

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XIX No. 3

Repent, Sinners! The Time of the Squirrel Approaches!

October 1, 1997



In This Issue:

ARAMARK MAKES US NUTS

SHOOTING THE SHIT WITH SHIRL

By Jill Baron

I sat at the Stony Brook Convocation [held on September 23rd in the Staller Center Recital Hall], feeling dejected after being booted out of my second row seat which was "reserved for faculty" and walking to the back among the commonfolk. I was the only student in sight, lost in a sea of business suits and wing-tip shoes.

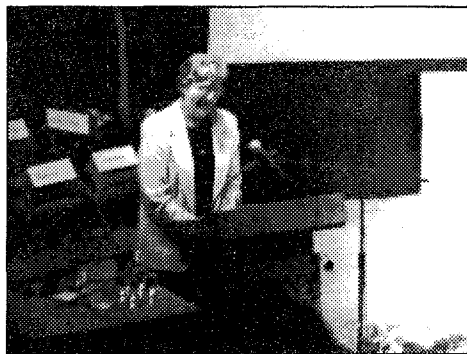
"So, you're writing an article?" the lady sitting next to me inquired. "Yes," I replied. "For the Statesman?"

"No, for the Press," I responded proudly. "Oh," she said, with a look of disdain. This exchange made me feel oddly empowered, like I was the lone warrior fighting a roomful of Agents of The Man.

A few minutes later the lights dimmed and we were subjected to a ten-minute "film" which depicted scenes of Stony Brook: a girl doing her chemistry homework, people playing volleyball, people rehearsing for a play. Other than the fact that I've never seen anybody doing any of those things, it was total self-promoting fodder. And then came the moment we were all waiting for: the lights went back up, and out strolled Shirley to a round of applause, all smiles and cheer. She started off by informing us, in her southern twang, that "big things" happened at Stony Brook during the '96-'97 school year. She then launched into a long and drawn out rant about Charles B. Wang [pronounced "Wong"] and how we should all pull his pants down and plant our lips on his

ass and keep them there until he says it's okay. We were then treated to a view of the model of the Wang building in progress on the movie screen. You could hear the pride welling in her voice as she pointed out all the nooks and crannies of the building. I fought the urge to yell out, "If you love it so much, why don't you just live there!"

Next came the procession of pie graphs. She first mentioned our high rankings in Money Magazine



Blah, blah, blah-blah-blah, blah, blah. BLAH! Blah, Blah?

and U.S. News and World Report, citing our \$105.3 million in research expenditures. But of course she failed to mention our honorable ranking in the Princeton Review [for those of you who missed our last issue, Stony Brook ranked second in the country

for unhappiest students]. The first pie graph showed the '96-'97 budget, 52% of which was allotted to health care. Next, we were treated to a graph of last years' enrollment, and were informed that, although this years' enrollment hadn't yet been put into pie graph form, it is at a record high, with 17,811 students total. Then came a pie graph of the geographic distribution of last year's and this year's students [45% of which hail from the city, primarily Queens and Brooklyn], and a pie graph of the ethnic distribution of last years' and this years' students [an increase in Asian students was evident this year-uh, would Charles B. Wang have anything to do

with that?]. Then, switching into bar graph form, last year's and this year's most common undergraduate majors, followed by a bar graph of the campus employees, which led to a tirade about this year's favorite scapegoat, the Student Activity Center.

Shirley began her SAC rant by declaring it a "nice place to meet and eat." I nearly guffawed out loud at that one. Then I remembered who she was talking to a sea of business suits and wing-tip shoes. Yeah, for you guys it's a swell place to meet and eat. I think they should change the name from Student Activity Center to Business Suit and Wing-tip Shoe Clad Center. Shirley absolutely gushes when she talks about multi-million dollar projects that are of minimal benefit to the students but look really good to anyone who doesn't go here. Which brings me to the next project that Kenny and Co. has in store for us-- a 1.4 million dollar bike path! Great, just what this school needs. If anyone knows where to allocate funding, it's Shirley and her Band of Merry Men.

She briefly touched on building renovations, promising that all residence halls will be completely redone in five years, but of course failing to mention the housing crisis. She did however admit that the Heavy Engineering and Humanities buildings are "woefully needy." Among her other promises were that the school's deficit will be corrected by the end of the year, and that they will stop expanding Administration and get back to the "core responsibilities." Well then, if the core responsibilities of a University include bullshitting, brown-nosing, and impressing the readership of Newsday, carry on.

THE BLIND LEADING THE BORED

By Jennifer Hobin

This past weekend the Student Polity Association held their annual leadership conclave. The conclave, which is designed (theoretically) to train and develop the skills of student leaders throughout the campus community, was an eighteen hour event taking place on September 19th and 20th. While a leadership training program has the potential to be informative as well as helpful to new and old student leaders, the polity event failed at both of these goals. On the contrary, the conclave did succeed in wasting the time of already busy students, isolating parts of the campus community, and masking a politically-laden agenda.

To begin with, I should state that the Student Polity Association is, among other things, responsible for overseeing the actions of student-run organizations ranging from campus newspapers to the math club. Polity allocates a budget to each of these organizations and has the power to freeze that budget for any infraction of University/Polity guidelines (student groups were threatened with a budget freeze for not attending the conclave and for leaving early).

A major issue for students required to attend the conclave was the time commitment; the conclave was an eighteen hour event lasting six hours on Friday night and twelve on Saturday. Unfortunately, polity could have achieved its goals in two-thirds the time, and the goal of training leaders in even less. To begin with, the six-hour Friday session was useless (that's even relative to the rest of the conclave). At four o'clock on Friday afternoon, campus groups dutifully shuffled into the SAC lobby to sign their names, pick up an

agenda packet, and wait in the auditorium for approximately two hours. After our long wait we were treated to a delightful student-produced skit about O.J. Simpson. I can't tell you anything else about this because the skit consisted of about twenty volunteers screaming incoherently at each other on stage. While trying to make a point on... diversity? Polity succeeded only in making already annoyed students leave.

After the wait, the skit, and a satisfying Polity-provided snack, the students broke down into five large groups in order to begin a two-hour workshop on diversity. The workshop, entitled "Facing Our Own Prejudices & How to Overcome Them," required that students answer questions about their own socio-economic status as well as their first experience with various "isms." As students had a new partner with which to discuss each question, the workshop proved to be quite interesting. After all, it's not often that one has a chance to discuss intimate and even significant feelings with complete strangers. While the workshop was probably a new experience for many students it wasn't very enlightening. [While we were able to tell each other about our first encounters with homosexuality, and the kid who made fun of us because we didn't have GAP jeans, we weren't really facing our own prejudice qualities that a "good" president or vice president should have and talking a bit about these qualities.] Thanks,

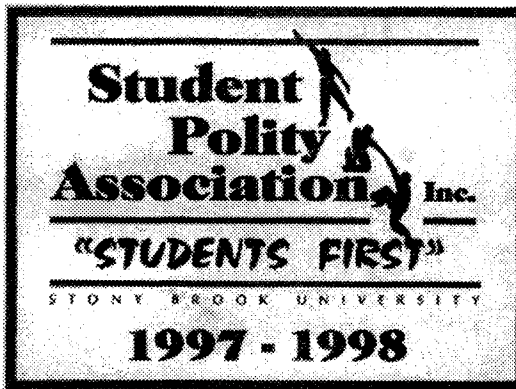
now that I've stated that I would want my club president to be on time and to listen to me, I can effectively run my organization in a way I never could have before. Of course these qualities are important, but this is not what an inexperienced individual running an organization for the first time really needs to hear. How about talking about University and Polity rules designed to train students to manage time, program effectively, outreach to their home communities, and register to vote, just to name a few. There were three work-

shops every hour so that each organization could learn every facet of leadership training through it's three officers that were required to attend. The workshops were not bad in every respect. All of the workshops that I attended fostered student participation and some of them were moderately interesting. For example, a workshop on recruitment and

retention of members which was led by the USSA president and SASU vice president was informative, helpful, and quite fun (most likely on account of the aforementioned leaders being practiced speakers). This workshop however, is the only one that proved to be useful.

The "President & Vice President Workshop", led not surprisingly by Polity President and Vice President, reminded me of the Girl Scout meetings I attended in fifth grade. The hour was spent listing the qualities that a "good" president or vice president should have and talking a bit about these qualities. Thanks, now that I've stated that I would

[please see "Conclave," page 8]



Space Scam

By: Chris Sorochin

On October 15th, NASA plans to launch the Cassini Probe to take pictures of Saturn and assign the planet's features names like Homer Simpson, Dilbert and Stimpny, all at a hefty cost to us taxpayers. The traditional argument that all this money could be better spent down here is still valid, but the special thing about Cassini is that its exploration equipment will be powered by 72 pounds of plutonium, the deadliest substance known to humanity. Scientists estimate that just one pound, evenly distributed in the earth's atmosphere, could give everyone on the planet lung cancer.

The Titan 4 rockets carrying Cassini will first be "slingshotted" around Venus to gain the necessary momentum to make it all the way out to Saturn. This poisoned missile will then overfly the earth at a distance of a mere 312 miles. This is when there will be a great danger of some sort of mishap which could turn a large section of our imperfect but unique world into a radioactive sewer for eons to come. For pure gallows humour, see NASA's Final Environmental Impact Statement, then try to imagine them realistically attempting to clean up whatever cataclysmic mess they've brought down upon us.

For example, a launching mishap could necessitate evacuation of the entire state of Florida and removal of all the topsoil therein.

Opponents of Cassini like Karl Grossman, investigative reporter and author of *The Wrong Stuff: The Space Programs Nuclear Threat to Our Planet*, and renowned physicist Michio Kaku say that Cassini is just the icebreaker for the eventual deployment of nuclear weapons after we wasted \$3 billion of Reagan's Star Wars fantasy and the utilization of outer space as a dumping ground for the tons of nuclear waste none of the great minds knows quite how to get rid of. "We don't know what's out there, but lets trash it anyway."

President Clinton can order Cassini postponed until safer power sources are found. Many scientists claim that solar power, already used in such undertakings, is feasible. Call the White House comment line (202-456-1111) and demand that this Strangelovian project not go forward. The probability for error is one in 76, not much of a long shot. This also violates international treaties against the pollution of outer space.

Saturn will be around for a while, but our earth may not be if any sort of Challenger-type accident occurs.

Much unreported in the media was the atmospheric disintegration earlier this year of a Russian space probe carrying nuclear components over parts of Chile, Bolivia and the Pacific. At first, it was expected to happen over Australia and a state of emergency was declared. Clinton was on the phone daily with the Australian prime minister when a country of white, English-speaking people was in danger. No such concern was lavished on the South American countries that actually did have the grim honor of being the final resting place of Mars 96. Apparently brown-skinned people don't rate the same level of concern.

Also missing from media attention has been HR 950, sponsored by Congressman Matthew Martinez. The bill would create decent paying jobs for those who need them, repairing this country's decaying and neglecting public infrastructure. Makes great sense, right? Well, maybe to unsophisticated peons it does, but to the grand exalted mystic gurus of the shell game of supply-side economics, it couldn't be more wrong. Alan Greenspan (Boo! Hiss!) high priest of the Federal

Reserve, which sets economic policy, declares that unemployment must not dip below 5.5%!

But, you stutter, in that disarmingly naive way of yours, aren't they always preaching that all able-bodied adults must work?

Yep, they do, but that's only to destroy social programs which may be the only thing between poor individuals and scummy, low-paid jobs. Cheap labor is the name of the game. You see, if there were jobs for everyone, no one would feel obligated to take too much crap from their employer and could quit without fear of being unemployed. Workers would gravitate toward whoever paid/treated them best and employers would have to compete for the best workers. This scenario is the exact antithesis of what the profit junkies crave. They'd much rather a "tight" job market in which everyone has to buckle down and accept whatever crumbs they toss at us for fear of being thrown to the wolves.

If you don't believe me, follow Wall St. When people are downsized for profits, the market loves it, and soars to new heights, but let the jobless rate go too low—something most of us would consider good news—and the Canyons are glum indeed. Not good for investor confidence, old sport.

Greenspan and Friends say that higher wages lead to higher prices and a carnival ride called the Inflationary Spiral. Rubbish, I say. CEO salaries are skyrocketing madly, as are profits and stockholder dividends. None of these capitalist soothsayers ever cry "inflation" when more and more of what is paid for a product or service goes to these bottomless pits of avarice. Wages can go up without raising prices if the capitalists will just TAKE LESS for their greedy little selves. Do without one of the mansions or don't have the yacht refurbished this year. It really won't kill you, I promise.

That, in a gilded nutshell, is why all working people should call their representatives and express support for the Martinez Job Creation Bill. It's also why, if the media do deign to note, it'll be roundly condemned by a legion of bought-and-paid-for "experts." After the UPS victory, I'm expecting an anti-labor backlash any day now. What form it will take is yet to be seen, but the purpose will be to divide people and demonize anyone who comes out against the cult of economic human sacrifice I've described above. Much of the UPS coverage was the traditional aren't-these-selfish-strikers-causing-us-just-so-much-inconvenience screed, but it didn't work. Lots of people now realize they're in the same two-tiered, part-time, downsized boat, destination nowhere, and maybe don't think the inconvenience is worth it in the long run. Race is always a handy dividing wedge, but more likely the alleged financial improprieties of Teamster President Ron Carey will be the next focus of corporate smear.

My friend Bill is visiting from Tokyo, where he teaches English. On a recent bender, he told me that all Japan is still abuzz over my karaoke version of "You're So Vain" from my last visit and when I prodded him on politics, he spewed this timely message for the US government: "Suck me. I ain't payin' for your stinkin' missiles." Working overseas, he doesn't pay US taxes and so can snooze easy in his futon that his hard-earned yen don't contribute to the culture of death.

In his youth, Gabriel Torres was a Black Panther and a Young Lord and therefore had many experiences with the police. Now he's an attorney with the Center for Constitutional Rights and head of their project documenting police brutality. Speaking before the Five Towns Forum in Hewlett, he related an anecdote of working as a nightclub bouncer with a couple of sadistic psycho head-breaders. After leaving the job, he saw them several months later. They'd both taken the police test and were awaiting results. Torres, went to his nephews, both NYPD officers and urged them to tell the Department not to take these two Sunday editions of bad news. The nephews told him that the department actually likes to have a few guys like that on the force, something about it being good for "morale," as if the police force were Paul Newman's hockey team in need of the Hanson

Brothers.

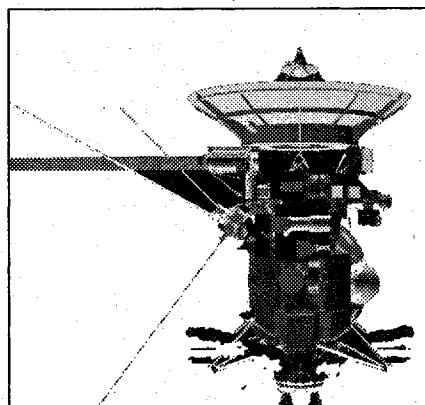
Gabriel Torres can be contacted at the CCR Police Brutality Hotline, (800) 764-0235 or at the CCR itself: (212) 614-6464. The Center is also running a "Copwatch" program to keep tabs on officers with a history of brutality.

Follow up: A letter in the Port Times Record of September 18 is from a local couple who recount how their daughter, who works at a local family-owned store was slimmed by Suffolk County's Morality Patrol. It seems that one

evening at closing time, as she was busy cleaning up and in a hurry to get out, a young woman came in to buy a six-pack. The first girl did her duty as an involuntary arm of the state and asked for two forms of ID. The other girl produced them, but kept distracting her with idle chatter. The cards seemed OK and she was ringing up the sale when who should pop in, like the relatives no one wants to sit next to at Thanksgiving dinner, but an undercover officer.

The clerk and owner were convinced that they has conscientiously collaborated, but no. 9/8/97 looks a lot like 8/9/97, especially when you're in a hurry and some professional ratfink is bending your ear so she can make her "collar" for the night. The parents of the clerks wonder why county monies are being spent to harass county residents who are doing their best to comply with the law. Since crackdowns are all the rage these days, maybe someone should call whoever is in charge of cracking down on police entrapment. Or how about a "countersting" operation in which decoys appear to play into the hands of these vampires and then "Shazzam" out of the display case, a civil rights lawyer materializes with a camcorder and a wooden stake.

In St. Louis last month, a deranged man killed a woman and then himself. Ho-hum. But this tale of tabloid terror has a twist: several days before, a psychotherapist recommended that the man be hospitalized due to his suicidal tendencies. However, he was refused admission to St. John's Mercy Medical Center because his insurance would not cover expenses. Managed care at work again. Someone should compile statistics of how many people die each year because they don't have the money or coverage to go to a hospital. Unless I'm hospitalized for my own protection, I'll be back to further prick (huh-huh, he said "prick") your consciousness next time. By my calculations, we still have at least one more issue before Cassini makes us all aglow.



The Cassini Probe

ARAMARK HAS GOT TO GO

We called it, kids. About a year ago, we did an in-depth examination of Aramark's policies regarding the then-new meal plan, the "Advantage Plan." We examined how much food cost the average meal plan customer versus how much Aramark said it cost. They touted the new meal plan as the ability to get more for our money. We were getting an "Advantage," they insisted. Sure, we paid \$1050 to get \$360 in Advantage dollars, but we'd be able to see the savings by the end of the semester.

Is it any surprise that it was all a smoke-and-mirrors lie? Is it any surprise that we're paying more for food this semester than we did last semester? Is it any surprise that Papa Joe's is now open only four hours a day? Is it any surprise Humanities Cafe is only open four hours a day? Is it any surprise that the people who were employed last year to make your sandwiches at Humanities Cafe have now been replaced by pre-packaged ham in plastic containers? Is it any surprise that Aramark has done every

possible thing their bottom-line conscious thievery corporate brains could come up with to cut costs and services and product?

They lied to you, they're stealing from you, and they're getting away with it. From every lunch hour at the SAC where students aren't allowed to use their meal cards (don't be fooled kids, it's only because they know that students on meal plan during lunch at the SAC would clog the place, and that would upset the faculty and staff—the SAC's real clientele) to every time you go into the Deli to buy a cup of soda and find out the machine is "out of order," forcing you to buy the more expensive, pre-bottled sodas, Aramark is stealing from you.

They are liars, they are thieves, and they've got to go.

We hired them, we can fire them. Go to Polity and start an initiative to have the food service provider replaced. They've breached their contract with the school—that's grounds for terminating the contract. Don't be chumps, it's time for some payback.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

You Think You're Above The Law?

Dear SB Press

I've been a dedicated reader of the Press for 3 years. Enchanted with your ability in muckraking, I present you with this situation which I eyewitnessed on the morning of Wednesday, September 15. I live in the Chapin Apartments. On MWF morning, I always wait for the school bus at the Chapin bus stop so I can get to my classes. This stop also serves as a bus stop for the little school children who live in Chapin. Everyday, at 8 am, the yellow school bus comes and takes these children to school. These kids are about 6 years old. So, this morning, like every morning, the bus came and the children rushed to get onto the bus. The stop sign popped out of the bus and every car stopped for the school children with the exception of the CAMPUS POLICE CAR. It just sped right by. So, this brings up two issues. Was there such an emergency that the cop inside the car could not wait until the school bus leaves? I think that there is always a possibility that a kid can run out into the street and get hit by a car. That's why this law was designed in the first place. Second, if there was no emergency (I assume there wasn't, there were no sirens) are the USB police above the law? Not only when it comes to things like traffic laws; but when it might actually come to laws of community relations.

At this point, the issue seems to be, are cops above the law in our community. I am not sure what can be done but certainly, awareness may be raised.

Respectfully,
J.L.

Round and Around and Around We Go, The Bus Is Goin' Mighty Slow...

Dear Editors,

Once again, I believe we have been snowballed! The university is so easily apt to claim that bus service is free. Did anyone read the fine print? Now, instead of

only charging those who use the bus, they are charging everyone, whether you use the bus or not! And to make it more evil and twisted, rather than just the \$20 bus fee, by 1999 it will be \$40!!! That much money for a transportation fee! So you can park in the boon docks (if you're a commuter), and worry about your car, then hop on the dilapidated bus with the drivers who actually read while driving (YES, I've seen it!). Oh boy this sucks.

Sincerely,
(Another unhappy student) Irene Phipps

Duh, Like People Who Ain't Handicapped and Park in Handicapped Spots Are Like Big A**holes.

Dear Press,

I am a senior finishing my BA in Sociology. I have only four classes left, but couldn't get a Tuesday - Thursday schedule to accommodate all of them. So here I am five days a week, between the hours of 2 and 7. Recently I have noticed a seeming increase in the number of blue lines around parking spaces any reasonable distance away from buildings which hold classes.

One of my classes is in Heavy Engineering, so one day, when I was late, I found one spot with no sign, line, meter or other painful restrictions, at the tail end of the old Engineering loop. I noticed eight or so blue spots filled with cars, all with the appropriate permits and one plain section of curb just for me. I jumped on it, went to Soc 362 and on my way back, as classes were breaking, while sitting in my car, relived I hadn't gotten a ticket just out of spite, these two, very healthy looking guys stroll right past me and into a car with a little wheelchair sticker hanging from the rear view. And I thought I was the smart one.

I have to admit, my first inclination was to be selfishly concerned about my own difficulty finding a place not so far as to run the

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continued from previous page

risk of a having heart attack while jogging to get to class on time. Ok, so I'm an out of shape A** hole. However the more I thought of it, the more pissed I got. I really don't mind getting a good spot about as often as the Mets win the pennant, but when people in the same group as myself take a privilege reserved for others who truly need it, I feel angry at them and at a state policy which, according to the Disabled Students Services, offers no dependable recourse to regulate, or even accurately monitor the number of scofflaws abusing the system.

After being assured that I was probably overstating the size of the problem, (and I also admit I could be) I remembered talking to a campus police officer who felt the way I did and roughly estimated that 25% of the permits were probably bogus. Obviously, there's no way to know without actually checking, however it's illegal or politically incorrect (or evil, or something like that) to walk up and ask someone "are you really disabled?" Even still, there were a certain amount people caught last year (I think the woman at DSS said about 50). Unfortunately, finding out by using a better screening method, which would most likely benefit disabled students, doesn't have too much support because of the apparent inflexibility of a State bureaucracy designed to protect itself against any potential law suits like the ones that would be brought about by a revision of the registration process, or an idealistic attempt to narrow the definition of "handicapped" in order to preclude some people from taking advantage of our sympathy and consideration.

I have seen more than one instance of this kind of crap going on on campus, and all I want to say to the people doing it is: "get off your low life asses and walk like the rest of us."

Sincerely,
Douglas Brocccone

Eurotrash Unrealities

To the Editor:

In otherwise great last issue of "The Press", one could withstand even Ms. Heather Rosenow's Return to the Dark Side of journalism, if not only for such funny seriousness of her newest brainchild. Since the golden age in which Ms. Rosenow's therapist hasn't recommended treating deep personal problems through patriotic exhibitionism seems long gone, I feel free to suggest some other solutions.

To spare the readers further torture of even being reminded of the great achievements of blatantly ignorant pseudo-journalism of the author of "Eurotrash Realities," I would mention just a few points. Ms. Rosenow says that people in Europe know less about American history than vice versa. Even if not just wishful thinking (which the statement in fact is), that is like pondering how dare scientists to know more facts

on DNA than on molecules of water: the subject is simply much larger. Of course, what American history is Ms. Rosenow talks about? She mentions the Civil War; that indicates that she regards only the last few centuries as the American history. Even then, I would bet her knowledge is less than brilliant. Does she know, for instance, that the so-called American revolution, or liberation from the British rule, was largely financed and supported by the French monarchy, the same one which was so gloriously overthrown about a decade later and which was characterized by its own historians as the most backward absolutism in the civilized world? Does she really know where so-called heroes of the revolution, like Lafayette or John Paul Jones, came from? And, when you ask the average American student whether he/she knows that British have burnt Washington in the 1812 war, the answer would most probably be something like proverbial "I knew that they've burnt Joan of Arc, but didn't know they've burnt HIM!"

Want some more recent examples? "Why isn't the terrible history of U.S. intervention in Central America and the Caribbean a staple of the curriculum, so that everyone learns, for example, that there are people living under conditions of virtual slavery in Guatemala because land reform was stopped by a CIA coup in 1954, and subsequent interventions under Kennedy and Johnson helped maintain a terror-and-torture state with few counterparts in the modern world?" (Prof. Noam Chomsky).

Of course, there is some serious American history which is maybe longer than history of any fence or church in Europe (which is not the case with the history of the U.S.), that is, the history of Native Americans, but this is probably too sordid a subject for such a fervent patriot like Ms. Rosenow to mention. I would, in fact, be delighted to see Ms. Rosenow writing on Native American culture; that would be fun! Probably we would be able to learn that Indian nations were exterminated and fascist FBI expeditions sent against them because they smoked without permission, lit open fires in natural environment thus endangering state/federal property, and did not file resident tax forms on time.

Speaking about culture, yeah, I am quite a mediocre European, and I do recognize late William S. Burroughs as the greatest writer of second half of this century, and Thomas Pynchon and Phil K. Dick as almost equal to him, and I do have appreciation for works of Frost, Robertson, Lou Reed and Kurt Cobain - just to mention few of my favorite artists. But, as I also noticed, almost none of them lived normal and happy life in the US: the majority were persecuted this way or the other (Allen Ginsberg's FBI dossier which you can see at <http://www.english.upenn.edu/~afilreis/50s/ginsberg-fbi.html>, or bombing of Philip K.

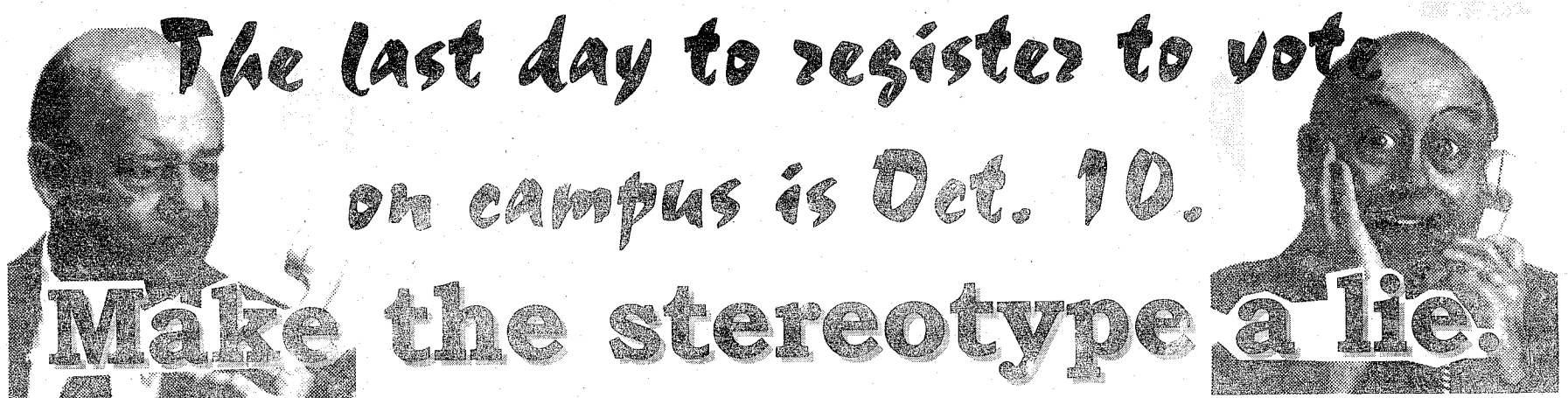
Dick's house in 1970s are good examples), some committed suicide, some died drunkard's death (Kerouac), some went into a long exile (WSB), some went into hiding (Pynchon), and the rest sought refuge in drinking and drugs -not a bad thing in itself, but very indicative of the state of mind of really educated and refined people in this Land Of Eternal Happiness And Truthful Television.

Finally, Ms. Rosenow's article enabled me to solve a long-standing puzzle concerning her writings. In her earlier work in "The Press", she earned world-wide reputation for mentioning Adolf Hitler in almost any article she wrote. I had several theories on the origin of that obsession, and after her latest paper, I think I've found correct explanation. Ms. Rosenow and similar "patriots" are filled with admiration and gratitude for Hitler, since ONLY DESTRUCTION AND TERROR WHICH HE BROUGHT TO EUROPE, AND HIS PERSECUTION OF JEWS AND THEIR MASS MIGRATION TO UNITED STATES, ENABLED THIS COUNTRY TO BECOME A WORLD POWER. Look at biographies of the greatest brains of this country in all fields of creative activity: from Einstein to Kurt Weill. Read books (you won't hear that on television) on the making of US nuclear and hydrogen bombs. And other WWII immigrants or captives: remember von Braun and others who enabled American space program and flight to the Moon. Really, Ms. Rosenow, it would be consequent enough for you, and similar bogus patriots, to establish a fund for building a monument of the German tyrant in front of the SAC together with some patriotic inscription (like that with which you finished your crappy article).

Sincerely,
Milan M. Cirkovic
graduate student, Dept. of Physics & Astronomy

The Author Responds:

I am honored that you are following me so loyally. Had I no knowledge about the periods of history you so fervently mentioned, perhaps I would be insulted. However, I do know much about both European and American history. I grew up with both. I am also a strong critic of the domestic and foreign policies, both past and present, of the United States. I studied law and politics in Europe and am well aware of points of view which not only differ from, but are quite the opposite of the average American's. Quite frankly, I didn't think anyone would take that article seriously. The end was meant to be satire, obviously a failed attempt in your opinion, but that it was. In the future try to detach yourself from my writings if they upset you so much. Such a temper cannot be healthy. So my little friend, farewell. I look forward to more of your hate mail.



The last day to register to vote
on campus is Oct. 10.
Make the stereotype a lie.

Village of the Damned: COMMUTER HELL

By Anne Ruggiero

I know every traffic light on Route 347. The pattern of trees on the Northern State are ingrained into my memory. I can tell you exactly how many pot holes mar Stony Brook Road. I live in fear of little yellow envelopes tucked under my windshield wipers. I am a commuter. This is my story.

Stony Brook has an unusually large commuter population. Nearly thirty-five percent of the student body does the daily trek to our hallowed halls of academia. Commuter students experience completely different aspects of campus life than do their resident counterparts. Students who travel home nightly often miss out on the camaraderie which results from being trapped, week in and week out, in this concrete jungle. Let's face it—dorm residents share a common bond of traumatic experience (not unlike shell-shocked war veterans or plane crash survivors), clinging to each other in mutual understanding of their pain. Non-resident students are out of the loop, excluded by their ignorance of dormitory life. Commuters, however, have their own beef with the University, and their problems can seem even more frustrating and hopeless because of their isolation. Several students who have made the leap from commuter to resident (and then back again) have marveled about the convenience of living on campus. Sure the dorms are dank and drab, the neighbors are weird (see the article on "Goon Watch"), and the food is of questionable quality (Taco Bell and Burger King are not exactly fine cuisine), but at least the resident student doesn't have to leave home an hour and a half before class begins, stay awake through rush hour traffic, and fight for parking every day.

On this campus, there is a distinct hierarchical social regime. The caste system is unvoiced, but understood, and is reinforced by the practices of the administration and student government. As far as students are concerned, graduate students and teaching assistants hold the most prestigious posi-

tions, as they conduct the most publicized research and reflect the University to the community. This esteemed echelon is rewarded with perks such as staff parking permits and nicer housing.

The next level on the Stony Brook social scale are the resident students, whom most of the campus activities are geared towards. The aforementioned common bond (or school spirit, if you will), allows dormers to make closer campus friends. The forested acreage spotted with the occasional concrete architectural disturbance is earmarked as their territory. It is their home, we commuters merely trespass here as we run through our daily routine. Therefore, resident students hold claim to the campus. It's theirs, and things here are done their way.

So, that leaves the lonely commuter, solemnly motoring in and out of that vast wasteland we call "South P", uniformly bundled together, shielding each other from the bitter cold as we wait helplessly on a winter's day for the commuter bus, walking in to class late because, although the actual commute only took ten minutes, it took twenty to find a parking spot. The commuter has few friends. I'm not writing about the few souls one might meet in the commuter lounge. I mean that the commuter student woes are placed strategically on the bottom of the Administration "to do" list, with no advocate to amend the situation. The Student Polity Association is relatively unconcerned with this percentage of the student body and worst of all, the commuters themselves are not united. A commuter spends his few hours on campus in class or in the library cramming as much schoolwork in as possible before leaving campus. There is no unity, we simply and quietly schlep ourselves back and forth as the lowest form of campus life. We are taken advantage of.

The Commuter Student Association is a board of staff and students designed to represent the commuter population, and although the tone of this article is cynical, the CSR does do a relatively good job, more so this year than in the past. But they tend to skirt the issues. Better buses with cleaner interiors that run more frequently than they used to, a new

lounge provides students with a comfortable atmosphere in which to study and socialize, and the CSR newsletter, The Roads Scholar, keeps the commuters informed. But none of these improvements get to the core of the commuter's blight.

Why must we have buses at all? Is erecting a commuter parking garage on the site of the bus loop such an impossible proposal? We could get the money from a generous philanthropist, a la Charles Wang. (For the 25 million dollars, we could have built a garage to satisfy a student need, but instead, we get an Asian American center. (Way to prioritize, Shirley.)

Let's assume that the administration can't get it together to build a parking garage. Is Stony Brook so far removed from egalitarian society that we have to have a single social class carrying the burden of limited parking spaces? Last time I checked, one didn't lose the ability to board a bus with the acceptance of a Ph.D. Why is it only the students who have to park in South P? Instead of staff lots, why can't we have a first come first serve basis for parking spots? And I know (all too well) that the traffic office will start to whine about how "you wouldn't get ticketed if you parked in the right spot." But the situation remains that the parking on campus is hardly equal or convenient and there's no reason for students to stand for it. I'd like to see Arthur Shwertzer waiting in line for a commuter bus every morning, since he insists that there is nothing wrong with South P. There's no excuse for the system now in operation. It is unfair, discriminative, and takes advantage of students.

Unfortunately, the Commuter Student Association could not be reached for comment. The CSA is a valuable resource to the community, if they could only be more vocal with the Administration on the more pressing issues. Until then, I will ride the bus to my car, maneuver the pot holed-streets of Stony Brook campus, and turn onto Nicholl's Road to drive away in to the sunset, only to do it all again tomorrow.

The Degeneration of a World and its People: Welcome to the Student Environmental Action Coalition (SEAC)

By Jennifer Choy

What is the point of caring for the environment? How do you benefit from expending the extra energy that you could be using for lounging around in front of your TV just to travel down five flights of stairs to place an empty Snapple bottle in a recycle bin? What is so important about having trees in the Kelly Quad? But what's so bad about caring?

People like to be described as nice, caring, loving, and compassionate. They will keep the door open for you; they'll tell you what the professor just said, after you missed it because you were half asleep a minute ago; they'll lend you a pen; they'll let you use their phones; they'll tell you that everything will be okay even when they have absolutely no evidence to allow them to be so reassuring. But they will throw up a crumpled piece of paper, kick it as it is falling, watch it helplessly fall prostrate onto an initially clean ground, and triumphantly revel in successfully littering in what they think is a stylish way. I witnessed this with an aggravated mind while I noticed that there was a yielding trash can only a few feet away, right in front of this person's face. He did that when he was talking to me. I figured that maybe he just wanted to impress me. He failed.

Then one should take some good looks at the beds of grass that have been placed between the acad-

mic buildings and the roads that divide or lead to these buildings. Here is the usual and typical situation: most of the grassy area looks pretty nice (and is probably well-coated with pesticides as well), and then one's eyes come to look upon this one foot wide and however long strip of grass that is completely brown and pressed sadly to the ground like someone's wet hair. These are the sorry remnants of people's hurrying, lazy, and/or uncompassionate feet. Let me also add the adjective conformist, because everybody else does it when they see everybody and anybody doing it.

Of course, then there are people who want to do a good deed, or minimalistically speaking, were taught to do things a certain way since their youths, and intended to throw their garbage in the right places and recycle their paper instead of making that terribly cringe-inducing sound by crumpling it, but are too shy or embarrassed to show society that they care. For example, just yesterday, Friday, there was a guy sitting on my right in my philosophy class. He had just finished drinking something, crumpled the bottle a little (Why do people do that? I'm sure they aren't thinking along the lines of a more compact bag of garbage though, life can't be that good.), and placed it onto an empty seat next to him, on top of his bag, probably with intentions to throw it away after class. Well, at some point during the class, a little too much movement on his

part caused the bottle to fall onto the floor underneath someone's seat. Naturally, out of a desire to look like what he thinks is cool, out of a want to appear transcendent of responsibility, he proceeded to make an aloof laugh and merely ignored it. Gee, he didn't win me over.

Think about it guys, there has to be something wrong with a school or a college that doesn't have an active, or even available, environmental club! Come one, that idea is scary! There is an active environmental club in the high school I went to, and hey, we, the club members, voluntarily placed the responsibility upon ourselves to weekly pick up the paper in all rooms with recycling bins and place them in the large rolling recycling bins for the paper company to pick up. We regularly went to clean up the pond that we adopted; we collaborated an Earth Day event each year and invited speakers from various organizations. I came here thinking that the situation here would be even better. But no. There are no recycling receptacles in classrooms. The recycling bins in residence buildings are located in areas that require one to search for or are found in one dark, secluded area, where people on the third floor don't even fathom going near. Some areas on campus are used as areas to freely litter in. There are trails of dead, brown, and flattened grass in the middles of what should be entirely green beds of grass.

All right, so for [please see "Action" on page 22](#)

What's This Recycling Garbage, Kemosabe?

By Terry McLaren

Since I came to Stony Brook a long three years ago, the University has made great progress in its slow emergence from the environmental Dark Ages. I used to wonder why there weren't any cool blue garbage cans for recyclables like I'd seen at other schools. Now we, the students, are the proud owners of said cute blue cans. Much to my annoyance, those cans I hoped, prayed and worked for are often full of normal garbage, compliments of people who are obviously color blind and in need of a remedial reading class. But hey, at least they're there to be contaminated. Their contents might also occasionally be recyclable and recycled. My other environmental Christmas wish was for dorm recycling. What do you know, we now have that, too (to a point.) Those burgundy dumpsters in every quad are for metals, plastics and glass. So the Administration gets a pat on the back for doing something helpful for the campus community and the world. Aramark, on the other hand, makes me want to weep.

Our friendly food service corporation has finally gotten rid of those wasteful plastic clamshell containers they used for takeout food. Yippee! However, a quick trip to the SAC confirmed my worries that there was much more nagging to be done. I'd always wondered what happened to my

food, and more importantly my soda bottles and cans, after it was magically whisked away by the conveyor belt in the dining hall.

You see, the SAC has no garbage cans in the eating area so a customer has little choice about what happens to his or her trash. You just sort of send it on its merry way and hope your stuff's getting disposed of properly. At least that's what I hoped



when I watched my recyclables be motored off. "They've got to be recycling in there." The SAC sells hundreds of bottles and cans of soda a day. Most people buying food there stay to eat it, hence using the lovely conveyor belt garbage system. The Union Deli sells more than its share of bottled and canned soda too, but to people who are running to and from class. The deli's recycling

of the containers is sensibly through the blue trashcans which you have to pass when leaving the Union anyway.

Since the SAC opened I've been going on faith that my bottles and cans were just as safe as if I'd recycled them myself. I figured somewhere in that back kitchen-type area, little recycling elves were industriously sorting garbage and throwing the appropriate stuff into recycling bins. Silly me. Last week, I decided to find out what really happened to my and everyone else's recyclable stuff. I spoke

to a Student Manager and in turn to two Assistant Managers. To their credit, they were very polite when they informed me that Aramark was doing no recycling as of now. Unlike the quads, the SAC doesn't have a recyclables dumpster, so the bottles and cans will continue to be trashed until such time as a dumpster is obtained. I figured that was an easily solved problem, the staff would just have to start separating the useful stuff from the garbage once they got a dumpster. Things got even more bizarre and frustrating when I found out that the cans and bottles in question were already being separated (since they can't go into the food pulper) but were then being thrown away with the rest of the garbage anyway! I was referred to a higher up in the organization if I wanted to give them any information that might help them solve this problem. I was thinking "Aren't you getting paid to resolve student complaints? Why should I share the secret to getting a dumpster?" (incidentally, Jim Fabian in Central Stores helped provide the dorms with them.) The manager I was referred to wasn't available at the time and I was rather booked for the next day, so I had to leave my griping at that for now. I will not let this matter rest though. If students bother to recycle on this campus, why shouldn't Aramark? Especially if the stuff is already being separated, it would involve no extra work. A private company takes the campus recyclables away. Aramark could easily get in touch with them and make appropriate plans for the SAC.

TERRORISM in OUR World

Daniel Yohannes

As students in an isolated campus, we are detached from the "normal" goings on of the US. As Americans, we tend to be detached from the goings on of the world. We tend to think of ours as the "climax culture" of the world. If we are the best, we say a lot about the rest (not the best). Well, with the all but forgotten bombings at the World Trade Center (WTC) and the Federal building in Oklahoma, and the sieges at Waco and Ruby Ridge, we were initiated into a world reality. That reality is terrorism, the last resort of the unheard and forgotten minorities.

Some examples of this reality are the conflicts in Great Britain, Israel, France, Algeria, East Timor, Mexico and countless other countries in the world. We can now include the US in this fraternity. But, unlike the rest of the world, I would prefer not to focus on the US.

A woman named Nurit Peled-Elchanaan was recently quoted in the *International Herald Tribune*. She is the mother of a 14 year old Israeli girl killed by the triple suicide bombing that occurred in a pedestrian mall in West Jerusalem on Sept. 4. She said of the event:

"These attacks are the direct consequence of the oppression, slavery, humiliation, and state of siege imposed by Israel on the Palestinian people...These attacks are the response to our attacks. On this I have no doubt: They are the fruit of despair and the direct result of what we Israelis have done in the territories. This government does all it can to destroy peace...I don't have any particular criticism of the Hamas terrorists; we created them. On the Palestinian side, there's not a family that hasn't been touched by the death that Israel spreads. All

we do in the territories is create, every week, a few more potential kamikazes. They are our mirror."

These powerful words come from a woman whose family has a history of promoting peace. But the words are also painful to read. Are they true? Fact: the family home of a terrorist is legally razed as a response to a terrorist act. So, if I were a terrorist in Palestine, and I blew myself up, my family's home would be destroyed. Fact: Israel often closes its border with Palestine in response to terrorism and non-compliance with Israeli demands. The effect is that thousands of Palestinians who work in Israel, cannot work and support their families. Conversely, a Palestinian at work in Israel cannot return home to his/her family. Fact: One of the resolutions of the Oslo Accords provides that, as a separate governmental entity, the Palestinian Authority can levy and collect taxes on imports and exports. Unfortunately, most of the imports and exports pass through Israel, and it is in fact Israel that collects these taxes. Israel agreed to transfer collected moneys to Palestine. But, in response to recent perceived shortcomings in the intensity of Palestinian anti-terrorist activities, Israel cut off these payments for a significant amount of time (they have since resumed partial payments). But, without the money (a significant portion of the annual Palestinian budget), how can anti-terrorist, social, educational, and defense programs continue?

Before there was an Israel or Palestine, there was a British colony. The peace plan that is yet to be fully implemented is actually over fifty years old. When the British left, it was the Israelis who were the terrorists. It was the Israelis who were fighting for a tiny piece of desert of their own. It was the Israelis who were looking for a safe home, a gov-

ernment of their own, and a stable future to reflect their several thousand year heritage. Through terrorism, peace negotiations, worldwide support for their cause, and a will to survive, the Israelis have achieved their goal. Until now, their progress has come at the expense of the Palestinians. Furthermore, there are some Israelis who believe that the world will lose nothing if Palestine is swallowed by Israel.

Americans blindly support Israel. If they continue to do so a great injustice will transpire. Criminal acts, murder, terror, war, racism, have all been committed by both sides during the long history of this conflict. No one is innocent and everyone has blood on their hands. I cannot say one people is more innocent than the other. But Israel is beginning to act as an aggressor. America's blind support, and the billion dollars of foreign aid we give to Israel, must be curtailed.

Part 1 of many

THE PRESS

read it
learn it
love it
live it

GOOD GRIEF: WHEN IT REIGNS, IT POURS

By Norman Solomon

For several weeks now, a variety of news outlets have commented on the startling importance of emotions. The death of Princess Diana set off an explosion that jolted many reporters into proclaiming that human feelings matter—lot.

"As a journalist, I've long avoided feelings," news analyst Daniel Schorr confessed to National Public Radio listeners in mid-September. "I used to consider thoughts important and feelings irrelevant. No longer. Gradually, it's been brought home to me that feelings may have more validity than opinions."

Kept under wraps or unleashed, feelings have always made a big difference. The problem is that emotional reactions—whether masked by cerebral essays or stoked by TV news—don't guarantee us anything. Fervent pleas can make a case for compassion or cruelty. So can reasoned arguments.

The key issue is not whether feelings matter. (They do.) Or whether they should. (They always will.) The deeper questions about news media revolve around *which* feelings matter—and whose.

When the focus is on tragic events, media accounts seem to zigzag between pallid facts and easy sentimentality.

Michael Herr, a journalist who covered the Vietnam War, later wrote that the U.S. media "never found a way to report meaningfully about death, which of course was really what it was all about." Obscured by countless news stories, "the suffering was somehow unimpressive."

The same media outlets that can go into paroxysms of grief over one celebrity's demise have

shown themselves fully capable of ignoring—or even celebrating—the deaths of many people.

In 1991, when U.S. bombs killed "enemy" soldiers and civilians, the American news media rejoiced. At the end of the slaughter known as the Gulf War, the Pentagon quietly estimated that 200,000 Iraqi people had died as a result of America's firepower. Not a faint breeze of concern blew through U.S. mass media.

Dan Rather—who was to join with other TV news anchors in protracted tribute to Princess Diana a half-dozen years later—went on CBS at the close of February 1991 to warmly shake the hand of a U.S. general and declare: "Congratulations on a job wonderfully done!" On highbrow NPR, which seemed to stand for "National Pentagon Radio" during the war, the enthusiasm for the killing was similarly palpable.

As this fall gets underway, a backlash is coming from big-name pundits who bemoan the media response to Diana's death. The glossy news weeklies have had the best of both worlds, pumping up the media furor over her death and then decrying it.

In *Newsweek's* Sept. 15th issue, George Will denounced the media coverage as "a spectacle both empty and degrading." He lamented that "we have mass media with wondrous capacities for subtracting from understanding by adding to the public's inclination for self-deception and auto-intoxication."

Will continued: "By turning everyone everywhere into bystanders at events, and by eliciting and amplifying their 'feelings,' the media turn the world into an echo chamber and establish for the

promptable masses the appropriate "reaction" to events."

With like-minded indignation, Charles Krauthammer filled the last page of the Sept. 22nd *Time* with an attack on "the psychic pleasures of mass frenzy and wallow." He complained: "The public's surrender of its sensibilities and concerns to mass media was never more evident than during the Diana convulsion."

But none of these pundits—Will or Krauthammer or for that matter Daniel Schorr—could be heard sounding the alarm when media hysteria ignited "patriotic" passion in early 1991. On the contrary, by the time the first missile barrage hit Baghdad, they were among the many journalists pounding the war drums and screaming for blood.

Joseph Stalin would have understood. "The death of one man is a tragedy," he reportedly said at Potsdam in 1945. "The death of millions is a statistic."

Journalists have a responsibility to disprove Stalin's horrible quip. That would require going beyond comfortable biases and striving to treat all human life as precious.

Dylan Thomas, the poetic prince of Wales, advised us to "Rage, rage against the dying of the light." In contrast, all too often, journalism does little more than turn the page.

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

"Conclave," continued from page 2

want my club president to be on time and to listen to me, I can effectively run my organization in a way I never could have before. Of course these qualities are important, but this is not what an inexperienced individual running an organization for the first time really needs to hear. How about talking about University and Polity rules and regulations for running organizations, or how to effectively work with polity to accomplish each group's goals? I'm sure that I wasn't the only person disappointed with this workshop—the guy sitting next to me had been filling in his "A good president or vice president has the following qualities" worksheet with qualities such as "the ability to bend spoons with their minds" and "can swallow live armadillos whole" (Now these are clubs I would go to).

While I could spend more time discussing the uselessness of some of the conclave workshops, time and space prohibits me. Instead, I should discuss how polity isolated many campus organizations during the conclave. Campus organizations consist of campus newspapers, cultural groups, academics groups, interest groups, dormitory legs, and others. Most of the conclave workshops were aimed at groups targeting the entire campus population or groups trying to achieve certain political goals. While student groups naturally want to target as many people as possible, groups like the math club, science fiction forum and

anthropology society are mainly out to target people with similar interests. Consequently it's not necessary for specific interest and academic groups to spend a lot of time learning how to target the commuter students—this is not their goal. Additionally, workshops such as the "Voter Registration" workshop and "Out Reaching to Your Community" workshop targeted politically-minded groups. While it may be important for groups like LGBT and the Environmental Action Committee to register voters and reach people outside of campus, this wouldn't be the aim of the university chess club for example. Unfortunately, since the conclave addressed issues and used demonstrations pertaining mostly to political or "entire campus" groups, specific interest groups may have been left wondering why they were required to attend the conclave in the first place.

Several students were also upset with the seemingly hidden political agenda of the conclave. Day two's "General Session/Working Lunch" was more in line with a political rally than a leadership training program. The goal of the working lunch was for students to learn more about the United States Student Association (USSA) and the Student Association for SUNY (SASU) and to encourage students to get more involved in these two very political organizations. Representatives from the USSA and SASU spoke to students about the recent suc-

cesses of the two organizations, prompted students who had contributed to those successes to pat themselves on the back, and encouraged those who didn't to get more involved. While both organizations have been key in protecting students' rights and making affordable education accessible to a greater population, the Polity LEADERSHIP TRAINING conclave was not the place to express these views. Again, many organizations attending the conclave were not politically oriented groups. Perhaps they would have been willing to attend a SASU/USSA rally on another weekend, perhaps not.

Holding an annual leadership training program is not only a good idea, it's necessary. Running a student organization is a time consuming, demanding, and difficult job and consequently, new and old leaders need as much advice and training as possible. Unfortunately, it seems that Polity's 1997 Leadership training conclave didn't achieve the goals it had in mind. Some tips for next year: 1) Leave your political goals at the door. 2) Design workshops that are helpful and informative to the many kinds of campus organizations operating at Stony Brook. 3) Consider what you, as student leaders really needed to learn about running Polity—these are the things that new and old student leaders need to learn. 4) Lastly, eighteen hours? Is that really necessary?

www.sinc.sunysb.edu/Clubs/sbpress

Saint or Forgotten?

By Frank P. Fusaro

On August 31, 1997, Princess Diana of Wales died. On September 6, 1997, Mother Teresa died.

So I have a question to ask students of Stony Brook University: Which of these deaths do you know about? And when I say know, I mean the actual specifics. Do you know if she had a heart attack? If she went in her sleep? If she fell from old ailments or new ones?

Now I do consider myself a semi-smart man, but I must confess that I heard of Diana's death the day, if not the moment, of its occurrence. Not so for Mother Teresa, a name I am sure we have all heard throughout our lifetime. A name that is practically part of our culture, as I am also sure you would agree after a short moment of brain-racking (e.g. "Don't go all Mother Teresa on me," or "Who are you...Mother Teresa?") I failed to hear about her death until the day after it happened, and then only from a friend.

Now when you weigh the former heir to a figurehead position and a woman who has been almost a legend since before I was born, on the Scales of Life you would probably see quite a large arc to the side of Mother Teresa.

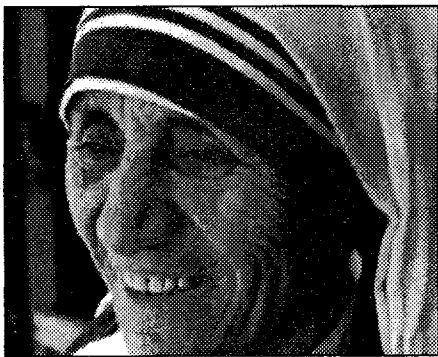
After you reason this out would you not only find it odd that we have so eclipsed Mother Teresa's death with that of a Princess. Does it not seem as if we, the world in fact, had written off Mother Teresa long ago.

Perhaps it was cause of her age or even her appearance, or lack thereof. For Di, as we feel so comfort-

able calling her, appeared everywhere while Mother Teresa was hardly seen. In fact, just the other day I overheard someone say, "You know I didn't even know Mother Teresa was still alive." Now would that statement suggest the man was a fool, would you be surprised if you were told said man was a successful businessman in New York City.

Yet Mother Teresa visited New York City not a month ago, does that change the facts or the minds of more than a few others who had thought she had been dead for some time.

I ask you now, is it fair for a woman who dedicated a large portion of her life to helping others, a legend in her own time for her humanitarian efforts, a woman who inspired so many, to be cut into the end of an NBC montage of Diana as a recording of Elton John's tribute song plays?



While I can understand England's grief over losing "The Princess Next Door," as Elton John called her. I can also see the world's outrage over how she died. No one, let alone a kind, good, and caring person...Princess should die like that. But when you step back, which we as non-subjects of The Crown should, and compare the life of a kind rich girl who's life ended in an accident, and a poor strong woman who died a noble death out there helping others, we should realize she deserves more than a footnote on a calendar.

The only thing that would be worse than a footnote for a hero like Mother Teresa would be if Disney acquired the rights to do a cartoon about her life and attempted to put it into an hour and

ten minutes. After turning it into a musical, and totally re-writing history, as they have with Pocahontas, they would probably say they were going to donate some proceeds of the movie to help Mother Teresa's favorite causes and then end up forgetting about that after the movie leaves theatres.

And while I would imagine Mother Teresa would not care how she was remembered, as long as she knows she has done good, after all that is what makes her Mother Teresa, I think we should care how she is remembered.

Mother Teresa was Ghandi, Martin Luther King Jr., Lincoln and Molly Pitcher all in one. We should proclaim a holiday on which we do selfless acts just to honor Mother Teresa's memory. Not just declare her a saint or some such thing. Of course, I hope you all know that a sainthood is in question, for Mother Teresa did not perform any miracles.

Can you believe that, if there ever was a saint among men it was this woman, and she will not even be honored as such.

Now, I don't want to get into religion here, for mankind knows her religious denomination is not the only one in the world, but I think Mother Teresa was really beyond the boundaries of orders and religions, that she was a human being with a heart so big it had room for all of us. I speak to you not as a Muslim or Catholic or a Lutheran. No, I speak to you as a human, and you would think that not only her religious order would want to grant her its highest remembrance, but we all would.

A woman whose miracles were that she was merely human and helped more than most of us ever could, more than this world, which seems to look by her death for the glamour of that NBC montage, deserves.

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

KILLER COPS OUT OF CONTROL: PART TWO OF A TWO PART SERIES

By Dr. Manning Marable

The brutal beating and rape of Abner Louima in Brooklyn shocked and outraged black Americans everywhere. Yet we need to look around at hundreds of little-publicized cases of that same brutality by police throughout the country.

For example, in 1993 in Jeanerette, Louisiana, a black man, Eddie Lewis, was shot and killed by a local police officer as a suspect to an armed robbery. Lewis's death prompted black activists to picket and boycott white-owned stores in the town. Local authorities called on state troopers to "handle any protests." On October 17, 1996, in Leland, Mississippi, a black small business owner named Aaron White was killed by a white police officer. As reported by journalist Salim Muwakkil: "Initially, police say that 29-year-old White was trying to escape the scene of a traffic accident and fired first on Officer Jackie Blaylock, who successfully returned fire. The police later revised their story, saying White accidentally killed himself in the escape attempt."

In St. Petersburg, Florida, on October 24, 1996, a white policeman shot and killed an unarmed, eighteen year old black man, Tyrone Lewis. Black community residents who witnessed the killing were so enraged that a riot spontaneously broke out. The unrest covered a twenty square block area, with twenty nine buildings burned and eleven

people injured. Three weeks later, more unrest occurred when a local grand jury decided not to indict the police officer who had shot Lewis.

The most prominent community struggle over police brutality in recent years has occurred in Pittsburgh. On October 12, 1995, 31-year-old black businessman Jonny E. Gammage died of suffocation while in the custody of five white police officers. Gammage had been unarmed and had no criminal record. Gammage's death became publicized only because his cousin and business partner, Ray Seals, was a defensive end on the Pittsburgh Steelers. The coroner's jury called for all five officers to be charged with criminal homicide. However the district attorney dropped all charges against two of the officers, and charged the remaining three officers with involuntary manslaughter.

This decision outraged the African-American community, and sparked a series of demonstrations beginning in November, 1995. Churches, community groups and the local NAACP branch became actively involved. Activists argued that Gammage's killing was only one example of a general pattern of police excessive force against minorities in the area. Of 400 complaints of harass-

"Of 400 complaints of harassment in Pittsburgh in 1994, only 23 were sustained, and only one officer was suspended for one day"

ment in Pittsburgh in 1994, only 23 were sustained, and only one officer was suspended for one day. When an all-white jury acquitted one of the officers of any wrongdoing in November, 1996, nearly four thousand high school and middle school students walked out in protest. In May, 1997, another demonstration was held when a judge barred the district attorney's office from attempting to retry the remaining officers.

We need to take practical steps to check police violence in our neighborhoods before yet another black or brown person is killed. In Seattle, for example, a black mother, Harriet Walden, was outraged when her teenage sons, Tunde and Omari, were harassed and arrested by local police. In 1990, Walden founded "Mothers Against Police Harassment," which within several years had become a sixty member, multiracial organization. We need to build hundreds of such groups throughout the country. Mobilization and resistance is required to end police murder and misconduct.

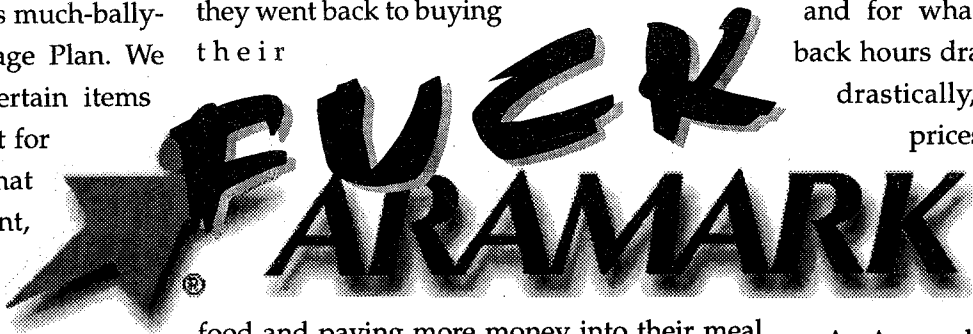
Dr. Manning Marable is a Professor of History and Director of the Institute for Research in African-American Studies at Columbia University, New York City. "Along the Color Line" is distributed free of charge and regularly appears in over 325 black and progressive publications worldwide.

A Hungry Student Body Is An Angry Student Body

Last year, we ran a series on articles entitled "The DisAdvantage Plan," wherein we examined the actual cost of Aramark's much-ballyhooed meal plan, The Advantage Plan. We examined the retail costs of certain items compared to the Advantage cost for those items, and we found that what they claimed was a discount, was in fact a ploy to charge students more money for the same food, while at the same time making students think they were getting a discount.

It was PT Barnum-style hucksterism at its best, and it worked. Sure, there was a stir for a little while. We had taken the lead in a campus-wide attack on Aramark. Students made fliers and covered the campus, A Polity meeting was held to evaluate the new meal plan before the student body (nothing ever came of that – BIG surprise) and students in general were learning how to get upset when they got ripped off. Then everything died down.

Everyone forgot how much money Aramark was stealing from student's pockets and they went back to buying their



food and paying more money into their meal plans when their Advantage dollars ran out.

Now it's Fall '97 and here we are – more Aramark, more Advantage, and more lies. Service has been cut at almost every food venue on campus. Hours at some of the campus' most popular eateries have been cut so drastically as to render those eateries closed for all practical intents and purposes. Food costs have risen by nearly 10%, and it's pretty clear just who is getting the *Advantage*.

When Aramark was granted the food service contract, they signed a *contract*. Among other

things, this contract detailed what areas of the campus they had to provide food service to, and for what hours. Aramark, by cutting back hours drastically, and by cutting service drastically, and by constantly raising prices faster than the rate of inflation, has breached that contract. They are stealing from the student body, and they know it.

As Aramark's main clientele, resident students are captive participants in the meal plan. In order to live in many buildings on campus, residents have to be on the meal plan, and they have to participate in the Advantage plan. This is nothing less than financial enslavement, and students deserve better.

The following four pages deal with Aramark, and the joke their products and services have become. Read them, enjoy them, but most of all, let them spur you to action. Fool us once, shame on Aramark, fool us twice, shame on us.

Go Ahead And Laugh

By Phil Russo

PREFACE

This may sound a bit harsh, but I am starting to believe that some people in this world have outlived their usefulness. Why, you might ask, do I say such a cruel, heartless thing? It might have something to do with the fact that, every year, as the rest of the world gets more accepting of people and their individuality, the State University of New York at Stony Brook seems to stay the same, or sometimes get even more close minded and bigoted. I know this is a very strong accusation to make, but just ask the people on the front lines. The people who are weird for weirdness sake. The people who strive to be different. These are the people who are constantly being laughed at and mocked. Not that I'm complaining, but I am, so listen as I tell you my tale of woe. But remember, I do not want you to shed any tears for me. Just listen and think.

PART ONE: WAKING

Two weeks ago, on a warm cheery day, I awoke in a good mood. This being a very rare thing, I decided that I needed to do something to reflect my mood. So in usual Phil fashion I dressed in a semi-normal outfit and then I applied my makeup. One thing you must know, I have to be in a happy mood to wear makeup. If I'm depressed, I don't feel comfortable being looked at. But when I'm happy, anything short of laughing at me is acceptable. So all ready to conquer the world, I left my bedroom and started on my way to my second home, the office of the Stony Brook Press. But first I had to make a little food stop at the Union Deli.

PART TWO: THE INCIDENT

Picture it: The Deli empty, (Well, not exactly empty, but as close to empty as the Deli can come on any given day) and me in my aforementioned outfit and makeup. Since it was still early that day, the registers and deli were manned by the old ladies. You know the old ladies, don't you? If you don't, I am proud of you, and I pray for your continued success in avoiding them. Well where was I? Oh yeah, picture it: the Deli, and me all made up like some demented drag queen. I stroll through the door and one of the more brazen old women decides that it's her job, not only to stare at me, but laugh her ass off. And then to add insult to injury, she runs over to all of her old, decrepit friends and points me out. By the end of my time in the deli I had all of the old women staring at me and giggling like demented idiots. Well, needless to say I was appalled and hurt. But that's not the end of my dehumanization. After the old wrinkled trolls decided it was time to get back to work, the manager at the time walked over to me and asked me how I was and then laughed and walked away. I couldn't believe it. I felt like the biggest piece of shit in the world.

PART THREE: THE CONFRONTATION

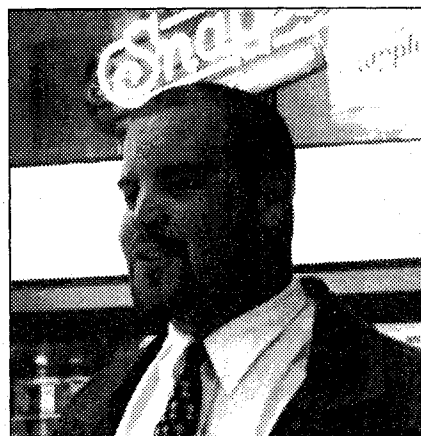
So, feeling unloved and unbelievably angry, I proceeded to the Press office and told anyone who would listen my tale of woe. After the staff was

through laughing at me (a luxury I give all of my close friends) my best friend Brian, who happens to be Photo Editor, decided to go "talk" to the manager who humiliated me. He walked up the stairs, trailed by me, our Managing Editor, and a staff member, and walked straight to the deli.

I decided to be a chicken shit and hide in the lounge, but from what I hear Brian asked the manager some questions. The manager, a man by the name of Brian Lincoln, claimed that he was not mocking me, he was just "greeting me." Now I ask you, the reading public, have you ever been greeted in the deli before? When did the deli adopt the Disney Store Mentality?

PART FOUR: RANTING

I know it's sort of mindless of me but I tend to look at people who are older than me, and people with power for acceptance and respect. For no other reason than the fact that I treat them with respect. But now I swear by God that no one will get respect from me unless they earn it. Especially the old women who work for Aramark. I began this article with the idea that some people have outlived their usefulness and that is the note on which I will end it. I believe that if you want to work on a college campus, you have to be part of this changing world. You cannot be a bigoted old Hag and think that you can walk over the people who pay your bills. I am quite tired of being made fun of for the way I look on this campus. If you can't be an open minded person, than stay in your house and eat cat food and wait to die. Don't go out of your way to get a job on the front lines of the changing world—namely a college campus.



Brian Lincoln, manager of the Deli

How the Dining Service Contract *GOT SACKED*

By Stephen Preston, NYPIRG

As you've probably noticed, you can't eat breakfast in the dining halls. Breakfast, being a fairly standard part of one's expected diet (and formerly guaranteed by your contract), you may be wondering what happened. As usual when this sort of thing happens, the Kenny Administration seems to have been responsible. As we struggle to get a better meal plan this year, it will be useful to know exactly how the situation got so bad.

Those of you who were here last year (or who have read the rest of this newspaper) have noticed that hours of operation have been cut at most facilities. The contract had to be modified to make this possible. The primary reason it was changed was the impact of the Student Activities Center (SAC).

The Kenny Administration had planned and built the SAC largely without the input of students. The primary student concern was always that the SAC cafeteria would not be large enough to accommodate the expected student crowd, and the Kenny Administration seems to have ignored this concern. Thus the campus ended up with a Student Activities Center irrelevant to most students.

The contract between FSA and Aramark gives Aramark exclusive rights to all facilities in the meal plan. But there is no mention of the SAC in the original contract, because apparently both FSA and Aramark believed that the SAC would *not* be on the meal plan. The decision to put SAC on the meal plan, at least for breakfast and dinner, was made by the Administration during Summer 1996, though it was not officially announced until Fall. In other words, less than two months after the original contract had taken effect (June 30, 1996), the Kenny Administration was already forcing FSA to rewrite it.

The SAC was originally planned to be open in Fall 1996, but Aramark already suspected during the bidding process that the opening might be delayed until Spring 1997. Aramark expected that non-residential students would go to the SAC instead of to Aramark's facilities, and so it was planning to increase the price of the meal plan to make up the lost revenue. It actually proposed two versions of the then-current meal plan. It proposed that the meal plan cost would have to be raised from \$999 to \$1047 if the SAC were opened in the Fall, but that it would only be \$1028 if the

SAC were opened in the Spring. FSA refused to consider the latter proposal, feeling it was unfair to the competitor, who had been unable to offer a similar proposal.

Now Aramark's other proposals, especially their Advantage plan, were all based on the assumption of SAC opening in Fall 1996. Since overall costs and expenditures would have been similar for any of the meal plans, this suggests that Aramark could have actually lowered the Fixed Cost portion of the meal plan (currently \$680) by \$19 per semester and still made a profit, based on its own projections. Since the SAC did eventually open in Spring 1997, this would imply that Aramark may have made an extra profit of \$19 per student (approximately \$170,000 per semester) because of the delay. \$19 doesn't seem like much, but this factor alone would nearly double Aramark's planned profit.

By the time it was decided that Aramark would control the SAC, Aramark could demand even more because it was already in place at the University. FSA seemed concerned that if Aramark did not make enough of a profit, it would cancel the contract and leave the campus. The FSA and Aramark decided that the SAC would be incredibly unprofitable, due to the heavy labor demands. Thus Aramark demanded that either the meal plan price be increased by about \$50 per semester, or that the other campus facilities be closed during certain hours to force students into the SAC.

Now Aramark had already adjusted for the projected revenue decrease at all its other facilities (the \$19 profit). Also, the SAC attracted commuters, grad students, faculty, and staff who had been going off campus to eat. So overall, Aramark's revenue clearly increased with the opening of the SAC. Costs increased as well in the SAC, but it is not at all obvious that they increased so drastically as to demand an extra \$50 per semester just to keep up.

FSA, knowing students would not accept the price increase, submitted to Aramark's demands and closed breakfast at Kelly and H, reduced services at Humanities, etc., rewriting the contract to allow it.

Here we start to see who actually has the advantages. The problem with forcing students to prepay the meal plan cost based on projected sales and costs is that, at least on this campus, the projections have consistently underestimated Aramark's success. Every time Aramark exceeds its projections, it

can pocket the difference.

The above analysis completely ignores several other very important factors which contribute to Aramark's profits. For example, all students this year are required to pay a fixed cost of \$680 which was calculated on the basis of 4400 students per semester on the meal plan. Thus, when more students were admitted than anticipated, all of the additional money from the extra students became pure profit. While it is true that if enrollment had dropped, Aramark would have taken a loss, it seems clear the administration will ensure that never happens.

Still, we are neglecting the question of why Aramark's Advantage prices seem so much higher than the wholesale prices available at, say, the Price Club. Or why Advantage prices are effectively higher than retail prices (see Miriam Schussler's article in this issue). Or why Aramark consistently charges more for retail items than off-campus competitors. These concerns are currently held also by the FSA, but so far only the Union Deli and Bleacher Club are being actively investigated.

Another concern is the 10% markup of food cost inherent in the Advantage system. Supposedly this is to cover things such as employee meals and waste, but Aramark has never explained why these should be factored into the food prices rather than the fixed cost. The amount that employees eat does not depend on how much food students purchase, but on how many employees there are. So why are employee meals not simply factored into labor costs?

A lot of questions have been raised in the above, and I have not been able to answer many of them. NYPIRG is currently conducting a lot of research on its own, and needs volunteers to help. If you are concerned about this issue (and you *should* be), I invite you to join NYPIRG's Consumer Advocacy team. Not only do we need to document the problems with the meal plan here, but we also need to find out how other schools have solved their problems. Call me at NYPIRG at 2-6457 to find out what you can do. Also, you may want to see if you can get involved in the Dining Services Committee, which will be selecting the food service for next year. Contact Kevin Kelly or Diane Lopez to get on it. Keep watching for more information on Aramark... It will be a long campaign.

The DisAdvantage Plan

Last year, ARAMARK introduced a new meal plan.

The Press was there.

Read the original articles which sparked a school-wide controversy.

<http://www.sinc.sunysb.edu/Clubs/sbpress/advantage.html>

FIVE CENTS FOR A COW'S HEAD

By Brian Libfeld

With a new school year just begun, and with the times of contract renewal for the meal plan provider far off, finding a good meal on campus can be nearly impossible. While there are places on campus where a good meal can be found, with the combination of meal plan restrictions and reduced hours students aren't likely to be getting them.

Breakfast

For the student who suffers from chronic 8:20 classes breakfast can be a necessity. Unfortunately, finding a good breakfast on campus this year is harder than a short walk to Kelly or Benedict cafeterias. Kelly has done away with a full buffet breakfast for their weekend style brunch; nice on the weekend, but a little inconvenient for the average class schedule. Benedict, on the other hand, still offers breakfast, but has done away with the food for a lower overhead cost 'continental breakfast cart' of rolls and coffee.

Humanities, possibly the most popular breakfast spot of years past, is now 'Humanities Xpress', and no longer opens mornings.

The Union Deli, Stony Snacks, the Admin Cart, and the Life Science Cart are all maintaining their traditional early morning hours, but their menu scarcely strays from the 'continental breakfast' instituted at Benedict. Translation, coffee and bagels.

So, as it stands, the only place for a good breakfast on campus is the pride and joy of the administration, the Student Activities Center. Problem is, the breakfast there isn't good. It maintains the 'A la carte' style which Roth Cafeteria had last year. (As

a Tabler resident, I walked to Kelly for breakfast rather than suffer Roth's mediocre attempt at breakfast.)

Lunch

Andrew Friedman, in an article on LI college dining in the *LI Voice* wrote of the SAC; "I'd eat here any day. It's easily one of the best lunch spots on the Island." Friedman, who in his excursion to USB only visited the SAC, and not a cafeteria, per se, is in no position to judge the quality of student eating. What Mr. Friedman neglected in his article – the same article where he compares USB's everyday dining to the World's Fair – is that the world class cuisine of the SAC is unavailable to the majority of residents, as meal plan is not being accepted during lunchtime hours. After doling out \$1000 for a mandatory meal plan the average resident isn't in a position to pay cash.

For the real student, and not the visiting VIP (i.e., Mr. Friedman), the lunchtime options, though not disgusting, certainly do not measure up to the SAC. Also of note, although there are several locations open for lunch to meal plan students, all are inconvenient for a variety of reasons.

The Bleacher Club, a popular lunch alternative offers a variety of traditional cafeteria fare with a salad bar priced higher than a gourmet Broadway deli, but suffers from lines comparable to the Bread lines in Communist Russia. Papa Joe's, the campus' sad mockery of a Bronx pizzeria, has lines that put those of the Bleacher Club to shame, often reaching upwards of 35 people at a time.

The cafeterias mentioned above, Kelly and Benedict, are under-utilized lunch alternatives.

The reason for this is of course that their food resembles something that would fit into a Munch painting better than a student's stomach. The inconvenient location and obscene cost are also likely reasons for their lack of a lunchtime crowd.

The Roth Food Court, although as overpriced as anywhere else on campus, seems the only lunch alternative open to the meal plan student who isn't a fetishist for long lines. Bad food yes, long lines no.

Dinner

A good dinner on campus isn't all that hard to find, unless, like most students you have classes until after 7:00. If that's the case then you'll be lucky to find an open eatery worth mentioning. The SAC is open until 7:30, but the dinner lines make it an unhappy option, since all the students in the same situation run there. Bleacher suffers the same long lines at dinnertime as at lunchtime, and the residence hall cafeterias are closed.

Taco Bell makes for a nice option once in a while, but, if a student wants working bowels at the end of the semester, not too often.

Otherwise, the meal plan student is again left with Roth cafeteria as the only option for real food. The problem is, in the evening, the people who were forming the lines for Bleacher and Papa Joe's at lunch, and were scared off by the monumental lines at the SAC, have all sought out refuge in Roth. The choice to sacrifice quality for speed is a hard one for many students to make. Unfortunately 'speed' at USB only means this millennium (as anyone who has dealt with admin knows all too well.)

Hunting Wabbits

By Ebenezer Wanton

It seems like lots of folks around here are pretty unhappy with their on-campus feeding options. Aramark's got you all riled up with its poor service and (supposed) monopoly. Well, I'm here to remind you of a tried-and-true technique for filling your bellies, one that's withstood the test of time and is based on the mystical wisdom of the ancients: hunting and gathering.

With all of the hubbub and hulla-balloo about long lines and over-priced soda, we've forgotten that we can just say no to processed foods and refrigeration and live off the fat of the land, much like our caveman ancestors did. There's no money, no points, no restricted access to facilities at weird times. You just head out into the wilderness and find yourself some berries or some critters and dig right in. Here's some pointers to get you started.

You're going to have to get used to travelling around the little used and little known bits of campus. This is where most varmints and roots may be found. Good hunting grounds include the wooded areas around the South P Lot and between the North P Lot and the athletic fields. Roth Pond is good for some fishing, or for snaring a variety of waterfowl.

One thing we need to get clear is that, culturally-induced queasiness aside, virtually everything that grows in nature is edible. Few people know this, but if you look into what people in other cul-

tures use as daily staples or consider delicacies, you'll find that if something moves, something else will kill it and eat it, and if it doesn't move, it's just easier to kill and eat.

The on-campus vegetation and wildlife is abundant and varied, and ripe for the plucking. Vegetable matter is the easiest to acquire, since it doesn't try to run away or hide. Pick yourself some berries, the brighter the color the better. Look at what the birds and rodents are eating, chances are you'll like it, too. And, again contrary to what you've been told, all berries are edible and tasty, and the same goes for mushrooms. Large-scale agribusinesses and their paid-off lawmakers have conspired to keep us eating their processed, chemical snack cakes and greasy, chock-full-of-hormones burgers by making us think that nature is dangerous and man-made products are good. How they can perpetuate this lie is beyond me. Anyone who has even one eye open should be able to see that our ancestors lived in happy, healthy harmony with nature. They knew what we have forgotten.

On to the critters. Critters, also known as varmints or meat-on-the-hoof, will be your main source of protein and iron. They are also more difficult to catch; each kind is wily in its own way and requires special hunting techniques.

Squirrels are the most common variety of critter available on campus. They can be found in the

woods, in garbage cans, even inside some academic buildings. The best way to get a squirrel is this: sneak up real close, grab it by the tail, and whack it against the ground. It ain't pretty, but it sure does work. Smaller rodents like chipmunks and mice aren't really worth your effort unless there's nothing else around. The best way to handle these little buggers is to stomp on them and scrape them off the ground and into a pot of boiling water. Soup's on!

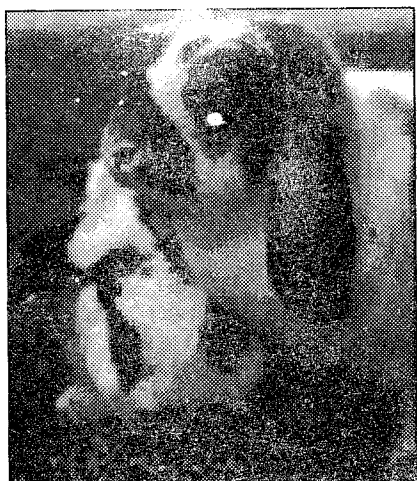
Rabbits are one of the tastiest varmint-types around, but they're pretty rare. Snares work well with rabbits. Just set up a sapling and put some leaves in the middle and wait. The rabbit will come hopping along, and fall unsuspectingly into your trap. Dinner is served!

Dogs and cats can sometimes be found on campus. These provide a lot of meat for not too much effort. These larger animals should be whacked with a large stick in the head and dragged off to your lair. Try to avoid killing seeing-eye dogs. This is not very nice.

A good technique for rustling up some critters is to jump into a bush (which is where critters are wont to hide). When the critters have scattered with fear, jump on them, or chase them into sneakily-placed bags. You never know just what you'll find this way, but who doesn't like a surprise?

Bugs: Americans have a distaste for eating bugs, but this isn't in any way warranted. Bugs are plentiful, easy to catch, and full of nutrients. Crunchy, too. Find them under rocks, beneath tree bark, in dark corners of buildings, just about anywhere. And remember, if the thought of eating bugs grosses you out, that lobsters and crabs are nothing more than big, underwater bugs.

please see "Hunting" on page 17



Dining Hall Hell

Happy Eating!!!!!!
By Hilary Vidair

I shifted my weight from one foot to the other as I impatiently waited on line for "Brunch" at the Kelly Quad Dining Center. Thirty-eight people in front of me did the same. Twenty minutes had gone by and I was still waiting. Looking for something to pass the time, I picked up a menu and found the list of food being served that day. Not bad, I thought to myself. The food being offered was as follows: scrambled eggs, bacon, french toast, hash browns, "Grilled Sandwich of the Day", "Rice of the Day", meatballs heroes, baked ziti, french fries, ratatoulli, tomato bisque, and cream chicken. As I reached for the bucket of silverware, I was beginning to think that this wouldn't be so bad after all. Boy, was I wrong!

To start off with, there were large bowls consisting of apples, grapefruits, and oranges. Almost all of them were rotten. The rest of them weren't ripe at all. I surpassed these delicious entities and went on to the chocolate pudding. I put some on my plate and stuffed a spoonful in my mouth. It was watery in some places and crunchy in others. Grabbing a glass of fruit punch to mask the aftertaste, I moved onto the eggs. These were better. They looked like plastic, but I figured I'd give them a try. I was about to put some on my plate, when the girl in front of me nearly gagged. She said to her friend, "These eggs taste like rubber!" No more evidence was needed to convince me! I was not eating the eggs! Next came the pancakes, which, I have to admit, were pretty decent. The maple, however, was horrible. I opted for the strawberry. The sausage was pretty good, but the bacon was not cooked thoroughly. I did, however, enjoy the hashbrowns.

As for the "Grilled Sandwich of the Day", there didn't seem to be any. "The Rice of the Day was (yawn)

white rice. The meatball heroes consisted of overcooked, indescribable meat covered in a thin film of dried tomato sauce. The baked ziti had equally appealing meat slop pasted onto it. Even the smell made me nauseous! There was no ratoulli, tomato bisque, or cream of chicken in sight. There was, however, a lovely display of watery spinach. I decided to eat the french fries. I moved onto the salad bar.

This was the one part of the Kelly Dining Center that I thought was pretty good. It was complete with fresh lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, cheeses, and other types of salad-y-things. There was also a variety of dressings, to choose from. From the looks of the crowd around me, this seemed to be the section in which most of the students filled their plates. Meanwhile, the hot dog stand opposite the salad bar stood alone. I don't feel the need to explain this to you. Some of you might be eating as you read this. Let's just say that I advise you to stay away from this particular cart. Oh, and stay away from the yogurt bar on the other side as well. It's been out of order since the first day of school and probably won't be working for a long time. I mean it's part of Stony Brook, isn't it?

Dinner at Kelly isn't so appetizing either. Yet I must say, it is better than brunch. So, if you want to go there for food (After all, it's only \$2.83 for all you can eat on the "Dis" advantage Card), wait until the evening. Beware that it's only open until 7:30 pm, thanks to Armark.

Good luck digging your way through the long lines to find something edible! And if you aren't satisfied with your meal, grab dessert. It's usually cake or a donut. You can't go wrong in that department. Happy Eating!!!

Roth Ramblings
By Lucas Tursellino

To rot or not to rot. That is the question. The same question thousands of students have been asking the indifferent heavens ever since the inception of the dreaded Rot(h) cafeteria. You see, there comes a time in every student's life when they feel the inexorable pull towards the looming the charnel house which is Rot. Some unseen force the dimly lit paths around the seeping pond pulls them into the fetid den of corruption itself. To Rot. I too have made this sojourn, and despite the scathing pain felt in my bowels upon every visit, still I make my pilgrimages and offer my gastro-intestinal track as a sacrifice to the students to come. For if I should consume the processed meat, the potato wip, the chitinous vegetables, the gruel let over from the film version of Oliver Twist, and most deadly of all, the alien innards disguised as eggplant. And if I should die in this noble endeavor, and if Armark is cast from SUNY SB for all time, well then by the gods I have done a service to humanity and may my martyred name live on in glory in the annals of students to come.

Until that glorious day comes, let us band together. Come residents, come commuters, let us put aside our differences and stand together against our common foe. Each of us hates. Let us focus that hate and use it, wield it. Rage against the bureaucrats who stuff their pockets with our money and our faces with third-rate fast food. I cannot condone the use of violence, at least not in these pages, but I urge you citizens of the United States of America, as fellow SUNY students, and most of all as brother and sister human beings, to fight for something better than the crap which is doled out to us as if we were cattle. To fight for real eggs, for pure orange juice, for a nice slab of juicy beef, and most of all for that bag of macedamia nut cookies we all wish for sometimes.

The Great Salad Rip-off

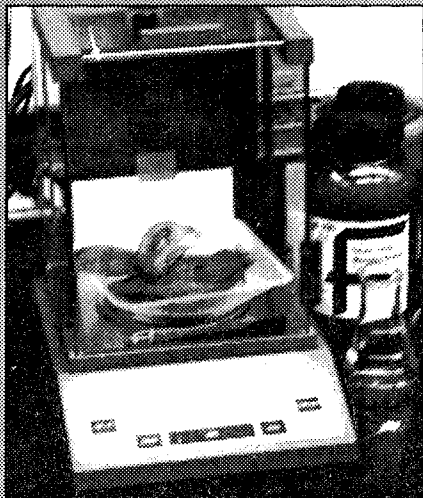
By Michael Yeh

Fresh fruits and vegetables are hard to find on campus, and when they're available, Armark does its best to take advantage of salad-eating students.

At first glance, the "advantage" plan seems like a bargain. Salad that normally costs \$0.33 an ounce is offered to students on the meal plan for only \$0.16 "advantage dollars". (I'll refer to "advantage dollars" as "points", to avoid confusion.)

By using the conversion factor described in Miriam Schussler's article (see sidebar), it is clear that students on the "advantage" plan are paying 36% more than the retail price for salad. (\$0.16 points/oz. X \$4.09 dollars/point = \$0.65 real bucks per ounce!!!)

I suspected that the goons at Armark are ripping us off in other ways, so I designed the following experiment. I bought a 2.08 oz. (0.13 lb.) salad at the Student Activities Center mess hall yesterday,

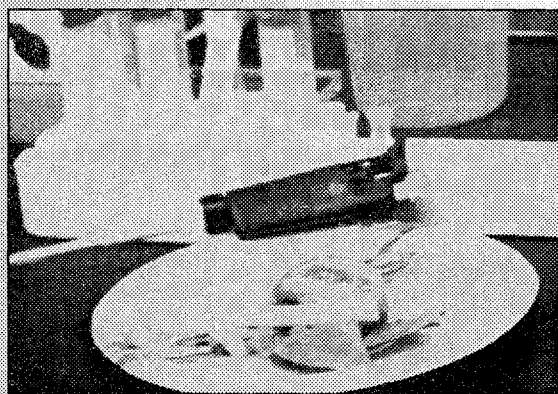


Armark is caught with their scales red.

and brought it to a biochemistry laboratory in Life Sciences. Using an analytical balance, I weighed the veggies and the plate to see if customers are charged for the weight of their plates.

I paid \$0.33 advantage points for the tiny, 58.97 gram salad (see the photos), which translates to \$1.35 in real money. But the veggies weighed only 39.89 grams by themselves. The plate itself weighed 19.08 grams, or 0.67 ounces. Since 0.67 oz. X \$0.16 points/oz. = \$0.11 "advantage" points, Armark takes an extra \$0.45 real bucks for each plate of salad we buy.

Although this number may seem trivial, every bit of money adds up. For every hundred students who purchase salad, Armark takes \$45.00 -- more than enough to pay one work-study student earning \$5.15 per hour for a full day's work!



The amount Armark rips us off for is weighty indeed! Not only do students on the "advantage" plan pay 36% more for salad, Armark charges \$0.45 for the weight of the plate itself.

The disAdvantage Card

I would like everyone to be aware of a discrepancy that I (and many others) have noticed in the meal plan pricing system. The following is an explanation of how I calculated what we are paying for food on our Advantage cards.

If you bought an advantage for \$900, you got 220 "advantage dollars", or "points" put on your meal card. To find out what you paid per point, divide \$900 by 220 points. This works out to be \$4.09 per point.

So, to find out what you are paying for a particular item, multiply its cost in points by what you paid per point. For instance, a pint of milk at the SAC costs 0.40 points. So, 0.40 X \$4.09 = \$1.63. The retail price is \$0.93. So you just paid SEVENTY CENTS MORE THAN RETAIL!

If you are concerned, please call Vivian Berrios at NYPIRG at 2-6457. I would also suggest voicing your concerns to Dawn Villacci at the Faculty Student Association. Another option, although I have not tried this yet, might be to go to the Campus Advocate at 114 Humanities (their extension is 2-9200).

These are all the I've come up with so far. If you have any to add, please call me at 6-4897.

Please note that if someone gives you the explanation that you paid overhead first, tell them that doesn't make sense. When you buy anything anywhere, overhead and profit are a part of your cost. There is no reasonable explanation for why people who prepaid a meal plan should pay more of that overhead and profit than people who buy retail.

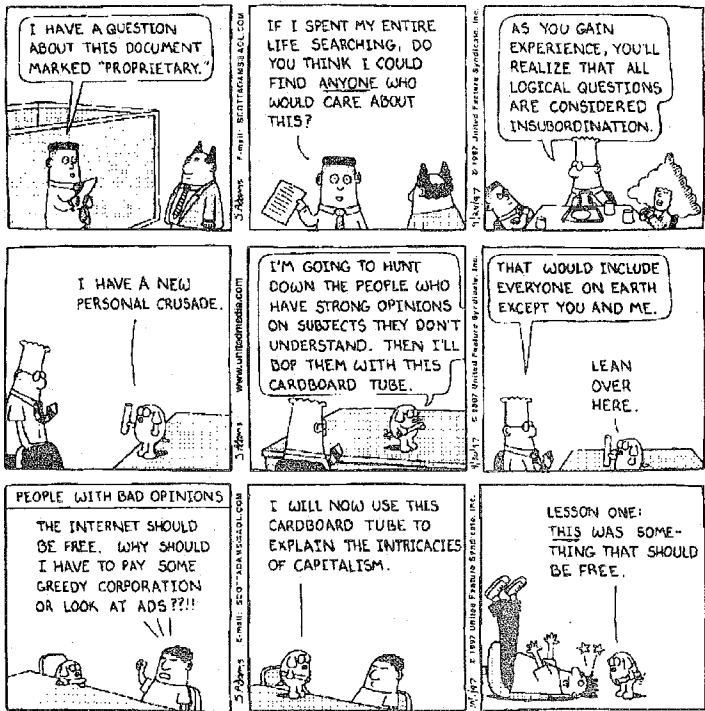
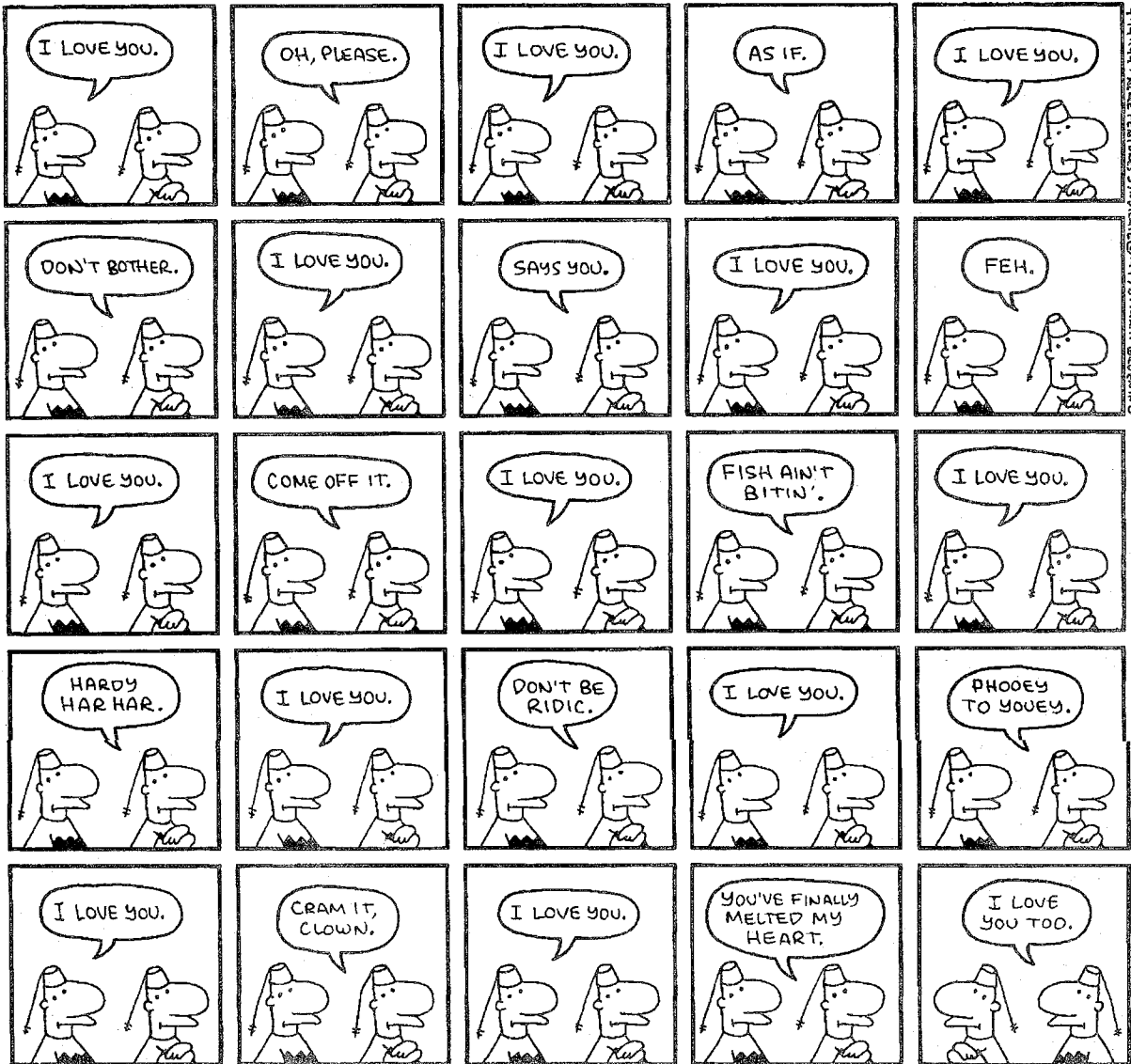
Thank you for reading this.

Miriam Schussler

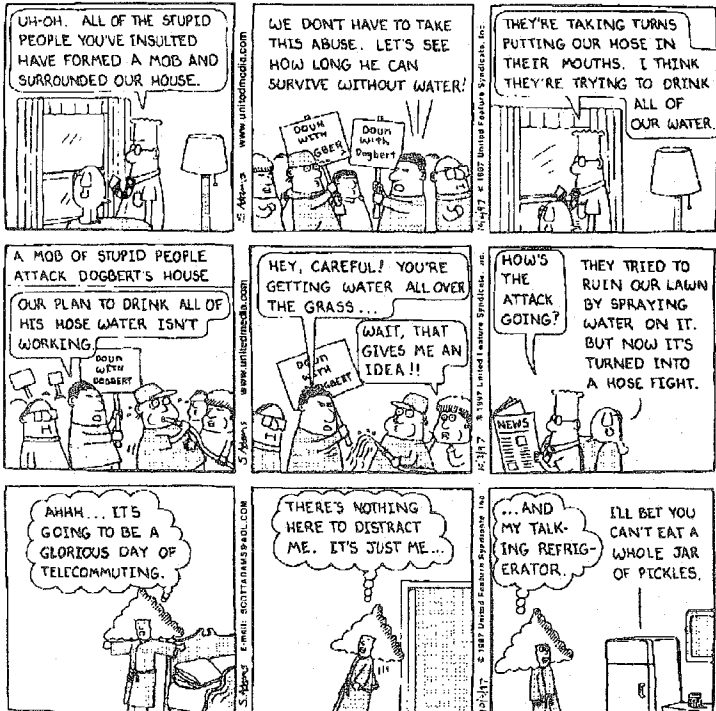
COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

©1997 BY MATT GROENING



Dibert © by Scott Adams



Top Ten Unfinished

Top Ten Lists

10) Marv Albert's Top Ten Favorite Dishes

- 10) Baby back ribs

9) Top Ten Aramark Corporate Secrets

- 10) They were behind New Coke
- 9) Soy lent Green is people!

8) Top Ten Things Found in the Goon's Ass

- 10) Portal to hell
- 9) An inanimate carbon rod
- 8) Jimmy Hoffa

7) Top Ten Fat Guy Pickup Lines

- 10) Hey baby, are these seats taken?

6) Top Ten Potential Anti-Christ's

- 10) Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen
- 9) Martha Stewart
- 8) Annette Hicks

5) Top Ten Breakfast Cereals That Sound Like Vitamin Deficiency Diseases

- 10) Berry Berry Kix
- 9) Corn Pops
- 8) Mueslix

4) Top Ten Rejected Spice Girls

- 10) Shirley Strum Kenny as SUNY Spice
- 9) The Goon as Stinky Spice
- 8) Bill Gates as Anti Spice

3) Top Ten signs That Shirley is Running the School According to Shakespeare

- 10) "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."
- 9) "I come not to praise _____ but to bury _____"
- 8) "Yon student has a lean and hungry look. (Thanks to Aramark!)"
- 7) "What's in a logo? That which we call a rose by any other name is still as sweet."

2) Top Ten Unfinished Top Ten Lists

Brain Candy

By James Polichak

The other day, I saw a cute ad for a satellite-TV service. It had a nice picture of a human brain with a caption saying that we only use 11% of our brain power. Under the brain was a TV with a screen full of static and the caption, "So does your TV." The implication was that if we were to get the satellite service offered, our TV would finally be living up to its full potential.

If only we could do that for our brains, right?

I've seen and heard a range of alarmingly precise numbers for the amount of the human brain that actually gets used mentioned by the popular press, advertisements, and conversation.

The lowest was 3% and the highest was the aforementioned 11%. There

was even a supervillain, in the comic book *Alpha Flight* (the first series, from when I was about 13), whose power was the awesome intellectual ability he gained from using all of his brain. (He ended up going insane from looking into the Shaman's bag of tricks. So much for even a superintellect's ability to fathom the mystical mysteries of the universe. It's a good thing Indy closed his eyes.) My girlfriend was recently told by a relative of a similarly low figure that represented humankind's brain usage. People really believe in these numbers and use them in a variety of ways.

The problem is that, like many things you read in comic books and advertisements, these numbers do not even come close to the truth about how people use their brains. I've spoken to a few people who spend their professional lives studying the human brain in all its splendor, and they're pretty unsure where the idea that humans use a small fraction of their brains comes from. They're even less sure that there is any research out there to support any of the precise numbers, like the 5% your Aunt Hortense will give you at the family picnic when you tell her you study psychology.

The fact of the matter is this: Humans use all of their brains. Some may use their brains more efficiently and effectively than others, but those brains get used in all their little nooks and crannies. In fact, there are even a few academic disciplines that focus almost entirely on what the brain does (notably psychology and neurobiology). The researchers in these fields wouldn't have much to do if we only used 3% of our brains, would they?

It is uncertain where the popular culture has obtained this myth from and why it is believed by so many, but I can offer a few possible explanations.

The most likely reason people believe this myth is that people will believe pretty much anything you tell them. In terms of cognitive effort, it is much easier for us to just say, "Really, what an interesting fact," and move on. To decide that something is not true, we must actively compare it to what we already believe and see if the new information conflicts with our knowledge. This task can be easy or hard depending on how much we know about the subject and how often we have used that information. It will be easy for most of us to realize when our name is spelt incorrectly (having had lots of practice since pre-kindergarten at

performing this task). For most of us, though, our knowledge of the human brain and its operations and structure is not so easily accessible, or nonexistent. We believe that humans use a mere fraction of their brains because it is too difficult or impossible for us to find anything in our memories to challenge that belief.

We also might believe in this myth because everyone else we know does. When the TV and our relatives and magazines and so on are all spouting the same nonsense it's really easy to believe that nonsense. Here's a tip on how to avoid this kind of behavior: Ask yourself who's telling you the information. What does Aunt Hortense or Ross from *Friends* really know about the brain? Get your facts about scientific matters from scientific

sources, or at least reasonable journalistic sources that cover science (the New York Times, Scientific American, the Discovery Channel). Do the same when someone tells you about anything else that they probably don't really know anything about.

Be wary when your physics professor starts going on about the ancient Olmecs, or when your dad the automechanic gives you medical advice.

We might actually want to believe that people only use a little bit of their brains. It might make us feel better. If you think you're doing poorly (failing a test, burning rainforest at an alarming rate), you can chalk it up to the fact that you're not using all of your brain. I've also seen some New Age-psychic drivel utilizing this myth, much like the writers of *Alpha Flight* did. These people argue that our psychic abilities (or any such unproven and untested nonsense they would like to believe in) reside in those vast chunks of brain that no one but the psychically gifted use. And for a ridiculous fee, they can teach you to use all of your brain, too. Now you'll be able to psychically peer through the locker-room walls of your preferred gender of sexual attraction without the need for messy power tools.

Finally, we might also believe in the myth because we just forget about a large chunk of the brain when we think about what

the brain does. (This is the explanation that offers the most hope for human rationality. It's also probably the least common reason.) When we think of using the brain, we tend to think of things like reasoning, knowing how to play chess, read a book, remember the capital of Ohio (Columbus), and so on. These, after all, are the things that separate us from the lower animals and plants and squishy critters you can see under the microscope. The part of the brain mostly responsible for our ability to do these things is the cerebral cortex. The cerebral cortex is indeed in humans much more developed

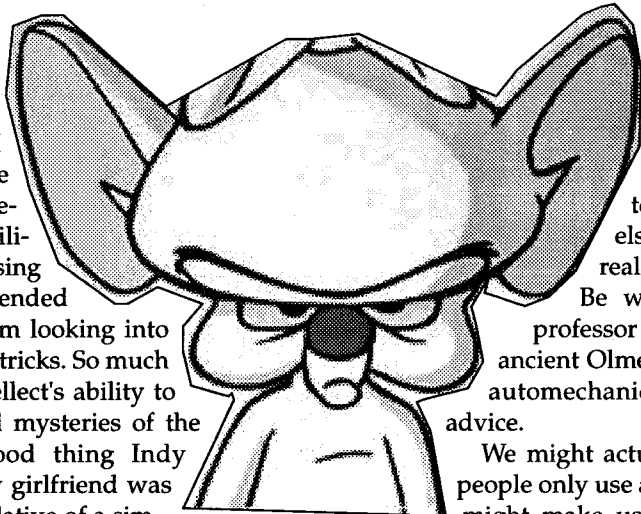
than in any of the lower animals, and it has greatly expanded over the past few million years. It is a rather thin, wrinkly layer, surrounding most of the rest of the brain. The cerebral cortex is still a small part of our brain. Perhaps the figures people give for the amount of brain used refers only to the cortex. This is still incorrect. However, as much as some of us might not like it, we share the larger part of our brains with our animal relatives. Most of our brain structures are evolutionarily quite old. They are devoted to the functions that all animals perform-- the four F's (feeding, fighting, fleeing, and fucking). In other words, we need our brain to see, eat, walk, breathe, regulate hormones and emotions, and so on. These are complicated activities and they take up most of our brain activity. Most of these functions are automatic, controlled without conscious effort, but they still go on continuously. A quick look into any biopsychology textbook will show that researchers have figured out what most of the brain is used for, at least in terms of large scale activity and structure. And they're working on the details. You won't see a picture of the brain in a textbook with vast portions of it labelled, "space for rent," "ESP found here," or, "your guess is as good as ours."

While we're considering the human brain and its functions, you might want to think about how ridiculous the idea that you only use a bit of your brain is. Structures, in humans, amoebas, viruses, don't just appear without a function. They slowly evolve to meet a need. It is sometimes the case that a structure is no longer used, or at least not essential (like our appendix). To support the theory that humans use a small fraction of their brains, we would have to postulate that the unused brain parts were once used, but have since ceased to be used. In other words, that our caveman ancestors (to be more accurate, our Australopithecine and early-Homo ancestors) were much smarter than we are. Then you'll have to explain why they lived in cold, damp caves and died of smallpox, instead of building comfy houses and eradicating the pesky germs like we did. You could also reject the idea of evolution if you want, but then even the Pope's not on your side anymore, and you're left with considering why the big man in the sky gave us so much unused crap to fill our skulls. Of

course, any unused bits could have been genetically engineered by aliens to allow them to study and control us from their spaceships lurking behind the moon...

Now that you know that you are in fact using all of your brain, you might want to consider how efficiently you're using it. Start with thinking about this: Remember the old

"this is your brain on drugs" commercial, where the uncooked brain represents your brain not on drugs and the cracked and frying egg was your brain on drugs? Scared you away from all those nasty drugs, didn't it (except for the socially-celebrated ones like alcohol, nicotine, aspirin, and valium)? Now think: "How do I like my eggs? Do I prefer my eggs unshelled and uncooked?" Think about what this might mean for your brain and drugs and our government's ability to carefully select useful analogies.



*The fact of the matter is this:
Humans use all of their
brains. Some may use their
brains more efficiently and
effectively than others...*

Flappin' in the Wind

By Jill Baron

Any poor soul who finds him or her self wandering about the Stony Brook campus will undoubtedly take note of the witty and insightful blue banners strategically placed around the center of campus, bearing quips such as the much celebrated "Research is what I'm doing when I don't know what I'm doing" and other mind powering words of encouragement. "Goddamn banners. They suck," said one anonymous source. This attitude seems to reflect most of the opinions of the students I spoke with.

However, perhaps the most curious thing about the banners is the fact that they are all unattributed. The nice little -- [insert name here] in the lower right corner is absent from each and every one. According to an inside source, the President of the University announced (although no one seems to have heard about it) that there is a contest taking place. The supposed contest is open to all students and the object is to name the authors of the quotes. All those interested are directed to contact the president's office. Personally, I just think that the school was too cheap to pay for the extra ink and inch or two of whatever synthetic material they're made from, it would have taken to print the authors' names, but that remains to be seen. Here I will take a few of the most comical banners and rip them apart to the best of my ability.

"You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for freedom and truth."

This is stupid for so many reasons. First, the length of it is offputting; slogans are supposed to

be concise so as to draw the eye, not to bore the shit out of it. Second, it makes no fucking sense. You shouldn't have to read it three times before the meaning sinks in. And when and if it does you'll probably just laugh anyway.

"Time flies like an arrow, fruit flies like a banana."

Yes, this is actually printed on a banner. Yes, a human being actually uttered these words. I think Shirley's trying to throw us for a loop -- she's trying to pass it off as an insightful quote by Emily Dickenson or something when we all know she actually wrote it herself.

"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars."

At first glance, I thought this was some kind of nature-lover thing, but then I realized, what the hell do the stars have to do with the evolution of grass? Perhaps I'm reading to much into it. I know I'm no science whiz, but I challenge anyone to find a correlation there. And oh yeah, it sucks.

"There is no end. There is no beginning. There is only the infinite passion of life."

Again, this sounds really profound on the surface, but what is it really saying? That we should just float happily through life till kingdom come? It makes it seem as if having a passion for life is an easy thing to do. Based on my own experience and

that of many people I know, finding a real passion for life is an ongoing endeavor that is not easily come by. And oh yeah, it sucks.

"Trust to time. It is the wisest of all counselors."

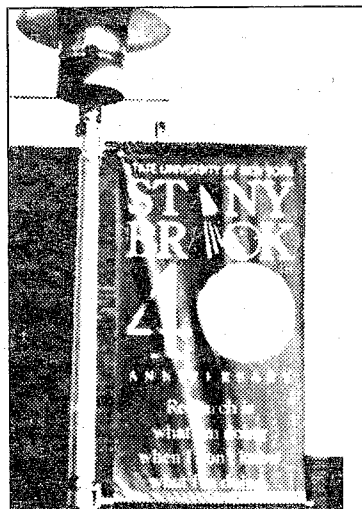
"To realize the unimportance of time is the gate to wisdom."

"Time is not a line but a series of now-points"

I put these three pearls of wisdom back to back because I thought they displayed an obvious contradiction. I don't know what they're trying to do here. I've read them both over several times trying to see if I missed something, but all I see is blatant stupidity. If anyone sees something I'm missing, please, enlighten me. And did I mention they suck?

Well, I think those are the worst of them. I would think if they wanted to do something like this, they would have at least picked motivational quotes that pertain to education in some way. Why

couldn't they just stick with "Try your best and you can achieve anything" or something along those lines? I really don't see how these enhance the campus in any way. They just further the argument that Stony Brook has become an image-obsessed place that is concerned with looking good to outsiders and nothing else. Oh well, if our tax dollars have to go to funding crap like this, at least it's amusing crap.



The Three Dead Tree Revival

AN OPEN JAM SESSION
ALL MUSICIANS WELCOME!!!



Every Thursday at 7:30
between Derwey and
Baruch in Kelly Quad.

No structure,
no rules...
just music.

"Hunting," continued from page 12

There are only a few large bodies of water on-campus -- Roth Pond is one, the three big storage tanks near the North P Lot are some more. Roth Pond is nice because it's shallow. Just walk right in there and you can grab fishes and frogs with you bare hands. Poke them through the head with a sharp stick and they stop wriggling and are easy to carry. Geese also frequent Roth Pond. They're kind of aggressive but no match for a hungry human. Let them come up close and try to nip at you, then grab them by the neck, hold on tight and kick them until they quit squawking. The storage tanks near the North P Lot are the home of the university's top secret sea-monkey breeding project. Respect the quest for scientific knowledge and don't mess around with these. Also, try to stay away from any varmint that has been used in experimentation. You never know just what you'll get with one of these varmints, but it sure won't be a box of chocolate.

After a few months of eating little critters and berries, some of you out there might get hungry for something a little more substantial. You may have seen the movie, *Alive*, and thought, what's with the fuss and guilt anyway? Well, the hunting of the long-pig (as some have been known to liken the taste of your fellow humans to that of pork) is fraught with peril. This author cannot condone giving in to such understandable cravings. Be aware that humans are much tougher to subdue than any of the other varmints you've encountered. You should also not neglect the fact that humans have developed complex legal and enforcement agencies to regulate the use of human bodies and will be upset if you violate these rules. You have been warned.

Everything that you pick or catch around cam-

pus can be eaten raw, but cooking adds a little excitement. Don't worry too much about your technique, though. Just toss a bunch of stuff in a pot of boiling water and something good will turn up. Frying works, too, or just put a stick through a dead critter and roast it over the open flames. If you think that all this natural food is getting a little bland, there's a couple things you can do about it. First, and this is kind of cheating, condiments can be found all over the civilized world in restaurants, and they're all free. Grab a few packets and leave. Also, every Tuesday night at 4:20 in the morning the Spice Train from the Indies arrives at Stony Brook station. Here you can trade the skins of the animals you've caught for exotic flavorings from all the corners of the globe.

Now that you've seen what can be done about the food situation with a little gumption and elbow grease, I'll leave it up to you to figure out how you can avoid the high cost of housing (while still living on-campus!) and clothe yourself in style.

P.S. Few people know what the ARA part of ARAMark stands for. But I do, and I'll tell you. ARA stands for All Right America! ARAMark began in the early 1970s as a feel-good youth group who perform song-and-dance extravaganzas at halftime during college bowl games. They later expanded to concession stands and grew into the food-service monolith we know today. Rumor has it that ARAMark has not forgotten its roots, and its corporate retreats consist of a bunch of swell kids, feeling good and loving one another in the Jesus loves you way (not the dirty Old Testament way).

THE EVILS OF EATING HEALTHY

By Bethany Mattone

Following in the food theme of this issue, I thought I'd provide a little ranting of my own. There's this pet peeve I've harbored for a long time now. It has to do with these so-called "healthy" foods that have swept the nation in the last two decades in an attempt to sustain our pitiful little lives beyond their usefulness. I have staged a boycott against these healthy items, refusing to eat or buy them and I'll tell you why, because it is a crock of shit. These healthy foods are infused with so many man-made chemicals to make them "fat-free" and "lite" that they are probably, in fact, worse for you than pumping a bag of Jax Cheese Puffs (perhaps the worst food in the world) directly into your veins.

My experience with these foods began when I was a wee thing, maybe seven or so. I was at my father's house, visiting my father (I am a child of divorce; isn't everybody?) which sucks for many reasons. But I'll leave out the psychobabble about my father and stepmother for another time, and stick to the topic. For as long as I can remember, my dad's house has been stocked with every "lite" and "fat-free" food ever created. This is due primarily to my sickly stepmother. She's got every ailment you can imagine: anemia, low blood sugar, lactose intolerance; you name it. She pops about six pills at every meal. Anyway, finding a single kernel of regular, buttery, popcorn is like trying to buy dinner on campus after 9 p.m. My dad has to sneak off to fast food establishments for

any kind of normal sustenance. It is truly pathetic. Anyway, I hated staying there for weekends and now I hate going there for holidays.

For example, last Thanksgiving. I am sitting there last November being thankful that soon I can leave and won't have to hear my grandmother's dissertation on her incontinence again until Christmas. We've had the turkey and pasta (we're Italian) and the potatoes with fake butter and all that and here comes dessert (the blessed final step in this Hell) the typical pumpkin pie, cookies, and other assorted cakes and goodies. One would think "yum." But do not be fooled.

Out comes the Cool Whip. First of all, I detest this cool whip shit. Bring on the Redi Whip. Just me and a can of Redi Whip; I don't even need a cake-like substance to put it on, just pour it in my mouth and I'm good to go. Cool Whip is to Redi Whip what Miracle Whip is to mayonnaise. What is Cool Whip anyway? Nobody knows. I think they found it in Roswell; it's an alien experiment to see if humans will actually eat anything put in front of them. It's like that secret ingredient in beef jerky, there's actually an ingredient X in there. I

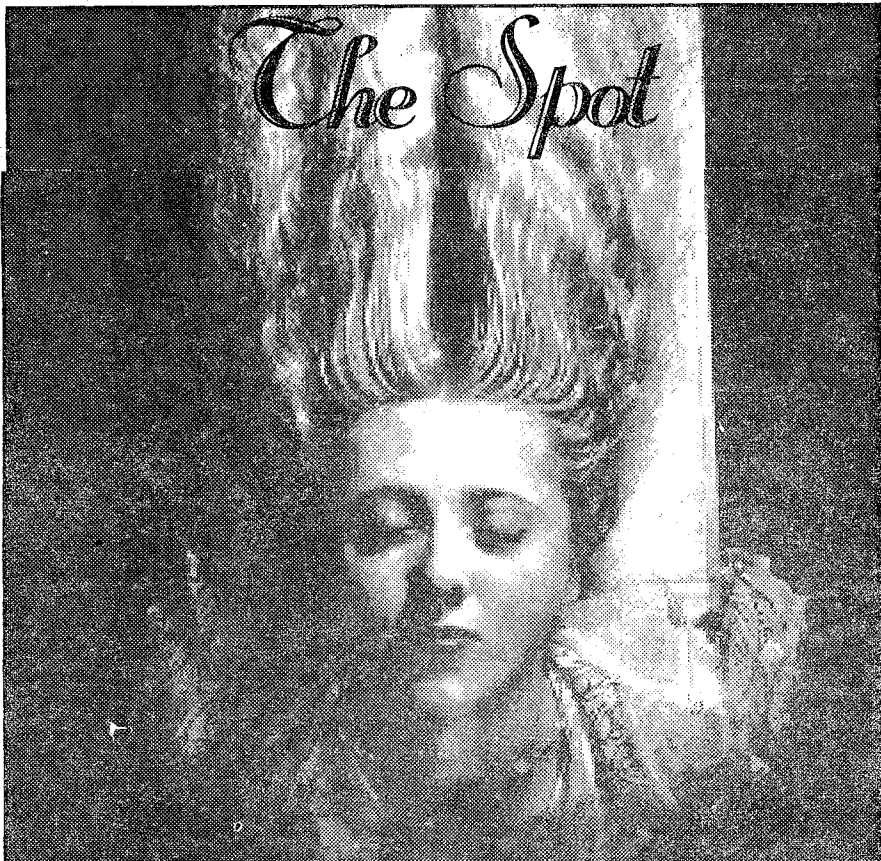
swear I read it once when I made the mistake of reading a package of a Slim Jim. But I digress; here comes the Cool Whip. But what's this? "It's Lite Cool Whip!" they proudly proclaim.

My brain sounds an instant alarm. "Must escape!" I think fervently. I become curious and actually pick it up. It quivers like Ricki Lake's belly. I look at the ingredients (always a bad move). Not a single decipherable word. This stuff is lethal. "I'll pass," I say. Now I ask you this, good faithful Devil Dog eaters; do you think that this nuclear waste is healthier than good old-fashioned nitrous enhanced Ready Whip? My vote is for no.

What I am trying to illustrate here is that this health food thing is a crock. We (mankind) like

to tamper with things. We think that by manipulating foods we will make them good for us and thus we will live longer so we can further propagate our species only to destroy our environment to the point where we all get fried by UV rays anyway. It won't help. If anything, it'll make things worse. So, give me a big greasy slab of butter on that baked potato; give me a beer and a box of Funny bones. At least it's natural (so to speak). You can keep your Lite Cool Whip for yourselves. It'll outlive any of us anyway. And you might live longer than me, but at least I'll die happy.

It quivers like Ricki Lake's belly. I look at the ingredients (always a bad move). Not a single decipherable word. This stuff is lethal.



The Spot

Photo: George Platt-Lynes

Graduate Student Lounge
Open Wednesday through Saturday with live music

Located in the
Fanny Brice Theater,
Roosevelt Quad

October 1st	Good Rats
2nd	Funice
3rd	Totally Queer Night
4th	Electric Lounge
8th	Sony Pro
9th	Daughter Judy
10th	Super Genius
11th	Clock Tower

Snark

Poetry Reading

at Professor Java's Coffee House

1099 route 25a

across from the LIRR station

Thursday oct. 9th

Starting at 9pm

ALL ARE WELCOME TO COME AND SHARE THEIR
WORDS AND TO SUBMIT WORKS TO OUR GRADUATE
UNDERGRADUATE LITERARY JOURNAL

On the Writer's Mind

By Marlo Allison Del Toro

SUNY at Stony Brook is a depressing place to be if you expect/want/need a wide range of courses in the humanities. And those that are offered close out early. Let's look at the facts.

First, what we're not going to look at: English as a Second Language (because it doesn't affect most of the student population), literature classes relating to various languages (because not many of us have the prerequisites), and journalism courses (because a lot of writers don't want to be journalists, I took the equivalent of most of them in community college, and the lack of journalism courses could be an article in itself).

Second, what we are going to look at: everything else. Total: 86 classes in English, classics, and composition listed in the undergraduate bulletin. Of those, 75 are literature classes. Only one out of every seven classes is focused on writing. Here is the breakdown on the other eleven classes.

Four out of those eleven classes are focused on writing literary analysis and academic, or classroom writing. That is, they essentially teach you how to write for all of your literature classes. The dry stuff, without the dew of creativity.

Three of the remaining seven classes are freshman level. At least 85% of the student population is beyond DEC A, and beyond these courses.

Three of the four writing classes that are left for consumption are creative writing courses. This is good. But all three are not being taught this semester. This is bad. Creative Writing: Fiction was not offered this semester, and Advanced Creative Writing was canceled. (A little birdie whispered in my ear that this

was because there was no one willing to teach it, not lack of interest on the part of students.) The final class is Creative Writing: Poetry, and I am terrible at writing poetry, so bad I used to write about "angels" and "demons." But, I was willing to take the class, only after filling up; it too was canceled.

The last, the final, only one left, writing class is Intermediate Writing Workshop. So I signed up for the only open section, which quickly closed. But on the first day of class the teacher changed the subject of the course from something obscure, like political writing from the eighteenth century, I don't really remember, to something bland like short story. Since there are already a couple of literature classes focused on short stories, and since the teacher didn't mention anything about writing that first day, I had myself signed into another section. My new class is good, but I don't see anything in my writing future as far as classes are concerned.

The section of Intermediate Writing Workshop I'm in was suggested to me by a lady in the writing programs in the English office. I remember asking her why there was a writing program in the English office if there are only a handful of writing classes offered, and she said it was very confusing. A lot of things about the writing programs are confusing.

I went back to that office last week to ask what classes would be offered in the spring as far as writing short stories was concerned. I was told the Creative Writing: Fiction class was run out of the English office. When I went to the English office they said that the spring course offerings weren't chosen yet, and when I asked about the Advanced Creative Writing class, I was told it was run out of the writing programs office. So who knows which

office is in charge of which writing class, or what the writing programs in the English office is in charge of? Maybe they do, but I was afraid to ask. I was afraid they'd each tell me that the other office was in charge of answers.

So, I'm left with questions. Questions like, "Why have the humanities been cut dramatically in the past few years?" Rumor has it that funding for the humanities was cut. If the school is going to be creating a journalism major in the next five years, as people are saying, then why haven't they started building the journalism and writing class selection?

If the Science Fiction Forum has as big of a following as I've heard, then a science fiction writing class could be a good addition to the curriculum. And, an outdoor writing class for people interested in the outdoors and the environment would also be good (especially now that in addition to NYPIRG, the campus has a "grassroots" environmental club). Also, something obviously lacking in the journalism curriculum, a sports writing class. Many newspapers and some magazines cover sports events.

But, no. Stony Brook has none of this. So I've taken up reading books about writing, like Anne Lamott's "Bird by Bird" and "Writing Down the Bones" and "Wild Mind" by Natalie Goldberg (all three of which were great). And, I'm looking into the five to ten magazines and newspapers sponsored by the college. And I'm looking enviously at colleges that put writing and communication somewhere in the top half of their priorities, instead of putting them in the bargain basement.

The 1997 Stony Brook Press LITIGATION SUCKS CONTEST #2

This week's contest is a reprise of one we originally held in the fall of 1995. It was so incredibly successful, we decided to do another one just two years later!

The basic premise of this contest is that we live in an increasingly litigation-obsessed day and age, where concepts like "satire" and "fair use" are increasingly ignored. In order to combat these abhorrent trends, we hereby reprint, without permission, a syndicated and copyrighted work of art.

This, technically, is illegal.

Nonetheless, being long-time fans of the work in question, and tremendous admirers of the artists themselves, we feel confident they won't sue.

I mean come on, Guy and Brad are probably really cool guys who wouldn't even *think* of harassing a few innocent college students.

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to fill in the captions on this classic edition of "Nancy."

Whoever has the funniest version of the strip wins a quarter page in our next issue to abuse in whatever way they see fit.

Send or drop off your entries in our office; Room 060, Student Union.



The Stony Brook Press reserves the right to edit winner's prizes. We also have no compunctions about punching you in the throat repeatedly.

M O V I E S

Secrets and Lies

By Chris Cartusciello

In & Out

There is an old saying, usually learned by the general public at about the age of 3, that goes something like "sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me." As true a phrase has never been spoken, unless those names are broadcast on television all over the world for everyone to hear.

In 1994, as Tom Hanks accepted his award for best actor for *Philadelphia*, he thanked his college drama teacher, whom he said was an inspiration, a role model and gay. This teacher was already openly gay, but what if he wasn't?

In & Out, possibly the first movie ever based on an Oscar acceptance speech, takes this idea and runs with it as if that is exactly what happens to a small town teacher (Kevin Kline). It seems that his fastidious ways have led an ex-student (Matt Dillon) to believe he is gay. Now a famous actor, he outs his mentor in front of the world, and on Oscar night none the less. This is a great premise for a screwball comedy, one of those "fish out of water" stories. That is if I could just stop saying, "Who cares?"

After Kline's Howard Brackett, along with his family, friends, students and townspeople, watches in disbelief as he is declared gay by Cameron Drake this film is set to take off. The problem is, it doesn't. Even though Howard is supposed to be married in just four days, his fiancée Emily seems to take it all in stride. As long as he assures her everything's fine, she goes on her merry way. What a waste of a role for the buoyant Joan Cusack. Only when everything falls apart in the end does she get to showcase her comedic talents, and then it's too late to salvage this one. Yes, Howard has to confront his parents (marvelously played by Wilford Brimley and Debbie Reynolds), in an amusing sequence, and try to convince them how preposterous the whole thing is, but this could have been so much more.

Wondering how this misconception could have occurred, Howard, with some "helpful" suggestions from his students, begins to piece it together. He rides his bike to school, teaches poetry, and has been engaged for 3 years and still hasn't consummated the relationship. Maybe the biggest, and lamest, joke in the film is Howard's love of Barbara Streisand. He knows her movies by heart and gets physical with anyone who thinks she was too old for *Yentl*. This would be funny in passing, but the film harps on this, to the point that his friends rent all her films to watch at his bachelor party.

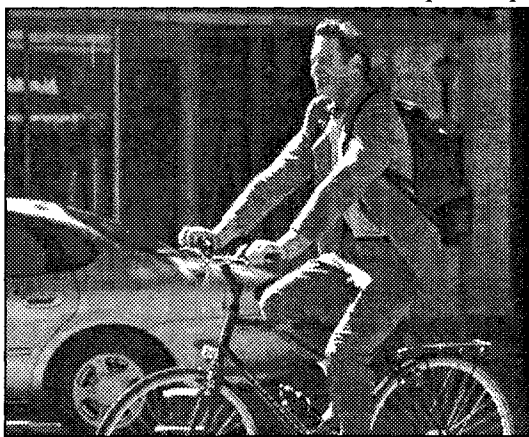
The single best scene in the film comes when Howard listens to an audio tape designed to ensure his masculinity. As the booming voice coming from the speakers tells him how to act like a man, it berates Howard for doing the exact opposite, as if it can see his every move. Kline is a gifted comedic actor, and he gets to let loose here, dancing around his house in an uncontrollable fashion.

Tom Selleck is likable as Peter Malloy, the smarmy tabloid reporter out to get his story and show that he cares. Selleck takes a chance playing

an openly gay character after years of battling tabloid accounts of just that. The much hyped kiss between Selleck's and Kline's characters is nothing we haven't seen before. It has all the passion of a smooch planted on Elmer Fudd from Bugs Bunny.

The rest of the cast does a fine job. Dillon does his best Brad Pitt imitation, right down to the unkempt hair and open-shirted tux worn to the Oscars. The most welcome sight is Bob Newhart as the school's homophobic principal. His trademark stammer and buttoned up manner fit this character perfectly, and you only wished he was given a little more to do.

My biggest problem with this film is the attention given to this seemingly benign, episode. The morning after the Oscar telecast this little berg of Greenleaf, Indiana (actually our very own Northport)



Kevin Kline rides through Northport

is swarming with media from all around the country. There are reporters covering the front lawn of the school, staking out Howard. They attempt to get into his classroom and fight each other for quotes. Are we to believe that we are that starved for dirt that reporters from every major network would converge upon this town for a story that may not be there? These reporters had no way of knowing whether this English teacher was already out. And even if they did, who cares? He is a nobody to the rest of the world. The only people remotely interested are those close to him, and they don't need to watch television to hear the truth.

Written by Paul Rudnick, (Jeffrey, *Addams Family Values*) an openly gay screenwriter who writes a column for *Premiere* magazine under the pseudonym Libby Gelman-Waxner, *In & Out* tries to be social commentary disguised as mainstream entertainment. And on that level, it works. As the whole town gets behind Howard, no matter what his preferences, you feel that this is the way it's supposed to be. But it all gets wrapped up a little too neatly in too short a time. Maybe a little more real life angst should have been included to really make us feel what this character was going through. Even though people questioned him and some shunned him, he never experienced any sort of true discrimination (except from one character and that is one of those things that gets quickly fixed).

To his credit director Frank Oz, a former muppeteer who has proved himself an able comedic director with films such as *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*, *What About Bob?* and *Housesitter*, keeps the pace moving. If we could only care about what happens to these characters then we may want to take a little longer to get to the conclusion.

I do have to admit that the first 20 minutes of this film annoyed me so much that it may have tainted my view of the remainder. We are told, on the night of the Oscars, that Howard and Emily are to be married on Sunday, four days away. That would

make the Academy Awards presentation take place on a Wednesday. Oscar night is always a Monday. The only time it wasn't was in 1981, when President Reagan was shot on that day. The Awards were pushed back to the next night. We aren't informed of any tragedy that would delay the broadcast. The filmmakers couldn't add another two days to the storyline? (Although maybe we're better off they didn't.) Also, the day after the wedding is graduation. Now, it's not my place to tell schools as to what day of the week they may hold graduation, but almost assuredly this would have the film take place in June. The Academy Awards are held in March, every year, without fail. Certainly the people involved with this film knew this and could have adjusted accordingly. The final problem is with the telecast itself. As they announce the final nominee for best actor they proceed to show excerpts from the film Cameron was nominated for. Besides being insipid trash, the clips were enormously long. People complain about the length of the show now. If this is what they were to show for every nominee the awards would last until June, making the timeline of this film more plausible. These are simply logistical problems, and ones that would probably not be noticed by others, or if they did they certainly wouldn't care. Now I can suspend my disbelief to a certain degree, and I'll watch *Godzilla* ravage a country with nary a word of disdain, but when something that can be easily fixed is ignored I feel that the producers thought that they could put one over on an uninformed public.

L.A. Confidential



Kevin & Joan puzzle over a Mentos commercial

Los Angeles in the 1950s was a place of glamour. A haven for those who wanted to get away from real life and experience reel life. Even if you weren't a star, the mood and atmosphere were infectious. But it was also a place of scandal, where those who watched you rise to the top loved to see you crumble at their feet. I guess in that sense, not much has changed.

I'll start by saying that I will give away as little of the plot as necessary here, because to rob the viewer of the twists and turns as they traverse this maze of intrigue and corruption would ruin any emotional impact this film will have on them. *L.A. Confidential* is as full a movie as you will ever see. From stellar performances, to lush locals, to a gritty storyline. It is so full in fact, that halfway through you may wish you had taken notes just to keep track of all the side-steps the script takes. But, what actually seem like incongruous plot points all come together in a stunning climax that leaves you wondering just exactly who the bad guys really are.

Danny DeVito plays Sid Hudgens, the editor and chief reporter of a tabloid scandal sheet called "Hush-Hush" (which is in effect a thinly veiled ode to the real magazine "Confidential"). Sid publishes trash and he knows it. Embarrassing photos of young stars and breaking news of Hollywood arrests are his bread and butter. He knows the people want to see it and they're willing to pay. So is Sid. He is a close confidant of Detective Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), whom he regularly "donates" funds to in order to be

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The Misery Chick

By Jennifer Hobin

I was pleased and yet somewhat shocked when I first saw "The Misery Chick" episode of MTV's Daria. Besides being a terribly funny show, its social commentary always hit the mark. This particular episode was aired (intentionally) a few days after Princess Diana was killed and during the height of the media frenzy. What was sort of shocking about Daria was that the plot was incredibly similar to the situation surrounding Diana's death.

"Misery Chick" centers on the death of a star football player and alum (the equivalent of Diana in our analogy) of Daria's high school. The high school is buzzing with excitement as faculty and students eagerly anticipate the arrival of their knight in shining armor (because football players are an important addition to any school). Unfortunately everyone (except for Daria, who was not so crazed to begin with) is in for a rude awakening, as the star turns out to be an obnoxious, conceited, sexist slob. Daria wins the name "Misery Chick" from this delightful character partially because of the way she dresses, but also because he sees her as being one of those "chicks" that never smile and are seemingly never happy about anything.

To make a long story shorter, the football player that everyone hates dies when a goal post falls on him. After the incident, teachers and students both display an outpouring of emotion similar to that which surrounded Diana's death, except on a smaller scale. In fact, everyone seems to have forgotten about the rank personality the football player had, and instead elevates him to godly status after his death. And he was only a football player to begin with? Daria, however, sees the inherent contradiction in being excessively sad and emotional over the

death of someone that she hated in the first place. She acknowledged death as a sad thing but wasn't, like others, moved by the death of this particular person. Despite Daria's lack of emotions, her family, classmates, and teachers began to solicit her advice in order to deal with their grief. Since Daria is miserable all the time she could surely help them to deal with being miserable, couldn't she?

By drawing an analogy between "Misery Chick" and the death of Princess Diana, I do not mean to equate the personalities of Diana and the arrogant jock. Rather, the similarities are found in the situation surrounding their deaths; a lot of people mourning for no good reason. Neither Diana's death, nor perhaps anyone else's death, warrants the craze that swept through two nations. Yes, Diana did some wonderful things: she was involved in important charity work; she was influential in having landmines removed from Asian nations; she tended to sick children in hospitals. But what else did she have to do with her time and her money? She was a princess and a millionaire. Oh, but she sold seventy-nine of her most expensive dresses and donated the money to charity, that's significant. Should we be adoring people who own seventy-nine dresses to begin with? I'm going to say "No." There are hard-working people all over the world that donate what little time they have left in their work week to charitable causes. These are the people acting in a truly altruistic manner, but they won't ever get media recognition. And who cares about a nun that spends six decades of

her life living in virtual poverty so that she can help the poor? We like pretty blonde princesses who parade around at parties. Fun! Fun! Fun! We also like stupid and obnoxious jocks, but only after they're dead.

There seems to be a real problem with our priorities when people care more about which designers created Diana's wardrobe than they do about the current state of our government (possibly evidenced by the outcry over Versace). It is easy to blame the media for spoonfeeding us this trivial crap even as we renew our annual subscription to Star magazine, but, like any other business, the media sells the product that people want to buy. I've heard again and again that people wanted to "buy" Diana because she's just like us — she's like your average Joe. I guess that's true. I just don't tell people about my Swiss bank account and private jet.

The take-home message of "Misery Chick" was a message advocating realism. Daria was seen as a desensitized pessimist by her classmates and at one point by her best friend Jane. However, rather than being an emotionless person Daria felt that her feelings should have significance. She would not be sad just because someone died, nor would she like the jock more because he was dead. Had the death had a significant impact on her life, or on the world in general, she might have been more emotive. It did not, nor did Diana's death. People will continue to do good things in the world and people will always crusade for charitable causes. You just won't see their faces on the cover of Time magazine.

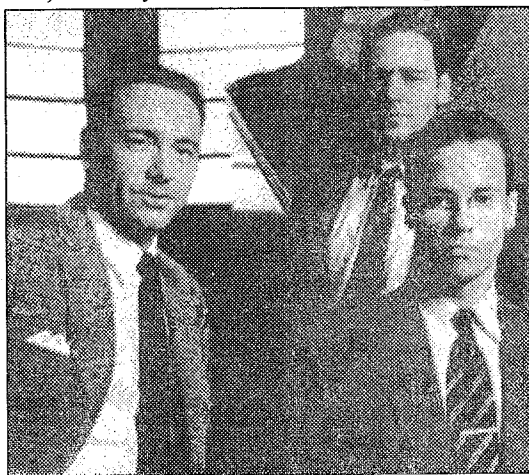


continued from previous page the first on the scene. But it is a symbiotic relationship, as Sid often gets tips that he passes onto Jack in order to make sure he gets the story and Jack gets the notoriety. Jack is also the technical advisor for a popular television cop show, "Badge of Honor" ("Dragnet"). He is Hollywood all the way. Posing for pictures with criminals in front of movie premieres and hob-nobbing with all the stars. Sid, even though he shows up only periodically, seems to push the story along. You feel that without him there, these characters would have no reason to do anything other than wander around and do their jobs. Maybe corruption would be down, maybe not, but it sure would be less interesting. Sid is also the narrator of this tale, speaking in a tone that seems to be saying, "Yes, this is tragic, but you know you want to hear all the gory details." Voyeurism in its lowest form.

Adding to this powerful cast is Russell Crowe, as Officer Bud White, a no-nonsense cop who prides himself on his tireless protection of women. White is a violent man, and is usually called in when the higher ups need a confession from a suspect or information from an informant. He's a good cop and he knows how to get the job done, and even though his means may be crude, you know that this is the guy you'd want standing by you in a time of need. In direct contrast to him is Edward Exley (Guy Pierce), a goody-goody cop who wants to get ahead in the department on

brains alone. His commanding officer (James Cromwell) doesn't think he has what it takes to succeed, namely be willing to shoot a suspect in the back to "save the taxpayers some money."

The story itself centers around several murders, that may or may not have to do with the corruption of the L.A. police department, "the best department in the country." After several Mexican immigrants are brought into the station on suspicion of assaulting a couple of cops, the officers in the precinct decide to dispense their own justice. An investigation ensues into the cause of the melee and several cops are targeted to be made the scapegoats. During this course of time Exley proves that he is a player after all. Even though he agrees to testify against these officers, knowing full well that he will become the sworn enemy of everybody in the precinct, he manages to secure himself a promotion to Detective Lieutenant, exactly where he wanted to be. We now realize that he can get what he wants through manipulation, with never a drop of



Help, I'm stuck in a caption-writing factory!

blood spilled.

These murders, one being a cop who was forced out because of the jailhouse beatings, begin to take on a life of their own. Theories are made, suspects are brought in and everyone runs in circles. A high priced prostitution ring, where the girls are "cut" to look like famous movie starlets, comes into play. Kim Basinger (in possibly her best role ever) is the

company's "Veronica Lake."

As more people get closer to the truth, more people end up dead, and something strange seems to happen to our protagonists. White begins to realize that the violence may be taking over, while Exley starts to think that there may be no other way. Even the smarmy Vincennes begins to remember the true reason he became a cop.

The script, by Brian Koppelman and director Curtis Hanson, based on James Ellroy's massive tome, keeps the audience guessing and second guessing the moves and motives of everyone on screen. The story is so rich that it could easily be a four hour movie. Hanson gets top performances out of his entire cast, and Spacey could very easily see himself being nominated again for supporting actor. His direction moves the story along and it seems brisk at it's 2 hour and 15 minute running time.

During this time period it was not uncommon for mobsters to have great influence over, and even be good friends with, many Hollywood stars. Thrown into the mix of the film are some true-life stories that not many would recognize. Gangsters Mickey Cohen and Johnny Stompanato were regulars on the L.A. scene. In the film Cohen is arrested for tax evasion (hey, if it was good enough to get Al Capone) and Stompanato is seen dining with Lana Turner. In real life, Stompanato and Turner were an item, until her daughter stabbed him to death in 1958.

L.A. Confidential is full of the glamour and decadence that was Hollywood in the 50s. It is also very timely in its portrayal of police violence, corruption and the public's need of some good dirt. I guess the more things change, the more they stay the same.

CONFESSIONS OF A TELEVISION JUNKIE

By Jana White

Okay, so I'm a T.V. junkie! Maybe you are too. Maybe you're in denial. And maybe like me you think the theme from "Sanford and Son" should be the new National Anthem. If you're also like me, you take a certain amount of pleasure from remembering great moments in television history, as well as significant moments that have become embedded into our popular culture. To illustrate my point I have compiled a list that I hope will enlighten, amuse, educate and maybe even throw some pity in my way.

THINGS THAT TO THIS DAY I WISH I SAW ON T.V.:

1) The Beatles on "The Ed Sullivan Show": Or Elvis, either one would be fine. The point is that thirty years later people are still blah-blahing about it. A definite once in a lifetime moment, a really big "shew".

2) Lady Diana's Wedding to Prince Charles: Sure, I was only four years old, but I'm pissed off that I didn't recognize the cultural significance of it all (especially now.) I watched Princess Di's funeral to make up for it...it just wasn't the same somehow.

3) The Last "Tonight Show" with Johnny Carson: Hey, I enjoy emotional T.V., even if it's phony emotion felt by a bunch of phony people. Bette Midler to Johnny: Wind Beneath my Wings? Yeah, right. They probably hadn't even spoken to one another since Nixon was in office.

4) Geraldo Rivera Getting his Nose Broken by Skin Heads: Primo violence at its best! Did he deserve it? Did he not deserve it? If you're asking yourself that then you missed the whole point.

5) The Final Episode of "Mr. Belvedere": What happened to Mr. Belvedere?! I happened to miss the finale, must I pay for it every day of my life?! They never show it in reruns! If anyone knows if he went back to England or stayed with the Owens' I'd really love to know. I'm losing sleep over it.

THINGS THAT I DID SEE ON T.V. THAT I

WOULDN'T TRADE FOR A MILLION DAMN DOLLARS:

1) The O.J. Verdict: I cut class just to see it. History, er, pop culture in the making! Who am I kidding? I just tuned in to see Fred Goldman's moustache. It makes me laugh.

2) Tonya Harding's Skate Lace Breaking at the Olympics: Such a classic sports moment. That's what the Olympics are all about: honor, good sportsmanship, hitting rivals in the knee with batons. When I saw that crying freak scuttle off the ice in the MIDDLE of her number, I thought I died and went to heaven. Who expected anything less?

3) David Letterman's First Show on CBS: Yeah, I had school the next day. Yeah, I had homework. Yeah, it was worth it. Just to see Paul Newman stand up and utter the line, "Where the hell are the singin' cats!?" was even kinda worth it.

4) The Premier of All Three Amy Fisher Movies: Just to say I saw them all. Just to say I'm not ashamed of it! I enjoyed the many plot twists and the many disjointed New "Yawk" accents. Until then, Long Island hadn't gotten that much press since...I don't know when. P.S. We all know Drew Barrymore's "Amy" kicked ass. It's at your local Blockbuster, go rent it sometime.

5) The Opening of Al Capone's Vault: My very first exposure to the patented "media overhype". Everybody and their Grandma watched as Geraldo Rivera stood in front of this giant concrete wall and regaled the entire country with stories of Scarface and his "secret" vault. Poor Geraldo. I felt bad for him trying to salvage his career as he later pawed through mounds of useless dirt. I bet Al Capone's still laughing. I know I am.

THINGS THAT I SAW ON T.V., BUT I PRAYED TO GOD I DIDN'T SEE:

1) The L.A. Coroner's Office Special on A&E: It was like watching an outdoor Air Show knowing the pilots involved are totally drunk; you wasn't to look away but you just can't. It was so disgusting-

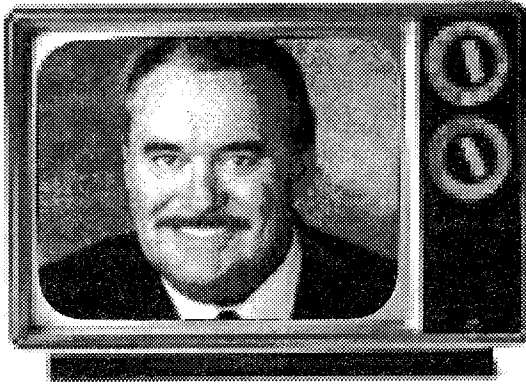
ly real that I think that they should show it to high school students. I don't know why. Maybe they need to see that death is uncool...that death is final...and that a body in full rigor mortis is surprisingly hard to drag around.

2) The Tribute to Jim Henson: Jim Henson, the creator of "The Muppets", was one of my heroes; and when he died I was really bummed out. Thought I'd catch the tribute special. Thought wrong. It was probably the saddest, most depressing piece of work I have ever seen. The gang of Muppets gather around and cry together about the loss. Just then Jim's alter ego, (and personally invented muppet) Kermit comes in, and, with a slightly unfamiliar voice asks, "Hey guys, what's the matter?" I think I broke a tear duct.

3) The "Cheers" Series Finale: I never was a "Cheers" fan. I didn't watch the series that much. But I admit I was worn down by the publicity crush. I'm only human. I watched it and felt so dirty because I felt like I had just participated in something that I had no right participating in. Kinda like going to somebody else's high school reunion.

4) Any Episode of "Jenny Jones" Entitled "You're Too Fat to Wear That!": I'm all for having confidence in yourself, but I think there's a fine line between, "Hey, I'm proud," and "Hey, look how big my ass is." Let alone having it measure on the "Ass-o-meter." (Ever hear of the phrase "laughing at you and not with you"?) After viewing one particular episode I realized that the laws of Physics haven't got anything on a leopard printed spandex. I still wake up screaming.

5) The "Gilligan's Island" Rescue Special: They finally get off the freaking island! Oh, but all is not well! The castaways go their separate ways and they all discover that America has changed. They feel displaced, like strangers in a strange land. They decide to take another ride, just for old time's sake. And guess what? THEY GET STUCK ON THE SAME STUPID ISLAND ALL OVER AGAIN! I think Gilligan deserved better than that! If not Gilligan, then the Professor! I would have preferred that the writers leave some mystery. I'd like to think they never left. I'd also like to think that the Skipper at least got a change of clothes.



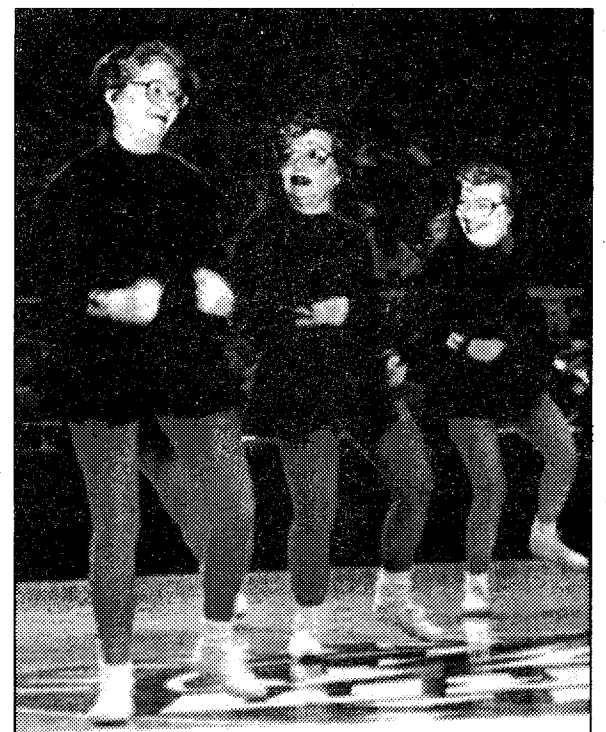
"Action," continued from page 6

those of you that care and those of you that don't care, we all have yet another chance to join together and do something about this place. SEAC. Student Environmental Action Coalition. Maybe some of you know SEAC already. SEAC is ultimately a national organization that consists and is lead by its member groups, which can be college, high school, or community youth groups that have a commitment to the environment. Within SEAC, the country is divided into 17 regions (the NY-SEAC is in region 15), and within each region, there are often smaller groups that have complete autonomy, granted that they follow some reasonable responsibilities, such as paying annual dues and presenting updates regarding activities to the national office.

Come help us make SEAC a recognized club. Join in our future activities that will only make you a happier person and make you feel good about yourself, guaranteed. Think about it. There is nothing to be embarrassed about. Bearing active compassion towards one's environment can only grant rewards to one's life. How many congressmen out there are explicit or proud about their arrogance

towards the environment? If there are any that will directly announce their lack of compassion towards the environment, how popular are they? Joining SEAC won't hurt. Sitting around and watching your surroundings get more and more polluted is sedentary and infertile. Actively participating in destroying the environment is hateful and mindless.

If you are interested, SEAC meets every week at 12:45 PM on Wednesdays. If you are definitely eager to get involved, there will be a clean-up of the forest area around the Kelly Quad on Friday, October 10 at 3 PM. Don't worry about having to go home on Friday. Just go home afterwards and avoid an overcrowded train! There will be lots of things going on, not just cleaning up the place a little and spreading environmental awareness and compassion. There will be live music! Meet the musicians. There will be new people to meet. You like socializing, right? There will be food. So keep your eyes and ears open for any flyers or posts on this awesome event. See you there!



Go, Shirley!

I'm Gonna Live Forever!

By Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain

On Wednesday, September 24th, I was given the rare honor of viewing the two hour series premier of the new weekly television musical drama "Fame L.A." Chills ran up and down my spine as I sat waiting for the show; as one of three audience members, I was guaranteed free "Fame L.A." stuff. In addition to free stuff, I was excited by the possibility that, if the show sucked, I could say "Fame + L.A. = L.Ame", and that would be witty. Unfortunately, although the show was an over-acted, cliché-ridden, redundant, Spellingsque melodrama, it showed some definite promise.

The show centers around "Who's Who," an L.A. club and acting school, and the beautiful and talented students there who are trying desperately to break into Hollywood. Well-directed (and superbly edited), the "musical drama" is a true rarity on television today. Although not really a traditional "musical drama" in old Hollywood's Broadway-style, the show does feature plenty of singing and dancing that often looks and feels like a musical video. Those of you frightened by broadcasting in which the cast spontaneously bursts into song and dance: fear not! The majority of the musical sequences (with only two exceptions) in the show were in perfectly natural settings: performers on stage, at auditions, in the recording studio, on the street, etc. As for the quality of these performances, the music is OK, the dancing is excellent (to my untrained eye), and the sketch comedy team is terrible. The actors play the role of sketch comedians well, but the material is obviously written by a drama writer, not a comedy writer.

The club is owned and run by David Graysmark, a former theatrical actor who, unable to find that ever-elusive fame himself, moved from New York to Los Angeles and decided to teach. David is played by William R. Moses. You may remember him from "Mystic Pizza", "Melrose Place", or his twenty-five appearances as Perry Mason's lil' buddy Ken Malansky. Dave is a hard working guy, and amidst feeling jealous of his ex-wife's success, he's busy keeping an eye on Marcus Carilli. Carilli is his business manager, who is always trying to transform Who's Who from a suffering money-sink into a successful business by selling out David's precious principles and actor-friendly atmosphere for corporate sponsorship or a debt from David's successful ex-wife. David teaches actors to find the truth within themselves, and takes a lot of video interviews of his students that provide cool segue between scenes.

Marcus is played by Andy Milder, and if you don't recognize him from "Apollo 13", you'll know him from his fifty television commercials, including a very memorable McDonald's spot in which he tries in vain to get a baby to smile for a camera.

Brent David shows up for a guest appearance in the first episode. It's a shame Brent isn't a regular, he was one of the better actors (and singers) in the show. Brent, a veteran of television shows such as "Dark Skies" and "The Tracy Ullman Show" plays Brent Lagget, David's moodiest, and, perhaps, most talented, student. Brent's cousin Ryan (some young punk from Montana, or Missouri, or one of those M-states) comes out to L.A. to live with his big brother and pursue an acting career, but he's shocked to find that his big

Suzanne is played by Heidi Noelle Lenhart, who has appeared in several TV movies with names like "Victim Of Innocence" and "Acts Of Obsession." In the first episode, she begins a romance and professional relationship with some random Grammy-award-winning singer (who we're supposed to think is attractive and powerful). He reminded me of Cody, the dumb guy from "Step By Step". "Cody" invites her to visit him and record in "Legacy Music Recording Studio," where she meets T.J. Baron (see below). "Cody" then proceeds to steal Suzanne's music, and she's crushed. Why, if it weren't for the loving guidance of Ryan (see above), she might have jumped off the Hollywood sign to her certain death (one of three near suicides in the first episode alone).

T.J. Barron is a classically trained composer who wants to write pop music; so he works in a recording studio for nothing and hangs around with the talent. He didn't have much of a role in the first episode, but the official "Fame L.A." web page (<http://www.fame-la.com>) promises that he'll be slowly falling in love with Suzanne.

Puerto Rican sensation Rosalyn Sanchez (the first Latina on "As the World Turns") plays Lili Arguela, the only dancer in a major role. In the first episode she struggles through the process of finding her first real gig. With the aid of an extremely talented street-dancer and a friendly director's assistant, she ultimately lands a position dancing in a very stylish music video which takes place on a rooftop at night. Thrilling, isn't it?

The rest of the Who's Who crew is rounded out by Reese Toussaint (played by Stephanie Dicker, General Hospital's Gina Williams) a large chested manipulative actress who "feels invisible" and the romantically involved sketch comedians, Adam Lewis and Liz Clark. Lewis is played by Matt Winston, another one of those guys you think you've seen somewhere who's been in countless commercials. Clark is played by Lesli Margherita, a Broadway hopeful who has done mostly stage and screen work for Disney.

Despite the mostly green cast, "Fame L.A." has a truly professional look, thanks to an accomplished crew. Kenny Ortega, the show's director, has worked for many years as an actor, dancer, director, and choreographer, and was a student and friend of the incomparable Gene Kelly. The show's two choreographers are also quite accomplished. Who can forget Marguerite Pomeroy's stunning choreography in the heart-pounding masterpiece "Showgirls"? Second choreographer Peggy Holmes also had an illustrious career, laying her gifted hands on such productions as "A Very Brady Sequel" and several Michael Bolton videos (and who can forget her acting role as Duck #1 in the 1984 cheerleader comedy "Gimme an 'F'," a.k.a. "T&A Academy 2"). That's the kind of thing you can't find on the official "Fame L.A." web site. That and the fact that one of the show's executive producers (other than creator Richard B. Lewis and writer Patricia Green) Mark Stern was the Assistant Director on a little picture called "Wanda Whips Wall Street", re-released as "Stocks and Blondes."

brother is a junkie, and has taken all his money and left him with nowhere to live. Ryan Laggett is, a little too ironically (like wearing white after labor day), played by Christian Kane, some loser who moved to L.A. from nowhere thinking he could be an actor, just like Ryan. Unfortunately, the first episode seems to suggest that Ryan is the lead, but maybe it'll be more of an ensemble show. Ryan and Brent have a very touching scene (in which every sentence is made more poignant with the addition of a concluding "man!") of confrontation, and by the end of the episode, Brent is on his way home to Kansas (or wherever; do we really care?) for treatment. Ryan stays behind, however, to pursue his acting career and his burgeoning romance/friendship with young singer/songwriter Suzanne Carson.

STOP POLICE BRUTALITY

Tuesday October 7, 1997
UNITI Cultural Center • 7pm

Come hear speakers for the October 22 National Day
of Protest to Stop Police Brutality, Repression
and the Criminalization of a generation:

Iris Baez: Mother of Anthony Baez, 29, who was killed in
December 1994 with a chokehold by police officer
Francis Livoti.

Carl Dix: National Coordinating Committee for the
October 22 coalition.



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Refreshments will be served

Question the Answers

By David M. Ewalt

Welcome, dear reader, to this inaugural version of *Question the Answers*.... the column that handles the tough questions.

Most newspaper columns are trite, silly things, dealing with only the most brainless of questions – "Should I dump my husband?" or "Was that a bad touch?" This column, however, is deep. Deeper than the darkest ocean trench. Deeper than the national debt. Deeper than Barry White's voice.

It is our intention to gradually work our way through all the great mysteries and conundrums of human existence, leaving you, the reader, amongst the most enlightened of beings. Either that, or we'll fill up some space each week and get a couple of yuks.

When setting out on such a weighty endeavor, it's of utmost importance that you start off on the right foot. If the Bible began with "Once upon a time," nobody would've taken it seriously.

Therefore, we've decided to start this column off with a bang.

HOW DID THE UNIVERSE BEGIN?

It is this, the most primal of life's mysteries, which has caused science and philosophy the greatest amount of trouble.

For as long as man has been able, he has turned his face to the stars and asked, "Where did all this come from?" Primitive man would wander from his cave at night, squinting his eyes against the brightness and glory of the heavens, awestruck by the majesty of creation. Moments later he would be eaten by a bear.

Subsequent attempts at answering "the big one" have only been slightly more successful.

Over time, man moved out of caves and into villages, where he was soon organized into religious hierarchies. These groups soon tried to address the problem of creation.

The Rig Veda asks the question to Visvakarman, the "All-Maker":

*What was the primal matter? What the beginning?
How and what manner of thing was that from which
The Maker of All, see-er of all, brought forth
The earth, and by his might the heavens unfolded?*

The Bible makes the whole process seem simple:

*"In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth.
And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness
was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved
upon the face of the waters.
And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."*

Other creation myths are more, well, creative:

In the beginning the Universe was created.

*This has made a lot of people very angry and been
widely regarded as a bad move.*

*Many races believe that it was created by some
sort of God, though the Jatavartid people of
Viltvoodle VI believe that the entire Universe was in
fact sneezed out of the nose of a being called the Great
Green Arkleseizure.*

*The Jatavartids, who live in perpetual fear of the time
they call The Coming of The Great White Handkerchief,
are small blue creatures with more than fifty arms each,
who are therefore unique in being the only race in history
to have invented the aerosol deodorant before the wheel.*

However, most creationists argue that *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* isn't really a viable source of information.

There are two main problems with religious creation stories. The first is that they're so subjective. Depending on where you are born and who your parents are, your perspectives on Life, the Universe and Everything can vary wildly.

The other problem is that the religious explanations are wrong.

It is far from our wish to defame the beliefs of others, and it is even farther from our wishes to be labeled infidels and have a holy crusade launched against us.

Nonetheless, the fact is this: There are a lot of religious creation stories. They often conflict. Only one can be correct. Therefore, most (if not all) of these stories are false.

Despite our previously bold positions, we will not hazard a guess as to which of the religious stories might be "the right one." Instead, we choose to believe in an equally outlandish but far less poetic explanation: the "Big Bang Theory."

Modern science has pooled its resources and come up with a doozy of a tale to answer the big question. The gist of the theory is this:

A long time ago, there was absolutely nothing. Then, all of a sudden, there was a fantastic explosion, and all of the matter in the universe burst into existence from a single point. Everything spread outwards from there.

To visualize this sort of conception, scientists recommend the following mental exercise:

Imagine you've filled a sink basin full of sand. You then pull the plug from the sink, and videotape it as the sand drains out.

Now watch the tape backwards. Mass spirals into existence from nothingness. Something from nothing. Coolness.

Scientists add that, eventually, gravity will have its way with our universe and everything will collapse back upon itself. The tape runs backwards, and then forwards. The Big Bang becomes the Big Crunch.

Sounds kind of like the "Coming of The Great White Handkerchief," doesn't it?

Next Issue: Phlegm.

Got a question? Email us at sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu
or snail mail us at:
The Stony Brook Press
Room 060, Student Union
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200

WHAT AND HOW? An Anatomy of Why We Do

By Steveoh

Stony Brook Press Alumnus
Writer Emeritus
All-Around Good Guy

Did you ever wonder where stuff came from? I mean, shit had to come from somewhere. What we take for granted as being commonplace nowadays had to have origins where hit-and-miss ruled and conformism was nothing more than a dream. Our everyday actions, our everyday mannerisms, our everyday habits all came from somewhere, and we owe it to Early Man for our knowledge and safety.

Sex is a nice example. We all know how to have sex because it has been in front of our faces since we were born. Through the wonders of video pornography, smut rags, and hardcore rap music, we are able to truly understand what to do and how to do it. Sex has been a part of our lives, whether subconsciously or physically, since our first reception to it. But what did the first couple do? Let's use Adam and Eve as our hypothetical example. He's been walking around Eden at a 90 degree angle because Eve looks so good in her floral arrangement. Eve is moistened because Adam was so attractive when he was out picking apples. What caused them to stick his 90 degree angle into her moistened nectar? What made him experiment by doing that? It's not the smell! What's funny about this is all the hit-and-miss scenarios that pop-up (pardon the pun). Adam is all hot

and horny. He sees Eve by the apple tree. He saunters up in a suave style, gives her a look, and begins humping her ear. It probably happened. Or Eve is all ready to go, and she sees Adam looking extra manly today. Eve saunters up in a suave style, she tackles him, and inserts his big toe into her excited arena. Is it instinct that allowed us to procreate? Did we follow the way of the dog and jump on each other's backs while scratching their sides? Or did we shit in a nest and sit on it, hoping they would hatch?

What caused Adam and Eve to kiss? A kiss is merely pressing our lips together and sucking, and eventually you graduate to French 345 where tongues are introduced. But, really, would we know to kiss if we didn't always see it in front of us? Why not pressing our ears together? Or maybe shave our elbows together, like Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn did at the train station in *Young Frankenstein*? Or how about a chest thump that is now popular among pro athletes? My question is, who were the first kissers? They are truly innovators of a genre.

My next subject is milk. We all know where milk comes from. Milk comes from a cow. You yank on the cow and milk comes out. How did we know that? How did we know that yanking on a cow will cause milk to come out? The man who discovered milk is a sick pervert. You know what he was going for. Fucking sick bastard. What made him drink it, though? That's my question. What made him drink...that? Ugh. I'm sure the cow didn't mind

though. Got milk? No, I've got a stomach ache.

How about food? As we all know, fruit and vegetables come from the earth, and with proper cleansing, are not only nutritional but also delicious. Early man surely ate these foods and revelled in their delightfulness. But how about a pine tree? To Early Man, what's the difference between a tomato plant and a pine tree? Early man saw a big brown solid thing hanging out in the middle of the forest. Animals played on it. It was strong and beautiful. Why not gnaw on it? Six teeth later, he probably came to a brook and saw all these colorful and shining rocks. Hey man, something that looks so good has to be so tasteful. With bloody gums and shattered teeth in mouth, the hungry Early Man probably ate limestone and cursed with pain and frustration. He made mental notes accordingly. "Tress no food. Rock no food. Grunt." We take for granted that we know to chew on a tomato but not a bridge. Early man's indiscriminate eating habits are solely responsible for our nice teeth (Jewel excluded).

Despite our belittling of Early Man, we must understand that without them, we would be tree-gnawing cow molesters who don't know what to do with ourselves. Early Man – the first scientists – I salute you and your entrepreneurship.

steveoh's rants can be found at
www.geocities.com/SouthBeach/Marina/7158

GOONS in the MIST

By Guy Cleveland

GOONS IN THE MIST is a series that uses an anthropological approach to study a person on-campus known as the Goon. The Goon is a great mystery, one of the most unique humans who has ever walked the earth, and deserves a great deal of intense scrutiny. Hopefully, this study will provide that scrutiny.

September 17th, At Bus Stop In Front Of Union (Union Side), 5 pm

The Goon's favorite choice of reclination in a public place appears to be seated in a cross-legged fashion. On this occasion, I chanced to see my subject wearing a tight pair of black jeans and a thick sweatshirt with horizontal white-and-black stripes. The sun glowing on his countenance would have made one with more of an artistic streak itch for pen and paper; I was more fascinated with the subtle play of lip and nostril, as the Goon silently engaged in his thought processes. First a lip curl, then a cheek-flattening smile, and finally an expression that was a cross between a nasal inhale and a curled upper lip, revealing two dusky yellow teeth.

September 17th, Outside Dormitory, 12 am

For reasons that are not yet clear, the Goon often chooses to smoke cigarettes outside of his living quarters. Sometimes he sits on the steps, sometimes he gets up and roams; he did both at least once. This time, however, he was accompanied by a companion, who appeared to be of young age (14 - 18), female, white, and completely devoid of facial characteristics. If asked to describe what she

looked like, I would find myself at a loss. This person was defined more by her lack of characteristics than by any specific feature. I could not overhear their conversation, but it went on for some time, through the smoking of numerous cigarettes. Could not spot brand of cigarette smoked.

September 23rd, In Library Bathroom, 2:30 pm

A breathless member of the anthropological team reports that he witnessed the Goon voiding matter in one of the bathrooms in the library. Apparently, the process, which could not be seen due to the closing of the stall door, involved much turning around, the removal of much clothes, and an explosive, wet noise that could only have been the beginning of the Goon's excretion. Said member did not remain present for the remainder of the process. Said member will be demoted to cooking staff. NOTE: The Goon was wearing the same shirt witnessed on September 17th.

September 25th, Dormitory Lobby, 9 pm

Witnessed another one of the Goon's companions. He was of the same size as the Goon, but did not bear quite as much girth. (One might call his skin pasty and covered with baby fat, but the obesity seen in the Goon was absent here.) He spoke with an accent unlike that of the Goon and laughed at what appeared to be his own jokes. A lot. His laugh was short and harsh, the laugh of an adolescent bully. His hair was slicked back and leather was the predominant theme used in composing his wardrobe. NOTE: The Goon was wearing the same shirt witnessed on the 23rd.

September 26th, In Front Of Humanities Building, 1 pm

My pre-lunch apertif of Southern Comfort and 7UP was interrupted by some solid physical footage of the Goon in high-speed movement. I did not see him until he rounded the corner formed by the hill between Humanities and the Psychology buildings, but when I did, I followed his progress as far as I could, until he entered Javits. All available flesh on him was in motion, buffeted to and fro by the massive speed at which the Goon was traveling. He was wearing a backpack on both shoulders; this accoutrement also bounced up and down from the vibrations of the Goon's stampede. The expression on his face was one of panic, perhaps even desperation. NOTE: The Goon was wearing the same shirt witnessed on the 25th. I have begun to wonder whether or not this shirt is connected to some kind of religious ritual...? It is unknown at this time whether or not the shirt has been washed in between successive wearings; based on the brief whiff I got, I would assume not.

September 27th, On Line In The Union Deli, 1 pm

The Goon got into an argument with the woman behind the register. He protested (in a loud nasal whine) that the clerk had mischarged him for what appeared to be three small tubs of peanut butter. "It's 69 cents each! You charged me for \$2.15!" The clerk tried to explain about sales tax to the Goon, but he just got disgusted and said, "Just ring it up. Just ring it up." And that shirt again! This will need deeper analysis.

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Chin Slinky

Faith No More w/special guest Limp Bizkit, Roseland, 9/19

Faith No More is one of the most underrated bands in rock and roll. Despite numerous personnel changes, scornful reviews from the critics, and an unfaithful public attracted only by the hit single "Epic" and repulsed by anything slightly original, they've emerged victorious, a modern day progressive rock band capable of doing nearly anything. Their songs astound and amaze, and the lyrical complexities leave fans struggling with the song's meaning well into the middle of the night, much the same way Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin did many years back.

This powerhouse performance carries over into the live arena, as well. At long last, Faith No More has obtained a guitarist suitable for them, making for a group that's composed of five excellent musicians -- which in turn creates a band greater than the sum of its parts.

Individually, each member shined. New guitarist Jon Hudson doesn't sound as wet-behind-the-ears as one might think; his chops sound confident, and he can solo with the best of them. Bassist Billy Gould kept up the pace with drummer Mike Bordin, who remains one of the best of his kind today -- no other drummer can say so much with so little. Keyboardist Roddy Bottum played his role admirably, despite the fact that his harmonies were mostly drowned out by the punishing beat, and vocalist Mike Patton was at his Wayne Newton best.

Emerging to the strain of the theme from 2001: A Space Odyssey, the band tore into "Collision", followed by a version of their hit song, "Midlife Crisis", that made the album version sound tame by comparison. Faith No More often reworks their songs live, as in "Ashes To Ashes", which abandoned atmosphere in favor of aggression, creating a fierce hard-rock number that can't even be compared to the album version.

As usual, the band had a few tricks up their sleeve, including a surprise cover of Burt Bacharach's "This Guy's In Love With You", an even more surprising cover of Deep Purple's "Highway Star" and a rendition of "Epic" that found Patton crooning R. Kelly's "I Believe I Can Fly" during the song's final piano notes. Making use of a breath-powered keyboard (it looked a little like a cross between a Casio and a hookah), Patton added a mournful element to instrumental songs like the theme to Midnight Cowboy, as well as enhance tunes like the Bacharach number with new life.

Speaking of the lead singer, Patton engaged in a great deal more banter with the audience than he did at 1995's Roseland show. Marking off the guitar solos, drinking toasts to the crowd's health, and prefacing the Bacharach cover by asking everything in the crowd what they ate for dinner (he at "24 Karat gold!"), Patton showed just how expertly he can work an audience. If the band ever breaks up, he always has a career as a Las Vegas lounge singer waiting for him.

Opening act Limp Bizkit were as flaccid as their name and then some. It's one thing to spend a



career trying to emulate Rage Against The Machine (or Rage Against The House Of Cypress Korn, in this case), but to play a version of "Bombtrack" live? Boys, please! Too obvious. Brief moments of imaginative flair, like their cover of George Michael's "Faith", were all-too-often buried under the weight of the band's mediocre playing and inability to do anything intelligent with the few good ideas they had.

Helmet, Melvins w/special guest The Wharton Tiers Ensemble, Irving Plaza, 9/22

Now that grunge is finally dead, it's fun to take an inventory of who survived and who didn't. Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, and Alice In Chains have all either broken up, kind of broken up, or don't have much to do with grunge anymore; yet the smaller bands that caught a little popularity in the grunge invasion can still hold their own years after Nevermind. The meek SHALL inherit the earth. Or at least, Seattle.

Both Melvins and Helmet fall into this category. Melvins virtually gave birth to grunge; if it hadn't been for singer/guitarist King Buzzo, Kurt Cobain might have never gotten into punk. Helmet signed with Interscope for A LOT OF MONEY (read: seven digits), but their hard-hitting riffs and militaristic stance probably haven't fulfilled the dreams of the greedy executive who recruited them.

So it's no surprise that in the aftermath of grunge, both bands headlined one of New York City's smaller venues, Irving Plaza. Based on the crowd of people choking the dance floor, New York City still has a hard-on for experimental music, be it chunky Seattle grunge or hardcore wizardry.

The Melvins opened their set with a solemn version of "Amazing Grace" (yes, the hymn). The fact that one of the hardest, sludgiest bands on the planet began their show with a hymn is indicative of the rest of their performance.

Just when things were about to get hard, they relaxed. Just when things calmed down and the listeners took their fingers out of their ears, Buzzo would scurry over to the amplifier for an ear-splitting blast of feedback. Regardless of what they were doing, the Melvins did it LOUD, with all the trappings such volume usually conveys: rattling teeth, aching eardrums, and a kind of delightful headache that one can only get at a good concert.

Much of the music the Melvins used to hammer their audience into deafened submission was improvisational or previously unrecorded. Two songs into the set, they kicked into a metal version

of Pink Floyd's "Interstellar Overdrive", which lasted for over 4 minutes before dissolving into cacophonous jamming. "Night Goat", from 1993's Houdini, was broken off halfway through by a nearly unendurable stretch of feedback that found all three members sitting perfectly still, posing for the crowd while their instruments tested the limits of Irving Plaza's sound system.

Helmet took the stage for a fast and furious set of only 12 songs. Perhaps realizing they had a lot to live up to after the sonic assault

from Seattle, the band eschewed some of their more experimental songs and got their hands dirty with a few classics and the cream of the crop off their new album, Aftertaste.

Despite their spartan stance and no-frills appearance, the band appeared to be having fun. The rhythm section of Bogdan and Stanier kept the beat going throughout the show without trying to show-off -- they've been with singer/guitarist Page Hamilton long enough to know that Helmet is his baby, not theirs. Hamilton, who is sporting quite a Costanza and should probably hook up with Ian MacKaye to get a Hair Club For Punks started, occasionally hammed it up for the audience by playing guitar neck-to-neck with Chris Traynor, the band's other guitarist. New to Helmet, Traynor will do just fine if he can learn to ignore the audience. I've never seen a non-vocalist spend so much time looking directly at the crowd, and not his instrument.

While 12 songs might seem like a disappointment to some, it was actually a relief to me, because I find Helmet can get tedious if you listen to them for too long. Sometimes less is more, a lesson Helmet seems to have learned. Of the 12 songs they did play, each was superbly performed, replicating the fanciful guitar work in a live setting with almost no loss in accuracy or quality. "Milquetoast"'s closing guitar solo still raised the hairs on the back of my neck, and the desolate confusion of "Like I Care" didn't lose an ounce of impact. The closer, "In The Meantime", was as brutal and jarring as it is on album, if not more so.

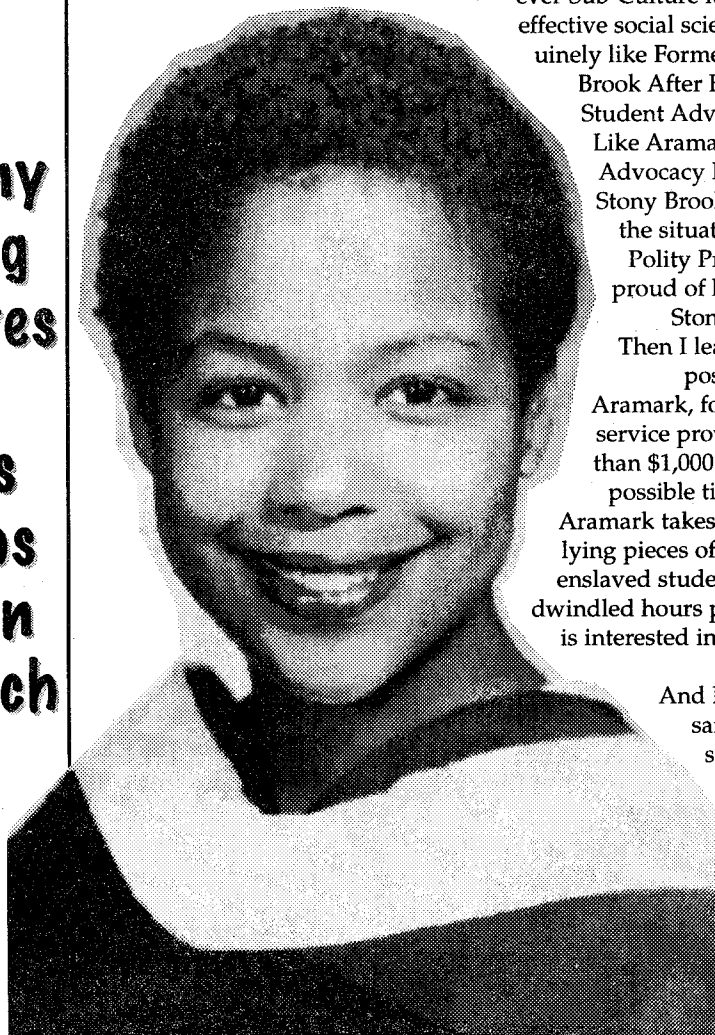
By the way, Helmet deserves a hand for NOT playing their signature song, "Unsung". Interrupted in the midst of tuning his guitar by cries for the song, Hamilton smiled ruefully and said, "aw, you guys have heard that a million times."

The Wharton Tiers Ensemble opened the show with a mission to annoy everyone in the audience. A jazz-metal instrumental band whose drummer is noted producer Wharton Tiers, the Ensemble played song after song of raucous noise, which might have sounded entertaining on album, on my own time. But enduring it before the two headliners was difficult, if not unbearable; when they brought out three modern-art dancers whose mean age was probably 15, I started to feel sick. It was their closing song, which drew out to about 10 minutes long and consisted of a series of false climaxes, that put the icing on the cake; as they left the stage, someone in the crowd screamed, "Thank you, go die now please!"

Obscure Sub-Cultures: Vol. 9

By John Giuffo

Former Polity Presidents Who Graduate From Stony Brook After Having Portrayed Themselves As Progressive Student Advocates And Then Take Jobs With A Corporation Like Aramark, Which Is Antithetical To Everything Student Advocacy Is About.



This one hurts. See, I knew getting into the anthropology business, that it would sometimes be necessary to separate myself from whatever Sub-Culture it was I was studying. After all, in order to be an effective social scientist, one has to be objective. Problem is, I genuinely like Former Polity Presidents Who Graduate From Stony Brook After Having Portrayed Themselves As Progressive Student Advocates And Then Take Jobs With A Corporation Like Aramark, Which Is Antithetical To Everything Student Advocacy Is About, and I wanted to believe she was one of Stony Brook's finest who have left the fold in order to better the situation for SUNY students across the state. Former Polity Presidents... was SASU president last year. I was proud of her. She had taken that which she learned here at Stony Brook and used it at the state-wide level.

Then I learned that Former Polity Presidents... has taken a position with A Corporation Like Aramark. Aramark, for those students living under a rock, is that food service provider to which most resident students pay more than \$1,000 a semester to get less and less product at fewer possible times for more money. At each and every turn, Aramark takes more money (Advantage my fucking ASS, you lying pieces of shit) from students and repays that financially enslaved student body with drastic service cuts coupled with dwindled hours piled on top of raised prices. To pretend Aramark is interested in anything other than robbing students blind is to ignore the facts.

And Former Polity Presidents... works for them. The same person who spent so much time fighting for student's rights. The same person who motivated more Stony Brook students to action than any other Polity President in recent history. The same person who fought for students' pocket-books three years straight.

I don't want to believe Former Polity Presidents... worked so hard for students just to boost her resumé, but the facts are plain. There's always the hope that she'll quit, and fulfill her destiny as a Great Student Leader.

COMING "OUT!"

By Terry McLaren

On Sunday, September 28th the Staller Center Recital Hall was filled with 50 passionate, singing voices. The Connecticut Gay Men's Chorus performed their musical production "Out!" to an enthusiastic audience. Based on interviews with the men in the chorus, the show is a montage of "coming out" stories and experiences that delivers a powerful and personal message of freedom. "Out's" real focus was on the families of the men and their reactions to the news that their father/ son/ brother was gay. The familial reactions portrayed on stage ranged from complete acceptance (It's cool, mom already told me you were gay) to stinging rejections and proclamations of "You're sick!" and "You're going to hell!" The music, by Stony Brook music professor Peter Winkler, and the lyrics by Winston Clark have the ability to make the audience laugh one minute and cry the next. The entire emotional spectrum is run through in such songs as "I Have Something to Tell You." "Don't Ask Don't Tell" addresses the U.S. military's stifling policy towards homosexuality. Another powerful song, "Friday," shows the fury of some parents when they find out the truth about their sons. They subsequently reject their sons, telling them that they'll be accepted and loved again "the Friday after never." The next song "The Flower in the Desert," sung by Bruce Salender, addresses the

loneliness of a rejected man who feels he is completely alone in the world but hasn't given up all hope yet. Many songs express the universal human need for love and acceptance for who you truly are. My personal favorite was a foot-stomping hand-clapping gospel-style hymn called "No Turning Back" which is sure to offend any Southern Baptist who comes across it. The song basically says "You're out, you're free, and it's time to start your new life." As I was enjoying this song

I thought "This should really be on Broadway."

The good news is that it just might be. I spoke to Peter Winkler after the performance and he informed me that besides marketing "Out!" to other gay choruses, he was working on getting it to Broadway. The show has already filled the 2,000 seat Schubert Theater and would be a fresh addition to Broadway's musical offerings. The only disadvantage is that the now 50 member cast would have to be

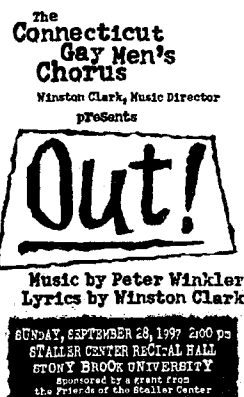
cut down to 8 principals. This is a shame, since the mass effect is part of what gives "Out!" its power and helps drive home its message. If the cast has to be cut for the sake of Broadway though, so be it. The show will still succeed and continue to move the audience.

The creation of "Out!" has spanned two years, with Clark writing lyrics and Winkler setting them to music sometimes at the incredible rate of two a week. At first it was a one act show and is now a

two act, hour and a half production. The material for the songs in "Out!" came from interviews with men in the Chorus. As the show expanded, its creators wanted to get the reactions of the performer's parents. Those that were accepting of their sons' lifestyle were more than cooperative and supportive. The interesting reactions were those of the parents who'd turned their backs on their children because of their sexual orientation. Most of their reasons were based on the religious ideology that homosexuality is a sin. This prompted the writing of the song "Friday" and an appearance by Jesus himself, who hangs out and talks to Mary Jane, a devout Catholic mother who loves and accepts her gay son, despite her church's teachings on the matter.

"Out!" is a unique, versatile show with incredibly humorous moments. The song describing "Gay Heaven" had the audience howling. To me, Liberace in silver hot pants just made the routine—that, and the cracks at close-minded hatemongers like Jesse Helms and the Christian Coalition. Winston Clark even managed to work Martha Stewart in there. What could be better? With all its hilarious moments, the overriding message of "Out!" is a poignant one of having to risk rejection by those closest to you just to be yourself.

All in all, "Out!" is an enjoyable entertainment experience that deserves to be seen by more people. Theater as good as "Out!" is usually only experienced after a time and money consuming trip into Manhattan, so I was thrilled to see something this refreshing and original, especially here at Stony Brook.



Where Are They Now?

By Lowell Yaeger

This is the first in a series of investigative reports detailing the lives of those celebrities who were ALMOST famous. Gary Coleman, Mr. T, Tina Yothers, Bryce Beckham (Wesley of Mr. Belvedere fame), Missy Gold, and Lisa Welchel (Blair from The Facts Of Life). Our first study is of Willie Aames, who played the mischevious sidekick Buddy Lembeck on Charles In Charge.

Picture the scene if you will: it's a quiet day in the Powell household; Grandpa Powell is doing the crossword puzzle at the table while Charles straightens the cushions on the sofa. The final notes of the Charles In Charge theme song fade away and the door explodes open, followed by the entrance of a hyperactive frat guy with a crooked grin and a slightly vacant stare.

"Charles! Charles! I think I got a date with the Pi Delta Phi sisters!"

Yes, we all remember Buddy Lembeck, the helpless ball of late-adolescent testosterone that invaded the household of Charles In Charge at least once an episode. First on Grandpa Powell's "Reasons I Want To Die" list and a friend/responsibility of the sitcom's protagonist (played, as you will remember, by Scott Baio), Buddy was always trying to score and/or make money quickly, and inevitably failed at either. A Tonto for Charles' Lone Rider, if you will.

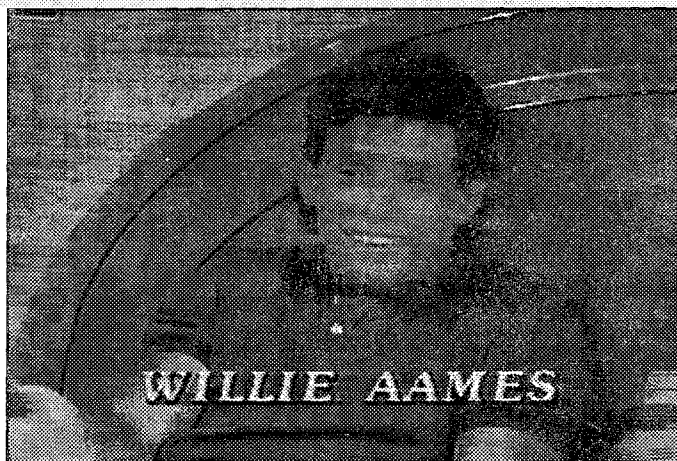
Well, despite Lembeck's staying power -- he was one of the few who survived the cast change that resulted in two completely different families, something never fully explained and made even more confusing by the non-linear programming of syndicated television -- the show eventually drew to a close. Scott Baio became a novelty t-shirt and Nicole Eggert is having her breast implants removed after a semi-successful run as a b-movie actress (Blown Away) and a spot on Baywatch, where her presence was found insignificant in the shadow of Pamela Anderson ('s breasts). The other members retired into total obscurity, but one was left to question... what happened to Buddy?

In order to discover his future, we need to understand his past. Buddy Lembeck's real name was Willie Aames, and in addition to his slot as the girl-loving frat guy, he also played Tommy Bradford, the hot-headed young rocker on Eight Is Enough, and provided the voice for Hank/Ranger on the popular Saturday morning cartoon, Dungeons & Dragons. (Hank was the one who could shoot lightning bolts with his bow. It sounds surprising that someone with that strong a following would do a job that had almost no publicity associated with it. But oddly enough, this isn't the first time such a thing has happened. Kasey Kasem was a Transformer, and the Transformer Movie featured Orson Welles and Leonard Nimoy. I guess every industry has its "will-work-for-food" types. It's known as the

Meredith Baxter Birney Syndrome.)

The early 80s found Willie Aames doing a lot of cheap work in a lot of forgettable movies. He started with Margaux Hemingway in two films directed by Jose Antonio de la Loma, Maquina de Matar and Goma-2. He shared screen time with Phoebe Cates in 1982's Paradise and teamed up with buddy Baio yet again for Zapped!, "the comedy that won't let you down".

With this kind of track record, one might be



inclined to ask some kind of snide question, like "was he smoking crack?" Well, the sad truth is that, yes, Buddy Lembeck was taking hits from the rock. It never got as bad as crack, but he did start snorting cocaine after the cancellation of Eight Is Enough in 1981, and was probably sniffin' the snuff all through his tenure in the Powell household. "But Charles! That <sniff> sandwich you're eating <sniff> is my science experiment!"

The misbehavior came to a stop in 1984, when John Belushi "saved" Willie Aames. Wired, the deceased comedian's biography, lit a fire under John Belushi's ass and Willie "realized I might end up dead if I didn't change." He also credits a Los Angeles-based radio preaching ministry with helping him through the struggle, and began attending church with his girlfriend, the equally drug-decimated Maylo, whom he had met filming a cable sitcom entitled Rocky Road. "We got married and baptized on the same day," said Willie.

The couple now lives in Olathe, just outside of Kansas City, with Maylo and their daughter, Harleigh. To earn the family bread, Aames directs and produces a video series for children entitled Bibleman. (This is not a joke.) To date two videos exist, The Six Lies of the Fibbler and Silencing the Gossip Queen, both released by Sparrow & Pamplin Entertainment.

Bibleman wields the sword of truth and his own power of prayer in battles against villains like Dr. Decepto and Madame Glitz. Seven children whose ages run between 8 and 12 rehearse musicals in their garage (I guess that makes them a garage ensemble) and go to their friend Miles Peterson for advice. But the cleverest part is yet to come! Miles Peterson is actually Bibleman, and helps the students by sharing bad experiences he used prayer to overcome. The chance to do the Bibleman series is "all in God's timing", according to Willie.

Aames hasn't spent all of his time as a Scripture-spouting superhero, either. A search under his name on the Internet Movie Database turns up a vast array of self-help videos: The Art Of Meeting Men, Beer And Ale: A Video Guide, Chainsaw Woodcarving, Dare To Let Go Jan St. Anne, Do You Know Who You're Dating?, Draw The Human Head, How To Make A Man Fall In Love With You, How To Pick Up Men, How To Strip For Your Lover, I Love You -- Let's Work It Out, If I'm So Wonderful Why Am I Still Single?, Infant Massage: The Power Of Touch, Make A Puppet Make A Friend, How To Read A Woman Like A Book, How To Butcher Wild Game, and the animated Mr. T's Be Somebody Or Be Somebody's Fool. He has appeared in two TV movies, The Family Nobody Wanted and Unwed Father. There was also a rumor circulating around the Internet that he would be working with the hard rock band KISS on a live performance, as demonstrated by this posting on alt.music.kiss on August 10, 1997:

Anyone know of a planned stage version of The Elder? The word I got is that Willie Aames (8 Is Enough) will be playing the role of the Boy. I know this sounds strange but I heard about through several usually reliable sources. (sic)

In addition, Aames has shot a fishing video entitled "Pacific Legends: Yellowfin Tuna Offshore (An Adventure In Long Range Fishing)" which the web site at www.ultra-mall.com/Bennett/F998.Htm plugs as "[e]verything you want to know about fishing Long Range on any ocean! TV's Willie Aames takes you through the basic and often humorous essentials of Long Range fishing. Covers information for beginners and experienced anglers alike with unparalleled photography and instruction." (sic)

Well, armed with this knowledge and a bevy of intriguing questions ("Did you ever want to get it on with Nicole Eggert?", "Does the dad on Frasier remind you of Grandpa Powell?", "Do you mack with Scott Baio at bars in Bermuda?"), I set about trying to get in touch with Mr. Aames. You can imagine my surprise and pleasure when the first phone number database I searched turned up a Maylo Aames... living in Kansas City! What are the odds of two Maylos living in Kansas City? And they're still married, so more than likely, this was Willie Aames phone number!

I should have known it was too easy. After a number of phone calls terminating in busy signals, I got through to the number and found a mysterious figure who referred to himself as "Double D" living there. He told me in a dry Midwestern drawl that he was a "retired wealthy old man" and that he earned his money selling gold boullion. "When you get so much money, you have to retire!" he explained heartily.

The theory circulating in this office is that Double D was Willie Aames, and he was simply messing with my head. I guess we'll never know...

Next week: Webster!