

The
Stony
Brook

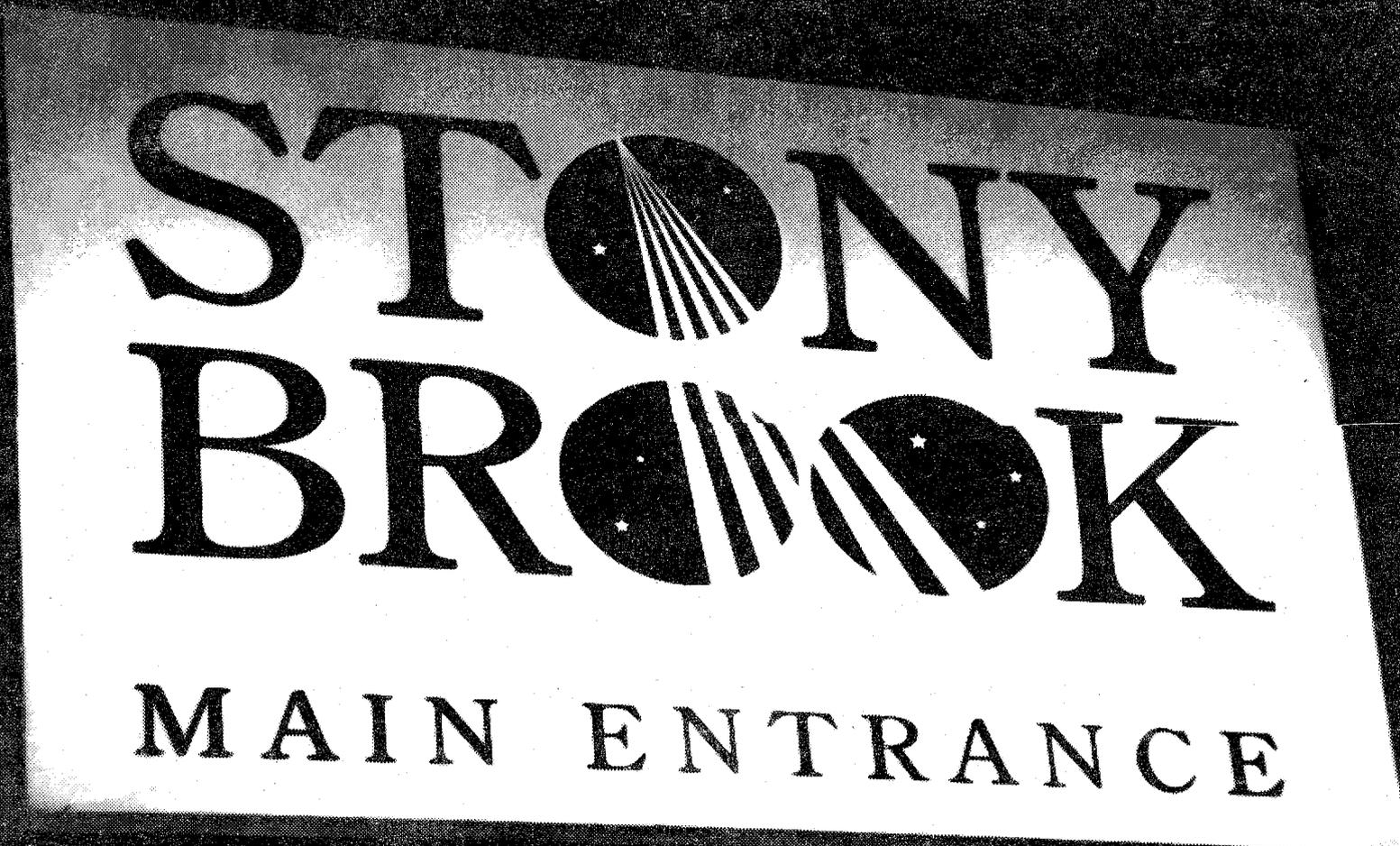
PRESS

Vol. XIX No. 1

The University Community's Feature Paper

September 3, 1997

Welcome to Stony Brook...



STONY
BROOK

MAIN ENTRANCE

...may we take your order, please?

The making of a McUniversity...

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And Lowell!

The Fable of the Honors College

By Michael Yeh

Don't be fooled by the administration's lovely newsletters and public relations propaganda. As you will read soon, not everything is "hunky-dory" at Stony Brook. Gather close and you shall hear of a tale of administrators who recklessly shuffle people about to fulfill fantasies of their self-professed skills in management. As a result, these students and their professors were rewarded with a frustrating, unproductive academic year. So go ahead. Read it and weep.

"Phase I"

The Honors College, a small academic community, was founded in 1989 during the administration of then president John Marburger. Forty undergraduates in each grade were offered an informal and friendly learning atmosphere under the guidance of geneticist and historian Elof Axel Carlson.

Students in the program got to know their professors and peers in a series of interdisciplinary seminars and courses. They were also encouraged to share their ideas through informal interactions that are often missing in large lecture classes. In addition, students enjoyed personal guidance from their peers and Donna Di Donato, Director of the Honors College.

Dr. Carlson showed his dedication to undergraduate education by example and not by word. By spending up to 14 hours a day for six days a week, he worked hard to serve as a model of a committed scholar. The Honors College was never given a budget despite numerous requests, but Carlson contributed to scholarships, field trips, class materials, and other expenses from his own pocket.

But more importantly, he was a friend as well as a teacher. He insisted that students call him by his first name, and removed the barrier that often separates faculty and students by always taking the time to chat between classes. Students and professors were bound together by trust, camaraderie, and their passion for learning.

Conviction by a Kangaroo Court

During finals week in April 1996, Carlson was asked to "shift his interests" from the Honors College and head the Federated Learning Communities by Dr. Ernest McNealey, Associate Provost and Dean of Undergraduate Academic Affairs. The Honors College, argued McNealey, was too small to be influential and did not appeal to potential donors to the university.

The administration's plans to reorganize the Honors College were created without consulting the participating faculty, the students, or the University Senate's Honors College Advisory Council. It became evident that these decisions were made based on the prejudices of administrators who refused to schedule formal meetings despite repeated requests.

Despite McNealey's argument that the program was too small, he pointed out that it was already too big to be operated by a single Master. Also, the students were regarded by administrators as overly self-serving and that they did not serve the surrounding community. This was a curious statement, for most Honors College students perform volunteer work at some point during their undergraduate years.

Carlson was subjected to insulting and humiliating treatment by those in charge following his

rejection of the offer. At one meeting, he was allegedly accused of organizing a campaign to defame the administration and was called "a bigot and a redneck." This was a puzzling charge, for Carlson took great pride in the ethnic diversity at Stony Brook and shared his views in a monthly column in *Blackworld*. Surveys on family histories were taken, for each entering class and students were encouraged to share their roots by constructing pedigrees while sharing stories from past generations.

Provost Rollin Richmond later announced that he would name Carlson emeritus Master, that he could serve on the new committee, that the Cardozo College Lounge would be named after him, and that he would host a dinner to honor him. This condescending offer, which Carlson rejected, seemed like a blatant attempt to silence opposition by offering fame and vanity without addressing the real issues.

These events happened during the summer, when most students were not present. The administration never gave the reason for the secrecy in which the changes were drafted in the spring of 1996. Although rumors about the proceedings circulated freely, students were not officially notified until August 22 in a letter from McNealey, who has left to become president of Stillman College.

Although well-meaning administrators may make bad decisions in their haste, their insensitive and irresponsible conduct was certainly not appropriate for an academic institution that respects reason and civil society. In addition, sources in the faculty and administration suspect that McNealey's superiors were fully aware of his actions, and that he may have been forced to serve as a "puppet" to take the blame. But regardless of the situation, this affair clearly indicates that some

"...this affair clearly indicates that some administrators wield an arrogance of power and believe that they can shuffle faculty and students around on a whim."

administrators wield an arrogance of power and believe that they can shuffle faculty and students around on a whim.

The Lost Year

The new Honors Council consisted of six professors from different disciplines, with good intentions and outstanding credentials. Their assignment, however, was a daunting one: to preserve a friendly and productive learning atmosphere at a time when students were fuming with anger over the hasty changes in which their opinions were not valued. But with little guidance and no prior involvement in the Honors College, the council did not have the tools necessary to run the program effectively.

Despite assurances that interactions between students and faculty would be enhanced under the new system, many students were disappointed by the atmosphere during the 1996-1997 school year. Council members admitted that they weren't able to know every student, and that e-mail was the best medium for information exchange. Professors were no longer available in the Cardozo College Living/Learning Center or in the lounge during the day, and they implemented an impersonal sys-

tem that relied on office hours and appointments.

Some members of the council did attempt to reach out to students, albeit in a passive, detached manner. These professors showed up during their office hours diligently, but remained in their cubicles waiting for students to diffuse in. Students were hesitant to introduce themselves to perfect strangers with whom they had little to discuss. The council did not realize that they had to take the initiative to break the ice by teaching classes instead of observing from the sidelines.

The only course taught by council members was the weekly interdisciplinary seminars known as "soirees". Since they took turns conducting each session, students expected to meet each professor only once every six weeks. But a few professors rarely showed up, and did not participate in any meaningful way.

A typical "soiree" featured a guest speaker who would discuss how he or she built a successful academic career. Instead of engaging the speakers in informal discussions, as Carlson had done, the council assigned formal

written papers for these presentations. Many students felt that simply summarizing a person's career and heaping praise upon him or her was an assignment with little intellectual value. Citing the faculty's apparent lack of interest and poor planning, some students deliberately wrote poor papers out of spite. The faculty were quick to assume that the students lacked basic writing skills, and proposed a new required writing course.

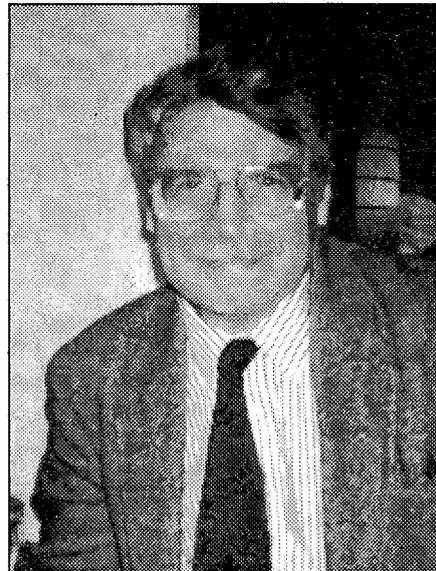
The reorganization of the curriculum was also a major cause of tension between the council and the students. The council's proposals, which thankfully were rejected by the curriculum committee, discarded almost all of the previous curriculum. Some of the strongest courses from the past were removed or changed, and replaced with new courses with vague outlines. A first-year introductory course that included history, philosophy, science, and the arts was made into what seemed like an introductory sociology course. Another popular second-year course on the philosophy of art was replaced by a class that required one year of calculus as a prerequisite.

Although students already in the program would not be forced to follow the new curriculum, the council attempted to collect opinions from students about its design. Students who offered constructive advice were not always treated with dignity, however. Dissenting opinions were almost always ignored or dismissed. One of the most frustrating and repetitive responses by the faculty was, "you know this does not affect you." In one incident, students were stunned when a professor boldly snapped, "I think I see your point, but you're WRONG!"

As a result of such humiliating experiences, students gradually lost interest in the Honors College. After all, isn't it easier to just take the required courses, graduate, and escape from this madness?!!

Hope at last?

Concerned students met with Paul Armstrong, Dean of Arts and Sciences; and Provost Rollin Richmond late last semester. It was agreed that the Honors College would be moved under the control of a single director please see "Honors," page 12



Former Master Elof A. Carlson

FACULTY TO ADMINISTRATION: "SHAPE UP!"

By Michael Yeh

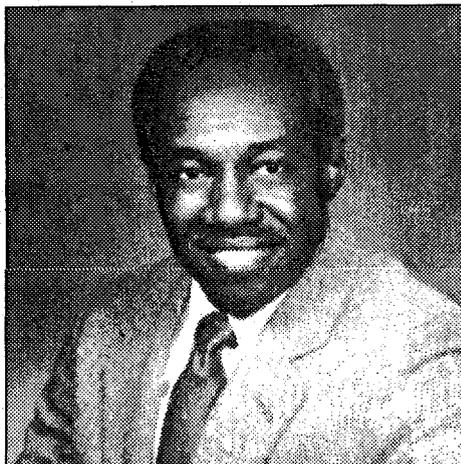
Many aspects of the Stony Brook campus need improvement, according to faculty and professional staff responses in the University Senate Administrative Review Committee's Ninth Survey. The survey was conducted in late February and early March, 1997. Respondents were asked to evaluate various campus services and high-level administrators on a scale of "excellent", "good", "fair", "poor", and "fail" with numerical values of 4 through 0 respectively.

THE TOP POSTS

President Shirley Strum Kenny

President Kenny has made attempts to improve the aesthetics of the campus and various academic programs. But she is also ridiculed by some as a "Queen of Public Relations", who is quick to announce achievements that sound impressive but lack substance. One respondent wrote, "the President seems detached and distant from the campus." Nevertheless, she is always conspicuously present when cameras are around. That may explain her high score (2.4) in representation of the university to the outside community.

Kenny's average rating for all questions was 1.9, a conspicuous drop from 2.5 in 1995. Her lowest score, 1.6, was for decisions on reallocating the budget and willingness and effectiveness involving appropriate faculty and staff in decisions that affect policy.



Frederick Preston, V.P. for University Affairs

Provost Rollin Richmond

With an average rating of 2.1, Richmond needs to focus more attention on developing new resources (1.7). One respondent commented that "the Provost is engaged but struggling with difficult financial issues." Richmond's highest score, 2.5, was for setting and maintaining high ethical and professional standards. Richmond's ranking was the same as that for former Provost Bryce Hool in 1995.

Ceil Cleveland, V.P. for University Affairs

Cleveland's average rating was 1.3, with a range from 1.0 to 1.5. The lowest score was for development of new resources, and the best score was for leadership on affirmative action.

Frederick Preston, V.P. for Student Affairs

Preston has received high scores in the past, and got the highest average rating among the top administrative officers (2.5) this year. He can use improvement in administrative management and deployment of resources (2.3), but he received praise for his leadership on affirmative action. As Vice President for Student Affairs, he has always been willing to work with students and interact with them.

Norman Edelman, V.P. for Health Sciences Center

As Vice President, Edelman received an aver-

age rating of 1.7. His lowest score of 1.4 was for lack of leadership improving the quality of life at the HSC and willingness and effectiveness in involving faculty and staff in decisions that affect policy. According to one respondent, "morale is very poor", and the administration "does little to address and effectively change this." Some feel that more effective communication is necessary, for people "are made to feel as if [they] don't really 'matter' here."

Edelman's highest score, 2.1, was for leadership on affirmative action and maintaining high ethical and professional standards.

In addition, Edelman serves as the Dean of the School of Medicine, from which he received an average response of 1.4. A series of articles in Newsday suggested that many prominent faculty from general and orthopedic surgery, endocrinology, obstetrics and gynecology, as well as an allergy specialist have resigned last winter due to alleged conflicts with Edelman. The administration claimed that these physicians left for personal reasons or for better job offers.

Gail Habicht, Interim Vice President for Research

Habicht's average score was 2.4 with a range of 2.1 (development of new resources), to 2.7 (setting and maintaining high ethical and professional standards).

DEANS

Burton Pollack, School of Dental Medicine

(Average:0.6, Range:0.4 to 0.8)

Lorna McBarnette, School of Health Technology and Management

(Average:1.0, Range:0.5 to 1.8)

Norman Edelman, School of Medicine (see above)

Lenore McClean, School of Nursing

(Average: 2.2, Range: 1.9 to 2.6)

Frances Brisbane, School of Social Welfare

(Average: 2.9, Range:2.5 to 3.8)

Paul Armstrong, College of Arts and Sciences

(Average:2.4, Range:1.7 to 2.8)

Paul Edelson, School of Professional Development

(Average:3.2, Range: 2.5 to 4.0)

Yacov Shamash, College of Engineering and Harriman School

(Average:2.0, Range: 1.5 to 2.6)

Kirk Cochran, Marine Sciences Research Center

(Average: 2.6, Range: 1.8 to 3.2)

Joseph Branin, Libraries

(Average:2.5, Range: 1.9 to 2.9)

Richard Laskowski, Physical Education and Athletics

(Average: 1.5, Range:1.0 to 2.0)



President Shirley Strum Kenny

SERVICE RANTS (1.5 or lower)

The extent to which the Stony Brook administration is in touch with the nature of every day life as experienced by the Stony Brook community.

Maintenance of buildings, classrooms, elevators, climate control, etc.

Response to repair and rehabilitation orders.

Parking facilities

Effectiveness of University Senate in representing faculty, staff, and student concerns.

The effectiveness of such periodic reviews in assessing strengths and weaknesses.

RAVES (2.6 or higher)

Campus phone service, e-mail, computer store, day-care facilities, Office of Conferences and Special Events, Campus Community Advocate, Payroll Office, Employees Benefits Office, library services, Scantron processing office, Disabled Student Services, School of Professional Development and Continuing Studies, Research Foundation.

This survey clearly shows that many improvements must be made at the university. Many respondents cited financial concerns as a cause of low morale. "No one wants to help each other, no one has a contract, no one has seen a raise in 3 years. No one cares," wrote one staff member.

Others believe that the administration are at fault. "None of the subjects show enough of themselves to the students and staff," said one respondent, "This campus is still 'US' against 'THEM'." Some people called for "new administrators who employ people of integrity and ability", and a "tremendous need for fairness in promoting employees instead of favoritism."

But one participant had a strikingly pessimistic prediction about the prospects of improvements: "I filled out this sheet as I have been doing for years, but I don't know why. These ratings seem not to influence what goes on around here a whit!"



Rollin Richmond, University Provost

WELCOME TO STONY BROOK™

Ranking a amazing (and somewhat suspicious) #2 in *Newsweek's* Best Public Universities list, Stony Brook seems to be a new university. There are new tables all over campus, new sculptures, new landscaping, new food venues (check out the new SAC, for some new food) a new logo, and some new signs on the outskirts of the campus to burn that new logo into the retinas of every passerby. Shirley Strum Kenny's Stony Brook is the Brave New University, open to all kinds of new and exciting marketing tactics, welcoming to all types of new fundraising, insistent in its mission to never let you forget that the Stony Brook of new has little to do with what was before.

Gone are the days of personal attention, nationally rated Liberal Arts programs, a focus on academics rather than sports (Go Division II!) and the comfort that comes with the knowledge that your favorite professor will be here next semester to teach that class you've been wanting to take. In their place are money and looks. What counts is how much revenue can be produced from the learning happening here, and how that looks to such esteemed judges of academic excellence such as Forbes and Money.

The aforementioned new signs are perhaps the most visible (some would say excruciatingly painful) symbol of Stony Brook's new set of values. The old (what, three years?) wooden signs have been removed and in their stead are a garish but eerily fitting new set of markers. Not only do these signs burn the new logo (designed by Kenny's friend, Milton "Hey Shirl, can I plaster your campus with my minimalist line scratchings?" Glaser) into the rods and cones of every passerby with about what must be near 1.21 gigawatts of blue, green and red product

recognizability power, they accurately communicate Stony Brook's new McDonald's-like attention to marketing. Be shocked that the Seawolf isn't out near the front entrance on opening day with balloons for all the kiddies and a smile and a wink for all financially endowed alumni. Makes you wonder how much of a "donation" to the alumni fund one would have to make to secure yourself a lap dance from Shirl at the next University Club luncheon.

We shouldn't be surprised. Not one of us. Kenny was chosen for her talent for fund raising. Appointed at a time when SUNY was under attack by Albany, and being challenged to turn higher education into Wall Street business, Shirley Strum Kenny's love of, and knack for gathering, the almighty dollar has allowed that corporate mentality to seep into a place it has no place. Quality takes a backseat to quantity, which in itself takes a backseat to appearance. Stony Brook still has many of the problems it had when Kenny took over, we're just wearing newer, more appealing clothing, charming the pants off the Charles Wangs of the world with our quaint Texas accents. So next time you're closed out of a class because only one professor teaches the course to twelve students a year, or you wait forty minutes to change your schedule, or you're cramped into a dorm room with three other students because the Division of Campus Residences "underestimated" the amount of applicants, just remember, at least we have some nice new picnic tables in front of the SAC (just don't plan to eat lunch there on your meal-card). And remember, it was all made possible by Shirley Strum Kenny. Now available in action figures from Mattel.

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7	November 22	November 26
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KLAN ON THE ISLAND

By Michael Yeh

The American Knights of the Ku Klux Klan angered local residents and raised questions about racial relations on Long Island after announcing a planned "educational drive" at the Smith Haven Mall on Saturday, July 19.

This event was to be the first public Klan campaign in New York State since 1962. Suffolk County Police expected approximately twenty members to don their traditional white robes and hoods while passing out hate literature.

But the Klan's announcement provoked an angry backlash from local residents and civil rights advocates, and Suffolk County District Attorney James Catterson threatened to arrest any Klan members who showed up. The coordinator of the event, who calls himself the "Reverend Frank", cancelled the event after Catterson vowed to enforce a state law that prohibits masked people from assembling in public without a permit.

Rev. Frank claimed to be the New York State Grand Dragon, and was later identified as Frank DeStefano of Mount Sinai. DeStefano, who set up a temporary telephone number and currently screens two lines with caller ID, denied involvement when contacted by *The Press*.

Despite the cancellation, anti-Klan demonstrators gathered on a sidewalk outside the mall and at the Hempstead United Methodist Church to denounce the racist group. In addition, some shoppers changed their plans and joined the protestors.

"There will be a lot of dissatisfied people if the event was allowed," said a shopper who requested anonymity. "The KKK is becoming more of a threat today."

Even if the Klan had decided to proceed with their event, the mall management had plans to bar them from the property. "This is a shopping center for people's enjoyment and not a forum for such organizations to conduct their business," said marketing director Dennis Tietjen. "As private property owners, we have the right to refuse an organization such as this to come on our property."

"I think it would have been a very ugly scene," said Michelle Alfano, owner of the Peace Frogs stand. "They should be allowed to conduct their events, but not where others are forced to be part of it."

Despite these concerns, most people do not perceive any threat to racial relations in the local area. "I think most people are educated enough to know that this is a small group of people and their beliefs," said Alfano. District Attorney Catterson also believes that the group is poorly organized in this area. "We have 1.5 million people in Long Island; eleven of them chose to dance around in bedsheets," he said in an interview with *Newsday*.

But according to Frederick Preston, Vice President of Student Affairs at the university, "racial tolerance on Long Island could use some improvement."

The Ku Klux Klan's ideology grew out of white Southern resentment over the Civil War and the chaos of the Reconstruction period. Scholars believe that the original Klan, named after the Greek words for "circle" and "cycle", was merely a social club. In 1865, six Confederate veterans founded this club in Pulaski, Tennessee with secret members holding ridiculous-sounding titles to enhance its amusement.

White sheets were adopted as the official uniform of the Klan after a few mischievous disguised horsemen created a spectacular distraction in Pulaski. As the membership grew, these pranks turned into threatening visits and violence against black families. Although the intention of the six original founders is often disputed, it became clear that anyone could wear a sheet to commit crimes.

In 1867, Klan leaders met in Nashville, Tennessee to create a specific agenda for the organization. They made a more rigid hierarchy, and made white supremacy the first priority of the Klan. After this meeting, the Klan became more active and carried out the now-familiar violent threats to blacks and Reconstruction sympathizers.

The Klan gained support in government and from the general population very quickly. By the late 1860's, there were very few white Southern opponents to the Klan. But, Klan groups and impostors (also known as the Black Ku Klux Klan) began fighting each other, and it is believed that Imperial Wizard Nathan Bedford Forrest

ordered the Klan disband in 1869. Congress passed anti-Klan laws, but the Klan had already wreaked havoc in the south. White Southerners had reclaimed control of the local governments as a result of the terror that kept black voters away from the polls.

After a brief period of inactivity, the Klan reemerged in the early twentieth century. This revival was stimulated by massive immigration from Europe, American involvement in World War I, and a new Populist movement that attempted to unite blacks and poor whites against factory and land owners. The Klan was reestablished as a benevolent society (go figure!) by preacher-salesman William J. Simmons, who made great profits from membership dues. More importantly, though, the Klan was not only against blacks and immigrants, but also

opposed Jews, Catholics, Asians, bootleggers, violations of the Sabbath, and other "anti-American" aspects of society. Lynchings, parades, and other public acts became common.

In the 1920s, Suffolk County had the largest KKK membership in New York State, with one member for every seven residents. Most of its activity was centered in the Town of Brookhaven.

Klansmen controlled the Suffolk County Republican Party leadership, and elected politicians who promised to end immigration, bootlegging, and

general immorality.

During the Great Depression, the Klan lost much of its support, however, and by the early 1950's, it has been relatively inactive. But, it has not disappeared completely, as shown by the recent controversy on Long Island.

There have been rumors that the Ku Klux Klan planned their return to the public scene during the summer when most minority students from the University at Stony Brook are not present. But according to Fred Preston, "something like [a university] hasn't really been a deterrent in other places where they have appeared or attempted to appear."

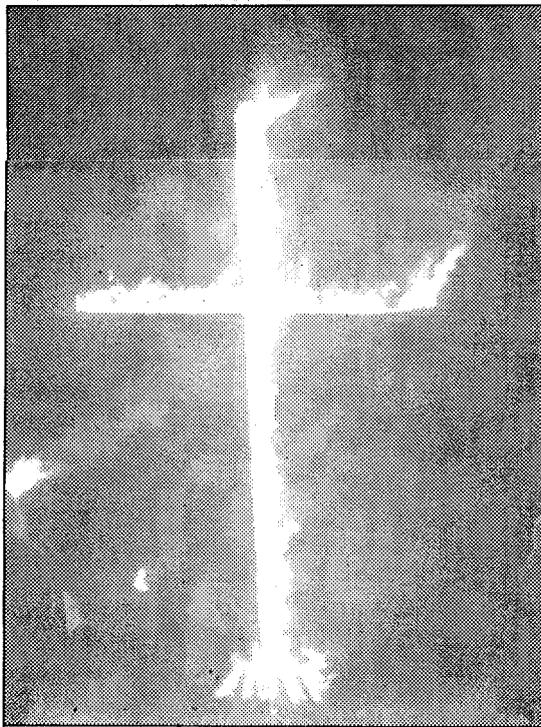
Students may help educate people about the importance of tolerance and the benefits of ethnic diversity through community service. The university is also planning a new Living Learning Center that stresses volunteer work. "We need to connect the classroom to the outside community so that there are more opportunities to have the kind of interaction and dialogue which enables us to make an impact," said Preston.

Nevertheless, Klan leaders promise to continue challenging those who support diversity. An unidentified member sent copies of a videotape depicting eleven hooded people circling a burning cross at an unidentified beach. Rev. Frank considers these events to signify the rebirth of the group, and plans to march in public.

"I think the best thing people can do is to tolerate things such as that rather than to let it stir them, and things like this will be kept to a minimum," said a Macy's employee and Stony Brook graduate student.

But others believe that a more active approach must be taken to combat hate groups. "Challenges like this from racist extremist groups like the Klan will continue to take place, for they're not going to fade away into the woodwork," said Preston. "People who believe in a harmoniously diverse society have to become and remain as active in promoting social justice and equality as extremist groups seem to be in promoting racial intolerance."

"We have 1.5 million people in Long Island; eleven of them chose to dance around in bedsheets."



This article is reprinted from our July 29th issue.

election watch

THE CONTINUING VICTIMIZATION OF ABNER LOUIMA

By John Giuffo

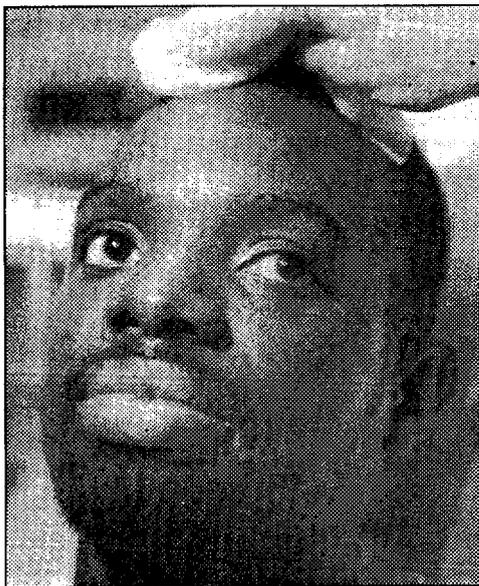
The brutalizing of Abner Louima and the resulting attention to the very real and pervasive problem of police brutality in New York City couldn't have come at a worse time for Rudy Giuliani. Above and beyond addressing the issue of unchecked police brutality, protesters and Louima supporters are seeking to place blame on Giuliani.

Their feelings are justified. Giuliani, while running for mayor in '93, secured his popularity with police by opposing a citizen-controlled civilian complaint review board. By killing the idea of independent oversight of police activities, Giuliani sent a clear message to police that any complaints of misconduct are best handled by other police officers. This created an environment that allowed police to feel safe in their illegal activities.

Hence, Giuliani time: when police are the law, and are above the law.

The raw savagery of the attack is the only

thing that assured that this particular case of police brutality came to light. The statistics tell the story: out of over 10,000 complaints of police brutality in the City of New York, only



Abner Louima

one investigation has resulted in the dismissal of an officer. Even if you believe the majority of police to be good, upstanding enforcers of the law, you would have to close your eyes entirely to the issue of police brutality and deny it exists to see the current oversight procedures as adequate.

This is the problem Giuliani faces. He championed a system that allowed police brutality to be the order the day, and now the entire city knows it. Even some of his most ardent supporters have had to acknowledge the fact that Giuliani bears

some of the blame for creating an environment that allowed Abner Louima to be raped with a plunger.

The other candidates for office realize the political power inherent in such a victimization, and have transformed Mr. Louima into the hottest political football since Willie Horton. The Rev. Al Sharpton was on the scene the Wednesday following Louima's assault. At Louima's bedside, Sharpton called boxing promoter Don King to have him visit the bedridden man with a check for \$5000. A photo of King and Sharpton giving Louima the check was run the next day in *The Amsterdam News*, securing Sharpton's place as a player in the political football game that Abner Louima's beating and raping has become. At a time when the entire City of New York is up in arms over the victimization of yet another black man at the hands of a police department out of control, sides are being chosen for the coming battle that again victimizes Mr. Louima by those who claim to be out to protect him. Whoever wins the election in November, one thing is for sure: Abner Louima loses.

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

BLACK AMERICANS IN CUBA: PART I OF A TWO PART SERIES

By Dr. Manning Marable

This June, I led a delegation of fifteen prominent African Americans on a visit to the island of Cuba. Members of our delegation included: Leith Mullings, Professor of Anthropology, City University of New York; writer/editor Jean Carey Bond; political theorist Clarence Lusane; Columbia University Chaplain Jewelnel Davis; and Michael Eric Dyson, Visiting Professor of African American Studies, Columbia University.

The delegation was hosted by the Center for the Study of the Americas in Havana to engage in a series of conversations about the future of Cuba and its relationship with black America. The delegation identified four critical areas for examination: race relations and the status of Afro-Cuban people since the Cuban Revolution; the status of women and gender relations; the impact of economic liberalization and the introduction of private enterprise in Cuba since the end of the Cold War; and issues of human rights, civil liberties and political freedom under the Castro government. The ground rules for our visit permitted us to travel anywhere in the island. We were encouraged to interview prominent leaders in government, culture and society. Always throughout our investigations, delegation members asked questions which had broader implications for black folk not only in Cuba, but within the U.S.

We met with Alphonso Casanova, the Deputy Minister of Economic Planning, and the chief architect of Cuba's economic transformation. Casanova explained that Cuba's gross domestic product was cut in half after the collapse of the Soviet Union and the end of economic trade with

socialist countries. Out of necessity, U.S. dollars were decriminalized and corporate investment from Europe, Canada and Mexico was eagerly solicited. By 1997, there were over 300,000 Cubans who had registered as private entrepreneurs with the government. New resort hotels were constructed and a thriving tourist business developed. This year over one million tourists will visit Cuba.

This economic growth was achieved at a certain price. Prostitution is flourishing in major cities and especially at hotels and night clubs. Economic disparities between the well-to-do and the poor have grown dramatically. Casanova explained: "The main objectives of the Revolution have not changed. But when the world surrounding you changes so fundamentally, one has no other alternative but to transform your own domestic (economic) system. I believe that humanity moves from selfishness to solidarity, but this is a very long term historical process."

Cuban economists believe that it is possible to adopt elements of capitalism and corporate investment into a socialist system. Casanova states, "Capitalism is a major failure as a socioeconomic and political project." Nevertheless, the Cuban people had to devise ways to avoid economic collapse and to integrate their economy into world markets. Throughout the Third World, "Cuba is the hope that things can be done differently," Casanova stated.

At risk in Cuba's experiment with capitalism are the substantial accomplishments that small nation has achieved in terms of human and social development. For example, Cuba's life expectancy is 75 years; illiteracy has been virtually eradicated; one out of every 15 adults is a university graduate; Cuba's infant mortality rates are one half that of African Americans.

Safeguarding the interest of Cuban workers is Salvador Valdez Gonzalez, the Minister of Labor and Social Security. The minister estimated that Cuba's current unemployment rate is 6.5%. However, workers who were terminated from their jobs still receive a minimum of 60% of their former salaries. "Our main policy is to maintain the achievements of the Revolution," Valdez explained. Despite their current economic difficulties all healthcare in Cuba is still free. Programs for the physically disabled were protected. No hospitals or universities were shut down. In fact, Cuba's ratio of doctors to the general population, one out of seventy-three, is by far the best of any Third World country, and better than many western societies.

What was also striking about Valdez was his physical appearance -- phenotypically the brother was clearly an "African." The Minister of Labor declared that "racial discrimination is not abolished by a decree, but by the actual performance of a society -- access to schools, medical assistance, and the full exercise of political democracy without regard to race."

The members of the delegation sometimes felt somewhat at odds with our Cuban hosts over the issue of race. The Cubans tended to insist that the issue of racial discrimination had been "resolved" by the Revolution. This perspective was most vigorously held by the black Cubans we encountered.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and the Director of the Institute for Research in African-American Studies, Columbia University, New York City. "Along The Color Line" appears in over 300 publications throughout the U.S. and internationally.

Students Swelter Through Summer Battling for Worker Rights New Generation Attracted to Labor Cause

By Karen Winner

NEW YORK (ANS/CAN-EX) -- A group of neatly dressed young women was standing near the strawberries in Balducci's, a popular gourmet food shop in Greenwich Village. But, they weren't selecting ripe fruit for a summer shortcake. These were young union activists.

"We just want to let you know a little about the conditions for strawberry workers," one of the young women explained politely to the store manager.

Instead of spending their summer days at the beach or the movies, these college students were demanding better wages and improved working conditions for California's strawberry pickers.

The students, part of an AFL-CIO drive to engage college-age people in union organizing, also appear to be part of a trend. More young people are adopting labor as a social cause than at any time in recent memory, according to observers of the union movement.

"Certainly this is the most significant outreach from labor to students in more than a generation, and certainly the most important connection by students to labor," said Joel Rogers, a professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin in Madison.

In the midst of a 5 p.m. Manhattan rush hour, the students who visited Balducci's succeeded in getting the store manager to sign the Supermarket Pledge for Strawberry Workers' Rights, a statement of principles on the rights of field laborers.

Uptown, Emily Shaw had been leafletting the noon-time crowd outside of NBC Television Studios to call attention to the network's use of non-unionized limousine drivers. The 19-year-old student from Haverford College in Pennsylvania, said she was spending the summer in union activities although her parents didn't approve.

"They don't like it. They think I'm playing games or something," Shaw said. "My dad would like me to become a doctor. My mom would like me to marry a doctor. Meanwhile, I can't handle chemistry."

Sarah Leberstein, 19, a student at Wesleyan

University in Middletown, Conn., has gone even further in her dedication. She has decided to take a leave of absence from college to become a full-time labor activist. Leberstein is currently applying for jobs at labor unions and noted that her departure from college could stretch to a year, depending on how well she likes the union work.

The decision came as somewhat of a shock to Leberstein's parents, she recalls. "They were a little taken aback. They didn't seem that happy with it at least to my face. But they're getting used to the idea," Leberstein said. "My mom is starting to joke -- 'Labor organizing is a growth industry because labor unions are organizing,' so she thinks there's some room for me to make a career out of it."

Leberstein's mother may be right.

In the past two years, the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations has increased its spending on new-member organizing from \$2.5 million to over \$20 million.

Among the unions seeking a comeback is the United Farm Workers of America. During the 1960s, the UFW's late founder, Cesar Chavez, inspired legions of college students to join in the celebrated boycotts of California lettuce and grapes. Now, under the leadership of Chavez's son-in-law, Arturo Rodriguez, the union is welcoming a new generation into the strawberry workers' movement.

Since Rodriguez took over in 1994, the small and struggling UFW has boosted its membership by 5,000, up from 21,000, according to UFW officials.

Last year AFL-CIO president John Sweeney vowed to take the strawberry worker campaign to the streets, and since then he has staged massive marches and launched Union Summer.

This year, approximately 600 young people enrolled in the Union Summer program -- around 500 less than last year. Organizers say enrollment has been deliberately limited in order to keep better control over the program at the various sites and promote the quality rather than quantity of interns. No student is permitted to enroll for more than one summer.

Some individual unions have their own college contingents. This year's Union Summer youth, who receive a weekly stipend of \$210, have jumped into a mix of union battles at 17 sites around the country:

-- In Denver, they are working to help unionize janitors.

-- Miami's Union Summer group is aligning with nursing home employees, who won an election to unionize but still have no contract.

-- In Seattle, the youths are organizing janitors and apple workers.

At issue in the UFW campaign are conditions for 20,000 strawberry pickers, many of them Latino immigrants. The workers make low wages -- about \$8,500 a season, which begins in the spring and goes through October. They often lack convenient access to clean bathrooms and drinking water, according to union organizers.

In an effort to pressure employers, the young union workers have obtained pledges from food stores to respect the workers' rights and to ask the companies they buy products from to respect the workers' rights, said Jocelyn Sherman, a spokeswoman for the UFW, based in Watsonville, Calif.

Pledge signers include Gristedes, A&P, and Sloan's, among other major food stores that carry strawberries from California.

Nationally, managers at 3,000 supermarket outlets have signed the statement of principles, according to campaign organizers.

On a sweltering summer day in the city, the youths added Balducci's to the list.

After a few minutes of conversation with the store manager, they achieved their objective. Everyone was smiling. Leberstein, who left premed for union organizing, said: "I thought medicine was effective, but this was a lot more urgent. This is the first thing I've been really passionate about."

A Media Malady: Image Distortion Disorder

By Norman Solomon

Are we suffering from Image Distortion Disorder?

It's not listed in medical dictionaries. But physician Michael LeNoir is urging our society to treat Image Distortion Disorder as a very real -- and very unhealthy -- condition.

Possible remedies aren't discussed on television. Instead of helping to alleviate Image Distortion Disorder, prime time is ablaze with programming that inflames it.

This is a pervasive ailment that has no obvious physical symptoms. It stokes fears and antagonisms so familiar that they're apt to seem natural.

"Most of the images that one ethnic group has of another are developed by the media," Dr. LeNoir has observed. And media images have a way of feeding on themselves. "The incessant portrayal of African Americans as criminals and buffoons has been responsible for the success of many police programs and sitcoms."

The white majority remains ill-informed. "Most people in America get their information about people of color from radio, movies, print and especially television," LeNoir notes. "In most instances, people of color are depicted as drug-addicted, homeless, child-abusing, welfare criminals."

LeNoir, an African American who practices medicine in Oakland, Calif., is calling for "more realistic images of our young people." He adds: "Most of them graduate from high school, do not go to prison and enter the work force in significant numbers."

A new study confirms that media outlets keep applying blackface to this nation's afflictions. Only 29 percent of poor Americans are black -- but when Yale University scholar Martin Gilens examined coverage of poverty in national news magazines like Time and Newsweek, he found that 62 percent of the pictures were of blacks. On network TV evening newscasts, the figure was 65 percent.

"Part of the problem is news professionals to some degree share the same misperceptions that the public does," Gilens commented. "The people who are choosing the photographs sort of misunderstand the social realities."

Whether the issue is poverty, crime or drugs, the tilt of the media mirror often makes racial minorities look bad. In Dr. LeNoir's words, "the perception painted by television of people of color becomes the reality, and it creates a background of anxiety and fear in America that is dangerous."

Writing in a fine new anthology titled "Multi-America," LeNoir asserts that media distortions of African Americans, Latinos and Asians "have a devastating effect on every person in this country and undermine any attempt to bring us together as a people."

He emphasizes the importance of speaking up: "Those of us in America who are concerned about race relations must react to obvious distortions in the media by raising our voices in protest over the never-ending attempt to portray people of color in these caricatured, fragmented and distorted images."

It's symbolic that the book containing LeNoir's

essay on Image Distortion Disorder has gotten the cold shoulder from mass media -- despite the fact that it is a landmark volume put out by a major publisher (Viking) and edited by a prominent author (Ishmael Reed).

Published four months ago, "Multi-America" is a collection of pieces by ethnic Americans whose ancestors came from Asia, Africa and Latin America in addition to European countries such as Italy and Ireland. The book demolishes stereotypes while challenging the traditional, monocultural view of what it means to be "an American."

Key media outlets, ranging from Publishers Weekly to The New York Times, have refused to review "Multi-America." Perhaps the 465-page hardcover book -- featuring eloquent essays by more than 50 American writers from a wide array of ethnic and racial backgrounds -- would have seemed more valuable if those writers had been at each other's throats.

Meanwhile, the Little, Brown publishing house, owned by Time Warner, has shelled out a \$3 million advance for yet another book about O.J. Simpson, this one by former girlfriend Paula Barbieri. Her book, of course, will get massive media attention.

Sounds like another victory for Image Distortion Disorder.

Norman Solomon is a syndicated columnist. His book "Wizards of Media Oz: Behind the Curtain of Mainstream News" (co-authored with Jeff Cohen) has just been published by Common Courage Press.

Youth and Students Against Imperialism

By Andre Levy

The 14th World Festival of Youth and Students (WFYS) was held this summer, in La Habana, Cuba, under the banner of Anti-imperialist Solidarity, Peace and Friendship. It was not an historically isolated event, but the continuation of the Festival Movement, whose origin extends to 1948. Then, in the aftermath of WW2, thousands of progressive youth and students met in Prague to proclaim their desire for peace, and their opposition to fascism and aggression. Since then the festival has been held in many countries. The 13th festival was held in 1989 in Pyongyang (Democratic Republic of Korea).

Since the latter festival much has changed in the world, the most significant event being the collapse of the east European socialist block. The end of the cold war however has not implied an improvement in world security or living conditions of its peoples. The Annual Report of the United Nations Development Program revealed that the 20% poorest people in the world shared a mere 1.1% of 1994's revenues, compared to 2.3% in 1960. That represents an increase from 1/31 to 1/78 in the difference between the poorest and richest states.

Neoliberalism, the economic model greatly responsible for the deepening of this social abyss, has extended its influence throughout most of the world, imposing its dire consequences to humanity and to the youth in particular. During this time the anti-imperialist youth movement has suffered many drawbacks and underwent necessary transformations. But despite the persistent difficulties, youth and students around the world persist in their struggle for independence and self-determi-

nation, for peace and a world without nuclear weapons, for social justice, education, health and employment.

This new context made a new World Festival all the more necessary. As a demonstration that imperialism is not without enemies. That youth have not ceased to desire and struggle for a better world. And that they are willing to come together to discuss their common problems and unit in their common struggle.

The Festival was a great success in terms of participation. More than 12,000 delegates, from 132 countries, representing more than 2,000 national, regional and international organizations. A special reference must be made to the largest foreign delegation participating in the Festival, that of the US. (Among the organizations endorsing the US delegation was the Student Association of the State University of New York.) Despite the denial of the US Treasury Department to grant travel authorizations, approximately 850 US delegates traveled to Cuba, constituting the largest group of people to travel from the US to that country since the beginning of the US embargo in 1959.

Travel restrictions are but a small aspect of the embargo imposed by the US on Cuba. The US imposes a total trade embargo on Cuba (including foods, medicines and medical supplies), estimated to have cost Cuba more than \$40 billion since 1962. The blockade was extended beyond US borders upon approval the Torricelli Law (1992) and the Helms-Burton Act (1996) prohibiting open trade between the Cuba and any US subsidiary. This extension however violates international trade norms and has received protests worldwide.

The fact that the 14th festival was held in Cuba had undoubtedly a special significance and

appeal. As Henri Alleg put it, paraphrasing Thomas Jefferson, for any revolutionary his first homeland is his country, the second is Cuba. And the Cuban families which volunteered to host the festival delegates did indeed open their homes and hearts.

But the 14th WFYS was not merely a festival of solidarity with Cuba. It was a great opportunity for cultural and political interaction. The main political events of the festival included the Anti-imperialist Tribunal, several solidarity actions (with East Timor, Western Sahara, and several others) and numerous roundtable discussions on Employment, Education, Democracy and participation, Woman issues, and Peace and security.

The final declaration of the 14th WFYS condemns all extraterritorial actions (such as blockades, embargo, sanctions, military occupations and state terrorism) and the aggressive policies of international imperialism, headed by the US. Likewise it expresses its support for the struggle of all people which fight against discrimination, racism and fundamentalism; which defend, their right to independence and self-determination and the most basic human rights, that of health, a home and education. It calls for a development policy that preserves the environment, that respects the dignity of all human beings and distributes wealth more evenly among all citizens of the world. It demands the cancellation of the foreign debt of all Third World countries. Finally, it appeals to all youth and students of the world to seek unity in the struggle for their rights and desires, and to the creation of an international youth movement that will not only face the aggressions of capitalism but also proceed in the struggle to transform society.

Temps in the Workplace Unite for Better Conditions

Groups Offer Help to "Isolated Workers"

By William Bole

(ANS/CAN-EX) -- For two years, Wanda Allen slid through a revolving door of temporary jobs offering low pay and no benefits. She had become the modern workplace paradox, a permanent "temp."

That, however, was before Allen's sister told her about the Michigan Organizing Project, which had started a community-based employment agency that bypasses temporary firms and steers workers like Allen into regular full-time jobs.

Now, Allen earns \$10.50 an hour and draws full benefits as an inspector at a brass manufacturer in Muskegon, Mich. Though no longer a temporary worker, Allen has stayed active in the organization, helping other temps "get their feet off the floor," as she put it.

Like the feisty character Deb D'Angelo in last season's CBS sitcom "Temporarily Yours," temp workers are beginning to take a stand, overcoming their isolation in the workforce with help from friends like the religious congregations behind the Michigan Organizing Project.

The legion of permanent temps, by all accounts, is growing, though reliable figures are hard to come by. Their gripes became an issue nationally in August, when 185,000 Teamsters struck United Parcel Service in part over the company's shift from full-time work to what Teamster president Ron Carey called "part-time throwaway jobs."

"So many working people are caught on a treadmill of part-time and temporary work, without any good chance of advancement and promotion in the company," said George Gonos, a sociology professor at Centenary College in Hackettstown, N.J.

"More and more companies are using long-term temporary workers."

An activist as well, Gonos works with the Task Force on Temporary Work in northern New Jersey. In April, the community organization unveiled a seven-page "Consumer Guide to 'Best Practices' Temp Agencies," which highlights what temps consider the best agencies to work for in the three-county area. Since then, 8,000 copies of the guide have circulated through churches, libraries, state employment service offices and other community centers, according to leaders.

While some people like the fictional Deb D'Angelo prefer the temp life, the vast majority of temporary workers today would rather have regular full-time jobs with benefits, according to both government and industry surveys.

"The rate of exploitation is horrendous," said Gonos, adding that temp agencies often use the lure of "temp-to-perm" jobs in advertising for workers. The promise of permanent work usually doesn't pan out, he said.

Asked about this, spokesman Bruce Steinberg of the National Association of Temporary and Staffing Services said, "I'm sure it happens. In a world this big, you're going to find abuses. But that's an exception." The trade association, based in Alexandria, Va., represents 1,600 temp agencies nationwide.

Steinberg said most temp workers like the flexibility and other features of temporary employment, even if they hope to find full-time work. According to industry surveys, three out of four temporary workers want permanent jobs, yet two-thirds also see temp work as a way to learn new skills for future employment.

That may be a smart bet, judging by MOP's track record. Since launching its employment operation last

year, about 300 people have walked through the group's doors in search of gainful employment. Of these, the project has referred roughly 225 to participating corporations, and 178 of them found full-time permanent jobs, according to Rundquist.

In an area of 50,000 people, 34 major companies have signed up with the employment effort, usually giving MOP first notice of full-time openings and talking with temps as well as former welfare recipients about future possibilities, Rundquist said.

In a recent letter of endorsement, human resources manager Dennis Witham of Grand Haven Brass Foundry (Mich.), said all those referred to him by the project met the stringent experience and work history requirements of the manufacturer. But when contacted by The American News Service, a senior official there said the 20 workers from MOP turned out to be less reliable and motivated than they seemed when hired last summer. He rated them as only "satisfactory."

Asked about the appraisal, Rundquist said she'll take the "satisfactory" grade. She pointed out that some of the workers are former welfare recipients who never held a steady job other than temporary assignments.

She said the organization will stick to its strategy of cutting short temporary careers with regular jobs. "The answer is not a 20-hour-a-week minimum wage job. The answer is a permanent job, with a living wage and benefits, like most of us have in the work world," Rundquist said.

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COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

©1997 BY MATT GROENING

WILL AND ABE'S GUIDE TO AMUSEMENT PARK RIDES

RIDES SHOULD BE NICE AND GOOD. MOST OF THEM SHOULD BE SCARY, BUT NOT THE ONES FOR PEOPLE LIKE THREE. THREE-YEAR-OLDS LIKE LITTLE ITSY-BITSY RIDES, LIKE AT THE PIER I SAW ONE. IT HAS LITTLE BUMBLEBEES THAT GO IN A CIRCLE, THEN JUST GO UP IN A CIRCLE AND THEN COME DOWN--THAT'S THE END. IT'S CALLED THE BUMBLEBEE PARADE. IT'S REALLY STUPID. THEY HAVE LITTLE HATS ON.

THEN THERE'S ANOTHER ONE WHERE YOU RIDE IN TURTLES AND THEY JUST GO IN CIRCLES AND WHEN YOU PRESS A BUTTON THEY GO BEEP BEEP FOR SOME REASON. WHY DOES A TURTLE GO BEEP BEEP? I WOULD THINK THEY SHOULD GO CHING-CHING-CHING, LIKE THEY'RE WALKING. IT'S WORSE THAN THE BUMBLEBEE RIDE. WHEN I WAS THREE I WENT ON IT AND I TRIED TO BREAK THE BEEPER BUTTON.

WHY?

BEEPING TURTLES JUST MAKE ME MAD, THAT'S ALL.

GOOD RIDES HAVE BIG THINGS AND GOOD DETAILS. LIKE THE JURASSIC PARK RIDE--IT'S JUST RIGHT. AT THE BEGINNING YOU SEE A COUPLE GOOD THINGS, BUT IT'S NOT EVEN SCARY. THEN IT GETS ALL SCARY: YOUR BOAT SHAKES AND YOU GO UP AND THEN YOU GO IN THIS PART WHERE IT'S ALL BROKEN DOWN, AND THEN THERE'S LIKE PEOPLE'S T-SHIRTS AND PANTS, RIPPED AND HANGING THERE. THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE SPITTERS COME UP--THE DEINONYCHUS--THEY JUST COME OUT AND SPRAY YOU. IT'S ACTUALLY JUST WATER, NOT DINOSAUR SPIT.

THEN A CAR DROPS RIGHT BESIDE YOUR BOAT AND YOU GET REALLY SPLASHED, AND THEN YOU GO UP AND THERE'S RAPTORS, AND THEN YOU GO STRAIGHT AND THERE'S THIS LADY VOICE THAT SAYS, "COUNTDOWN... FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE," AND THERE'S A LIGHTNING FLASH AND YOU SEE THIS BIG TYRANNOSAURUS AND YOU GO BETWEEN HIS LEGS, AND--THIS IS TRUE--THERE'S AN EIGHTY-MILE DROP--DIAGONAL, NOT STRAIGHT DOWN.

FERRIS WHEELS ARE NICE AND RELAXING EXCEPT WHEN THEY BREAK DOWN. ONCE THIS FERRIS WHEEL CAME LOOSE AND PEOPLE DIED. PEOPLE AT THE BOTTOM WOULD EVENTUALLY GET SQUASHED. AND ONCE WE WERE ON THE FERRIS WHEEL AND IT GOT JAMMED AND WE WERE STUCK ON TOP.

THEN HOW DID WE GET DOWN?

THE FIXER CAME. DID YOU SEE THAT GUY IN WHITE?

OH YEAH.

ONCE THERE WAS A KID RIDE THAT BROKE. IT WAS LIKE THE BUMBLEBEE RIDE AND IT WENT UP IN THE AIR AND IT TIPPED OVER SIDWAYS AND THE KIDS FELL DOWN AND BROKE THEIR BACKS. I DON'T KNOW THE NAME OF THE RIDE, BUT BEWARE OF LITTLE STORKS WITH A LIGHTHOUSE IN THE MIDDLE.

ALSO, WATCH OUT FOR HAUNTED HOUSE RIDES. THEY LOOK GOOD ON THE OUTSIDE BUT YOU LOOK BEHIND THE FRONT AND THEY'RE NOT SO BIG. THEY'RE CALLED SPOOK HALLS. YOU GO IN CARS, AND JUST IN THE MOMENT THAT YOU WOULD EXPECT A SKELETON WOULD COME DOWN AND JUST HANG. IT WAS ACTUALLY JUST A HALLOWEEN COSTUME WITH NOBODY INSIDE.

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM AT AMUSEMENT PARKS ARE THE LINES, ALSO THE PARKING LOTS AND HOW FAR YOU HAVE TO WALK. ALSO THE FOOD. IT'S BAD. THE FRENCH FRIES ARE BAD--WORSE THAN McDONALD'S. SO ARE HAMBURGERS AND THE NUGGETS. SOMETIMES EVEN THE POPCORN MACHINES SMELL BAD, AND WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T ORDER A SALAD!

BUT THE DRINKS ARE NICE IF YOU'RE THIRSTY.

"THIS IS DOGBERT THE NETWORK SYSTEMS ADMINISTRATOR, TO ALL IGNORANT EMPLOYEES."

HE WHO CONTROLS YOUR INFORMATION CONTROLS YOU. I CONTROL YOUR INFORMATION.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAS APPOINTED ME EMPEROR FOR LIFE. BRING THE POINTY-HAIRED BOSS TO ME.

UH-OH! THE ESCAPE KEY ISN'T WORKING!

DOGBERT: COMPANY EMPEROR

TELL THE EMPLOYEES TO GET WHEELBARROWS TO CARRY MY SALARY OUT OF HERE.

TURN OUT THE LIGHTS WHEN YOU'RE DONE. YOU'RE ALL DOWNSIZED. SHOO!

THE MEDIA LOVED HIM

CAN WE CALL YOU "BUZZ SAW DOGBERT"?

I BOUGHT YOUR PARENT COMPANY TODAY. YOU'RE DOWNSIZED. SHOO!

DOGBERT: CORPORATE EMPEROR

I DON'T LIKE TO CALL WHAT I'M DOING "DOWNSIZING." IT SOUNDS TOO NEGATIVE.

I LIKE TO CALL IT "WEDGIESIZING." NOW CLEAN OUT YOUR DESK AND SHOO!

HE DIDN'T TAKE THAT VERY WELL.

YOU CAN'T PLEASE EVERYONE, BOB.

Dilbert ® by Scott Adams

I'VE DOWNSIZED THIS COMPANY AND PLUNDERED ITS EQUITY BY EXERCISING MY MASSIVE STOCK OPTIONS.

YET MY VICTORY SEEMS HOLLOW. SOMETHING IS MISSING.

MAYBE YOU'RE MISSING A SENSE OF MEANINGFUL CONTRIBUTION TO SOCIETY.

MAYBE... BUT I'M THINKING BOOK DEAL AND TROPHY WIFE.

SINCE I'M THE MAJOR BREADWINNER HERE, I DECIDED TO NAME THE HOUSE "DOGBERT MANOR."

AND I'VE DECIDED TO NAME YOU JENNIFER BECAUSE I LIKE THE NAME.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOUGHT THIS. IT'S JUST A BOX FULL OF ELECTRONICS THAT YOU CAN LOOK AT.

SHUT UP, JENNIFER.

WE CAN HANDLE YOUR INVESTMENTS SO YOU CAN RETIRE AND LIVE OFF THE EARNINGS.

JUST SIGN THIS INCOMPREHENSIBLE CONTRACT, HAND ALL YOUR MONEY TO TOTAL STRANGERS AND RELAX!

WE'LL NEED TO KNOW WHAT YOUR TOLERANCE TO RISK IS.

I THINK I JUST MAXED OUT.

Top Ten Reasons Why Shirley Strum Kenny Wants to Take Over the Brookhaven National Laboratory Nuclear Reactor

- 10) She likes web-toed babies.
- 9) So she can incinerate those money-sucking Liberal Arts bastards once and for all.
- 8) It will generate revenue for more rock parks.
- 7) She wants to appear in *Newsday* as much as humanly possible.
- 6) An accidental core meltdown will solve the housing crisis.
- 5) The revenue will finance the Kenny family pantsuit empire.
- 4) Glowing students will reduce on-campus lighting costs.
- 3) Because Charles Wang said so.
- 2) She needs the extra power to fuel her evil Lobster Boy plot.
- 1) Because hey, running a nuclear power plant and running a university are like the same thing, right?

Hey, kids! It's...

The 1997 Stony Brook Press SCAVENGER HUNT

We need stuff in our office, for one reason or another, and you can be the one to get it! Your prize: Space in our paper to do whatever you want with! Just follow these simple rules:

The Rules:

Bring the following items into our office in the basement of the Student Union on or before September 27th. We will verify the authenticity of your items and credit you with the proper amount of points. You may work in teams.

The Prize:

The winning team or individual will receive up to a full page of space in our October 15th issue to do with as they wish. The size of the space depends on how many points the winner accumulates; in other words, if you win with 50 points from a couple of markers, you get a quarter page. If you bring us Mr. Bungle, you get the full page.

The Items:

DRY ERASE MARKERS	10 pts each	AN ATARI 2600	300 pts
ROLLS OF TAPE	10 pts each	"MR BUNGLE" PORN VIDEO	100000 pts
AN OUT OF STATE LICENSE PLATE	100 pts	"CIV II" FOR MACINTOSH	250 pts
A 1993 CALENDAR	50 pts	AN ISSUE OF TIME FROM 1978	100 pts
ANYTHING THAT SAYS "FOR OFFICE USE ONLY"	20 pts	BILLY BARTY	1000 pts
A POSTER ADVERTISING A HOLIDAY MOVIE	30 pts	AN ABBA 8-TRACK CASSETTE	300 pts
A WARRANT CD	80 pts	A BOOK CHECKED OUT FROM THE SCI-FI FORUM	60 pts
A 1984 G.I. JOE "SCARLETT" DOLL..	150 pts	A FEMUR	75 pts
FUR-LINED HANDCUFFS	175 pts	SCOTT BAIO'S AUTOGRAPH	400 pts
A FEMALE CONDOM (UNUSED)	80 pts	A PHOTO OF THE REAL WORLD'S "PUCK"	40 pts
A USB APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION	20 pts	AN AUTOMOBILE TIRE	80 pts
40'S OF OLDE ENGLISH	10 pts each	SOMETHING OXYMORONIC	30 pts
A SET OF STAR WARS BEDSHEETS	200 pts	A PAIR OF FRED PRESTON'S SOCKS	120 pts
DOLLAR BILLS	10 pts each	A SMURF COMIC	100 pts
A PAPER CUP FROM "ARBY'S"	60 pts	A VELVET ELVIS	200 pts

The small print: When you bring us one of the items in the LEFT column, it becomes our property. Items on the RIGHT may require that we duplicate them, but you'll get them back eventually. The Stony Brook Press does not condone the theft of any of these items and will not be liable if you acquire any of them illegally. The Stony Brook Press reserves the right to censor, abridge, expurgate, or otherwise reject the winner's submission.

Coming to this spot next issue

Question the Answers

The advice column that handles the *tough* questions
Mysteries solved!

Legends punctured!

Enigmas unraveled!



Do you have a question of philosophical, metaphysical, paranormal or universal significance?"

Send it to:
 Question the Answers
 c/o Stony Brook Press
 060 Student Union
 Stony Brook, NY 11794

or email to sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

"Honors," continued from page 2

who would report directly to Armstrong. In addition, it would be administered as an academic department with a budget. (In the past, the Honors College was run through the Office of Undergraduate Academic Affairs.)

The council resigned in May, and a search committee consisting of professors and one student was formed during the summer to find a suitable leader. After weeks of lengthy screening, Professor Ruth Cowan of the Department of History was chosen. Cowan had also led the Federated Learning Communities (FLC), a similar academic community in which the professors are expected to study same material as the students. Thus, FLC professors are also "students" themselves and they work closely with their students to learn together.

Most people involved with the Honors College are optimistic that Dr. Cowan will use her experience from the FLC to restore trust and civility to the Cardozo Living/Learning Center. But, students are still cautious in their optimism. Dr. Cowan must be willing to listen to students and participating faculty and to get to know them personally. Then, perhaps the Honors College will be the close, friendly community that it once was.

Moral

The story of the Honors College illustrates how much damage can be inflicted by administrators who disregard tradition, loyalty, and advice from others in their desires to add an impressive-sounding item to their list of accomplishments.

I have always had a great respect for university leaders, and I expected such well-educated people to rely on reason instead of favoritism in their decisions. But it's obvious that the university is just as full of shit as the "real world".

The council did its best to put the pieces together, but it was hard for students to respect a body that reminded them of all the nasty things that happened in the summer of '96. If anything positive can come out of this fiasco, I hope that administrators will be more careful in their attempts to reorganize programs on campus.

We'll be watching.

The Spot

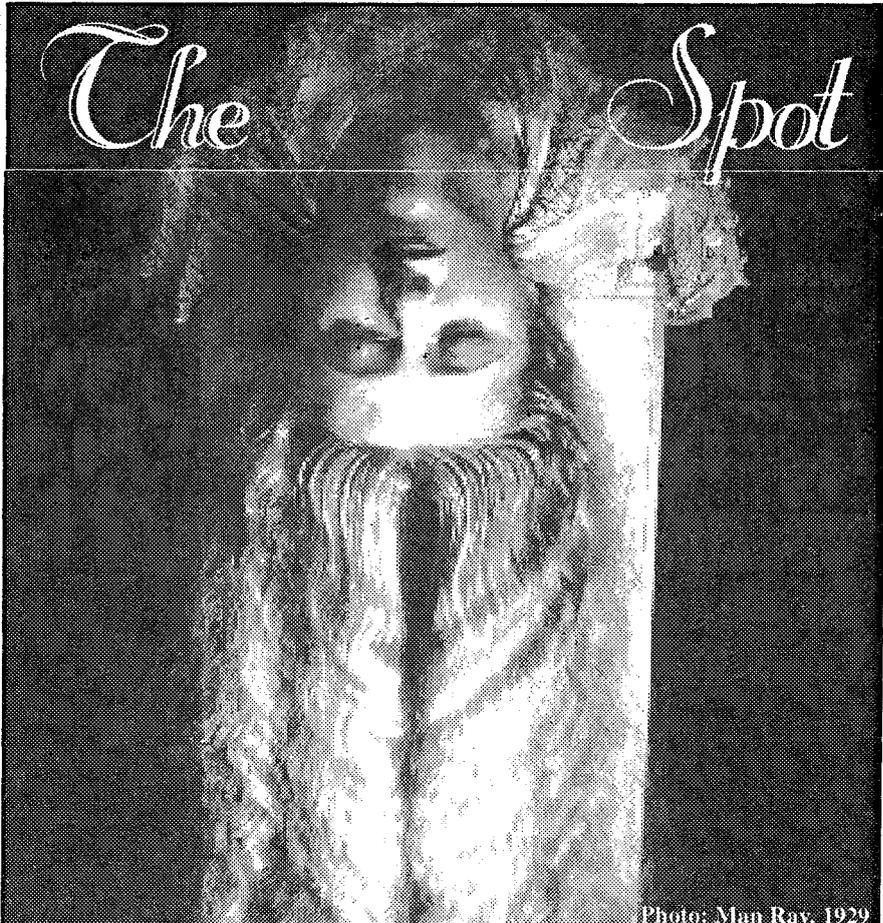


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It's Poetry In Motion

By Jessica Lamantia

At the mere mention of poetry, most people cringe. It's not as straightforward as other types of writing and is intimidating to grasp as well as to write. But at a recent poetry workshop held at the B.J. Spoke Gallery in Huntington, I discovered that a poem finds its own path in much the same way a brush finds its own pallet.

Conducted by Anna DiBella, the current National Vice President of the National League of American Pen Women, Inc. and the author of numerous poetry books, the workshop gathered a small group of artists, poets, and aspiring writers. The ages spanned from young high school girls to golden-year veteran poets. The current exhibit, "Poetic Images: Visual Parallels" provided a stimulating setting for this learning and sharing activity of understanding what it takes to write a poem.

DiBella fused stand-up comedy with a passion for the written word. A difficult acrobatic act that this vivacious woman was able to complete flawlessly. She used three main platforms on which to illustrate the comparisons and contrasts in the worlds of language and visual experiences: brainstorming, group creations, and ideas for individual poems in the workshop. By taking the audience step by step through the creation of a poem, DiBella taught us the rules of writing.

First, one must brainstorm. This means you must cluster words that would relate to one another and form the basis of the work. As an example, DiBella wrote the word "web" on the board and asked the audience to list the first things that came into their heads -- word association with a specific goal in

mind, you might say. The words began leaping from the audience -- "spinning, gossamer, intricate, transparent, trapped" and then someone said "Internet". This is where the power of poetry comes into play. All of a sudden you no longer have a spider web of any ordinary nature; the web is now a technological device, something unnatural and manmade. The Web is now something that presents an element of danger wholly unique to the present computer age. A distinct and unique voice can now resonate and *this* is the next important thing to remember when conveying your thoughts through poetry.

By allowing the group to create together, we had a combined voice. But DiBella demanded more from us than that. With the words we had called out, she wanted each one of us to create individual works of art. Once those were completed, she asked for some and urged audience members to add to the work in their own voice. The first line, from an older poet in the audience, was: "Gossamer conspiracy, intricate." This line presents another important aspect of poetry that must be followed and adhered to. Poetry is about contrast, comparison and compression. In order to have a *good* poem, the author must find unity from opposites in the universe. In this case, the juxtaposition of "gossamer" and "conspiracy" provides a tremendous sense of disharmony that captures the readers' attention and imagination by layering words and ideas inherent with contradiction. This line alone could therefore be a poem in and of itself. But we didn't stop at just one line; instead, we completed a full-fledged poem.

The final activity DiBella conducted was to take

participants' pre-written poems and critique them. As DiBella dissected the words of each person in the room, I cringed. Any evaluation of such personal outpouring where criticism was bound to appear made me initially happy that I had not brought any poems to share with the group. But after DiBella was done offering suggestions on how to improve the poems, I was amazed. She didn't rip them apart and strip away their intended objective; DiBella merely improved on the parallelism, the repetition and the pattern to exercise syntax -- and the result was wonderful! The poet's voice shined through, only more succinctly. When it was through, I had a chance to thank DiBella for the two-and-a-half-hour workshop. I was then that this seasoned poet shared two more insights on life and writing with me.

First she said, "In poetry, you must go wide and deep within yourself. As D.H. Lawrence stated, you never see a wild thing that is afraid." She believes that just because you can paint a picture doesn't mean you're a painter. And just because you can write a poem doesn't mean you're a poet. There's a talent and a fire that burns behind an artist that not everybody has, but can acquire with patience and practice.

The Huntington YMCA will be holding a Poetry Festival (Seminars, Symposiums, Readings and Jazz) on Saturday, Sept. 30th from 9am - 11pm. To register for any of the day's programs, including a reading by the soon-to-be-announced U.S. poet laureate Robert Pinsky, call (516) 421-4242.

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BACKGROUND

Since 1992, GUESS has been at the forefront of this country's sweatshop scandal. GUESS contractors have been repeatedly cited by the US Department of Labor (DOL) for federal wage and hour violations, and on July 17, 1997 the California Department of Labor Standards Enforcement conducted a series of raids and uncovered five homes where illegal industrial homework was being done for Guess contractors. Additionally, on January 31, 1997 the DOL removed GUESS indefinitely from its "Trendsetter List" for failing to eradicate sweatshop practices by its contracting shops. Instead of cleaning up its sweatshops, GUESS has retaliated against workers who speak out about sweatshop conditions. By boycotting GUESS we are letting them know that we will not tolerate the exploitation of women immigrant workers in LA. GUESS must take responsibility for the conditions under which its clothes are made.

In the ongoing debate about how to solve the problem of sweatshops, the question of monitoring has become a key issue for the Apparel Industry Partnership (the White House task force on sweatshop issues), corporate leaders and anti-sweatshop activists. Corporate leaders say, "Trust us. We'll monitor our own factories."

What are the facts? GUESS signed an agreement with the Department of Labor in which it made a commitment to monitor its contracting shops to prevent sweatshops abuses. Four years later, the sweatshop practices at GUESS contracting shops continue unabated.

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IT'S ALL ABOUT THE BENJAMINS

By James Polichak

Consider the following situation from a brief article in Time magazine, commenting on the recent tax cuts (p.30, August 11, by Daniel Kadlec):

Consider the plight of Mid L. Manager. At age 46, he's reeling in \$110,000 a year. When the last of his three children started school, his wife went back to work, and now she makes \$50,000 ... But his job is in the big city, where federal, state and local income taxes eat up nearly a third of his gross income and nearly half of every raise. On an after-tax basis, his wife's job barely covers the cost of dry cleaning and a mother's helper. Manager's nothing-fancy four-bedroom, two-bathroom house cost him \$475,000. So he has a fat monthly payment

Is Manager wealthy? He certainly doesn't feel that way. But he knows it would not be politically correct for someone of his means to complain. So he won't. That's why I'm doing it for him.

I doubt that this situation will evoke much sympathy for Mid L. Manager from the Stony Brook community. Does this sound like your family's financial situation? That of your friends, classmates, or professors? Most likely it does not. This is not because it is politically incorrect for someone like Manager or Kadlec to complain about not feeling wealthy -- it is just wrong by any reasonable standard.

We live in the wealthiest nation in the world. Most other nations do not come close to our standard of living (with the exceptions of Western Europe, Canada, Australia, and Japan). And even in this most wealthy of nations, Mid L. Manager and family are far and away up the happier side of the income distribution. The median four-person family income for the U.S. in 1994 was \$47,012 (according to the 1997 Information Please Almanac). The extra child in Manager's family probably doesn't cost \$112,998 (even if that child was attending the most expensive college in the nation and had an amazing drug habit). According to the situation above, the after-tax income of a family of four is worth little more than some dry

cleaning and a mother's helper (let's not even get into why this person is a mother's helper rather than a parent's helper). Yet somehow, half of the families in this country get by on less than this amount. So do the great majority of the other five-and-a-half billion people outside of the U.S. Manager and wife's income of \$160,000 was the equivalent of the income of 364 inhabitants of Zaire, before the recent civil war did further damage to the economy (and resulted in a name-change back to Congo). So the Manager family of five are worth (solely in terms of income) approximately three average U.S. families of four or 91 families of four in Congo. The rest of the world falls somewhere in between, closer to the Congo than to the U.S. (the U.S. comprises a mere 1/2 a percent of the world's population, while most people live in very poor nations like China, India, and those of sub-Saharan Africa).

Mid L. Manager is then, by objective standards, one of the wealthiest people in the world. Yet he doesn't feel this way and is afraid to complain. Presumably, Kadlec, his creator, feels that Manager represents real people who need someone who is unafraid to speak for them. That this lack-of-wealth feeling is reasonable and justifiable. Why someone might think this is an interesting question and the situation given by Kadlec offers some insight.

The specific items that Kadlec mentions as necessary in Manager and family's lives are a large part of the problem. For most of the world, dry cleaning is not an issue. Most of the world hand-washes what few articles of clothing they have. One only needs dry cleaning when one has purchased expensive, delicate clothing. Clothes that need dry cleaning are symbols of wealth and high status, not necessities. Surely Manager's wife could find a job that both brings a sense of meaning to her life and allows employees to wear machine-washed clothing (This would also be better for the environment, dry cleaners use some pretty hazardous chemicals).

Manager and Kadlec also feel that a four-bed-

room, two-bathroom house that cost nearly half a million dollars is "nothing-fancy." A house of this size and price is certainly something fancy in this country. Even on Long Island, where housing is more expensive than most places, the average house does not cost half a million dollars (even if it was as large as Manager's house). For much of the rest of the world, living in one- or two-room houses and apartments, a house with indoor plumbing, electricity, refrigeration, and a clean and reliable water supply would be something fancy, something that they may never enter much less live in. The same goes for Manager's stock portfolio and his children's college education, his access to the best medical care in the world, and his family's three cars and five televisions, telephones, computers, and the vast assortment of other consumer goods his house is filled with.

The problem is that Manager and Kadlec live in communities where success is defined as making as much money as possible and by retaining as much of that money for personal use. The television they watch, the magazines they read, the cues from their social peers are constantly telling them that they need to buy the latest technological wonder, the newest sport utility vehicle, the designer clothing that costs hundreds of dollars because someone cool has stamped their name on it. I would suggest that if Manager wants to feel wealthy again, he should stop whining about his taxes and dry cleaning, stop watching TV and reading Time with their exhortations to buy and buy or else you won't be happy and no one will like you. Take some time to drive through a less-wealthy neighborhood and talk to some people there, or at least flip through an issue of National Geographic. See, if only briefly, how the rest of the world lives, and think about how they manage to get by without stocks, "nothing-fancy" four-bedroom houses, and \$160,000 a year and still be happy (And they are, see "The Pursuit of Happiness" by D.G. Myers and E. Diener in the May, 1996 issue of Scientific American.).

Chin Slinky, continued from page 18

The enormously successful CMJ Festival is coming to New York this week, and it's worth your time to check out a show or two -- the band you see might be playing Nassau Coliseum next year. Highlights include:

. A techno siesta at Roseland on September 3, featuring Aphex Twin, perhaps one of the most experimental on-stage bands since Skinny Puppy, The Crystal Method, trip-hop name-drop of the moment The Sneaker Pimps, and Daft Punk, the boys who brought you a dogman with a boom box on "Da Funk".

. A Revelation Records reunion at Wetlands on the same night, which should prove to be interesting for hardcore punk fans. Ignite, Kiss It Goodbye, and Will Haven will be playing, and the cryptic "& Special Guests???" hints at a surprise appearance by Inside Out, Rage Against The Machine vocalist Zach de La Rocha's former band.



Bloat is rumored to appear at CMJ this year

. Sept. 6 finds a Guerilla Management Collective at CBGBs, featuring Today Is The Day, Barkmarket, Unsane, and Monster Magnet.

For someone in a Goth/industrial frame-of-mind, The Bat Cave will feature Lycia on Sept. 3 and Spahn Ranch on Sept. 6. If you're actually looking for good music, come on Sept. 4 and catch Dub War, a fresh young bunch of guys who blend Living Colour with Ministry and ragamuffin chatter.

. The best in indie-pop will convene on Irving Plaza during the festival. G. Love & Special Sauce should put on a funky show with Mansun on Sept. 3; indie-legends Superchunk are there on Sept. 4; the techno surfably (ya, y'heard what I said!) Man Or Astro-Man? will play with Skeleton Key on Sept. 5, and Tany Donnelly of Belly closes out the festival on Sept. 6 with Juliana Hatfield.

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SALAD

Flying in the Face of Fact:

science vs. sleaze

By Jennifer Hobin

If you've ever turned on daytime television you are familiar with the variety of commercials advertising your future for as little as \$2.99 a minute. And you don't have to be a bargain hunter to score yourself ten free minutes with "world renown" psychics who can answer your most puzzling and intimate questions. Advertisements of this nature tend to rear their ugly (yet moderately amusing) heads during talk shows like Ricki Lake and Sally Jesse Raphael, in order to reach their target audience of Bon-Bon-eating, tabloid-reading, government-conspiracy-believing Americans. In the last few months however, I've learned a very disturbing, but important lesson: Talk show junkies are not the only people fueling the fire of anti-science trends in America. This is what this article is meant to address.

I've come to realize that anti-science thinking runs much

deeper than I had previously thought. It's found not just within the ideology of our uneducated citizens, but among college students, science majors, doctors, and scientists themselves. The fact that our educated minority have fallen prey to anti-science thinking is more disturbing than the larger body of uneducated believing in such things. This is because people with college educations, especially with science backgrounds should know better.

Before I go any further I should clarify what I mean by anti-science as the term encompasses a wide variety of thinking. We confront anti-science thinking in the aforementioned belief in psychics, but also the belief in angels, divine intervention, spirits, ghosts, and the more touchy subject of herbal and holistic medicines. I'm sure the list can go on and on but for now these ideas will suffice.

As college students at a reputable research university we should all have a basic understanding of the nature and importance of scientific research (especially after fulfilling D.E.C. requirements). Basic scientific ideas like parsimony, burden of proof, and controlled experimentation should be no stranger to students at Stony Brook. Sadly, this is sometimes the case. I offer you a case in point. A friend and coworker of mine who recently graduated with a B.S. asked me one day if I believed in angels and other forms of divine intervention. After replying with an emphatic "no" she proceeded to tell me about her grandmother's experience being saved by an angel. It seems that during a terrible winter storm in which cars were sliding over the IIE, my friend's grandmother's car was sent hovering above the ground after she prayed for safety to the soul of her dead husband. How did this happen you ask? "Angels" is the reply from my friend who really believes this to be the case. After being assured that grandma was neither crazy nor lying, I give her the benefit of the doubt—maybe she really thought she was flying through the air. But first, let's look at more parsimonious explanations. The old woman was in an extremely stressful situation, possibly fearing for her life. The stress of the situation coupled with thoughts of her belated husband could have led her to imagine that the car was hovering. Perhaps it was an optical illusion, or maybe her car hit a bump and gained some height. I'm sure that there's an even better explanation for the supposed hovercraft than those I'm offering, but compared to angels? I'll say no more.

While the "angel" situation is, I'm sure, a rare and isolated incident, our society abounds with more common forms of anti-science thinking. I've met more than a few people that regularly read their horoscope and visit their psychic friends. Repeatedly I've pointed out to these very same people the reasons that psychics can "read their minds." Simple things like making broad statements that most people would find themselves agreeing with, or picking up the subtle cues given off by the believer. Time and time again psychic phenomenon has failed various scientific tests, and yet "educated" people pay to find out if their mates

"...talk show junkies are not the only people fueling the fire of anti-science trends in America"

are cheating on them. Tell these same people that a tribe in the Amazon worships a giant frog and you elicit a

response that goes something like, "those heathens will believe anything" (but let's save ethnocentrism for another day).

I feel it's also important to address the more serious anti-science trends we find in medicine. "The New York Times Magazine" (August 24, 1997) had an article in it about Dr. Stephen Weil, a medical doctor who specializes in herbal and holistic medicine. Weil advocates a more natural approach to medicine than the conventional approach of drugs and surgery. This would be fine if we had as much evidence supporting this kind of treatment as we do for conventional measures. Before a (legal) drug reaches the market it undergoes a battery of tests. This is not the case for more natural forms of healing. Research into herbal and holistic remedies should be supported, support of these remedies without research should not. Without controlled experimentation we can not know for sure if a treatment really works. What looks like a patient's return to health could simply be spontaneous remission or a placebo effect. It's easy to dismiss the entire issue by asserting that people can waste their money on any damn remedy they please, but like most things, the issue is not that simple. If our educated citizens, but especially our doctors and scientists, don't speak up about these irresponsible (and potentially exploitative) practices in medical field, we allow the trend to continue and grow. Silence can turn into consent as unknowing people spend money on treatments that could very well be useless. More importantly however, is that people who don't directly pay for these treatments could end of paying for it via taxes. According to "The New York Times" article on Dr. Weil, Washington State requires that insurance companies cover the expense of these baseless treatments. Now suppose medicare and medicaid start footing the bill for visits with Dr. Weil. All of sudden anti-science thinking is affecting all of us. One more thing to think about is that according to John Miner of the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office "quackery kills more people than those who die from all crimes of violence put together" (How we know what isn't so, Thomas Gilovich, 1991).

SNAGGED

IN THE ACT

By The Lunatic

As a Critical Care EMT and volunteer firefighter, I've always enjoyed the surprises that we often encounter on emergency calls. But even in my wildest dreams (believe me, they're wild!) did I expect to come across this situation:

We were called for an unknown subject with an unknown chief complaint. As we pulled up at the scene, we saw two cops lying on the front lawn laughing their asses off. So, I went up to one of the cops I knew and asked, "Andy, what's wrong?"

He just sat there laughing so hard that he couldn't talk, so he pointed in the general direction of the house. We walked in and found a guy sitting on a couch with his legs spread with a girl's head right in his crotch. It seemed like she was giving him a blow job. But she had braces and managed to snag the skin of his penis so tightly that they couldn't get it out.

We then had to transport this duo to the hospital by placing him supine on the stretcher with his partner curled up at his legs in the fetal position. To prevent further embarrassment, we covered them with a blanket, brought the ambulance to the front door of the house, and quickly hauled them in.

"OK, wise ass, how are you going to call this in to the hospital?" asked a crew member with an evil grin.

I picked up the radio and started, "Mather Memorial, we are enroute with two patients; one male with an entangled object, and one female with a possible obstructed airway."

"What do you mean, possible obstructed airway?!" ejaculated the E.R. nurse

"Never mind, just have a private room ready when we get there!"

The head nurse was already standing at the door when we arrived.

"So, what have you got?" she asked

"Private room," I whispered

"Naw, I gotta see what you got."

"Trust me, PRIVATE room"

(We had them so well covered with sheets and blankets that you couldn't see anything.)

"Come on, I gotta see!" replied the nurse impatiently

"OK, you win!"

The nurse lifted up the sheets and immediately yanked it down and yelled, "IN THERE!"

So we dropped them off, got our paperwork signed, rushed outside, and started laughing our asses off. Even on our way back, we giggled through each radio transmission until the dispatcher said, "When you guys get back, you're coming in here 'cause I wanna hear this story."

At the base, we rolled around on the floor of the dispatch room laughing so hard that there were tears streaming down our faces.

And people say EMS is boring.

FEATURES

M O V I E S

Summer Movie Wrap-Up By Chris Cartuscio

As the memories of warm weather, riding with the top down and fun times at the beach fade away, we are left to ponder that age old question, "What did I do on my summer vacation?" I, for one, know exactly where I was. Inside the air conditioned comfort of a movie theater watching all that Hollywood had to offer. And did I do this for me? No. I do it for you, so you know what is worth seeing and what is better off being forgotten. See how selfless I am? So, with that said, on to the business at hand.

The big fight of the summer was set right from the start. Who would walk away the winner of the biggest battle-royal in the of them all? In one corner was *The Lost World : Jurassic Park*. It was genuinely believed that this sequel to the biggest movie of all time would easily trample the competition. And it was off to a good start, with an opening weekend record of \$92 million. Bad word of mouth and so-so reviews made attendance fall off rather quickly though. (It wasn't as bad as everyone made it out to be, but you can't top the first. Expectations were way too high.) Spielberg's dinos ended up taking a huge bite out of the competition none the less and ended it's run with a tidy \$230 million. When it hits video stores November 4th look for it to dominate until Christmas. In any other summer a total like that would easily top the list, but this year competition was otherworldly. The Will Smith/Tommy Lee

Jones sci-fi comedy *Men In Black* came roaring in to take the grand prize. With the hype machine in full force, a fast paced story, and top line talent, this one should end up with \$250 million to put towards the inevitable sequel.

The other top ten finishers of the summer are a varied group, ranging from superheroes to bridesmaids.

Harrison Ford showed us that, whether on the ground or in the air, he can kick butt with the best of them. *Air Force One* flew high to take hold of third place and prove that even an old story, done well, can pack them in. I guess playing a strong president with conviction was fantasy enough for some people. (All we get in real life is one with convictions.) It is beyond me how any film with Julia Roberts ended up as the fourth place winner this summer, but *My Best Friend's Wedding* took the cake, along with a staggering \$120 million. Close on her heels though was the action film *Face/Off*, with \$110 million. This Nicolas Cage and John Travolta film was one of the most violent in recent memory, but director John Woo (who directed

Travolta in *Broken Arrow*) choreographed his melee like a graceful waltz, and made art out of blood. Nice work if you can get it. The Caped Crusader got beaten to the punch this summer, as *Batman and Robin* had its wings clipped. Compared to its budget and expectations this debacle of a film took in a paltry \$106 million. This won't pay the electric bill at Warner Brothers, who is putting the next film, *Batman Triumphant*, on hold. Nicolas Cage makes it into the top ten twice as *Con Air* flies into



Spawn scares the kiddies.

the seventh position, just breaking the \$100 million mark. The best, and smartest, film of the season lands at number eight as Jodie Foster made *Contact* with an alien race and \$95 million of the movie-going public's money. Carl Sagan was on the set overseeing the

progress of the transformation of his book almost up until the moment of his death, and all the evidence is up on the screen. A rare occurrence; an intelligent, thought-provoking film with action, romance and great special effects. The mega-surprise hit of the summer, *George of the Jungle*, swings into ninth position. This Disney comedy brought the family to the theater with a truly funny script and a dead on performance from Brendan Fraser. The \$93 million it has earned so far should assure at least one more go around of the inept Tarzan wannabe. Disney finishes out the top ten with their perennial winner, an animated musical. *Hercules* strong armed his way to \$90 million. It's not as much as they would have liked, but not too bad in this waning family market. An amusing script bolstered the story of the half mortal, but a poor musical score dragged it down. No Oscar for them this year.

Besides the event films that were sure to make money, this summer offered a full plate of interesting smaller films that should not be forgotten.

One of the best films of the year, by far, was an early entry in the race. *Breakdown*, with Kurt Russell as a man whose wife gets kidnapped while on a cross-country trip, was a suspense filled treasure. It was a thrill ride that got better as it went along, and after it grabbed you it never let go until the last reel. But even great reviews couldn't bring this one above the crowd and it fell off at \$50 million. I'm sure it will get a much better reception on home video, where the tension should fill the living room and bring the viewer that much closer to it. If you get the chance, do not miss this one. Another film that was, surprisingly, good was *Austin Powers : International Man of Mystery*. This Mike Myers 60's spy spoof was more fun than expected and shocked everyone when it

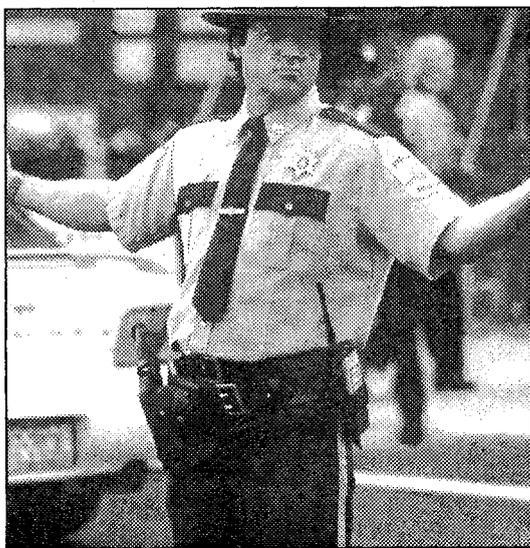
took in \$53 million early on. Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau proved that they are still the best comedy duo around today with the satisfying *Out To Sea*. Sadly, this got lost amongst the bigger films and only sailed away with \$27 million. They just finished shooting *The Odd Couple 2 : Traveling Light*, so we can look forward to more from these two greats. Another summer shocker was *Anaconda*. This popcorn film, about a giant man-eating snake, was joked about when it was released, but it proved it had staying power and squeezed \$65 million out of the box office. Not a good film by any means, but a pleasant enough diversion for 90 minutes. Miramax had its biggest opening ever with the ensemble drama *Cop Land*. This tale of a down and out, small town sheriff has a great cast and as dense a story as you'll find. It takes a lot to get through it, and the ending is a little soft, but it's a film to sit around and discuss afterwards. Stallone does an admirable job in his role, and DeNiro and Keitel are great together. The \$30 million it has taken in so far proves that there is still an audience for quality work. *Spawn* proved that you can't keep a good, or dead, man down. The comic book adaptation had spectacular effects and, if you didn't walk out in the first half hour, turned out to be a fairly decent film. This good vs. evil tale will end up at \$55 million before all is said and done.

Then come the films that fell far below expectations, mostly for good reason. Some of them may not be as bad as *Batman and Robin* turned out to be, but they were forgettable in their own right.

Mel Gibson hit the screen this season with *Conspiracy Theory*, and he has to be a little disappointed. His action/thriller has only garnered \$53 million so far and should sputter out at about \$70 million. That is far below his par for summer fare. Another big star in another big film that went nowhere was Bruce Willis in the futuristic adventure, *The Fifth Element*. This tale of an ancient weapon needed to defeat hostile aliens had a good premise, great production values and a stand out performance from Milla Jovovich. The problem was that for all its good parts, the truly awful moments took control and made the film look like

a schizophrenic dream. A strong start gave this a \$63 million final tally, but if the production wasn't rushed to make the summer season it could have worked out its kinks and garnered much more. Sandra Bullock proved that even America's sweetheart can fail every now and then. *Speed 2*

: *Cruise Control* sank quickly at the box office and ran aground with a measly \$48 million. This disaster of a film turned everybody off, reviewers and audience members alike. Don't expect it to do much better on video either. Another sea faring tale was *Free Willy 3 : The Rescue*. Well, nothing could rescue this one from the trash heap, and it ended its run at \$4 million. How many times is this fish (I know, I know. Mammal.) going to get in



Go home, Freddy.



Y'know what they say about Men with big guns...

GOIN' DOWN TO SOUTH PARK

By David M. Ewalt

Before I saw *South Park*, I would have bet money you couldn't say "dildo" on TV.

Boy, was I wrong.

South Park, the newest animated sitcom on cable channel Comedy Central, breaks that barrier and dozens more with each progressive broadcast. It's a hilariously twisted and evil program, masquerading as a kid's cartoon show.

Named for the sleepy mountain town in which the program is based, *South Park* follows the adventures of a motley crew of elementary school kids. Each week finds them trading insults ("fatass," "bastard," and the aforementioned "dildo," to name a few) in a new and often surreal situation.

Take, for instance, the first episode of the series. Cartman (the fat one) wakes up from dreams of alien abduction and anal probing. His friends Kyle and Stan (the "normal" ones) are convinced that they weren't dreams—Cartman was visited! They discuss the issue between games of "kick the baby," played with Stan's kid brother Ike. While in class that day, Cartman begins to experience bouts of fiery flatulence, lighting a classmate on fire. The school chef (voiced by sex-funk legend Isaac Hayes) advises the boys that it must

have been aliens, and then sings them a song about fellatio. As the episode progresses, things more concrete than fire begin to emerge from Cartman's ass. Cattle mutilations and vomit figure in prominently.

It only gets weirder from there. In following episodes, we meet a kind forest monster named Scuzzlebutt (who has "a hand made of celery and a leg that's TV's Patrick Duffy"), an incompetent geologist who inadvertently destroys Denver, and a psychotic schoolteacher who speaks through a hand puppet.

If that wasn't enough, there's Kenny. One of the main characters of the show, Kenny always wears a puffy orange parka that effectively muffles every word he says. In one of the most twisted elements of the series, Kenny dies a painful (and usually graphic) death in each

episode. So far he's been hit by a police car, shot in the forehead, and impaled on a flagpole. Each time this happens, a pack of rats appear and scurry off with his remains.

South Park is one of several animated programs currently airing on Comedy Central, joining the standup vehicle *Dr. Katz* and Saturday morning cartoon turned late-night fare *The Tick*. The cable channel's programmers have apparently realized

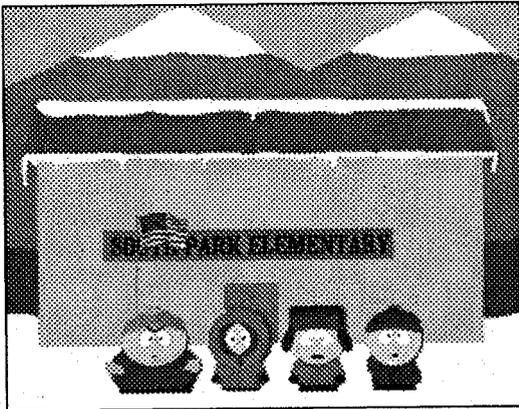
what producers of *The Simpsons* discovered years ago; that if your show looks cute and innocent, you can get away with absolute murder. And as animation goes, *South Park's* is some of the cutest.

The world of *South Park* is constructed almost entirely of construction paper, and populated by cut-out children and buildings. It looks sweet and innocent, not to mention almost entirely new to TV. However, professional couch-potatoes and culturally-conscious deviants will recognize the animation from an earlier incarnation, an animated short called "The Spirit of Christmas."

In 1995, a FOX executive hired filmmakers Trey Parker and Matt Stone to make an animated Christmas video for him to send to his associates. The result, "The Spirit of Christmas," was one of the most blasphemously funny things ever put on tape. The short featured a knock-down, drag-out fight between Jesus and Santa Claus, held in the little town of South Park. It became an instant cult classic.

A short time later, Comedy Central got their hands on the two auteurs, and *South Park* was born. It continues in the same vein as "The Spirit," funny, shocking and always original.

Unfortunately, students living on campus don't get Comedy Central. There is a solution: next Wednesday at 10 pm, find a friend who lives off campus and has cable, and go visit him. It's worth the trouble to see the fantastic new show that calls itself "the reason why they invented the V-Chip."



Cartman, Kenny, Kyle and Stan

Summer Movie Wrap-Up Con't.

trouble? Put a cork in his blowhole and move on. Speaking of fish, Joe Pesci and Danny Glover, two of the most reliable stars around, hung out a sign that they had *Gone Fishin'*. Well, the *Lethal Weapon* magic didn't work here and they took in a sad \$20 million. Throw it back, too small.

Some films arrived late on the scene and are still gathering cash in their coffers, but it is fairly easy to predict just how they'll fare.

Event Horizon, the sci-fi thriller about an abandoned space craft found seven years after its disappearance, had a great concept to work with and a top notch cast. Now if only the story wouldn't have trailed off every 10 minutes it could have kept some people's attention. With a take of \$20 million so far, this should plummet back to Earth at about \$35 million. Demi Moore threw her well toned body into the ring and gave us the "girl in a man's world" drama *G.I. Jane*. In reality it is not a bad film as a whole, and Moore does a great job in the role. The problem is that we've seen the story 100 times before. We know what's going to happen every step of the way. She enters the man's domain, they hate her and try to make things hard, she won't give up, she does something heroic and everybody loves her in the end. There, I just saved you eight bucks. A weak opening and lack of interest should make this one go AWOL at \$25 million. Another big female star trying to make some end of season cash is Mira Sorvino with her giant bug thriller, *Mimic*. She must have owed somebody money to have to make this movie. As a former Academy Award winner she should have known better. There was not one good scene in the entire film. The thing I am most upset about is that I will never get those two hours of my life back. They are gone for good and I feel so robbed. This

one should crawl back under a rock with about \$15 million. Opening the same day as the above two pictures were a couple of comedies. *Money Talks* with Chris Tucker as a con man forcing himself into Charlie Sheen's life opened rather well but won't hold onto much business in the coming weeks. In this case, money whispers to the tune of \$20 million. The other comedy, aimed more at the family crowd, was the updated *Leave It To Beaver*. One question. Who thought this was a good idea?



Gary Oldman makes Harrison Ford his bitch in *Air Force One*. USA! USA!

Not the viewing public, as they stayed away in droves. A final tally of \$10 million will be lucky.

Many films sat out the summer, either because of production delays or fear of the big boys. Because of this, the fall season will be packed with more films than ever before. A minimum of four movies

will be opening every week, sometimes six. This makes it all that much harder for the Oscar hopefuls, who are always released towards the end of the year, to be noticed. Some of those films that will garner the attention are:

Alien: Resurrection - The fourth in the series, with Sigourney Weaver and Winona Ryder.

Starship Troopers - Giant bugs on the attack.

Titanic - James Cameron's fictional tale of the sinking of the ocean liner.

The Jackal - Bruce Willis and Richard Gere in an update of *Day Of The Jackal*.

Scream 2 - Sequel to Wes Craven's horror/comedy.

Amistad - Steven Spielberg's story of slave traders in the New World.

Tomorrow Never Dies - Bond, James Bond.

Sphere - The Michael Crichton novel of an underwater discovery.

The Postman - Kevin Costner as a post-apocalyptic mailman. (Yeah, ok.)

Jackie Brown - Quentin Tarantino's fist film since *Pulp Fiction*.

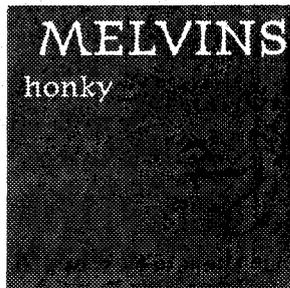
Mr. Magoo - Disney's live action version of the near-sighted hero.

Home Alone 3 - That's enough. Take the kid with you already.

The Peacemaker - George Clooney in a tale of stolen nuclear weapons.

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger



Melvins
Honky
Amphetamine Reptile

Page Hamilton of Helmet once said something to the effect of "the Melvins never return to the same note twice." For a while it looked as if he might have to recant his statement; much of the band's major-label work was, at best, repetitive. Even though a Melvins record could be counted on as 90% stranger than anything on the market, they had still struck a creative rut.

Ironically, their resulting misfortune was their greatest blessing. After Atlantic Records parted ways with the threesome from Seattle, they were picked up by Amphetamine Reptile, an indie that couldn't give a shit about profit margins and gold singles. This may be the best thing that ever happened to them: Amphetamine Reptile has released even more drastic shit in the past, so the Melvins'll have the freedom to experiment.

And experiment they do, on their newest release, HONKY. Some songs bear a passing resemblance to Barrett-era Pink Floyd, especially the ambient opening track, "They All Must Be Slaughtered", and the drugged-out crooning on "Pitfalls In Serving Warrants". The complexities found here are brand new for the Melvins, who up until now have mostly resorted to metal-grunge noisecrunch (sounds like an ice cream flavor from Hell) to get their point, whatever it is, across. But songs like the album's centerpiece, "Air Breather Deep In The Arms Of Morpheus", which runs the gamut from feedback to Gothic keyboard harmony to country twang, rely on musicianship that would earn a place in Glenn Branca's now-defunct guitar army.

The Melvins take a knock at their major-label woes on "Laughing With Lucifer At Satan's Sideshow", certainly the funniest song on the album. Samples of record executives whining things like "we don't do special packaging for bands that haven't gone gold" and "the people here in radio just don't like your band" float above a bed of spaceland bass noodling like continents on an ocean of molten slime. A coherent statement AND a good experimental song? I can almost believe in God again. (Of course, the existence of the Melvins single-handedly disproves such a being, but I digress.)

Even when they fall back on their trademark sludge, it sounds fresher. "Mombius Hibachi", which sounds a little like some of the better major-label work, benefits from an attention to detail on production. Little touches, like the burly effects buried beneath Buzz Osbourne's vocals, elevate the song to a revolutionary (albeit utterly alien) level.

The rest of the album is given over to filler, but is nevertheless entertaining. "Lovely Butterfly" is a skin-crawling mess of pounding drums and power chords, while "HOW" sounds like a cross between a sequencer gone mad and a fire department siren stuck at its highest pitch.

Some may call the Melvins shit, but if this is a turd, it's a well-formed turd: firm, long, no breaks. Unfortunately, the only people who will be capable of appreciating it are the same people who turn around and measure the quality of their crap after their done taking a bowel movement.



Ween
The Mollusk
Elektra

Disturbing entertainment comes in two forms: subtle and overt. Up until recently, it had seemed like Ween was capable only of the latter, attacking the listener with songs about spinal meningitis and ponies with respiratory infections.

The Mollusk changes all that. From the first few notes of the album, one can tell something is dreadfully wrong. Figuring out exactly what is wrong is the slippery part.

Perhaps it's the way the first song, "I'm Dancing In The Show Tonight", bounces back and forth between a fourth grade chorus presentation -- the kind that tortures everyone except the school music teacher -- and a Barney sing-a-long. Or maybe it's the title track, which attaches religious significance to a crustacean over a shimmering keyboard line so cheesy that even Yes might have left it behind on the cutting room floor.

It might be the way Ween has of attacking people who either don't really exist anymore or won't get a chance to hear the album. How many crusty old Irish sea dogs will hear "The Blarney Stone"? Odds are the synth-industrial "I'll Be Your Jonny On The Spot" won't ever reach its target -- a backwards farm boy whose claim to fame is "a Chevy with a mopar cam" -- because how many of them listen to Ween?

Why *did* Ween choose industrial rhythms for a song about a backwards farmer boy, anyway? And why is the album obsessed with nautical themes? The entire disc sounds slightly off-kilter, like a record going just a few RPMs below its set speed. Even when Ween abandons its bizarre approach to modern music, one is suspicious of their intentions. "It's Gonna Be (Alright)" and "Cold Blows The Wind" -- credited on the album as "a traditional Chinese spiritual" -- stick out from the surrounding weirdness like a black sheep in the middle of a pack of albino dogs. Why were they recorded? Are they meant to make everything else sound stranger, or (even

scarier) is Ween trying to make real music?

Not everything is subtle, of course. Ween can't resist poking the listener in the ass every once in a while: "Pink Eye (On My Leg)" is one of the strangest instrumentals I've ever heard, mixing 80's drum-machine pop with the sound of dogs barking, and "Mutilated Lips" finds one of the Ween brothers -- I still can't figure out which name goes with which face -- singing things like "Midgmet man provoking violence/Listen not to what I said" in a voice well acquainted with the pleasures of helium abuse.

The most disturbing aspect of the album is that regardless of what Ween is doing, they do it well. These are virtuosic musicians who use their powers for evil instead of good, so that even the few songs *without* a hook make for fun listening. *The Mollusk* is like finding a toenail in your seafood bisque... and realizing that those tasty bits of clam were actually more clippings. The only thing worse is finding yourself going back for seconds.



Treponem Pal
Higher
Mercury

I don't know why they keep sending me this crap.

Bands like Treponem Pal are the music industry equivalent of the *Beethoven* movies: cheap, unimaginative candy that's been done before a thousand times better. Not only are they wallowing in ground long broken by older pioneers, but other newcomers have done it even better. You remember *Cops & Robbers*? Of course you don't. Vocalist Marco Neves is the Chevy Chase of industrial-metal.

From the faux Ministry vocals to the standard metal rock, this CD steeps the listener in boredom and doesn't let up for close to an hour. What's worse, the few song titles that promise something interesting don't even slightly pay off. When I looked at the back of the CD and saw things like "Funk Me" and "Sweet Vibes" floating in the midst of a puddle of "Cyberfreak"'s and "The Struggle"'s, I felt a little hope. But those songs don't even attempt to live up to their boogy-shaking namesakes. "Funk Me"'s chorus is "funk me/without mercy/mesmerize me/without mercy".

What does that mean? What talent scout deserves his head on a chopping block for this waste of plastic and paper? For some reason, the artwork is littered with pictures of elephants. Maybe the band is subconsciously trying to tell us something. Big, dumb, and covered in dirt. Listening to this CD makes me feel like taking a bath in the same water over and over and over again. Warm, sure, but it's full of crap.

please see Chin Slinky, page 14

New York Police Department Application for Employment



Please print clearly and legibly. Legibly means so you can read it. If you don't know how to read or write, you may have a friend read the questions to you, as well as writing down dictated answers.

Dictated means you tell them what to write. Spelling doesn't count.

Name _____ Date of Birth _____ Height _____

Aliases _____ Weight _____

Address (where you live) _____ Sex (Generally with consent or without?) _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Race: (Please check only one) White Other

Previous Criminal Experience: (what jobs done and where, time served, also include if you are with any made men) _____

_____ (attach separate piece of paper if necessary)

College Experience _____ Weapons Proficiencies: (Check all that apply) 9mm 38 Special Nightstick

Plunger Jackhammer Nunchucks Cold Steel Pipe Severed Arm from Perp Machete

Crossbow Pike Tear Gas Sock Filled with Quarters The Curb Hot Coffee

Illegal Choke Holds Known _____

How many times have you had to "straighten out" a fellow motorist for cutting you off, flashing their brights at you, not signalling or driving too slow? Provide examples _____

List those New York City neighborhoods which you feel could stand to be burned to the ground, including all the people living in them _____

Check off your favorite actor: John Wayne Sylvester Stallone Steven Segal

The following are short essay questions. An essay is a short composition which deals with one specific topic. A composition is something written down, like the show reviews in TV Guide.

1) Hypothetical Situation (Hypothetical means make-believe): Pretend you are hanging out in the precinct with some cop buddies, talking about the game last night, when all of a sudden you hear an alleged perpetrator scream. You turn around and see that one of the other officers is attempting to subdue one of those crazy freaks that you are employed to "protect." You think nothing of it; you often have to show people who is boss. Later, you hear more screams coming from the bathroom and laugh; someone's learning a lesson. The next day, a media frenzy surrounds the incident from the previous night. It seems that the alleged perpetrator squealed to the hospital he was sent to that one of your colleagues (colleagues means other cops) hurt him up the ass real bad. Do you : A) gather some buddies and head to this nutjob's house to fuck up his family in order to scare him out of testifying, or B) deny the whole thing ever happened; lie to your family, friends, the media, the mayor, Internal Affairs and God to protect a fellow officer, who was only trying to do his job under the extreme pressure that comes from having to work-day in, day out-with a bunch of ingrates? Explain: _____

2) Do you ever find yourself masturbating to pictures of pigs rutting in a mountain of chocolate-covered sprinkle donuts? _____

The 1997 Stony Brook Press Guide to Stony Brook

THE TUNNELS: Yes, they exist; yes, they're reachable; no, there's nothing down there. If your idea of fun is roaming through humid concrete hallways, ducking exposed pipes and hauling decayed garbage cans to the surface like some kind of post-nuclear archaeologist, well... see HARRIMAN HALL.

ADMINISTRATION: The first few floors are given over to academic concerns, but the penthouse suite acts as Shirley the Hutt's Slave Barge.

SAC: This lovely glass-walled structure is one of the main reasons you paid so much to go here this year. You can't eat lunch there, though.

SPOT BETWEEN STALLER CENTER AND FRANK MELVILLE LIBRARY: Superb sculpture work by French minimalist Boubatz. The marching gray statues are entitled "Students On The Way To Class", while the giant anchor is known as "Shittim Wood".

JAVITS LECTURE CENTER: Ah, the Bunker!

HEAVY ENGINEERING: Students go in and out of this building all the time, but don't let that fool you: this is actually a laboratory for Fred Preston's mind control experiments to make students more docile and yielding to administrative demands. A Clockwork Preston, you might say.

LIFE SCIENCES: New cancer research wing being installed, so the university has some response when thousands of former students sue for asbestos-caused lung cancer.

ROTH POND: Where all of the phlegm in the university sewer system is rerouted.

HEALTH SCIENCES CENTER: Enterprising young students can find a whole host of interesting gadgets here, including unsupervised surgical machinery, discarded medicine bottles, miscellaneous industrial waste, and the occasional misplaced patient or two. The upper floors are fully stocked with safety showers waiting to be pulled, disposable gowns waiting to be stolen, and glass-walled breezeways waiting to be inhabited by drunk students looking for a place to hang out.

