

The
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PRESS

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The University Community's Feature Paper

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The Brave New World of Bill Gates

By Norman Solomon
Creators Syndicate

This month began with yet another glossy tribute to Microsoft's visionary leader. Newsweek devoted seven gaga pages to Bill Gates — "the most powerful single figure in the business world today" — and proclaimed that we're nearing "the Microsoft Century."

Superlatives are routine when media outlets describe the 41-year-old CEO and his software feats. Meanwhile, corporate rivals grouse and moan. But star-struck journalists and envious competitors don't shed much light on the down sides of the Microsoft mind-set.

The brave new world of Bill Gates — transfixed with high-tech form over human content — has little room for social vision. What we get are endless variations of the notion that ever-more-clever digital technology will make life wondrous for paying customers.

These days, Gates says that Microsoft's focus on the Internet will enable the firm to be "intimate" with consumers by maintaining on-line communication: "The relationship, even on productivity software, is a lot more intimate and ongoing."

Incessant techno-babble often drowns out what we used to call critical thinking. As for the next generation, little Johnny or Mary — or Dylan or Chelsea — can't get a hug from their Pentium computer or 28.8 modem or full-color graphics. No hypertext will ever talk with a child as well as a loving relative or friend might. And there's no software on the horizon that can begin to substitute for the soft touch of a parent's hand.

These are not big considerations in the projections for the Microsoft Century. With all the drum-

beating about the brilliance of Bill Gates, this country's media echo chamber is remarkably quiet about values that cannot be put on a spreadsheet.

"The great triumphs of propaganda have been accomplished, not by doing something, but by refraining from doing," Aldous Huxley observed a half-century ago. "Great is truth, but still greater, from a practical point of view, is silence about truth."

Amid all the accolades for trailblazer Gates, we rarely hear about the moral sinkholes of his road ahead. In the quest for market share, less acquisitive concerns get lip service. It's symbolic that Gates — after amassing \$20 billion of personal wealth — remains so eager to become even richer in a world of rampant poverty.

Last summer, Microsoft and NBC launched a major joint project, MSNBC, combining a new cable TV network and a site on the World Wide Web. Such media ventures may seem to enhance choices, but they actually post more intrusive sentries — "gatekeepers" — along the information superhighway.

When MSNBC premiered, Tom Brokaw spoke of the need to manage cyberspace for young people. "We can't let that generation and a whole segment of the population just slide away out to the Internet and retrieve what information it wants without being in on it," Brokaw told an interviewer.

With uncommon candor, the NBC anchor added: "I also believe strongly that the Internet works best when there are gatekeepers. When there are people making determinations and judgments about what information is relevant and factual and useful. Otherwise, it's like going to the rainforest and just seeing a green maze."

But the biggest players in cyberspace aren't mere-

ly guiding us through the media terrain — they're altering it in fundamental ways, bulldozing through certain areas, pointing us in some directions and away from others. In effect, Microsoft is bent on selling us the windows through which we perceive the world.

Consider the comments of Silicon Valley investor Michael Moritz, quoted in the Dec. 2 edition of Newsweek: "It's difficult to think of a company in the history of the world that's positioned to influence so many aspects of life as Microsoft is at the end of the 20th century. In terms of a civilized world, you'd have to go back to the Roman Empire to find any organization that had as great a reach as Microsoft has today."

Of course, every media story includes the proverbial "both sides." So, Newsweek tells us a bit about the "Anti-Bills" — executives at software outfits like Netscape and Oracle who resent Bill Gates. But they don't really object to the media-monopolizing game; they just want to do better at it themselves.

Missing from standard news accounts are the voices of consumer advocates and media critics with deeper objections. They aren't supposed to have much of a future in the Microsoft Century.

Norman Solomon is a syndicated columnist and co-author (with Jeff Cohen) of "Through the Media Looking Glass: Decoding Bias and Blather in the News"

Fetish

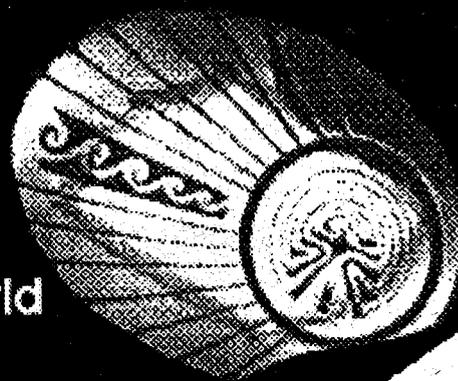
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RAILROADED



By Chris Sorochin

With all the print being expended lately on that lame excuse for public transport, the Long Island Rail Road, I just can't resist belly-flopping on top of the pig-pile and sharing my own bile and venom that have accumulated during years of regular LIRR commutation. People assume my bitterness and cynicism has something to do with my early toilet training or unresolved Oedipal conflicts. While these Freudian clichés may have some bearing, the real nail in the coffin of my optimism has been years of hellish experiences at the hands of sadistic morons and the outmoded, broken-down junk they play with.

Those who have had the sullen joy of traveling in this primitive manner know that one is usually obliged to change at Huntington. It's also common knowledge that everyone congeals around the shelter of the station building, especially during bouts of the Northeast's more obnoxious meteorological phenomena.

So when the eastbound connection pulls in, does it stop right up close to the station so folks can avoid the nasty weather to the greatest extent possible? Of course not! That would defeat the entire power trip most LIRR employees seem to be on. No, the diesel (when it comes, sometimes there's a considerable wait, especially when it's really cold or wet) chugs and clunks its ponderous way as far as possible away from the station, so everyone gets to trudge miserably in the rain, snow, hail, or whatever the precipitation of the week happens to be, to get into the relative warmth and dryness of the cattle cars that the railroad so thoughtfully provides.

But wait — it gets better. It seems that somewhere in the contract of the blue-uniformed scumbags who get paid inflated salaries to punch tickets is a subclause allowing them to close at least one car for their own use. This gives them a place to hide when the train stops in the middle of nowhere for an unspecified period of time and no discernable reason.

If the customers really came first, they'd take the farthest car and make things as convenient as possible for us. But as any LIRR passenger can tell you, and as Jeremy Despermo's letter in the November 12 Press illustrates, the customer most emphatically does not come first.

Several years ago, one rainy afternoon in early December, I was waiting for the train to take me from Stony Brook to Port Jefferson, a nine-minute trip. By the time it arrived, it was pissing down in buckets. I was cowering in a shelter at the head of the train, but in the LIRR's endearing way of malfunctioning at the worst possible moment, only one cattle car door opened and, as a veteran rider would expect, it was clear at the other end of the platform.

After sprinting down there, tossing myself in and plopping down, I was soaking wet and out of breath and in absolutely no mood for any additional shit from their bogus system. It was then that I noticed I was in the Inner Sanctum, the Holy of Holies: everyone else in the car worked for the railroad. I was in the employees' lounge at Stalag 13.

But, I reasoned, it's only one more stop and it was their fuck-up that I was there. I should've known better. A uniformed mound of blubber rest his piggly little eyes on me and inquired, "Are you one of us?"

"What do you mean 'one of us'?"

"Do you have a railroad pass?"

"No."

"Then you can't sit in this car."

"This is the only car that was opened."

"You can't sit here. It's a closed car."

I stomped out, banging shut the unwieldy sheet of decrepit metal that passes for a door, and ran smack into the overpaid idiot that couldn't operate the doors in the first place as he was putting a chain between the "elite" and "rabble" cars.

"Your fucking buddies say I'm not good

enough to sit next to them."

He explains he forgot to put up the chain before!

I stormed past him and sat in the next car, in which my inferior breed is permitted. The Keeper of the Chain comes by to take my ticket and tell me to calm down. No apology for the doors not opening or his colleague's failure to behave like a human being. No, I'm obviously in the wrong for being upset by such efficient performance and reasonable policy.

"It's a closed car. The guys are back there relaxing."

And if I sit next to them for ten lousy minutes, it's going to ruin their whole fucking day. It's going to just shatter their blissed-out transcendence.

They even pull this "private car" garbage during the all-too-frequent track work projects, when the railroad hires cheesy little vans to transport us even more uncomfortably. "This is a crew van," one asshole who is always hitting on female passengers informs me.

What exactly do they do in their hermetically sealed universe? Do they snort coke? Fellate

each other? Make fun of the passengers? Or are they just too high and mighty to sit with the peasants?

Disclosure and Confession: I work part-time in a transportation industry whose motto is also "fuck the customers" (or "maggots" as some of my coworkers lovingly refer to them). Like the LIRR, there's also no real competition. In our cheery little workplace, much misanthropic satisfaction is derived from denying customers use of the restrooms. I've beheld the pathetic psychodrama of a Dilbertesque office drone beaming in ecstasy while pursuing some wretch into the toilets, near-orgasmic in the prospect of Exercising Petty Power and Enforcing Unreasonable Policy.

Once I absolutely HAD to be in Queens at 6 p.m. It just so happened that that was the day LIRR employees decided to pull a modest one-day strike. I was obliged to start out at 10 a.m. and place myself at the tender mercies of five (count 'em, five) buses and a subway to be there in time. Somewhere during the fourth bus connection, I evolved the idea that we victims of the LIRR should form a union ourselves and we could sponsor activities like Don't Show Your Ticket Day or even boycotts of ticket sales or ridership itself, just to show them who pays the bills.

Mr. Despermo is right in placing much of the blame on railroad bosses who seek to downsize everything. The same week that fares rose last fall, service declined visibly. I heartily agree with the riposte to Despermo's letter, authored by a shadowy entity known only as The Ranch, except where it says that politicians shouldn't be bothered with public transportation issues. This couldn't be more wrong.

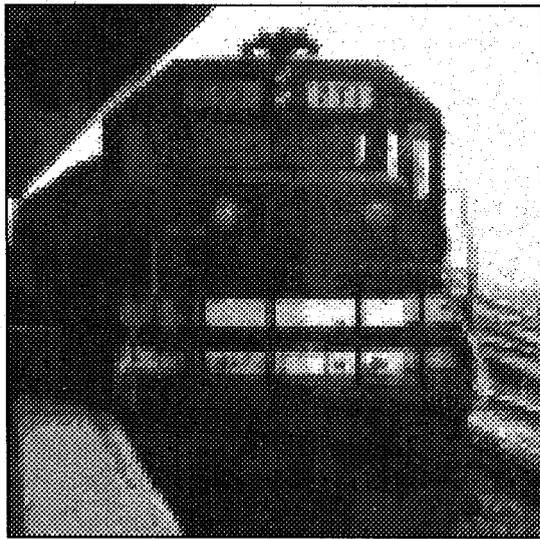
I often think, as I'm festering over the latest incompetence or insult, what could be accomplished if the entire ridership, numbering in the thousands, made this a political issue and demanded service be improved. Service doesn't mean redecorating stations, but modernizing the system and equipment so it bears at least a faint resemblance to a 20th Century artifact. It

would create jobs and reduce dependency on fossil fuels, but the cattle in the cattle car (and other livestock) are so brainwashed into believing that we can't afford public spending of any description (except corporate subsidies and prison construction) that it's all but impossible. This past summer, the air conditioning was out for a good three weeks on the Huntington-Port Jefferson line. In the

sweaty bowels of August, the public just sat there, taking it, because the citizens of the Zombie Nation really do think we're stuck with things as they are.



Long Island Rail Road



THE NIGHT BEFORE SELLOUT

'Twas two weeks before Christmas
And throughout Stony Brook
There was nary a dollar
To buy pencils or books.

The alumni had been squeezed
For every last cent
We'd used every dollar
The governor had lent.

The students were nestled
All snug in their debt
From huge student loans
With more to come yet.

And I in my dorm room
Was perusing the news
Expecting more education cuts
And tuition raise blues.

When I saw on page five
What I expected the least
"\$25 Million Gift
Builds Bridge to East".

I turned to the story
And started to read
Looking for angels
In the Brook's time of need.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a rich Asian donor
And a new building here.

There was a millionaire businessman
Who'd made news with a bang
Donating big bucks to SUNY
By the name of Charles Wang

With his computer-made fortune
He'd become quite a big spender
His money would build us
An "Asian-American Cultural Center"

As a gift it was wondrous
This Wang guy was nice
But the consequences for SUNY
Made me think twice.

At a public university
Private donorships are great
But we've got to be careful
SUNY answers to the state.

The governor cuts funding
Corporate donations rise
The state loses importance
Soon, we're privatized!

Today, it's philanthropy
Tomorrow, support
Corporate buildings,
And things of that sort.

The more money they give
The more they'll want in return
They'll say what we should research
And what we should learn.

When Big Business takes over
We'll lose our ties to the state
The taxpayers won't pay
For schools run by Bill Gates.

With privatization
The state is de-emphasized
With SUNY for profit
Tuition will rise!

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth
Accept it with glee
But look out for the strings
'Cause nothing is free.

So we'll take your donations
But if we don't do it right
It's "Merry Christmas to all
And to SUNY, good-night."

PRESS

The Lizard King
Rev. David M. Ewalt

Needs To Unclench
John Giuffo

Socialist Pig-Dog
Boyd McCamish

Cannot Get One Past Dave
Martha Chemas

I Shoulda Known Better
Than To Fuck With
Lowell Yaeger

East Where?
Joanna Wegielnik

Sick Boy
Chris Cartusciello

In Detox
Jeanne Nolan

Poon Magnet
Antony Lorenzo

Naked Boy
Robert Gilheany

Kind Of Rhymes With
"Licking My Hairy"
Liv Ann Bacerra

Jessica Kupillas Is Way Too
Good For
Michael Kramer

People We Haven't Been Able
To Get Rid of Yet
Louis Moran, Heather
Rosenow, Anne Ruggiero,
Chris Sorochin, Ted Swedalla

Other People
James Atwater, Elvis Duke,
Chiang Fu, Keith Filaski,
Jenn Frigger, Jessica Lamantia,
Jermaine LaMont

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PART OF THE PROBLEM

Last Thursday, December 4, a jury handed down a 25 to 50 year sentence to Jonathan Schmitz, the 26-year-old man convicted of killing Scott Amedure in the highly publicized "Jenny Jones Murder Trial."

Later that night, on Larry King Live, juror Joyce O'Brien was questioned as to her thoughts during the trial, and what she would've liked to see happen to the defendant. Her opinions reflected an often unseen bigotry that sheds light on the way this country thinks.

When asked if she, as a juror, felt if victim Scott Amedure was to blame for his own murder, O'Brien said, "I don't think the victim was to blame totally, but I think he started the ball rolling."

She also said, "I told my husband right after the trial started, that I wouldn't even mind having a son like [Jonathan Schmitz]. I think he's a wonderful person, and it'd just an unhappy set of circumstances."

These beliefs are not the ramblings of one deranged woman, but rather represent the average opinion about the trial. Scott Amedure, a man whose only crime was to tell a friend he was attracted to him, has been painted as an example of what happens when gay people take chances with outing themselves. Scott's price was nothing less than his life, yet most of us seek to blame the victim, or the

Jenny Jones Show for what happened.

A country which pretends to pride itself on its open-mindedness has been shown a mirror, a scale by which to judge the dangers of an open and silence-validated homophobia, and it has blamed the messenger. While it is true the Jenny Jones Show provided a vehicle for Jonathan Schmitz to vent his hatred, the real culprits are a society which makes it okay to hate gays, and Schmitz himself.

Every time we tell a gay joke, we validate Jonathan Schmitz' murder of Scott Amedure. Every time we seek to paint gays as somewhat dysfunctional—or more often—unholy, we validate the murder of Scott Amedure. Every time a student leader, such as Lloyd Abrahams, Vice President of the African American Student Organization, puts out a flyer which denounces the "homosodomistic" behaviors of other organizations, we validate the murder of Scott Amedure.

Organized religions that declare homosexuality a sin, bigoted parents, prejudiced friends, Lloyd Abrahams, Jonathan Schmitz: these are the people whose vocal, ignorant opinions are responsible for the death of Scott Amedure, not the Jenny Jones Show. Anyone who seeks to kill the messenger is not only fooling themselves, they are part of the problem.

WINNER
1996 CAMPUS ALTERNATIVE
JOURNALISM AWARDS

•BEST SENSE OF
HUMOR

•HONORABLE MENTION FOR HELLRAISING

President Incognito

By Jessica Lamantia

Many of the students who attend the State University of New York at Stony Brook have numerous complaints about the present conditions and future of the school. They range from the horrendous parking conditions on-campus to the disadvantages of the Advantage meal plan. But what is a student to do when they have a legitimate complaint? I recently spoke to student Brenda Reiss, who tried to find out where to go and who to lodge a complaint with on-campus. But the only thing she found was a lot of disappointment with USB's administration, primarily President Kenny.

One of the many things that Brenda was upset about was the fact that she didn't receive a registration booklet for the spring semester. As a commuter student, the registration books are supposed to be mailed to students' houses by a certain date so they are able to register at their designated time. But as the registration date was quickly approaching and there was still no sign of the booklet in the mail, she decided to take action. Concerned, she went to the office in Humanities and asked if she could have a book. Not only did they give her a difficult time once she described her plight, but they refused to give her a registration booklet.

Undeterred in her quest, Brenda began a journey that only a bureaucratic system could offer. She was shuffled about from office to office — first from Humanities, then to the Office of Student Services and finally to the Commuter Office on campus where she ultimately got her registration

book. But, by this point, running from office to office only to be told that she needed to speak to someone else did nothing but heighten Brenda's dismay with the university.

Another issue that Brenda wanted to discuss with someone was the situation with the commuter buses. First of all, in our bill in the beginning of each semester, we now pay a transportation fee. This applies to commuters as well as residents. Brenda feels that since commuters are the ones who use the buses the most, they should have either kept the old system of paying \$0.50 every time you rode the bus or made only the commuters pay the transportation fee. Furthermore, Brenda believes that "whoever is planning [the commuter bus system] has an IQ of two." Her main example of this is the newly built glass and brick shelter in the Engineering Loop. The school must have spent oodles of money on it, yet no one uses it. The reason? Because the buses stop BEFORE the shelter, therefore the line begins about 50 feet in front of it, forcing students to stand out in the rain rather than give up their place in line to stay dry.

With these and many more gripes, Brenda decided to complain to the head honcho. She attempted to make an appointment with President Kenny. On the phone, she was repeatedly asked by the secretary why she wanted the appointment. Brenda explained she wanted to complain to Kenny about several issues. Kenny's secretary told her she should take her complaints through other channels, but Brenda refused. So, the secretary explained the procedure that she would have to

perform — first you write a letter stating why you wish to see President Kenny and based on that letter, she decides if you're important enough to meet with. Contrary to President Kenny's policy, the school is performing a service for us. If there were no students, you, President Kenny, would not have a job. As students, we don't expect you to be at our beck and call, but if someone wants an appointment, even if they have to wait months, it should be granted.

The fact is, this kind of treatment of students is indicative of the administration at this university. We are talked down to and don't receive valid, fair treatment. Brenda is an adult learner and has discovered she is treated far better than your average 20-year-old. Over the phone, Brenda is treated like she's nothing, that her problems aren't important, but in person she is treated with respect. Brenda feels that part of our education is to prepare for life and that the administration and faculty should be role models. But from what she has encountered, the administration and President Kenny's behavior have been sorely lacking.

Our message is this: you'd better shape up or ship out. President Kenny is not untouchable in an ivory tower. She should be made accessible to the students. So, if you have any complaints you would wish to share with our illustrious president, she can be contacted at her office in the Administration building.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER BREEDS CONTROVERSY

By Martha Chemas

The new Student Activities Center (SAC) is slated to open its doors early this coming semester. In 1987 the project that is now near completion was only in its conceptual stage. Now with the unveiling all but with us, many students in the campus community are voicing concerns over how the new SAC will serve the varied student population.

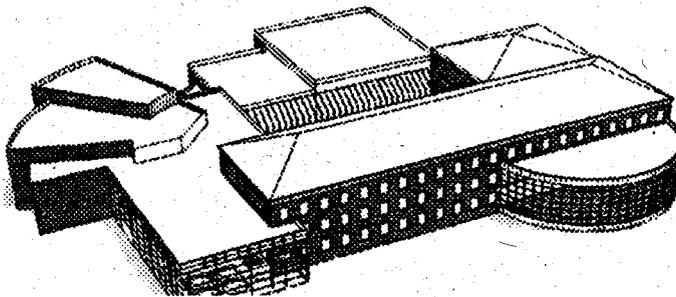
Circulating campus is a brochure entitled "The Newsletter of the Student Activities Center". Within this publication Dr. Fred Preston is quoted as saying, "We have made a concerted effort to effectively utilize every square foot of this beautiful facility. It is going to be an exciting and energizing place once it comes alive with students, staff, and faculty."

The problem, it seems, is that the resurrection of Central Hall may not take place as Administrators envision it. Many student groups are currently meeting to discuss plans of boycotting the new SAC. The reason cited for such a drastic measure is an ever growing and pervading feeling that the students of the campus community were very left out in the planning of this building. The meal plan debate is a good example of this.

Last spring, the bidding process for food services took place. Aramark, the existing food service contractor submitted a bid, as did Mariott, another food service contractor. The bids were reviewed by the Faculty Student Association, a committee comprised (as the name suggests) of faculty and students. FSA awarded the bid to Aramark. The approved Aramark bid did not include plans for the SAC.

As a result, meal cards will not be accepted in the new union. This has infuriated many students. To begin with, for residents of the campus, the meal plan is mandatory. This means that any student who lives on campus must have a meal plan unless they live in a cooking suite. With SAC operating on a cash only basis, only students with a disposable cash income will be able to patronize the SAC's food shops. Students thus fear that the SAC will be economically and potentially, socially divisive.

The floor plan of the new SAC now being circulated promises an auditorium, many meeting



rooms, a new Polity suite and space for the Commuter Student Association. It also includes plans for a coffee bar and several food retailers. The SAC newsletter tells of a kabob bar and sushi to go. It goes on to say, "Aramark's terrific food service staff are excited about this creative opportunity and look forward to serving more culinary delights". Now doesn't this mean that Aramark will be involved?

The Graduate Student Organization also has its gripe with the new SAC. In a statement/letter released by GSO President Hasan Imam this past week, Imam states, "The administration is playing undergraduate interests against graduate ones.

Because of their mismanagement, graduate students have not been allocated enough space... Polity has its own long list of gripes. The cost of correcting these mistakes will cost student organizations in excess of \$50,000."

In the SAC bulletin there is a paragraph which opens with the following: "Considering that the SAC is being built in two phases, the opening of this first phase is of limited size." The paragraph continues and eventually concludes, in no way explaining this rather enigmatic phase. Does this mean the SAC will go through more structural redesign after it opens?

The newsletter goes on to primarily credit Dean Carmen Vasquez for the new center. I have a feeling that this means the burden of responsibility will come to rest on her shoulders as more students begin to subscribe or more strongly support the anti-SAC sentiment washing over the campus community.

According to descriptions of the interior and a simple survey of the mostly completed building, I think it is safe to say that students will find the new SAC physically attractive. The space takes in a lot of light and is brightly decorated in a necessary striking contrast to the Rikersesque quality of the existing union. What is much more difficult to predict is what will happen in January when the long awaited SAC finally opens. At this time student concerns over Administration's slow encroachment over student life issues will take center stage.

Honor Students Deserve Answers

By Students of the Honors College

While students struggled to pull through during finals week last May, a revolution was born. The Honors College, a small interactive learning community for undergraduates, was to enter a "new phase" in which student-faculty contact would be increased. However, this hastily drawn plan that was crafted without consulting faculty and students leaves many questions about the future of the program unanswered.

The Honors College was founded in 1989 during the administration of then president John Marburger. This small community consisting of forty undergraduates in each grade was led by geneticist and historian Elof Axel Carlson, who served as the Master. As a committed scholar and teacher, Dr. Carlson successfully created an informal and friendly learning atmosphere. Honors College students got to know their professors and peers in a series of interdisciplinary seminars and courses. Students and faculty were encouraged to share their ideas through informal interactions that are often difficult in large lecture classes.

To many students, Dr. Carlson was a friend as well as a professor. He devoted many hours each day to meet with students to offer advice, encouragement, or simply to have interesting conversations about anything that interested them. Although the Honors College never had a budget despite repeated requests, Carlson personally contributed money to Honors College Scholarships and paid for field trips, class materials, and other expenses. From these actions, he showed his dedication to students by example and not by word.

Despite these achievements, members of the administration were convinced that greater involvement by faculty from different departments was needed to cater to the needs of the program. However, students were surprised this fall when they learned that Dr. Carlson was asked to leave the Honors College at the end of the Spring 1995 semester and to take on a new assignment with the Federated Learning Communities.

The former Master's position was replaced by a council of senior faculty that was appointed by the administration. Six professors with diverse interests were selected from humanities and science departments to service on this council and plan the curriculum for "Phase II" of the Honors College. In addition, administrators predicted that this would greatly increase interaction between students and faculty.

Many problems surfaced when the proposed changes were implemented this semester. For example, many students feel that the informal atmosphere that existed in the past was replaced with an impersonal system that relied on office hours and appointments. Despite assurances from the council and administration that student-faculty interaction would be enhanced, many students are disappointed with the real results. At the beginning of the semester, the council members asked all students to get e-mail accounts in order to facilitate the exchange of information. They admitted that it would be impossible to know every student and that e-mail was the best medium for

information exchange.

For the first half of the semester, members of the new council held office hours in the Cardozo College Living/Learning Center every week. However, their schedules were not posted until late in the semester, although one could request an appointment by telephone or e-mail. More students, however, would not make appointments unless they had a specific purpose in mind. It would be ridiculous to expect students to call a professor and set up an appointment just to discuss a current event or life experiences.

Although formal office hours were eventually drawn together, commuter students have a disadvantage when seeking advice from the professors. Since the faculty usually meet students in Cardozo College, commuters would be excluded since they do not have the magnetic key cards to get into the building. In addition, two of the six members of the council are on leave, so in effect, four of the six are actively involved in teaching and meeting with students.

The efforts made by some faculty members to reach out to students in Cardozo College during their office hours should

be acknowledged. However, they usually take turns conducting weekly interdisciplinary seminars known as "soirees." Thus, if students attend the seminars each week, they can only meet with each professor once every six weeks. Unfortunately, the students were also separated into two groups that would take turns attending the seminar in alternating weeks. In reality, students seldom have the opportunity to get to know their professors. In order to build the trust and true friendship that are essential to creating an effective community for learning, students must become familiar with the professors. Dr. Carlson, who insisted that students call him by his first name, removed the invisible barrier that often separates professors from their students. To the students, "hanging out with Elof" was a valuable pastime that had no equal.

Another proposed change to the Honors College is to increase its size from 40 students in each class to 100. Growth of the program is a worthwhile goal that would allow more students to have the unique experience of small community learning. However, growth must occur without destroying the sense of community which is the fundamental requirement for the Honors College to succeed. Although class size was not increased for the Class of 2000, the remoteness of the faculty leaves many students in doubt about the prospects for a successful increase.

Another reason for changing the structure of the program was to provide "a relevant, persuasive case upon which to build successful scholarship fundraising efforts." The administration has never explained the meaning of this statement to the students. There were rumors that donors felt that the Honors College was too small to make a substantial impact on the community. There were also unconfirmed reports that the administration regarded the students as overly self-serving and that they did not serve the surrounding community. In addition, some suggested that there were too many science and premedical students in the program.

If these are the true opinions of those responsible

for the changes, they show that the administrators know little about the structure of the program. Most students in the Honors College will do volunteer work at some point during their undergraduate years. The students have many different interests and represent ethnic and cultural diversity as well.

The most puzzling questions are why students and faculty were never consulted about the changes and why Dr. Carlson was removed from office without notice. Despite claims that student involvement in the future of the program would increase, students had no role in shaping Phase II. The planning started during Finals Week and lasted through the summer, when most students were not on campus. Although rumors about the changes circulated among the students during the summer recess, they were not officially notified until August 22 in a letter from Associate Provost and Dean Ernest McNealey. In September, students seeking answers were able to speak individually with staff members, but they were only assured of the benefits of the new structure.

Participating faculty members as well as Carlson were not consulted about the plan either. Carlson was asked to train the new council and to leave permanently. Instead of being appreciative of his achievements, there was reason to believe that the administration had planned to oust him from his position and had no interest in what he had to say.

In statements made to students in September, Carlson revealed that complaints about the abrupt changes were met with hostility. For example, an administrator allegedly went so far as to accuse him of being a "bigot and a redneck." This is a curious insult, for students know that Carlson took great pride in the ethnic diversity of his students. Surveys on family histories were taken on each entering class, and students were encouraged to share their roots by constructing pedigrees and writing down stories from past generations.

Dr. Carlson's warnings of possible problems were seen as threats by the administration. Although his proposals were rejected, the administration offered to name him emeritus Master, name the Cardozo Lounge after him, and hold a dinner to honor him. This plan, which Carlson rejected, seemed like an attempt to silence opposition by offering fame and vanity without addressing the real issues that divide them.

Students were never told the reasons for the secrecy in which the changes were drafted. The role of the administration is to serve the campus community by working with faculty and students. Although well-meaning administrators may make bad decisions in their haste, the events that occurred over the summer suggest that the changes were based on a sophomoric and reckless demonstration of power by those who are responsible. (We hope we're wrong about this and a logical explanation will be released promptly.) What happened to the Honors College should serve as a warning to those in other undergraduate programs that loyalty and dedication of students and faculty are overlooked by administrators who claim the right to modify programs and rearrange their structures like erector set components.

An administrator allegedly went so far as to accuse Dr. Carlson, former leader of the Honors College, of being "a bigot and a redneck."

Holiday Protest Calendar

By Staff

The year-end holidays are a time when consumerism seems to overwhelm thoughts of good will to people and peace on earth. This year, the season will also feature appeals from labor rights groups to remember the conditions under which many of our consumer goods are made. Holiday shoppers in cities throughout Canada, the U.S. and much of Europe are being asked to show solidarity with their fellow workers around the world.

Disney Week: December 7-14

Disney Week, December 7-14, is an opportunity to support justice for Disney production workers in Haiti, Burma and Thailand. For several months, the National Labor Committee has focused its Disney campaign on the plight of sweatshop workers in Haiti who sew Pocahontas, Mickey Mouse and other Disney children's clothing. Haitian women labor for pennies an hour to sew clothing which none of them can afford to purchase for their own children, who suffer malnutrition because of the meager wages paid by Disney subcontractors.

In recent months, the National Labor Committee has expanded the geographic focus of its Disney campaign. After the authoritative Far Eastern Economic Review reported that Disney subcontracts clothing production to Burma, the NLC called upon Disney to respect the international boycott of Burma. Ruled by a military dictatorship, Burma is a human rights disaster area. Labor rights violations include widespread use of forced labor and violent military repression of union activities.

In Thailand, Disney has a contract with the Austrian-owned Eden Group, which recently sacked more than a thousand of its own workers to subcontract work with sweatshops employing child labor. Now Eden contractors are renegeing on an agreement to provide severance benefits to the fired workers. Something is rotten in the Magic Kingdom.

If you would like to organize a leafleting action or some other event during the international Disney Week of protests, contact Maggie Poe at the National Labor Committee: (212) 242-3002, 275 7th Avenue, New York, NY 10001. NLC has a Disney Week action packet and a powerful video, "Mickey Mouse Goes to Haiti: Walt Disney and the Science of Exploitation."

Nike Protests: December 14

Faster than anyone in the Nike campaign can keep track of them, plans are shaping up for leafleting actions at Nike outlets all across the U.S. and in parts of Canada and Europe. Two events in particular have catalyzed much of this activity.

In Canada, a union local representing 600 custodians in the public schools of Edmonton, Alberta objected when Nike offered to join the school board, the City of Edmonton, the parks department and the Oilers hockey team in sponsoring a children's street hockey program. Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) Local 474 argued that a company which profits from child labor in Pakistan ought not to be held up as a hero to Edmonton children. Also, many of CUPE 474's members come from the same Asian countries where Nike's exploitative, anti-union policies keep workers at inadequate wages while the company makes billions in profit. The 474 leadership points out that Nike uses "charity," donating equipment to the street hockey program, as a slick marketing ploy for which the company gets tax write-offs.

Inspired by Local 474, the Alberta Federation of Labor (representing 300,000 unionized workers) endorsed a Nike boycott. Now 474 is sending almost daily updates, with news of the campaign being picked up by other union locals and carried into school classrooms throughout the province. The unions also are forging alliances

with Development and Peace activists. Funded by the Canadian Catholic Church, Development and Peace already had a strong Nike campaign of its own. Last year, D&P collected 86,500 signatures on a petition asking Nike to allow independent monitoring of its overseas production facilities. This year, D&P has an even more ambitious signature-gathering drive underway.

The other major catalyst for an upsurge in the Nike campaign came on October 17, when the CBS program 48 Hours broadcast a segment on Nike's labor abuses in Vietnam. Vietnamese Americans were outraged when they learned that supervisors at various Nike subcontracted factories in their homeland hit workers about the face, head and neck — sending two of them to the hospital — attempted to rape women workers and forced other workers to kneel for long periods with their arms raised overhead. Vietnamese and other Asians figure prominently in the ranks of those organizing demonstrations on or about December 14.

An article written by Australian scholar Anita Chan and published in the Washington Post on November 3 ("Boot Camp in the Shoe Factory") depicts the military regimen imposed in Chinese shoe factories managed by Taiwanese. Treated as virtual prisoners, workers in some of the factories are not permitted to leave. These factories produce for major brand names such as Nike and Reebok. If the substance of this article is disseminated as widely as the CBS program, Nike can expect even more trouble from the Asian American community.

To receive a Nike action packet by E-mail (hard copy mailings are not possible), write to Campaign for Labor Rights clr@igc.apc.org or call (541) 344-5410. The action packet also lists a multitude of other resource materials available, most of them free, including leaflet masters.

Phillips-Van Heusen Campaign: December 14

After a two-year international campaign, workers at Guatemalan maquilas owned by the Phillips-Van Heusen company won the right to have a union four years ago. However, the shirt company has refused to bargain a contract with its workers. In the entire Guatemalan maquiladora sector, employing some 70,000 workers, not one factory has a contract with its workers.

P-VH workers organized in secret in the months leading up to early September. On U.S. Labor Day, the workers went public with their demand that the company negotiate with them. In an organizing blitz, the union surpassed the 25% membership threshold. Guatemalan law requires any company to bargain with the workers when 25% or more join a union. However, P-VH management refuses to acknowledge the validity of the union membership list.

In a twist of fate, P-VH CEO Bruce Klatsky sits on the board of Human Rights Watch. When this fact became known, HRW agreed to investigate the union's claim that it has signed up more than 25% of the workforce in the two company-owned maquilas. December 14 is the time when the entire Guatemalan maquila sector shuts down for three weeks for Christmas holidays. Historically, employers have used the long lay-off as a time to destroy union drives. Consequently, the US/Guatemala Labor Education Project, which is organizing solidarity support for the union, has asked Human Rights Watch to issue its findings on the 25% question no later than December 14. That date then became a pivotal point for leafleting actions at P-VH outlets in the U.S. and Canada.

P-VH owns a number of different brand names and manufactures for other major retailers. The primary targets are P-VH's own stores and JC Penney stores since JC Penney represents P-VH's most important business relationship. JC Penney sells the Van Heusen line of

clothing; P-VH also manufactures some of JC Penney's private labels (e.g. Stafford).

For an action packet (\$5 requested donation), contact Hannah Frisch at US/GLEP: tel 773-262-6502 fax 773-262-6602 -usglep@igc.apc.org P.O. Box 268-290, Chicago, IL 60626.

Guess Campaign: Support Urgently Needed

The three Marciano brothers, owners of Guess jeans and other apparel, have racked up more than a quarter billion dollars in profit for themselves in recent years. The secret of their success is to market their clothing through sexually exploitative advertising imagery while producing their clothing through exploitative labor practices. It's a long way from the male-fantasy sex kittens of Guess billboards to the women hunched over Guess sewing machines for subminimum wages — and it's the Marciano brothers who pocket the difference.

Guess previously was the subject of Department of Labor investigations for their use of sweatshop production in the Los Angeles area. After the DOL crackdown, Guess agreed to institute a monitoring system for their subcontractors. This promise earned Guess an entry on the Department of Labor's "Trendsetter" list. Guess's trendsetting behavior largely consisted of sham inspections and sweatshop business as usual.

Guess was recently caught once again using sweatshop labor when a DOL investigation disclosed that Guess receives apparel from a Los Angeles factory paying less than the minimum wage. The DOL has placed Guess on probation for 60 days.

Meanwhile, Guess workers represented by UNITE textile workers union are trying to get Guess to bargain a contract with them. So far, Guess has refused. Guess workers are asking consumers to put pressure on the company during the critical holiday shopping season. People interested in leafleting a Guess outlet in their community may contact UNITE for an action packet and for their 8-minute video on the campaign (available in English and Spanish): (202) 347-7417 815 16th Street NW, Washington, DC 20006.

El Salvador Labor Rights Campaign: December Activities

The Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador (CISPES) continues its El Salvador labor rights campaign with a focus on US/AID. AID helps the government of El Salvador to set up free trade zones but makes no effort to ensure that workers rights are respected in those zones.

During the holidays, many of the maquilas lay off substantial portions of their workforce to avoid paying a Christmas bonus. CISPES will be doing tabling and leafleting on this issue during December.

To become involved in the El Salvador labor rights campaign or to receive copies of the "Sweatgear" catalog, contact CISPES at: (212) 229-1290 cispesnatl@igc.apc.org 19 W 21st Street, #502, New York, NY 10010.

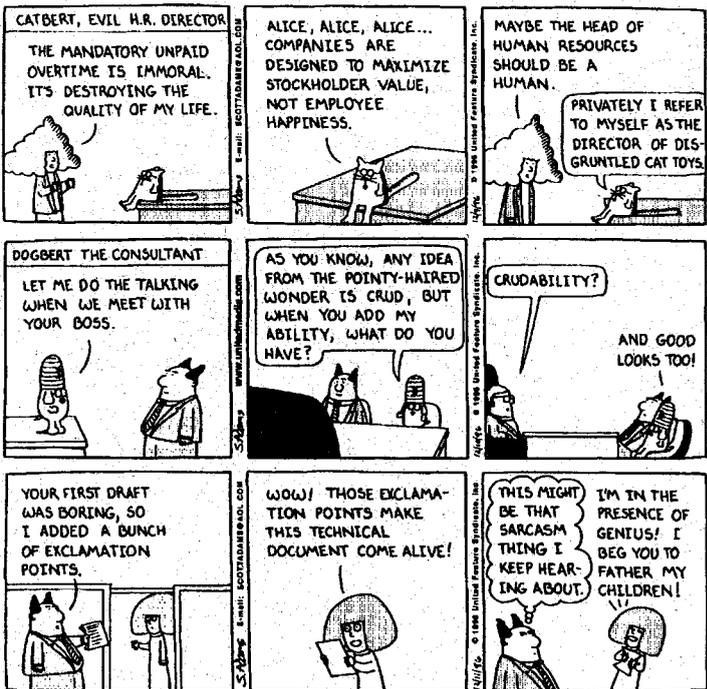
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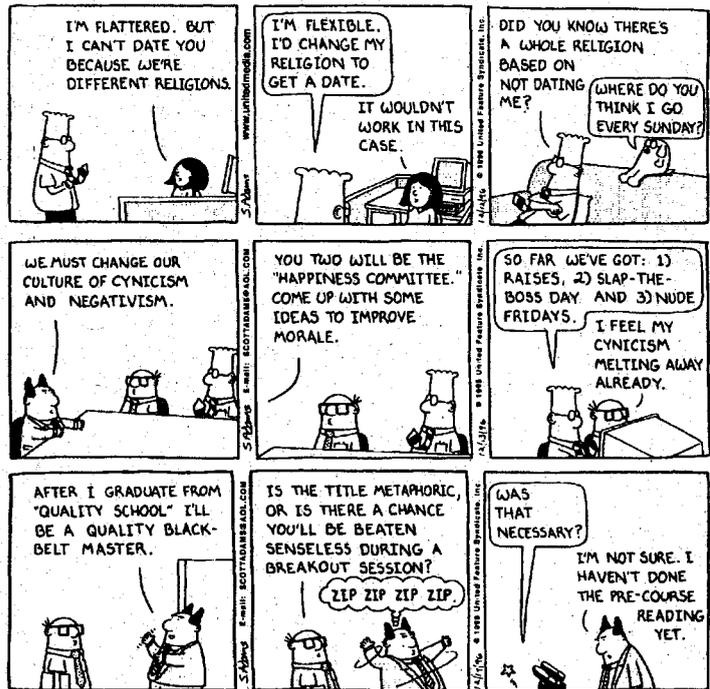
COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

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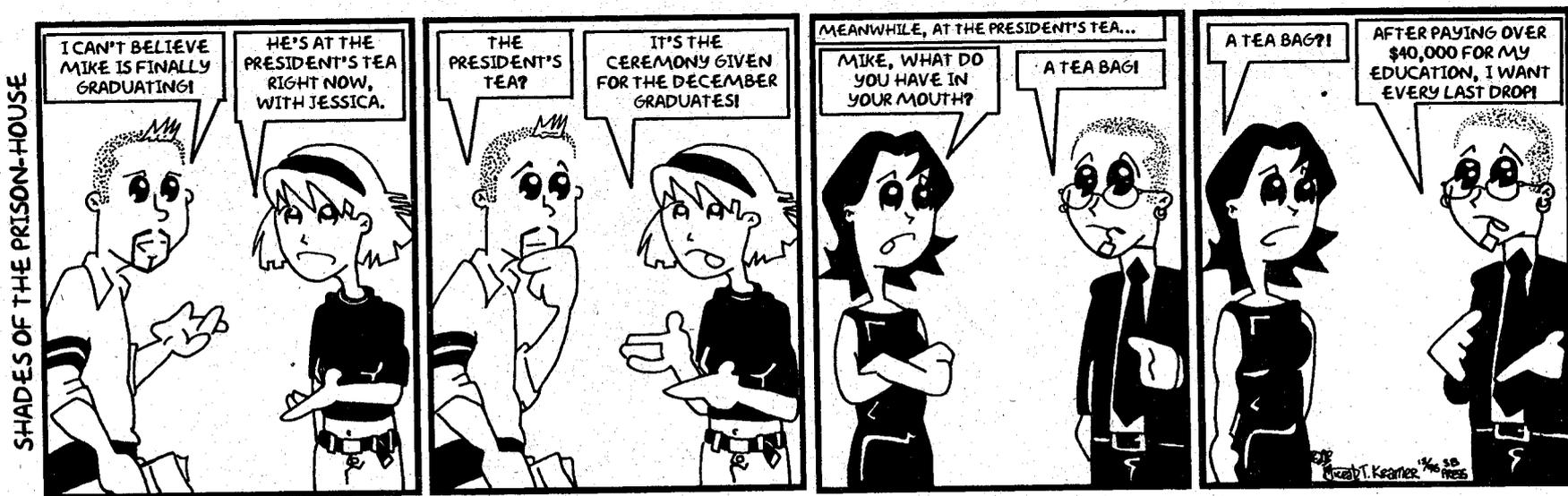


Dilbert © by Scott Adams



Top 10 Dirty Joke Punchlines

- 10) You'll have to buy me dinner first.
- 9) Because they can!
- 8) Forget that, it'll never fit.
- 7) That's great, but do you have something in a size 11?
- 6) Get your own beer, dammit!
- 5) I said to round up a "POSSE"!!
- 4) Not with my eyeball, you don't!
- 3) Forget a doctor- call the circus!
- 2) That's just what your mother said!
- 1) Of course he did, he's still got ONE arm.



Throw Your DATs In the Air!

Chemical Brothers, Roxy, NYC 11/27.

By Antony Lorenzo

It's hard being a techno crossover act. Take it from Ed Simonds and Tom Rowlands, a.k.a. The Chemical Brothers. A definitive underground act during the early nineties, the duo's first three EP's landed them remixing jobs for The Charlatans UK, Primal Scream and Method Man. In 1994 the pair were forced to abandon their original name (The Dust Brothers) due to a legal conflict with the Californian production team behind the Beastie Boys' *Paul's Boutique* and Beck's *Odelay*. Ed and Tom took it in stride, changed their name and released 1995's breakthrough LP *Exit Planet Dust*. With its hard-edged psycho-acidic/trip-hop sound, *Exit Planet Dust* shot the pair into American techno stardom — quite a mean feat, considering what manages to become popular here these days. On Wednesday, the 27th of November, New York welcomed this pair of loop guru's and served them up to an eager, sold-out crowd at The Roxy. A handful of turntable legends opened for the Chemical's and portrayed the night's theme of hip-hop past, present and future.

The past was represented by DJ Skribble, the turntable technician for breakdancing troop The Rock Steady Crew back in the day. If you have not been fortunate enough to see Skribble on the wheels of steel you are missing out, he is undoubtedly one of the most talented DJ's of all time. Alternating between hard, thumping house and old school hip-hop breaks, Skribble's set was invigorating. He cut it up like an epileptic butcher. He scratched and cross faded behind his back, between his legs, upside down and right side up. He blessed the crowd with a barrage of hip-hop's heyday; Slick

Rick, Eric B and Stetsasonic were all worked into the set with phenomenal dexterity. To the delight of many "Wrath of Kane" began to belt out of the P.A. Skribble had two copies of this record on the decks, allowing him to play the track with a slight delay and a subsequent reverb effect. Keeping the records synchronized with a delicate touch, the track somehow paved the way for some slamming Euro-house.

Before too long, Skribble was forced submit to Grand Master Theodore and DJ Chillfreeze, both of whom spun some newer hip-hop treats for little



under an hour. When the music stopped the emcee addressed the audience and provided a short lecture on the vital elements of hip-hop, elements that have been long forgotten in rap music's recent trend toward anger and negativity. "First and foremost comes deejaying, followed by emceeing, breaking and then graffiti. THAT'S what hip-hop is all about!"

When he started talking about hip-hop future I was preparing myself for another DJ, at least until he said "All the way from Great Britain!" I couldn't see the

connection. For me at least, two very white guys from South London hardly incite thoughts of hip-hop future. Nevertheless, a tinkling version of "In the Hall of the Mountain King" was squeezed out of one of the synths and Ed and Tom took their place behind their equipment. The thunderous breakbeats of "Leave Home" kicked it all off and prompted the masses of Roxy punters to go completely apeshit.

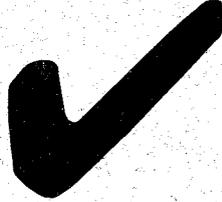
1993's "Song to the Siren" was next, followed by "Leave Home" and "Loops of Fury". Surprisingly, the pair pumped out an assortment of lesser known tunes including "Dope Coil", "My Mercury Mouth" and even "Let Me In Mate". The swarming crowd made my body temperature rise substantially and I had made the mistake of wearing long underwear under my jeans. The security guy wouldn't let me change in the back room so I was forced to remove my pants in a rather public seating area under the watchful eyes of several loungers. The relief I felt when a cool draft came in contact with my bare legs was indescribable and for one reason or other, this turned out to be the best part of the night.

I was anticipating some newer material upon returning to the main floor but none came. The bulk of the tumultuous set came from *Exit Planet Dust* and this seemed to keep the majority of people happy. The only problem with The Chemical Brothers is their reliance on the DAT during live shows. Because of this there was no true improvisation and the Chemical Brothers' set was limited to what was on their tape, nothing more. In spite of that, the performance was a vigorous one and finally ended with "One Too Many Mornings". Ed and Tom slipped backstage, making way for an earth shattering set by DJ John Aquaviva. That's another article altogether.

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GRRRLZ' NIGHT OUT

By Jeanne Nolan

I'm not sure what brought me into consciousness first, either the throbbing weight of my head or the strange dampness of my sheets. Still wearing my clothes from the night before, I reached down and realized that the left leg of my jeans was soaking wet. I shifted my head, rolling the boulder between my eyes and was face to face with Ellen. Instantly alerted, I jumped out of bed. Ellen is one of my closest friends, we've known each other since we were flat chested tom boys(not much has changed). I love the girl to death. Unfortunately her bladder is not as big as her heart. There had been a few cases of Ellen's intoxicated bed wettings, so it wasn't hard to put two and two together. I started beating her with a pillow, screaming "You pissed on me, you bitch!" Then a wave of nausea spun the room. A wretched taste from deep in my throat flashed images— salt, lemon, smoke and some fat man with glasses and bad skin. I needed clarity quick! The sight of Danielle sprawled on the floor with her head nestled in my skanky old Pumas explained it all. We were one bunch of fucked up girls last night.

It's amazing how a mere liquid can transform ordinarily nice, pleasant attractive women into vulgar bed-wetting, red eyed creatures. This assault took place at Spades, a neighborhood bar with its totem drunks, squeaky bar stools and a

jukebox. It's the Regal Beagle— Queen's style. There's not much ambiance, there's not much on tap, but there are always familiar faces and it's only a short stumble home. Actually, my friends and I only go there because the bartenders hook us up with free drinks all night.

Along with the ability to have multiple orgasms, free drinks are one of the fringe benefits of being a woman. A beer is only fair compensation for being subjected to slobbering drunks with pathetic pick up lines. I should be given a keg for the crap I've put up with. I'm a freak magnet, I walk into any bar and the most intoxicated, repulsive social degenerate is instantly attracted to me. This fated night at Spades would hold true to form.

I swear he was Drew Carey's evil twin: overweight, shaved head, square glasses, but worst of all he was wearing black Reeboks. All it took was a purely accidental, split second of eye contact and he was half way through the crowd, coming straight towards me. I searched frantically for a quick salvation, but my friends had abandoned me. There was no where to hide and I was too drunk to flee. He walked up and smiled, exposing his tainted yellow teeth. "Hi, I'm Marty" (I swear his name has not been changed for anonymity). Well if the name hadn't lured me in, the next line clenched it. "I do body piercing for a living." Marty the body piercer?!! My knight with sterile needles. The conversation which ensued was truly captivating. I never knew

there was so many possibilities to piercing.

It was around four in the morning, I wasn't capable of reading a clock, but I knew it was late because gravity was kicking my ass. My friends finally tore me away from Marty and we stumbled over to the all-night pizza place which caters to drunks. There was five of us scattered around a table. We had lost Karen about an hour ago, her ex-boyfriend had been buying her shots all night, hoping to score. He didn't succeed, the toilet was the only thing she'd be embracing that night.

The events which took place in the pizzeria are a little foggy. I'm not sure if I was eating a slice of Sicilian or regular, broccoli or plain or just watching someone else eat. I remember Liz's feet being propped up on the table as she proclaimed, "If a man can't give good head, he ain't never getting in my bed." The next image I have is of the waitress looking distressed and the word "raunchy" being repeated as we were escorted out the door.

It was a rough night but we all survived. Somehow we made it home safe and sound without any summonses for indecent exposure (another night at Spades— long story). Our drunken abandon had some positive consequences. My friendship with Ellen has reached a new level by passing the ultimate piss test. And hey, I can now get those nipple rings I always wanted (at a discounted price).

LGBTA PRESS RELEASE

The Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgendered Alliance publicly apologizes to the organizations which it unintentionally misrepresented:

African American Student Organization, Blackworld, Cardozo College, Caribbean Student Organization, Catholic Campus Ministry, Center for Womyn's Concerns, Commuter Student Association, Division of Campus Residences, Department of Student Union and Activities, Equal Opportunity/Affirmative Action Office, Haitian Student Organization, Hillel, Minority Planning Board, Langmuir College, Latin American Student Organization, Lavender Wimmin, NAACP, NYPIRG, Office of Conferences and Special Events, Office of the Vice President for Student Affairs, Polity Print Shop, Polity Audio/Visual Services, Protestant Campus Ministry, Public Safety, Specula Yearbook, Statesman, The Stony Brook Press, Stony Brook at Law, Student Polity Association, 3TV, Union Art Gallery, Union Crafts Center, Unitarian Universalist Campus Fellowship, and the Women's Studies Program.

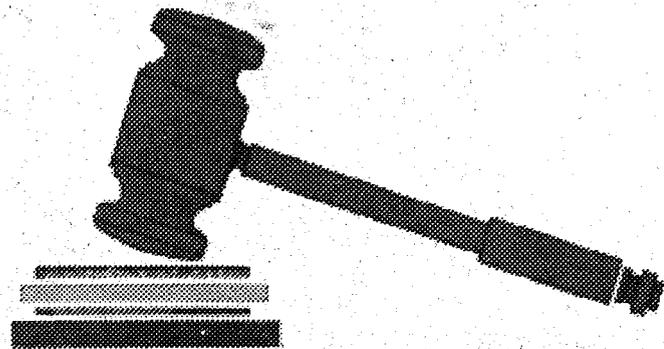
Two fliers were printed which listed other organizations as co-sponsors for the events "Delta Lambda Phi: Gay Fraternity at Stony Brook" and "Straight in the Gay Community. An Advocates and Defenders Panel." The error was on these and only these fliers. OOOOPS!!!! Remember, racism, sexism, anti-Semitism, and homophobia are all connected by hate and ignorance. Good luck on finals!

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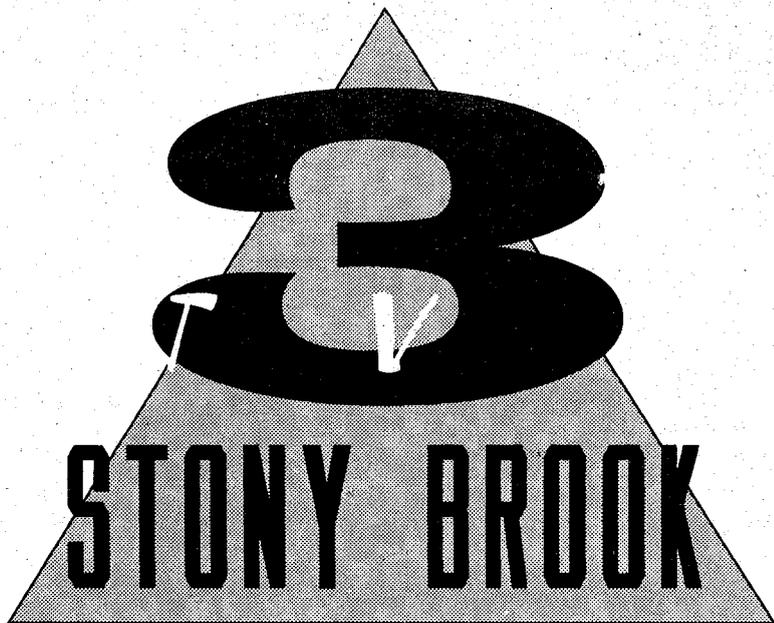
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<p>9</p> <p>5 p.m. Alien 7:30 Ruff-Kutt Reggae 8:00 Caucus Files 9:00 3TV News 10:00 Kids In the Hall 12:00 Rosemary's Baby</p>	<p>10</p> <p>5 p.m. Scrooged 7:00 Abyss Director's Cut 10:00 Stealing Beauty 12:00 The Phantom</p>	<p>11</p> <p>5 p.m. CMV 6:00 Poseidon Adventure 8:00 Men's Rugby 9:00 ID 4 11:00 Alien Nation</p>	<p>12</p> <p>5 p.m. T.B.A. 6:00 The Godfather III 9:00 Women's Rugby 10:00 Caucus Files 11:00 Towering Inferno</p>	<p>13</p> <p>5 p.m. Burly Bear 6:00 Ella Show 7:00 The Phantom 9:00 Mission Impossible 11:00 ID 4</p>
<p>16</p> <p>5p.m. It's A Wonderful Life 7:30 Star Trek: Generations 9:30 Poseidon Adventure 11:30 Alien Nation</p>	<p>17</p> <p>5 p.m. The Phantom 7:00 Scrooged 9:00 Stealing Beauty 11:00 Godfather III</p>	<p>18</p> <p>5 p.m. Alien 7:00 ID 4 10:00 Mission Impossible 12:00 Towering Inferno</p>	<p>19</p> <p>5 p.m. Stealing Beauty 6:00 Godfather III 9:00 Star Trek: Generations 12:00 Scrooged</p>	<p>20</p> <p>5 p.m. Alien Nation 7:00 The Phantom 9:00 ID 4 11:30 It's A Wonderful Life</p>

This month's movies are:

- Stealing Beauty
- Mission Impossible
- The Phantom
- Independence Day
- The ToweringInferno
- The Poseidon Adventure
- Godfather III
- It's A Wonderful Life
- Abyss: Special Edition
- Alien
- Alien Nation

and...



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*Happy Holidays from 3TV
Good Luck with Finals!!!*

Flee, All: The Tyranny!

By Clifford Rivera

"For as far back as I can remember, the line between fantasy and reality has been hopelessly blurred."
—Roman Polanski, "Roman"

Memorable? Eh, I've read better first lines from novels, but there was a tinge of sincerity in his words that compelled me to read further... I used to put far too much emphasis on first impressions—the seeds of regret—that "forgiveness" no longer meant a thing to me. Not necessarily in the religious sense of the word, but more like a second chance—to the woeful lush that happens to blow a scornful kiss, as an example. (The inevitable descent into drunken stupors, has since lost its flavor and mystique. Conversations marred by disillusionment, Death, grievances galore prevented any room for future endeavors: we students were advocates for Nothingness back at Ford-HAM.) Make way for Persistence, the Stony Brook way...

I'm not one to take a stance on an issue that arguably has no direct effect on my life, a scarcity when you look at it from the standpoint of an average Stony Brook undergraduate. Racism, oppression, abortion, The Homeless, et.al.—Who has time to divulge into such generalities as those when there are finals and registration to stress about? It is undeniably a fixed facet for any university to have clubs and organizations encouraging student awareness. Yet I've since paid great homage to leaders such as Dr. King, Tim Burton (director extraordinaire), Rimbaud—these men are leaders passionate over causes forever etched into our schizo-society. Individuals who amassed followers times infinity. Though, whomsoever disagreed with their ideals, along with the partisan crowds—they were irrelevant in light of their personal crusade. This is what has inspired me to forge my own protest, of sorts and of late, against the Powers that Be "force-feeding me Hell": self-consumed Professors, self-denying roomies, the powerlessness of The Self period.

With "finals" looming (if only the name fit—Fireworks! "Let's go Apocalypse!") and the impossibility of yet another hapless semester, I've been idle the last few days, waiting for the semester to end, so I might once again plunge myself into the absurd abyss. This is my mission. The prelude to a month's

worth of uninterrupted bliss, maximum subjectivity—minus the tinsel. For now, I'm content to just slumber peacefully, to my solitary games of solitaire, basking in the artificiality of a dim-lit living room, reading Camus's letters 1935-? on and off (required reading for myself).

What inspired my self-proclaimed protest, you might ask? Allow me to explain:

If a friend were to ask me to read their paper, I'd refer them to the next guy, immediately adjacent to my dorm room, building, city, wherever, as long as I didn't have to critique. What is prevalent in university papers is the lack of truth, sincerity that is quintessential for any written piece of prose, poetry, essay, etc. Under those circumstances—where deadlines creep ever so close OR inspiration, One's Muse "dances So-lo"—Yes, I too have had to bullshit, however disheartening and waste-ridden with time it may have been. For clarity's sake, here is an excerpt from an in-class essay that was given no grade. Mind you, it was one of the few times where my senses deceived me in light of Confucian Absolutism—a rarity nevertheless. (Sidenote: Don't let the serenity of Whitman fool you—as fucked up a place as Twin Peaks): Question (1) How do you think the theory of knowledge and human nature which Hobbes advocates in chapters I-VI of "Leviathan" relates to the foundations of the moral philosophy treated in chapters XIII-XVII?

"Let us assume that we, ungoverned, reared into society from an unknown source, happen to come upon the epitome of Beauty. You and I assume her to be the embodiment of all our Passions, past associations, and are struck by an uncontrollable urge to share in all her wisdom and beauty. I find it difficult that you are amidst what is, I believe, mine and mine alone, and am distracted by your intruding presence. Language is virtually non-existent. The warmth of Beauty's image subsides for a moment, leaving you the lone obstruction to Happiness, an obstacle that

is ever-changing. Satan's Prince come to taunt me. It is natural then for me to fight for what is rightfully mine—I who suffer from Mality, who deserve Everything (since Celine's words are a direct calling to me, alone)—Beauty being an insulting contradiction to Unsightliness; that is, you and I are enemies and, forthwith, will fight to the very end.

"Yet I cannot help but to feel somehow blinded. You have distracted me so that I've forgotten her. Warfare, I have to admit, is self-consuming—however, I have had my share of victims so be aware—my sword holds no concrete meaning, the tip has dulled... Hate lives, nevertheless, and the means by which I can impale you is but a matter of strength AND mind. Equality is not to be questioned here.

"But hold. My voice, however weakened by ignorance and hate—am I not of fault and flaw?—are we not capable of Peace? And what of Justice, Compromise, rightfulness—are we not brothers in due course, unknown by us both? I say, let us put down our swords, converse, laugh at the absurdity of it all, and share in Beauty's Delight. Is she not worthy enough to be our watchful eye...?"

That was the body of the essay. I don't think the professor read the rest, which was basically a synopsis rationally wrought (in case he didn't get the gist of my literary attempt, fully rendered as an illustration; that was not meant as an oblique reference to anyone in particular: my sincerest apologies if it holds any truth—was a copyright really necessary?). Surprisingly, the professor found it offensive and was not willing to elucidate. The most subjective critic that I am to oppression, pain, and Kierkegaard's despair, I confronted him despite possible (inevitable) ridicule, incoherence (on my part), silence, the whole of consequence; I thought an explanation was necessary. (It gives me strength, those times when an anonymous peer offers me tissue—and I haven't the faintest idea why she would expect me to Thank Her...)

Anyways, I've written this much thus far, instead of doing the rewrite—a direct protest to the unwillingness of a closed box, in Calvin & Hobbes's image and My Roommate just left with a lingering of "scuse mees" to keep me writing, waiting for annihilation, UP (words are like daggers to the heart—I'm paraphrasing Gertrude from "Hamlet," badly). I'm tempted to light up (He can't stand the smoke, later), exhale into every face, each distorted cartoon, photograph, magazine clipping hanging on my walls of sanity—the sight of which even I want to tear apart at times—but it seems I'm just too lazy to put them down. Can you blame me for asking "If you could spare just one cigarette for this Misanthropic Protester..."

Holiday Cheers to all! and Procrastinate to the fullest!

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TOP 30

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Artist	Record
1) Swinging Udders	A Juvenile Product of the Work
2) SNFU	Fyulaba
3) Phantom Surfers	The Great Surf Crash of 97
4) Heide Sez Compilation	Music For The Asses
5) Candy Snatchers	Touch My Chunky
6) Greazy Meal	Visualize World Grease
7) Elysian Fields	Bleed Your Cedar
8) Guided By Voices	Sunfish Holy Breakfast
9) Scroat Belly	Daddy's Farm
10) Magic Dirt	Friends in Danger
11) John Spenser Blues Explosion	Now I Got Worry
12) Josephine Wiggs Experience	Boh Boh Lifestyle
13) The Toasters	Hard Band For Dead
14) New Bomb Turks	Scared Straight
15) Guitar Wolf	Missile Me
16) Naked Violence	Dismembered Penis
17) The Lilys	Indie-Pop Crap
18) Habitual Sex Offenders	I Like to Touch Little Boys
19) Fiendz	Wact
20) Less Than Jake	Losing Streak
21) Penny Dreadfuls	Quarter
22) NY Loose	Year of the Rat
23) Sissy Bar	Statuary Grape
24) Trash Bats	Out of the Closet
25) The Marshes	Fledgling
26) Sukia	Double Mono Action
27) Firewater	Sausage
28) Satellite Elvis	Meet the Sattelite Elvises
29) Mars Needs Women	Sparkling Ray Gun
30) Groovasaurus	Funkasaurus Rex

SPEAKING WITH SASCHA: A TALK WITH THE HEART AND SOUL OF KMFDM

By Lowell Yaeger

Despite numerous mix-ups, misunderstandings, and crossed wires, I finally got my chance to interview Sascha Konietzko, the man behind KMFDM. For those of you who don't know, KMFDM (whose name does not stand for Kill Mother Fucking Depeche Mode, but rather for a German acronym which roughly translates to "No Pity For The Majority") is a band whose music would be ignorantly categorized as "industrial." Which is to say, most of their songs are speed-drenched hits of guitar, drum beats (live and sequenced), sampled sounds, and female back-up vocalists. Above all this is Sascha's harsh growl, ranting about everything from drugs to politics to abstract social commentary.

KMFDM began working with the Wax Trax! record label in 1988, and have been there ever since. Their albums include *Nihil*, *Angst*, the recently released *Xtort*, and *Naive* (the album that released their biggest dance-club hit, "Godlike").

Sascha's harsh growl actually slid into a smoother timbre when I spoke with him about opening acts, the nature of industrial music, and what it means to be a "band member."



Sascha Comes Alive

Where are you?

I'm in Seattle.

What are you doing out there?

Just hanging, recording.

What happened to Raymond Watts [occasional guest musician for KMFDM]?

Don't know, what happened to him?

Well, he didn't play on *Xtort*, was there a reason?

Well, he wasn't really expected to, was he?

I thought he had rejoined the band.

No. I mean, it's never really been a band. He guested on *Nihil*, and he guested on *What Do You Know, Deutschland?*, and that was pretty much it. There is no members, I'm the only member. That doesn't make me a member, I guess.

That would explain what happened to En Esch [KMFDM lead guitarist, whose presence on *Xtort* was minimal], as well.

He had other stuff to do, so he just did that.

What's up with the cover art? You had Brute do all of your albums, then switched to someone else for *Nihil*, and then back to Brute for *Xtort*.

Sometimes I feel that things need to be broken up a little bit, just so you can treasure what you have. You know what you've got when you don't have it. That was really the only reason, for a little change.

Were you happy with the new cover art for that?

Totally, yeah. I totally like it.

Are either Raymond Watts or En Esch going to be on the next record?

En Esch has worked with me in the last couple of weeks on new material.

When you perform live again, how do you plan to perform songs that had a lot of guests on them, like F.M. Einheit [of Einsturzende Neubauten] and Chris Connelly [of Pigface]?

Well, Einheit was mainly just programming, contributing sounds, so I don't think he's going to be available to go on tour. Connelly said he might go. En Esch said he might go. I don't know. Let's wait and see. Right now, we're in the process of making a new album, so let's see how it turns out.

Was working with that many outside collaborators a positive or negative experience?

Well, even though there's a lot of names on that album, it doesn't mean those people had much influence on that album. They contributed very punctually with stuff that they're good at. I mean, for example, Nicole Blackman, she did spoken word, and then I made a song out of it. John Van Eaton did a minute of noise at the end of "Wrath". Jr. Blackmail just did a little poem that we put at the end of the album. So it's not like I sat down with all these people and we discussed about how to make this record. They just came in, did their job, and then fucked off.

On the last tour, you played all of *Nihil* and then a greatest-hits package at the end. Were you trying to convey a message, or did it just work out that way?

No, we just try to piss people off.

Seriously?

No, I'm serious. It's just that people always want us to play "Godlike", "Godlike", "Godlike" again,

and so we were like, for this tour, let's do something outrageous, play the album just top to bottom and then see what happens. And people were like "wow, that's cool" or "wow, that sucks." Whatever. After all, it's KMFDM, we can do that kind of shit.

Do you feel touring with "metal" bands invites an unwanted element into the audience?

I came to realize that something went wrong on the last couple of tours. I was just like, I don't want to make choices with opening acts, because every time I choose an opening act that I like, then the agents, the managers, whatever, the club owners, tell me "they don't mean anything, they don't draw audiences." So I said, you know, fuck that, I'm not having anything to do with that aspect of touring. I'm an artist, I'm a performer, all I want is I want to play my show, so you choose the fucking opening acts, right? And nothing against any of the bands that we took, they were all really nice people, but you're right, there's discrepancies in terms of like... Korn, for example, had a completely different audience, and there was some friction between their audience and our audience.

What kind of bands did you want to open for you?

Well, it would be a long list.

But again, people that set up these tours that we're doing are convinced that [these bands] don't contribute to the actual outcome of the tour. The people that finance it and things like that put in hundreds of thousands of dollars up front, and they want to be sure that they make the money back. So they figure "Life of Agony sells so-and-so many records, so they will draw an average of so-and-so many people" and that will pay off. And it just doesn't work that way. I hate to say it, but I realize it just

doesn't work out. I mean, for me, a show has to be artistically sound from A to Z, and you might say you don't really want to put up an industrial Lollapalooza, but I think that's what the kids want to see, and me, being a kid, that's what I would want to see. I would have liked a setup like Sister Machine Gun and Chemlab and KMFDM. That was a great package. There's any possible combination possible, and I think that's what we're aiming for next time.

Are there any bands in particular that you're looking to open up for you?

Well, I really hope that Ogre [formerly of Skinny Puppy] gets on with his Welt project, and that he's going to have that out by the time we go on tour, and then it would be Welt and KMFDM.

Have you ever considered doing a "non-industrial" project?

KMFDM has never said that they were industrial at all. It's a stigma that a lot of bands have that actually are not industrial. I don't think *Xtort* is an industrial record at all. I don't think the new one is going to be an industrial record at all.

Well, by "non-industrial", I mean (it's hard to get into the semantics of it) would you do an album without the benefit of sequencers or backing noises, just a kind of guitar-bass-drum setup?

Possibly. I mean, right now, I'm not too interested in doing something like that, but hey, sure, why not? I think if it was with the right people, then it's always a possibility. But in general, I'm not really experienced and, consequently not very good at, just guitar and drum stuff. I just don't get into it very much.

When you're on-stage, what do you usually do, what's your role?

I sing, mostly, and I drum.

Regular drum set or pads?

Pads. Up front, way front on the stage.

What's in the future for KMFDM now?

We just started laying down some stuff a couple of weeks ago. Currently, we're working on sorting it all out and putting it all together.

And when do you think that'll be out?

<sighs> I don't know. At this point, we don't even have an exact idea of when we deliver it, but I hope that we're going to have it somewhat ready by April

- May, and then it needs the usual turnaround setup time, so it'll probably be out late summer.

Why didn't you tour for *Xtort*?

We've toured a lot, and I'm not necessarily a believer in that you have to tour with a new album. I mean, KMFDM doesn't, because we don't do anything according to the rules and regulations. And it was really nice to actually have a summer off. It was my first summer in years that I could actual-



Sascha & his little friend, En Esch

ly just wake up and don't do anything, just sit outside and maybe go sailing, or something like that.

KMFDM's as-yet-untitled new album will be out soon, you can be sure of that — regardless of what you may say about the band, they are certainly prolific. In the meantime, you can pick up some of their previous work, all on the Wax Trax! label and at most local record stores.

Obscure Sub-Cultures: Vol. 2

By John Giuffo

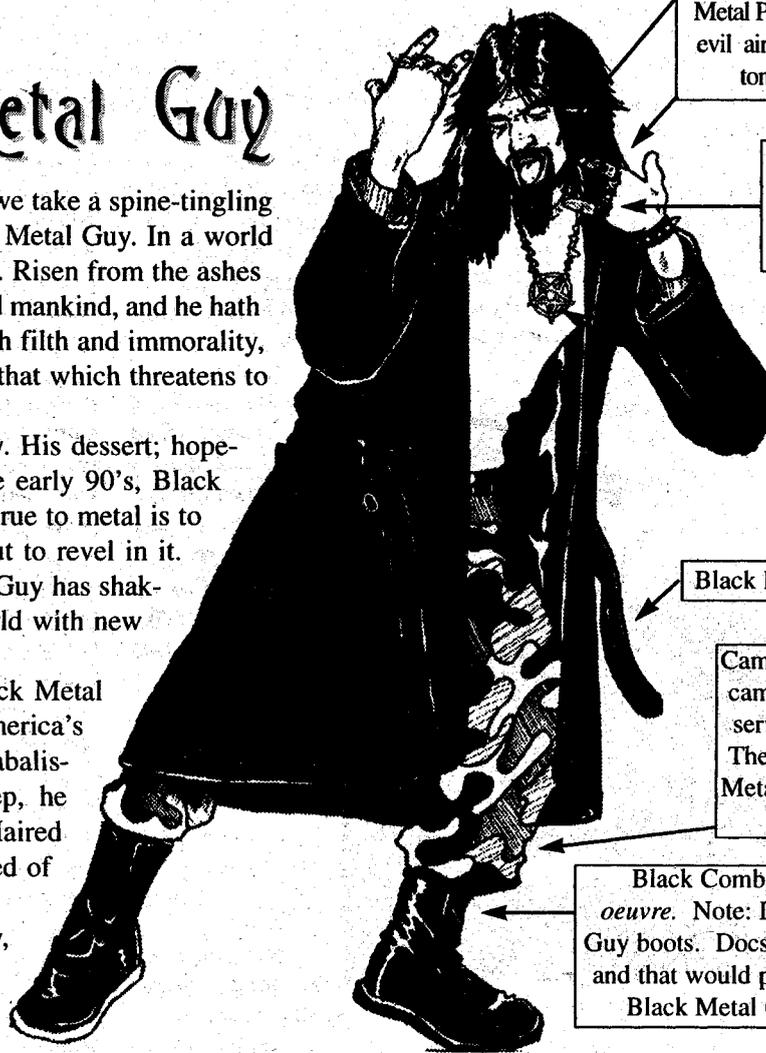
100% Black Metal Guy

In Volume 2 of Obscure Sub-Cultures, we take a spine-tingling peek at the rituals and practices of Black Metal Guy. In a world gone evil, Black Metal Guy finds a home. Risen from the ashes of 80's metal, Black Metal Guy has judged mankind, and he hath found us wanting. In a world teeming with filth and immorality, Black Metal Guy has chosen to embrace that which threatens to destroy him--a black philosophy indeed.

He revels in chaos. He sups on misery. His dessert; hopelessness. After the death of metal in the early 90's, Black Metal Guy realized the only way to stay true to metal is to not only acknowledge metal's demise, but to revel in it. Like the white-hot phoenix, Black Metal Guy has shaken off his ashen womb and faces the world with new eyes. Black eyes.

At home in any blue-collar 'burb, Black Metal Guy can often be found wandering America's malls. He not only enjoys watching the cabalistic financial rape of the consumer sheep, he must also wait for his girlfriend, Big-Haired Girl, who is known to frequent that hotbed of demonic decoupage, Contempo.

Denizen of Mordor, Follower of LeVay, Gorgoroth fan, he's more than just an image, he is evil incarnate. He's just *that* black.



Metal Pose: Black Metal Guy's whole persona takes on an evil air when he tosses up a couple o' horns and leaves his tongue prone to receive the blood of the innocent.

Silver Rings: Nothing shows allegiance to the Dark Lord more than \$8 rings bought at Rocket Rags on St. Marks. Sharp spikes say, "I'm evil, stay back."

Pentagram Medallion: Given to Black Metal Guy by a former girlfriend whose untimely death due to experimentation with ether left Black Metal Guy scarred and hating God. Symbol of his further descent into the dark depths.

Black Leather Trenchcoat: Solid black, like his soul.

Camouflage Pants: Functional *and* symbolic, these cammies prove Black Metal Guy's willingness to serve in the armies of Hell, if called on to do so. They also serve to provide commentary on Black Metal Guy's belief in the aphorism, "War Is Hell." What better place to be?

Black Combat Boots: completes the "Satan's Soldier" oeuvre. Note: Doc Martens are *not* acceptable Black Metal Guy boots. Docs have been known to be less than waterproof, and that would prove to be a very detrimental feature, should Black Metal Guy be called to serve in a river of blood.

h i s n a m e i s a l i v e

By Keith R. Filaski

On November 27th, I had the pleasure of attending the Red House Painters concert at Westbeth Theatre, a band whom I know virtually nothing about. The Painters' music has crossed my path on a few occasions and has been unsuccessful at gaining my attention. So I didn't watch them. In fact, I left right after the opening band, His Name Is Alive, for the above reason and because my companion and I had a ten block walk ahead of us to get to our second show of the night, The Chemical Brothers.

To say the least, His Name Is Alive did not seem all that appreciated. Have you ever gone to see a band whom you love and halfway through their set you look around and realize that you are the only one in the room mouthing the words to the songs and enjoying yourself? I suppose His Name Is Alive is a fairly hard band for some people to enjoy, but half of the crowd was sitting on the floor talking amongst themselves, making out, and smoking up. There was even some asshole in back of me yelling for the band to leave. Some people have no respect.

His Name Is Alive is primarily Warren Defever, just a guy from the small town of Livonia, Michigan, who has been in about twenty bands since the start of his career. His past and present works have ranged from the rockabilly band Elvis Hitler to the complete noise of Princess Dragon-Mom, and just about everything in between. And it is here that His Name Is Alive dwells.

For each of His Name Is Alive's four studio albums, Defever has been joined by a number of different musicians. The only person present on each album, besides Defever, has been vocalist Karin Oliver who is also currently on tour with the band, and whose angelic voice adds a soothing contrast to the often noisy and, for lack of a better word, strange music style of the band. I find it impossible to accurately describe this style as a whole, and I fear that you won't understand unless you have heard them. This is mainly because each album is a considerable change from the previous. Neither a good change nor a bad change, mind you, simply a change of direction from a band who seems to find directions never taken before. They are like no band that I have ever heard, and, perhaps partly for this reason, they are one of the best bands that I have ever heard.

Most songs are comprised of soft female voices with some of the most distorted guitars that I have ever heard, which are often used more for interesting sounds rather than guitar riffs. And it is with this formula that they wander through different musical styles. Ethereal, ambient, rock, noise; all of these are accurate descriptions at times and yet their distinct personality is present in all songs. I find their music very personal and enveloping, something that many people will not understand nowadays. Most people solely listen to one form of music which usually expresses only one emotion. Gothic depresses, industrial angers, dance is simply fun. His Name Is Alive contains all of these and it takes a deeper person to take this in and enjoy it.

I recommend starting with their third album, *Mouth By Mouth* (4AD). It is their most musically varied album and contains some of their best work. It also contains the song which introduced me to the band, "Can't Go Wrong Without You", which, ironically, I first saw the video for late one night on MTV.

Live, His Name Is Alive becomes a much more conventional band. Perhaps too much so. Defever and his companions prove their musical talents on-stage much more than on their albums, and sound more like a light rock band. I can see why few others than their fans would enjoy their shows. Their live shows aren't accessible to a generation who haven't lived through the rock bands of the 60's and 70's unless the songs are familiar to you. It is truly a shame that we can't enjoy music from talented musicians any more. For most people, if it's not computerized, it's not worth their time. Don't get me wrong, I enjoy computerized music, but let's face it, Trent Reznor is no John Lennon. Then again, John Lennon was no Beethoven. Where the hell is this leading?

I realize that this entire article has been opinion, but if I have made at least one person curious enough to go and buy one of their albums, then I will be satisfied. I really do find the band hard to describe, and if at all you'll probably buy one of their albums to know what the hell I am talking about. Oh well. If you check His Name Is Alive out, I hope you enjoy them.

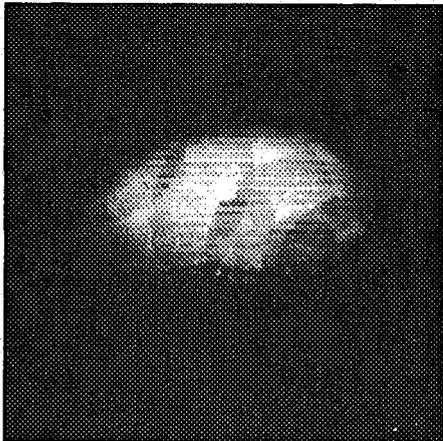
TOP TEN ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

By Lowell Yaeger

Well, it's about that time again. Despite the fact that the year's not over, here are 1996's best albums. I'm banking on the hope that nothing worthy of the list will come out in the next three weeks, and based on the listings in the *Alternative Press* and *College Music Journal*, I'm in the clear. Without further ado, here they are.

1. Tool, *Ænima* (Zoo)

An 80 minute slab of sonic nightmares. Tool first made a name for themselves as a slightly complex, slightly deep metal band with a nasal frontman. Their second full-length album, named after the Jungian psychological term "anima" and the no-explanation-necessary "enema", is a maze of brooding musical expressionism, running the gamut from genetic mutation to fisting to Bill Hicks to sinking Los Angeles into the Pacific Ocean. And all of the tracks meander from genre to genre with deceptive ease, drifting from world music percussion to modern-day heavy metal without betraying any evidence of a harsh transition. The fascinating sound collages between songs feature hash cookie recipes in German, circus music, and voicemail death threats, turning a collection of songs into a twisted aural painting. The best album of the year, easily.



Tool, *Ænima*

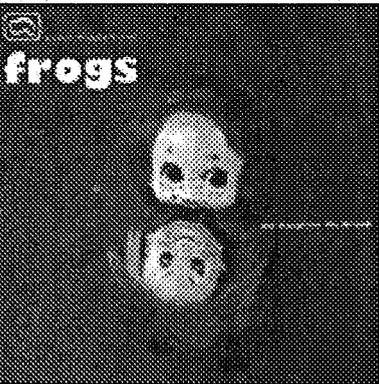
2. Beck, *Odelay* (DGC)

After recording two indie albums and doing everything to shake the unfortunate "slacker" persona the media saddled him with, Beck Hansen teamed up with the Dust Brothers (see: *Beastie Boys*, *Paul's Boutique*) and spit out the second best release of 1996. The music is a blend of nearly every genre on the planet: hip-hop beats, obscure instrumentation (I think there's a mellotron here somewhere), the obligatory acoustic guitar, sampled jazz loops... you name it, it's here. There may even be some torture-tech keyboard melodies buried deep below Beck's staccato, endearingly unfocused stream-of-consciousness rapping. I guess if you had to pigeonhole Mr. Hansen, he'd be a performer of... folk-hop?



3. Fishbone, *Chim Chim's Badass Revenge* (Rowdy)

First their albums got worse and worse. Then their label dropped them. Then they lost two members, one to a more direct "ska" approach in the *Stubborn All-Stars* and one to a more direct "psycho" approach in the stubborn homeless religious zealots. And after all of those disasters took their toll, Fishbone picked up the pieces where any other band would have just given up, got themselves signed to a Texas-based hip-hop label (go figure) and released this. One of the best albums of their career, CHIM CHIM is a sprawling mess of ska, hip-hop, funk, punk, and metal. The band, despite its recent loss of two members, slides back and forth between long, thoughtful pieces ("In the Cube") to bursts of uncontrolled anger ("Riot") like the professionals that they are. A must-have for fans and an introduction for the clueless.



4. The Jesus Lizard, *Shot* (Capitol)

The nail in Steve Albini's coffin and, by the by, an

amazing album. The Jesus Lizard worked with "genius producer" Albini throughout their entire career, until they decided to go a major-label and good ol' Steve snubbed them in a move of indie-rock elitism. And then he goes, runs out of money, and has to produce a CD by the Milli Vanilli of alter-nametal, (Gavin Rossdale's) *Bush* (*Is Full Of Lice*). But I digress. There's a good album here, too! The Jesus Lizard's sound has barely changed. They're still a razor-edged punk band from the more experimental end — no super-fast, one-chord songs (read: *Rancid*). "Vocalist" David Yow's lyrics are pumped

up higher in the mix than ever before, thanks to producer Garth Richardson, and his nasty lyrics have lost none of their bite due to major-label restrictions. This CD gets the Special Award for best lyric of the year: "It's Group A Streptococcus/On which we need to focus/It killed twelve Limeys this year."

5. No Doubt, *Tragic Kingdom* (Trauma/Interscope)

Juuuuuuuust kidding. Those of you out there who like ska and just cannot stand the fact that every 14-year-old and his circle jerk buddy are running around in rude boy gear can thank Ms. Gwen Stefani for this little accident. While they're not specifically ska, there's enough in there to get every junior high school bimbo waving her budding breasts around and getting Mahatma bridge-of-the-nose piercings. I never thought I'd live to see the day that a bleach-blonde valleyslut could bastardize an entire genre. A word of advice to Ms. Skadonna: you better staple those skinny little ankles together behind your head, because when the fad dies down, you're going to have to find some way to get your albums released.

5. The Frogs, *My Daughter the Broad* (Matador)

It takes a lot to shock me, and this did it. I bought this album based on the song titles alone: "Children Run Away (The Man With the Candy)", "Grandma In The Corner With A Penis In Her Hand Going 'No, No, No, No, No.'" Expecting it to be a set of lyrically obnoxious punk ditties, I was, uh, delighted?, to find that they were actually folk improvisations. The Frogs are two violently homosexual men, one of whom bears a disturbing resemblance to Carl "Oldy" Olson. I guarantee that six out of ten people you know will be offended by this work. It takes talent to piss that many people off.

6. Reverend Horton Heat, *It's Martini Time* (Interscope)

The Reverend gets a spot on here just because he's the Reverend. Other than that, this album isn't much different from his earlier work, a cross between punk and psycho-rockabilly that's previously caught the eye of such badboys as Ministry's Al Jourgensen and the *Butthole Surfers'* Gibby Haynes. With a cover of "Rock This Joint", a sentimental bal-

lad about broken cigarettes, and a hilarious title track that effortlessly captures the feel of a cheesy 1960's Las Vegas nightclub, you can't go wrong.

7. Ween, *12 Golden Country Greats* (Elektra)

Actually, it's only ten songs, and the concept is a lot funnier than the songs themselves. Ween, the duo of demented terminal adolescents, joined forces with professional country musicians and came out with ten songs that mix standard country music with Ween's typically offensive lyrics. This would have been a lot better if all the songs were as good as "Japanese Cowboy", "Piss Up A Rope", and the tour de force of "Mister Richard Smoker" ("he's a pooppy poker").

8. The Cardigans, *First Band On The Moon* (Mercury/Minty-Fresh)

Cheeky pop is annoying. Very cheeky pop is violence-inspiring. Infinitely cheeky pop is funny, and that's where The Cardigans come in. Basically the second incarnation of ABBA, The Cardigans hail from Sweden, where they craft tuneful pop/lounge covers of Black Sabbath songs. Really!

9. Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds, *Murder Ballads* (Mute/Elektra)

I got a little nervous when I heard that Nick Cave was planning a concept album about death, but he makes it work. Rather than wussing out and making a 70's prog-rock exploration of a murderer from the inside out, Cave and company have instead chosen to collaborate with other brilliant oddballs (P.J. Harvey and Kylie Minogue, to be specific) on songs that range from upbeat to slow and depressing. Highlights include a re-working of the traditional "Stagger Lee", "The Curse of Millhaven", and a 15-minute epic of fatal barroom brawling entitled "O'Malley's Bar."

10. Mike Patton, *Adult Themes For Voice* (Tzadik)

I waffled on this one for a while. My initial excitement was great — this was, after all, the man behind Faith No More and Mr. Bungle, releasing a solo album with songs whose titles range from "Porno Holocaust" to "I Killed Him Like A Dog... And Still He Laughed". Then it turned out to be a clustering of psychotic noise experiments, all conducted with just Patton's mouth and a microphone. But then I listened to it again and found that the high-pitched buzzing, shrieking, and feedback were annoying in an almost magical way. I mean, annoying is just annoying, but this is REALLY annoying. It made our Business Manager collapse in convulsions.

Not a slow year, by any means. In 1997, we can expect new albums from Helmet, KMFDM, Faith No More, Dinosaur Jr, and Primus. In addition, the soundtrack to *Lost Highway*, the new David Lynch film, will be released in February. The collection, compiled by Trent Reznor of nine inch nails, will feature a new NIN track and an instrumental score by the composer who did the music for *Twin Peaks*. Have a good new year.

P.S. I dare the little shrew who called me about Alanis Morrissette last year to ring up the office in regards to my entry on No Doubt, I just DARE her.