is not on the "Stony Brook Press" staff. If you look in our staff box in this issue, you will not see that person's name. Neither his recent article to this paper or to the "other" paper made much sense beyond juvenile babble. He has consequently been tarred, feathered and beaten with

wire hangers until he uttered a coherent statement of apology.

Since this weekend was the date of the "Heroes Parade" for the fire fighters of the Sunrise Fire, I would like to personally thank every single one of them for two reasons. The first is that they saved my house, the fire was close enough for me to throw everything I owned into the trunk of my car. The second, is that they saved the cornerstone of civilization itself; The Boardy Barn located in Hampton Bays. Life just would not be that fine establishment was gone.

They say the acting in the movie "Showgirls" is horrible and there is no plot. Who cares? We just want to see Jessie Spano naked. Now men in theaters across America have gotten further than A.C. Slater did.

Johnnie Cochran is a genius, even if he did over do it. When those jurors go into deliberations, they will remember two things: Marc Fuhrman being compared to Adolf Hitler, and the comparison of this trial to the Rodney King Trial. No matter comparison of how far from the truth those two statements are, they will still be in those jurors' minds.

The New York Islanders have gone from bad to worse. They have banished a symbol that stands for winning, dedication and pride and replaced it with the Gorton's fishstick man. These are the absolute ugliest uniforms ever worn by human beings. I can see it now; fishstick give aways and those little frozen things thrown on the ice after goals. Eat your heart out Detroit.

I think the Pope's return to the U.S. is beautiful, but somebody has to explain to me why they chose Newark? Newark is the butt of human existence as we know it.

And on that note, it is time to sign off. I have to go to an ABBA tribute. GAME OVER.

HAND WRITTEN SUBMISSIONS WILL BE FOLDED INTO ORIGAMI SHAPES AND STUFFED INTO THE INTESTINES OF ANIMALS THAT ARE ON THE ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST.

ALL OTHERS SHOULD BE SENT TO ROOM 060 OF THE STUDENT UNION.

LETTERS SHOULD BE NO LONGER THAN 500 WORDS LONG AND ARTICLES BETWEEN 700 AND 1000 WORDS LONG. DON'T TRY TO FOOL US, WE KNOW HOW TO COUNT.

# Wanted: Copy Editor

Strong verbal and editing skills required.

Position requires presence at newspaper production, which occurs Sunday night on alternating weekends.

Apply at the Press offices, room 060 and 061 in the Union.



# Psst... Do You Want To Know A Secret?

By P. Milare Ovis

Universities have long been a source of secret societies. Some fraternities, strange as it may sound, started as secret groups in the quest for knowledge. In the middle ages they protected great works of ancient times, diligently copying the texts from their original languages, into more traditional languages. This is a far cry from today's fraternal organizations who can barely read and write one language, much less translate ancient Greek tragedies.

So it should come as no surprise that Stony Brook is rife with secret societies. Most of these are unknown and very hard to join, hence the name secret societies. If you are ever walking around any of the academic buildings late at night, you might see some classrooms filled with odd collections of people. Of course the door will be closed so you can't hear their mantra, but if you know how to hide in the shadows of the hallway and watch them long enough, you will realize that this is not a class, but some secret society.

After two years of scaling the sides of buildings, drilling holes in walls and hiding in the ceiling tiles, I have compiled a list of secret societies that inhabit the Stony Brook campus. This is no way a complete listing of all the groups, one reason is that I still have not found solid evidence of the X-Group, the supposed real leaders of the campus, but I have heard their names whispered among the secret administration meetings. The other group I will not divulge, because I fear for my life and the lives of my children.

In no certain order the groups are:

**New York Mets Fans** - This group has to hide their heads in shame, whenever they are ousted, so they

choose to remain anonymous. They can be spotted because most of them wear T-shirts of minor league baseball teams, as those teams are usually better than the Mets. Recently this group has begun to wear blue and orange in public, because of the late season success, and now they walk around the campus and mumble things like "Izzy," "Pulse," and "1997." **Future Goal** - To get Polity to fund a trip for them to actually visit Shea Stadium and carry a banner that says "Stony Brook Loves The Mets."

**S.I.A.** - This stands for Sadists In Administration. This group of administrators meet bi-weekly in the sub-basement of the library and discusses things like making the lines in Admin. longer, the forms more confusing and the phone system more fascist. They sing songs like "Deutschland Uber Alles," all have at least one pair of jack boots and are into chrome and leather. **Future Goal** - To create the world's first mobius administration line, where the line just loops around and never ends, making it impossible for you to get off the line and register for class.

**The Society For Putting Things On Top Of Other Things** - Stolen from the Monty Python sketch, these people are one of the more psychotic groups on campus. All they want to do is to put things on top of things. It doesn't seem that exciting, but then, at least it keeps these people of the Internet and picking up 12-year-old girls. Don't worry, these people are not funded by Polity. **Future Goal** - To balance something on top of the new Student Union.

**Dead Panda Society** - This group of people are trying to extinguish all animal life from the Stony Brook Campus. So far they have successfully killed off the 3-toed sloth, saber-toothed tiger and, of course, the panda. Their diligence has left only seven creatures alive left on the campus, luckily for them none of

these are on the endangered species list, so massacring them won't piss anyone off. The seven creatures remaining are rabbits, squirrels, rats, cockroaches, sparrows, Canadian geese and ducks. Their slogans include "Dorms Are For Humans," "Get These Freeloading Ducks Out Of Roth Pond" and "Down With Geese Shit." **Future Goal** - To make the Stony Brook campus 'creature free.'

**Bureau Of Redundancy Bureau** - Another of the secret Administration groups. They are different than the SIA, in that these people want to make your life on campus as miserable as possible. These are the people who make it near impossible to graduate without filling out 9,000 forms, who instituted the rule that you can't pay cash at any window except the Bursars and who are the real power behind the Housing Department.

**Future Goal** - To drown everyone on campus in red tape, Scantron forms and \$5 fees.

**Polity For Our Own Sake** - These people are Polity Senators and Administrators who use Polity for their own gain. Not for monetary gain, but to pump up their weak resumes, by saying that they 'were involved in Student Government for 3 years.' This ego-boosting group pretends to have more power than they actually do, by enforcing mandatory conclaves that most people found to be a huge joke. **Future Goal** - To personally handle the money that they distribute and give it to all their friends' clubs. And of course to split the media referendum.

These are just a few of the secret societies that exist on campus. If you know of others, or belong to others, and want to tell me...well than you're an idiot, because it wouldn't be a secret anymore.

## Gloria: A Novel

By Katherine Zafiris

Gloria: By Mark Coovelis

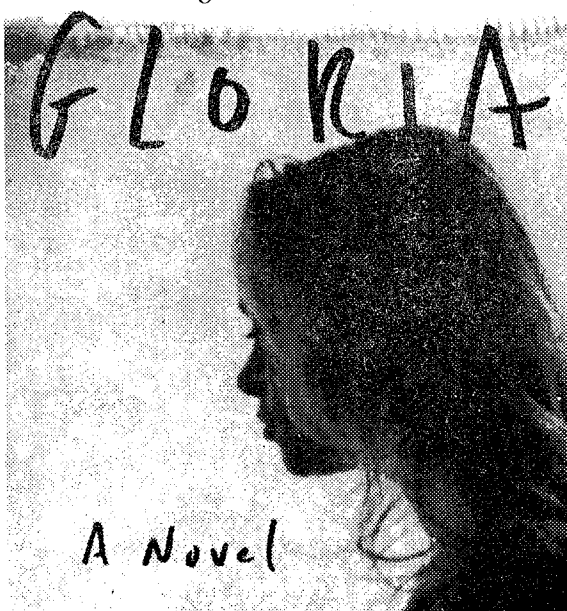
What is in a name? The question has been asked many times by various types of people. A name defines, describes, becomes a person within a person. In Mark Coovelis' amazing debut novel, Gloria, it is the playing of names that becomes the life of one girl to live and the mystery for her brother to solve.

Marvin Stone's sister is in the game of playing with names. Born Elizabeth, his sister changed her name to fit what ever feeling her heart was feeling. From Sissy, Liz, Lisabeth, and finally Gloria; Marvin Stone's sister lived a life penetrated with well-kept secrets and manic ways. But it was the name Gloria that finally pushed her into a world she would find herself trapped in. A world of secrets, dysfunctional families, and eventual murder. Gloria would soon find her past life and her present life entwined; so much so that the only way out would be to grasp death.

One night at his restaurant, Marvin Stone meets Lauren Ogilvie, a journalist at work on a book about the death of his sister. Her obsession with Gloria eventually leads Marvin on a bizarre hunt for the truth in his own life and his sister's. Soon after they meet, he finds himself lovers with her and on the dark windy trail that eventually leads him to his sister's grave and a family secret that will change his life forever.

Set in the ever changing landscape of the West Coast, Gloria shifts back and forth through the past and the present lives of its characters. From the caves in Oregon to the hills of San Francisco, Mark Coovelis treats his readers to a mystery that gets in your head and is hard to get out.

The images of Gloria and those that surround her are so enticing that it becomes hard not to let go of them at the end. Mark Coovelis has developed stories and lives for his characters that could be taken out of tabloids and talk shows. The first man in her life is her brother Marvin Stone. He knew her as all her names and grew with her through them all. He would let Gloria go in the end. This one act would



haunt through the whole book. There's Craig Atterbury, the Berkeley student, who falls in love with Gloria and waits for her through dark, lonely nights. Through these nights and Van Morrison songs he begins to let her go, realizing there was something not quite right about this girl called Gloria. There's her husband Earl, who knew her as Lisabeth. He was the patient husband who worked

as a Honda salesman and got tired of running after his manic wife. One day he just lets her go. Finally she meets A.J. Tunney, a man who walked into her life, figured out her secrets, crept into her head and never got out.

Tunney is the most real character in the book besides Marvin and Lauren. He takes up what I figure to be the third section of the book. He tells a winding story of obsession and torment through the bars of his prison cell. It is this story, that leads Marvin Stone to the secrets that followed his sister through all her names and eventually to her death. Through this odyssey of discovery, Marvin Stone discovers a world outside the realm of most people's understanding, but a world that is lived by many everyday.

Gloria is a brilliant mystery that keeps the reader going long after it is finished. I found myself still thinking about the characters and events that happened in the novel days after it was finished. The suspense begins with the first couple pages and never really ends. Coovelis' descriptions of events are so real and enticing that you begin to feel like you're inside the book living through all of what is happening.

Gloria blends personal desire through many different stages. From the desire of Lauren, whose journey to find the true Gloria helps send Marvin Stone on a trip of personal desire to just live with the grief of his sister's death, though he knows he must find the answers. As the memories begin seep into his mind, the truth he finds will set them all free.

Gloria is Mark Coovelis' first novel and hopefully not his last. It is a brilliant debut novel, full of everything that is needed to meet a mainstream audience. Gloria is available in paperback by Washington Square Press and is \$10.00.

# burnin' down the house

By Katherine Zafiris

It's 3:30am on a Tuesday night. You've just gotten into your bed and started to fall asleep. It's been a long day, classes, horrible food, your stomachs not feeling well. You have a headache from studying, watching T.V., or just plain staying up late. Maybe you're a bit hungover. Who knows? All you know is that it's 3:30 am, you're in bed, your head is just about to shut off and that's when it happens. That sound, that horrifyingly annoying sound that for the rest of your life you may never get out of your head. The sound that sounds like someone just took a duck for sacrifice and is strangling it over a loudspeaker. You know that sound.

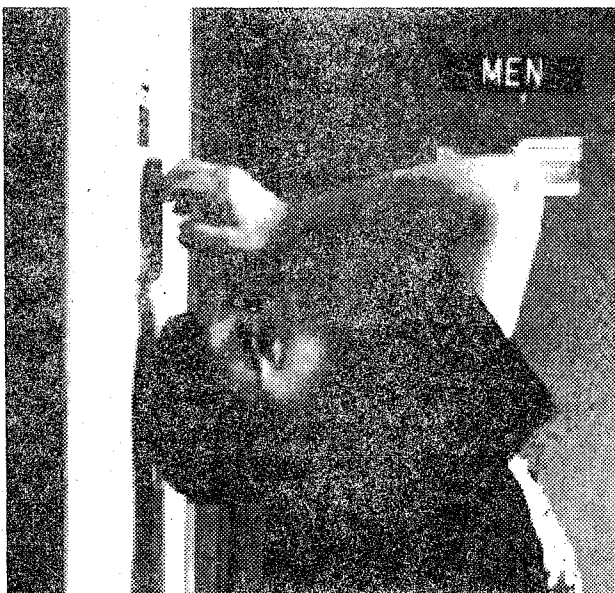
It's the sound of the State of New York authorized fire alarm. Now, we all know that fire alarms are needed. Who wouldn't want to be aware of a fire if it was in your building. Everyone sees the need for fire alarms. Sure, maybe even a fire drill once in a while. By law you should have at least one during the semester during the hours of day before 5:00pm. That I can agree with. Keep us all on our feet about fires.

But the problem I hope to be addressing in this article is not fire drills. It's when an alarm is pulled in the middle of the night. Now, the way it usually goes is that you have to get out of your room and go stand outside until they reset the alarm. Okay, I can understand that. What I find hard to understand is two things. One, the fact that if it's 3:30am and you have a test the next day, or whatever and you don't feel like getting out of bed, you can get written up and made to do some kind of asinine punishment like make a list up of the rules of dormitory living.

Okay, we understand that it is necessary to be out of your room during an alarm. But, to write someone up if they choose not to leave, well that's like arresting someone for jay-walking. So, now you ask me, What if it's a real fire? Well I believe that with all the yelling and screaming, not to mention the sirens and alarms continually going off, wouldn't you begin to consider getting out of bed? Most people choose to leave a building during a fire.

This comes to my second misunderstanding

about fire alarms. The way I understand the procedure; once a fire alarm goes off, some R.A. or R.H.D. is to call Public Safety to come shut off and re-set the alarm. Meanwhile, we're all standing outside freezing and exhausted. Now, no one is allowed back in the building until the alarm is reset. This to me seems outrageously stupid. What can possibly be the meaning behind the fact that sometimes we have to wait outside for one hour before we're allowed back into the building.



Sure, Public Safety needs to feel important. They like to give unfair parking tickets and speeding tickets. They like to drive around real fast in slow speed zones and play with their sirens. I guess I would feel less than adequate, working as University Police. Plus, it doesn't even seem like they're doing such a great job half the time. But, I've veered from my point.

If we're all standing outside; this means we've all left our rooms after being harassed out of them, then once the alarm is shut off, why can't we go back in? Obviously there is no fire, no smoke, there is nothing going on but a pulled alarm. So, why can't we go back in?

My theory is that Public Safety is afraid of students.

They're afraid of being made fun of or being heckled at. That's the only reason I can come up with why after the alarm is shut off that we are not allowed back in the building. What, you can't reset an alarm with a full building? That's very silly. Of course you can, why couldn't you? The weight of everyone in their rooms would put too much pressure on your head and hands, therefore rendering you immovable to reset an alarm? I don't think that is physically possible. I mean I could see if you had some kind of paranoia or manic depression and you were on medication and couldn't enter a building with its occupants in it. Then I could see wanting a building empty to reset an alarm. But, then I don't think you should be allowed to be any kind of Safety Officer. You couldn't even then work at Safety Town. All those little kids in little cars and on bicycles would probably render Prozac or Xanax useless.

We pay enough money for these less than adequate and shameful living conditions that we should at least have Public Safety Officers who can reset an alarm quickly. The other night an alarm was pulled and we were made to stay outside for forty-five minutes. Then, when you asked the R.A., who is patrolling the doors like he was guarding Fort Knox or something, why after twenty minutes we couldn't go back in, the reason he gives you is that they can't reset the alarm. This is unacceptable. An alarm should be reset within ten minutes of Public Safety arriving. They should be used to resetting alarms, especially in places they are frequently called to.

They should know that every Thursday they will be frequently called to Kelly Quad to reset the pulled alarms. Why not then should they practice resetting the alarms quickly; therefore they can be right there ready for the next one. It would make a lot more sense to know how to set the alarms quickly rather than spend the state's money in overtime with all this wasted time not knowing how to reset the alarms quickly.

That may be a good cost cutting plan for New York State. Train your Safety Officers correctly and effectively. Then the school could make the living experience for its dormers much more livable.

## Beer, Beer, And Have Some More Beer

By Dan Healy

Today was one of the most interesting days of my entire life. I played my first rugby game. It's a fun sport. Hey, any sport where you step on some guys face and then go have some beers after the game is cool with me.

I don't know what the hell possessed me to play the sport. I went to my first practice sometime during the first week of school. We did cool stuff. We passed the ball, kicked it a little, learned a play or two. That was fun. At the end of practice is when I questioned the sport. We had to run. We ran a lot. For those of you that don't have the pleasure of knowing me, I was not in shape. I was far from it. I ran anyway. We all ran. We ran straight to the bar. I love this sport.

I went through four weeks of hard, intense practices and whipped myself into shape. I went out a few times with the team. We do sick things when we hang out. At one of the rugby socials, my first one, I made the mistake wearing nice clothes. Within minutes, I was covered in beer and the team was naked. I thought it was the funniest thing I've ever been involved in.

Today was the day to show off our stuff. It was a road trip to New Paltz. The team piled into two mini vans and three cars. We drove up and by noon, most of the team was there. I wasn't. You

see, when the coach told us to leave Stony Brook at nine because it would take three hours to get there I overlooked one thing. My car will not exceed fifty miles per hour. Needless to say we were late. Don't worry, we were not too late.

When we got there, everybody was serious. We did our warm up drills and stretched. The A side team was ready to play. Rugby games are divided into two or sometimes three games. The first game, the A game, is the real game. The people who play here really know how to play. The second game, the B side, is for people who don't play in the A game. Our B side was composed of eleven rookies. I played on the B side and was glad I wasn't on the A side after watching the game. That was some rough stuff.

The first game started and we looked pretty good. We lost but had fun anyway. The second game started and it was my turn. It is the most exhausting sport I've ever played. I also had the most fun playing a sport. Aside from a bloody nose and very sore neck, I ended up fine. I had no real injuries and I was happy. I was a little upset that we lost that game also but hey, you win some, you lose some.

This part of the day is what confuses me the most. After the second game, we all went out to a bar. I don't know about you, but when I run around the field getting beat on by some guy named Elmo the last thing I want to see is him in a bar. Things were cool. We got along with the

New Paltz players very well. It was like they were on our team. We were playing the same drinking games, singing the same songs, and just having a great time. I guess that is why rugby is called the hoodlums game for gentlemen.

The car ride home sucked. New Paltz to Stony Brook in five hours. Not bad time. The only good thing on the way home was the conversation. We talked about everything from the game to felching. There were only two other players in the car but, there were two girls. They were two of the most perverted girls I've ever met and they brought up some of the raunchiest topics. Coincidentally one of them was my girlfriend. What a surprise. They entertained us, three drunk, backseat riding ruggers the whole way home and we owe them big.

By 11 I finally got back on campus and hustled over to The Press office so I could type this and go to bed. This was the perfect ending to a strange day. A strange day, but a great one also. I had lots of fun with people that I like and owe it all to rugby. This sport taught me about responsibility, respect, and how to have a good time. I would recommend playing rugby to anybody that doesn't mind getting knocked on their ass and then going out with the person who just knocked you on your ass and getting sloppy.



# BLEACHER CLUB 11974

By Katie Entrekin

You have to love it folks. It's live entertainment at it's best. It's a fashion show, it's drama, it's comedy, it's a meat market... Oh yes, it's the Bleacher Club. How can one resist its many facets. It's almost addictive.

To experience the Bleacher Club is to experience every walk of life on campus, to add to its ambiance and flavor. Forget 90210 and Melrose Place, USB has the Bleacher Club. I'm telling you, Aaron Spelling could make even more money by simply putting a hidden camera right in Bleacher and airing the activities that occur there. We really do have some serious marketing potential here.

It doesn't matter who you are or where you come from, as you enter the Bleacher Club there are fifty pairs of eyes peering at you. And they are all doing inventory on what you're wearing (Indicating your style and the events of the night before.), what you're carrying (A heavy or light load of books? Or perhaps, a gym bag or nothing at all.), and who you're walking in with (A new or old love? Your usual circle of friends or a new group?). These are all big items on the Bleacher Club checklist.

As I walk around, I always see the same faces, sitting in the same exact place they were the last fifty times I saw them there. And I often wonder if they put signs on the table that say, "Reserved for ...", and if they don't, they might as well, it would probably change the topic of conversation for a little while.

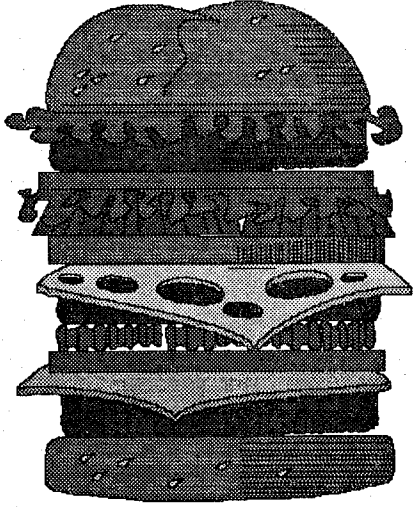
I have always seen college as the time of independence, self growth, finding out who you are and what you want to be in this world. Perhaps

this is a bit too idealistic. Because as I walk through the Bleacher and desperately try to find a seat, I see conformity, serious confusion and social fear written on everyone's faces. And I say to myself, "Holy Crap, it's High School for the almost 21 and over." Ooh, it just gives me the chills.

Why does everyone feel the need to sell themselves at the Bleacher Club? When girls dress up to go eat there, I must ask "why?" Next to the Park Bench and the End Of The Bridge, this is the next biggest meat market on or around campus. Girls re-applying lipstick, being careful not to eat too much to make sure they look just right in their tight skirts. Guys appearing to be the slickest around while sitting next to their girlfriend of the month while simultaneously scoping out next month's prospect from the corner of their eye. They

have raised this to an art form. Everyone has their own style at doing this, and yet it takes practice and skill to be able to pull this beautiful maneuver off.

But I must admit myself, I do find eating at Bleacher quite enjoyable sometimes. Now in my senior year, I find my week incomplete without partaking in the activities of the Bleacher Club. I guess it's the "ambiance" of it all. Or maybe it's just that we all need love in the world, and we as Stony Brook students search for it in Bleacher. Well, if this theory is true, then I must say that we are "looking for love in all the wrong places," because it isn't happening there. But mine is just a drop in the bucket of hundreds of other theories on why we actually eat at the Bleacher Club!



## SEAWOLF DISCOVERED!

By Bill Nofi

Recently, scientists at Brookhaven Labs made a startling discovery. While on a return trip from the Arctic Circle, they captured the first ever live specimen of a seawolf. The beast was captured 400 miles off the coast of Orient Point, Long Island. It was immediately brought back to Brookhaven Labs for further studies.

Long thought to be extinct, the seawolf is an amazing creature. It was thought to have disappeared sometime in the Paleozoic Era, roughly 286 million years ago. Yet, "seawolf sightings" have become more and more common in the past hundred years or so. Especially in the Long Island Sound, near Stony Brook.

"Bubba" (the name given to the seawolf by BNL scientists) has given them new insight into what the creature was like. They now know that a seawolf can range in size from eight to fourteen feet long, and weighing between three and six hundred pounds. The male of the species was generally larger than the female. Not surprising since it was the males responsibility to gather all the food, some of which would fight back. They've also learned that just before it's extinction, the seawolf seemed to be going through some mutation. Apparently, it was attempting to adapt to life on land.

After watching "Bubba" for several weeks, the scientists have learned many fascinating things about him. His favorite foods are live lobster, Alaskan king crab, salmon, quiche, Cool Ranch Doritos, and Republicans. "Bubba" also enjoys watching the O.J. Simpson trial (although he growls angrily at Mark Fuhrman), and listening to Nine Inch Nails. Other studies they will be conducting are communication techniques, motivational responses, any physiology examinations. The scientists are also interested in Bubba's amazing ability to drive an 18-wheeler while dancing the salsa. They will also attempt to mate Bubba with several similar species, including a German Shepherd and a yellow-fin tuna.

You can e-mail Bubba at BWolf@bnl.gov, he likes the attention. Stay tuned for more exclusive updates on the seawolf. Remember, you heard it in The Press first!

## VOX POPULAI

Once again our woman-on-the-street, Zippy, combed the campus, asking people questions about the world, school and other tasteless things. The results may surprise you, they surprised us. All of this is done in the name of science, and because we can fill up a half a page with results. This of course looks much better than another stupid house ad or blank space. We also want to see just how rude these questions can get without getting Zippy punched.

- 6% of the school reads the three major student newspapers. (The Press, Statesman and Blackworld.)
- 30% of the school doesn't read any of the student newspapers.
- 44% of the students have gotten laid since they came to Stony Brook.
- 50% of students believe that Dr. Kervokian should be allowed to assist in suicides for terminally ill patients.
- 100% of the people who don't brush their teeth everyday think that Peru is in Africa.
- 11% of the students have a fake ID.
- 28% of the school knows who Annette Hicks is. (Polity President, for those who don't.)
- 50% of all students who've killed an animal by running it over with their car know who the President of the University

is. (Shirley Strum Kenny.)

- 45% of people who know Newt Gingrich is Speaker of the House believe that abortion should be legal until the fetus is 12 years old.
- 43% of the people who drink on weekdays have masturbated since they've been on campus.
- Twice as many female students read The Press, than read The Statesman
- 77% of Press readers support abortion.
- 75% of Statesman readers support abortion.
- 100% of Blackworld readers support abortion.
- 50% of people who have pets, have not masturbated since they've been on campus.
- 22% of students have no idea who is The Speaker of The House or the President of the University.
- Nobody on campus ever cried when their pet died.
- 6% of people on campus had no idea what we meant by "have you masturbated since you've been on campus?"

So next time someone comes up to you and asks you if you masturbate, remember it is all being done in the name of science. Plus, you can help shape the demographics of our campus.



# THURSDAY SHUFFLE

By Ted Swedalla

For three hours every week I become entranced by a body of work, throwing me into some sort of joyous catatonic state. And it isn't my JRN 395 class on Tuesday nights, or our staff meetings, it's the Thursday Night lineup on NBC.

*Friends*, *The Single Guy*, *Seinfeld*, *Caroline In The City* and *ER*. Three hours of TV bliss and it's all mine. And this magic of Thursday night didn't just start on NBC, it's been going on for at least 10 years.

It all started with *The Cosby Show*, *Family Ties*, *Cheers* and *Night Court* back in 1984, and NBC has ruled Thursdays ever since. And this year's crop of shows, all of which landed in Nillsens Top ten last week, look as good as any three consecutive hours of prime time TV ever.

Not only has NBC dominated with their Thursday night line ups, they have used it as a springboard to conquer some of their other nights. Both *Wings* and *Frasier* have made the leap from Thursday to Tuesday to challenge ABC's hold on that night. This is a battle they should win, especially with *Roseanne*, (who should have called it quits two years ago), in its final season. Also *Hope & Gloria*, which had a mid-season run on Thursday last year, has moved. It is moving to Sunday after *Mad About You*, where neither of these shows have to compete with *Murder She Wrote* any more. CBS moved it to Thursday at 8pm; basically a death sentence, as it is opposite *Friends*.

What has made Thursdays NBC's is the fact that the shows are superb, the writing exceptional; and it doesn't hurt that most of the shows target the strongest demographic when it comes to advertising dollars: Adults 25-49.

This year's lineup may be the strongest in a long time, but don't expect it to last into next season. One, maybe two, of these shows will be moved to help NBC take another night as their own. The shows that rule the TV world are:

**Friends** - By far the most popular comedy last year. More words were printed about these coffee-sucking gen-Xers last year than most shows get in their lifetime. It doesn't hurt that the cast is made of gorgeous people. They also live in apartments and wear clothes that no person who actually had the jobs they have could afford. How many struggling actors/perfume salesmen do you know that could live in the apartment Joey lives in? Also it seems that Rachel (Jennifer Aniston) is the only one who is ever seen working, granted it's at the place they all hang out, but how does Monica (Courtney Cox) buy so many shoes when she's never at work?

But funny, hell yes. Chandler (Matthew Perry) is one of the best straightmen delivering lines on TV. And Ross (David Schwimmer) seems to have gotten every girl's panties damp.

**The Single Guy** - Arguably the weakest show on Thursday nights, therefore the least likely to get moved next year. John (Johnathan Silverman) is funny, but the rest of the cast leaves something to be desired. I expected the show to be much funnier. While watching the pilot, it seemed to me that this could have been the fifth episode of the show. Many of the jokes weren't funny, as if I had missed a few weeks of the show, and therefore missed out on all these jokes.

But it is the supporting cast of this show that is weak. Not one of them stands out as they do in

*Caroline In The City*. They are all boring, and don't act married. Even Ernest Borgnine, as the doorman, is blah and a little unrealistic.

**Seinfeld** - The blue print against which all future comedic casts will be modeled (i.e. - *The Drew Carey Show* and *Dweebs*.) Most of the writers, in this show about 'nothing,' are comedians, so shortages of laughs are impossible.

**Caroline In The City** - The show I have personally waited for ever since Howard The Duck. Just to see Lea Thompson again I would have boycotted the *X-Files*. (Thank god I don't have to.)

Not only do they have the best time slot around, stuck between *Seinfeld* and *ER*, but it is the funniest show of the year. Caroline (Lea Thompson) is sexy, funny and sexy all at once. And Richard (Malcolm Gets), her assistant, is a riot, the funniest new face on TV today. Trust me, within three years he will have his own show on NBC.

**ER** - The best drama on TV. Although it may be just a tad unrealistic. Someone I know who works in an ER told me that he has seen the electric shock paddles used twice in three years, where as on *ER*, they are used at least twice in an hour.

But besides that little injustice, (what would a hospital drama be without the paddles?) clearly this show is here to stay.

The other stations should just give up any chance of gaining a foothold on Thursday, NBC's too strong to be challenged by any of the garbage that is most of the rest of TV today. Shows that compete against this juggernaut, usually either die, or are moved to a new night to be recessitate, like a patient on *ER*.

## THE ILLUSTRATED CONFORMIST

By Angelique

Hey you, yeah you... the people out there who are considering tattoos. Listen up! Go get lots of tattoos. Having a small tattoo on your ankle or wherever will make you cool. The one with the most cartoon characters by the year 2000 will eternally be recognized as the alternative-god of the 20th century. That's right, go out and get an anklet of dolphins, a Chinese symbol, the Tasmanian devil, and a small tribal or Celtic piece to frame your pierced navel!

I'd like to take this space to thank all of the conformist rebels out there who have bought into the 'alternative' lie. Thank you for helping to elevate the status of tattooing from an underground art form to a pop-cultural puke box.

Who am I to speak so on this subject? Well, I had my first job at 11 years old. I got to clean toilets, color flash, and answer phones in the tattoo shop where my mom worked. I earned my first tat when I was 14 by winning a bet with my ma. A year later I was doing my first tattoos on myself. Now I've got six and I'm working on designs for the next three.

I have a 5-step system for tattoos. Step 1: IDEA: something in my life is major enough to deserve a

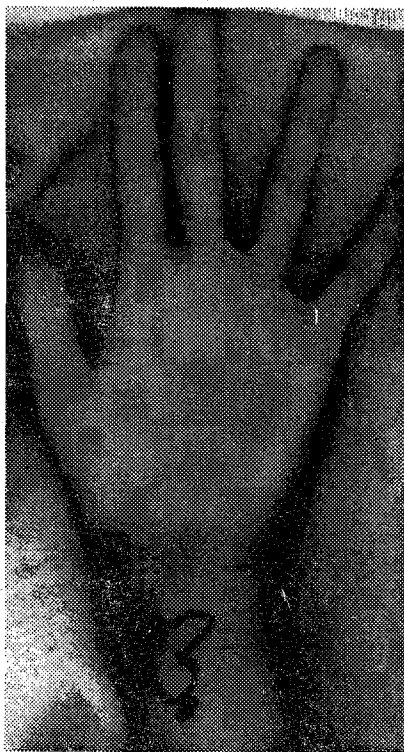
tattoo. Step 2: DESIGN: I look through books and sketch until I've got a design. Step 3: WAIT: I hang the drawing up on my wall for a few months. If I don't get sick of it... step 4: GET IT: I save up the cash and look around for an artist. I sit for a few hours and the adventure is begun. Step 5: LOVE IT: every day for the rest of my life I look at it and it's still there. Naked skin has been transformed into permanent self-expression.

I realize that there are a lot of you out there who don't do things my way. You meet up with some friends, get a little inebriated, stumble into a shop and pick a design off of the wall. You show your tattoo to some people and hide it from others. If you ever regret it you can always have it removed or get it covered up. Besides, sometimes you have to pay a long-term price for short-term fashion, right?

I implore those of virgin flesh to file in line with the rest of the sheep. March directly into a tattoo shop and customize your own Tasmanian devil. Get little tattoos and get a lot of them. Don't worry about explaining the naked monkey to your children, they will love it. Hurry up now, go out and get a tattoo, bring a friend.

Yeah, there are probably a lot of tribesmen, sailors, bikers, and others who are rolling in their graves right now... but I love this. I'm ecstatic.

Imagine what it's going to be like when we're all old and everybody has tattoos. My art is going to look so awesome next to your graffiti.



Join the  
Press,  
you  
sniveling  
weasels!

Come to the  
Student Union  
Room 060  
Wednesdays at  
1:00 pm.

# SUMMER MOVIE WRAP-UP

By Chris Cartusciello

The troops were sent out and the battles are hard fought. Now the war is over and the victors stand proudly as the losers cowers in the fields, licking their wounds. The summer movie season has drawn to a close and, in order to come out on top, you had to be willing to play with the big boys.

*Apollo 13*, with a budget of \$62 million, blasted off and reached for the stars to become the summer's highest grosser with \$185 million to date. The film is still widely playing and, with definite Oscar nominations, will surely pass the \$200 million mark. Also flying high was *Batman Forever*. The third installment of the Caped Crusader's saga took in \$184 million to surpass its \$100 million budget. With a video release date of October 31, Warner Brothers is pulling the film from theaters so any hope of hitting \$200 million is gone. Disney's *Pocahontas* rode on the wind to reach \$150 million. This is only half of what *The Lion King* made last year but it is unreasonable to believe that any animated film will ever hit that again. Possibly the biggest surprise of the summer was *Casper*. The friendly ghost scared away the competition and easily made \$100 million to become the fourth highest grossing movie of the season. *Die Hard With A Vengeance* barely surpassed its \$90 million budget to hit the coveted \$100 million mark and round out the top five.

Many of the summer films were solid hits but never reached blockbuster status. The taut naval thriller *Crimson Tide* sailed away with \$92 mil-

lion and some of the best reviews of the year. Meanwhile, awful reviews didn't hurt Michael Crichton's latest effort *Congo* which monkeyed around long enough to take in \$81 million. *The Bridges Of Madison County* proved that old people in love can be profitable to the tune of \$73 million. And, Michelle Pfeiffer taught Hollywood a lesson with *Dangerous Minds* and brought in \$70 million. The romantic comedy

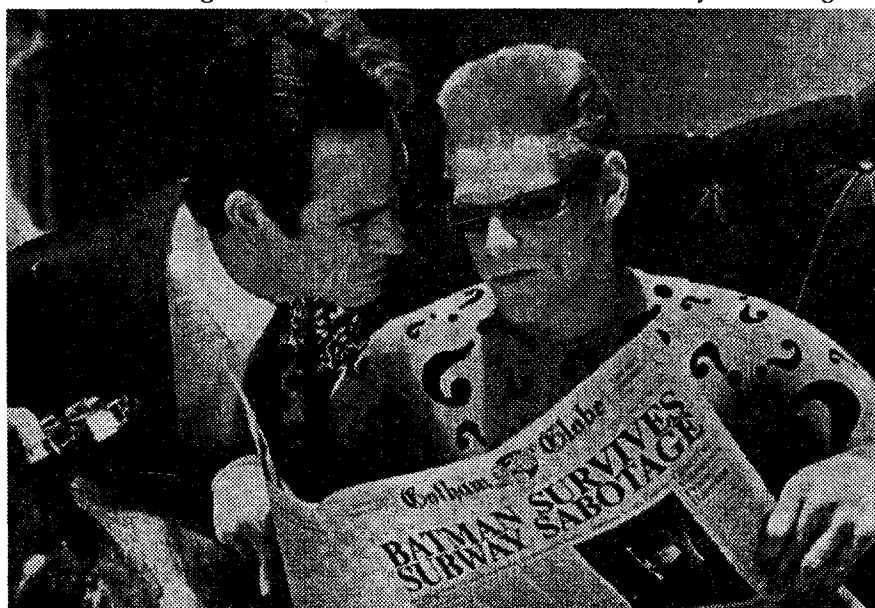
their budgets. *Braveheart*, Mel Gibson's Scottish epic, brought in \$61 million to just get passed its \$60 million budget. This is a film that would have made more but was hurt by its three hour running time. The studio has rereleased it, so if you haven't seen it yet go. It's the only must see of the year. Meg Ryan's *French Kiss* lasted long enough to suck up \$39 million and people didn't *Forget Paris*. That film earned \$34 million.

Not only did *The Englishman Who Went Up A Hill But Came Down A Mountain* earn \$11 million, it also wins the award for the most annoying title.

Bomb is the only way to describe the following films. *First Knight* was left in the dark ages and only took in \$40 million. This is just over half its \$75 million budget. *Judge Dredd* was just that for its star Sylvester Stallone. This mega-budget actioner earned just \$34 million. *Johnny Mnemonic*'s \$19 million take proves that Keanu Reeves isn't all that big a star and nobody fell for *Mad Love*. Drew Barrymore and Chris O'Donnell could only gather \$15.5 million.

Finally, what about *Waterworld*?

After all the hype, all the talk and all the controversy, how did it fare? Not bad in relation to many other movies of the season. Kevin Costner's waterlogged *Road Warrior* had a final gross of \$89 million. That's a lot of money for any film to make, but with a budget that reached close to \$200 million it doesn't even start to help pay the bills. Universal's only hope will be the over seas box office and video release.



*Nine Months* gave birth to a \$68 million gross while *Mortal Kombat* slaughtered the competition to take home \$60 million. There was nothing alien about *Species* \$60 million take but this critic is *Clueless* as to how that film made \$54 million. With a \$12 million budget it was the most profitable film of the summer. After all the data was computed, *The Net*, with Sandra Bullock, gathered \$47 million and *Babe* made a pig of himself and took \$45 million.

Some movies made just enough to recoup

## FALL MOVIE PREVIEW

By Chris Cartusciello

The Fall Movie Season is in full swing with some of the best films yet to come. Here is a list of some of what October has to offer. (Release dates are subject to change)

**Assassins:** Sylvester Stallone is an aging hit man trying to leave the business and Antonio Banderas is an up and coming rookie who must off the big guy in order to become the best. Richard Donner (*Superman*, *Lethal Weapon*, *Maverick*) directed this actioner so the prospects are good. Can anyone stand this much machismo at one time? (Oct. 6)

**Four Rooms:** This anthology piece has four parts, each taking place in a different hotel room on New Year's Eve. The only link is a hapless bellboy (Tim Roth). The episodes are individually directed by Allison Anders (*Gas, Food, Lodging*), Alexandre Rockwell (*In The Soup*), Robert Rodriguez (*El Mariachi*, *Desperado*) and Quentin Tarantino (*Reservoir Dogs*, *Pulp Fiction*). This dark comedy stars Bruce Willis, Madonna, Antonio Banderas and Jennifer Beals. (Oct. 6)

**Jade:** David Caruso (*Kiss Of Death*) and Linda Fiorentino (*The Last Seduction*) in a William Friedkin (*The Exorcist*) film from a Joe Eszterhas (*Basic Instinct*, *Sliver*, *Showgirls*) script. With this group you can be sure of a few things. Flesh, blood and some more flesh. (Oct. 6)

**Strange Days:** Ralph Fiennes (*Shindler's List*, *Quiz Show*) and Angela Bassett (*What's Love Got To Do With It?*) star in this thriller set a couple of days before New Year's Eve 1999. Technology at the turn of the century allows people to have the experience of others with a mind chip. One of the memories is of a murder being committed and they now must track down who recorded it. (Oct. 13)

**Dead Presidents:** That's a street name for money and then some, just returned Vietnam vets are doing to get it any way they can. Directed by the Hughes brothers (*Menace II Society*).

**Get Shorty:** John Travolta (*Grease*, *Pulp Fiction*) is a Miami mobster who, in the course of tracking someone to Hollywood, becomes a movie producer. Rene Russo (*Outbreak*, *In The Line Of Fire*, *Lethal Weapon 3*), in a push up bra, is his B-movie actress girlfriend and Danny DeVito (*Hoffa*, *Throw Momma From The Train*) is movie star Martin Weir. Gene Hackman (*Unforgiven*, *Superman I, II & IV*) rounds out the cast in this Barry Sonnenfeld (*The Addams Family*) comedy. (Oct. 18)

**The Scarlet Letter:** This adaptation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel stars Demi Moore (*Disclosure*) as Hester Prynne who, after having an affair with Pastor Arthur Dimmsdale (Gary Oldman), is forced to wear the title "A". Roland Joffe directed this version with a more upbeat ending. Purists

may be offended, but what guy wouldn't go to see Moore rolling in the hay. (Oct. 20)

**Fair Game:** Cindy Crawford tries to make the switch from super-model to super-star in her first starring role. She's a D.A. (yeah, right) on the run from the mob. William Baldwin is the cop trying to protect her. On the first screening, this film was so bad it was pulled from its August release date to be reworked. Not a good sign. (Oct. 20)

**How To Make An American Quilt:** Winona Ryder (*Heathers*, *Beetlejuice*) stars as a young woman deciding whether or not to marry her boyfriend. She seeks advice from her grandmother (Ellen Burstyn) and great-aunt (Anne Bancroft) among other older, wiser women. They all recount stories of their loves as they sew a wedding quilt. Think an American *The Joy Luck Club*. (Oct. 20)

**Vampire In Brooklyn:** Eddie Murphy (*Beverly Hills Cop 1, 2 & 3*) stars in this horror-comedy directed by Wes Craven (*A Nightmare On Elm Street*). Murphy, as the title character among others, searches for love on the streets of New York City. (Oct. 27)

**Mighty Aphrodite:** Woody Allen's latest effort is a story about problems between married couples. (Sounds almost too true to life) Helena Bonham Carter (*Mary Shelly's Frankenstein*) plays his Mrs. (Oct. 27)

# The Dick-Sock Boys Grow Up

By Lowell Yaeger

Everybody who went to junior high school can remember a person who they knew was actually very smart, but acted extremely stupid to avoid being ridiculed by his peers. Then, around about senior year of high school, when everybody finally began to mature, that kid dropped the charade and became a great student, a fun guy, and valedictorian. The story of the Chili Peppers, the South California funk-punk band best known for either their "sensitive guy" Z100 ballad "Under the Bridge" or their tendency to arrive on stage naked except for socks over their sexual organs, is similar to that of the smart-stupid high school kid, with one exception: now, the Chili Peppers have grown up, it turns out they weren't so smart after all.

Early albums, such as "Freaky Styley" and "The Uplift Mofo Party Plan," cemented the Chili Peppers' status as the kings of frat-rock funk-punk among both the mainstream and the underground; their popularity has always been enormous, at least big enough that I can't remember ever hearing of them NOT headlining a show. Their reputation, backed up by the seminal "Mother's Milk" and the semen-al "Blood Sugar Sex Magik," garnered them a headlining slot on the biggest Lollapalooza tour, starring Soundgarden and Pearl Jam. And after that, with the exception of a single ("Soul To Squeeze"), a tepid appearance at the second Woodstock Festival, and an attempt to appear on Sesame Street, the Chili Peppers disappeared.

They returned a few weeks ago with their newest, "One Hot Minute" (Warner Bros.). Based on the first few songs on the album, the Chili Peppers have either grown up stunted or are attempting to pull a massive con game over on their fans. Besides adding a new guitarist (Dave Navarro, formerly of Jane's Addiction), the songs

are less about foolish sex and more about lament, friendship, and brotherhood — lost and found. But it's hard for me to swallow the possibility that the Chili Peppers may have actually grown up and found peace and comfort in their music.

Flea and Chad Smith continue to be the most reliable rhythm section in music since the teaming of Martin Atkins, Paul Barker, and William Rieflin on Ministry's 1992 world tour. Both of them have always been remarkably restrained, keeping obvious talent and a wide knowledge of musical genres, from classical to jazz, down-played enough that they're members of a band and not talented musicians working with a group of session players. That restraint continues here, and it appears that Flea and Chad haven't changed, which is probably for the best — why mess with a good thing?

David Navarro's addition lends an interesting blend of psychedelia to what was once nothing but funky-punky rock. At times, his trademark guitar riffs, so well cemented in Jane's Addiction and honed to a razor-sharp edge in Deconstruction, clash against the traditional ethic of the Peppers — one knows that if the whole group did acid, everyone except Dave Navarro would be out partying, while he'd be inside philosophizing. But over all, it doesn't appear that the

new guitarist will be a problem. My biggest difficulty is with the singer, Anthony Kiedis, and the lyrics he's crooning.

A few songs, like "Warped" and "Coffee Shop," are a return to the Chili Peppers of old, with heavy rhythms and pointless lyrics. Others, however, are agonizingly radio-friendly re-hashed versions of "Under the Bridge," such as "Tearjerker" and the I-Wish-I-Was-Still-In-Jane's-Addiction "Transcending." Sure, an ode to River Phoenix is nice, but a good funky tune and a "This album is

for River Phoenix" on the liner notes would've been nicer. And, of course, there's more songs about heroin recovery, including the boring "Drop-kick," which opens with a cheesy spoken word soliloquy and isn't even saved by a Butthole Surfers quote towards the closing of the tune. Anthony Kiedis beats out the lyrics like a lounge singer on speed, but the maturity that's supposed to come across sounds forced and sarcastic, like when Beavis & Butthead attempt to say a big word.

Unlike the Beastie Boys, who grew up last year successfully, the Chili Peppers want badly for everyone to take them seriously, but I strongly doubt that will ever be possible. They earned a greater respect from me by taking themselves less seriously and letting their maturity come out in small, measured doses; now, they seem more like a Z100 band than ever.



## [hin-Slink]

By Lowell Yaeger

A little bit of brief music news.

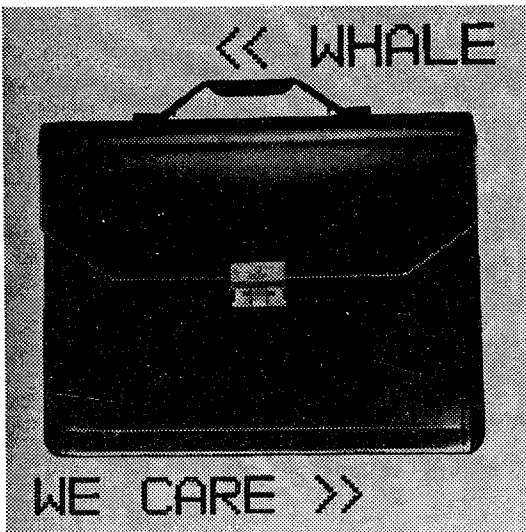
Garbage's self-titled debut album is a brilliant mix of Angelfish's lead singer, a fiery Scottish girl named Shirley Manson, and three producers, one of whom is Butch Vig, responsible for work with Nirvana, the Smashing Pumpkins, and Nine Inch Nails. What sounds like a sequel to Spinal Tap actually comes across as a fitting replacement for the now-defunct gothrock band Curve, which broke up a year and a half ago. Vig, Manson, and their cohorts mix post-industrial noise with Jesus Jonesesque technopop, Pumpkins-esque guitar rock, and hypnotic vocals, creating an album devoid of bad songs. And best of all, Garbage is the kind of music you need to think about to enjoy, more or less eliminating any danger of them becoming grossly popular a la Bush or Candlebox. If you have the means, I strongly suggest you obtain a copy of this album.

Whale has also followed up a fantastic single, "Hobo Humpin' Slobo Babe," with a year-long pause and an eventual album, "We Care" (Virgin).

While rather immature and fraught with references to Nine Inch Nails and one particularly scathing commentary on the nature of MTV employees ("she smells just like Kurt Loder!") songs like "Young, Dum, and Full of Cum" actually get pulled off without sounding irritatingly foolish. If Jane's Addiction took speed instead of acid and hired Angelo Moore and switched Perry Farrell's sex from male to female (not a big leap), they'd be Whale. Again, a decent purchase.

Love Jones has released their second album, "Powerful Pain Relief," on Zoo Records, the home of Matthew Sweet and Tool. A mix of funk and lounge music, Love Jones actually makes decent songs without sounding condescending or idiotic. Tunes like "The Thing" and "Vigilante" are relaxing, soothing, and conducive to either sleep, studying, or other things that those of you with significant others may wish to do.

Upcoming albums you should watch out for include the Marilyn Manson EP, "Smells Like Children," Mr. Bungle's newest "Disco Volante," Ministry's post-industrial epic "Filth Pig," and the Smashing Pumpkins' double-CD opus "Mellon Collie & the Infinite Sadness." Hasta la bye-bye.



## Almost Sunday

By Ted Swedalla

Tired of waiting for the new Sundays album? Well, have no fear, it's here. But it's not exactly The Sundays, unless they were Filipino and from Los Angeles, it's Moonpools and Caterpillars. It's no stretch to lump these two groups together, both have a very loop-jumpy, poppy sound that puts you in a boppy mood. (Yes, it's that happy.) But it's good.

With so many bands today trying to out depress each other, or beating each other to the latest mental illness, it's great to hear simple a four-part rock band; lyrics, guitar, bass and drums. And *Lucky Dumpling* (Elektra) delivers. Even the cover of the CD is cute. It resembles the cartoon look of "Log" on "Ren & Stimpy."

The topics they cover in their songs, fit their sound perfectly. Songs about love, cars, love, summer and love in cars during the summer. Even swiping the riff from "Low Rider," for "Summertime." Kimi, the leader singer, has a voice that ranges from Sinéad O'Connor to Kim Deal, and has way too much fun singing the songs, but none of it sounds forced. (Unlike that slut Alanis, who wants to be Janis, but is too stuck on cocks for that ever to happen.)

Other great songs include, oddly enough, a song called "Sundays," "Soon" and "Hear," which can be heard in the Volkswagen Jetta commercial.

By itself this album is not going to spur a 90's version of the 60's Bubblegum Rock, (I wish it would) but it could help facilitate another splinter of today's already diversified rock scene.



# The Stony Brook Purity Test

By ETB

This test is written anonymously because of the author's own high score. It is written in the tradition of various other 'How much have you done?' tests, but tries to limit itself to things Stony Brook-centric. Some of the questions will be very easy to have done, some require more effort, and some are for the professionals only. Others are welcome to make their own additions.

This test comes with no warranty express or implied. The authors absolve themselves from any responsibility in your court cases, civil or criminal, that may come from trying to achieve a lower score on this test. In case of accidental ingestion, call a Poison Control Center at your leisure. Do not dispose of in fire or cesspool. Contains no chloro-flouro-carbons.

Instructions: Take the test counting your number of 'Yes' answers. Double this score to get your percentage Stony Brook purity. There are no passing or failing grades, and the test is just for fun.

- 1) Have you ever lived on campus?
- 2) Have you ever eaten in a campus cafeteria?
- 3) Have you ever had an account with Bitek or ACC?
- 4) Have you ever had an overdue book from a campus library?
- 5) Have you ever lost a campus library item?
- 6) Have you ever parked illegally on campus?
- 7) Have you ever used roller blades in a building? (There is a campus policy against this.)
- 8) Have you ever been to a keg party on campus?
- 9) Have you ever had alcohol served to you, while without id, on campus?
- 10) Have you ever slept in a non-dormitory building on campus?
- 11) Have you ever prepared food with appliances in violation of Health and Safety Regulations?
- 12) Have you ever used one of the blue-light phones?

- 13) Have you ever been on the roof of a campus building?
- 14) Have you ever smoked in a non-smoking area of campus? (Fireside Lounge in the Union, the Steam Tunnels, etc, count.)
- 15) Have you ever put up a sticker in public area of campus? (Eg: 'Sliced Bacon', 'Do Not Lick', 'Caffeine'.)
- 16) Have you ever been in a Physical Plant building?
- 17) Have you ever stolen food from a campus dining facility?
- 18) Have you ever had staff at such a facility help you?
- 19) Have you ever taken non-disposable utensils from a campus dining facility?
- 20) Do you know which campus vending machines dispense free food? (Knowing one is sufficient.)
- 21) Do you know which campus dining facilities have no after hours security? (Knowing one is sufficient.)
- 22) Have you ever read about your exploits in Statesman's Police Blotter?
- 23) Have you ever committed breaking and entering on campus? (Opening an unlocked door and then entering, if you have no right to be there, is an instance of this.)
- 24) Have you ever been in the Steam Tunnels?
- 25) Can you draw a map of the Steam Tunnels from memory?
- 26) Have you been in Central Hall since it closed?
- 27) Have you ever used one of the open center staircases of Staller or the Library for gravity tests? (Eg 'falling water-melon'.\*)
- 28) Have you ever pulled a campus fire alarm? (Doing so for real fires counts, too.)
- 29) Have you ever taken, destroyed, or disabled one of the alarmed alarm covers that can be found in Mendelsohn (G) and H?
- 30) Have you ever tripped a campus alarm system unintentionally?
- 31) Do you know the time difference between trip-

- ping the alarm and the light lighting up over at Public Safety?
- 32) Do you know the locations of any past or present 'Glory Holes'? (If you have to ask, it is most likely No.)
- 33) Have you ever used a campus 'Glory Hole'?
- 34) Have you ever put up graffiti in a campus bathroom?
- 35) Have you ever used a campus bathroom for the opposite sex?
- 36) Have you ever had sex on campus?
- 37) Have you ever had sex on campus but outside of a dorm room?
- 38) Have you ever had a relationship with someone instructing a class you were taking or taking a class you were instructing?
- 39) Have you ever bet on a campus sporting event?
- 40) Have you ever 'thrown' a campus sporting event?
- 41) Have you ever voted in a Polity election?
- 42) Have you ever voted in a Polity election feeling that you were making informed choices?
- 43) Have you ever violated the campus policy on Substance Abuse?
- 44) Have you ever taken clothing abandoned in a campus laundry room?
- 45) Have you ever failed a class at Stony Brook?
- 46) Are you a member of a 'Greek' organization on campus?
- 47) Have you ever had something of yours published in Statesman and been proud of this?
- 48) Have you ever insulted Rick Resnick or David Shashoua?
- 49) Have you ever been in Roth Quad Pond?
- 50) Have you ever been in Roth Quad Pond while not racing a boat?

(\*) Intended as a pun on Frank Lloyd Wright's 'Falling Water' (Kaufmann House). Those familiar with the phrase 'Architect's Leap' will find it doubly bad.

## I t S u c k s

By Louis M. Moran

Forget every movie you thought sucked this year. Forget *Batman Forever* with it's characters so thin they were translucent. Forget *Mute Witness* with it's much needed and strangely absent subtitles. Forget *Die Hard 3*, the best movie I ever saw if I had 60 less IQ points. Forget them all *Showgirls* sucked the hardest.

Elizabeth Berkeley is going to go down as the worst actress ever. No one is as terrible as she is, no one. If only they could've gotten William Shatner to play her love interest.... Spontaneous laughter erupted at the end of nearly every line she delivered. Regrettably it was not loud enough to drown out the other lines from the other characters in this horrible movie.

The English language has an enormous base of words and if I were to invoke every single negative adjective and adverb I would not exhaust them on this movie. The producer must have begged for an NC-17 rating to generate interest after opening night. If this movie were rated R no one would have seen the 12:30 showing! I cannot adequately describe how bad this movie is with mere words. I would have to gesticulate my entire body until I die to even approach the sucking this movie did.

Speaking of gesticulations. Elizabeth Berkeley cannot even dance. I am no aficionado of the dance arts but the girl seemed ready to fall at every step. She swung about wildly and looked utterly stupid nearly the entire time. She's not even very good looking naked! This is not the darling of *Saved By The Bell*, this is a gawky, titless, assless moron with an incredibly uncomfortable look on her face.

As for it's rating I can not even guess why it was rated so harshly. There wasn't really anything about the movie remotely pornographic. If you put T-Shirts on the girls this thing could've easily be PG. I'm afraid the raters only did this movie a service by rating it NC-17. For a movie that generated such controversy I can only guess the embarrassment they all must feel now, even the gaffer has to be feeling a little silly.

When it was coming out political groups rallied for and against it. One group insisting that that this was a Bob Dole morality play done from the other side. The other condemning it to hell. The fact of the matter is that there was no moral to this story. The lead is a psycho prone to fits that should probably be curable with a lobotomy. One minute she's

happy the next she's throwing food. One minute she's dancing, the next she's kicking in someone's crotch. The girl's a lunatic and a drug user, and as it turns out a \$50 hooker! She gets to the top by throwing the lead of the show down a flight of stairs. This is the movie young women MUST SEE? Fuck you, the women I know are nuts enough.

One of the catch phrases in the movie was, "It doesn't suck," this was said to all the unattainables of middle class life. Red Ferraris, Versace dresses, huge houses, it was supposed to be sarcasm. Ultimately after a man whose suck quotient was filled ran screaming from the movie theater (12:30 showing @ Brookhaven, opening night), "Ahh this sucks!" We all (the whole audience) sat back satisfied and said, "It does suck."

Here are how some of the staff of the Stony Brook Press scored on the Purity Test:

Executive Editor 18pts

(Yes, I'm really that boring.)

Managing Editor 56pts

Associate Editor 30pts

Business Manager 46pts

Photo Editor 44pts

Music Editor 28pts

News Editor 12pts

(No, she's not really that boring, we got dirt.)

Arts Editor 50 pts

LEIBER  
MEIN  
EINSHMIEKIE!

JOIN  
DAS  
PRESS!

# FIRE ALARM FELON UNPLUGGED

By Steven Tornello

**Simpsons Interlude:** Upon learning that a cat burglar was terrorizing Springfield, Homer and Moe formed a brigade to help combat the situation. Jimbo Jones sees them and asks, "Hey, are you that drunken posse? Can I join?" Moe asks, "Can you swing a sack of doorknobs?" "Can I!" he states enthusiastically. "Well, O.K.," replies Moe, "Here's your sack. But you have to supply your own doorknobs."

Although I did not have an encounter with a sack of doorknobs (even though my head felt like I did the next morning), my Thursday night did not end by trying to figure out the combination to my room. Upon returning from the Park Bench, I entered my hall in Irving and saw what not too many people get a chance to see: a gray clothed, masked, and caped shadow pulling the fire alarm outside my door. Noting that it was 4 AM, I was not taken aback by this phenomena since I usually time my sleeping habits according to these nightly occurrences. Seeing my indifference, this mysterious shadow quickly fled. My reporting instincts (coupled with my thirst for a \$500 reward for apprehending the fiend) took over my inebriation, and I gave chase.

This journey lead me to an area which is widely rumored about but rarely seen by students in this school. His trail of greasy film brought me to the Social Behavioral Sciences Building, where I caught a glimpse of his gray cape going down a banister towards the basement. With flashlight in one hand and Killian's Red in the other, I cautiously followed him down the steps, where he was awaiting me with a scornful smirk on his face. And then, thump, blackness occurred.

What transpired then will shock you, and might even change your opinions about what goes on in this school. I was sworn to secrecy, but I felt that this fable of fancy would help falsify fallacies of fire alarm philosophies. I do not expect you to believe my tale, but only to have an open mind to receive the information that I heard from "Asbestos Boy". But, as a noted philosopher once

exclaimed, "People will believe anything that involves fire alarms, asbestos, and sometimes small rodents being in celebrity cavities."

His name is Asbestos Boy or, at least, that's what he told me. Being bound to a boiler, I was in no shape to argue with him. He told me that he was at one time an undergraduate at Stony Brook, and he was confused and bitter during his stay about school and administration. However, his troubles involved a much deeper dilemma, as he elaborated.

"I needed a girlfriend. I was grotesquely ugly, with a third nostril and genital warts. I talked to girls using vulgar terms while spraying them with a refreshing mist of saliva, and, coupled with an extreme halitosis and mucus problem, I was confused to why girls wouldn't associate with me. I was extremely horny, and I needed to see girls dressed in their nighties. Since I couldn't do this on my own merits, I decided to pull fire alarms and take a good gander.

"I tried different times in different buildings. I pulled it, meaning the alarms, from 9 PM to 2 AM to even 6 AM. However, I felt that 4 AM was most successful in terms of attendance and shortness of nighties. After getting my jollies in the corner, I would continue the process in another building.

"Anyway, one day, I pulled the alarm, and a girl saw me. She originally mistook me for a cockroach, but eventually she found out my name and squealed on me to the RHD. Fearful of the consequences, I fled to the asbestos tunnels under the school. Since my lungs are so filled with asbestos, I was compelled to name myself after it. The second place name, 'Perversion Surgeon', didn't lend itself to the superhero status that I feel Asbestos Boy does so eloquently. Anyway, with fire alarms not at my disposal anymore, I turned to porno movies and to fleeting glimpses of lunch ladies, but nothing could thrill me like fire alarm ogling. My problem was that I couldn't let my RHD see me. So I donned a mask and cape, and began to crawl within the shadows to different buildings. I have been pulling fire alarms for the last seven years. Any questions?"

I was surprised. A noted scholar once stated that "Paying dues leads one to immaturity," so I therefore told him that I thought fraternities were

responsible for fire alarm pulling. He replied, "I had that problem. So I went to the IFSC and bargained a deal called the Secret Student Annoyance Treaty where I would only pull fire alarms and they would only cause common area damage. Everyone was happy."

This was a sad, lonely, and greasy man I saw in front of me. But he was also intelligent and sneaky, and his genius proved itself when I asked him, "Since you have to leave immediately after pulling the fire alarms, how do you get your jollies by looking at girls in their nighties?" "Well, I don't leave immediately," he responded upon pulling out a Public Safety uniform. "I not only get a good ogling of girls, but I barge in their rooms to ravage myself in their underwear drawers." This disgusting revelation sickened me to my stomach (okay, not really). Since he discussed his history with me, I felt compelled to ask him about Asbestos Boy's future.

"Well, Asbestos Boy has a couple of options. I could continue on with my self-indulging acts of perversion, and die a lonely and sticky-fingered hermit. I could hit the talk show route and tell all of my tale. My people have already talked to Jerry Springer, Danny Bonaduce, and Tempestt Bledsoe about possible appearances. I could rejoin society to function as a lonely and sticky-fingered closet pervert. Or I could TA a math class. The future looks bright indeed for Asbestos Boy. Yes, indeed!"

He then told me that Dewey was due for a drill, and that I was holding him up. He breathed in my general direction, and I remember next being outside my door at 5 AM. Asbestos Boy's headquarters were safe, although a noted archaeologist once remarked, "One man's domain becomes every man's castle if nudie magazines are in the vicinity."

One can make many inferences from this encounter. First, I have a wild and sick imagination. But, besides that, although some people might be five steps behind socially, they are six steps ahead of us in perversion. Thirdly, someone can function after living in the asbestos tunnels. Fourth, fraternities are not responsible for fire alarms (okay, I'm getting carried away). And, finally, you don't have to swing a sack of doorknobs to be a menace to society.

## Another Bi-Weekly Contest

This issues contest deals with making fun of people at The Statesman. Instead of filling in the blanks or writing a caption to a cartoon, you'll have to write a story. Don't worry, it's not a long story, it shouldn't take you more than five minutes, because it can't be longer than 100 words long.

Your mission, should you accept it, is to finish a story that begins like this:

**One weekend Tom Masse and John Lowther went up to the Catskills alone in Tom's truck. In the cabin they....**

That's all you have to work with. So good luck and start sending in entries. They can be sent to Room 060 of the Student Union or e-mailed to us at SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU.

Again the winner will receive an eighth of a page to do whatever with, within limits prescribed by good taste. To make the contest more interesting we have made two lists of words. One contains words which will get you bonus points if you use them. The other list contains words that will get you disqualified from the competition because they are too easy to get into a story about two guys in a cabin.

These lists are designed to make you use your imagination. If you happen to use all the words in your story you are almost guaranteed to win. Also entries over 100 words will be fed to wolves, the beginning of the story does not count against your total. And if your entry happens to be exactly 100 words, you will receive a bonus towards winning. The prize for winning is 1/8 a page in our next edition to do with as you wish. Congrats to our last winner, who never brought us his eighth a page, but frankly we can't remember his name anyway.

### Words To Use

slip  
hairless  
Aryan  
mailbox  
penguin  
catnip  
cold fusion  
battleship  
punany  
pneumatic drill  
dozen  
tripolymer  
spot  
biodegradable  
Frederick  
catchers mitt  
endangered  
Bob Dole  
Shashoua  
Pocahontas

### Words You Can't Use

bone  
buttcheek  
fascist  
nugget  
Seawolf  
jelly  
discharge  
pogo stick  
pookie  
lightbulb  
doggy style  
lubricated  
fist  
French  
mixed nuts  
crusty  
poke  
smuggle  
liberal  
Desperado