

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

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The Truth Is Out There...

October 31, 1995



Trick or Treat, Statesman!

Satan's New House

By P. Milaré Ovis

The recent construction has more than just added an eyesore to the campus. This so called new student center is more than it seems. It will be home to a powerful group of satanists.

These satanists have nothing to do with the Wiccans that populate campus. In fact many of these Wiccans do not even know that the satanists exist. These satanists have existed in Stony Brook long before the campus even existed, and when the campus was created they coerced their way into positions of power in Administration. This way they could ensure their power, maybe even expand it. Who better to behold the power of satan than a student who needs an A on that Chem exam, or that lonely guy who desperately wants to get laid by some cheerleader in his hall.

The town of Stony Brook has long been a haven for witches. Back in the 18th century, a town based on Puritan morals was constructed in this area. Needless to say things got out of hand and many supposed 'witches' were thrown into the local stream and stoned to death. Hence the name Stony Brook; in reality it should be called Boney Brook, due to the amount of skeletons in its waters.

But back to the present. This campus is rife with satanic images.

For instance, there is the face on the north side of the Physics building. This stone sculpture depicts a demon erupting from the face of a person. The demon's mouth is wide open to catch the last rays of the winter solstice sun, which happens to fall directly into it. This bestia ē virō (beast out of man) is sometimes called the SunEater, and is a major symbol in the worshiping of Satan and his minions.

The next image on campus is the fountain in front of Harriman Hall. This fountain draws all sorts of people to lounge in front of it during the warm spring days. Coincidence? Nope, there is an innate power in this two level fountain that draws people to it. Ever wonder why you see so many people sleeping around it during the sunny days. Its because their heads are being filled with pleasant dreams of revenge of their enemies.

The fountain was built to the exact specifications that Alister Crowley laid out in his books. The Devil's Chalice, he called it, has the ability to alter

dreams and play with your subconscious mind.

We can't forget the Faerie Mound in front of the SBS Building. This mini hill with five birch trees growing in it is one of the main sights that the satanists used for their rituals, that is until the new student center is complete. Why is it that the trees are laid out exactly on the major compass points, and with one at the center? And what has caused only the tree on the east side to grow to its full potential? Satan.

Actually it's Demogorgon. And this is his personal altar.

To tap the power of the Faerie Mound, you must dance around the mound 11 times, counter-clockwise, in the non-light of the empty moon. This ritual should occur sometime after Fall has started. Why do you think we get Rosh Hashanah off? To celebrate the Jewish New Year? Well, it also happens to be the day for this ritual.

But the new spoon that will stir satan's caldron is the New Activity Center... and the main source of the satanists power is in plain sight of everyone.

It is this spot on campus that two major magical fey lines cross on campus. These are magical lines that circle the globe, and when they cross the innate magical powers found in the earth are multiplied and summoning can take place. For example, Stonehenge lies on the conjunction of four of these lines.

In between Harriman, ESS and the new center, there is a large circular area surrounded by light poles on slabs of concrete. These aren't slabs; they are sacrificial altars. And guess what, there are five of them, the exact number of points on the pentagram. Again, this is no coincidence. There are an additional six slabs with lights on them, bringing the number of points of power to 11.

The number 11 has many purposes in satanic rituals and it is chosen because it represents the "imperfect zodiac." The satanic calendar leaves

Leo out of their star charts, as it represents all that is regal and good.

Also, the ground has been laid out to form a large satanic symbol. The circle within a circle within a open circle is a major player in demonology, especially the color pattern that it forms. Black in red in black. The black (tar) represents evil and soullessness, a vacuum of freewill. And the red (brick) represents blood, for sacrificial purposes. With the final circle being incomplete, allowing the red to spill outwards from the center. This stands for the huge amounts of blood that must be sacrificed for any ceremony to occur on campus.

The brick is infact brimstone. Right from the bible, they are the building blocks for abyss and now they have found a home on campus. There are also large sets of parallel lines carved into the brick; these are channels for the spilled blood used in the conjuring of the demon Jubilex. These lines were formed by the claws of lesser demons, brought onto the campus and then banished back to Gehenna.

This area is the center of a large pentagram that is formed by connecting the points of the five most chaotic magic on campus as the map shows. These places are; the office of the Stony Brook Press, Fred Prestons' Office in Administration, the Computing Science loading bay, the labs in the Computing Center and the toadstool vent behind the Math Building. All of these places are great sources of chaotic energy, caused by the crossing of fey lines, and are important in helping to power the satanic circle.

All these things help to make Stony Brook the haven for satanists in the SUNY system, which is one of the reasons that Governor Pataki cut Phase II of the Student Center. It was going to contain a series of hidden stone idols of many of the major demons; Orcus, Balor and Bhaal. But Pataki, and his druids, cut this program as they had found out about this and wanted to save the universe from the "followers of

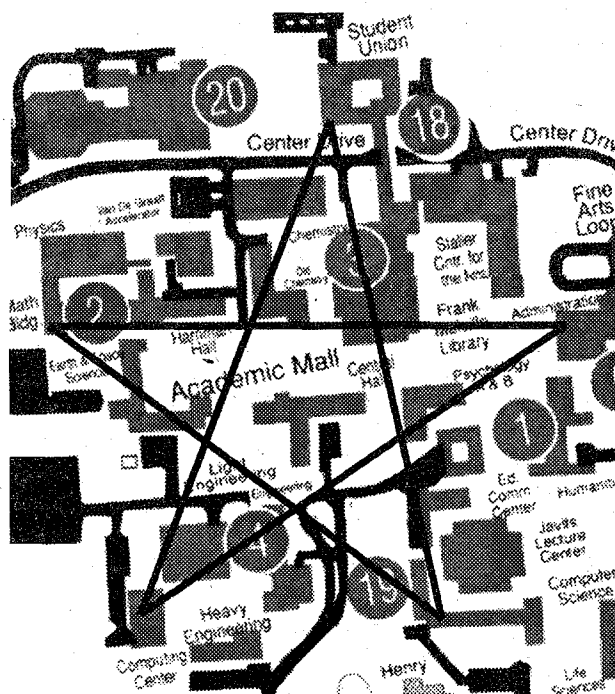
Mephistopheles."

We are safe for now. But next time you are walking across campus and feel a cold wind blow, or think you hear voice, be afraid.

Be very afraid.



Photo by John Guiffo



Freeze.

Hey you freshman. Yeah you. The ones who showed interest in joining **The Press** during orientation and then never responded to the letters we sent you. We still know where you live and your phone numbers. And don't think that we won't call you at 4:00am and wake your lousy ass out of bed.

Join us or we'll have 18 pizzas delivered to your room at all hours of the night. **The Press**, room 060 Student Union, 632-6451. Ask for Walter Skinner.

So Much For Your Constitutional Rights

Special to The Stony Brook Press
Edited by Katherine Zafiris

"It isn't that they can't see the solution.
It is that they can't see the problem."
G.K. Chesterton

"To serve and protect." This is the motto which police forces across the nation profess to uphold. Many of us, as blacks and Latinos, even as whites, know that this philosophy is preached but rarely practiced by many officers of the law. The constitution allows us to be innocent until proven guilty. There have been instances when sometimes enforcers of the law act in opposite manner. Recently on the Stony Brook campus there was an incident that proves this point.

On Monday, October 23 at 9:30 p.m., two students were returning to their suite in Kelly Quad. Before entering the dormitory, they saw two plain clothes individuals, a white female and a black male, accompanied by two Public Safety Officers, approaching their suite. The two residents of the suite asked the two individuals if they could be of any help. The two individuals, who did not initially identify themselves as officers of any kind, briefly explained that an alleged report of gunshots coming from Schick College's third floor had brought them there. The two individuals then proceeded to ask the two students if they resided in this particular suite. The two students responded yes and the female, whom at this time did not identify herself as an officer, asked the black male, who also had not been identified, to put the two students against the wall.

This act of putting the students against the wall suggested to the students that they were to be frisked and that they were then assumed to be suspects without any evidence. This does not seem to be proper police procedure.

Meanwhile, the two students explained that they just came back from taking an exam, insisting that they knew nothing about any gunshots. The two students then entered the suite room to inform their suitemates about the accusations. One of the residents of the suite then asked one of the unidentified officers to wait outside a minute. The officers, going against proper procedure, barged into the suite without a warrant.

Upon entering the suite, the unidentified female grabbed a chair and began to interrogate one of the residents of the suite who had been sleeping. The questions consisted of assumptions and assumed the guilt of the individuals in the suite. The questions appeared to be rather incoherent and incriminating. "What do you know about gunshots?" "How do you feel about guns?" Throughout the course of the questioning, the unidentified female only gave the details that these specific gunshots were from a B.B. gun and that eyewitnesses reportedly said that the shots came from a window on the third floor. No other evidence was given.

Soon the violations began to get personal. The residents from the suite began to question the unorthodox interrogation that was beginning to happen. This began to infuriate the two unidentified interrogators. Upon being questioned by one resident who knew his rights as to whether or not a person can enter a room without being asked in, the unidentified interrogator firmly answered "Yes, we are conducting an investigation!" Then the same resident asked the Public Safety Officers standing outside the suite the same question. This time the Public Safety Officers responded "No! An officer of the law cannot enter the premises without a search warrant or without being invited in."

This is where the incident becomes strange. Once the Public Safety officers made it clear to the residents of

the suite that the unidentified interrogators had proceeded against their rights, the residents asked them to leave. The unidentified interrogators agreed to leave, but seemed very hesitant. Before they left, the unidentified black male turned to the resident who asked him to leave and said "Son, I hope you get shot." The residents, bewildered by this statement, turned to each other as if to say, "Did he just say I hope you get shot?" What kind of person is this? And then upon learning that he was a University Public Safety Officer, they had to question

Amendment IV to the U.S. Constitution

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

what kind of law officer this was. Is this the kind of safety officer that the students of Stony Brook want protecting them on campus?

Several of the residents of the suite followed the officer outside into the hallway. They still could not grasp the threat that was coming from the officer. One of the residents then questioned the officer back, "You want this specific student to get shot?" The officer then calmly answered "Yes." This was incomprehensible to the students. A deathwish from a USB Police Officer. It's pitiful to think that one day we may need to rely on him for help.

The students then asked for the name and badge number of the officer. The officer then responded "I don't need to give you anything."

The one thing this officer certainly did not give was common courtesy and respect.

These unidentified so-called detectives did not in any way act accordingly. This community does not belong to the USB Police Department. This community belongs to us, the students. As students here, we should

believe and hope that the actions and attitudes of these Public Safety Officers do not reflect the overall USB Police Department. Nevertheless, they do represent Public Safety at Stony Brook and should conduct investigations properly.

The original complaint given was that gunshots were heard coming from the third floor of Schick College. The room in which these officers chose to investigate was never specified in the original complaint. After this initial disturbance, these officers never questioned anyone else on the floor. They just left. So much for a thorough investigation. They have not questioned anyone else since.

The residents involved in this situation became suspects without probable cause. They were singled out, their privacy invaded, their rights raped, and their lives violated. They were not treated decently. While being questioned, they were verbally abused and wished dead. These so-called officers cannot get away with this asinine behavior. The victimized students will not stand for it. Contemplate this: these students represent the USB student body as a whole. If this can happen to them, it can happen to anyone on campus.

At the beginning of the semester, Public Safety printed an article in *The Statesman* proclaiming that they were working to improve their relations with students. This incident that happened on October 23, 1995 is a huge contradiction to that proclamation. The victims and the campus community that they belong to request a formal apology from Public Safety; preferably in a form of a letter to the student body which can be printed in a student run newspaper on campus. They also request a formal apology from the officers involved. This is the least that the victimized students deserve.

The officer's procedures were wrong. Every technicality, down to the fact that the officer never initially identified themselves as officers, was wrong. Isn't this the first thing a rookie cop learns at the academy? Identify yourself as a police officer. Or were they absent that day? This whole situation is reminiscent of a satirical play. The theme, the idiocy of two ego hungry officers. The comedy in this satire is at the expense of the victimized students. The chorus of this satire is in the laughter of the two uniformed Public Safety Officers standing outside for the two detectives.

The above incident is written on a ICF, and as a police complaint. The problem that arises here is that cops usually have a problem disciplining themselves. The students involved must then revert to communicating this incident through student oriented means. This appeal is also to Doug Little. Doug Little cannot condone such unethical behavior on the part of his two officers. He cannot ignore this situation. It is a tragic day for the SUNY system when those who are paid to protect its students choose not to. This appeal for justice and change in the system of Public Safety goes out to the educated intellect of the student body and the administration. The students involved were clearly in the right. The purpose of USB's Public Safety is to serve and protect the students attending the university. It is not to manipulate their power against those that they deem suspicious.

The main objective here is not to condemn Public Safety. The main objective here is to shed light on the injustice which no student at this university should go through. Most Public Safety officers are ethical, helpful and respectful. The two detectives that harassed the residents are the few rotten apples at the bottom of a barrel. For any administration faculty or Public Safety Official to dismiss this as an isolated, irrelevant incident, is adding gas to a burning flame.

As students of this university you are urged to show your support for student rights. Show your response to incidents like this in way of letters and columns to any of the student run newspapers. Let your opinions be heard. This incident cannot be isolated. Keep in mind that the university funds USB's Public Safety Officers. As students we fund the university. It is your duty as part of this community to counterattack any wrong doings by Public Safety.

In conclusion, the students involved would like call for action by the student body. They would have liked to use the names of the detectives involved but these names were not given out. They would like to have known more about the B.B. gun incident but this information was not allowed out.

They would like to have seen the incident report that the detectives were investigating. This was not allowed to be seen. So the students involved are doing the next best thing. They are attacking Public Safety in an educated and ethical way. They know what the consequences are in fighting a bureaucratic system like Stony Brook. But as educated citizens in this society they know their rights and know that they must fight for them. As educated citizens in this community, you as the reader must know your rights. Stand up and fight. Tell your story. As students, we are not trying to condemn anyone as a whole; just their unethical actions.

The students then asked for the name and badge number of the officer. The officer responded "I don't need to give you anything."

The purpose of USB's Public Safety is to serve and protect the students attending the university. It is not to manipulate their power against those that they deem suspicious.

It's An Editorial!

Anyone out there read *The Statesman's* editorials? They're not a tough read... sometimes it's just a picture! And last week, they even ran a test!

What kind of a sorry excuse for an editorial is a quiz? Why not print something that closely resembles an editorial? That is what an editorial page is for and not for some pathetic exhibition of someone's bad sense of humor. Or better yet, you cannot just put in a comic strip section unless it is a relevant editorial comic strip. Alright, sometimes we publishing newspapers can get away with a cartoon as an editorial, but for god's sakes why print something as inane and such a waste of ink as a quiz? If the *Statesman* is such a stickler for conventionalities and conforming to them, then conform to conventional editorial columns. Get rid of that nonsense about something new to look at. This is a chance for a newspaper as a whole to express their point of view in terms of editorial policies and commentaries about recent events and goings-on in this campus, town, state, nation and the world. What happened? Did you have no time? Did you run out of ideas and this is just a lazy way of slapping on the filler for space? Puh-lease, spare me. Everyone is busy, and everyone is tired and stressed. But everyone, including the *Press*, through all the mucking and raking, has put in the time and effort to scrape up an editorial in order to have a decent editorial page. Other newspapers like *News and Views*, *Blackworld* and even *En Accion* have editorials and they are mostly understaffed, yet they persevere. Is this a sorry and vindictive way of replacing a staff member's editorial? Or was the planned edi-

torial that was handed in so lame that it was unacceptable even for the *Statesman's* standards? Who knows? An editorial page is important and should be treated with at least as much respect as placing a scurrilous (or potentially libelous) yet apt headline in the *Press*, or and laying out an ad in one of those illustrious pages of the *Statesman*. It is a waste of ink and money to have to print one single extraneous if not unnecessary page.

Although the *Press* would readily admit to have been guilty of the same charge once or twice, it does not mean that we will keep shooting ourselves in the foot every other week. (Careful observation could do wonders sometimes). If no one in the *Statesman* office can bother to write some decent editorials this year then get rid of the whole page completely and label it something like "Another Obnoxiously Snooty Letters Column" or "We Don't Have A Clue" or better yet, "Totally Creative Sewage" or maybe, just maybe "Dr. Fistfuck Writes The Editorial." How 'bout them apples, eh?

The point is: write an editorial. Look at this one, it is satire and commentary in one; a lyrical answer to the question; why bother putting a quiz in place of an editorial? Pardon the "waxing poetic" move but this can only be handled with kid gloves. By the way, kid gloves are not needed to actually type an editorial. Maybe that's the problem, and if it is, take them off, put on the thinking cap (you probably threw it away with Shashoua's column), dust the keyboards and type away. Try it sometime, it could be fun. Don't forget to edit.

The Stony Brook PRESS

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660 & 661 Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(516) 632-6451
e-mail:
SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU

Letters

To the Editor:

I am writing this letter partly because of my own will, and partly because it was an assignment in my English class. This is just another letter saying how happy we all are to have The Press.

For my English class I had to pick an article from the newspaper, write a response and send it to the publisher. On Monday I picked up *The Statesman*. Unfortunately *The Stony Brook Press* is delivered on Tuesday afternoon. As always, *The Statesman* sucked and I couldn't respond to anything in there, but I had to take it to my class and embarrass myself. When I finally received *The Press*, I read it from cover to cover and decided not to select an article, but to respond to the paper.

The Press is the best newspaper I have ever read. It is funny and you write about stuff people enjoy reading about. I like your Oceansize section, Digital Wasteland, Top Ten Things ..., coverage and reviews. The best thing about *The Stony Brook Press* is that you always make fun of *The Statesman* and its publishers. In your last issue (October 2, 1995) you had The Stony Brook Purity Test. That gives me an idea how much fun a person can have

on-campus, the things you can do, and the places you can go. For now my score is too low to mention. However some questions remain unanswered like where is The Physical Plant building, where and what is a Steam Tunnel, what is a "Glory Hole" and what can you use it for?

Thank you very much for taking your time to read this letter. Keep up the good work and please respond to my letter, because I will be graded on it.

Sincerely,
Alex Natanson

You must be a Freshman. The Physical Plant is that monstrosity south of the union that fills our night sky with steam and pollutants. For a description of the Steam Tunnels, see our last issue. If you want to know how to use a glory hole, write to the Statesman.

To the University community:

On Saturday October 21, at 12 noon there was a demonstration in front of the UN (51st St. and 1st Ave) in Manhattan.

This was to protest any further economic restrictions against Cuba, which would bring increased hunger, sickness and misery to that country's inhabitants.

The ostensible reason for the unilater-

al US blockade is suppression of human rights by the Castro government, but this is untrue. The US has supported it in the past and continues to support undemocratic regimes in many countries. They support a communist oligarchy in China that's much more repressive than Castro's. Besides the obvious lure of China's one billion customers, what's the difference?

Largely, it's the Cuban émigré community centered in Florida. The elite of this community is the same elite that ruled pre-revolution Cuba when the entire island was a corrupt off-shore plaything for US organized crime syndicates. Their leader is Jorge Mas Canosa, a former Mafia thug who is not averse to using threats and coercion to make his points. These people have lots of money to contribute to politicians like Robert Torricelli and Jesse Helms.

Cuba also has highly-developed state-run health and education programs, superior to anything in the rest of capitalist-controlled Latin America. The powers that be in the US (who are trying to destroy public health and education here) don't want a successful socialist model that other countries might try to emulate.

Scully Naked

It's what Noam Chomsky calls "the threat of a good example." Just as Nicaragua's experiment had to be destroyed, so must Cuba's

Recent events in Eastern Europe show us that while many Cubans may yearn for democracy, what they'll get is capitalism. If the communists pack it in tomorrow, the Cuban people will not be allowed to decide their own fate. They'll be subjected to rapacious "shock therapy" policies which will eliminate public-sector services and jobs and reduce most people to poverty while fabulously enriching a small minority. Even anti-Castro Cubans know this and oppose US intervention.

The UN has voted over-

continued on next page

Why I Hate The Statesman (And Why You Should Too)

By John Giuffo

Feuds can be an incredible amount of fun. Nothing brings a group of people together better than a common enemy. Nothing creates warmth and good feelings amongst groups more than hatred. And no one is more deserving of blind, violent, homicidal hatred than *The Statesman*. The Press staff is so close now. I love these guys more than my own family. Heather has promised to name her first child after Lowell, and Dave is getting a tattoo of Liv on his ass. We are like one, big, happy family, and it's all thanks to *The Statesman*.

We hate them, and they deserve it. It's not like a third grade feud, where we hate them because sometime last semester, John Lowther pushed Ted off the monkey bars. We hate them because they are the worst group of illiterate, sense of humor-lacking, petty, unattractive fools ever to pound a Shashoua spittle-laden Macintosh keyboard. And they suck to boot. They suck bad. Real bad. Like a two-dollar ho with a five dollar bill in her hands.

My utter and complete lack of respect for their publication started in the Spring semester of '94, when I transferred in. A prick named Richard Cole was their Editor-in-Chief, and boy, did he know how to make 15,000 people hate him. You see, Richard Cole was (still is) a racist. Big time. He would write columns expressing sentiments such as the fact most black people disgust him, and his idea that by letting students from the city attend school here, we are inviting crime and depravity to flourish on campus. Town meetings were held to

try to fix some of the damage he inflicted on race relations on this campus. There were concerted efforts to defund the paper. He hurt us, as a community, and he went a long way to de-legitimize *The Statesman* in the eyes of a large part of the student population, and rightfully so. Cole wouldn't have been elected Editor-In-Chief if the others working for the paper didn't vote for him. Papers as small as ours have editorial staffs that know each other well. They knew who Cole was. They knew his viewpoints. I'm sure they all sat around and laughed at some of the jokes Cole must've told at those late night production weekends. By choosing him as their leader, they vocalized their feelings on what he wrote about. They outed themselves as bigots. You can't have an Editor-In-Chief consistently spew venom about blacks, gays and women and expect to be taken seriously by anybody other than assholes.

So, the next semester, after Cole had graduated, they elected Tom Masse as Editor-In-Chief, and tried to distance themselves from the controversy that surrounded the paper the semester before. Masse, as a staff member, had voted for Cole the previous year, establishing himself as, if not a blatant bigot, then definitely as an enabler for racist bullshit to be aired in so influential a forum. Besides, Masse himself was responsible for editorials denouncing the AIM/EOP program as nothing but a waste of funds to what he saw as an inferior group of students. He decried using school money for the program, attacking again (coincidence?) inner-city students (read: black and hispanic) for siphoning funds to what he saw as an

academically inferior part of the campus. Thinly-veiled racism. No surprise coming from what was essentially the same group of assholes that published the same type of shit the semester before. In fact, *The Press* was formed in answer to the racist, homophobic, and sexist journalism perpetrated by *The Statesman* by a group of ex-editors of *The Statesman*. These editors were fed up with the conservatism the previously radical *Statesman* had been spouting lately, so on a chilly October day in 1979, a group of 30 students took over the offices of *The Statesman* to publish their own little guerilla paper, a paper that would come to be known as *The Stony Brook Press*. Idiocy is no new trait to the editors of *The Statesman*, in fact, it's a time-honored tradition.

So, things have changed very little in 16 years. They've still got their heads up their asses. They still intentionally misquote people in order to fit the structure of an editorial they want to write. They still are racist, and they still can't spell for shit. They have this view of themselves as a respectable provider of campus news and information (a view shared by few), and they believe that by publishing horoscopes and soap opera updates alongside advertisements for *Hooters* restaurants they are going to gain the respect of a community of about 20,000. Once again, *The Statesman* has disabused themselves of the facts in order to fit their narrow world-view. Does anyone wonder why we would want to piss on their door?

Letters Continued

whelmingly to condemn the US sanctions (only Israel and Romania voted with the US), and so has the Pope. The restrictions attempt to dictate to other countries who they can trade with. Happily, the ban is being defied both by foreign companies and US citizens. Only US companies are missing opportunities to invest there. If you didn't make the demo, at least call or write your Congressional and Senate representatives. Tell them you oppose the Helms-Burton and Torricelli Bills. There's also evidence that Clinton may veto the latest round of stupidity if it passes.

Filomena Uuvy

To the Editor:

I believe there was a slight typo in the article by Martha Chemas in the October 2nd issue: her closing paragraph says "the Republican Party still believes in self-reliance." To be accurate it should then read "for everyone except the rich and big business, who fill Republican campaign coffers and whom they so slavishly serve in their policies." How else to explain the lavish corporate welfare trough at which the piggies feed so greedily?

Chemas also fails to mention that not only ethnic minorities, but also women have benefited from affirmative action.

Ms. Chemas, if you really think you can make it solely on your own merits, and that whites and/or men aren't going to throw up any blockades to

your progress, more power to you. But you sound like you're from a privileged background and haven't seen too much of the world. Some day, sister, you're gonna kiss that glass ceiling and believe me, your eyes are gonna be opened.

Or you could strive to fill the shoes of Clarence Thomas or Phyllis Schlafly. Pucker up.

Deborah Brovniak

To the Editors:

I would like to express my extreme displeasure at the selection of Alfonse D'Amato as a speaker at the recent forum held here at Stony Brook on "Italian-Americans on Long Island".

Many Italian-Americans get upset when Hollywood portrays them as corrupt, self-serving Mafiosi or mindless, bigoted goombahs. So who do Italian-American university intellectuals choose to speak for us? A sleazy, self-serving racist politician with ties to organized crime. Hey, that'll do wonders for our image.

Lots of Italian-Americans are also quick to ridicule other ethnic groups, especially black people, when they rally around questionable leaders like Louis Farrakhan or Marion Barry. But guess who is chosen to represent them.

D'Amato also controls Republican politics in this state, and George Pataki, who is his prodigy, is in the process of trying to screw the SUNY system to the wall. It's a mystery to me how SUNY professors could actu-

ally kowtow to someone whose party is out to terminate state university education. They must think they'll be spared if they play paizan with him. New Yorkers think they're superior to people in North Carolina, which is amicted with Jesse Helms, but guess who we've got to be proud of.

Couldn't they find someone better than this stronzo? My crazy aunt Paula would have been a more respectable speaker, and she would have made cannolis to boot.

Ben Quarternaro

To the editor:

We wish to extend our gratitude to the editors of the Press for mentioning our event, The Sci-Fi Forum Beefcake Auction. We would like to take this opportunity to apologize to the campus community for cancelling this activity on such short notice.

Unfortunately, while planning this activity, we did not take into account the overwhelming Vegan and vegetarian population within our organization. Furthermore, Collen Skadl, never President of NYPIRG, could not figure out how exactly to get the cow into the blender.

We are currently working on rescheduling this event, which shall be the first annual "Meat the Loaf Auction." For more information please contact the Science Fiction Forum at 2-6598 and ask for the shifholder on duty.

Sincerely,
The Sci-Fi Forum



**Look at Scully.
She is determined
to read The Press.
So if you want to
impress her, join
our wacky band of
geeks and freaks.**

**We meet
Wednesdays at
1:00pm in Room
060 of The
Student Union.
Be there.**

Equality?!?

By Anne Ruggiero

Men and women. Women and men. What's the deal? The Battle of the Sexes has been an endless, controversial struggle since the days of Adam and Eve. You'd think that after two thousand plus years at least one side would be able to get it right. Well, obviously not, because recent progress on women's issues has abruptly halted, and now there is a rather nasty counteractive male-power movement to boot. Will the feminist movement, which has been stalemated on the topics of sexual harassment and equal salaries for several years, crawl into a hole at the first signs of male confrontation? Will the backlash give men a new self-confidence? Or will it further polarize the sexes? And after all of the time and effort, why is gender-equality not progressing smoothly?

Basically, we haven't progressed because society received the wrong picture. As much as it kills me to admit this, the radical feminists of the 1970's got a tad overzealous and in their well-meaning attempts to make men see women as capable beings, they forgot one immensely important fact—men and women are not the same! They never have been, and, hopefully, they never will be. May I add that this major feminist theory does not in any way contend that one gender is inferior to the other. It does, however, state the unavoidable fact that males and females are indeed different.

As stated before, I believe that the error of our ways is rooted in the radical women's movement. Feminists trying to tackle the Herculean task of

convincing the whole male race that women are their equals created a sort of super-woman—the perfect wife and professional in one, a utopian balance of feminine virtues and aggressive ability. In essence, the working mother. Millions of women have since combined family and career rather successfully, but with serious consequences. Working mothers, who in many situations have gained much needed independence also were forced to tackle a much heavier load than that of their male counterparts. When a woman inevitably became burnt out from the double work load, many of her male peers claimed that she was incapable and over-emotional. From this point of view, the feminist movement failed. Not because females are inferior, but because the media missed the message at the core of the women's rights movement.

Men and women are undeniably different beings, but we cannot allow ourselves to strictly categorize and stereotype. True, men in general may be able to complete a physical task with more ease than a woman, but that does not mean that all women are physically inferior. We must be careful of the stereotypes that we inadvertently teach our children—watch to see if you encourage your son to be outspoken and your daughter to be demure. Beware of the examples that you set and the images that you portray. It is these ideals that lie at the heart of feminism—it's not about money, or salaries, or penis envy. It's about being able to be human.

Since society has misinterpreted women's goals, many people, both male and female, have become frustrated with the feminist movement. The recent male backlash to feminism has posed

an intriguing obstacle. The men's-power groups contest that reality had been warped by women's advocates and problems such as sexual harassment are derived from feminist propaganda. Many men claim that the women's rights movement was necessary, that it succeeded and made progress, and now it is over, so let it drop. Well, that depends on what "progress" means. Would one call working mothers progress? Is it an advancement to wake up early every morning to shuttle the kids off to school, then work from nine 'til five, only to go home to clean, make dinner for your family, pack lunches, make sure homework is finished, and still have time to make sure that your husband doesn't feel ignored? Have you read a women's magazine lately? Take a look and count how many articles deal with excess stress management for career women. The founders of the women's rights campaign didn't simply want careers slapped on top of their already-hectic lives, they wanted respect and independence. Real progress is when working fathers run around on their lunch hours to pick up sick children, and make dinner, and share the housework, not as an occasional favor to their wives, but because they honestly believe that it is half their responsibility. Progress is when a woman can get a promotion without doubting the motives of her advancement. Progress is when a single woman is not pitied and a childless woman is no longer considered unfortunate. Progress is much more than quotas and written rights. Progress is mutual respect and acceptance of differences and similarities.

Bias Crimes Must Be Stopped

By Angelique

In high school you expect some people to get picked on. Occasionally a freak gets smacked around and you think the bullies are jerks. But you're not surprised, since you've got hundreds of children locked in a school all day long trying to understand the balance between hormone-induced delusions and true thoughts. You blame their transgressions on adolescence and ignorance.

When I got to college I hoped to find thousands of educated adults behaving like... educated adults. Silly naive little me! The initial rude awakening of dirty looks, shoulder bumpings, loud mumbles and verbal threats that I witnessed was little more than an aggravation. As I watched my "weird" friends lower their eyes to avoid confrontations, I just chalked it all up to the ills of society.

Now I'm really angry. I just found out that recently here at Stony Brook someone was attacked for being gay. This person (John Doe as we'll call him) used to go to another college. At that college John joined a fraternity. Later, he transferred to Stony Brook, which happens to have its own chapter of that fraternity. While here at our proud and wonderful school, John joined the Lesbian Gay Bisexual Alliance (LGBA). One day John was walking on-campus wearing his fraternity letters when two boys from our chapter of that frat stopped him. They told him that no member of the LGBA was going to walk around in their letters. They punched him a couple of times and threw him into the woods. John has not reported these boys and/or their fraternity because he does not want to name the name of HIS fraternity because of two idiots. John also fears a backlash against himself, other gays, and/or the LGBA. While we cannot compel him to name his attackers we do not have to tolerate

these assholes or their juvenile bullshit.

If you take what they give you, you deserve what you get. Are you going to take it? John did not deserve what he got — no one does. However, as long as we let these things happen (no one stopped to help John Doe or even went to see if he was OK after the schmucks had gone), EVERYONE is one step closer to being a victim. Every time you refrain from disagreeing with a racist comment, every moment you sit inactively behind righteous opinions, you are a part of the PROBLEM, not the SOLUTION.

As one lonely crusader, you probably can't save the world from ignorance, oppression and intolerance. That's why I'm trying to start up a coalition with the LGBA and any other campus groups or individuals who are committed to change. Too many people are hurt when bias crimes go unchecked. I refuse to let anyone live in fear, worrying whether or not they'll be attacked for their identity or beliefs. I'd rather blow this up out of proportion now then sweep it under the rug and wait for something worse to happen later.

Our only defense against these abuses is a united front. There are plenty of minority groups on-campus who are fighting their battles against stupidity. If we could come together and form an army we'd have a war. If you're interested in the coalition and have ideas, questions or are just willing to help you can call the LGBA office at 632-6469.

Get off your ass and do something right. The support you show today may keep you safe tomorrow. As long as one person can be victimized on-campus none of the students here are safe. Are you going to wait until it happens to one of your friends? Are you going to wait until it happens to you?

Handwritten submissions will be strung together and used to toilet paper The Statesman office.

Letters should be no longer than 500 words, articles should be between 600-1000 words and mini-Snickers should be given to all kids who trick or treat.

The Press knows the truth is out there.



Don't Come Around Here No More

By Boyd McCamish

"We don't have the right to do what's wrong."
-Alan Keyes

The upcoming Presidential election presents a grand opportunity for the Republican party. With control of Congress safely in hand, a victory in 1996 would ensure an absolute republican agenda in all facets of life. Everything from your electric bill to how much you pay at a toll will be directly and indirectly influenced by such a result. The Republicans are aware of what such a dramatic shift in power would do for them. It would be the ultimate victory. However in the Republican war camp there is talk, talk about the one thing that would prohibit them from such an outcome; themselves. Despite their often uniform appearance, the party contains massive divisions on issues like abortion, welfare and foreign policy. Because the religious right plays such a large role in the gathering of votes in state and local elections, when the Presidential election comes up they want a return on their investment. They see it as the proper pay-back and their faith is widely-held popular support in the south and midwest.

However, in a presidential election the relation-

ship can lose some of its love. The Republican party tries hard to make the Christian Coalition happy while attempting to appear attractive to the rest of the nation. This often has fatal consequences; the presidential election in 1992 is an example of the republican party not in full control of itself.

So now in 1995, the Republicans have found a need to strike a balance of appeal. A recent nationally televised Republican presidential debate yielded little confidence in the notion that they will strike such a balance. It was a motley crew of old veterans of bureaucracy humming the tune of "I'm different!!" Same devil, different dress. One candidate did stand out as a determined, impassioned leader who's convictions are with-out compromise; Alan Keyes. This former Reagan administration Ambassador to the United Nations stood strong on his moral belief that abortion is wrong. He was so convinced of this that he spoke of nothing else. When asked by the mediator if the federal government should "start legislating morality," Keyes replied "I wish you in the media would stop asking that stupid question. The government created the death penalty and abortion and you want to know whether it should START! legislating it. It's really stupid and I wish you would stop." Keyes, with arms flailing spoke about the need of

the nation to return many federal bureaucracies back to faith-based organizations. It was by all accounts the most entertaining display of the evening and one that was considered important if Keyes plans to launch himself into the national spotlight. This however was not a staged event. Keyes has been speaking from his heart for a long time. In 1982 Keyes was a mid level officer in the State Department. While in India with then-US. ambassador to the UN. Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, she was attacked by a group of Indian intellectuals about the role of the United States in world politics. Keyes, who was in the audience stood and gave a fiery oratory on US. politics and culture. His actions won him a promotion. Keyes has been looking up ever since.

So here lies the problem for the Republicans; they have two types of candidates; old war dogs (Bob Dole), or terribly misguided preachers of morality like Alan Keyes. Each lacks the open-mindedness needed for a nation as diverse as ours, and neither is willing to learn. If Bill Clinton can stick to his plan of letting the Republicans beat themselves, he should prevail. If he chooses to go on the offensive, it is more than likely that he will open the door to a one-sided monotone dinosaur that won't let the country progress.

Residents Cause Tuition Hikes

By Andy Preston

While I was waiting for a computer in the Library SINC site, I saw a piece of paper in the recycle container which interested me. It was a "letter to the editor" which seemed to be directed to one of the university's major student publications. I haven't seen it in print yet, but I decided I would reply to some of the claims made within that letter.

The letter basically stated that residents of the university abuse the utilities, such as water and electricity. The letter continues to state that due to this waste, the entire university community suffers, including commuters. Commuters and residents alike must pay higher tuition bills due to the waste of the residents.

That point is blatantly false. Tuition is based solely on the number of credits the student is taking, the cost of the facilities, (including professor salaries and maintenance of buildings,) and state aid to the university. As most of us know, the university has been getting less and less state aid each fiscal year. The state has cut back dramatically on the aid allowed to the SUNY system in general, and Stony Brook has been affected by this as well. The main reason tuition increases is because of state aid decreases.

I was raised believing that water is a precious commodity. Coming from a small rural area, my family has its own well, and there was a limited supply of water available to the house. My mother always told me to turn off the water when I brushed my teeth, to take fast and efficient showers, and to basically use as little water as I could.

Apparently, others were taught differently. One of my suite mates runs the shower for half an hour before actually taking his shower, which is always long and drawn out. He leaves the water running when he brushes his teeth, and is generally wasteful in that manner. He comes from a wealthy family and I believe that he was taught that environmental issues such as water conservation was not as important as I was taught to believe.

I feel that once somebody goes to a different place, either in college or in life, that person will take their beliefs with them. I was taught at home

to conserve water, so I do here. My suite mate wasn't taught that, so he uses water excessively.

The same concept is true with energy usage. At home, my family turns off the lights, television, radio, and anything that uses power every time we leave the room. Here, I do the same. My suite mate was apparently not taught that, and he leaves lots of energy consuming appliances on most of the time.

The letter states that a possible solution to the residents' excessive use of energy and water consumption would be to bill the individual student for their consumption. For the commuters out there, we residents pay for our room as if it were an apartment with full utilities. The cost is a little better than that for an apartment, but we still pay a separate fee for living on campus. Commuters do not bear the brunt of students using the utilities of the university residence halls.

The letter also suggests that computers waste large amounts of energy. It argues that students who have computers in their rooms should turn off the computer each time they leave it. I am a principle offender of this statement. My computer is turned on once in the morning and turned off once at night. I use the computer most of the time I am in my room, so I feel that it would be wasteful to continuously turn the computer on and off each time I leave the room. A study was done where it was suggested that if you use a computer once in a two hour time span, the computer should be left on. More power is consumed when you start it than when it is running for two hours.

Also, there is excessive wear on a computer when it is turned on and off often. The hard disk repetitively accesses the same data, causing that section of the hard disk to become worn. The physical switch is also worn during that start-up period.

Thus, I believe that the university should not bill students for their power and water usage. This would be just an extra bill and would most likely cost more to institute, with the installation of individual timers and controls for each resident, than the revenue that could be made. Commuters do not bear the brunt of students' usage of electricity and water; that cost is covered by the room and board fee charged to resident students.

This is the house ad where we usually make fun of one of our staff members that did something embarrassing this week. They usually complain to us that printing one of their snafus for the campus to see was underhanded, but to them we say "f*** y**."

This is to try to get you readers to join **The Press** because of all the cool things we do and how we make fun of our staff in the pages of our paper.

But instead of telling you what happened this past week, we want you to actually come down to our office (Room 060 Student Union) and join **The Press**. Then we can tell you all of the secrets of The Press. (Well, Liv will tell you, she's a real gossip hound.) And you'll really want to know what happened this week, it's almost unimaginable. I'll give you a hint, it involved a pair of scissors, 4 cases of Molson and wet leaves.

The Stony Brook Press
Room 060 Student Union
632-6451

"Where your fubars are our
house ads"

The first issue of The Press is free after that the price starts at 3 cents, but goes up exponentially after that.
3, 9, 27, 81... you get the picture.

SAVE THE PRESS!!!

On November 7th & 8th, you, the students, will be able to vote on the Student Activity Fee Referendum. This referendum is brought to vote every four years and is what makes your Activity Fee mandatory. Without this, individual students could choose whether or not to pay the Fee if it is made optional.

You are probably wondering why you wouldn't vote against this. Why spend the \$77 per semester when you don't have to?

Well without the Student Activity Fee, Polity would have no money to split among the student groups. This money not only pays for services like The Stony Brook Press and Blackworld, but also pays for COCA, all the minority action groups, SPA Security, all of our concerts and events, Intramural Sports, and so much more.

The sad fact is that if the activity fee is not mandatory, lots of people will decide not to pay it to save themselves seventy bucks. These pikers will still enjoy everything other people pay for... without taking the damage. In addition, since there will be less money coming in, many activities will fold. You think Stony Brook is boring now? Try it without ANY activities.

By taking away the mandatory Student Activity Fee, they are taking away your freedom to join any clubs that you wanted to join. In fact, this would take all the clubs away from you, as many wouldn't be able to exist to with out the money they receive from Polity.

So when you are asked to vote, vote to keep the Student Activity Fee mandatory. For many people this \$77 is the most worth while part of their tuition. It allows them to enjoy their stay at Stony Brook, by allowing access to things that interests them.

Your vote allows organizations like The Press to exist. With Polity sponsorship, we can continue to print the paper you all love. Should we lose that sponsorship, we will cease to exist. Vote for the mandatory fee.

Mandatory Student Activities Fee

"I know where my money goes"

Student Government
POLITY SENATE • POLITY JUDICIARY • POLITY COUNCIL

Programs

COCA, CURRENT HIT MOVIES- FREE! • STUDENT ACTIVITIES BOARD (SAB) CONCERTS- COMEDY - LECTURES - PARTY'S - BBQ'S - SUMMER ACTIVITIES - THEME PARK TRIPS - FREE FOOD SOCIALS • CULTURAL SHOWS • COLLEGE BOWL • GAMING CLUB • MEDIEVAL GUILD • RETURNING STUDENT ORG. • SCIENCE FICTION FORUM • HOMECOMING • SPIRIT NIGHT • ANIMATED PERSPECTIVES • EQUESTRIAN/RIDING • MATH • PAKISTANI STUDENT ORG. • PHILIPPINE UNITED STUDENTS ORG. (PUSO) • USB CHESSMASTERS • WOMEN'S RUGBY • ANTHROPOLOGY • ECONOMICS SOCIETY • MEAS •

Cultural & Special Interest

MINORITIES IN MEDICINE • UNDERGRADUATE BIOCHEMISTRY • HSC ASSOCIATION • AFRICAN AMERICAN STUDENT ORG. • ASIAN STUDENTS ALLIANCE • CHINESE AMERICAN AT STONY BROOK • CARIBBEAN STUDENTS ORG. • CENTER FOR WOMEN'S CONCERNS • CLUB INDIA • GOSPEL CHOIR • HILLEL • HAITIAN STUDENT ORG. • LATIN AMERICAN STUDENT ORGANIZATION • LESBIAN GAY BISEXUAL ALLIANCE • KOREAN AMERICAN STUDENT ASSOCIATION • UNITI CULTURAL CENTER

Media

BLACKWORLD • SHELANU MAGAZINE • SPECULA YEARBOOK • DESTINY JOURNAL • STATESMAN JTV • STONY BROOK PRESS • WUSB

Athletics

ATHLETIC TRAINING • ICE HOCKEY • INTRAMURALS, VOLLEYBALL- FLAG FOOTBALL- SOFTBALL- TENNIS- HANDBALL- SOCCER- BASKETBALL- STEP AEROBICS- BADMINTON- RACQUETBALL- SK RACES- SWIMMING- SQUASH- WEIGHT TRAINING •

Services

RUGBY • SPIRIT CLUB • AMBULANCE (SBVAC) • POLITY • SPA SECURITY • AV • POLITY PRINT

SHOP • COLOURS CAFE • FREE TUTORING • FREE LEGAL CLINIC • STUDENT ASSOCIATION OF THE

STATE UNIVERSITY (SASU) • UNITED STATES STUDENT ASSOCIATION (USSA) • NYPIRG • SCHOLARSHIP

PROGRAM (SAINTS) • STUDENTS TOWARDS AN ACCESSIBLE CAMPUS (STAC) • UNIVERSITY RESPONSE

HOTLINE • STUDENT EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES • AMMANN • BARUCH • BENEDICT •

COMMUTER • CARDOZO • DEWEY • DOUGLASS • DREISER • EISENHOWER • GERSHWIN • GRAY •

GREELEY • HAND • HAMILTON • JAMES • KELLER • LANGMUIR • MOUNT • O'NEIL • SANGER • SCHICK

• STIMSON • TOSCANINI • WAGNER • WHITMAN • HSC

All They Could Do Was Watch

By Heather Irene Rosenow

It takes a great deal to surprise me, especially in regard to International Government organizations getting their proverbial asses off the ground and saving lives. However nothing could have prepared me for the mass slaughter being uncovered in Srebrenica. Quite literally all the U.N. peace-keeping troops could do was watch. Watch the genocide of the people whom they were sent to protect. The organizations of NATO and the United Nations did nothing when repeated requests were sent for help. One plea from a United Nations officer to leaders in Geneva said "Urgent urgent urgent. B.S.A. is entering the town of Srebrenica. Will someone stop this immediately and save these people. Thousands of them are gathering around the hospital. Please Help." Not a single thing was done. As the world watched, 6,000 people were murdered in



cold blood. And still we sit. This has been described as the worst war crime in Europe since World War II and still we sit. People are systematically marched onto trucks and driven to their deaths. Accounts of the carnage has been given by the few survivors who were able to escape the horrible death so many others could not. Nazad Avdic, a 17 year old survivor, recounted what a Serbian soldier said after looking over a field of

dead Muslims ; "That was a good hunt. There were a lot of rabbits here." Rabbits. Thousands of human beings are being killed and we, by not doing anything, are treating them as such.

I personally was completely disgusted upon reading an account of a U.N. officer's reaction, or perhaps lack of one is a better description, when requests for air strikes to defend Srebrenica were voiced. As reported in the New York Times, "In Zagreb, the Croatian capital, General Janvier, the United Nations commander for Bosnia, convened his top military advisers at 8pm. It was a tense meeting, repeatedly interrupted for updates from the Dutch troops. The general asked for advise. The response was nearly unanimous: air strikes. The United Nations' credibility was at

stake. Srebrenica was a safe area. It had to be defended. "We need F-16's swooping down now" said a Dutch officer, according to a participant at the meeting. General Janvier was unpersuaded. He announced that he would sleep on it. He left his aides "aghast" as an United Nations official put it. I'm so glad that this situation is being taken seriously by U.N. leaders. Obviously thousands of lives are at stake. Once before I wrote about

this situation in the Western Balkans. I got a response which read "Don't you know we don't go in somewhere unless there's something in it for us, like oil?" Ah. I see. Does no one else feel complete and total outrage at these atrocities? Perhaps people won't realize the extent of these crimes until it has all ended. Frighteningly enough that's just what happened in WWII.

People were systematically loaded into warehouses and killed. Serbian soldiers would shoot through the windows and shoot grenade launchers into the warehouses. When it was over they told the survivors or the injured that if they came out they would help them. Some went out only to be killed. Again this account was given by a survivor who managed to escape only by covering himself with the dead surrounding him. We still can't be sure but American intelligence analysts estimate the number to be between 5,000 and 8,000 people killed in the areas around Srebrenica within the last few days alone. Why didn't the United States do anything to help these people? Don't we have the most high-tech intelligence equipment for this reason? Well yeah. We just don't have enough analysts to process the material. Sometimes pictures which hold people's lives in the balance aren't processed until 3 weeks after they are received. That sort of eliminates the usefulness of being so high-tech doesn't it? Governments across the world have agreed that the things happening are blatant acts of genocide. O.K., now that we're all in agreement, when the hell is something going to be done?

The Butcher's Apron

By Chris Sorochin

In a recent article on (yawn) flag-burning, one Kelly S. Carey writes that as a Persian Gulf veteran he marched proudly behind the flag, etc. I wonder if this pride was at its most intense during the air war, in which allied forces savagely bombed civilian areas, killing untold thousands. Or was it during the ground war, in which thousands of young men with the same basic hopes and dreams as himself were burned and buried alive by other young people, whose government considers them to be at too tender an age to legally drink beer. How obscene.

Before the bombing started, I was one of the fools who believed that after Vietnam, the American people had learned a valuable lesson and would be way too civilized to back any similar murderous pursuit. Like Mr. Carey, I thought we would rise above past atrocities and become the great and admirable nation we like to believe we are. I lied to myself through Reagan's Central American death squads, the bombing of Libya and the invasions of big, bad, threatening countries like Grenada and Panama. Just muscle-flexing, I said, It'll blow over.

Even up to the last minute, I thought it was only a big show of chest thumping and everyone could go home intact. And I never thought people would actually buy the bogus rationales for the war, especially when we armed Saddam in the first place. Even more naively, I never believed the government would brazenly bomb cities of civilians. As I said, I didn't pay enough attention to the dress rehearsals of the '80s.

The first day they started raining death on the people of Iraq, I walked through my town with a sick, unreal, evil feeling in the very pit of my being, A feeling similar to that which characters in

movies like *Rosemary's Baby* have when they discover that their neighbors, who had seemed so nice and kind and decent had suddenly been transformed into demented ghouls. The whole world had gone mad, or so it seemed,

And decorating every available surface was the stars and stripes, as if the massive, indiscriminate annihilation of human beings were something to be proud of, I spent most of 1991 wanting to vomit and whenever I see the flag, I think of saturation bombing and a country that could wipe out people with a smile on its face and buy T-shirts commemorating it. Before then, I thought it was silly to burn the flag because it alienates people, I no longer feel that way and see how it can come to symbolize the murderous side of the American psyche. After all, no one waves the flag when they pass an environmental regulations to protect our country's natural beauty or when laws are implemented to lift up the poor and oppressed to this country's true vision. No. It's a symbol of war and an arrogant, bullying mentality and that's why people want to flambé Old Gory.

The media played down opposition to and questions about the war in a very successful effort to shut up most anyone who would disagree.

We were told to "Love it or leave it" and to shut up and "Support the troops." Well, since then, about 6,000 of the troops have died of the mysterious Gulf War syndrome and many more and their families have been exposed. Notice the lack of yellow ribbons. The government is denying any culpability and a couple of very prominent microbiologists at the Anderson Medical Center in Houston say this virus has developed in US labs and tested on inmates at the Huntsville Correctional Facility. These same scientists have also been the subject of government harassment. Where are all the calls to

"support the troops" now?

Here's a great cutting edge journalism project: interview the families of those who have died or some of the sick and dying and ask them if the cheap oil was worth it. Ask them if the wealth of the Sabah ruling family of Kuwait or George Bush's political fortunes were worth it. Ask them if the continued outrageous budget for the Pentagon was worth it. Ask them if the brief period of national hubris was worth it. And let everyone know the results.

Carey writes of those who fought and died for the American ideals I hope he's not referring to those who killed, suffered and died in wars, because war is society's oldest and stupidest mind-fuck, in which the powerful profit while the young and powerless pay with life, limbs or saintly. Look carefully at any war in history and you'll find it to be the same.

Let's not forget individuals like Timothy McVeigh, who discovered that innocent people in Oklahoma City blew up real good, just like the ones in Baghdad.

"Desecration" implies that the object in question is holy. Flags are symbols of states and states are founded on human, and therefore selfish and ignoble motives. Our nation was born in genocide, built on slavery and has historically pursued a series of imperial wars and interventions to expand and enrich itself. We don't need more false idols to worship and the fact that they're trying it now that the country's on the verge of becoming a huge mound of excrement is pathetic.

Carey maintains that we shouldn't allow flag burning because the flag represents our better national instincts. I keep asking myself when those instincts are going to kick in and how low we have to sink before they do.

THE LESBIAN, GAY AND BISEXUAL ALLIANCE WILL BE HOLD THEIR ANNUAL "TWO WEEKS OF PRIDE" BEGINNING ON NOVEMBER 6TH THROUGH NOVEMBER 20TH. EVERYONE IS WELCOME!

Monday, November 6, 1995

Opening Ceremonies will be celebrated with the Faculty and Staff Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Alliance. President Shirley Strum Kenny will be the keynote speaker.

Student Union
9 pm - 12 am

Tuesday, November 7, 1995

Movie Night
"Last Call at Mauds"
Student Union Auditorium
9 pm - 12 am

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Drag King and Queen Workshop
A workshop on cross dressing.
Student Union Room 216
8 pm - 11:45 pm

Thursday, November 9, 1995

AIDS Theater Project will be performing a play on living with AIDS.
Fanny Brice, Eleanor Roosevelt Quad
9 pm - 12 am

SECOND WEEK

Monday, November 13, 1995

Opening of the Gallery Art Show
Art work from the Art Group for Lesbian and Gay artists will be displayed.

Featuring Thomas Gaspar.
The Union Art Gallery
7:30 pm - 10 pm

Tuesday, November 14, 1995

Movie Night
"Together Alone"
Student Union Auditorium
9 pm - 12 pm

Wednesday, November 15, 1995

Men of All Colors will hold a multicultural workshop discussing issues in Gay life.
Student Union, Room 216
8 pm - 11 pm

Thursday, November 16, 1995

Drag Dance
Come enjoy a night of great music and cross dressing
Fanny Brice, Eleanor Roosevelt Quad
9 pm - 1 am

Monday, November 20, 1995

FINALE
Leslie Feinberg, author of *Stone Butch Blues*, will discuss her difficult life growing up as a butch in America.
Student Union Auditorium
9 pm - 11 pm

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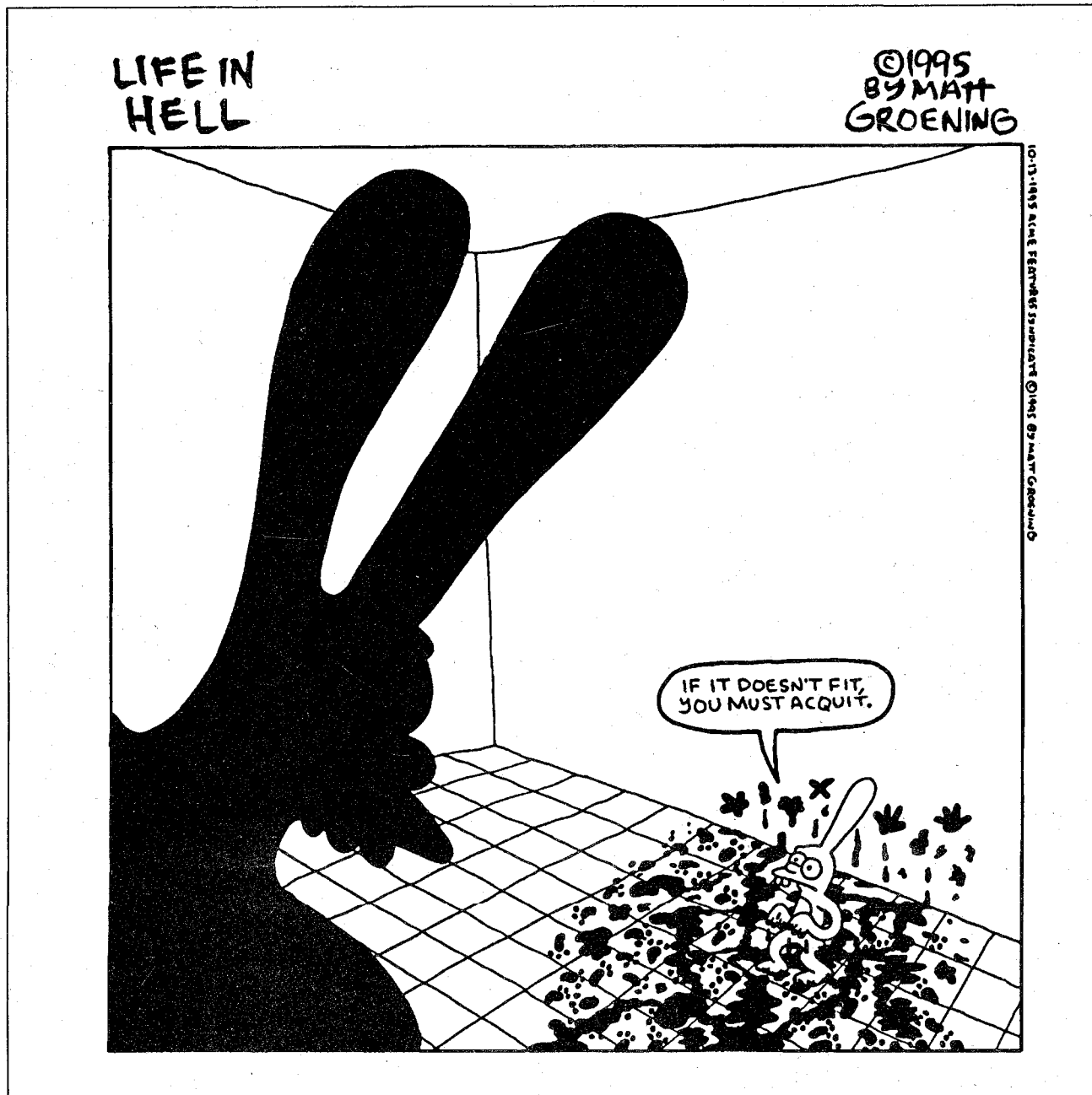
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THE CENTER FOR WOMYN'S CONCERNS

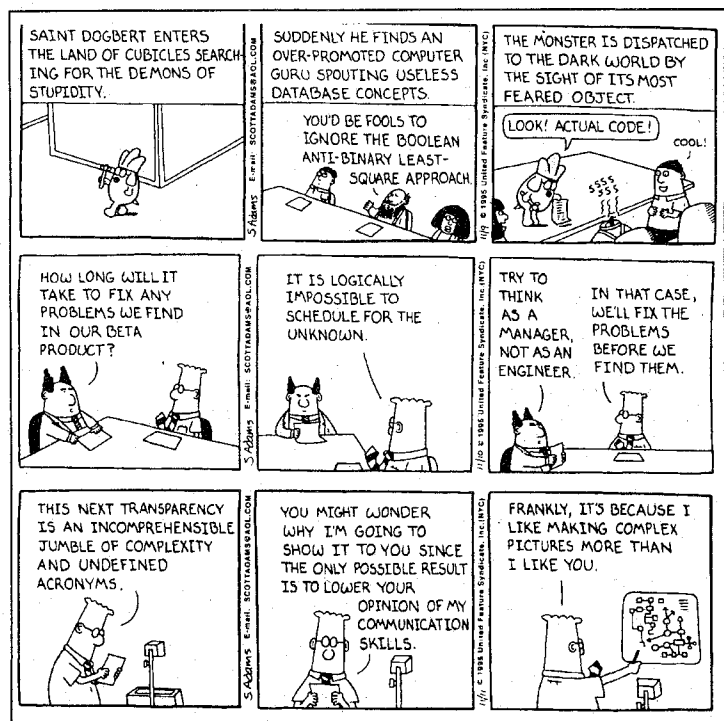
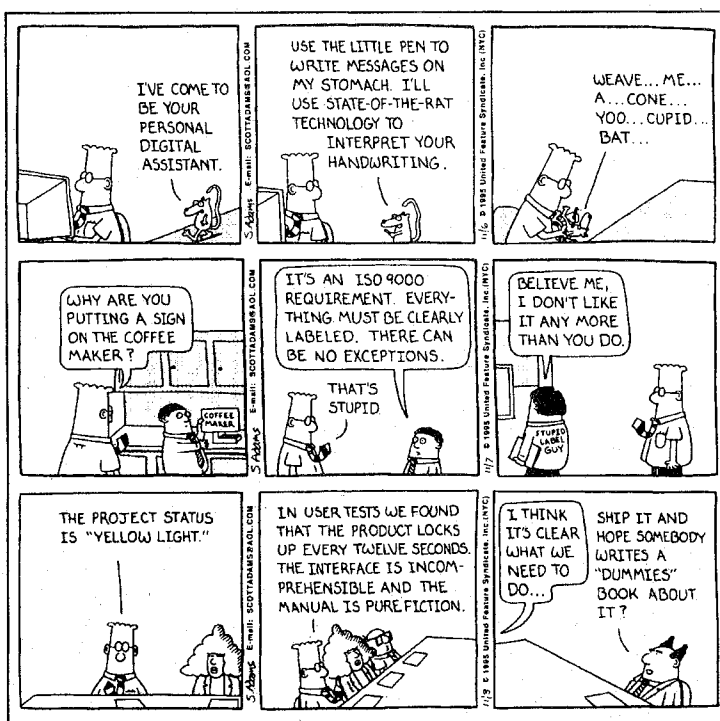
AFFIRMATIVE ACTION BOARD

WOMENS STUDIES DEPARTMENT

COMICS



Dilbert ® by Scott Adams



The Earth knows nothing as large as the ocean...as deep as the ocean, mother ocean yeah...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 find that here in suburbia there is a lot of anger pointed toward the OJ Simpson trial and I find this alarming; since OJ was found innocent by a jury of his peers shouldn't that exonerate him from his alleged guilt? If we Americans cannot pull together and believe that our justice system is fair and just then what can we believe in? Run OJ, run!

Believed In The Verdict

You Fucking Moron!

Are you completely relieved of your senses? Are you stupid beyond the realm of normal stupidity? Or are you some kind of nut job who thinks the TV tells no lies? First of all, without even watching the trial you know it was a total circus. More time was spent covering the prosecution's hair than the evidence. Judge Ito was hawking computers on his bench and the defense merely had to come up with a catchy phrase to insure a victory by acquittal. I am certainly no fan of the Police Department (anywhere) but why on Earth would they try to frame OJ? If you're going to frame someone you frame a nobody with no money! I don't care what kind of backwards-assed racist you are or are supposed to be; you don't frame one of America's favorite sports, TV, movie and nicknamed stars. Even assuming that Furman did plant evidence...wasn't OJ's reaction a little strange? Wasn't that cause for some alarm? A 30 mph car chase, a threat to kill himself? Golf the day after acquittal? Clearly OJ couldn't be convicted just because the prosecution did such a horrible job. Which is a sad state of affairs for American justice, because the defense in this sort of thing can always be top notch if the money is there, while the prosecution will always be mediocre at best. OJ's defense wasn't that hot either, I didn't do it is not a great

defense for murder. When the prosecution said, "look at all of OJ's blood, man," the defense should have said, "of course it's OJ's blood, you planted it!" Being acquitted and be innocent are two totally different things, and Americans of all races, colors and religions know it.

So when you're on the line at the shopping market and you hear people muttering how they'd like to kill OJ themselves, or how enough money can buy the world, or how the jury was rigged to be in favor of a black man and how the cards are stacked in the criminals favor you need not shudder and think, "what animals I live with." Instead remember your feelings of compassion for the underprivileged criminal who stabs you in the guts for your thirty dollars. Then you can mutter about the faults in the Justice System.

Dear Oceansize,

I should like it that you affect the tides in favor of my favorite team the Seawolves. I should like to see them win all of their games in all of their sports so we all can get DJV J.

Texas Lady

Dear Texas Lady,

I should like you to know that there is no such beast as the SeaWolf. I should like the name and address of the fool who thought up that name so I can affect the tides in their bowels and make them shit from their urethra canal. Seawolves, bah! I know of all the creatures in all of the seas, lakes, rivers, tributaries, rivulets, streams, rain puddles, and of course oceans, and there is no such thing as your Seawolf. Now there were things called Patriots, some of which did end up in the sea...unlike John Paul Jones who jumped ship but had, "...not yet begun to fight..."

I suggest that you scrap the name and maybe I'll make your teams win, or at least make your Snapple taste better through shaking.

Dear Oceansize,

I have been mourning the death of Selena ever since I saw the Hard Copy retrospective and saw her in those leather and spandex pants. So now that her murderer has been swiftly brought to justice I was wondering if you knew where I could get those pants for my girlfriend.

Love To Slaver On Selena.

You Know It Brother,

Man if she was still warm.... Well firstly the exact whereabouts of her spandex and leather pants are as of yet unknown but a recent shooting of the show LLEVATO, on Telemundo (the wrong Language Channel) has offered some clues. The 16 1/2 year old with the Thi Hi Boots who helps the man climb up the pole smothered in tar was seen lying on her back attempting to pull something onto her, as of yet, hairless legs with a producer screaming at her in Spanish, "La PUNTA, words, words, words, la punta es madre..." Reports say he looked like Johnny Canales. Or Love To Slaver, you can try your local Merry Go Round.

Send your letters to:

Oceansize
Room 060
Student Union

or e-mail to:

SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU

Top 10 Halloween Pranks We Pulled On The Statesman

10. Ordered Alexandra Cruz all the magazines whose cards said "Bill Me Later"
9. Bought "Hooked On Phonics" for that Cubie guy
8. Shaved John Lowther's back
7. Gave Paul Wright a surprise facial
6. Snuck in their office and fixed all their spelling errors
5. Played "Tune in Tokyo" on Brooke Donatone
4. Bought Tom Masse a hooker with crabs
3. Stuffed Dave Shashoua in a paper bag, lit it on fire, knocked on their door and ran away
2. Signed Mike Kramer up for an art class
1. Slapped Tom Flanagan's mother around

See, kids? When you pick on just one of our editors, we hit *all* of yours.

Concerts! Concerts! Concerts!

Catherine Wheel/Belly, The Academy, 10/12

By Antony J. Lorenzo

It was just after 8:30 and the disparate crowd was growing increasingly restless. Finally, the lights dimmed to welcome the much-hailed British band Catherine Wheel to the stage. Rob Dickinson (looking quite menacing under the blue lights) was welcomed with a tame clamor. His black-clad three man entourage followed. The four acted as if they owned the place, and they did until the guitar technician from hell made a mess of the opener, "Receive." Obviously fuming, the band made a number of choleric glances to the right of the stage.

They were pissed. The sound eventually improved and the sweaty audience pogoed around frantically. For those of you unfamiliar with the NEW Catherine Wheel, the swirling guitar effects abundant on 1992's *Ferment* are no more. *Ferment* (which pilfered the Shoegaze sound from the likes of Ride and Lush) helped boost their popularity in England a few years back. Unfortunately, the new(ish) release *Happy Days* has a Pearlvana Pilots feel to it. A tainted and dated grunge sound hinders many of the new songs. Many of them were performed, including the senseless yet mysteriously popular "Eat My Dust You Insensitive Fuck."

The highlight of the set was Rob's duet with Ms. Donnelly herself on "Judy Staring at the Sun." Looking particularly bored were the Gallagher brothers from Oasis, observing the show from the booth above. The set finished and an unnecessary encore followed.

I was anxious for Belly, as were the rest of the punters. Belly eventually meandered onto the stage, opening with the title track from their latest LP *King*. Tanya Donnelly's grin was wider than a mile. Tom on lead guitar remained more somber, expressionless behind his dark glasses. The blistering "Angel" was next and was followed by "Silverfish" and "Puberty." An appropriately quaint five song acoustic blended songs from both the *Star* and *King* albums. The infamous "Feed the Tree" followed and even inspired the plaid appareled jocks to start bopping around clumsily. The encore included my personal favorite "Dusted." "Red" ended the four song finale with each member trooping off stage one at a time. Chris Gorman remained battering away on drums for a minute or so. The sticks flew into the crowd and it was all over, an appropriate end to an exceptional set. My ears are still ringing.

Sonic Youth, The Academy, 10/20

By Dan Healy

I don't know what I did recently to deserve it, but on October 20, everything seemed to go my way. The night started off great when my friend and I caught the 4:06 train out of Ronkonkoma at 4:16. I don't know why it was late; the train seemed to run fine. All we could do was anticipate the night ahead. We were on our way to see Sonic Youth.

When we arrived at Penn Station, the first thing we had to do was eat. Of course I ran straight to Enrico Caruso's Pizza. If you are ever to eat at Penn Station, I suggest eating there, because for \$1.90 you get a colossal slice of great tasting pizza. We ate up the pizza and our next mission was to get to the Academy.

We took one step outside and I turned right back around and opted to use the subway. It was like a typhoon out there. We hopped on the subway and got off at 42nd street. It was about seven o'clock now and the doors should be opening soon.

There was a tremendous line outside and my part of the line was right by the back stage door. We saw a couple of girls that we knew and they cut the line to stand with us. We were hanging out, talking, until something strange happened. A bunch of guys were walking across the street towards us. I was looking and I said to myself that the tall guy looks a hell of a lot like Thurston Moore. I figured he was related. As they got closer, I realized that it was Thurston. Everybody in line had a flabbergasted look on their faces as if he was masturbating or something. I couldn't understand why everybody

was so quiet, so I yelled out, "Hey Thurston, what's up?" He whipped his head around and gave me this look. I said, "Hi." He said, "how's it goin' man?" He raised a peace gesture to me and walked back stage.

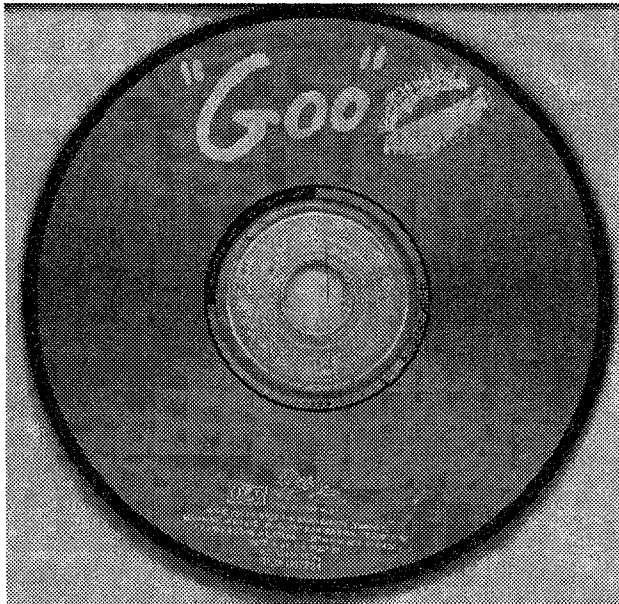
After that, the doors opened and I went inside. The first band, The Warners, came on shortly after. Their guitarist showed an amazing display on how to be really shitty on a guitar. Needless to say, they were bad. The second band, Dirty Three, was a different type of band.

There were no vocals, just a guitar, violin, and drums. I was impressed although I would not want to listen to them play a two hour set.

Sonic Youth finally came on. The crowd went crazy and all the little lunch box girls started yelling for Coco. Get a life, will you. Anyway, they opened with "Teen Age Riot." It was great except for all of the boots hitting me in the head. There was this one guy who

I just wanted to hit. He was the type of person who thinks that he has to hurt everyone. He was swinging his arms every which way and kicking everybody. Frankly, he was pissing me off. The best part about him was that he didn't fit in at all. He should have been at the Ace of Base concert down the road. Oh well.

They played for about an hour. Most of the songs they played were off their new album, *Washing Machine*. They did play a really old song, "Tom Violence," off the 1986 album, *Evol*. I think it was an excellent concert, and the encore was great. "Unwind" and "Schizophrenia" are two of my favorite songs, and ended my great night.



Open Your Mouths and Say "BAAH!!"

By Esteban Rodriguez

Editor's Note: Esteban Rodriguez is the winner of our last bi-weekly contest, which involved Statesman editors in love. His entry was printed in our last issue. This eighth of a page is his prize for winning.

I am the only sane man on campus, maybe the world. It occurred to me last week when I visited (as I do on occasion) my Biochemistry class in the Union Auditorium. I sat in a comfortable seat amidst many attentive students. They had their pens, their papers, their dirty white caps, their ratty jeans, and they were scribbling madly, trying to keep up with Glycolysis, Hydrolysis, and whatever-damn-lysis. Normal day, huh? Well, yes, except when I looked to the front of the class there was one thing missing: The Professor.

Where was he? Why were all these people writing? The questions popped into my mind like Mexican Jumping Beans.

A cold chill ran up my spine. I thought I was scared but then I realized; it was damn cold! I looked behind me and saw some kind of green funky mist oozing out the vents.

An alarm rang in my head. I ripped a sheet of paper from my notebook and started to fold it. My hands were a blur, as I constructed a mask and covered my mouth and nose. Until that day, I never thought that Origami would save my life.

The gas filled the room. The blank faced students sucked it in. I saw pictures of obscure molecules and indecipherable notes being magically scribbled on the blackboard. I heard a monotonous voice spewing out of the front speakers saying:

"Work, work, work, no need to play.

If you drink a beer, do it on Friday.

After you graduate, work more and get paid.

Then get married, and you can get laid."

The students mouthed every word, and scrawled them down in forms of chemical equations.

That's when everything clicked. Mind Control! Why else would I register for Biochemistry and an assortment of useless classes? But who could be behind this evil plan? The Psych Department? I don't know, but somehow I had broken their insidious spell.

I ran out of the room quick as I could, but I still heard the words echoing in the union.

"Study, study, study, you might just get an A.

Become a doctor, and you'll have sex every day.

But if you don't pass, don't worry about it sonny.

You can take it next year, as long as we get our money."

Now I know it's a longshot, but if there is a sane person out there, leave school while you can. As a matter of fact, just leave. Go live in the hills, away from the mindless sheep and their invisible masters. As for me, I'm grabbing a bat and following that mist to its source. And anybody who tries to stop me is damned!



Scully is calling The Press at 632-6451

Lip Service

By Vic Alfieri

It's funny how things happen around here. Somebody writes an article. Another person whines and threatens with the great American pastime; lawsuit. The humorous thing is that these same people who whimpered at the site of an article satirizing them, have single-handedly alienated themselves in the media wing down in the dungeon of the Union. In the past month, they have attacked the other bi-weekly feature paper *Blackworld*, 3TV and of course *The Press*. Two of these were actually personal attacks on an individual of 3TV and *The Press*. Personal attacks show the lack of character and professionalism used over at *The Statesman*.

Also take into account that they are supposed to be a newspaper. A newspaper that is supposed to report news. Little news that happens on campus makes it into *The Statesman* because their staff spends too much time trying to think up other ways to humiliate themselves in black and white.

Just how much news is put in their paper? About the same as the alcohol content in a bottle of O'Doul's. In an average sixteen page paper, *The Statesman* has approximately seven to eight pages of advertisements, four pages in features of one kind or another, a cover page and three pages of news. Of those three pages, one is dedicated to the school's sports teams. Of the other two, one is continuously filled with stories of the national wire. If my math is correct, I believe that leaves one page left for the crucial goings on at the University at Stony Brook. No wonder nobody ever knows what is going on at this school.

Let's drift from one group of mental midgets to *The* mental midget; George Steinbrenner. This man deserves to be left out on those dangerous streets of the Bronx that he has been trying to leave for years. In two years he has turned the Yankees from a perennial contender into a Rehab program for the mentally challenged. He forced Gene

Michael out of the GM position. This man is the one responsible for bringing Paul O'Neill, Mike Stanley, David Cone, Jack McDowell and Wade Boggs to the Bronx. He has done nothing but good things, but God forbid he have an independent thought of his own. Then Steinbrenner pushes Buck Showalter away. He stated that if Buck wanted to stay, he would have to fire hitting coach Rick Down. Down is the man who turned Bernie Williams, Mike Stanley and Paul O'Neill into the hitters they are. The team hit .279, but yet Steinbrenner did not like the fact that he wasn't a puppet for The Boss' means. Rumor has it that the Yankee free agents have gotten together and will follow Showalter to whatever team he signs with. They will sign for less money and kick the Yankees' ass. And I will be there to cheer them on. Greg Maddux is God.

Jack McDowell was on Z-100 this week plugging the release of his band's first national album. The band, Stick Figure, has played college tours for the past couple of years during the off-season, but this year they want to go big. The radio station played a track from the album and McDowell sang acoustically in the studio. Pitching isn't his only talent. He sings as well as he throws the splitter.

If you haven't already wasted your money on the John Lennon tribute CD entitled *Working Class Hero*, don't.

I am frightened to say that in the near future when you go to New York City, you will see new Calvin Klien underwear ads with their new model; Bret Michaels. Yes folks. Just when you thought life couldn't get much worse, Poison returns.

Whatever happened to Erik Estrada? That man is the epitome of a good police officer. Trend setter, fashion plate, roller skater, disco fever genius and woman killer. None of the Cops in any of the current shows compare to officer Frank Poncherello.

Has this ever happened to you? You are interested in a someone. You tell your friend that your

interested in someone. A group of people get together, including the individual you are interested in. You have your one chance, but you never get to take it because that person you thought was a friend, the one you confided in, beats you to it. That person ends up in the position that you were supposed to be in. You feel the need to cause great pain to that friend. That feeling progresses when your friend walks over to you and asks why you have all of a sudden ended up in a bad mood. I want to reach down that person's throat and rip out their lungs. You can't be mad at the person you are interested in, even though you want to be. That person doesn't even know you are interested. The worst thing about it is that it is your fault. You were either too slow or too casual or whatever. If you would have moved a little quicker, then you wouldn't have to wonder if maybe you had a chance. Now you will never know because you don't want to pick up your friend's leftovers after they are done with them. It is said that nice guys finish last but I don't agree. Nice guys don't even finish the race because they are constantly trampled on by the ones passing them.

I miss Milli Vanilli.

I hope some people took advantage of the extra hour out at the bars this past Saturday night. It's a once a year thing that just cannot be missed. But then again, if you start early, then it gives you an extra hour's sleep to clear that hangover before you have to go to work.

What would have happened if Princess Leia and Luke Skywalker had sex before they found out that they were brother and sister? Imagine that storyline.

With it being Halloween, remember to let the eggs go bad a little and to melt the tip of the shaving cream container. A safety pin is usually perfect to use for the size of the hole. Shit bombs work very well, but I wouldn't recommend doing it on your own floor. It takes forever to get that smell out of the halls.

Fun With Anagrams

All produced using Anagram Genius (<http://www.demon.co.uk/genius/ag.htm>) and they also appear in Anagram Genius the book (<http://www.demon.co.uk/genius/agbook.htm>)

"Orenthal Simpson"=

"Sportsman in hole"

"Morons help saint" (a reference to his legal team?)

"This so non-pale Mr"

"Judge Lance Ito"=

"DNA? Let 'Juice' go!"

"The OJ Simpson Trial"=

"Jail this moron pest"

United Nations:

It's unanointed

Nut in sedation

Nun is antidote

Intent on US aid

Sonnet-aid unit

Stunt, i.e. non-aid

Don't insinuate

Noted tunisian

Untied onanist

Die not, UN saint

Saint on UN diet

Ain't one nudist

UN is an end to it

Anus dentition

Anus noted in it

The Statesman

Them at ass.net

Sane math test

Men taste huts

That seems tan

Ah, stamen test

Has statement?

That semen sat

Name the stats

Steam test, nah

M, satan's teeth

Net that Masse

The Mets & Satan

Seth met Satan

Eats them ants

- William Tunstall-Pedoe

DEATH COMES TO US ALL

By Steven Tornello

Simpsons Prelude: Lisa was depressed over the death of her musical mentor, "Bleeding Gums". As she was crying in her room, Homer came by to console her. He related "Bleeding Gum's" death to the death of their cat Snowball. He said, "Remember when our cat Snowball died?" Lisa replied positively. Homer then said, "Well, all we have to do is go to the pound and get yourself a new sax player."

Brothers, hallmates, friends. We have come here to mourn the death of an institution, the death of the very thing that has brought us together as brothers, hallmates and friends. Only God and the Division of Campus Residences knows for sure why this tragedy happened, but we must just go on and accept it. We must treasure what it brought us, how it enriched us, and how it will influence us for the remainder of our lives. We do not mourn the death of James A3, but we celebrate what James A3 meant to us and how it will live on in our memories for the remainder of our lives.

Although James A3 is the abode where we lived, it embodied more than just our individual rooms. James A3 was an ideology, a way of life, a group of beer buddies bound together for the striving for a single goal: the crusade for signs of a party heartbeat on campus. Although there isn't a stethoscope big enough to find one here, what James A3 did was reinvent what defined partying on campus. We came to James A3 believing that partying was just drinking to get yourself loaded. However, we have learned that partying is more than that. It is a means to satisfy the pleasure principle of our group as a whole, and not in an individual sense. The bad side to this, as we all know, is that James A3 did not have a positive influence on our GPAs. But college is more than just temporary information that will render itself meaningless in the real world. What James A3 gave to us was a plethora of memories that will also do us no good in the real world but will make for good stories at Alcoholics Anonymous meetings.

Although alcohol played a key role in our escapades, it was merely the "courage potion" to spark up the acts of perversion assembled inside us. We came together as different people, but it took only pornography to instill a common bond to bind us together. I remember walking into JW and AF's room and seeing strangers, but as I left three hours later, I realized that these strangers had become my friends and my peers. Who would believe that the molder of men would be none other than Ron Jeremy? Once pleasantries were passed and friendships were established, our adventures were inevitable. Our group viewings of pornography led the way to group viewings of "Caddyshack", "Blazing Saddles", "Slapshot", and other movies of

interest. With "Hooked with a Feeling" on the "Reservoir Dogs" CD leading the way, it was only a matter of time until Naked Hall Slides became a reality. Yes, you all remember Naked Hall Slides. It all began at our first hall meeting - at the Bridge. MB led the way home, shedding a layer of clothing with each step. Water and shampoo plus tile equalled MB sliding head first, with throngs of us fellow James A3 residents, cheering him on. Next went DK, MS, and BL, and raspberries were everywhere on naked soap-lathered bodies.

Of course, our nakedness didn't end that night. We jumped at the opportunity to streak unsuspecting Russian girls at VA's party, and what good would the Bridge be if we didn't strip on the way back? But one might say that our nakedness hit it's apex, or it's gutter (depending on your point of view), when we streaked A2, which is a girl's hall. Knocking on their doors before we did it was purely a stroke of genius, friends.

But let us not fool ourselves about our streaking: it was fun, it was necessary, but it wasn't the true essence of James A3. Indeed alcohol led us to bigger and greater things. Alpha Phi Delta parties became our canvas to paint our signatures on. We would taxi to get there, party, get naked, party some more, and walk home. Brothers, JW was talking "Moonman", a strange language only he knows and speaks. When DK turned 21, was that not a tin foil helmet he was wearing? And in his inebriation, did we not draw on his face, my friends? Of course, these alcoholic exploits were bred from "The Brench" (JJ and JD's room), where beer was plenty, friends were around, and the promise of a good shitface for the remainder of the night was available. If you didn't want to drink, friends, we all knew we could play video games all night with EV, JF, AM, and EG. James A3 afforded us the opportunity to explore different facets of campus life, but in the company of friends who were beside you.

Our actions as a group, however, didn't cancel out our actions as individuals. We all remember JJ and MB dressing up as females for Halloween, and when MB was being hit on, did we not all laugh along and

say, "This could only happen to MB!" BL built a bamboo cage in our end hall lounge. MB, NC, JM, JV, and I built the U.S.S. Blah Blah Blah for the Roth Quad Regatta. PC and RB made their infamous "Crittter Corner." We had SC's practical jokes involving Ex-Lax and videotape around Christmastime. However, my friends, we must obviously point to our shining moment in the sun to fully define James A3, and to put it on the Stony Brook map.

It was the day John Candy died. Yes, my friends,

we dressed up in suits and nametags that day. Considering that Stony Brook is not exactly party-oriented, we planned a nice intimate gathering for our "Around the World" party. Little did we know that our little "shindig" would attract a mere three hundred people! Not that that was a bad thing, mind you, and with nine different rooms sponsoring nine different drinks, partygoers really couldn't complain for a \$5 entry fee. From 10pm to 1am, my friends, we typified what Stony Brook was at one time known for (and it's not the physical therapy program). People praised us, respected us, and we all partied together. We were able to pull it off because we could, my brothers. As GW was getting written up after we pulled the fire alarm to clear out, we celebrated the fact that we sent Stony Brook back fifteen years. One college review book actually wrote about

Stony Brook that if you're a student who likes to party, James is the place to be. Since that book was a student survey compiled for the year of our party, we at James A3 should take that as a compliment of the highest level. A funny anecdote about that night: It always occurs that whenever I mention my association with James A3 to someone, they would say, "Oh, you guys threw that party, right?" Our acclaim never ends.

But as we have experienced, all good things do come to an end. But, in reality, we should not see it to be that way. My friends, what has died this semester was where we lived - the doors, the rooms, the toilets, the hallway, etc. Now, A3 is more quieter and carpeted. We should take solace in the fact that although we live there no more, we have been and will continue to be living its memory out in our actions and our friendships. James A3 is our bond together, my brothers. Let us cherish it and keep it special. Thank you, residents of James A3 1993-1995 for the memories I have and will continue to make with you as friends and brothers.

The author lived in James A3 from 1993-1994, and was a more than frequent visitor in 1994-1995. All statements he has presented in the article are facts and actually happened.)



Photo by John Guiffo



Scully Says:

How can you respect a college called "SUNY"?
Sounds like somebody Woody Allen would go out with.

okay, Brian Forster really said it.

Why Things Are

By Joel Achenbach
Special to the Stony Brook Press

Q. Why does all cat food look basically the same no matter what they call it on the can?

A. Every morning we stagger downstairs and feed the Why cat. There are so many different meals: "Savory Grill," "Captain's Table," "Beef Banquet," "Ocean Whitefish Treat," "Mysterious Turkey Derivative," "Pressed Unidentifiable Matter," and our cat's personal favorite, "Stanky Mush."

A professional cat-food maker will protest that cat food is not all alike. The traditional "loaf" style of cat food is still common, but some loaves are firmer than others, and there are also varieties that don't use a loaf but rather have pieces of meat suspended in a gravy-like sauce.

(Pause here for refreshment.)

Nonetheless, taken as a whole, wet cat food (also known by the shorthand "meat cat," as opposed to "dry cat") has a certain cat-foodishness, a sense of being a composite, a mixture not entirely comfortable with the condition of solidity.

The reason: Wet cat food has to be pumpable. It initially is a fluid form of meat, and then hardens up only after it is pumped into the can and heated. In order to make the millions of cans of cat food necessary to feed a world of felines, the cat food companies need pumpable meat.

"If it is the loaf variety, it is finely minced up, and that's pumped into the can. The can is filled, it's sealed, and then it goes through the commercial sterilization process," says James Sokolowski, professional services manager at Kal Kan Foods. "Most of the time it will be raw at the time when it is pumped into the can, or partially cooked at best."

(Pause for mouth-cleansing bite of apple.)

Sokolowski described the pump as an "impeller-type" device with multiple filler tubes that rotate and fill the cans passing underneath. Kal Kan has a plant in England

that can produce 4 million one-pound cat-food cans in a single day. So you can see they literally have to pump out the meat.

We can't help but wonder if this process could also be used by public safety officials to fight out-of-control house fires. No fire could withstand pumped meat.

Q. Why did all the private passenger train companies go out of business?

A. Trains are cool. You ride a train and you find yourself thinking, and this is the verbatim quote, "choo, choo!" You step off the train and snap your fingers and shout "porter!" even though you have no luggage. Because there is a romance to trains.

Unfortunately the only commercial passenger train company in America is this quasi-governmental thing, Amtrak, which is subsidized, and which had an operating deficit of close to \$400 million last we checked. The fact is, passenger trains haven't made money since 1929.

That was the peak year of train travel, except for during World War II, when rubber and gasoline were rationed. It

was also the year the stock market crashed. During the Great Depression the federal government spent huge sums on public works projects, including road-building. The national highway system foretold the end of profitable passenger train service.

But another fundamental problem, says Amtrak spokesman Cliff Black, is that train companies own and operate their own infrastructure. A train track is not publicly owned.

"It's kind of like Greyhound bus owning the interstate highway system," Black says. "You've got a transportation system that owns its infrastructure, all of it, and therefore has the responsibility of maintaining it and staffing it."

Freight trains do make money these days. One reason

is that they now carry a huge amount of material that used to be hauled by trucks. And the fact that the freight companies own their own rail lines and aren't subsidized keeps them lean and mean.

It's also worth noting that all transportation industries have a hard time making money. Airlines, for example, go broke even though they fly through all that free air.

Q. Why can't a person survive just by eating lots of vitamins?

A. Have you ever noticed, especially after you've just fed the cat, that preparing food is a major hassle? Who has the time to whip together actual solid food with the appropriate sauce? Every night the Why staff has the same ritual: Five minutes to heat up a can of ravioli, two hours to forage through woods and pastures looking for some wild parsley to use as a garnish.

Why not just eat pills?

"You'd have to take a lot of them to get your calories," explains Merle Suba, chief chemist for Vitamins, Inc., which makes food supplements.

Consider this: The average person needs about 70 grams of protein a day. Let's say you made protein pills. Remember that one of those big aspirin is 500 milligrams, or half a gram. So to get 70 grams of protein in half-gram tablets would require that you scarf down 140 tablets.

The average person needs at least 2,000 calories a day. A gram of pure fat—which would require a big ol' double-wide fat pill—has only 9 calories.

Of course there's no such thing as a fat pill, or a protein pill, or a calorie pill. And we haven't even talked about roughage, about the fiber your body needs. The point is, though, that the synthetic diet wouldn't work even in theory unless you ate hundreds of pills. So it makes more sense to eat food.

We asked Suba what would happen if we ate nothing but doughnuts. The all-doughnut diet. She said, "Eventually you probably would have a protein deficiency." That would make your bones deteriorate.

Basically, you'd turn into a jelly doughnut.

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VOX POPULI

Here we go again. Intrepid question-asker Zippy stalked the campus asking people all sorts of tasteless questions. She is beginning to have trouble getting a large number of people to answer all the questions. Be kind to her and answer all the questions, she is only the messenger of our deranged minds.

- 100% of the people who think Hitler was not wrong exercise naked
- 100% of women who like surprise facials hate feminists
- 33% of people masturbate with their left hand
- 40% of people masturbate with their right hand
- 6% of people use both hands
- 87% of the campus thinks Def Leppard sucks
- 80% of the people believe in both god and satan
- 100% of people who have a finger shoved up there ass during intercourse have smoked from a 6 foot bong
- 25% of the people who exercise do it in the nude
- 42% of men think that everybody looks cute in bunny ears
- 50% of women who've smoked from a bong think that Scully is hot

The winners of our last contest were Chrysa Pikramenos and Jessica Lamantia for their incredible picture of the decorated pumpkin. Due to space restraints we are unable to run the pumpkin itself, but take our word for it, it was one hell of a pumpkin.

This issues contest is another fill-in-the-blanks. Complete this sentence:

After I saw The Statesman I _____ because _____.

Not too hard a contest. We think that most people will be able to think of at least two words, writing them down might be a little harder for those of you in fraternities, but if you manage, you can drop submissions of at our office, Room 060 Student Union, or e-mail them to us at SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU. The prize, as always, is an eighth of a page to do with as you wish.

Join The Press

We don't suck like The Statesman!

Reasons for this include:

We write our own editorials

Substance abuse encouraged in office

300% more couches

Closer to the bathroom

Can print 'fucking nazi cunt-rag' in our paper

No school spirit: Won't force you to go to games

Our Editor-In-Chief isn't a puss-weak pansy boy

None of us have been discharged from the army

No initiation rituals involving latex, a greased pig
and that guy Cubie

More assholes per capita

Johnny Get Your Rubber Gun

By Katherine Zafiris

When I learned of the incident on October 23, 1995, I was outraged. As a student of this university, I have always known that there were problems with Public Safety. But to hear about the blatant misuse of rights and laws is a huge outrage. While our community sleeps peacefully, we are being protected by ego driven men in uniform, who get off on writing useless parking tickets and letting criminals go.

Take for instance the whole check-cashing incident. Public Safety heard the whole situation on the radio. But did they run to the scene? No. Afraid of the perpetrator having a gun, they blatantly ignored the hold up until it was over. This of course is my opinion. I'm sure that Public Safety has its own story.

Then there is the Police Blotter that the Statesmen runs. Where is Public Safety during all these incidents? I can tell you where they are, they're in the parking lots making sure that everyone who has parked their cars are in legal parking spots. This is such an important facet to university life. What would happen if I didn't park in the correct parking spot? Would it drastically effect the university and the crime here? No, it is just a big money making job that once again makes these officers feel useful. Unfortunately, they could be really useful in other situations.

Instead of chasing phantom gunshots, why don't they work on coming up with better safety solutions? Instead of considering giving these mindless

Public Safety Officers guns, why not give them classes on how to interact with students better. What about better lighting for the students walking home after six o'clock? It was just this semester that they put lights along the road where the new Union is being built. I remember walking home at 6:45 p.m. and being questioned a few times by Public Safety about incidents that may have happened. I remember overhearing someone tell an officer, "If there were lights maybe I could have seen something." Finally they put lights in, but not out of concern for students walking home at night. No, it was because the commuter bus now runs along that road. Why should this university concern itself with student safety? They don't concern themselves with undergraduate education, why should they care about our safety?

What I am proposing is something like what the New York City Police Department has. A board made up of students to watch over and protect student's rights. It would be made up of twelve or so students who would be picked and voted on by Polity. The group would then go over the safety issues, and concern itself with incidents on campus. They would review complaints and help rectify situations. They would also hear from students about how Public Safety could be working better to help serve our community.

If you are outraged by the blatant misuse and mistreatment of our rights and the system, write in and give your idea. Speak up and let the university hear your concern. This is your right as a citizen; learn to use it.

Punk is Dead and Well and Living In Roseland

By John Giuffo

Rancid, Bouncing Souls, and H2O at Roseland, Oct. 26
The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Sick Of It All, and Hagfish at Roseland, Friday, Oct. 27

Never again. Mark my words, never again will I see a show at Roseland. It is not worth all the bullshit. The venue sucks, the people suck, and there are way too many of them. I was actually excited to see these shows. I had bought my tickets way in advance, and I dropped about 35 dollars that I didn't have to see them. Including railroad costs, that equals way too much fucking money for me to spend to be pounded by testosterone-blinded jock assholes for six hours.

I arrived on Thursday to see the Rancid show. Last time I saw them, they were at Limelight, which is a marginally better place to see a show. This was just around the time "Salvation" was released as a video, so they weren't so big yet as to attract every 14-year old lollapaloozer alive.

I actually left Thursday's show angrier then when I had arrived. I had been relentlessly pounded by every knucklehead in the place who sees a moshpit as an opportunity to get out all of the sexual frustration he has onto my head. Get this into your fucking steroid-soaked heads you fucking jock assholes: A MOSH PIT IS NOT ABOUT SLAMMING FULL-SPEED INTO EVERYONE AROUND YOU AS HARD AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE! I am not the designated receptacle for your teen angst purge. I don't like catching boots in the face every five minutes. It angers me to see people who are only comfortable dancing when they are slamming their entire bodies into others. I don't mind bumping into people, or even dancing really hard once in a while; that's the whole idea of a mosh pit-do your own thing. It is possible, however, to do your own thing, and not hurt others. I found it increasingly difficult to enjoy myself because of the relentless waves of shirtless bodies pounding into me, blood-ying my lip, ripping my earring out.

The same held true for The Bosstones show. The Bosstones are a ska-core band. They have both ska

and punk influences. They play songs that fit into, alternately, one, or the other or both categories. During ska songs, it is generally okay to skank. Skanking is a kind of dance that resembles running somewhat. If you don't know how to do-it, watch someone who has a fucking clue, and emulate them, or do your own thing, JUST DON'T FUCKING CONTINUALLY KNOCK ME DOWN IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET YOUR FUCKING JOLLIES OFF!

I realize I have centered on the crowd in this review, and not on the actual bands. This is because I had very little opportunity to enjoy the bands in the face of this testosterone onslaught. What I did catch however, I enjoyed. Rancid's set was good yet somewhat rehearsed and plastic. They did their thing, played their eMPtyV hits, and left. They played well, and did an encore with Lou from Sick Of It All. I am more than aware of all the talk of selling out about this most visible of punk bands, and I have two things to say to all the sell-out critics: 1) Fuck You, how often have YOU turned down a million fucking dollars to stay on a label that has treated you well. They still play the music they always have and they have been in the scene forever. Don't forget Tim and Matt were both in Operation Ivy, and they have stayed true to their roots. 2) You are absolutely right. Seeing the video for "Timebomb" pisses me off to no extent. They are prostituting the NYC SKA scene for a few fucking dollars. Fuck them.

Bouncing Souls played well, and H2O was...well, H2O.

The Bosstones, as usual, were great. Dickie was pissed at Roseland for their policies concerning the stage, and he vowed never to play the club again. This band really cares about their fans. Sick Of It All are getting frighteningly popular, and Hagfish was fine.

I have intentionally not gone into detail about the music at the shows; I do not want any more clueless fucking new jacks seeing a review I wrote about a show, being intrigued, and packing the next show even more. If you know the bands, you know how they play, enough said. For the rest of you, FUCK OFF!! I hear Pearl Jam is playing soon somewhere, get in line now.

Organize Your Life With A Few Snorts Of Powder A Day

Is cocaine a little too harsh? Is sneaking off to buy a gram here and there too stressful? Is the fear of a search and seizure too much to handle in between classes and midterms? Well there is an answer to your problems. It's called Ritalin. It's cheap, easy to acquire, and is not a major fuss to use. (Every guys' dream date). It is a prescription drug that has all the things cocaine can give to you minus the euphoria. What's the point you say? Why not get the real thing and get the euphoria and the addiction with the whole package? Well, boys and girls, Ritalin (a brand name for methylphenidate) is a stimulant prescribed to children and some adults with attention deficit/hyperactive disorder (ADHD). This had been uncommon until recently when it became chic in some circles, (like anorexia is to the white, upper-middle-class), to acquire this drug for recreational and work purposes. You are hyperactive and spinning around like a madman doing homework, working that late shift, cleaning that disgusting grime your roommate left for you in the bathroom and loving life because you are buzzed, high, happy, hyper and not stupid for the first time since you pretended to inhale and acted high yet you knew you weren't and didn't want to look uncool. So this drug gives you a surprisingly clear-headed high without the mess of liquids and smoke but it has been known to hit your head with a pain that is close to binge-drinking hangover. This is the con to the previous pro. There was some speculation that it could be addictive. But no one really knows how addictive this is for some people and was known to cause strokes, hyperthermia, hypertension and seizures.

So the next time you feel like you could use a high, but don't feel like having to work for it (rolling, swallowing liquids, injection, etc.), start by complaining about how you have trouble focusing on everything (more than usual) that is relevant in getting your normal life in gear and you might be set for next few years. Just remember it might be bad for you. I have to read a few chapters, maybe, clean the bathroom, clean my room, clean the Press office, clean Ted. Maybe I could pull a few more hours at work, maybe a later shift... get another job I'm broke...I have two papers and three exams this week...I could study the night before...maybe I'll have time to start another extra credit project for Psych...Where was I?



Come and join the Press. You too can waste precious paper by indulging your bizarre X-Files fetishes in print. Wednesdays at 1:00 in room 060 of the Union.

A Herculean Task

By David M. Ewalt

Saturday night has never been much for great television viewing. The networks figure anyone with half a brain is out enjoying the weekend, and tend not to show anything remotely entertaining. When *Saturday Night Live* is the highlight of the night's programming, you know you're in trouble. Because of this scarcity of quality entertainment, those of us with lots of space on our social calendars are left with naught to watch.

Until recently, that is. A new quasi-network called the "Prime Time Entertainment Network" has brought vim and vigor to Saturday nights with two brilliant and tremendously entertaining programs: *Hercules: The Legendary Adventures* and *Xena: Warrior Princess*.

For those who've never seen either of these programs, a bit of exposition is in order. *Hercules*, which debuted a year or so ago, follows the wacky adventures of Greek demi-god Hercules. Only loosely based on actual Greek myths, the program features a buffed-up American (Kevin Sorbo) as Hercules, who wanders the lands of ancient Greece in search of battles to fight and wrongs to right. In his travels, Hercules meets centaurs, magicians, angry war gods, and even a cyclops or two. The plotlines can generally be summed up thusly; Hercules wanders into a town. Hercules is accosted by a person who asks him for help- some supernatural creature is terrorizing the town! Hercules fights the creature. Hercules kicks some ass. Large-breasted women thank him profusely. Hercules walks off into the sunset.

The following poems were accidentally excluded from our previous issue's literary supplement. We now finally print them for your enjoyment.

80/20 GUY: A HAIKU

Why won't you come out?
Your ass can take the beating.
Your daddy loves you.

(S)AD LADY

How I love your stringy hair
Like moldy spaghetti emerging from a mass of
decayed lettuce.
May I run my fingers through it,
And let the lice crawl upon my flesh.

Oh, thou sour puss,
I wish to bury my face
Between the Daisy canned-ham of your thighs,
And lick the drops of month-old Massengil
From the tender pepper-pot of your womanhood.
Oh, won't you let me follow the map of your vari-
cose veins,
With one trembling finger?

I want to engorge my manhood
In your throbbing nethervoid,
Like a sword into a pulsing mass of evil.

FUCK YOU!
FUCK YOU!
FUCK YOU!

Let me clasp your sagging breasts in both hands,
And squeeze your nipples until they bleed.
Forever you will be my
Little Miss Stereotype.

I wish to hear the pitter-patter of demonspawn,
In the hallways of the home where I live,
When I wake up, my head nestled against one dirty
breast,
And wonder, "What the fuck am I doing?"

—All Poems by Pox Nightingale

Xena: Warrior Princess is the newest offering from the folks at the P.T.E.N. Xena debuted just this year, but already has a loyal following. The program features a buffed-up American (Lucy Lawless) as Xena, who wanders the lands of ancient Greece in search of battles to fight and wrongs to right. In her travels, Xena meets centaurs, magicians, angry war gods, and even a cyclops or two. The plotlines can generally be summed up thusly; Xena wanders into a town. Xena is accosted by a person who asks her for help- Some supernatural creature is terrorizing the town! Xena fights the creature. Xena kicks some ass. Large-breasted women thank her profusely. Xena walks off into the sunset.

The similarities of these two shows don't stop at plotlines. Both Hercules and Xena have wacky sidekicks. Both partners are weak and talk a lot, thus providing a counter-point to their respective heros. Xena's sidekick is perky young woman who looks eerily like Tabitha Soren; her name escapes me. Hercules partner is an ancient Greek door to door salesman, a proponent of modern-day psycho-babble (he talks about self-actualization and positive thinking) and a fast talker par excellence who goes by the odd name of Salmonellus.

Apparently the writers had a hard time coming up with authentic period names. Salmonellus bears a distinct resemblance to 'Salmonella', the oft deadly bacteria found in uncooked chicken. Other "Greek" names have featured such gems as "Epicurus" (stolen from a history book, no doubt), and "Areolus." At times, the names begin to sound like something from a Monty Python sketch; you expect Hemmorhoidus and Incestus to walk into the scene.

The best part of these programs, of course, is the fighting. People obviously don't watch *Xena* and *Hercules* for the witty repartee, but rather to see Hercules kick some Centaur ass.

Hercules belongs to the Rocky Balboa school of fighting; he shies away from weapons, preferring to use his own two fists. He tends to throw a lot of punches, only occasionally stooping to using a foreign object like a tree limb or a rock.

In contrast, Xena is a master of the melee weapon, and a more than adequate brawler. This ancient woman-of-war is equally comfortable using a sword or pounding someone into submission with her strong -yet dainty- hands. Perhaps Xena's most distinctive fighting implement is her sidearm, a brass flying ring. Xena wields this deadly aerobie with amazing skill; she can chuck it into the air, bounce it off four trees, slice off someones scalp, skim across a rooftop and whip right back into her hand. If Hercules is from the Rocky fighting school, Xena trained under Mary Lou Retton. Her hand to hand combat resembles a circus acrobatic act; she flies through the air, jumps over bad guys and performs flying kicks that would make Bruce Lee proud. Most impressive of all her fighting skills, though, is her battle cry. When in a heated fray, Xena emits a peal of high pitched ululations not at all unlike those of Charo, the "Cuchie-Cuchie" girl.

These shows sound pretty stupid, right? Sure they are... but they're lots of fun. Viewers can just shut off their brains and enjoy the sights. There's no pressure of plot tension- hell, Hercules is a *demi-god*; you know he's going to win the fight!

Xena: Warrior Princess and *Hercules: The Legendary Adventures* air Saturdays on the Prime Time Entertainment Network- channel eleven here in Stony Brook. Guys with swords, two headed monsters, angry storm gods and babes in bodices. How can you go wrong?

BLOO GOO OR SMURF CUM

By Benjamin Griffin

The Story Behind Fun Tak(tm).

DAP(tm) Fun Tak(tm) is that fun sticky goo you can buy at the campus bookstore to hold up your posters. True to its name, the stuff is a whole lot of fun to play with: "Oh let's see how long it can hold this to the ceiling!"

However fun it may seem, there is a dark and unpleasant story behind the origins of this "reusable adhesive." The following account is derived from state-of-the-art dream-state telepathic investigative journalism. Not a fact has been changed or invented.

First off they shot Gargamel and his stupid cat, too. ("Dulce et decorum est pro Azrael mori," goes the Latin.) Next they used a sophisticated attack plan using the wind, napalm, and tear gas to drive the Smurf villagers into a trap.

They strapped all the healthy males (i.e., no Papa Smurf) into specially constructed chairs in a large chamber. The chairs include a small radio-controlled electric-shock-treatment suppository and a miniaturized breast pump from a milking machine, which works over the blue thing's boner.

The original plan DAP(tm) had was to use anal shocks to cause ejaculation, a technique employed by some sperm banks, while also milking the "three apple high" males for all their worth. Then they hit upon the plan of getting Smurfette addicted to crack, so that they could force her to striptease for the strapping males, to keep the flagging flagpoles from a flaccid state. She's pretty

good at it too, almost as limber as a contortionist, and somewhat coy from her natural reluctance. If she were human, I'd be first in line to line her g-string with a dead president or two.

And here's where it gets ugly. DAP(tm) takes this collected Smurfy Juice, adds some carageenan as a thickener and sells it to you as Fun Tak(tm). Yes, that's right, you have stuck things to your walls with the sperm of Smurfs. Your posters have become discolored because Smurf semen held them to the wall. That gooey blue stuff you played with using your bare hands was produced in the hairless and wrinkle-free scrotum of a prisoner Smurf.

I warned you it would be unpleasant, but "Let each become aware."



Did we mention we like Scully?

MY FAVORITE MOVIES

By Chris Cartusciello

It's been a slow week for new releases, with the exception of *The Scarlet Letter*, which we won't bother to discuss, so I thought that I would give a list of some of my favorite movies of all time. Most of these films were huge successes so I am obviously not the only one who feels strongly about them. The only difference is that I enjoy them for other reasons than most people. These are films that had an impact on the movie-making community or, for some reason, were special in their production. Here they are, in descending order from my absolute favorite, with explanations as to why.

The Adventures Of Robin Hood (1938) Errol Flynn was at his swashbuckling best as Sir Robin of Locksley. Olivia de Havilland was beautiful as Maid Marian and Basil Rathbone was perfectly evil as Sir Guy of Gisbourne. Warner Brothers spent \$2 million making this medieval epic, the most money they ever spent on one film up to that time. They took a risk in using a newly developed three color Technicolor process (yes, it is in color. It is not colorized), which paid off greatly. The colors are rich and vibrant. The sets, stunts, action and romance stand up to any film made today. Erich Wolfgang Korngold's score is still one of the best blends of music and image. It won the film one of its three Oscars. I challenge anyone to find a more complete all-around film.

Rocky (1976) No real surprise here. The hardships writer/star Sylvester Stallone went through in getting this film made are now part of Hollywood legend. Stallone, with just over \$100 in the bank, was offered huge amounts of money for his screenplay. United Artists wanted a big star to play the title role. Stallone, wanting to play the part himself, wouldn't give in. The company finally agreed and gave him \$1 million for the entire production. After getting a director and assembling a cast who would work for such low pay, the film was completed in just 21 days. It went on to gather 10 Academy Award nominations, winning three including Best Picture. A great inspirational story, on-screen and off.

The Wizard Of Oz (1939) There is not much more that can be said about this film that has not already been said. A fantasy classic that has never been topped. The stories of on-set suicides and munchkin hijinx are well known and completely unfounded. The real story behind this second telling of L. Frank Baum's novel (the first was silent and made in 1925 with Oliver Hardy) is great music and wonderful characters. There is not a person who has watched this film and not been taken in by its magic.

King Kong (1933) The grand-daddy of all giant monster movies. This tale of beauty and the beast has never been beaten for its special effects by Willis O'Brien and the climax atop The Empire State Building. Director Merian C. Cooper originally wanted to use real gorillas but went to O'Brien

after this was found to be impractical. The stop-motion effects may look dated today, but a solid story and an appreciation of the work of the day keeps this film a perennial favorite. How many people have not sat in front of the television at holiday time, when it is usually shown, enjoying this?

Jaws (1975) Steven Spielberg was still a young director when Universal entrusted him to head this fish tale. The story was simple but Spielberg knows how to build suspense. A great cast helped him out and a mechanical shark named Bruce stole the show. The scene when Richard Dreyfuss uncovers the head of a fisherman in a sunken boat had to be re-shot because the original was too dark. Spielberg went to the pool of one of the producers, sank a section of a boat, covered it with a tarp and poured in milk to make the water murky. The head popped out at just the right time and the effect was better than anyone had planned.

Chaplin (1992) The life story of Charlie Chaplin, a true industry genius, is told with humor, feeling and energy. Robert Downey Jr. is superb in the role of the Little Tramp and was well deserving of his Oscar nomination. When Downey met with Director Sir Richard Attenborough he was unshaven and sloppily dressed. Attenborough was going to walk right by him until Downey gave a near-perfect physical rendition of Chaplin's movements. The end of the film intersperses Downey's performance with the real thing and it is almost impossible to tell which is which. Maybe I love this film not so much because of the movie itself, but because of the admiration I have for Chaplin. He did more for the industry than almost anyone, and some of his innovations are still being used today. Many of his films also deserve to be on this list.

The Planet Of The Apes (1968) Pierre Boulle's novel made an incredible sci-fi film with Charlton Heston as an astronaut who finds himself stuck in a future where apes rule over man. The shocking ending made people think about the direction in which we were headed. Four sequels and two television series followed, but none had the impact of the original. The make-up won a special Oscar. Oliver Stone is going to remake it with Arnold Schwarzenegger in the lead unless someone can stop him before it's too late!

Monty Python And The Holy Grail (1975)/*Young Frankenstein* (1974) Two of the funniest movies ever made. Monty Python made a mockery of the King Arthur legend while Mel Brooks took every horror cliché and turned them around. These two films gave comedy a much needed boost and set the standard for years to come. *Grail* may not be everybody's idea of funny but you can't deny the legions of fans who can recite the film by heart (myself included). *Young Frankenstein* is just plain funny and the best thing Brooks has ever done. He is currently working on *Dracula: Dead And Loving It* with Leslie Nielsen.

Halloween (1978) John Carpenter's suspense classic. This was the film that started the slasher trend

(I'm not sure whether that's good or not) and there is hardly any blood. The idea of the silent, unstoppable killer was not new but this film showed that, once again, what you don't see can be scary. The first sequel was an adequate continuation but the ones that followed lost the thrill.

Jurassic Park (1993) Steven Spielberg does it again with this tale of science gone wrong. Many people claim that the performances in this film are stiff and wooden. So what?! The real attractions here are the dinosaurs. Spielberg outdid himself with his computer generated effects and changed the way movies will be made forever, again (at least until his next film). With the first shot of the Brachiosaurus I found myself sitting in the theater with my mouth wide open. This is the only film that has ever amazed me to that extent. Michael Crichton has already written the sequel novel and the film will be out in the summer of 1997. For another take on this same theme watch the Crichton directed *Westworld*.

Knightriders (1981) George A. Romero directed this tale of a traveling medieval troupe who joust on motorcycles. Ed Harris is their delusional King Arthur who wants them to live under an old fashioned code of honor. Special effects master Tom Savini is the hot shot black knight. This was a nice change of pace from horror king Romero, and the entire film works. At a running time of 2:25 this morality tale brings the viewer in and doesn't let go until the final scene.

Who Framed Roger Rabbit? (1988) Spielberg again. He produced this film, that Robert Zemeckis directed, which flawlessly blended live action and animation. No other film in history has taken two such diverse mediums and gotten results this spectacular. They had spoken of making a sequel but quickly realized that nothing they could do would match the original.

Of course there are other films which should top anybody's list such as *Casablanca*, *Gone With The Wind*, *Ben Hur*, *The Maltese Falcon* and *The African Queen*. These are all classic films which unfortunately, many people today don't appreciate. Some have asked why I don't have any of the Star Wars movies on my list. It is true that these movies are amazing in their story telling and effects and they would probably be some of the next films if I was to expand my list further. The thing is that they haven't had as big an impact on me as the rest of the films I have placed before them. Some of the other movies I would put are *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington* and *It's A Wonderful Life*, (I believe that Jimmy Stewart is the greatest actor this country has ever had). *The March Of The Wooden Soldiers*, *E.T.* and *Back To The Future* are others that would round out my top films.

It's happened again. Another one of our staff members got engaged. This time it was Chris Cartusciello. He writes our movie reviews for us, and despite his male pattern baldness, is a very cool guy (especially since it was him who gave us Maelstrom with the Simpsons sounds and we have been playing it loyally for almost a month.) His finance is Jeannine Gibbons, whom we believe Chris is hiding from us since he's never brought her down to the office. He probably thinks that the office and its inhabitants would be a bad influence on her, (he's definitely right).

Again, congratulations to Chris Cartusciello and Jeannine Gibbons on their engagement and good luck with all their future endeavors.

Billy Corgan And The Infinite Album

By Lowell Yaeger

The history of the Smashing Pumpkins has always been a bit erratic. From the debut album, *Gish* (Caroline), through opening for Jane's Addiction, a second album on the Virgin label, and headlining Lollapalooza, they have always remained a musical anomaly, with ties in the classical, funk, dinosaur rock, and thrash genres, yet refusing to pin themselves down to one. Boasting a love of feedback, an intimate knowledge of misery and alienation, and a set of dysfunctional band members not seen since the advent of Yoko Ono in the Beatles, the Pumpkins appeared in the mainstream on the basis of a hit single ("Today") that mixed heavy metal with feedback heavy pop, all skewered by the slightly-nasal, slightly-boyish vocals of the group's frontman, Billy Corgan. Indie-rockers screamed "sell-out" when the group released an album of b-sides and headlined the fourth Lollapalooza under a cloud of rumors, suggesting they had single-handedly prevented Pavement from playing on the bill.

Throughout all of this, their sound, which is for the most part manufactured by Billy Corgan with little or no say from the other band members, has always been a little lacking when compared with the group's ambition. The sprawling feedback landscapes at the end of songs like "Silverfuck" and "Windowpaine" spoke of a psychedelic kind of music, a loopy 70's acid-rock that was more interested in 90's pain than tie-dyed patterns. But they came across as forced and pointless. Billy Corgan's heavy-handed ideas were never quite backed up by the music, which for all of its production, couldn't escape the fact that the Smashing Pumpkins were no more than a garage band who discovered that playing guitar next to the amps makes a cool noise. A talented garage band, but a garage band nevertheless, playing by those rules, and headed for a spot in the alternative Rogue's Gallery as the 1990s answer to Yes.

Billy Corgan and his band-mates have shaken this handicap on their fourth full-length album, a double-album saga of music ranging from thrash torturetech to indie art-rock produced by Flood and Alan Moulder. Flood, responsible for albums by U2, Depeche Mode and Nine Inch Nails, has been known to be extremely heavy-handed with his colleagues, using the bands as "instruments" in a manner similar to Eno's use of Bowie back in the 1970s; Corgan, however, has been equally heavy-handed in the past, recording most of their second album by himself. Coupled with Alan Moulder, the producer of Curve's first two albums and a master of feedback sculpture, you've got one of the most interesting creative teams in years.

The result is a concept album entitled *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*. Spanning two hours of music and merging genres effortlessly in a path that is not quite a story, Corgan & Co. have emerged with one of the best albums of the year, and the best work they've ever created.

The album, filled to the brim with fairy tale imagery and divided into two sections entitled "Dawn to Dusk" and "Twilight to Starlight", is extremely reminiscent of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*. However, unlike that album, there is no movie to guide us through the content of the songs, and what we get is a story that sounds good but tells us

very little. The album opens with a slow piano instrumental, and is followed by the equally synthesized "Tonight, Tonight," a piece in the vein of Floyd's "In the Flesh." I never thought it could be true, but the discovery of a keyboard by the members of the Smashing Pumpkins has done them wonders. Along with Faith No More, the Pumpkins have successfully merged sound effects and piano melodies with rock song structures,

the King of Depression himself, Trent Reznor, could ever hope to capture.

From there, it's all down hill. The music collapses into repetitive art-rock acoustic songs, with even the blistering "X.Y.U." and goofy, Primus-esque "We Only Come Out At Night" disappearing into the modern-rock swamp. The agonizing screams of "love is suicide" degenerates into promises of love; instead of a cathartic epiphany like Floyd's "The Trial," this album just... ends. We get a closing song, "Farewell and Goodnight," that wraps up the concept of a story just told, yet the story is disjointed and difficult to understand, and in the end we have no idea of its true meaning.

Still, this is a good, good album. For a band better known for their fighting than their music to pull off a respectable double album — and a long one, at that — is a remarkable achievement, and the Pumpkins are to be commended, cryptic though the final product may be.

THIS WEEK'S TINY INSTALLMENT OF CHIN SLINKY.

Unless you're a huge fan, skip Marilyn Manson's newest. It's just covers and remixes.

The new Ministry has been pushed back again. Whatever.

Def Leppard is planning a comeback. I've got two words for you: Defcon One. I've got two more words for you: big hair. I've got two MORE words for you: metal's dead. Well, it's not, but big-hair glam-metal is. If you think otherwise, pick up Def Leppard's new

greatest hits compilation, "Vault," and play it on your hall. Loud.

Fuck me hard, Polygram. Hard.



causing little to no conflict in the interim. The sound evokes neither the tinkly sound of AOR rock nor does it hammer away relentlessly, a la Nine Inch Nails. Rather, it sits, below the guitar and drums, and enhances the overall sound.

This introduction to Flood's influence on the band is put on hold for a few brief but excellent songs in a grungy-metal vein, including the furiously loud "Jellybelly." The band's first single, an anthem entitled "Bullet with Butterfly Wings," finds Corgan screaming "Despite all my rage/I am still just a rat in a cage," and it is here that the album's problems begin to develop. What is he mad at? Why all of this rage? There are no concrete explanations of his past, unlike previous concept albums, such as Nails' *The Downward Spiral*.

This ambiguity carries through the furious "Fuck You (An Ode To No One)" into Billy's exploration of Bjork-esque technopop ("Love") and Orb-esque techno ("Cupid de Locke"). Lyrics like "To my mistakes of cowardice/She shimmy shakes, the Jimmy-Jakes of consequence" still lend us no information, and the album ends with a musically excellent but equally-unrevealing 10-minute song which shifts between ballad and hard rock. The music here is so good, though, that I'm almost inclined to forgive them their mysterious meaning.

The second half of the album is much less powerful. Following the opening "Where Boys Fear to Tread" and the heaviest song the Pumpkins have ever created, "Bodies," the high point of the entire work appears. "Thirty-Three" is a quiet ballad whose acoustic guitar and synthesizer waves evoke the kind of music one might hear in commercials advertising trips to Hawaii. However, within a minute, the structure of the music and the subtly plaintive tone of Corgan's voice evoked a sound of heart-breaking desolation that not even

With A Trace

By Ted Swedalla

Uncle Tupelo was always one of those bands that the critics loved, never got any airplay and always were expected to 'hit it big' with their next album. They never did and eventually imploded. Since then they have spawned two bands, Wilco and Son Volt. And it is Son Volt's *Trace* that goes far beyond any expectation you could have ever had for Uncle Tupelo.

Tinged with country strains, Jay Farrar leads his new band through 11 incredible songs. Farrar writes the fuck out of all the songs, except "Mystifies Me" written by Ron Wood. It won't be long before some country artist covers "Windfall" or "Tear Stained Eye." But then songs like "Route," "Catching On" and "Loose String" remind you of Neil Young with his good band, Crazy Horse, without the seven minute guitar solos. "Drown" will remind you of Lynyrd Skynyrd before the plane crash.

Registering in at under 45 minutes *Trace* will make you buy a convertible and drive around the Island, singing these songs over and over until you stop at a small town bar and order a double of Jack's on the Rocks. I urge you to beg, borrow or steal this disc from your neighborhood music giant store.

Government Denies Knowledge

The Secret of The X-Files

By Louis M. Moran

I like to watch the *X-Files* alone. There are nuances that I could miss with some bone-head chatting about this world event or that world event during the *X-Files*. The *X-Files* talks to me. Tells me things, big

things, things people don't know about, but I do. I do because they tell me them.

I want to be Fox Mulder when I grow up. I want to feel his paranormal pain, the pain he feels every time he shows his badge and knows what the owner of the eyes viewing the refracted light from his ID is thinking; Fox, is that your real name? I want to suspect everything, I want to be driven to near madness by the concept of truth. I want to find my missing sister (as an only child, we get that way). I want to stand next to Scully for extended periods of time.

Oh man do I want to be near Scully! I want to be near her full, pouting lips.

Her icy blue eyes. Her hair, no matter what color it is that week. I want to cure her pain, kiss her when she realizes I'm right again...aliens have taken over the Presidency of the United States of America! I want to dress her up in latex and...I'd like to work with Scully.

The *X-Files* is what *Happy Days* was to the 70's in a way. Fox is Fox, not some actor, much like the Fonz wasn't Henry Winkler. Scully does have a degree in Medical Science. Fox is Oxford educated, and

his nickname is "Spooky." These people exist! They are not actors! The real reason you believe that every week is because the writing is so good. The characters leak a little information about themselves every week and that's like real life. You

don't find out everything about someone right away; it takes time. Over the course of time things

get revealed to you. You do not wait for these things to become apparent, they just do. You're so happy when another fold of life opens itself to you that that is all you think you'll ever need. Then after a while you

begin to anticipate knowledge; you must know more each week. It becomes consuming. A drug. A healing. An unquenchable craving.

You must have *X-Files*.

You reminisce about the old shows. You ponder their meaning on the new. Will Tooms come back? Are there more Flukemen? If he had the power to control electricity, why not brain-waves? What else is the government covering up? Sure we know all about NASA and the Hubble Telescope, but what else are they hiding from us? If small pox inoculations are really alien genes, do they work to fight small pox? Why, oh why, did Deep

throat have to die? Scully's going to be OK isn't she, even after the experiment? Fox, I wish I could help you find your sister. How did Jim Rose, and his Circus, get on the *X-Files* anyway? Isn't Scully adorable when she's being inquisitive? Why can't Mulder ever win a fight? How is it possible

that Skinner is helping Mulder and The FBI all at once; just whose side is he on anyway?

I do know things though...I do know why the *X-Files* was closed down in the beginning of last season. It was because they never solved a case in the

first twenty five shots they had the season before! For Chris'sake guys, solve one for Deep Throat this year. You can't expect to be a viable part of the FBI and never accomplish anything. Sure we all understand that most of your suspects vanish into thin air, are too small to be caught, exist on a different plane of existence or become ghosts at the very sight of you, but you've simply got to

catch someone. Railroad someone next time. Just grab the first guy you see next time and go, "Yo dirtbag! Face in the dirt, spread 'em wide, punk! Over here Skinner we got the guy!" I believe that would help.

I believe that Mulder and Scully have absolutely no sexual tension

at all making them both asexual. I believe they're buddies off the set. I believe that the final *X-Files* will reveal JFK's real assassin. I believe that Samuel Adams is advertising directly to me. I believe that with a DSS dish NASA can track your every move. I believe that pennies were used to triangulate every American's position on the planet, but now twenty dollar bills are the locators. I believe that the *X-Files* is the best show on television and that it doesn't get enough recognition because it's on that damned FOX Network. I believe the Truth IS Out There.



The editors of this paper have dedicated the production of this, and all papers to come, to Special Agent Dana Scully (played by Gillian Anderson). We love her so much, as should you. She is the sexiest female on the planet, and you should feel honored that we have let you into the shrine that we call Scully. Here's to all the people who know where we got these pictures of Scully, who surfed the net seeking fictional and non-fictional facts about our favorite FBI Agent and, of course, to those who believe that the truth is out there...