

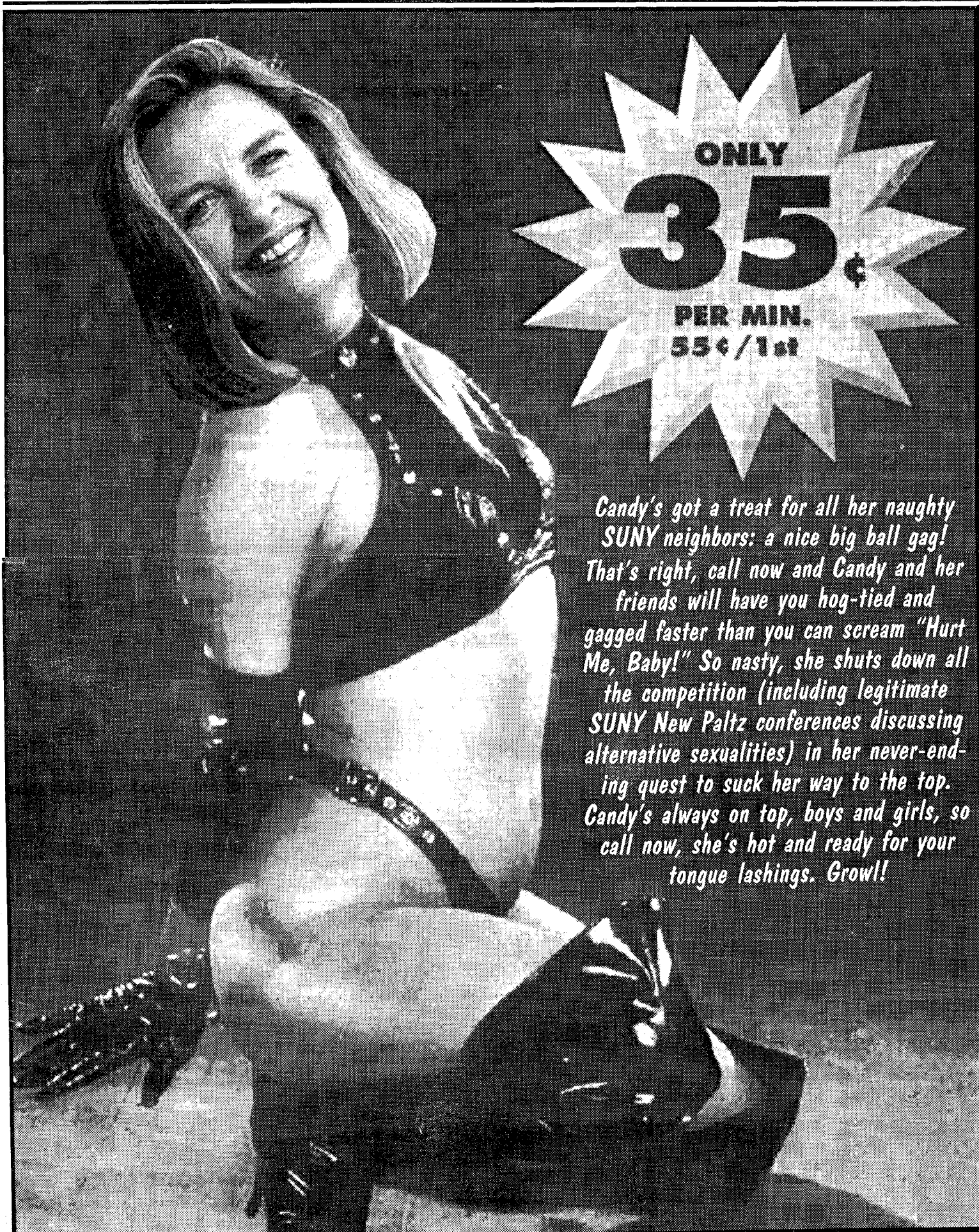
The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XIX No. 7

Candace DeRussy Blowin' Away All Comers

November 26, 1997



Candy's got a treat for all her naughty SUNY neighbors: a nice big ball gag! That's right, call now and Candy and her friends will have you hog-tied and gagged faster than you can scream "Hurt Me, Baby!" So nasty, she shuts down all the competition (including legitimate SUNY New Paltz conferences discussing alternative sexualities) in her never-ending quest to suck her way to the top. Candy's always on top, boys and girls, so call now, she's hot and ready for your tongue lashings. Growl!

In our sexy issue dedicated to repressed, right-wing catholic SUNY Trustees with a hard on for censorship:

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Photo Illustration by John Giuffo

Money & Influence at USB

By Michael Yeh

Perhaps we shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth, but at least we ought to look at the gifts' bearer.

Many people in the campus community have wondered whether Computer Associates' CEO Charles Wang is truly a generous Santa or just an opportunist who is eager to take advantage of state-supported resources.

There is no doubt that Wang's latest contribution will give the Computer Science department a much needed boost. One can also be certain that Stony Brook will become a major player in software development. But the question is, will the university's academic independence be compromised as research projects are judged according to their potential for profit?

Donors often expect the right to suggest ideas, and the university is obliged to encourage it to maintain donor interest. The administration must also make sure that donors do not exercise undue influence over academic or managerial decisions.

The Staller family, who made a fortune on commercial real estate on Long Island, donated \$1.5 million to the Fine Arts Center in 1988, which the university renamed the Staller Center for the Arts. Founding Director Terrence Netter asked the chairman of the Friends Advisory Board to invite Mrs. Erwin Staller and her son Cary Staller to serve on the Board.

The director is not legally required to follow the suggestions of the board, although Netter kept their wishes in mind. "We had a balance of people from the community and the university on the Board," said Netter, "and I never went against their advice."

But the Stallers may have wanted more than an advisory role, however, for sources in the Staller Center admitted that they "questioned programs that were artistically successful but not financially successful".

In 1995, the Kenny administration hired Stewart Gordon, former provost of Queens College, to evaluate the operations of the Staller Center. Although program evaluations are commonly conducted with changes in the administration, Gordon was paid by the Staller family instead of the university. "It seemed to me that it would have been more appropriate for the review to be paid for by the university and conducted by a team of faculty," said Netter.

Another alleged conflict between the Stallers and the managerial staff involved the film programming, which Netter had established after a decade of bureaucratic maneuvering. In the fall of 1994, Cary Staller suggested that movies should be shown at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays following main stage performances.

When Netter warned that such an ambitious project would be logistically impossible, sources say that his decision was communicated to Kenny as an unwillingness to serve undergraduates.

Netter resigned in April 1996 to devote his time to painting after having served as the director for 16 years. Later, Cary Staller personally donated \$15,000 to President Kenny to pay for the extra costs for his proposal. When Kenny asked Acting Director Alan Inkles to institute the plan, he also explained that the plan was too impractical.

A compromise was reached in which films would be shown on Friday nights when there were no live performances with the latest show at 10 pm. But to many faculty and staff, this was just one of many incidents that suggests that the Staller family was in fact trying to influence managerial decisions.

"It's obvious that [the Stallers] tried to exert pressure with their money," said a professor who requested anonymity. "But under Terry [Netter] and former President Marburger, it was clear that

the university was in control."

In Kenny's world, the almighty dollar seems to influence just about everything. With the help of her Corporate Advisory Board, Kenny is quietly turning her infatuation with the private sector into lucrative deals for her business buddies.

The administration has proposed a bill to the state legislature that would allow the administrators to lease university property to private corporations without public bidding for up to 60 years. Although this practice is currently illegal, the proposed bill would allow the university to ignore the law, for if any part of this bill is "inconsistent with the provisions of any law...the provisions of this act shall be controlling [see "The New Definition of 'Academic Mall': The Campus Village Part II, Oct. 31]. One cannot help but wonder if Kenny's business buddies would get the first shot at future contracts.

The most puzzling aspect of university's trend towards privatization is the allegedly cozy relationship between Wang and Kenny. According to the latest report from the New York State Ethics Committee, Kenny holds 6200 shares of Computer Associates stocks given as compensation for serving on Wang's Board of Directors. This has led to questions about possible conflicts of interest from Kenny's roles in the university and in Computer Associates (see Stephen Preston's article for more details).

The Computer Science department has insisted that Charles Wang has no interest in exerting undue influence in academic affairs and that the terms of the agreement do not include any changes to the existing programs. But the university must institute safeguards to check the power of wealthy donors. We must learn from the affairs of the Staller family and take special care to ensure that universities, the last bastions of freedom, do not sell out to the highest bidders.

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Tuesday, December 2nd at 7:00 p.m.

Javits 105

FREE

Bah! Humbug!

By Chris Sorochin

Once again, the venerable town elders of Port Jefferson, in their perpetual quest for tourism revenue, will sponsor a Charles Dickens Festival the weekend of December 5-7. Participants will (hopefully) find themselves transported into an Epcot Center version of a quaint and whimsical "Merrie Olde England" that never really existed at they indulge in caroling and bell-ringing recitals, Devonshire teas and lamplightings, thinking to themselves that Nineteenth-century London must have been ablaze with holly and gaslight, and populated by a consortium of jolly, pink-cheeked philanthropists, snug in their furs, and ragged, but hard-working and decent (and clean) paupers, with the occasional phlegmatic miser thrown in for contrast, instead of the dreary, gray, industrial hell-hole it most probably was.

To sate my hunger for veracity, I interviewed the world's foremost authority on Dickens and his times, Tobias Hoggbowell, at his cozy Victorian cottage in Aquebogue. After a sumptuous repast of roast boar, pickled oysters and brown ale, the lace-kerchiefed Mrs. Hoggbowell served us prune trifle accompanied by many tiny glasses of elderberry wine and provided a background of reels and airs on the spinnet as we got down to the interview.

"Once you plow through all the sentimental frummery, Dickens was actually an astute social critic. He was a citizen of what was then the world's most powerful Empire. Britain controlled a large percentage of the globe and maintained the hegemony with huge military forces. Abundant wealth flowed into the pockets of the small British ruling class, which lived in lavish comfort, and a growing, but by no means large, middle class of merchants and professionals.

"The British worker, however, didn't fare so well. Forced to leave the countryside by a combination of privatization of common lands and improvements in agriculture and nutrition which swelled the population, the rural peasantry crowded into already overloaded urban areas. There they dwelled in over-crowded, disease-ridden slums and competed for dangerous, low-paying, soul-crushing industrial jobs."

"Kind of like today in so much of the Third World."

"Exactly. And also like today, and not only in the Third World, there were more people than available jobs, and the 'surplus population' as Ebenezer Scrooge so aptly called them, were either drained off as cannon fodder in the imperial armed forces, or they turned to crime."

"Just the way working class youth today is offered a choice between low-paying, dead-end grunt work, a dangerous life of crime, or 'be all you can be,'" I interjected.

"Well, sort of. Today there are more options for the dispossessed, for example professional sports, or joining a militia. But, otherwise, the similarities are striking. For example, then as now, women and children bore the brunt of the suffering: prostitution and child labor were rampant. In a further parallel, increasing numbers of the urban poor, or all ages and genders, were shut away in dank prisons, or condemned to miserable poor houses where they did back-breaking and menial work for hardly any pay because they were burdens on society."

"Workfare!" I chirped.

"Indeed it was, my boy. In Dickens' time, as in Clinton's, poverty was considered a moral failing, and those without means were said to be lazy, shiftless, ignorant, etc. Some in the scientific community even began to do anthropometric research

to determine whether the lower orders were somehow physically predisposed to their slothful and immoral habits."

"Ancestors of Charles Murray, perhaps?"

"Spiritually, at least. In the early Twentieth Century, many poor and/or 'simple' individuals were forcibly sterilized to keep them from reproducing. Hitler was a great admirer of the eugenicist policy as practiced in certain states in the US and some Canadian provinces."

"Incredible, simply incredible. But even back then, weren't there progressives and reformers who advocated more humane approaches, or even radicals, like Marx, who recommended a transformation of the entire system?"

"Oh, indeed there were, indeed there were," he chortled, tugging on his beard and refilling his glass, "but anyone who suggested a more equitable economic system was attacked as an enemy of free enterprise, or worse, as a trade unionist. After the weakening of the monarchical system and the co-opting of the Enlightenment, capitalism was really feeling its oats. Many economists and pseudo-scientists seized on Mr. Darwin's recent discoveries to put in place an ideology that elevated the greediest to the position of those most evolved. Thus, to interfere with their accumulation of fantastic wealth at the expense of lesser beings was to flaunt nature. This ideology partially replaced the older one that God put the powerful on top and to suggest that they not be was to flaunt Him. Actually, the two versions kind of merged, and today we still have them working in tandem, with the addition of a third strand: any attempt to equalize wealth will result in a totalitarian assault on all individual freedom and pleasure.

"In addition to the impressive ideological fortress being developed, the ruling powers also backed up laws against labor organization and radical politics with very real force. This was especially true in the colonies, where rebellions against British imperialism were put down with considerable ruthless violence and in Ireland, where a third of the population were rather deliberately let starve during the so-called 'Potato Famine' because they were felt to be in the way and unappreciative of British paternalism."

"Lemme have another hit of that elderberry glop while I contemplate all this. When you really think about it, things haven't changed a whole lot, have they?" It's just like Uncle Sam starving all those kids in Iraq and Cuba so they can subdue those countries.

"Quite right. Empires are costly things that suck up the resources of the imperial country, to say nothing of those of the subject colonies."

"Any suggestion as to how to bring this side of the Dickens heritage to public attention this holiday season?"

"Well, you could get some co-conspirators together, dress up in period costume and go around at this festival distributing leaflets or even verbally educating people as to Dickens' true social concerns. It'll ruin the scented-candle mindlessness of it for some people, and Port Jeff Code Enforcement might take a dim view of your actions and have you removed to the hoosegow. Other than that, I'd recommend reading *A Christmas Carol* (or at least seeing the 1951 version with Alistair Sim, still the

best rendition), and looking at it not as a tale of a distant time and place, but one that resonates today. There's a striking similarity between the things said and believed by Scrooge and much of the conventional wisdom slithering around today about poverty and crime and their causes and remedies. I'd also strongly recommend becoming acquainted with Dickens' other works, and I don't mean *Oliver Twist*, really one of his more noisome efforts. Many Dickens cognoscenti consider *Hard Times* the epitome of his scathing social commentary, with the industrialist who keeps going on about how the workers want to eat turtle soup with golden spoons. By the way, are you still hungry?"

"Uh, no, thanks, that's OK. Don't you think Dickens pussyfooted around the systematic root of many of his society's ills by making it all about Scrooge personally and implying that you can be a good person and a good capitalist at the same time?"

"Yes. Dickens had to be careful about what he said and cloak everything in a syrupy glaze of personal culpability, lest he be called a dirty commie and smeared with opprobrium the way you'd smear jam on a scone. That's why I like the film version. They add a whole sub-plot about how Fezziwig was a great guy and too nice, so a couple of heartless entrepreneurial slimemolds force him out of business in a hostile takeover. The young Ebenezer sees that if he wants to be a player, he's got to say goodbye to his humanity. 'Nice guys finish last' and all that. It's really about his recapturing of that humanity and his realization of what's important in life. Of course, Scrooge had ghosts to help him out. His equivalents today only have their fellow humanoids to point out these important issues."

"Do you think there's any hope?"

"Well, a very wise man once said that you can try to change the world and run the risk that nothing will improve, or do nothing and make sure of it. Besides, I know it sounds gooey, but Christmas is all about miracles."

"You're right, that's gooey, I think I'm going to be ill. Got any commentary on any other holiday lore?"

"Well, there's the ubiquitous *It's A Wonderful Life*, but that kind of sours once you've seen just one of the very nasty hate films Frank Capra directed during the war. *Miracle on 34th Street* is an ode to commercialism and a lot of the stuff for kids is just saccharine. Except, of course, for the Grinch. And the Simpsons' Christmas Special, where Bart gets a tattoo and Homer has to get a job as a sleazy department store Santa and they end up at the dog track on Christmas Eve... I think both Seuss and Groening could be said to be direct descendants of Dickens; Seuss for his great love of absurdity, mingled with sentiment and Groening for his scathing satire of society and its institutions, impregnated with a concern for the human condition. Of course, Groening can also trace his heredity back to the all-American irreverence of Mark Twain."

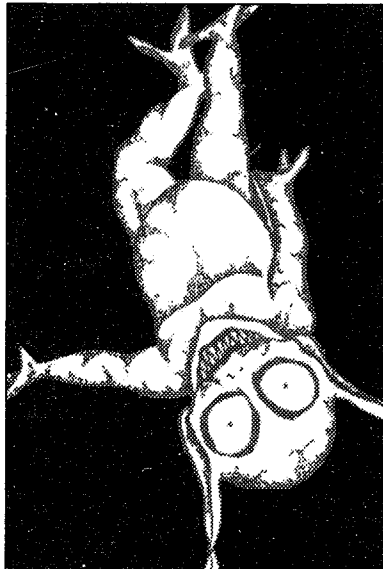
"Well, Dr. Hoggbowell..."

"Please, call me Toby."

"OK, Toby, if we get into Mark Twain, we'll be here all night. Thanks for a lovely evening and as Tiny Tim observed, th-th-that's all folks."

I Hate To Say I Told You So Department

I read the news *please see "Humbug," page 6*



CANDY AIN'T DANDY

After Governor Pataki was inaugurated in 1995, he was presented with the opportunity to appoint several members to the SUNY Board of Trustees, the little known group of advisors who make SUNY policy.

Candace DeRussy was one of the five appointees. She was appointed to the position of Trustee not on her merits (which are dubious, at best) but rather on her assurances of pushing Pataki's conservative agenda through one of the last truly progressive public education systems left in the country.

DeRussy's governance of the State University system has been marked by an extreme right-wing agenda, as she makes sure to interpret her job responsibilities in the most narrow and conservative ways possible. Her opinions and initiatives would have even the Church Lady begging her to chill the fuck out.

For starters, she whole-heartedly supported Pataki's proposed tuition raises in 1995 and 1996. As a contributing editor to the conservative *Catholic Crisis Magazine*, she has written a number of articles dealing with her view of education in America, including a screed detailing how the Magic: The Gathering card game has "a deleterious effect on morals and indeed may cause violence," and how the game induces children to practice satanism.

Furthermore, the group Change NY, of which DeRussy is a member, has as its mission the twisting of public education guidelines to more Christian-Coalition-approved boundaries.

As such, DeRussy has repeatedly put herself at the forefront of a number of issues that concern SUNY students, using her position and influence as a SUNY trustee to push her neo-christian political agenda down the throats of New York's less religiously extreme, more intelligent academia.

And then she decided to hit a couple of seminars.

When SUNY New Paltz recently held two conferences dealing with alternative sexuality, DeRussy attended in an obvious attempt to police college academic content. She brought a more than slanted eye toward censorship.

DeRussy knew what she was going to experience at the conference, and attended with the intention of micro-managing that which she has every religious reason to be offended by. When a woman who writes for a conservative Catholic ignorag attends a conference entitled "Revolting Behavior: The Challenge of Women's Sexual Freedom," what do people expect the result to be?

Well surprise surprise, she was shocked and disgusted. The issue quickly became political fodder, putting DeRussy's name in the papers and New Paltz President Roger Bowen's head on the chopping block.

And now, with New Paltz's seminars nicely politicized to the Governor's advantage, and the SUNY Chancellor pondering Bowen's future, DeRussy will try to sink back into obscurity.

We can't let that happen.

Candace DeRussy is in place to make sure the future leaders of New York State stay as ignorant as the current leaders, securing the seats of power for those who depend on ignorance for success. In a state where only the painfully stupid would vote for George Pataki, Candace DeRussy exists to tweak the nipple clamps of an increasingly ignorant student body.

Side thought: If New Paltz President Roger Bowen is ousted as a result of the two sex conferences, faculty members here at Stony Brook should be strongly encouraged to hold a month-long series of lectures on S&M, bondage and water sports.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Silly, Humorless and Overly Critical?

To The Editor:

Perhaps there is something to be said for those silly, humorless, "overly critical" people that "Julia Juggs" spent half a page in the last issue whining about. If nothing else, overly critical people generally have the good fortune of not blatantly contradicting themselves in public newspapers. Ms. Juggs asserts that she "never claimed to be no scientist" yet feels quite justified in condemning "Western Medical Science" for its stubbornness. While condemning Western medicine, she simultaneously hails alternative medicine as the new messiah, and holds up a personal anecdote about her mother's plight as proof. Perhaps, since Ms. Juggs is not a scientist, she is unaware of the differences between writing about her opinions about what happened to her mom and decades of dedicated research, experimentation, and controlled clinical trials. Here's a tip: the latter is a considerably more

effective approach to understanding and modifying the state of the world. This is evidenced by the products of science and engineering (TVs, rice, etc.) compared to those of anecdote. Perhaps Ms. Juggs' lack of scientific training also leads her to be unaware of the fact that, just like the drugs Western medicine prescribes, traditional healing systems also "mess with your body chemistry." We are unaware of how any treatment could have any effect without doing so.

Even more important than Ms. Juggs' lack of scientific thinking is her celebration of ignorance. It's appalling that a college student and a staff member of a campus publication doesn't feel the need to engage in analytical thinking but would rather take "certain things at face value." Perhaps next time the KKK decides to try to rally at the local mall, college students should take what they have to say at face value. After all, people should be able to spew whatever kind of ignorant, nonsensical shit they like without the threat of actually being challenged...

continued next page

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continued from previous page shouldn't they?

One final note about the campus banners. We feel that the administration has done the campus community and Ms. Juggs in particular a disservice by not including one of our favorite quotations: "It's better to keep one's mouth shut and be thought a fool than to open it and remove all doubt."

Sincerely,

Jennifer Hobin
James Polichak

The Author Responds:

Hey now, kids, why the hostility? Can't we all just get along? And, just to clarify, I didn't spend half a page in the last issue bitching about overly critical people. That was merely one part of my article. And I'm sure that you, being the pillars of truth and righteousness that you are, will agree that I'm justified in charging you as Overly Critical, because, you'll note, your letter is one big criticism of me and my ignorance of science. Don't get riled up, I'm just exercising my right to "challenge the ignorant, nonsensical shit" that you have spewed forth. No hard feelings though – just because we each think the other is full of shit doesn't mean we can't maintain a level of cordiality. Oh, and one more thing: lighten the fuck up, and learn how to take a joke.

Don't Be A Twenty-Something Fanboy
To The Editor:

Re: "I Was a Teenage X-Man," by Squirrel, from the November 12 issue of The Press.

Comics are one of the few art forms in America that have been so segmented and shamelessly profit-driven as to have been rendered nearly lifeless. A decade of neglect, mismanagement and greed has sent the profitability of a once-thriving industry plummeting and, along with it, the number of stores that sell comics.

Comic specialty stores are the lifeblood of an art form that mainstream bookstores have historically sectioned off to the lower shelf of the Science Fiction department, if they carry comics at all. Newsstands sell only those titles which will have the widest possible appeal; i.e. X-Men and Archie comics. The conduit by which comics reach the populace has shrunk, and less books are able to get through as a result.

And people like Squirrel are responsible.

Not him per se, but people whose understanding of, and participation, in comics begins and ends with spandex and super powers. Having grown up on these staples of the graphic storytelling medium, adult fans of the superhero genre are responsible for the implosion that has decimated the industry in the last few years.

It all started with Image Comics (I applaud Squirrel's choice of target in Rob Liefeld, a cancer to hit the comic book medium if ever there was one). When Rob Liefeld, Todd MacFarlane, Jim Lee and the others left Marvel Comics and established Image Comics as a venue through which creators could retain control over their creations, the industry applauded them and supported them. They were Marvel Comics' brightest and flashiest sons, and they were making a stand for creator's rights, one of the first steps

necessary to bring an art form in its adolescence to maturity.

What they did with that opportunity is less than laudable. Acting like a bunch of petulant, unprofessional airheads, Image Comics proceeded to quickly emphasize all those aspects of comic book-making that were idiotic and sophomoric. Muscles, unproportionately big tits hovering over unproportionately big guns, "cool" costumes, banal banter, die-cut covers with eight different types of foil embossment, grade-school-level writing and late shipping dates became Image's trademarks. All those factors that appealed to pre-pubescent teenaged boys were highlighted to the point where anything that differed from that formula was seen as too much of a risk to publish.

Combine that with the above-mentioned habitually late shipping dates, and you had a retail force that invested millions of dollars in books they expected to have on the shelves by a certain date, left waiting, without money or books, for product that showed three, four months late. Many stores closed as creditors collected debts, and without these big-selling books to sustain the stores, they started closing.

When a generation of twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys realized they were getting the same cheesy artists rehashing the same cheesy characters involved in the same cheesy plots, they stopped buying the books, and the industry went into a financial tailspin.

Many people lost their livelihoods, and the careers of many burgeoning artists (not formulaic hackmen like MacFarlane) were ended short, when publishers no longer had any money to risk on un-tested, risk-taking creations. Just the type of creations necessary for an art form to flourish.

So twenty-something adults like Squirrel decry the disdain with which many people, unfamiliar with the nature of comics, treat him. He champions comics as a viable art form, one deserving of the same type of attention and respect as other storytelling media, such as the novel or film. Yet, he continues to read and celebrate those very artists and genres which serve to marginalize his hobby, and ensure its eventual destruction.

It is, and should always be, okay to indulge in whatever type of reading one wishes to. Squirrel should enjoy his X-Men, his Spawn; he should revel in the joy and escapism these books bring him. He shouldn't, however, cite these books as the end-all and be-all of comics, but rather, he should promote those books and artists whose work would never see the light of day. He should be citing the Gaimans, the Barrs, the Spiegelmans, the Hernandezes, the Windsor-Smiths, the Crumbs, the Moores, the Kristiansens, the Cruses and the Moebiuses as the best the medium has to offer. He should be able to get past his adolescent fixation on super-powers and "cool art and characters" to what really matters: the amalgamation of story and art. The comic book medium is a dynamic and exciting art form. It deserves and needs champions who know what they are talking about.

Sincerely,

John Giuffo

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PRESS FLAILS AS LAWMAKERS MAKE MESS OF HOUSE

By Norman Solomon

Bad Congress! Bad Congress!

Lawmakers on Capitol Hill have gotten quite a media scolding lately. You'd think they were dogs that refused to be "Housebroken." From coast to coast, the angry sound of rolled-up newspapers was unmistakable.

The *New York Times* held its nose in disgust all the way through an editorial that thrashed "vengeful" Democrats in the House of Representatives for failing to grant the president fast-track power over trade agreements. The newspaper concluded that "narrow political interest has carried the day."

Meanwhile, a Washington Post editorial was fuming that Congress "caved in to the special pleaders." The editorial made an odd claim: "Trade liberalization benefits most people, but it also invariably hurts a few... In the political process, the losers and potential losers naturally lobby vociferously; the winners, a larger but more diffuse group, don't."

The Post didn't mention that trade-deal "winners" had been able to lobby vociferously in its own pages. During the six months leading up to fast track's demise in the House, the Post's op-ed page ran 12 articles in favor of fast track -- and just four against it.

When Congress declined to give fast track a green light, many pundits with big megaphones expressed anger. None were more contemptuous than Washington Post columnist James K. Glassman, who described the House of Representatives as "the Washington chapter of the Flat Earth Society." He proclaimed: "It's hard to

find a respectable economist who opposes free trade, the value of which is glaringly obvious."

As a fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, one of the nation's most influential think tanks, Glassman doesn't let the readers of his widely syndicated column know who is paying the piper for his tunes. But a report by Public Citizen documented that between 1992 and 1995, the Institute received more than \$1.7 million from pharmaceutical, medical device, biotechnology and tobacco firms and their foundations -- only some of the donors eager for "free trade" pacts that curb government regulation.

This month, Glassman -- who described Democrats in Congress as "the disingenuous stewards of unions that are desperately trying to maintain their cartels" -- was among numerous commentators who blasted organized labor for going toe to toe with big business.

A *Los Angeles Times* opinion piece that appeared Nov. 12 was typical: Political scientist Ross K. Baker denounced "labor's scare tactics" and contended that "congressional Democrats have consented to be bound, trussed and gagged by America's fading labor movement."

In the wake of fast track's failure to get through the House, a Wall Street Journal editorial mournfully charged that AFL-CIO President John Sweeney had "busted up a Democratic president's attempt to maintain American trade leadership in the emerging global economy."

A lot of news and commentary echoed the sentiments of Commerce Secretary William Daley, who depicted citizens living outside the Beltway as ill-informed dummies: "Even though we all know the

benefits of globalization, obviously the people out there don't know it."

But, at a Boston-based group called United for a Fair Economy, researcher Chuck Collins observes that "the American people are not isolationist or stupid about the ups and downs of free trade." He points out: "Americans are suspicious of international trade policies that are written entirely to serve the interests of large multinational corporations."

When those interests won a big victory with passage of NAFTA in 1993, news coverage tended to portray the win as a triumph for pro-trade rationality. But the big victory over fast-track legislation -- won by labor, environmentalists and human rights activists a few days ago -- was widely reported as a triumph for narrow special interests.

Lori Wallach, director of Public Citizen's Global Trade Watch, has an assessment that's very different from the usual fast-track postmortems in the news media. "Despite the incredible pressure of the president and the Cabinet, despite the offers of outrageous pork-barrel deals, despite the intense lobbying by most of the Fortune 500," she says, "Congress was able to represent the interests of their constituents."

Whether the country's powerful media outlets like it or not, disobedient voices have transformed the national debate.

Norman Solomon is a syndicated columnist. His most recent books are "Wizards of Media Oz" (co-authored with Jeff Cohen) and "The Trouble With Dilbert: How Corporate Culture Gets the Last Laugh."

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"Humbug," continued from page 3

today, Oh boy. Actually, I just saw the headline. It seems Adolf, I mean Rudy, now plans to install surveillance cameras in Central Park and other "crime spots." Is nothing sacred? And are there going to be cameras on Wall Street? Or lavatories of police precinct station houses?

Here We Go Again Department

Ho-hum. Another confrontation with those mean old Iraqis over their weapons of mass destruction.

First, the US has absolutely no right to preach to anyone else about such weapons. When are we destroying our weapons of mass destruction? And until then, are we going to allow inspections of officials from a sworn hostile power in to look at them? Of course not. All inspection teams should be from neutral countries. If they reach a conclusion our leaders don't like, they can simply employ their patented combination of bribery, arm twisting and intimidation to influence them to see things the "right" way. Or, as in case of the 1984 Nicaraguan elections, simply ignore them.

Ditto for the two accused bombers of PanAm flight 103. Kaddafi insists they be tried by the World Court or some other impartial body. And if the US and Britain are so sure of the righteousness of their accusations of their accusations, they shouldn't be afraid of such a hearing, although I think the world court might be a little harder to buy off than UN officials. Again, we'll just ignore the ruling, like we did when they ordered us to pay Nicaragua reparations for mining their harbors back in the '80s.

Have a truly joyous intercession!

This Just In!

Sunday, November 16th, I and about 600 others were arrested for participating in a procession onto the Fort Benning Military Reservation. We carried coffins filled with petitions demanding the closing of the School of the Americas. All 600 of us were transported to a central location, patted down, photographed and "processed." Anti-SOA literature, buttons and T-shirts were confiscated. At the end we were served hot cafeteria food and something resembling coffee. They started releasing us after about five hours, but some were there longer. Thirty people who'd previously "trespassed" will be arraigned on Wednesday, November 19th.

It's Supposed To Be About Learning

By Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain

Eighteen-thousand undergraduate students run around and bump into each other on the 1100 acres of this mammoth University. In addition to juggling courses, clubs, and social lives, we work who knows how many hours for the privilege of attending Stony Brook. Maybe somewhere in that busy mess we forget why, exactly, we're putting in all these hours. This is a University, and although in this day and age many see it as a necessary evil to be trod through on the way to a job, we are supposed to be reviving an education, or, more accurately, educating ourselves. It is with this in mind that it is an understatement, yet a shame none-the-less, that I appeared to be the only undergraduate in attendance at the recent lecture, "Computers and Linguistics," presented by the Humanities Institute.

As a first semester freshman, there is still a tremendous amount for me to learn about the resources at the disposal of students of this University (and I can only assume that the full-time worker/full-time student commuter-types out there may have studied here for years without learning these things), and so I found myself, last week, wandering the halls of our library. It was in these wanderings that I stumbled upon the offices of the Humanities Institute, and a flyer informing me that, in half an hour, a lecture on the study of computers and language would be presented. For the sake of those of you who haven't had time to stumble upon the Institute, allow me to explain. Celebrating its tenth anniversary, the Humanities Institute is an organization which aims to, in the words of Director E. Ann Kaplan, "foster better

understanding amongst faculty and students working in dramatically different disciplinary areas." In other words, the University is home to countless scholars who spend most of their time devoted to academics in a setting filled only with others of their specialty. Not only does this greatly limit their understanding of all the fields they don't happen to study, but it prevents their exposure to viewpoints which differ from those unquestioned by those in their particular tightly-knit circle.

Every year, the Institute presents a topical lecture series with these goals in mind; this year's series is entitled, "Technology and the Millenium." Co-sponsored by Don Harrington, Chair of Radiology in the Medical School, Dr. Yacov Shamash, Dean of Engineering, Director Kaplan and Tom Liao, Chair of the Program in Technology and Society, "Technology and the Millenium" was created to explore (with this multi-disciplinary perspective) the impact computers and humans have on one another.

After the requisite jokes stereotyping one discipline or another ("I'm surprised an engineer could have found such a good looking tie") we were off. I found this particular lecture, "Computers and Linguistics," presented Dr. Richard Larson, Professor of Linguistics, and Dr. David Warren, Chairman of the Computer Science department, with introduction by Dr. Shamash, to be interesting, educational, and well-presented. Profs. Larson and Warren, who have worked together many times in the past, spoke of the way the studies of computer science and linguistics have influenced one another, and at times the "I'm talking, you're listening," structure broke down into an open discussion between the speakers and the audience members. The formal lecture was followed by a

reception: not only could we now interact with the speakers in a direct one-on-one fashion, but there were refreshments! All in all, I felt it was a wonderful opportunity for honest learning and open communication, and I was saddened that I was the only undergraduate present to enjoy it.

In a discussion after the lecture, I learned that Director Kaplan shared my disappointment over the lack of undergraduate presence at the lecture. She pointed out that the Institute had put up flyers and advertised in campus newspapers. In the past, however, undergraduates seem to have only shown when given either a direct grade incentive or threat from professors. I would urge everyone reading this, especially any undergraduates who do care about learning a thing or two during their stay here, to look into the Humanities Institute, as well as whatever else waits out there, unseen by freshman eyes.

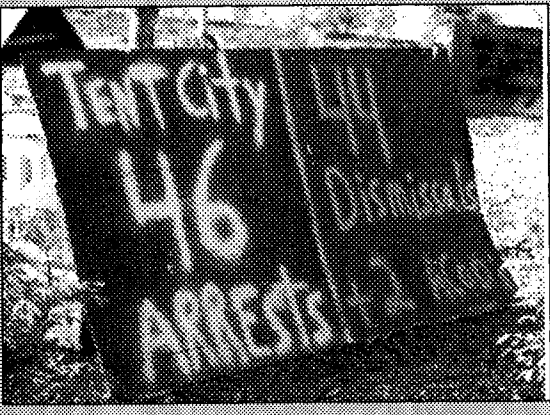
"Computers and Linguistics" was the second lecture in this year's series. The first, presented over the summer, focused on Deep Blue, the computer that defeated human chess champion Gary Kasparov. The next lecture, focusing on creativity, will be given by Microsoft Fellow Alvery Ray Smith, on Wednesday, April 29th. Lectures beyond that are still undecided, a computer graphics specialist is being considered, and the Institute is open to additional suggestion.

The Institute has other functions beyond the one lecture series. This March there will be a two-day conference "New Millenium. New Humanities?" celebrating the tenth anniversary of the Institute and exploring the future of the humanities in "the context of globalization." This conference is free to undergraduates.

Hey, professors!

Do you remember any interesting events or legends from the good old days at Stony Brook? Now, you can share these memories with the campus community in a spring semester feature in *The Press*!

For more information, please call Michael Yeh, News Editor, at 632-6451.



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Charles Wang Plays

Give them any chance, they'll take it;

By Stephen Preston

Kenny and the Part-Time Jobs

So tell me, you cynical embittered students, tell me how you think Shirley Strum Kenny is supposed to make all her dreams come true with her \$170,000 salary as Stony Brook's President. Clearly she cannot, and thus she has been forced to take several part-time jobs for supplemental income. Have many of you not been in the same situation? Have you not taken a job for Aramark or Wallace's to earn a few extra bucks? Surely! So do not think to throw stones at Shirley Strum Kenny as you hear what she's been forced to do.

According to Kenny's 1996 Financial Disclosure Statements (available through the State Ethics Commission, if you're willing to traipse to Dennis Vacco's office in Manhattan), she held four part-time jobs, serving on: the Scholarship Committee of Seagrams, the Regional Advisory Board of Chase Manhattan, the Board of Directors of Toys 'R' Us, and the Board of Directors of Computer Associates. I do not know what she does for the scholarship committee. She is presumably paid for serving on the Regional Advisory Board of Chase Manhattan, but I do not know what her duties are.

Her positions on the Boards of Directors are rather important, however. Thanks to the Securities & Exchange Commission (SEC), it is fairly easy to find out about them, since every corporation is required to file with the SEC on all compensation of its Directors. According to these reports (available on the Web; see the Web edition of this article for the actual addresses), Kenny earned \$30,000 as a base salary for being a Director at Toys 'R' Us. She also earned \$1500 for every meeting of the Board she attended. At 6 meetings a year, this brings her total Toys 'R' Us compensation to \$39,000.

As a director of Computer Associates, Kenny earns \$45,000 per year. For this she attends 8 meetings per year. Just for the sake of curiosity, let's compare Kenny's part-time job to the one you probably have. Let's assume that each meeting takes one full day, and Kenny spends two more days reading stock reports or something. This brings Kenny's total working time to two forty-hour weeks. So for each week, she earns \$22,500. If you work for Aramark or anywhere else on campus, you will make the minimum wage of \$5.15 per hour, or \$206 per week. This means that Shirley Kenny's time is worth roughly 110 times as much as yours. Of course, this is a conservative estimate, since she probably doesn't work quite so long.

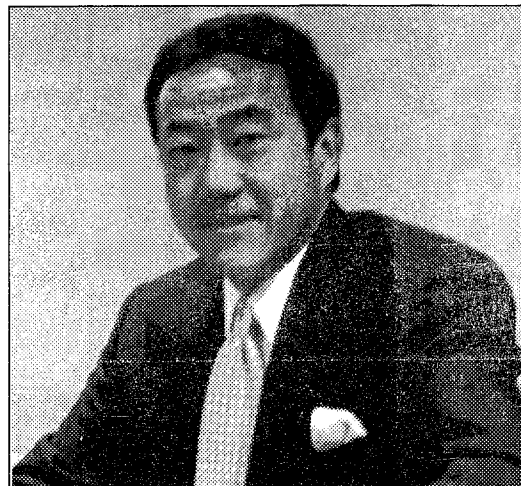
Computer Associates' Other University Connections

"Wait a minute!", you think. "Haven't I heard the name 'Computer Associates' somewhere before?" Yes, you have! You'll recall that

Computer Associates donated, in March 1996, a Quality Assurance Lab and a Transaction Processing Lab to our own Computer Science department. (OK, so this was never publicized on campus, and you never heard about it; read the press release on CA's web page.) You'll also recall the very recent announcement that Computer Associates would donate money to the Computer Science department to expand the faculty and increase enrollment.

Now there was an editorial furor in the *Statesman* over these donations. Apparently the *Statesman* suspected that all was not well with these donations, that perhaps CA had certain unpublicized ulterior motives. *Statesman* has been and continues to be roundly chastised for their cynicism, by Computer Science's Steven Skiena ("There is absolutely nothing sinister about this...") and by New York City Comptroller Alan Hevesi, who said that CUNY would gladly take CA's donations). Is there any cause for concern, as *Statesman* believes? Or is it just Charles Wang's (CA's CEO) unabashed generosity at work, as Skiena believes?

Computer Associates seems to believe the whole plan is rather sinister. For example, according to CA's press release from March 1996, the computer science curriculum is being changed a bit: "Students taking four new courses will review the latest updates in CA software... These key courses will prepare today's students for a wide variety of professional positions by familiarizing them on the CA-Unicenter systems and network management solution and



Computer Associates' Charles Wang
photo courtesy Tee Lek D. Ying/Statesman

CA-OpenIngres information management solutions..." Computer Associates also suggests that another ulterior motive might be to get CS faculty to help the corporation fix

the problems with CA's software: "The partnership establishes two major SUNY software research projects at Stony Brook... [One] project will develop a new database concurrency control that will allow databases to process more transactions per second. CA has donated a source code version of CA-OpenIngres, which two Ph.D. candidates will update with the concurrency control method... [In another], [a faculty member] and a Ph.D. candidate will develop a language and protocols to support workflow applications over the Internet using the CA-OpenIngres database."

How about Computer Associates more recent announcement, that CA would contribute faculty to "double the number of computer science undergraduates"? Anything sinister there?

Unfortunately, CA does not actually have a press release on this topic. However, the idea that "employees from [CA] will obtain adjunct professor positions at the University in order to teach specialized classes" might seem a tad suspicious, especially in light of CA's previous plans to add the new courses to teach students to love and appreciate CA software. There are

rumors of more collaborative projects between CA and Stony Brook as well, but nobody yet has any details on them.

Ostensibly - that is, according to Stony Brook's official spokespersons - these donations are intended only to increase the number of computer science majors at Stony Brook so that Computer Associates will have more and better employees. Ignoring the fact that Computer Associates itself doesn't seem to share this

interpretation, let's analyze the idea more carefully. Why would Computer Associates spend so much money on our computer science department? It is suggested in the *Statesman* article on the subject that CA has a lot of trouble finding employees. According to Skiena, "[CA] obviously needs quality trained software people and you can either import them or you can make them." Charles Wang has said in interviews that due to the miserable living conditions on Long Island or rumors thereof, many employees are not willing to move here to work for him. Makes sense, right?

However... Another reason people may not want to work for Computer Associates is that the working conditions aren't so great either. According to a *Newsday* article from July 4, 1993: "Employees are expected to put in long hours, display unyielding dedication and flexibility and accept relatively low starting pay." Some former employees in various *Newsday* articles said things like "You're either fanatically loyal or you're gone," "...burnout is a real problem at CA," and "The whole place is run on fear." *Newsday*, on August 16, 1995, also suggested that working at CA has a price: "long hours, the possibility of frequent and drastic changes in assignment and total dedication to the company and its chief executive [Charles Wang]." Another quote: "At critical times... employees often work 11- and 12-hour days, and come in on weekends." Those who don't are "mocked behind their backs, then driven out."

So even if CA is not trying to get students and faculty to redesign CA's software, their motives may not be so noble after all. Do we really want computer science students to be trained here to use primarily CA software? Do we want CA employees to teach students how to get jobs at CA? I would argue not. It doesn't mean Stony Brook should encourage people not to work there; however, students should also be qualified to work at companies other than CA when they graduate.

"...tell me, how is Shirley Strum Kenny supposed to make all her dreams come true with just her \$170,000 salary?"

'Laverne' in Shirley's Show

read them any rule, they'll break it.

But what about Charles Wang's most selfless donation, our beloved (potential) Asian-American Center? Surely this \$25 million gift is nothing but beneficent, and thus we can't just go around bashing Charles like ingrates, right? Well, not exactly. Remember what's actually in the Asian-American Center? Along with the cultural things, there is a computer lab and various technology which Charles feels is the beginning of a "virtual university." According to an Administration official, Wang was considering building onto the Computer Science building for some kind of Computer Associates Research facility, but he has apparently changed his mind and wants to build it directly onto the Asian-American Center. At this point it is hard to tell how serious the plan is, but it helps to explain why someone who treats his employees so poorly would suddenly become so generous.

According to Stony Brook's press release from November 3, 1997 (see the "Octos" issue of *Happenings* for details) this is only one of the projects of the "Center for Software Excellence," "a program developed jointly by CA and Stony Brook to promote research and development in areas leading to the creation of new software companies in the Long Island area." How generous! Charles Wang, who made his fortune by devouring smaller software companies, now wants SUNY to help him create new smaller software companies. Surely there are others who believe this action is not totally selfless...

It seems likely that if the Center ever gets around to needing some kind of space of its own, it will get it in the Asian-American Center (as Kenny herself has suggested). If it was to go any other place on campus, Wang and Kenny would have to apply to the legislature for another ground lease. Considering how difficult it has been for Kenny to get a Campus Village ground lease, it seems they would have the same difficulty with this. But Wang got a ground lease for his Asian-American Center with no trouble at all, and now he can do essentially anything he wants with that space.

Laverne, Shirley, and the Ethics Commission

Now here's where Shirley Strum Kenny comes in. You're probably wondering at this stage whether Kenny's positions as Computer Associates Director and Stony Brook Overlord are in any way incompatible, or if they perhaps create a conflict of interest, especially considering what's already happened between CA and Stony Brook.

I asked Kenny how, with her Shakespearean literature background, she ended up on the Boards of Directors of Toys 'R' Us and Computer Associates (neither of which have any direct connection to Shakespeare). Her response: "I was asked to be on those two boards. I have found it enormously helpful as a businessperson in *this* job and I hope I have been helpful to

the boards as well. Any time any official of the University is asked to be on a Board of Directors, ... that goes to the State Ethics Commission."

A perusal of the New York State Ethics Commission's Advisory Opinions shows that Kenny indeed went to them. Check out Advisory Opinion #95-21 (see the Web version of this article for the site), for example. In this Opinion, a certain SUNY campus President (names are deleted for anonymity) asked the Ethics Commission to join the Board of Directors of a certain for-profit computer software company... But let's not play games. It's obvious they're referring to Kenny and CA (though they won't actually admit it).

The compensation for this position was supposed to be \$30,000 per year and 2,000 stock options. Interestingly, the Ethics Commission allowed her to take the job and the flat compensation, but not the stock option. Their rationale was the concern that "a personal, equity interest in Computer Associates would create the appearance of impropriety." It is thus very interesting that Kenny owns stock in Computer Associates anyway. According to the SEC reports, she owned 2500 shares of CA stock in 1994, upon first becoming a Director. After two stock splits and one apparent purchase or payment of 575 shares, she has 6200 shares of stock in Computer Associates. With a value of around \$70 per share, this means Kenny has over \$430,000 invested in CA.

Now could there possibly be a conflict of interest between a heavy investment in CA and a position on their Board of Directors, and a position of authority over the Computer Science department? Did Kenny pressure the Computer Science department to conform to Wang's demands for fear of budget cuts? Skiena seems to believe something like this; he seemed concerned about the recent cuts in faculty, and thrilled that there would be any new money in the department.

Any involvement between Kenny, Stony Brook, and Computer Associates is a violation of the Ethics Commission's specific requests to Kenny. She was ordered to "disclose and recuse herself from matters concerning Computer Associates or SUNY (e.g., renewal of existing contracts, Computer Associates' possibly seeking to perform new services for SUNY, Computer Associates' giving of property of services to SUNY)." If Kenny even knew about any negotiations between CA and Stony Brook's Computer Science department without full disclosure, this is a serious violation of ethics. It is becoming increasingly evident that Kenny did

have some knowledge of these collaborations, and that she knows of other deals that have not yet become public.

It is for all of these reasons that members of the *Press* and *Statesman* recently filed a complaint with the State Ethics Commission. The Commission is currently evaluating the complaint, and will soon decide whether to pursue

a full investigation of Kenny's actions. Kenny has compromised our faith in her independence, and shattered our confidence that her private investments are not influencing her public actions.

A French philosopher once said, "The law prevents the

rich man and the poor man equally from stealing bread and sleeping under the bridge at night." The law prevents you from stealing from Aramark, and allows them to steal from you. But perhaps the law can also be used, for once, to help students. This is our hope: that Kenny's most recent ethics violations will finally be the last straw. Here's a quick summary of the laws Kenny seems to have broken, from the Ethics Commission complaint:

- She created the appearance of impropriety by serving on the Board of Directors of CA, in violation of Public Officers' Law ("An officer... of a state agency should abstain from making personal investments in enterprises which... may be directly involved in decisions to be made by him," and "An officer... of a state agency should endeavor to pursue a course of conduct which will not raise suspicion among the public that he is... in violation of his trust.")
- She failed to disclose her knowledge of, and possibly participated in, negotiations between Computer Associates and Stony Brook for the "Center for Software Excellence" projects, in violation of the specific provisions of the Ethics Commission's Advisory Opinion 95-21.
- She held stock in Computer Associates while serving on the Board of Directors, in violation of the intent of Advisory Opinions 95-21 and 96-29.

- The proposed construction on campus of any offices for Computer Associates or the "Center for Software Excellence" could violate parts of Education Law and the Public Officers' Law, which prevent campus officials from holding any personal interest in leases of campus property.

The *Press* has made a point of accusing Kenny of whoring herself for Charles Wang. This is a serious misconception. Kenny is not a whore, she is a pimp. She is whoring the departments on the campus to profiteers and her personal friends. It must stop here, with Charles Wang. While it is understandable that the Computer Science department may not openly object to these deals (since they see no other source of money), they must be stopped nonetheless. With any luck, the Ethics Commission will find her guilty of ethical violations before she flees to Texas. Kenny must go, but not voluntarily.

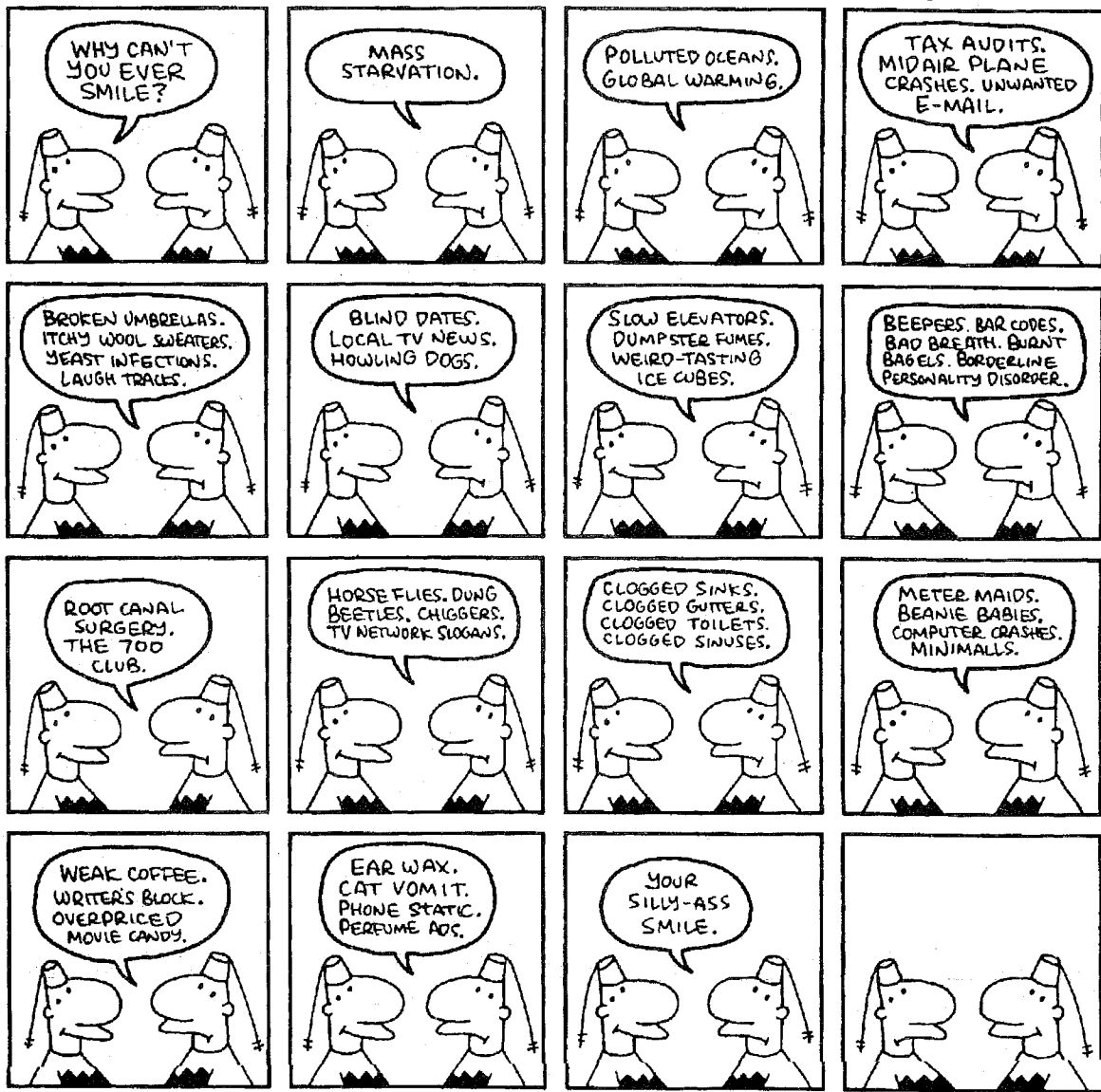
"...Are Kenny's positions as Computer Associates Director and Stony Brook Overlord a conflict of interest?"



University President Shirley Strum Kenny

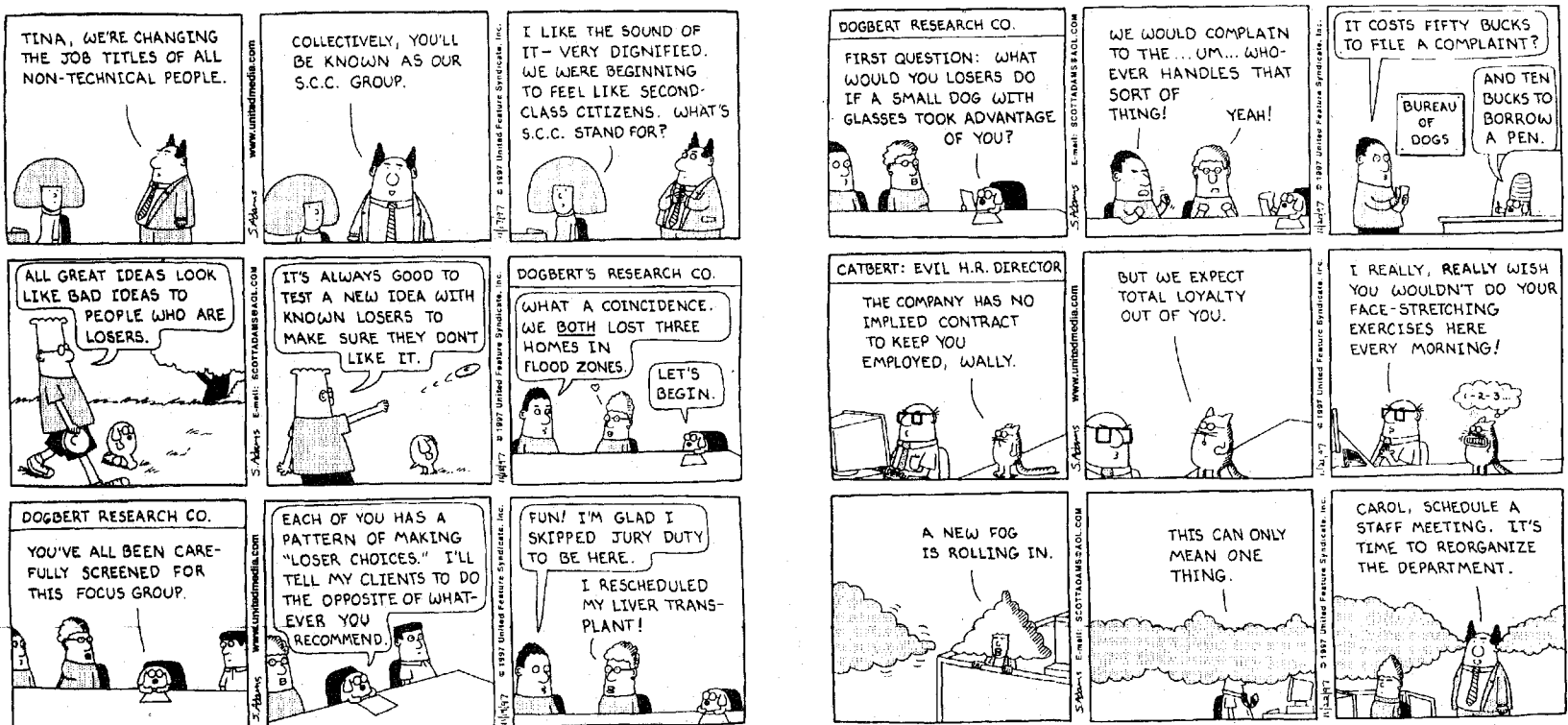
LIFE IN HELL

©1997
BY MATT
GREENING

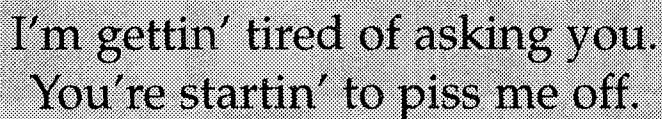


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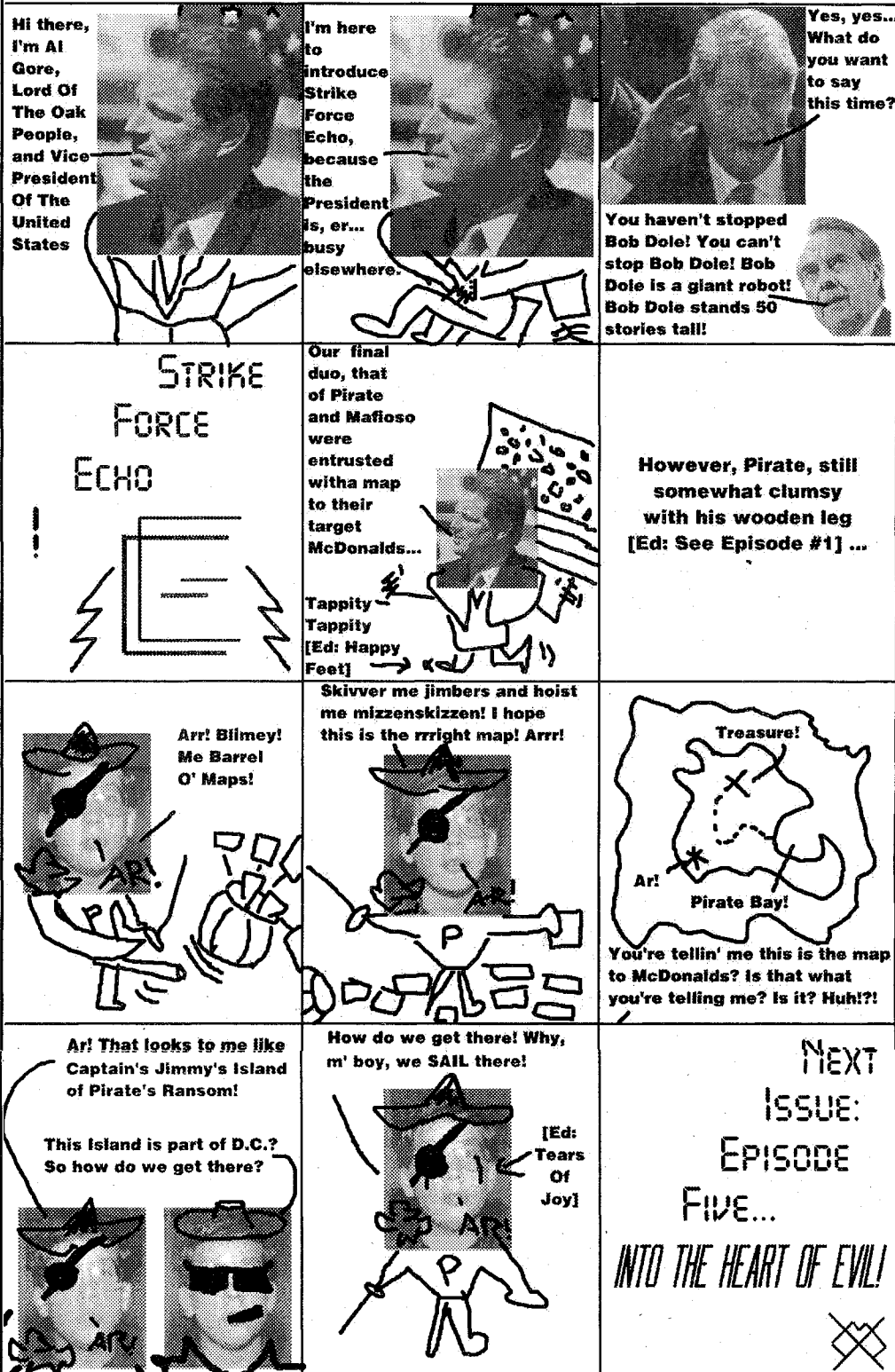


GIVE ME SOME COMICS!

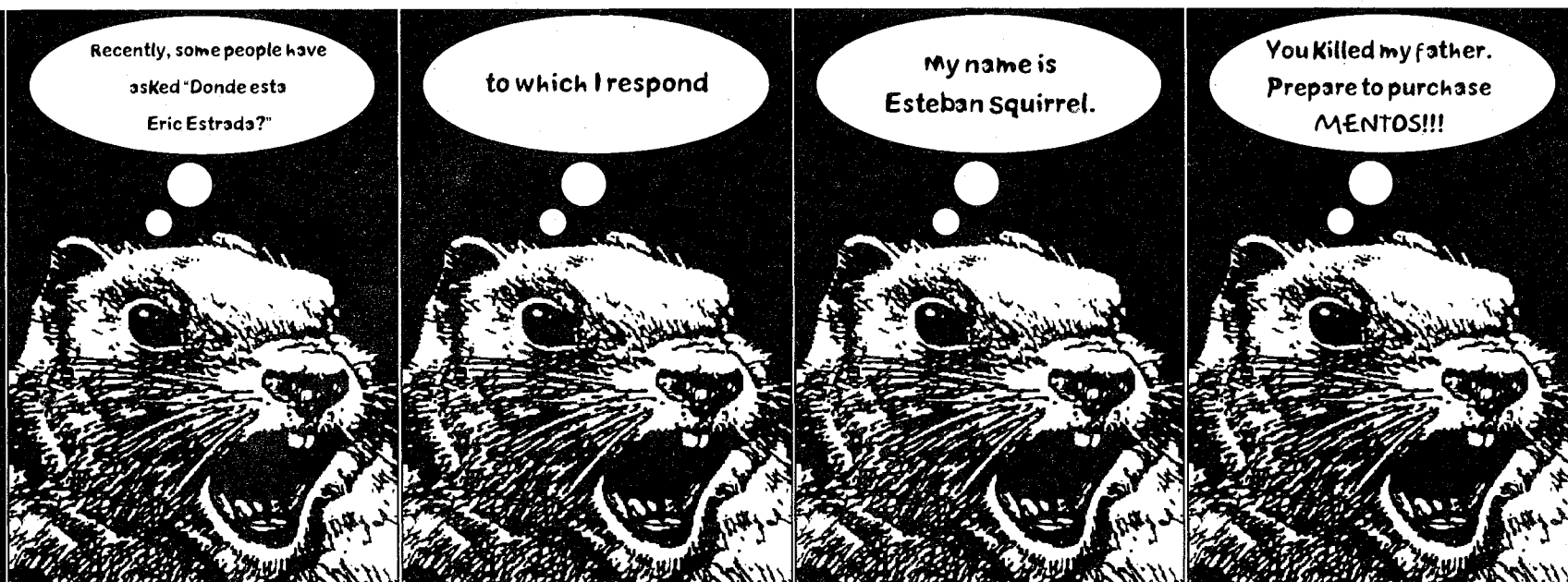
Bitch!

Strike Force Echo

**by Matthew
Vernon
Xavier
Willemain**



THE ANGRY SQUIRREL



IN "SABRINA, THAT WITCH"

By Brian Libfeld

In last week's installment, the subtitle read "The men just call him sir", where it should have read "The mens just call him sir".

Top Ten Things To Be Thankful For

- 10) Radioactive radar guns make cops sterile.
- 9) That first, really long pee of the day.
- 8) Cars full of fertilizer.
- 7) Dave Chow.
- 6) Penicillin can now cure many sexually transmitted diseases.
- 5) Fine Corinthian leather.
- 4) Taylor Negron.
- 3) Those monkeys they dress in clothing and put on the TV shows.
- 2) Chef Tony, host of the "Brown and Crisp" infomercial.
- 1) The University of Texas at Austin.

CONTEST WRAP-UP

THE "LITIGATION SUCKS" CONTEST

Several issues ago, we ran a "Nancy" cartoon without any words, and asked you to write the dialog. The winner, Kara Uso, was also our only entrant... but that's not to cast aspersions on her lovely comic. It's printed at right.

THE SEAWOLF SUBMARINE

An issue later, we asked you to re-write the words to "Yellow Submarine" so as to describe Stony Brook. Our suggestion: "We're going down on the Seawolf Submarine." Our winner, Kathleen Vize, came up with something better:

"At the U of Stony Brook
Plays a team of brawny boys
Now they've made Division One
So they're Shirley's favorite toys

Shirl's going down on the Seawolf Submarine
Seawolf Submarine
Seawolf Submarine
Shirl's going down on the Seawolf Submarine

S.A.T's...
What did they mean?
They've been lowered for
Our division one team
The president continues to gloat

Shirl's going down on the Seawolf Submarine
Seawolf Submarine
Seawolf Submarine
Shirl's going down on the Seawolf Submarine

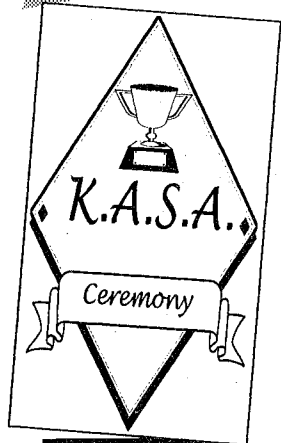
*Congratulations
to all our
winners!*

*If you want your prize,
come down to our
office and we'll figure
something out.*



Check out 3TV this semester!

Bringing you the absolute best in student productions and major release movies!



3	Monday 11/24	Tuesday 11/25	Wednesday 11/26	Thursday 11/27	Friday 11/28	TV	Monday 12/1	Tuesday 12/2	Wednesday 12/3	Thursday 12/4	Friday 12/5
5:00-6:00 pm	Richard III	Much Ado About Nothing	The Van	The Living Smithsonian	Volcano	5:00-6:00 pm	In Love and War	The Count of Monte Cristo	Mrs. Doubtfire (5:30)	From Information to Wisdom	Damage
6:00-7:00	↓	↓	↓	USB Rugby	↓	6:00-7:00	↓	↓	↓	USB Rugby	↓
7:00-8:00	UK Today	Understanding Television	Andrew Lloyd Webber	↓	Burly Bear	7:00-8:00	UK Today	Understanding Viruses	Beethoven's Fifth Symphony	↓	Burly Bear
8:00-9:00	Inventing the Abbotts	Seawolves Basketball	Senate Meeting	Age of Innocence	USB Theatre "Spare Change"	8:00-9:00	Henry V	Seawolves Basketball	Senate Meeting	Forrest Gump	Midnight Madness 1997
9:00-10:00	↓	↓	Our Town and Spirit Night	↓	↓	9:00-10:00	↓	↓	Stop the Brutality	↓	↓
10:00-11:00	SAC Ceremony	USB Comedy Hour	All Over Me (9:45)	KASA Ceremony	Star Wars	10:00-11:00	Strange Days (10:30)	Infinite Possibilities	Riverdance (10:30)	Rising Sun (10:30)	The Empire Strikes Back
11:00-12:00	Immortal Beloved	The Last of the Mohicans	↓	↓	↓	11:00-12:00	↓	Dead Poets Society	↓	↓	↓
12:00-1:00	↓	↓	Nowhere (11:30)	2001: A Space Odyssey (12:30)	Madama Butterfly (12:15)	12:00-1:00	↓	↓	Don Juan De Marco	↓	Romeo and Juliet (12:15)
1:00-2:00 am	Barton Fink (1:30)	Set It Off	↓	↓	Paradise Road	1:00-2:00 am	Wall Street	First Strike (1:30)	↓	My Own Private Idaho	↓

Note: Programs will repeat throughout the day, 24 hrs. a day!!!
Friday's schedule will also be repeated on Saturday and Sunday!!!

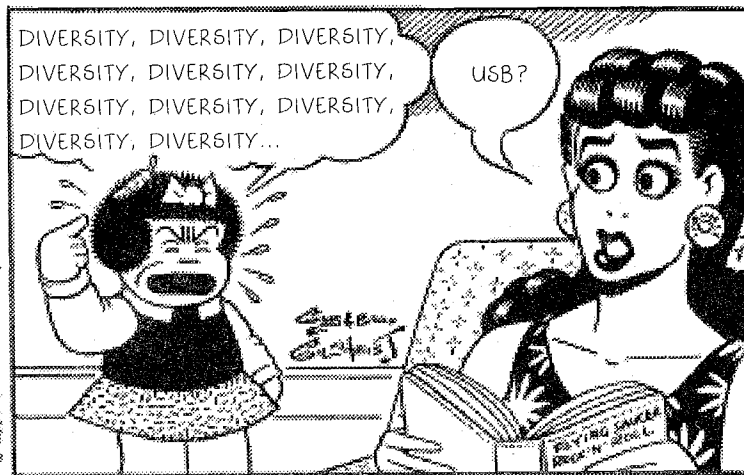
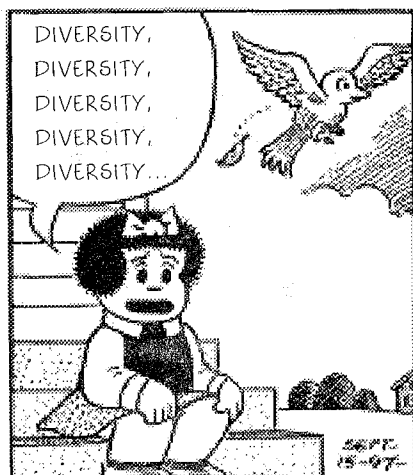
We are on the air 24hrs. a day, 7 days a week!!!

WE PRODUCE FOR YOU!

We're Your Station!

Nancy

by Guy and Brad Gilchrist and Kara Uso



THE LUNATICK'S RAVINGS

"Git Along, Little Prez"

By The Lunatick

Ah yes President Kenny. By now everyone knows about her interviewing at Texas. Let's look at all the "Good" she did to this university. She gave us a beautiful new logo, got money for an Asian cultural center. Got rid of all the nice grass and trees, and benches, in favor of rocks and metal tables and a whole bunch of sculptures around campus that resemble modern mishmosh. I would say President Kenny is a pearl. You all know how pearls are created, through constant irritation!

That new logo, how much did it really cost the university? Lets think, of all the vehicles that had the new logo printed on them, all the stationary that was thrown out with the old logo (there have to be hundreds of departments, if not thousands all with their own stationary). Then the new stationary printed up. What do they think paper grows on trees (well technically it does but we don't need to go into it)? Then the wonderful signs that were placed at each entrance (welcome to McUniversity can I take your order?). The cost of producing the logo itself. Not to mention the cost of removing the old signs and logos. Probably by the time you add all that up it hits the hundreds of thousands of dollars mark.

I may have hated the U Tree "Son's 'a Bitches" logo, but even I have to admit those redwood signs were distinctive and added class to this University. When you saw those signs, especially the main entrance, you knew you were entering a university. The new signs just say

"Stony Brook" and which entrance you are at. Stony Brook what? Shopping mall?

So what about the Asian Cultural Center? So generously donated by Mr. Wang of Computer Associates. Hey isn't Kenny on the board with them? I seem to recall a petition about this regarding a conflict of interest. Something about having our grad students do some work for Computer Associates. Of course it would not be anything to do with software design. No, of course not. Something like this would never happen. Kenny would never use this university to further her own pocket-book and interests. After all she is a mini celebrity. She was in the Newsday article about power women and how they dress. She would never do something sneaky and underhanded like that.

One of the things I loved about Stony Brook was how you could be in the middle of the academic mall and seem to be in the middle of the woods at the same time. There were trees and little clusters of woods everywhere. Now they are all cleaned out. The benches that once resided under the trees that provided a relaxing spot to eat, do homework or just hang out are gone. They have been replaced by those disgusting multicolored tables. The only benches left are the 3 by Humanities.

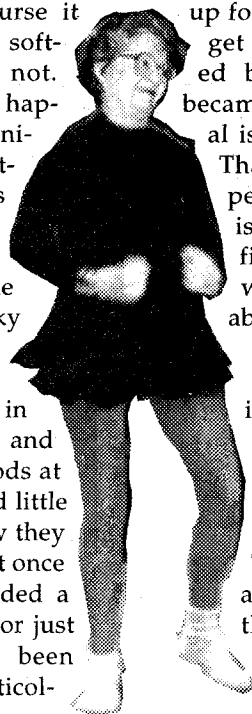
I remember when Kenny first came to the university. No one thought she would become

president because this was a science university and she was not a science person. Nonetheless she became president. Then she did something unprecedented. She extended the add-drop period because so many people were having trouble with their classes. I was amazed, someone who actually cared about the students and wanted to help. I thought things were looking up for this university, that maybe things would get better. I found myself no longer disgusted by the fact that a non-science person became president. I saw a hope that the personal issues about this university might change. That you might actually be able to speak to a person in administration and resolve an issue. That we might finally be treated like first class citizens, instead of whiny brats, who have no idea what we are talking about. Was I naive or what?

Well Shirl ya let me down. That hope soon turned back to disgust. You impressed me with your big plans and the good you showed in your first semester. Now you are packing up your bags and leaving. Good riddance! You remind me of a poem I read in grammar school:

"I hope the Romans had painful abdomens, I hope the Greek's sandals hurt their feet, Because they started the fuss"

Now you are leaving it to us.



Hey, Kids!

Try your hand at *The Press'* new contest!

A versus B

The object of this contest is to dream up a fantasy fight to the death between two parties, living or dead, real or imaginary. For instance:

Homer Simpson vs. Chris Farley
Bill Clinton vs. Al Gore
Sammy Davis Jr. vs. all of the Smurfs

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to come up with one of these fantasy battles, and then write a brief description of who would win, and why. The most entertaining entry wins some of the crappy CD's record companies are always sending us.

All entries must be received by December 5th. We reserve the right to do whatever the hell we want to.

The Propaganda Problem: The Commercialization of a Campus

By Kenyon Hopkin

There is an ongoing presence of influence overlooked on campus, a force that invades our classrooms and hallways. It is always there, everywhere you turn. You've probably been so conditioned to it that it's too obvious to be noticeable. This unsuppressed force is called advertising. It seems almost trivial, but it steps over the line when it enters our academia.

Since you began college, you have been unable to avoid it. Every billboard, one after the other, holds the same ugly front. It's in your face, sometimes surrounding you, like in the lobbies of Harriman Hall and the Physics building. At the front of the classroom, next to the chalkboard, it's Discover, Kodak, and Columbia House. Discover wants us to "Apply Now" and put ourselves into debt. Getting film developed from Kodak may be a legitimate business, but if I need a film developer, I know where to find one. I don't need to see their name every flipping day. And we all know what the deal is with Columbia House. Sign a contract with them for a few free CD's, while they nail you with postage and handling.

What business do they have in distracting us

from our studies? But the key word here is business. And they think we're an easy target. Leave the classroom, and the hallway billboards are insistently plastered with offers for credit cards and vacations. "Cancun, Spring Break '98, from \$399" is printed on one flyer. Sure, I want to enjoy my Spring Break, but right now I'm trying to concentrate on my classes, not to mention graduation. And I certainly don't have \$399 to blow on a trip. These companies should know that college students have no money. These entities prey on the weak. We're here to learn, not to be tested as vulnerable.



A lesser evil on campus (only because they don't have a permanent home to be posted on), are what some call "bar ad cards." Don't dismiss these little, colorful marketing gimmicks for local bars and clubs as harmless. They are just as guilty. The only difference is that we don't see them on the wall. We see them on a ledge or tucked into a car door in the commuter parking lot. Mostly, however, we see them on the ground. In the lots and in front of the Student Union. These cards most often result in litter, an issue in itself.

And then there's all the material used to print up the ads. It doesn't look like much, but if you put together everything on campus, you'd have around half a ton.

Five other angry students and I "collected" some postings a few weeks ago, resulting in a mere 20

pounds, consisting of close to 1000 business reply cards. This was only a small fraction of what is out there on campus. The worst part of the whole thing is that what we removed has already been replaced.

The sneaky individuals who post this stuff either rip down legitimate school-related flyers or cover them up to make way for their stinky, slimy corporate images. But the people who put this up are just a pawn in the game. They're doing their jobs. They probably get paid for this. And the companies most likely pay the school for the space.

Let's pay them back, shall we? For starters, pull out all those business reply cards or envelopes and toss them in the mailbox. What luck, they're post-paid! If you're really ticked off, like me, write nasty messages on the form where you put your name address, etc. Something like, "Stay out of Stony Brook," or "Keep your propaganda to yourself." Just don't overload one mailbox. It might look a little fishy to the postal service. As for the rest of the cardboard structures, bring it all down, straight to the trash can. Unfortunately, two days later, they magically reappear, resurrected by the mind control fairies. Not to worry, just stay consistent. They'll get the idea sooner or later. Make way for education and campus information. Even for that student trying to sell a car or textbook. Like it says on the Discover card ad, "Make a Statement."

The Student Environmental Action Coalition is responding to the issue above by the preceding methods. We've established a flyer stating that the space was reclaimed by the students. Help is needed to continue this struggle for freedom of our minds. SEAC meets Wednesdays at 1 PM, Student Activities Center, 3rd Floor Lounge.

ONE BITCH TALKS BACK

By Marlo Allison Del Toro

Stop!

Ha, made you listen to me.

Listening, communication, respect: No one seems to cultivate these qualities. Here's a peek into my life: last week I was reading in the undergraduate lounge on the second floor of the Humanities Building. A friend of mine came in to discuss homework with me, so we spoke in hushed tones to try and minimize the disruption we may have caused others in the lounge. (For those of you who have never tried to read in there, it is never very quiet due to the hallway traffic and other random noises.) As we spoke, a bitch started to bang her foot on the ground and make shush sounds. In response, my friend said, quite audibly, "Some people don't have the decency to speak to you face to face. Some people are so rude." And I agree.

Okay, so you have a right to read in a relatively quiet area, but I have a right to be treated with respect. In a movie theatre, or a library, or especially in a hospital, one can expect the people around them to be quiet, and one would be justified in being rude if others were being loud. But, a lounge is not a library.

In a related incident: if we are on a chartered bus, at 10 a.m., on a two-hour ride, if my friend and I want to sing we don't have to shut up because you want to sleep. Sleep at home.

Back to Buses and Respect

In the past couple of weeks, I've had a few peo-

ple (those bums from Kelly quad and vicinity) tell me that, because they pay for the buses, they have a right to be lazy and use the COMMUTER bus to get somewhere that it would only take five minutes to walk to. I still contend that the north and south local buses are for the residents, especially during peak (as in 30 people on line waiting) hours. But let's drop that issue; I have a new gripe.

There are supposed to be four commuter buses running during the day. So, at any point, one should be at south-P, one at SAC, one heading towards SAC, and one heading towards south-P. So, Kenny Regime, why have I (and the other commuters) had to wait on 50 people lines for 10-15 minutes to get a bus to class? This bull is cheating me out of an education; I need that time for class. So put out or get out, Ms. Tex-ass.

Boogie at your own risk

A few weeks ago, the movie Boogie Nights opened in theatres. It got four stars from Newsday. These are the ingredients for trouble.

I work at a local movie theatre, so I've seen and heard a lot of weirdness. Example: The seniors in this area (and elsewhere?) go to see movies because "Siskel and Ebert gave it two thumbs up" or "Newsday gave it four stars." These people must be on crack to think that just because a movie got good reviews they are going to like it. Rule #1: Don't see a movie if you don't know what it's about. Apparently, very few people actually make educated decisions about which movie they are going to spend their money on (\$4.50 for seniors and chil-

dren, \$7.50 for adults, on average). So here is a quick education in the plot of Boogie Nights: This is a movie about the adult film, as in PORN, industry in the late 1970s (era of bad clothing) and early 1980s (pre-yuppie). If you are not up for explicit sex scenes (including a full-frontal view of Marky Mark Walberg's faux 13-inch penis) and all that other R-rating generating material, then don't go see this movie. Or, in the very least, don't bitch to me about it.

"Oh, my god. I didn't know it was about that!" one older lady said, as she requested a refund. "If I wanted to see that I would've just rented a movie," another disgruntled patron said, as her mother stood open-mouthed in horror. "I thought it was supposed to be good," a clueless woman mumbled, as her husband got passes for another time.

News flash: loving/liking/disliking/hating a movie is subjective. I could love it (like I loved Pulp Fiction when I saw that) and you could hate it (like most of our older patrons did). Yes, we will give you a refund if you come out a half-hour into the movie, but we are not responsible for the movie's content, nor do we care if you were unsatisfied by it.

Boogie Nights is rated R (as in no one under the age of 17, without a parent or legal adult guardian over the age of 21, with photo/birth date ID, will be admitted) for: strong sex scenes with explicit dialogue, nudity, drug use, language, and violence. And no, I haven't seen it, so I don't know if it's all that bad, or any good at all.

THIS'LL HURT YOU MORE THAN IT'LL HURT ME

By James Polichak

As a teaching assistant and a test-proctor for psychology courses (our largest undergraduate major), I've seen a lot of undergraduates progress through their coursework and noticed something rather disturbing. A good chunk of the undergraduate population, at least in psychology, has very little regard for course prerequisites. Consider this example. I'm currently a teaching assistant for PSY 380 (ratlab), which has PSY 260 (intro to cognition and perception) as one of its prerequisites. While proctoring an exam for PSY 260 recently, I noticed that four out of thirty-two students from PSY 380 were taking the exam. This means that an eighth of the PSY 380 students must have ignored the prerequisite suggestion. However, I only saw half of the PSY 260 students, so our best guess is that there were another four in the other room taking the PSY 260 test. This means that a quarter of the people who should have already taken PSY 260 were actually taking it at the same time as PSY 380. This says nothing of those who aren't taking and have not taken PSY 260, or of those who haven't taken the other prerequisites for the course (stats

and research methods). Students' lack of prerequisites has a number of effects on the content of courses here and on their own performance.

When there are a large number of students who lack the prerequisite knowledge for a class, instructors have two options. They may either teach the class as if everyone had taken all prerequisites, or they may dumb down the class, in essence spending part of the class engaging in remedial instruction. Instructors use both of these options to varying degrees. Both of these options have negative effects on the quality of classroom instruction.

When a course is dumbed down because large numbers of students haven't taken the prerequisites, all students in the class suffer. Those who have successfully completed the prerequisites are forced to listen to material they already know. They suffer through inane questions asked by students who would know better if they had taken the required coursework. (I have good sources who will testify that this is extremely annoying. It also occurs when idiots don't show up to class and expect to be taught the entire class in a review session or an office hour.) All of this takes up increasingly expensive class time, resulting in advanced classes that are

not so advanced. Less new material is covered, and everyone is thus less well-prepared for other courses, graduate school, jobs, and so on.

Luckily, many instructors do not do this. Instead they teach the course, as if everyone had taken the prerequisite courses. This lack of remedial instruction is, of course detrimental to those who need it. Thus, those students who lack the prerequisites struggle more for lower grades.

Of course, there can be arguments made for skipping prerequisites. Someone who's great at math, has gotten As in differential equations, etc., may not need to take statistics. This does not apply to most people who skip their prerequisites. I've seen some of you out there, talked to you about coursework and given you grades. The simple fact is that most people who don't take the prerequisites for a course suffer by having to work harder for lower grades. If you don't have a good grasp of the expected background knowledge, you fail to understand the new material. If you think the most important things about a class are the time it meets or whether your friends are also in it, go right ahead and ignore what I've written. Hopefully, your instructors will ignore your plight. If you value the quality of your overall educational experience and that of your peers, when you sign up for classes this semester, keep course prerequisites in mind. The administration and faculty have designed course sequences for your benefit, not theirs.



IT LIVES

WUSB 90.1 FM TOP 30

november 17, 1997

1. FATBOY SLIM: BETTER LIVING THROUGH... (ASTRALWERKS)
2. CRAMPS: BIG BEAT FROM BADSVILLE (EPITAPH)
3. BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE: GIVE IT BACK (BOMP)
4. JULIANA HATFIELD: PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB (Bar none)
5. APHEX TWIN: COME TO DADDY (Sire)
6. STEREO LAB: DOTS AND LOOPS (ELEKTRA)
7. JONATHAN FIRE EATER: WOLFSONGS FOR LAMBS (Dreamworks)
8. BENTLEY RHYTHM ACE: S/T (ASTRALWERKS)
9. VERVE: URBAN HYMNS (VIRGIN)
10. PORTISHEAD: S/T (LONDON)
11. BOB DYLAN: TIME OUT OF MIND (COLUMBIA)
12. PIZZACATO 5: HAPPY END OF WORLD (MATADOR)
13. PROMISE RING: NOTHING FEELS GOOD (JADE TREE)
14. MOCKET: Fanfare (K)
15. CATIE CURTIS: S/T (GUARDIAN)
16. APPLES IN STEREO: TONE SOUL EVOLUTION (SPINART)
17. TOASTERS: DON'T LET THE BASTARDS... (MOONSKA)
18. MOMUS: 20 VODKA JELLIES (Le Grand Majesty)
19. BJORK: HOMOGENIC (ELEKTRA)
20. COOTIES: LET'S PLAY HOUSE (TOOTH AND NAIL)
21. MODEST MOUSE: LONESOME CROWDED WEST (UP)
22. DUBSTAR: GOODBYE (POLYDOR)
23. BOBS: I BROW CLUB (rounder)
24. DWARVES: are YOUNG AND... (EPITAPH)
25. ME FIRST: AWFUL FRIENDLY (BROKEN REKIDS)
26. CONGO NORVELL: ABNORMALS ANONYMOUS (JET SET)
27. REGULATOR WATTS: AESTHETICS OF NO-DRAG (DISCHORD)
28. TERRY KITCHEN: BLANKET (urban campfire)
29. MOGWAI: YOUNG TEAM (JET SET)
30. OVARIAN TROLLEY: ciao meow (candyass)

COMPILED BY MORTYON MOPKIN

I Hate Barbra Streisand

By Steveoh

Stony Brook Press Alumnus

Writer Emeritus

All-Around Good Guy

I hate Barbra Streisand with a passion. Her numerous achievements (Oscars, Grammys, etc.) are far too numerous to mention, and are probably well-deserved (if you like that shit). I do not despise her for her immense, obvious talent. I do not despise her for her immense, obvious nose. I hate her because she is obnoxious and arrogant and not worth the publicity given to her. We pay too much attention to her, and it only feeds on her annoying ability to be self-serving and overly "righteous". Why should she be loved and adored and others scorned for the same things? If Barbra Streisand were a professional athlete, she would be booed in every stadium across the world. Michael Irvin is. Deion Sanders is. Yet Barbra Streisand sets attendance records while being a snot. Why is that?

Why do we give a shit if she is sitting courtside with Andre Agassi? Why do we feel James Brolin is "lucky"? Why is it that you cannot open the newspapers without reading an opinion given by this obnoxious woman? Why is she giving speeches in front of Congressional houses? Why do we allow her to stop all airline traffic at Newark Airport so her plane can land?

I do not understand why we give her all this attention. I pay taxes. I vote. My criminal dossier is clean. Yet, if I wanted to stop airline traffic, I would only be kicked off the plane mid-flight if I wanted to land by my lonesome. If I sat next to Andre Agassi at a tennis match, I would be escorted away. I have no comment about James Brolin. Why is Joe Q. Civilian denied the public vestiges granted upon Ms. Streisand?

Why do all her fans insist that she is beautiful? She is disgusting. Even taking away the nose (which would require a tractor), she is still grotesque. She dresses drably. Her hair is a messy mop. She is always tired looking. And that nose! Do you even classify that as a nose, or as a growth of mammoth proportions? Yet, you read and hear, "Barbra Streisand is the most beautiful woman in the world!" Yeah, that's true in a blind-and-deaf world.

And what's with this "It's like buttah!" thing? What does that mean exactly? Let's analyze. Butter is grease. Butter is pure cholesterol. Butter is unhealthy. So, by saying, "It's like buttah!", what she actually saying is that "It's like a blockage in your lungs which will eventually close up and

enable you to have a heart attack, dick!" That's what she's saying. Yet we glorify her as some sort of saint.

And she's a feminist. Not that I have anything against feminism, but you could be a feminist who battles for equal rights, which is great and productive, or you could be a feminist who battles for woman's superiority, which essentially makes you the enemy you are fighting against. She just has to prove that a woman is better than a man. In 1983, Babs became the first woman to direct, produce, write, and star in her own picture. That's awesome. That really is. Yet, her feminist superiority side took over as she played Yentl, a teenage singing Yeshiva boy. At the time of the filming, she was 40 years old. Why did she have to do that? Why ruin it? You have to cast a boy for the role of Yentl. But nooo, she has to be Ms. "I Can Do Anything!" and do it all by herself. I'm personally glad that the movie flopped. Good for her.

I hate Barbra Streisand, and it's a shame. But it's all her fault. Go hang out with Celine Dion.

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



Suck My Left One

By Jill Baron

Last issue, I graced you with my opinions on such matters as American medicine, Overly Critical People, and People Who Don't Wipe Up Their Piss On Toilet Seats. This time, I turn my ravings to other, more pressing issues.

Target 1: DEC Requirements.

I've said it before, and I'll say it again—I ain't no scientist. Hence, I severely resent being forced to take a math class and not one, but two blasted science classes. I understand the importance of a diversified education, but come on. It would be one thing if they said, "Just take the math class and pass it," but you have to get at least a C to get credit. That's no easy feat for a numerically challenged individual like myself. I always looked forward to college for one basic thing: freedom. Freedom from my parents, freedom from the motherfuckers that I went to high school with and, most importantly, the freedom to choose what I wanted to learn about and what course my education would take. Shortly upon arrival at Stony Brook, however, I learned that this would not be the case. I realize that math is important to many fields, and I agree that if you are majoring in something involving the sciences, you should be required to take math classes. However, for those of us who are Sociology or English majors, being forced to take calculus is ridiculous. I know how to add, subtract, multiply, and divide. I highly doubt that in my career of social work, I will ever come across something requiring the knowledge of complex calculus formulas. If, for some bizarre reason, I ever do, that's what calculators are for, my friend. The bottom line is that I am quite certain that whatever path my life takes, I will get through it without the use of calculus. The science requirement sucks, too, but at least there's lots of branches of science to

choose from, so it's possible to avoid the ever-painful chemistry and physics classes.

The only requirement I agree with is DEC A, which is writing competency. No matter what field you go into, having the basic ability to write coherently and to be able to organize your thoughts clearly and express your ideas on paper is imperative. Communication is something that's important to everyday life, no matter what your chosen career path, if any, is. I also support the argument that it's important to learn about other societies and cultures, which is something that is not stressed enough in American education. Most American children are sheltered enough as it is, and the point of an education is to broaden the mind and make us aware of the world around us. Well, wouldn't that include the learning of calculus, one might argue. I'm afraid I can't buy that argument. Dealing with people who are different from us and who come from other societies is something that all of us have to do at some point in our lives. Using calculus, however, is not. I understand the desire to expose us to all different facets of education, but I've taken enough math in my twelve years of pre-college education to get more than a taste of it, and enough to realize that math is something that I want my life to have absolutely nothing to do with. I thought college was the time when you were finally able to focus in on what interests you and to start preparing for your career of choice. Well, color me happily misinformed.

Target 2: The Jane's Addiction Reunion

Some bands know when to quit. Look at Led Zeppelin, for example. After their drummer died, they disbanded and went their separate ways. They knew it wouldn't be the same without him (Yes, critical folks, I remember the whole Plant/Page thing, but the point is that they didn't call themselves Led Zeppelin). So, why can't Perry and Co. take the hint? Now don't get me wrong, I

love Jane's Addiction – but not this new-fangled foursome that call itself Jane's Addiction. I yearn for the Jane's Addiction of yesteryear, before Perry ever conceived the idea of Lollapalooza or Porno for Pyros, thus bastardizing the very essence of what was Jane's Addiction: raw energy and excitement, with a little punk-style disobedience thrown in. The band that now call themselves Jane's Addiction is, in fact, 3/4 Jane's Addiction, 1/2 Porno For Pyros, and 1/2 Red Hot Chili Peppers. Now, I know I'm no mathematician, but I don't think that adds up to one full Jane's Addiction. Did they even try to contact Eric Avery, the fourth original member of the original Jane's Addiction, and arguably the most talented? Even if they did and he wasn't cool with the reunion idea, a lightbulb should have gone off over Perry's head, saying, "wait a minute – if all the original members don't want to do a reunion, I probably should realize that it won't really be Jane's Addiction. Maybe we should call ourselves something else, or maybe we shouldn't do it at all." But then again, I guess you can't expect much from a man whose daily diet consists of smack and pussy.

Target 3: Chapstick Addiction

The first step is admitting you have a problem. Okay, I have a problem. I can't go fifteen minutes without reapplying some sort of lubricating substance to my lips. They say once you become a religious chapstick user, your lips stop producing their own moisture, thus causing you to reapply more chapstick, thus creating the downward spiral known as Chapstick Addiction. It's not pretty, kids. Try to ignore the lure of Lipsmakers and Lip Lix and all those other seemingly innocent chapsticks and lip balms, because once you fall, it's not easy getting back up. Moderation is the key. I encourage anyone who's interested in forming a support group to contact me at the Press office. Help is only a phone call away.

PUTTING THE CHEMICALS BACK IN THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS

By Squirrel

Saturday the 15th, 11pm: I stand outside the Hammerstein Ballroom with a belly full of Razzmatazz liquor in me. Such was the start of the night's festivities. I had sold my extra ticket to my friend Dana and didn't envy her lack of a jacket as a light snow began to fall onto the horde of fans lined up to get inside.

For twenty-five dollars, I had deemed that I would make this night worth every penny I spent. I had my big raver pants on, a pair of pink glow sticks in my pocket, and enough money to buy all the stimulants I would require.

We shuffled in and checked my coat and bag downstairs as the house DJ pumped out a few tracks of Trip-hop techno. I surveyed the upstairs surroundings, where I was to spend most of the night; people had started rushing in decked out in a dizzying array of fashions from punk to hip-hop, to raver scum. I shook my head in disgust as the flock of Trendies in Prodigy shirts pushed their way through the crowd to the main floor. Had they no shame? Why would anyone wear such clothing at all, let alone at the concert of the offensively-named band's primary rival for pop culture dominance? I couldn't comprehend their motivations, and thought that to try would require a few swift kicks to my cranium, so I didn't sweat it too much.

Midnight arrived quickly as I blew an hour away showing off my trance style dancing to a couple of high-schoolers sitting in a circle by the stage. The opening band had been pretty respectable, I think they were called "Death in Vegas" and I knew that I had heard them before but couldn't place just where or when.

Well, enough pondering, the crowd told me, as I looked up at the sound of 3000 screaming twenty-somethings. Bright lights began to rise and illumi-

nate the giant movie screens that were flashing the blinding message "The Brothers are Gonna Work it Out" at a break neck pace. I cursed myself aloud, the Chemical Brothers were gonna play and I had yet to score the required drugs. I ran in a panic through the crowd pushing them aside in search of the most elusive of club inhabitants, a dealer. I began to think how ironic it was that when I didn't have the cash they flocked to me but when I really need it they are nowhere to be found.

I had long since lost Dana to the crowd, not that she could have helped me much, as all she does is drink (the freak) but felt that if I found her then we could both find drugs for me faster. I searched for her in vain; there were a couple of thousand people here and she could easily have been attached to any one of them. I started back for the stage and ran into a talk boy who mumbled something incoherent in my ear. "WHAT!?!?" I screamed over the pounding bass of "Block Rockin' Beats." He yelled into my ear this time "you need E, S, K or CID?" It took me a moment to realize what he meant and then my heart leapt with joy. DRUGS! HE WAS OFFERING ME DRUGS!!! Ohhh, sweet sal-

vation at last! "How much for E?" I inquired. "Thirty" he grumbled back, looking all too nervous. I only had twenty on me. Shit, I didn't want K, cause it would knock me out cold. No S, I prefer not to have my heart explode on me, and what's the point of acid if it won't kick in until the concert was half over? For those of you who don't have a clue what the hell the last few sentences mean, let me break it down for ya.

E, which is my drug of choice, is short for Extacy. It is a blend of natural stimulants and pain-killers, with a little Heroin, crystal-meth, and amphetamines, stirred gently with a heapin helpin of something that kicks your endorphins into overdrive.

S is short hand drug speak for Speed, it makes

you too hyper to breathe correctly, so I don't like it, ya feel like shit afterwards.

K stands for, well, K. Actually, Special K is a horse tranquilizer. IT'S MADE FOR HORSES, NOT HUMANS. DON'T TAKE IT! HIT YOUR SELF WITH A CROWBAR FOR THE SAME EFFECT.

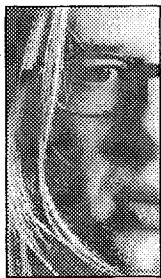
CID is Acid... I think we all know what that does.

Well, I was fucked on the drug front. I hastily returned to the front of the stage where me and a few dancers made a circle and took turns showing off our moves. Why? Well, I think that all dancers think that if you dance better than the rest of us losers you'll get laid. So far evidence has not been substantial. Ohh well, no drugs, no women, but some fucking good music.

The Brothers played nearly all of their songs without taking a moment to rest, which left me pretty damn tired. I can't name what songs they played cause they meshed them all into a two-and a half hour

long symphony of scratches, slides and break beats. Their musical skill and imaginative on-the-fly sequencing astounded one and all throughout the night. I could discern individual songs from the mix, but every few minutes snippets of a new one would sneak in and the music would change direction, but never let go of the previous song.

The night wound down and we left for the train station, me to the LIRR and Dana, back to NYU. As I walked home from the train I thought about how sad other techno groups are these days. No spontaneity, or real innovation at all. Other concerts tend to be the same rehashing of the same old music you have on CD, but the Chemical Brothers brought with them a whole new version of every thing you thought you knew about their music and techno in general. They're good, they're great, they're the best at what they do. And if you don't go see them next time they play I'll personally smack you upside the head with a jagged metal pole.



We Can Still Be Friends...

By Sylvester DiPalmero

As I was strolling about campus a few days ago, smoking a cigarette, feeling the winter's breath running up my pant legs, giving me this nice...well, anyway, I noticed how few hands were being held anymore. All the smiling, sickening couples from the beginning of the semester, groping each other to let us know just how much in love they were, vanished. It could only mean one thing. Winter was here. With the death of summer comes the death of cupid's magic. If you are one of those unfortunate (lucky) people, I have something for you. Here are five steps to survive the winter breakup blues.

1. No Way Man, That's My Spice Girls CD

The ceremonial exchange of goods signifies the real end of your relationship. Do it quickly and thoroughly. There is nothing worse than getting it done, feeling at ease that it's over and you say to yourself, "Oh shit, he/she's got my great-great-grandmother's hand-knit sweater that she was wearing when she died." He who hesitates is shit out of luck.

2. Two Weeks, That's All You Get

You'll definitely need a little mourning period. So

get out those Cure CD's, and 80's Brat Pack movies and cry and be miserable. But no more than two weeks. It's one thing to feel pathetic, but if it goes longer than two weeks, you are pathetic.

P.S: In mourning, avoid things like driving past his/her house ten times a day, reading his/her horoscope to get insight about how he/she is doing now, or going to that diner that you two always ate at, just in case. There is nothing worse than seeing the cause of your affliction in the flesh, only to send you into another two week spiral...

3. Hey, Remember Us?

You know those people that you used to hang with, go to the Spot with, call more than once a month...you know, your friends? Well now is a perfect time to make their acquaintance again. Be prepared for the "I told you so"s, or "Oh now that so and so's not around you remember our phone number!" Get out your knife and fork for some tasty humble pie.

4. Don't Get Mad, Get Laid

Yes, I know you're angry, and he's/she's an asshole, but anger will get you nowhere, or worse, arrested for stalking. Use that energy for something more constructive, like good old fashioned fucking. But remem-

ber when you're out there in the sex pool fishing, use protection. I know you didn't with him/her because it was "love" (uh-huh), and he/she would "never" sleep with anyone else (yeah, right), but there are still some unpleasant and fatal diseases that you can catch out there chumming. So remember, no balloon, no party.

P.S: I excluded the self-love from here because a warm body is always better than a wet hand, and the latter will most likely make you feel more pathetic than you already do.

5. Time To Live Again

Now that you're going to have a lot more free time on your hands, utilize it to do things you always wanted to, but couldn't since there was this nagging whiny person in the way. Go on vacation to Idaho, start up a new hobby like saving your felchings in a jar, or even write stuff for *The Press*. Just remember, your sorry ass is on its own now, so, enjoy! Well, at least until next spring when you meet Mr./Mrs. Right, the One, your Soulmate, the Perfect Man/Woman, the Person Who Completes You, etc., etc., etc.

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.

It appears my colleagues have been receiving a great deal of questions about the nature and whereabouts of Guy Cleveland. In order to dispel any rapidly growing rumors about my person (including that upsetting bit of fluff regarding Richard Gere), I will devote this issue to my background, and provide a thorough autobiography of my life and times.

I was born forty-six years ago in Stetson-On-Freida, a small mining village in northern England. I spent many a pleasurable afternoon outside on my lawn, digging frantically in the dirt with my little pick, shovel, and pail. An obsession inspired by my grandfather (one of the first to be diagnosed with Alzheimer's) inspired me to dig through the yard for my father's corpse, which my grandfather said had been buried there after he had been struck by (pushed in front of, according to my mother) a bus.

My formative years were marked by a goodly amount of happiness. I was tended to frequently by my nanny, whilst my mother paid the bills and kept us in beer and skittles. On my 13th birthday, I was shipped off to the Ho Chi Minh School For Developing Young Boys and enjoyed five years of quality education in science, math, writing and reading, and history.

Good grades enabled me to attend the University of England at Windsor-On-The-Thames at

Stratford-Upon-Avon, where four years of intense study earned me a B.S. in Anthropology. I took it to America in the hopes of joining a company specializing in global expeditions, but as soon as I arrived in America, my British demeanor was taken for a disguise and I was drafted into the Army. Within the space of two months, I moved from London, to North Carolina in the States, and then on to South Vietnam.

My anthropological studies aided me a good deal in Vietnam, where I was fascinated by the cultural and ritual rites of the Vietnamese. After being dishonorably discharged for my preoccupation with cultural studies, I relocated to New York, where a social worker kindly informed me that my status as discharged made it nearly impossible for me to get work. I decided to go into business for myself!

My first anthropological study, "53rd St. Confidential", chronicled my pursuit of a homeless insane man who spent every waking moment talking to himself. After spending six months on my feet behind this fellow, I published my findings in Omni -- one of my finest moments. I still don't understand the editor's comment ("brilliant work of urban satire"), but it didn't matter -- I had my foot in the door!

Then came "Stumpy Hooks: The Farm Accident Kid" which followed the exploits of the spectacular Skoal Tobacco Fast Draw contest winner in close detail. Stumpy's ability to draw a shoulder-holstered pistol in roughly 2.4 seconds--1.6 seconds less time than Dick Mustache, the world's previous shoulder-holster fast draw--earned him national attention, only to end in disgrace when the judges disqualified his victory on the grounds that his "deformity & prosthetic reconstruction gave Stumpy an unfair advantage over the other contestants."

"Fear and Loathing in Miami" was a coverage of the annual chainsaw fights held in Miami. Rico "Wheels of Death" Enjiro (so called because of his missing legs, lost in a chainsaw fight three years ago) steered his chair with one hand and wielded a vicious Black & Decker with the other, reducing his opponent to pieces in the third round.

After a while, my journeys took me to California, where I fell in with Hollywood cognoscenti and used my skill at hidden observation, learned through years of stealthy anthropological study, to train a squad of paparazzi. I spent most of the eighties sniffing coke and downing tequila in the basement of the servant's headquarters of a house on Rodeo Drive.

That was until last year, when I awoke and decided I wanted to get another education. To this end, I travelled to the State University Of New York at Stony Brook, drawn by the possibility of studying Shirley Strum Kenny up close and personal. While I haven't yet had a chance to see what makes the token Texan tick, I have discovered so much more.

The Goon is the strangest of all my studies. I had thought the field of anthropological study had been exhausted, but my world has completely changed upon this discovery. My scientific studies of the past pale in comparison to this miraculous specimen of genetic deformation and cataclysmic misfortune.

I am writing this on the eve of my biggest challenge: penetration of the Goon's lair. I just witnessed him leaving his abode a few moments ago, heading for the dining hall with his featureless female friend. Based on previous experience, I should have roughly 85-105 minutes of free time before I have to evacuate the premises.

This may be my final epitaph. If you are religious, pray for me. I'm going in.

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Friday 12/5 Tang /Clocktower
Saturday 12/6 E Tu Brute/Spider Mike (Ska)

Wednesday 12/10 Special Musical Guest TBA
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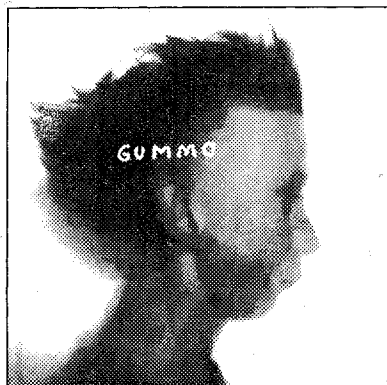
The Spot



Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

I guess it's all about metal, then.

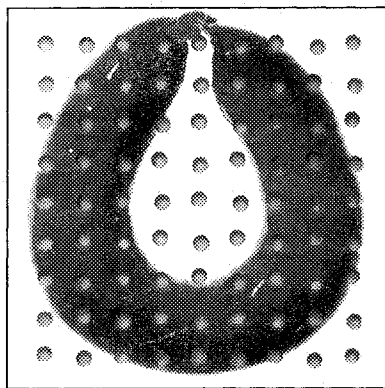


Gummo
(Original Motion Picture Soundtrack)
Interstate/London

Although I haven't seen it, the new film from the maker of *Kids* is supposed to be amazingly disturbing, with few positive qualities to redeem an otherwise uninspired gorefest. So it comes as no surprise that the dominant musical style found on the film's soundtrack is death metal, which generally fits the description above. One needs no more than a quick glance at the back cover to get a good idea of what the CD is all about: names like Dark Noerd, Bathory, Mortician, Namanax, and Bethlehem leap off the list like a hail of bad horror movies.

While at first immensely disturbing, what with the bottom-end bass, slow drumming (read: 20-30 beats per minute), and unintelligible growls. Sound effects, like the agonized screaming that introduces Mortician's "Skin Peeler" and the demented kids of Destroys All Monsters' "Mom's And Dad's Pussy", are added to the funhouse mix to give a sharp, initial shock, and then you quickly realize most of it has little substance and you can enjoy it for humor value -- a leap of logic many metalheads cannot seem to make. However, buried amongst the mud are a few tiny gems worth a closer look.

Namanax's "The Medicined Man" is like a Fig Newton -- tastes like death metal, but it's only Goth and noise. The shape-shifting grindcore of Brujeria, whose "Matanda Gueros 97" leavens its brutality with melody and an anthemic chorus before diving headlong into the magma for yet another verse; the complex bass intro that opens the song only cements my opinion of Billy Gould (who plays in Brujeria when not working with Faith No More) as the world's most underrated rock bassist. Burzum, supposedly in jail for killing his best friend and devouring his brains, shows a tender side on the synthy "Rundgang um die transzendante Saule der Singularitat", which bears no resemblance to the chilling black metal he usually produces. And Mischa Maisky's "Suite No. 2 for Solo Cello in D Minor-Prelude", a touching string instrumental by a classical artist that closes the album like sorbet after a greasy meal.

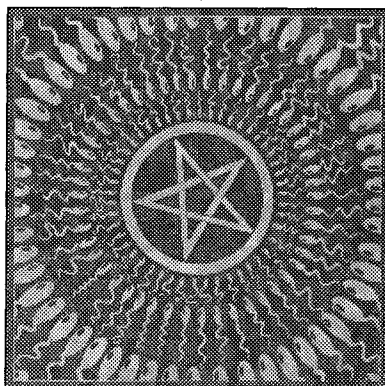


Skeleton Key
Fantastic Spikes Through Balloon
Capitol

This CD came out a few months ago and generated a considerable amount of indie buzz; enough, at least, to score a spot on Lollapalooza's Second Stage for half the tour. I kick myself for having put it on the back burner for so long. Next to Dub War, this is the best new band to emerge from the mire in 1997, and one of the few amateurs I've heard that has a solid future.

4 parts Primus, 4 parts Failure, and 1 part each The Dave Matthews Band and The Presidents Of The United States Of America, Skeleton Key is clever enough to draw these disparate elements into a coherent -- if not always enjoyable -- whole. While they haven't gained their footing securely yet, and still run the risk of heading off in the wrong direction on their next release, this is a very promising release.

The album opens with the chunky charge of "Watch The Fat Man Swing"; this Claypool-esque approach to songwriting appears on "Nod Off" and "The World's Most Famous Undertaker". Things take a more depressing turn on the angrier rock of "Wide Open" and "All The Things I've Lost"; the latter finds the band roaming off into tamer territory, and while the unsteady singing and raunchy rhythm section are charming, the resemblance to nauseating WBLI alternarock is not -- an unsettling characteristic found on "Scratch", "Dear Reader", and "The Only Useful Word" as well. Overcoming this challenge will mean the difference between life and (the Presidents of the United States of America) death.



Today Is The Day
Temple Of The Morning Star
Relapse

Today Is The Day is kind of like a gang of metalheads hanging out at a Young Republican's get-together. Neither fish nor fowl, neither metal nor punk, Today Is The Day uses aspects of both to create something that exists between Pantera and Skinny Puppy. Once accepted, their frag-

mented background explains everything; not only are they from Nashville, but they spent a substantial amount of time on the Amphetamine Reptile label, a haven for indie-rock and punk, but a bit of a stranger to something so easily classifiable as "metal".

Musically, the band is at least proficient. When they're not laying down a textured wall of noise with furious shredding and blinding percussion, they're spitting out metal riffs hard enough to assuage any fears they may have about getting played on popular radio.

The point is moot; upon first hearing *Today Is The Day*, it's not the music that grabs you, but the vocals. The lyrics are rather uninspired ("Why hold back/kill yourself/take the blade/do it clean/do it fast"), but odds are without looking at the inlay you'll never understand them. Taking a tip from Al Jourgensen, another arresting vocalist with increasingly little to say, Steve Austin drenches his vocals with so much distortion that if you took the words and squeezed them, Nivek Ogre would drip out.

Not very original, but they play the game well. A by-the-numbers cover of Black Sabbath's "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath" caps off the album -- as a bonus track, no less! -- but the delivery is so good that one looks past the cheesiness and lets his inner (juvenile delinquent) child roam free.



Serial Poets
Broken Nose
Serial Music

I have a soft spot for local bands that are just starting out, so I'll take it easy on this tape. But if this were a major label release, oh, the field day I would have.

A hard-rock/metal band with a little bit of punk sensibility, Serial Poets' demo-tape/EP, *Broken Nose*, is one of the best recordings of its kind that I've ever heard. And while the music isn't entirely original, it's still delivered with enough talent to inspire a fair amount of respect. To be fair, the Serial Poets were their influences on their sleeves -- "Sweet 16"'s bass solo is a dead ringer for the one that opens The Cure's "Just Like Heaven", which might be an intentional jab in order to give the rest of the song, an anthemic hardcore rant, more strength and heft. "Severe"'s riffs are pure helmet, circa-Meantime, and "Phantom"'s climactic guitar solo makes my index finger and pinky itch with desire to form the sign of Satan. But the guitar screech on "Insect" is pure Jesus Lizard, a band most metalheads haven't heard of, and takes a substantial amount of talent to replicate. They play locally and sometimes swing by The Spot, and, while by no means earth-shattering, certainly warrant stopping by.