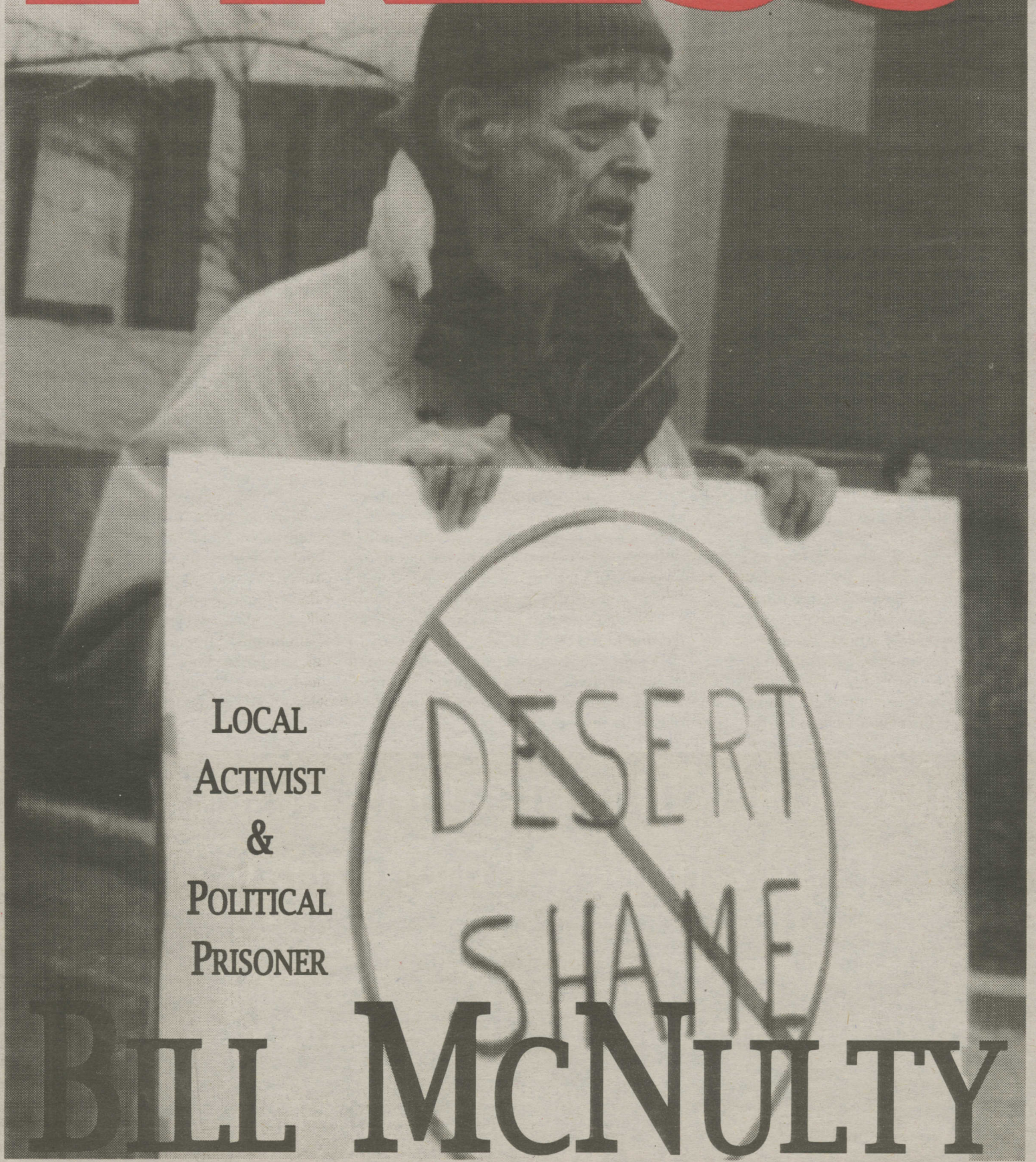


MAN OF THE YEAR **PRESS**



LOCAL
ACTIVIST
&
POLITICAL
PRISONER

BILL MCNULTY

POLITY OFFICERS FACE IMPEACHMENT

By Hilary Vidair

The impeachment hearing of Monique Maylor, Diane Lopez, and Marjorie Eyma certainly started off on the wrong foot.

From the beginning, it was clear that the trial was poorly organized. Maylor and Eyma held up the proceedings by walking in late. In addition, there was no chief justice appointed to the hearing.

At the last minute, Eyma argued that three of the seven judges present were not approved by the Polity Senate, and, therefore, not allowed to vote. "Those three people could have swayed the vote either way," Eyma said.



Charges were raised against the trio for ordering a helium tank paid for with student money for use at Maylor's birthday party at the Spot. The defendants argued that the tank was used for other Polity purposes, as well. They stated that the tank was considered "office supplies", bought for the Minority Planning Board. Actually, the money for the tank came out of the budget for Council Projects.

"It was used for the [Haitian Student Organization's] semi-formal and MPB's Thanksgiving dinner," Eyma said. In addition, Eyma claimed that money for office supplies and council projects were placed under the same administrative budget.

One of the prosecutors, Neil Patel, confronted Eyma with a bill from Taylor Rental, which showed that the tank was in fact delivered to the Spot on Maylor's birthday.

Maylor feels that her actions do not merit this level of chastisement. "If I'm to be impeached for using the helium tank, then what about all those members in Polity who use the computers and the telephones for their personal use. If their going to hold it against me, then they should be impeached, too...it's all personal."

The prosecutors also charged the defendants with using student money to pay for audio-visual services at Maylor's party. Elvis Rodriguez, Polity's Audio-Visual Manager, confirmed that he had provided lights and the sound system for the

party. In a letter to Polity Executive Director Stephen Adams, Rodriguez that he was "instructed...to provide Audio Visual services for Student Polity Association's President Monique Maylor's birthday party at The Spot."

The defense tried to discredit Rodriguez by accusing him of overcharging customers and forging checks. Eyma claimed that Rodriguez did not attach copies of the contracts to the voucher forms. "On the voucher, it says 'Spot', but it can mean another club," she said. "Mr. Rodriguez is also contracted for other services [off-campus]."

"It's more of a he says, she says, [thing]," Eyma said. Adams and Eyma did not sign Rodriguez's time sheet: the only one who did was Barbara Mandel, Rodriguez's supervisor. Therefore, Eyma claimed that they had to trust Mandel's word. "We can not say it's not true, since Mr. Adams and I are not at all events."

Eyma said that Adams and Mandel should also be charged. But commuter senator Frank Santangelo argued that the executive director and his staff are placed in a compromising situation. "I brought the flaw in the system forth at the hearing," he said. "Tell me, how does an employee challenge his or her boss on expenditures?"

The Polity Council's minutes from April 27th support Santangelo's claims. The minutes state that: "Steve [Adams] mentioned there is an abuse of power and Council Members sometimes intimidate staff to do things [at] the last minute."

"I did not misappropriate any funds," Eyma said. "I also pay the student activities fee, so why would I want my money into something it shouldn't be?"

Eyma felt that the justices were prejudiced against them. "Ms. Lopez, Ms. Maylor and myself are innocent. Through the media and through the senate, we were already guilty before the hearing began." She also said that due to lack of evidence, the case should not be tried.

Eyma also suspected that one of the prosecutors, Oliver Tan, may be purposely trying to smear their reputations because he campaigned unsuccessfully in last year's Polity elections.

Maylor argued that the prosecution was pursuing the charges because of personal grudges. "When it comes to Monique, it's like, burn her at the stake. They've been against me and they've been at me since I first entered Polity."

Lopez closed her case emphasizing all of the things she has accomplished on campus. She quickly pointed out that if the Judiciary were find her guilty, she would be excluded from any student involvement.

The other two defendants discussed their achievements as well. "They were boasting about how great they were, almost as if they should be forgiven for that," said Santangelo.

Ken Daube, associate prosecutor and member of the Senate Internal Affairs Subcommittee, asked the judiciary to not allow the defendants' list of good deeds to affect their decision. He said that Polity needed to do the right thing and show that our student government will not permit abuses within its structure. He also argued before the justices that it was their duty to follow the trail of the evidence which would lead them to a guilty verdict.

"They were changing their story too many times," Patel said. "We need ethics in our government. We can't have corruption or dishonesty."

As for the prosecutor's motives, Eyma said, "I have no clue. I don't know what's in their heads." Both Maylor and Lopez were unavailable for comment.

Christine Sadowski, president of Commuter Student Affairs, said, "Everybody's thinking it's going to come out guilty, but no one has confirmed it yet." She thinks that the results will be released this Monday.

"I think the prosecution has presented good evidence for wrongdoing," Patel said. Tan said that he had to withhold any information he had obtained.

Sayed Ali, the vice-president elect and current secretary of Polity, said, "I think the main culprits are Marjorie and Diane. Diane ordered the tank and Marjorie signed for the tanks." He also stated, "I really love Monique and I said 'Why don't you just admit you did something wrong?'"

At the end of the hearing, Frank Santangelo epitomized the pettiness and banality of the proceedings when he approached Maylor and said, "Monique, you sound as pathetic as those souls going down on the Titanic."

Want to know the breaking news on the Polity impeachment trials?

Verdicts are due to be released on Monday, May 11th, after *The Press* has gone to print.

For the latest news on this and other breaking stories, check our website:

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

other stories in progress:

Who will be the new meal plan provider?

Will ARAMARK lose their contract?

How will the housing crisis affect you next year?

NO CONCERTS FOR YOU! ONE YEAR!

Why An Entire School Year Passed Without Any On-Campus Shows

By John Giuffo

As the school year draws to a close, students begin to split their time between studying for finals and celebrating their final days together. Late April and May are filled with different campus events to help celebrate the year that has passed. Barbecues, parties and dances dot the campus, but one thing is noticeably missing this year: the music.

For the first time since at least the 1970s--and probably longer--not one concert was held on campus. No one knows exactly when Stony Brook, once a campus known as a place where nationally popular musicians came to ply their trade, last went an entire year without student programmed music.

The lack of concerts on campus this year--and a lack of diversity in the concerts that have been held the past few years--has caused much disappointment, some angry letters and has even helped spark an attempt by the commuter student college to secede from Polity.

Many students, often lured to Stony Brook in part by stories of packed concerts featuring chart-topping acts, are disillusioned once they get onto campus.

"I think it's a shame," said Christine Sadowski, president of the Commuter Student Association. "I think we should have concerts; they are a really big draw."

Or at least they were in the past. Performers such as The Red Hot Chili Peppers, U2, Living Colour, Busta Rhymes, Fishbone, Jimi Hendrix, Buju Banton, The Dead Milkmen, Phish, Ani DiFranco, Bob Dylan, Primus and They Might Be Giants have all entertained Stony Brook students at one time or another.

Carmen Vazquez, Dean of Students, is one of the campus administrators responsible for screening potential concert acts before they are allowed to play at Stony Brook. She considers the situation a complex one; one where blame is

not easily placed. "I think putting on a concert is a challenge financially," she said. "In order to get a top act, it's often somewhere between \$50,000 and \$100,000 to get them."

She also said changes in the policies

and security procedures that must be followed in order for an act to play on campus have played a role in the difficulty of putting on a concert.

New security procedures were put in place by Fred Preston, Vice President for Student Affairs, after a 1991 Fishbone concert in which ten students received minor injuries. Bad planning, concert execution and an inexperienced Student Polity Association security force were blamed for creating the environment which allowed the students to get hurt. Preston instituted a procedure where Jim Lang, director of Public Safety, is charged with checking the background of each band for which is proposed to play on

campus.

Lang calls the last three venues the band has played in order to find out if there were any problems experienced by the various promoters. He checks for violence at the previous shows, as well as whether or not the crowd moshed or if there was any damage to property. Lang then makes a recommendation to Vazquez on whether he thinks the band would be a security risk or not. Vazquez, along with Preston and assistant director of Student Union and Activities, Cheryl Chambers, then decide whether the band should be approved to play on campus. Vazquez said that only four or five artist screenings have been completed this year. All have passed, none have played.

Even Public Safety agrees there is a problem with the process. "I think Stony Brook can have a top live performer and should really be looking at a concert that can draw a large portion of the community," said Doug Little, director of public relations for Public Safety. He said Public Safety's main concern in the concert process is ensuring the safety of concertgoers. "We've had certain groups that

have had track records of violence on other campuses," Little said, adding that festival seating, wherein all attendees stand, is another concern of his.

Inexperience and myopia are also fac-

tored in. "There are students in the concert planning positions that do not have experience planning concerts," Vazquez said. "And they don't have a structure that allows others who want to get involved in. They tend to provide concerts that are tailored to that student's interests, and not for the campus as a whole."

The Student Activities Board is the Polity Council-appointed group charged with providing concerts, lectures, stand-up comedy, parties and other activities meant to make Stony Brook a place to have fun as well as learn.

Aneka Gibbs, current SAB chair and Polity President-elect, said the group has \$75,000 with which to fund activities, \$60,000 of which is slated for concert use. She acknowledges past criticism for the lack of diversity in concert planning, and said that sensitivity toward such criticisms further hindered SAB's ability to program.

Sadowski shares this criticism. "We need to have more diversity with the selection of groups we have coming to campus," she said. "Instead of a great variety, it seems that there's always rap performances or reggae. You don't see any alternative concerts."

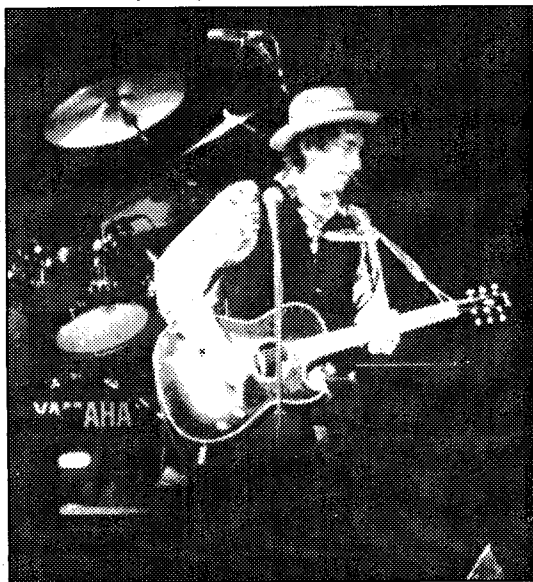
Gibbs said a number of other complicating factors handicap SAB's ability to provide concerts, and denies that shortsightedness is the only reason for the problem. Among these factors is the aforementioned inexperience. "I spent the year teaching the new

SAB how to program," Gibbs said, pointing out that she is the only member of SAB that was a member last year.

Gibbs also said that the \$60,000 concert budget excludes many of the acts she would like to see play at Stony Brook, acts such as the Spice Girls or Bone Thugs N Harmony. When asked about why SAB didn't target smaller acts such as local performers or smaller, less-expensive nationally-known acts, she said, "I'd prefer not to comment on that."

In lieu of concerts, Gibbs said SAB has tried to address the criticism of a lack of diversity by planning activities that all students can enjoy. In the past year, SAB has sponsored an array of functions such as virtual reality rides, coffee houses, comedy shows, game shows and parties in the Union ballroom which featured local DJs Kid Capri, Funkmaster Flex, Alert and Culcha. They also sponsored a semi-formal boat cruise which left from Pier 13 at the South Street Seaport.

That's little comfort for students like Sadowski, who feel that the portion of their student activity fees that goes towards concerts is being wasted. "I don't understand why we have a concerts committee if we don't have any concerts," she said.



Previous campus acts have included Bob Dylan (pictured), U2, Busta Rhymes, and Jimi Hendrix

"...there are students in the concert planning positions that do not have experience planning concerts," says Vazquez.



New security measures were put in place after a 1991 Fishbone show

STOP! THAT MAN HAS MY PANTS!

Will wonders never cease? Just when you thought it was all over, that the academic year was neatly packaged and put away, as classes draw to a close and books are dusted off as the panic of final exams sets in, the powers that be at Stony Brook surprise us once again.

The Polity Senate Internal Review Committee released two weeks ago its findings on an investigation of the Polity Council for misappropriation of funds in two incidents which took place last November. Polity President Monique Mayor, Vice President Diane Lopez, and Treasurer Marjorie Eyma underwent impeachment proceeding this week as a student judiciary appointed by the Senate weighed the evidence. The results of the hearing should be released soon, and will be able to be found on the *Press*' website, at <http://www.sinc.sunysb.edu/Clubs.sbpress/breaking.html>.

Also as the year draws to a close, the staff members of the *Press* have chosen the prestigious "Shirley Awards" in honor of our

fine benefactress, Shirley Strum Kenny. On a more sober note, the *Press* has also voted on their "Man of the Year", a title which goes to a member of the campus community who has astounded us with their uniqueness and fervor for life. This year's recipient is Mr. Bill McNulty, a Peace Studies Center activist and humanist who is currently serving prison time in Georgia for peacefully protesting a government killing machine. (See page 11)

Bill McNulty has astounded us with his courage and inspired us with his dedication. He truly is an extraordinary person, and is deserving of more prestigious honors than this.

And so, we leave you, our readers, once again after a year of muckraking, Shirley-taunting, and lame personal jokes. We hope we've left you a little more informed, a little less apathetic, and just a bit entertained.

To the graduating students, we wish you the best. To those who are returning, we wish you even more of the best (God knows you'll need it). And to all, from the editors of *The Press*, have an enjoyable summer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Fairness Regardless of Guilt

To The Editor:

There is no doubt that MAYLOR, LOPEZ and EYMA are guilty of, among other things, fraud. And unquestionably all but Lopez refuse to come close to admitting that and instead attempt to shield themselves (arguably foolishly) by remaining arrogant when asked about the charges. Of course, all three had found themselves before a Polity Judiciary-Maylor and Eyma facing impeachment--facing misconduct charges. Clearly they had all belonged there, and our Senate was proper in sending the case up to our (student) Supreme Court. The question, however, that must be addressed is one that might very well release our guilty trio from due punishment (and I write this not knowing the verdict).

Did the three defendants get a fair trial? Be it far from me to take this answer lightly. I would argue that the three did not get a fair hearing notwithstanding their guilt. Writing this is not difficult inasmuch as I believe that fairness must cross all lines; however, the thought of permitting the guilty parties a chance to get off concerns me. Yet, should they, I will properly (re)prosecute the case.

Our Polity Constitution clearly states that charges of this magnitude "shall" be tried before a Court with 10 sitting justices. One might argue, as I do, that the mandatory language implies the legislative intent to suggest that all ten justices be present and voting. In the case before the bar only seven were duly sitting justices and three others although present were not voting justices. Might this be considered *harmless error*? I suppose one could argue

that; however, I disagree. The verdict (for or against) requires a two-thirds vote. Would our Constitution permit a vote like this to follow a bench with justices having limited power? Indeed, considering the potential heavy punishments that would fall upon our defendants would it be fair to have them go before a three justice bench--that would suggest that only two justices make a valid verdict? No; it would be a constitutionally infirm court. I suggest therefore that the meaning of our Polity Constitution protects students from this abuse by mandating a full Court when charges of this weight are before it. In sum, where a two-thirds vote reaches fairness.

We now turn our attention to the proceedings. The three defendants were before the Court without council. Quickly you think, "nonsense; it is only a school matter," and therefore argue against such a notion. However, it doesn't matter that it is a school situation; what matters is what the accused stand to lose. Impeachment is not a pretty ordeal (and notwithstanding that MAYLOR and EYMA both deserve the same) it must be noted that both these women would lose their positions (with stipends) and also face criminal charges that might directly threaten their liberty. The procedure now appears weighty. And it is.

The background of the hearing is as follows. The prosecution team (with three members of the Internal Affairs Sub-Committee and two other associates) each had the opportunity to examine witnesses. In sum, each defendant might be examined by 5 prosecutors. Moreover, there was the matter of courtroom procedure. Indeed, at least one of the prosecution's team had the articulate demeanor of a trial lawyer. The three defendants had little

continued on next page

PRESS

Exit Route Decieve
Dat Mild Wave

Going Media Rant
Join Hug-off!

Acid Tortoise Sea
Merry Central

Erasing Sunbeams
Uneager Groin

Snowier Ted
Hey, Ham Lice!

It Fostered Urea!
Yellow Ear Gel

Tits Roared
Hips, Lips Juror.

I, Hot Torpedo
I Dribble Plan

A Corrupting Daemon
Mr Liver-Axe Went Home In Vain, Walt!

Cop or Deity
Same Satanic Jail

The Macintosh Verifies
Her Basic Dinner

Dumb Mason
Pain Schemata

Big Sanitation Murder
Lithe Gray Boner

Asses Against Numbers
It's Hoop Trivia

To Scam
Rub Elf Warily

Saint or Serf

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Lou Moran, Chris Sorochin, "Sad
Lewd Tale", Steven Tornello, Joanna
Wegielnik, Scott West

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•HONORABLE MENTION:
REPORTING

continued from previous page knowledge to overcome his "objections" and line of questioning. Arguably an unfair predicament for the three to face. Might the Polity lawyer whom arguably represents the corporation be available to the accused? I should think so. Some representation, at least in the form of advisement, should have been made available to the accused.

It is shameful that these three trusted individuals have stolen from us and have lied to us and have indeed misrepresented themselves to the entire student body; however, are we now not as shameful to rush them toward banishment without an air of fairness? This is a consideration that we must sleep on for if we can shut our eyes with ease then we must reconsider our own motives.

It is somewhat ironic this state of affairs. We have Monique Maylor's birthday party, an event that had attracted hundreds, and most of the attendees were student activity fee paying people, only to come to the conclusion that such an event is unsupported by student money. Indeed, as I type this I can't help think just how many student activity paid events have attracted under one hundred people; however, have cost well over a thousand. The total charged for Maylor's party was under \$500. Maybe this somewhat explains their arrogance (although I accept it not) that for such a meager amount our Senate should have simply thought of it as the *First Annual President's Ball!* Perhaps? Perish the thought! Yet, we must remain true to our convictions; and mine is reasonably by the book.

-Frank Santangelo

A Stick in My Ass

To the Editor:

This is a response to Ms. McLaren's feature on "Getting Wings from a Demon." I am personally all for tatoos. With two of my own I can sympathize with the fear that goes along with a person's first tattoo experience. Waiting to pick out the right tattoo is extremely important. Evidently Ms. McLaren did not wait long enough. When I read an article I expect to walk away either amused or more informed. This feature did neither of the two. No one gives a shit about her or her ugly-ass wings. There are more important issues that I would have thought would have been mentioned in a feature article. For example removal, something she might want to think about, as well as the importance of cleanliness and reputation of the tattoo artist.

I personally would not walk down the street in the village without knowing something about the establishment which was about to mark my body for life. Let alone the fact that she didn't even have the picture of the wings she really wanted. I would be curious to know if other readers would agree with me in saying that even though "the angel has her wings," she shouldn't be wearing low backed tank tops in the first place. I have personally witnessed "the wings," and I must say that the picture makes them look a hell of a lot better

than they really do. Next time, when Ms. McLaren and her sweetie/handholder are walking down the street, I hope she thinks a little harder before she gets another unattractive, misplaced and utterly unappealing drawing branded into her skin. Only then will the entire campus not have to read such a one-dimensional and pitiful article on a normally exciting and interesting topic.

Disgustfully yours,
An Angry Reader

The author responds:

Hey, glad you loved my article. It's people like you that really keep me going. Especially when you send me a personal attack pathetically disguised as a response to my article. Whether you care for my tattoos or not is really of no importance to me. Darling, I didn't get them for you! One thing that concerns me though is that you don't know what a features article consists of. News articles strictly report facts, and features pieces include creative and more personal stories. After a long year of writing about important, controversial issues such as sex conferences, gay marriage, and the slaughter of innocent civilians, I chose to relax and write about something a little less serious, namely my wings. Surprisingly, you chose to spend so much time and effort commenting on something as innocuous as a tattoo article. Yes, that's what it was, a tattoo article, which had nothing to do with removal. Why would I want to remove something I'd waited so long to get? With regard to your assumptions about the cleanliness of the studio, if you read carefully I left the first place I looked at because it was disgusting. There was nothing wrong with Enigma, its cleanliness, or its location. About your questioning of my wings' placement, where the hell would you prefer them, on my ass? You also called my article one dimensional. What other angles were there to this story? I welcome constructive criticism, but personal attacks are ridiculous and unprofessional. I challenge you to submit something worthwhile for publication. If you have the balls, come down to the office and talk to me like an adult. You obviously have some kind of personal damage and blame me for it. I'd love to hear your explanation of my crimes, other than wearing a tank top (which I plan to do every day this week just for you) Que las pulgas de miles de camellos infesten a su pelo público..

*-The still proudly winged
Terry McLaren*

Save Long Beach!

To The Editor:

The Army Corps of Engineers is currently considering building a man-made containment island (1-2 miles in length, with 60 ft. high walls) in the waters off Long Beach. This island is designed to hold poisonous sludge that is dredged from New York Harbor, sludge that contains toxic PCB's, pesticides, sewage, dioxin (a chemical used in the making

of Agent Orange, a chemical defoliant used in the Vietnam War that has been linked to serious health defects.) lead and other harmful substances. The plan calls for the island to be situated in ONE OF MOST ACTIVE HURRICANE AND NORTHEASTER REGIONS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, not exactly a stable and safe location for the storage of toxic waste. This island is a serious threat to the environment, to our health and to the quality of life we enjoy on Long Island (and pay high taxes.) WE MUST VOICE OUR OPPOSITION TO THIS INSANE PLAN IMMEDIATELY! Not only does this island threaten the surrounding waters, it also threatens our coastline. This island will block and alter normal and prevailing ocean tides, swells, currents and waves, thereby creating a stagnant, dead pool of water off of Long Beach where a vibrant, living, healthy ocean ecosystem once existed. Not only will this effect our health and environment, it will also mean the end of beach-oriented recreational activities.

DO YOU LIKE TO FISH? THERE WON'T BE ANY FISH LEFT! DO YOU LIKE TO JOG ON THE BOARDWALK? HAVE FUN TRYING TO BREATHE WHEN THE SOUTH WIND CARRIES THE STENCH OF WASTE AND CHEMICALS TO LONG BEACH! DO YOU LIKE TO SWIM? YOU'LL NEED A SURVIVAL SUIT! DO YOU LIKE TO SUNBATHE? YOU'LL BE SCRAPING TARBALLS OFF YOUR FEET! DO YOU LIKE TO SAIL? THE 60 FT. HIGH WALLS WILL REMIND YOU OF A TROPICAL ISLAND! DO YOU HAVE A MORTGAGE OR OWN A HOUSE? WATCH YOUR PROPERTY VALUE SINK QUICKER THAN THE TITANIC! AND FINALLY...DO YOU ENJOY SURFING? THERE WON'T BE ANY WAVES!!!!

To voice your opposition, contact the following people and organizations:

The Army Corps of Engineers (NY Office) 212 264-0100

26 Federal Plaza, New York, NY 10278-0090, ATTN: Bryce Wisemiller

Mr. Bryce Wisemiller (in charge of project): 212 264-1275 (leave message) OR e-mail him at: Bryce.W.Wisemiller@usace.army.mil (he will definately read it)

The Environmental Protection Agency: 212 637-3000

The Dept. of Environmental Conservation: 718 482-4949

Sen. Alfonse D'Amato: al@damato.senate.gov 212 947-7390 OR 202 224-6542

520 Hart Senate Office Bldg., Washington DC, 20510, ATTN: Environment News 12 Long Island 516 496-1200 (fax 516 393-1456)

WABC Eyewitness News 212 456-2381

For more information: see article in Newsday 4/12/98 on containment island plans, check out <http://www.nan.usace.army.mil/business/prjlinks/dmmp/summopts/index.htm> (ACE website)

THE JOY OF JACKBOOTS

By Chris Sorochin

"...If ever there was a people ripe for dictatorship it is the American people today. Should a home-grown Hitler appear, whose voice amongst the public orders, would be raised against him in derision? Certainly no voice on television: 'Sorry, the guy has lots of fans. Sure, we know he's bad news, but you can't hurt people's feelings. They buy soap, too.'...And then the iron fist closes..."

- Gore Vidal

"Satire in the 1950s"

The Nation, April 26, 1958

April is a holy month and, right on schedule, I received my annual personal sign from the Higher Power in regards to those meretricious rapscallions that control the mainstream media.

I was on the subway, the trains that are supposed to run on time in the authoritarian dystopia with a Smiley face that New York is rapidly decaying into. In what must have been a subconscious attempt to get in touch with my Inner Airhead, I managed to get on the wrong train and, in rectifying the situation, disembarked at a stop I'd never seen before or had the privilege of visiting—Van Wyck Boulevard in Queens.

It looked like just another mass transit aggravation, pure coincidence, but as all good Buddhists know, there are no coincidences. I parked myself on a bench to wait and noticed I was the only one on the platform. I started to peruse some reading material and suddenly a voice hovered in through that evening's humid mist. "Sir," it addressed me. I looked up and beheld a tall, well-groomed figure in a suit and trenchcoat, looking most foreign in the dank tunnels of the Jamaica IRT. Accompanying him was a shorter, stockier personage in a shiny black of the kind favored by trade unionists and baseball fans, his face eclipsed by the huge telescopic lens of a handheld camera.

"Yes," I replied, experiencing the same elegant/creepy frisson that must have gripped Faust at the appearance of Mephistopheles in his study.

"Sir, all day the police have been going through cleaning up the subway."

I adopt a quizzical look. It's doubtful they were picking up the litter and scrubbing down the walls.

"You know, rounding up the turnstile jumpers and panhandlers. Do you think that's a good idea?"

"No. It's like what happens in a police state."

"Well, do you feel safer in the subway now?"

"That sounds like a loaded question."

"What do you mean?"

"It's phrased in a way that I'm supposed to say 'yes.'"

"Well, do you?"

"I don't feel any safer now than I ever used to," I replied, handily wriggling out of the trap (two points for an escape, but unfortunately no reversal.)

Then he asked if I'd mind telling them that. "Didn't I just do that?" He meant on camera. So I did, this time adding that people don't need to see swarms of cops everywhere they go. I looked right into the camera as I added the "police state" part.

You're smart enough to know the punch-

line to this one. "News 4", on General Electric-owned NBC, came on at eleven and sho'nuf, the subway sweep was big news, although without actually showing us "COPS"-style mass frisking and cuffing. This was a good thing, the voice over implied, because the NYPD were able to pump the suspected lawbreakers for information about other transgressions. Naturally, they didn't tell the audience exactly what these might be. Maybe they got some hot tips on where they could find rampant jaywalking.

(Warning: what follows is yet another of my tedious

Commander McBragg travel anecdotes.

Those who find them any more self-indulgent and putrid than the rest of my spiel are advised to skip this section. Those masochists

who dig it are encouraged to look for my coming series of "Ugly Planet" travel guides, bringing you accounts of fear and loathing worldwide.)

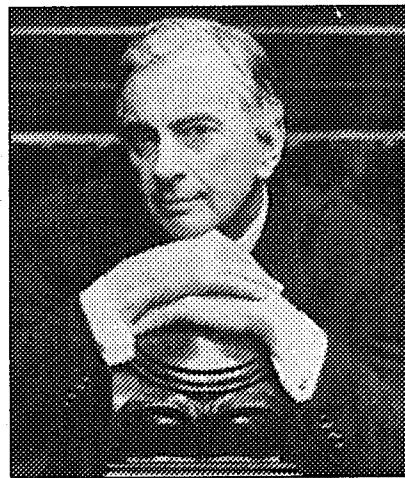
I first saw one of these sweeps in Munich, of all places. Teams of young Aryan-looking recruits, dress in camouflage pants and bright yellow T-shirts and providing that Brechtian marriage of militarism and merriment that only the Germans can carry off convincingly, pulsed through the Marienplatz and its U-Bahn stop, harassing Turkish guest workers and old drunks. My mind fogged by several Weissbierds, I'm afraid that I became, one of the few times in my life, a bit of an ugly American: "Nazi Kraut bastards," I thought to myself, "No fucking wonder everyone hates them. Didn't they learn anything from Hitler?"

"Do they pull that shit on people who look German?!!!" I self-righteously exploded at my hosts, who by this time had noticed my displeasure. I'm afraid I subjected them to a rather icy silence on the trip home.

I felt rather stupid later on, especially when I realized that these quality of life sweeps were part and parcel of the Big New Trend here in the Land of Freedom and all the Nazi wannabes on our shores were simply mad about clearing the human refuse from the streets. The only difference was that the Germans did

their dirt in a heavily-touristed area (they never did get the importance of PR) while it's unlikely that Rudy's Storm Troopers would pull similar tactics in the newly Disneyfied Times Square. Much better to save it for some heavily non-white area of the Outer Boroughs, where few visitors are likely to notice.

I'm nothing if not predictable and I'm sure you've already guessed the ending, as you would that of an uninspired suspense film. My jowly mug did not appear to remind the audience of News 4 at 11:00 that they live in what amounts to a dirtier version of Singapore—a Chewing Gum Crackdown is expected any day. There were three person-in-the-street vignettes and—guess what?—



Gore Vidal is cooler than you.

they all thought having cops swarm all over a subway stop, dragnetting "suspected turnstile jumpers and panhandlers" (translation: teenagers and the homeless) was just as dandy. If anyone besides me raised any doubts about civil rights, or the hypocrisy of wasting money on such tactics while schools crumble and the City closes public hospitals, they were also lost in TV limbo, never to be heard.

At a seminar on New York City politics given by WBAI (99.5 FM) talk show diva Utrice Leid, we learned that media outlets cringe in fear of the current Reich, I mean administration. Reporters who don't play Rudy's game are liable to find that they've had their access to information cut off. Indeed, data that has been automatically been readily available under previous mayors is suddenly privileged. One *Daily News* reporter actually had his press pass ripped from around his neck by

Giuliani's aides. Civility indeed.

I called the comment line at NBC to protest this rigged unanimity, but I thought it would be better to share it with you. Please spread the word.

"Starvation of civilians is a violation of the Geneva Convention, UN Charter, Constitution of the World Health Organization, Universal Declaration of Human Rights and Charter of Economic Rights and Duties of States. According to US legal code Title 18 2331, the blockade on the people of Iraq is also an act of international terrorism."

-From the Iraq Action Coalition homepage

On May 6, over 100 civil rights, religious, labor and peace activists will board planes for Jordan, Syria and Iran. They will carry with them medicine and supplies for the health professionals of Iraq to help ease just a small portion of the suffering going on in that country. They will then journey to Baghdad and spend several days as ambassadors of the good will of the US people (as opposed to the bad will of the US government.) They will return to New York on May 13 and each can face prison terms and heavy fines for trading with the "enemy".

The evening before the departure (May 5), there will be a rally and send-off at Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Square South (3 blocks east of Sixth Ave.), New York, commencing at 6:30 p.m. You are cordially invited. It's also not too late to pitch in and help, either personally or financially. Call the International Action Center at 212-633-6646.

The New York Times of April 14 carried an interesting story on the international war crimes tribunal they're trying to set up in the wake of recent abominations in Bosnia and Rwanda. It seems that a certain superpower to which we all pay taxes is worried that the proposed body may be just a little too independent and international for its taste, and has been pressuring its allies to join it in calling for something in which UN Security Members and other countries with clout can veto court proceedings they might find inconvenient. I guess they're worried that the wrong people, people like Henry Kissinger, Colin Powell and George Bush, could end up in the docket, and the war crimes committed by these guys are not the ones the powerful want to see punished.

please see "Jackboots," page 10



Parking Crisis to Worsen

By John Giuffo

Parking availability, a perennial focus of commuter student dissatisfaction, is a situation that is about to get worse—much worse.

"It's going to be interesting," said Gary Matthews, assistant vice president for campus services, and the man responsible for overseeing the traffic affairs office.

Enrollment projections estimate the total number of undergraduate students at Stony Brook will increase by more than 3000 over the next three years. As more students flood onto an already overcrowded campus, and as on-campus housing becomes less available, the opportunities for parking decrease.

And as parking space decreases, the number of students, staff and faculty members who violate the parking rules will increase.

Many students feel parking in South P lot and waiting for the often-late campus bus is an unfair option at best, and so unreliable that it is sometimes not an option at all. "It's worth getting a ticket so I'm not late to class again," said Gina Fiore, a freshman commuter student. Fiore is an editor at *The Statesman*, who often parks her car in the lot behind the Student Union, which is designated as a faculty-staff lot.

"Parking is probably our major concern and certainly the largest gripe on campus," Matthews said. "And one of the things we need to pay attention to is how we can creatively develop parking spaces on the campus for students."

To that end, a number of ideas are being considered by the administration. Among those

ideas is that of creating entirely new parking lots in areas that currently aren't developed. "Our goal is to add 1000 spots on the core campus within the next couple of years," Matthews said. Proposed areas for such spots are the grassy field between Mendelsohn Quad and Center Road, expanding the lot behind H Quad near the infirmary, and paving over the entire area where the loop to the engineering quad is now. Matthews cautions that these sites are only proposals at present.

Other solutions are also being considered. "I think it's time to reassess whether it's time to build a garage," Matthews said, adding that building a garage hasn't been considered for more than a decade, and that a multi-level garage, much like the one that exists near the administration building, may well be unavoidable within the next ten years.

Exacerbating the problem is the recently-funded multi-million dollar stadium which will be built behind the Sports Complex. The funding for the stadium, which is expected to accommodate between 7,000 and 15,000 people, doesn't include any money for parking. Matthews said the only parking spaces paid for by the recent state approval is money which will provide a small 10-spot lot towards the back of the stadium, for the purposes of shipment and loading. "Somehow or another, the campus then has to figure out how it's going to park people for events," Matthews said.

And as the number of tickets issued goes up, so does the revenue the University brings in

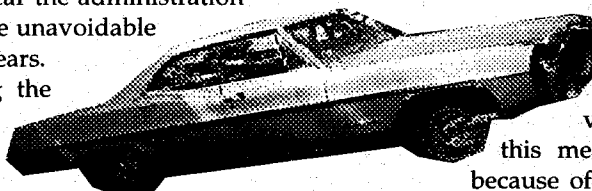
from those tickets. \$1,719,794 worth of tickets were issued by Stony Brook traffic officials in the last three years. Of that amount, \$1,102,799 was collected by the university after accounting for unpaid and dismissed tickets.

Matthew said the money collected by the university is then put into an IFR account, which stands for Incoming Funds Reimbursable. The IFR account is then used as a state authorized account would be, to pay for funding of special projects. What types of projects remains to be determined, he said.

Last year was the first year this IFR method was used, according to Matthews. Before that, the money collected from parking tickets was used to pay for new buses, purchasing equipment for Public Safety and for the salaries of the parking services staff. Matthews felt that this method was open to criticism because of the possibility for abuse, he said, explaining the reason for the change.

Matthews accepts some of the responsibility for the criticisms of parking services on campus. "Our biggest fault, or problem, is that our ability to react and respond is slow," he said. "And it's slow because it takes time for planning, and most importantly, it takes money."

And with Matthews indicating that any changes to the parking situation are still five to eight years away, it seems as if this perennial gripe for commuter students will remain, at least for the immediate future, just that - a perennial gripe.



ADMIN TAKES POSITIVE STEP TO HELP SICK STUDENT Paul Khalil is Headed for Washington

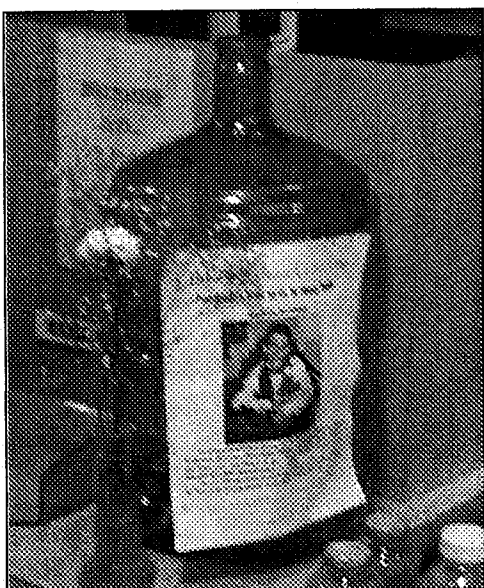
By Peter Gratton
Statesman Editor

In the wake of a *Statesman* cover story highlighting the plight Paul Khalil, the University administration worked quickly with Austin Travel to make sure that the Stony Brook student would have the money for what he has called his "dream trip" to take place later this month.

Austin Travel, located next to the University bookstore, has agreed to kick in the rest of the funds that Khalil needs for his planned trip to Nashville, Tennessee and Washington DC later this month. Khalil, a 20 year old Political Science major, is suffering from Duchenne's Muscular Dystrophy, a disease that kills most of its sufferers before they reach 25.

Khalil learned he had Duchenne's when he was four years old and has been in a wheelchair for the last eight years. Since 1994, Khalil has been on a respirator and is under the care of a nurse sixteen hours a day. His two nurses and family will be accompanying him on the trip.

Khalil began raising money last Spring for the trip, which was originally to take him to Disney World in Orlando, Florida. The fund drive began last Spring, but Khalil was able to raise only one-third of the minimum \$3,000 he needed.



Students contributed to Khalil's trip in these bottles, placed around campus

This year, Khalil began the fundraising again, with the help of Stony Brook's chapter of Golden Key Honor Society, placing blue water bottles with his picture around campus and in the dining halls. Khalil also changed his itinerary to Nashville and Washington because it was more affordable. Khalil has said that he chose Nashville because of he is a big fan of country music and Garth Brooks. When Khalil vis-

its Washington, he is going to receive a special tour of the White House and may be able to meet Bill Clinton if the President's schedule permits. Travel plans for Khalil and his family have been made through Dalmation Dreams, a non profit organization that helps terminally patients accomplish their final wishes.

It was after administrators at the University's student services read the *Statesman's* cover story that they began negotiations with Austin Travel to get Khalil any hotel accommodations or plane tickets he would need. "It was [the *Statesman's*] article and front page that really brought it home," said Garry Matthew's, University Vice President for Student Affairs.

Austin agreed to provide Khalil with any plane tickets that he would need for the trip. "It worked out, though, that he had made his own arrangements," Matthews said.

Since Khalil already had plane and hotel reservations, Austin decided to make a donation for the rest of the money he needed. "With the contribution that Austin is making, it will meet or exceed [the \$3,000 goal]," Matthews said.

Khalil is a good student at the University. He is a member of Sigma Beta, has a GPA in the mid 3's, and is a vice president for Golden Key. Khalil attends classes three days a week and manages to get to the movies and other outside activities on the weekend. "I look at it this way, sit at home and bore myself to death or keep myself busy," he told *The Statesman* "I need to keep myself busy mentally and physically."

"He's got enough to worry about," Matthews said, "We wanted to take away some of his burden."

EATIN' LIKE A CAVEMAN

By Michael Yeh

Using primitive stone tools and plenty of elbow grease, students and faculty recreated a stone age meal at the Anthropology Department's Goat Roast last Friday.

This annual ritual at the university's Sunwood Estate in Old Field allows students to experience some of the challenges of ancient food preparation. Dr. John Shea, Assistant Professor of anthropology, attended his first goat roast as a graduate student at Harvard. When he came to Stony Brook, Shea introduced the event as a way to combine learning and fun.

"Butchery is a little difficult to do in the SBS building," he said. "Students get the whole stone age experience here. But it's also a good excuse for a party."

And what a party it was!

At the center of the hubbub were the goats, with their throats slit and guts plucked out only hours earlier at Jerry's Farm in Manorville. A merry band of stone-wielding volunteers hacked away at the carcasses on the bare ground, as two detached heads looked on eerily.

"It's harder than I thought," commented Derya Golpinar, treasurer of the Anthropology Society. "You have to cut big chunks and get rid of the fat, and the fat is tough."

After the meat was carved from the bones, the goat chunks were promptly dunked into a yogurt or red wine marinade, placed onto a barbecue grill, and popped into waiting mouths. Most agreed that the goat was especially tasty this year, despite the usual covering of hair and grass.

"The goat tastes better when you're wasted," said one participant. "You don't notice the hair."

By getting students involved in hands-on projects, Shea hopes to foster greater appreciation of human evolution and behavior. "One of the nice things about anthropology is that almost every ethnic group is represented," said Shea. "We focus on the shared characteristics between all humans while studying specific differences."

But amidst all the fun, the goat roast pro-

vided a unique opportunity for researchers to find new ways to interpret clues from archaeological digs. Professors Curtis Marean and Elizabeth Stone, along with graduate student Yoshiko Abe, are searching for differences in the cut marks made by metal and stone tools on the bones.

Stone tools leave rougher edges than metal knives, which cut in straight lines. By identifying specific cutting patterns, anthropologists may be able to trace the development of prehistoric technology. "If you can do that microscopically, you can tell what tools the people were using," said Stone.

Such knowledge would come in handy for those who study Mesopotamian antiquities. It is known that people used stone tools in the fourth millennium, but abandoned them for metal by the second millennium. But no one knows exactly when or how this change occurred.

It may be possible that the first metal tools were reserved for use in the temples and for the ruling class. Since commoners depended mainly on pigs for food while sheep were sacrificed in the temples, one can examine the bones of different animals found at dig sites to test this theory. "As long as the bones are well preserved, one should see cut marks," said Stone.

The researchers will also try to determine whether people could butcher animals more efficiently using stone or metal knives. "We'll weigh the meat and the bones to see the difference between stone and metal tools," said Abe.

While most people were chowing down or chatting with each other, graduate student Kyle

Brown was busy making more blades out of obsidian, a dark volcanic glass.

Obsidian is one of the best materials for toolmaking. It fractures easily along the plane of the crystals, yielding the sharpest edge known to humans. Today, obsidian blades are the tools of choice in eye surgery.

Brown started by breaking off a large, flat chunk of obsidian using a large rock as a "hard hammer." Using a piece of deer antler as a "soft hammer," he patiently chipped off thin flakes to create a sharp cutting edge. "It is easy to work with, but it can shatter if you hit it too hard," said Brown.

It is almost impossible to make a tool without getting a few cuts, however. "Bleeding is ubiquitous in making stone tools," said Brown of the blood streaming from his palm. "There's a joke in flintknapping that says, 'What does obsidian taste like?'" quipped graduate student Zach Davis. "The answer is, 'blood'."

The tools discovered at archaeological digs may represent only a minuscule portion of what ancient humans used.

Almost any sharp chip of rock can be useful for cutting. To

demonstrate the sharpness of an obsidian flake, Shea shaved off a patch of hair from his arm with amazing closeness.

At the end of the afternoon, with the goat

tucked away cozily in more than a hundred tummies, many students agreed that the experience had been quite unusual but worthwhile. With a wide grin and fingernails caked with blood, Shea was visibly happy but tired. "After this, I'll have to go home, sit in my bathtub, and de-goat myself!"



Prof. John Shea displays a goat head and axe

EL SALVADOR: MORE THAN 30 FACTORY WORKERS POISONED!

May 1, 1998

[Information provided by the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador (CISPES): <cispesnat@igc.org>, (212) 229-1290]

On the morning of April 20, 1998, the second serious industrial accident within the last six months occurred in El Salvador. Over 30 workers at the Lourdes garment factory were poisoned by an unknown gas within the factory. The factory is located in the American Park Free Trade Zone - 25 miles to the west of San Salvador. According to workers, poisonous gases started to come out of the air conditioning pipes inside the factory. Several workers passed out. Others suffered from severe nausea and vomiting. Due to their critical condition, many of the workers were taken to the nearest hospitals where some of them remain hospitalized.

According to the Salvadoran press, the management of the factory refused to give any information and showed no interest in collaborating with the National Police officials investigating the case.

This is the second time in less than six months that a mass poisoning has happened inside a Salvadoran garment factory. On November of 1997 over 100 workers at the Dindex factory were poisoned as result of inhaling carbon monoxide released by a diesel generator inside the factory. That factory completely lacked proper ventilation - the windows were cemented shut.

Your help is needed to ensure that these poisonings stop happening! Demand rights for maquila (assembly factory for export) workers!

REQUESTED ACTION:

Call the Salvadoran Ambassador to the US, René León, and demand a full investigation of what occurred at Lourdes. Insist that the Salvadoran government enforce the existing labor laws. Ambassador León, phone: (202) 265-9675, ext.229.

Gender Apartheid in Afghanistan

By Jill Baron

On September 27, 1996, the Taliban, a fundamentalist Islamic militia, seized control of Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. In the time since, they have instituted a state of gender apartheid in which women and girls have been denied their basic human rights.

The Taliban forces are comprised of soldiers trained as young boys in exile at Pakistani Islamic schools called madrassas. The Taliban was first officially recognized by Pakistan as the ruling power of Afghanistan, and later by Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates. Both Saudi Arabia and Pakistan have provided the Taliban with financial support and military aid. There have also been reports that, since Afghanistan is one of the largest suppliers of opium, the opium poppy trade may also supply the Taliban with a large source of income.

Under Taliban rule, women are considered unworthy of being seen or heard. Women are forbidden to work outside the home. Women and girls are barred from attending schools and universities. Women cannot be seen outside their homes unless they are accompanied by a close male relative. Homes with women living in them must have their windows painted black to keep the women hidden from view. Women are not allowed to wear white socks, and their shoes must not make noise when they walk. Women are also not allowed to be examined by male doctors.

The consequences of these insidious rules are great. Women who have been seen wearing white socks have had their feet chopped off. A woman who was traveling with a man who was

not her relative was stoned to death. Because women cannot be seen by male doctors, and women are also banned from attending universities, there is a shortage of female doctors, so women have a difficult time getting medical attention, if they can get any at all. Women leaving their homes to get medical care without a male escort have been shot at. Because many women in Afghanistan are war widows and the sole support of their families, the ban on women working has thrown tens of thousands of families into poverty. Since women are forced to wear the burqa, a garment which completely ensconces the body in thick layers of fabric and leaves only a small opening through which one can breathe and see, hundreds of women have been beaten for not being "properly" dressed. Since September 1996, when the Taliban seized control, girls in the state orphanage in Kabul have not been allowed outside.

Many are under the impression that the policies implemented by the Taliban are in accordance with Islamic tradition. This is not the case. Under Islam, women are allowed to work, to earn and control their own money, to receive an education, and to participate in public life. Before the Taliban came into power, Afghan women made up 50% of the students and 60% of the teachers at Kabul University. In Kabul, 70% of school teachers, 50% of civilian government workers, and 40% of doctors were women.

Secretary of State Albright traveled to some of the refugee camps during a recent trip to Pakistan and made the following comment: "We're opposed to their approach to human rights, to their despicable treatment of women and children and their lack of respect for human dignity, in a

way more reminiscent of the past than the future." Hillary Rodham Clinton made the following comment during a speech at the United Nations on December 10, 1997: "Even now, the Taliban in Afghanistan are blocking girls from attending school. In addition, they are blocking those, like Emma Bonino, European Commissioner for Humanitarian Affairs, who would speak out on behalf of this injustice."

Several weeks ago, about 1,000 women marched through the streets of Peshawar, Pakistan to protest the Taliban. The protesters were organized by the Revolutionary Afghan Women's Association. The Taliban and opposition groups agreed on criteria for choosing ulema, or Islamic scholars, who will participate in a commission that will negotiate peace in the country. Each side agreed to nominate 20 members who must implement the commission's decisions. The European Union also held talks recently with Taliban leaders. EU delegates threatened to place severe restrictions on aid to the country unless consideration is given to the restoration of women's human rights. The European Union is composed of 15 member states and commissions, and is the largest donor to Afghanistan, granting 150 million dollars in 1997 to the country. As of January 26, 1998, neither the U.N. or the U.S. government has acknowledged the Taliban, despite Secretary of State Albright's public criticism.

If you would like to help the women of Afghanistan, you can send an instant e-mail to U.S. government officials and the U.N. from the Feminist Majority website at <http://www.feminist.org>. You can also call 703-522-2214 for a copy of a petition you can sign, circulate and send to the U.N. and U.S. government officials.

Education by Corporation

NIKE'S EFFORTS TO TEACH KIDS ABOUT TREADING LIGHTLY ON MOTHER NATURE MEET WITH SKEPTICISM FROM EDUCATORS AND CONSUMER WATCHDOGS.

By Josh Feit
Willamette Week

Provided by Campaign for Labor Rights

Captive fifth- and sixth-graders across the Portland metro area are being forced to build Nike shoes. And they're not being paid a dime.

No, Nike hasn't shifted its infamous production line from Asian factories to local elementary schools. Rather, the company is sponsoring a program that purports to turn the Nike shoe-manufacturing process into an environmental lesson for youngsters.

While the plight of the Portland playground set isn't drawing protest from labor-rights groups, it is creating concern among education and consumer activists who are wary of the increasing presence of commercialism in the classroom.

"Ostensibly this is an environmental lesson," says Tamara Schwarz of the Center for Commercial-Free Public Education. "But you have to ask: Why is the Swoosh everywhere? In a lot of ways this is just a Nike commercial in the classroom." (The Air-to-Earth lesson kit includes a poster featuring NBA star Gary Payton holding a Nike shoe aloft.)

Teacher advocates agree that Nike's program puts the integrity of the public classroom at risk.

"It sounds to me like Nike isn't only exploiting children workers in factories overseas. Now they're exploiting American children," says Kathleen Lyons, spokeswoman for the National

Education Association. "This is a despicable use of classroom time. It's appalling."

Harsh words for a fun lesson plan that capitalizes on kids' interest in sneakers to teach the value of sustainable economics. But Lyons isn't the only skeptic. Consumers Union, the watchdog group that publishes Consumer Reports, is currently evaluating the educational legitimacy of the lesson plan.

Nike estimates that 800 classes in 10 cities across the country have used its kit to build a running shoe—complete with Swoosh—as a way to teach kids about manufacturing environmentally friendly products. The company wouldn't say how much it is spending, but it has dedicated three employees to the program. This spring Nike brought the lesson plan to an 11th city - Portland - offering a training session to two dozen local fifth- and sixth-grade teachers.

Judging from the surveys filled out by teachers who participated in the Feb. 24 training session at Sunset High in Beaverton, the Air-to-Earth program went over well. Most teachers praised the "fun," "hands-on" approach of working directly with shoe parts.

"We want kids to think about the life cycle of a product," says Nike spokeswoman Dawn Leonetti. She boasts that Nike has transformed its factory process into an environmental lesson that teaches kids about Nike efforts to go green: avoid waste, use water-based solvents rather than toxic glues, and manufacture recyclable products.

Critics complain that the lesson plan also teaches children what a great company Nike is. Nike's green lesson comes at a time when companies are increasingly angling to get their products and ads into schools ("The Pepsi Challenge," WW, April 1, 1998). Nike's Air-to-Earth lesson represents a related, and perhaps more troubling, trend: corporate-designed curriculum.

"This is a problem that is more grave than the ads," says Anita Holmes, assistant director of educational services at Consumers Union. "This is the warping of education."

In 1995, Consumer's Union released a 70-page study on corporate-sponsored curriculum titled "Captive Kids." The group continues to track corporate ploys such as the Chips Ahoy! math lesson - aimed at verifying the impressive chocolate-chip content of a single Chips Ahoy! cookie - and Campbell's Prego spaghetti sauce science lesson, which showed that Prego is thicker than Ragu.

The report evaluated corporate-sponsored materials on two criteria. First, it looked at how blatantly commercial the lesson was. Second, it assessed the legitimate educational value of the lesson. Overall, the report found that nearly 80 percent of corporate-sponsored lesson plans contained biased or incomplete information, promoting consumption of the sponsor's product or service.

Consumer's Union is still evaluating Nike's Air-to-Earth lesson. But when it comes to the level of commercialism in the curriculum, Holmes says Nike

Please see "Nike," page 10

All Hail Jerry Springer

THE LATEST MEDIA BAD GUY

By Norman Solomon

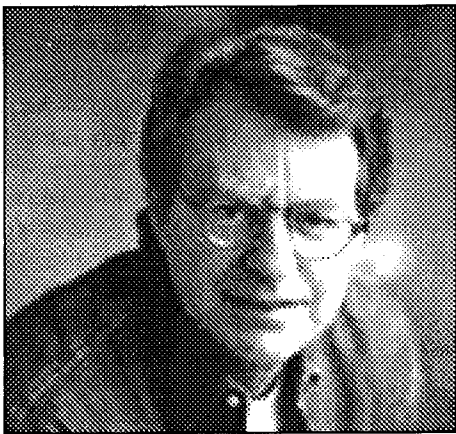
Many national media outlets are in a state of high moral outrage about Jerry Springer, the current emperor of daytime trash television.

Some critics are charging that his program --a daily presentation of violence, bleeped-out profanity and verbal abuse--is all too real. Or, at the same time, not real enough. By indignantly accusing the show of fakery, critics indicate that they would prefer authentic sleaziness.

What airs on "The Jerry Springer Show" can be troubling. Sometimes, it may seem like a not-too-distant mirror of anguish, idiocy and confusion. Recent titles of the one-hour program have included "My Daughter Is a Teen Prostitute," "I'm Pregnant by My Brother" and "I'm in a Bizarre Love Triangle."

Supplying plenty of material to titillate viewers, the guests tell salacious stories, denounce each other and engage in violent confrontations on stage. Meanwhile, renowned individuals in the media business can pose on lofty moral ground and shake their heads.

A lot of high-profile head shaking occurred in late April, when ABC's "20/20" and NBC's "Dateline" took turns bemoaning Springer's depravity and greed. Conveniently, both networks chose to broadcast their in-depth Springer coverage in the midst of the ratings sweeps period. Nice to have it both ways.



I still want to see "Too Hot For TV!"

These days, Springer appears to be the king of TV's amoral profiteers. But, despite his millions, he's just a little prince compared to guys like Barry Diller, the media mogul who has pioneered such televised innovations as home shopping channels.

Diller is the head of USA Networks Inc., the conglomerate that produces and distributes "The Jerry Springer Show." While Bad Jerry faces down hostile questions from a wide range of journalists, Good Barry stays out of the line of fire, running his vast media empire.

As the years pass, the Springers are apt to come and go. They're people who function as products. In contrast, the Dillers tend to have much more staying power--and their giant companies keep getting bigger.

Complaints about trash TV never get very far. That's because most commentators--whether they consider themselves to be conservatives, liberals or whatever--are afraid to challenge the "principle" of the so-called free market.

Of course, the free market is a myth. Media titans like Diller or Rupert Murdoch--and corporate outfits such as Time Warner, Disney and Viacom--have a lock on huge portions of the mass media.

Steadily larger in size and fewer in number, the dominant biggies are fixated on doing whatever it takes to boost profits. They're not about to sacrifice any appreciable part of profit margins on behalf of the public interest.

Do media tycoons like Diller and blow-

dried hirelings like Springer just give the public what it wants? "That is the biggest fallacy in our business," TV journalist Linda Ellerbee retorted a decade ago. "That's the argument that people on our side use to put dreck on the air."

People sitting in front of TV sets do not choose from what isn't available. They choose from what is.

"The American public didn't ask for trash television," Ellerbee pointed out. "They'll watch it the same way we go out and watch a fire. It's not all they want."

Now, as arguments fly about "The Jerry Springer Show," insights are diluted by abundant quantities of hogwash.

Yes, some of the show's critics are "elitist." They're put off by low-income, unschooled people who don't have the social graces usually regarded as minimal for the airwaves.

But Springer's defenders are absurd when they wrap his program in a populist flag. Such TV shows are caricatures.

The people on stage are carefully selected to fit a script that stereotypes rather than illuminates. Relatively few Americans are "qualified" to make it onto Jerry Springer's stage. The producers work awfully hard to find them.

Meanwhile, Springer and his bosses like to act as though they pay respect to working-class Americans by putting these parodies on the nation's TV screens. But they're not doing anyone a favor--except Barry Diller and his rich pals.

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."

"Jackboots," continued from page 6

A recent Newsday "Letters" page was a smorgasbord of synchronicity of current thought (or lack thereof) on personal liberties as we will soon only fondly remember them. It featured the following:

A letter explaining why giving breathalyzer tests to students at Sayville High School is a good thing and will save them from a life of alcoholism.

A letter from someone from a "clean air" group saying how current smoking bans don't go far enough; we must now ban tobacco use in bars. I wonder about this. Usually people who can't smoking are those who wouldn't be caught dead in a bar. "Wet blanket" syndrome strikes yet again.

And finally, the icing on the Twinkie, a letter from a police officer pleading with us not to let the recent mass shooting in Jonesboro, Arkansas persuade us to let them take away our most precious right: the right to pack heat and potentially blow someone away.

Quote of the month: "The basketball coach makes a lot more than I do, but that's what the market bears now." - Rev. Donald J. Harrington, President of St. John's University. Coach Fran Fraschilla made \$430,000 in 1996; the average professor made about \$63,000. I wonder if this and similar phenomena could have anything to do with the rampant anti-intellectualism plaguing the land.

Last year I devoted part of an article to Fr. Harrington's censorship of St. John's student paper, *The Torch*, when they printed a few view-

points that went against Roman Catholic Church teachings on abortion and contraception. The censors have struck yet again. *The Spectator*, a not terribly funny student-produced humor magazine, had its front cover banned by Student Life because it was "controversial and inappropriate." No, it wasn't of a SUNY trustee in leather bondage drag. It featured a throng of miserable-looking peasants, denizens of some gruesome totalitarian regime. The ragged clothing of some of them had the Nike "swoosh" logo. Some students and faculty have lately questioning the propriety of a Christian institution making a deal with Nike by which Nike supplies the university's team uniforms and equipment, all of which bear the dreaded swoosh. Nike, of course, has been widely criticized for its use of low-paid and mistreated sweatshop labor in bastions of freedom like Indonesia and Vietnam.

I don't think the case can be made that slamming a liason with a company that clears multimillions in profits while squeezing the life out of Asian factory girls flies in the face of Church teachings. Must be another example of "what the market bears now."

Have a glorious (and politically engaged) summer!

"Nike," from page 9

clearly is casting itself as a good guy to build brand loyalty among kids. "There is no question this is a PR play from Nike," she says. "This is highly commercial, veering toward being an ad for the sponsor's product."

Leonetti insists the Air-to-Earth program isn't about marketing the Swoosh. She notes that the program was developed in concert with the North American Association for Environmental Education, a nonprofit consortium of environmental educators.

"This is a full-fledged lesson that teaches about the full life cycle of a product," Leonetti says. "As future entrepreneurs and business leaders, we get kids thinking about sustainable products. The bottom line is, we're a company that's in a position to spend money on education so we can give back to the community."

It's true that Nike has the money to spend on education. Ultimately, that sheds light on the problem with corporate-sponsored classroom lessons. While Nike, McDonald's, DuPont, Exxon and a host of business associations like the Polystyrene Packaging Council can afford to write their world views onto public blackboards, others cannot.

Rather than debating the legitimacy of a Nike lesson plan, it seems more appropriate to step back and debate the legitimacy of using any formal lesson plan in the classroom that is developed by a company searching for new consumers.

1998 MAN OF THE YEAR

By Michael Yeh and Terry McLaren

Bill McNulty is our hero.

At 63, this father of six, former math and history teacher, and home improvement entrepreneur could have retired comfortably years ago. But he became increasingly skeptical of American foreign policy and military strong-arm tactics in the third world. When the Persian Gulf War broke out in 1991, McNulty and his wife, Carol, a special education teacher, knew it was time to speak out.

"I cried and I knew in the deepest recesses of my heart that it was wrong," Carol said.

As a graduate of a Jesuit military school, former Army Reservist, and Republican, many fellow activists regarded McNulty as an unlikely critic. But he sprang into action, becoming a frequent guest on WUSB, the University radio station, as well as an active volunteer for the Peace Studies Center.

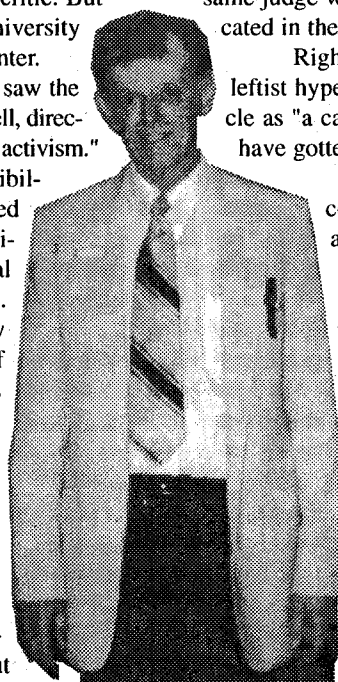
"The first thing that hit him hard was the Iraq War, when he saw the bombing of a country that was unable to defend itself," said Maryann Bell, director of the Peace Studies Center. "From there, he pole-vaulted into peace activism."

The McNultys view peace advocacy as an essential responsibility as devout Catholics. Since the Gulf War, Bill McNulty has picketed the USS Intrepid museum in Manhattan, arguing that its display glorifies war. He also protested poor working conditions in Central American clothing factories in front of a GAP store in Port Jefferson.

Working with several local religious groups, McNulty turned his attention to the controversial United States Army School of the Americas, which trains Latin American military officers. Critics say that approximately 500 of its 57,000 graduates have murdered missionaries and other innocent victims in El Salvador and other Central American countries.

"[McNulty] was singular on Long Island in getting the word out on the school," said Bell. He organized 32 guest appearances for the Rev. Roy Bourgeois, a Vietnam War veteran who founded SOA Watch, one of the largest groups opposed to the school.

McNulty's vast knowledge and friendly nature has persuaded many local residents to join the campaign. "Whenever he put



together an event, it was always very organized," said Peace Center activist Robert Gilheany. "He was always courteous and courageous."

"He is strong in his beliefs, but he delivers his thoughts in a non-threatening, non-violent, spiritual way," Carol said.

Last November, on the eighth anniversary of the murder of six Jesuit priests, McNulty joined 2,000 people to protest at the school in Ft. Benning, Georgia. He was arrested on misdemeanor charges, along with 601 fellow activists.

Most of those arrested were given a stern warning and released. But the government charged 31 protestors, including McNulty, as repeat offenders. After prosecutors dropped charges against six of them, District Court Judge J. Robert Elliott sentenced the others to a \$3,000 fine and six months in prison. Ironically, Elliott was the same judge who imprisoned Martin Luther King, Jr. and released the soldiers implicated in the My Lai massacre.

Right-wing ideologues have denounced this campaign as nothing more than leftist hype. Representative Peter King of Seaford described it in a Newsday article as "a cause that left-wing Catholics who substitute psychobabble for theology have gotten involved in."

But these conscientious volunteers were a very diverse medley of conservative and liberal political activists, veterans from World War II and the Vietnam War, college students, and a 70 year old nun.

This year, Rep. Joseph Kennedy of Massachusetts introduced a bill in Congress to shut down the school for good. But although he has approximately 130 supporters, it may be difficult to pass in a Republican-controlled legislature.

Despite the incarcerations, almost all of the activists plan to keep fighting. Rev. Bourgeois has urged 1,000 people to cross the line this November. At the local level, however, dedicated volunteers like Carol McNulty continue to educate people about the hypocrisies of our military activities.

"Something I've been really impressed with is the way his wife has taken up the mantle and been speaking while Bill is in prison," said the Rev. Noelle Damico, Protestant Campus Chaplain. "Bill McNulty is an example for each person of conscience that an individual's witness can bear much fruit and even change the world."

Bill McNulty... in his own words

November 16th, 1997
Ft. Benning, Ga.
School of the Americas

I was arrested today, one of the 601 who carried a cross on the grounds of this infamous school, to bring attention to the horrors that have resulted from its inception. Arrested, Bill McNulty, father, grandfather, husband, teacher, carpenter, catholic, fisherman, a graduate of a Catholic Military School and a Jesuit University, a member of the Army Reserve and a Senior Citizen. I could be sentenced to six months in a Federal Prison. When did this journey begin? When did the paradigms and structures of my life begin to change so completely? I know the exact moment. It was when I heard that the Persian Gulf War began. I cried and I knew in the deepest recesses of my heart that it was wrong. I started a marathon quest to find answers, to read, to question, to act.

I found myself in front of a local Congressman's office with a few other brave souls who opposed the war and found out first hand what it is like to be insulted and derided. It wasn't pleasant, and I could have simply gone home as many invited me to, with the greeting of half a peace sign, but I did not, I could not. Now, I realized that the spirit of the universe had called me and was giving me strength. A little understanding of what it must have been like to be a Civil Rights Activist or a Vietnam War Protester entered my psyche. Where was I then? Why wasn't I with them? I don't know. Now I have three grown sons and three grown daughters. The thought of them killing another father's child or being killed themselves makes me frightened and sorrowful. My heart goes out to those who have been lead into this. The words "Thou shalt not kill" kept echoing in my mind.

The journey to a jail cell took me in many directions, from Stony Brook to Washington to Chicago to Haiti to Maine to Georgia and back. From being a guest on a college radio show to having one of my own. To having had the privilege of meeting people like Phillip Berrigan, Father Daniel Berrigan, Ramsey Clark, Jennifer Harbury, Maria Teresa Tula, Sister Diane Ortiz, and a host of dedicated, committed, spiritual people from all walks of life. I have stayed at Catholic Workers homes, picketed the Pentagon and the CIA, fasted on the steps of the Capitol, protested at Ft. Benning, Georgia, walked in front of the Gap in Port Jefferson, gathered at the Bath Iron Works in Maine, and have spoken wherever I could find an audience. I have visited Haiti and saw firsthand what poverty and exploitation really look like. I have seen the soulful, despairing eyes of the poor.

The need to connect with those of like mind was imperative and in time a small community of people was established who shared peace and justice concerns. I came to truly love and respect them and felt privileged to be a part of their lives.

Back to the beginning. I had heard of Father Roy Bourgeois and that he was in prison for protesting at the School of the Americas on the first anniversary of the killing of the six Jesuits and the two women in El Salvador. Most of the soldiers involved in this massacre were SOA graduates. Father Roy and the other protestors wanted to be the "Voice of the Voiceless" and bring the attention of the people of the United States to this school and its actions. I admired the courage of this Maryknoll priest and his associates. I was most gratified that our communi-

ty arranged a speaking tour on Long Island for him. He stayed with us for three weeks after his release from prison. During this time I found out why he was so moved. He was a Vietnam Vet and a Priest who worked with the poor in Bolivia and elsewhere in Latin America. He witnessed firsthand the evils of this school which has become a symbol of the brutality and terror and as such, I decided this would be the issue I would focus on. I wanted to help bring the school to the attention of as many as I could. Americans are good and decent people, they would not want terrorism paid for by their tax dollars, exported from their country.

My march on the school began. Phone calls, letters, meetings, peace and justice groups, fasting for days on the White House steps, showing the documentary "School of the Assassins" wherever I could were some of the steps which led me to the demonstration in Georgia in November. Over two thousand people from all over the United States, Mexico and Canada gathered for a peaceful non-violent protest. There were speeches and prayers. At the conclusion, people processed quietly and prayerfully onto the base. There were eight coffins which carried almost one million signatures petitioning the closing of the school. 601 people crossed the line and were arrested. They were taken to a compound and processed. I was one of them. It was one of the most powerful experiences of my life. Will jail be the end of my journey? Definitely not. Do I have the support of my wife and family? Absolutely! I am not afraid. He will be with me. The following are the thoughts of my wife after hearing my decision:

For Him, a carpenter, another carpenter carried a cross today, not made of crude wood but painted white with Maria's name on it, a child martyr of El Salvador.

Killed by the School of America graduates.

"Follow your heart," I told him

But the thought of this kind and gentle man going to jail makes me weep

The journey started with the Persian Gulf War and led to today.

"It is right, it is good, it is just," for him to carry that cross.

I am with you and all who are called to be enveloped in God's love of justice

"Blessed are they who suffer persecution

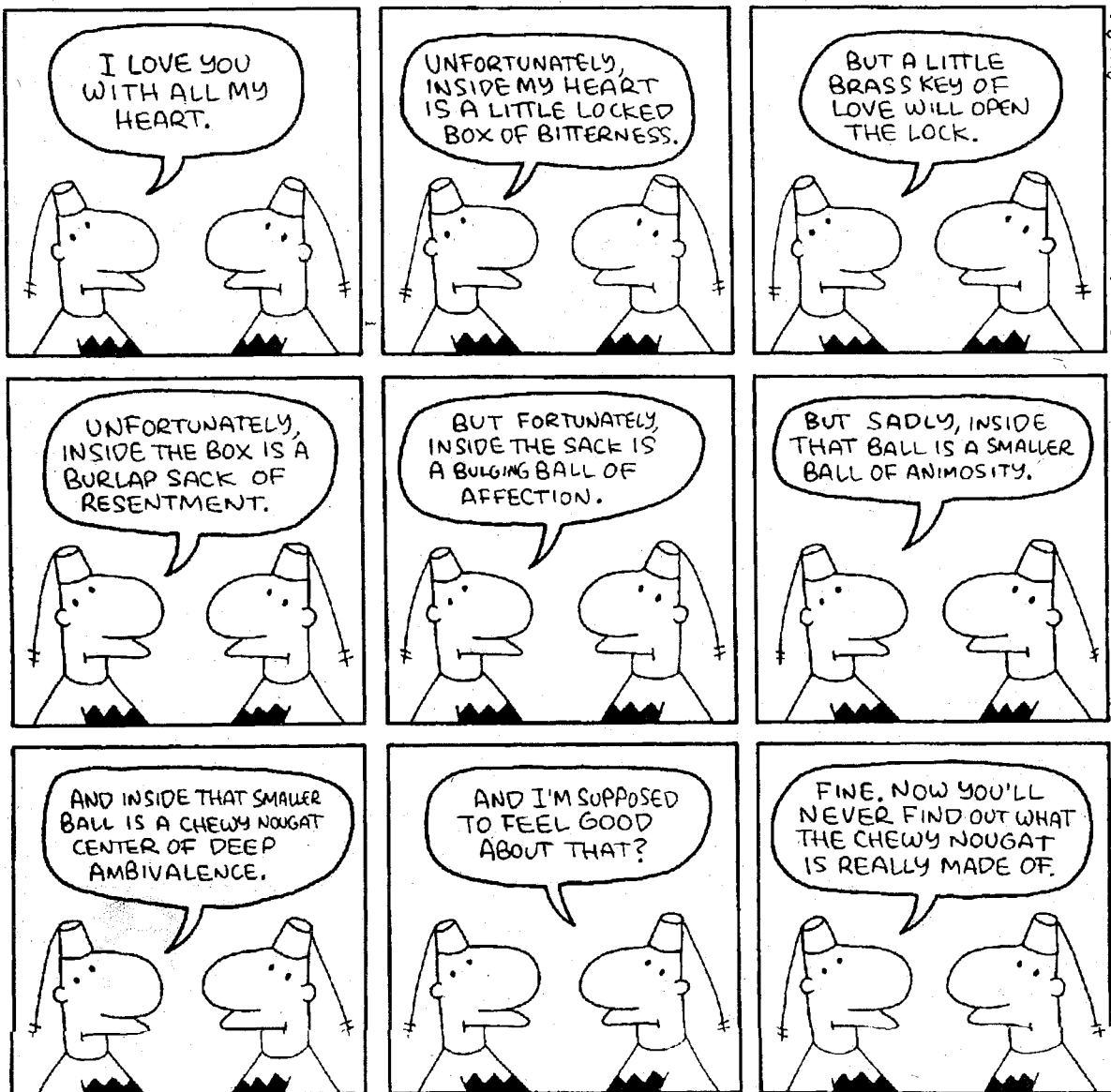
For justice's sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

I was tried and convicted in Columbus, Georgia in January. At the present time I am part of the SOA 25 who are serving time in Federal Prison. My six month sentence began March 23. Prison life is difficult and I am trying to deal with the fact that I have done no wrong and that the people who have raped, murdered and tortured have not spent one day in prison. What kind of justice is this? I am a prisoner of conscience and a political prisoner in the United States of America. Do not let my voice be silenced. Speak for me in whatever way you can against this infamous school.

-William McNulty

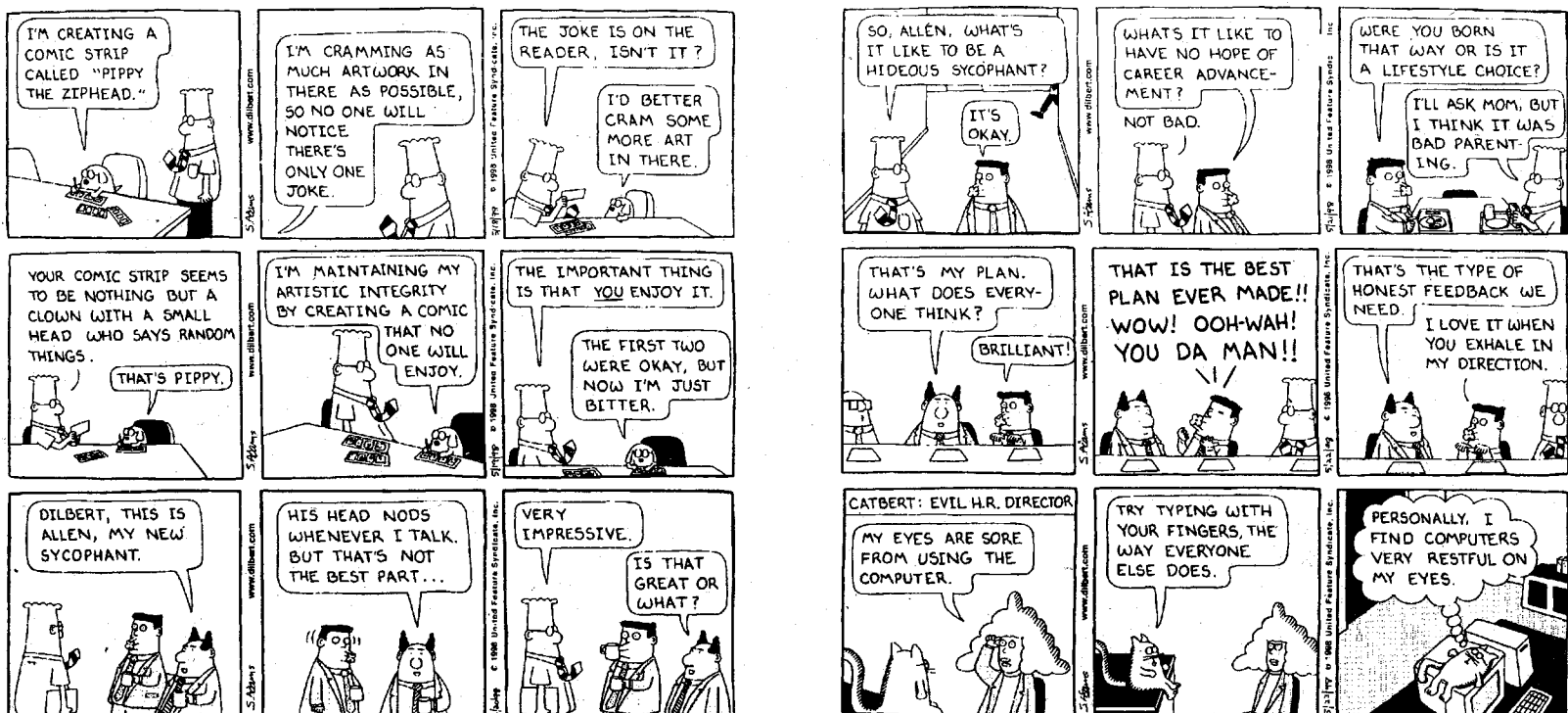
LIFE IN HELL

©1998
BY MATT
GROENING






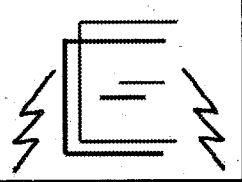








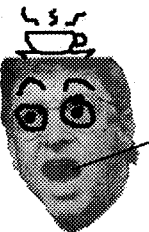

















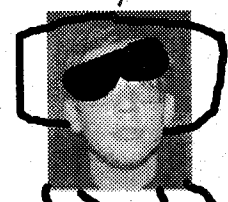




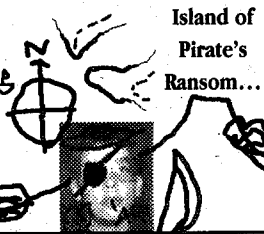

DILBERT[®]

by Scott Adams



Strike Force Echo

by Matthew Vernon
Xavier Willemain

<p>When last we left Digital Emperor Gates, the billionaire software tycoon and media mogul was relaxing in his palatial home with a shadowy figure...</p>	<p>Ah, my mysterious guest, how right you are!</p> 	<p>Have I ever steered you wrong, Bill?</p>  <p>No, of course not.</p>	<p>Strike Force Echo has resolved their D.C. mission!</p>  <p>Now is the time to move!</p>	<p>STRIKE FORCE ECHO</p> 	
<p>Meanwhile, back at target McDonald's Number 1 [See Episode #2]</p>	<p>* ring, ring *</p> 	<p>* ring, ring *</p>  <p>Sleepie, your cell phone is going off. Sleepie? Sleepie! \$%#&*!</p>	<p>What's that you say? Ninja Master and Vampire have resolved the mission! Well of course, what do you expect from Strike Force Echo!</p> 	<p>May I speak with the Vice President? Why not? Excellent. No, you did the right thing, Mr. President.</p> 	<p>All is going according to plan. Bwahahahahahaha! Hmm...I could go for an Arch Deluxe.</p> 
<p>Meanwhile, back at the ranch...</p>	 <p>Tea, Earl Gray, hot!</p>	<p>Not on my head! Bad Windows Auto House!</p> 	<p>I have failed you, my Emperor. Begin auto-destruct sequence...</p>  <p>Bill's Laser House</p>	<p>No! Abort, abort! Reboot! Number five!</p> 	<p>Yes, excellency?</p> 
<p>I had the strangest dream! And you were in it! And Phil, and Martha, and Ed, and Pete, and Joanna, and...</p>	<p>That was not a dream, buddy. And it will never end; this one is the nightmare that goes on.</p> 	<p>We've got to move quickly!</p>  <p>Yes, Number Five is the best!</p>	<p>Go find Greté Patton, and bring my instructions to him!</p> 	<p>He is to locate and interview all six members of Strike Force Echo.</p> 	<p>And, after each interview, you are to drug them, and bring them to me!</p> 
<p>Excuse me, sir, but aren't you The Devil?</p> 	<p>Muahahahahahahaha!</p> 	<p>No, I'm sorry, you must have mistaken me for someone else.</p> 	<p>Then what is that big "D" on your chest all about? The pitchfork?</p> 	<p>Wow, looks like Greté's got 'em there!</p> 	<p>He's one sharp journalist, that Patton.</p> 
<p>So, you excited about the big summer blockbuster feature films?</p> 	<p>I'm looking forward to Godzilla. He reminds me of someone I know.</p> 	<p>For my money, the real action is Deep Impact. Comets, Morgan Freeman, it's got everything!</p> 	<p>* stir, stir *</p>  <p>Jumpin' jehosophats! The rare insight!</p> 	<p>Deep Impact is just a two hour advertisement for msNbc. Skip it. *snore*</p> 	<p>Oh, that really burns me! This is so far from over, Strike Force Echo! And now, my mystery guest, it is time to put our real plan into effect!</p> 
<p>Next year, in Strike Force Echo...</p>	<p>Vampire and Balnab go to a Goth club and meet bug-eyed misery chics...</p> 	<p>The Mermaids of Christmas Past, Present, and Future show Mafioso that it really is a wonderful life...</p> 	<p>Bill Clinton tackles the angry Oak People...</p>  <p>Woah. Uh-oh!</p>	<p>Pirate discovers a world of adventure on Captain Jimmy's Island of Pirate's Ransom...</p> 	<p>Bob Dole doesn't wear any pants during the summer! Bob Dole!</p> 

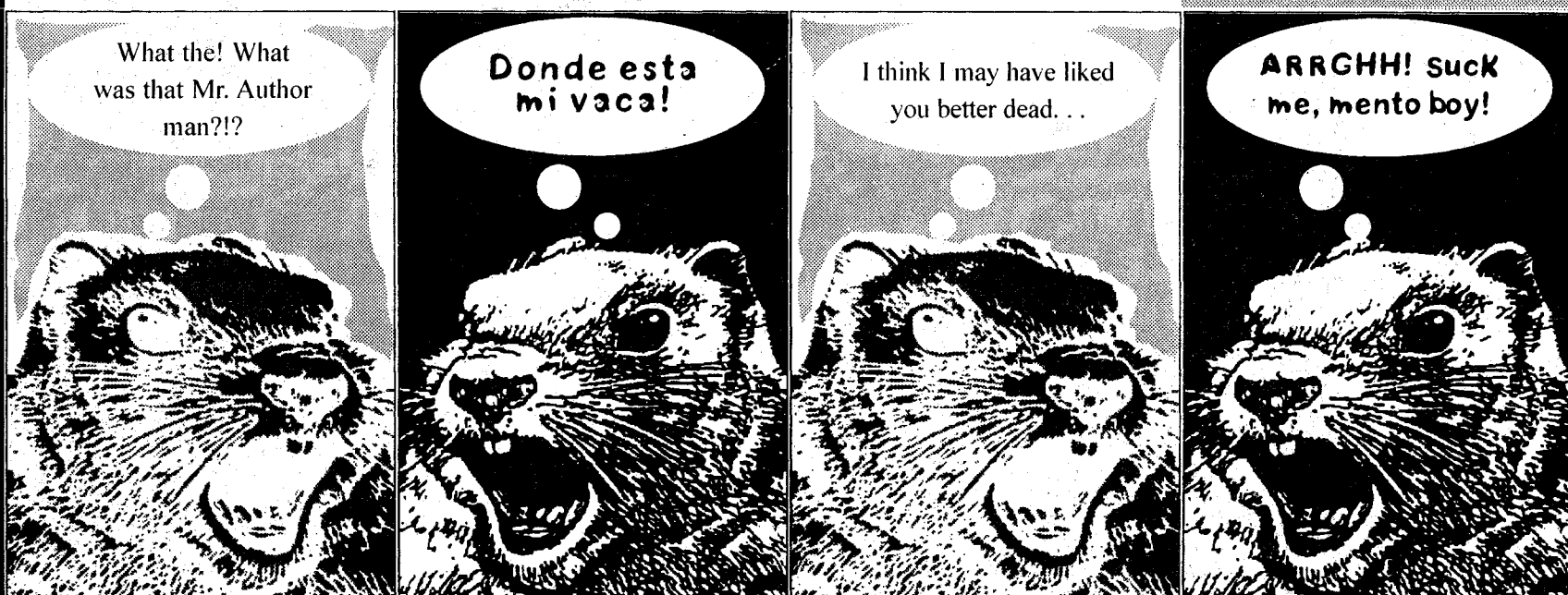
EVIL STEVE: MEGALOMANIACAL SQUIRREL



Meanwhile, in the life of former
Press Executive Editor, gone digi-
tized, Sim Ted Swedalla



And now back to the story



IN "I GET TIRED SOMETIMES"

By Brian Libfeld

screw the lot of ya!

-your pal, Dave

Top Ten Ways Shirley Strum Kenny is Going to Spend Her Summer Vacation

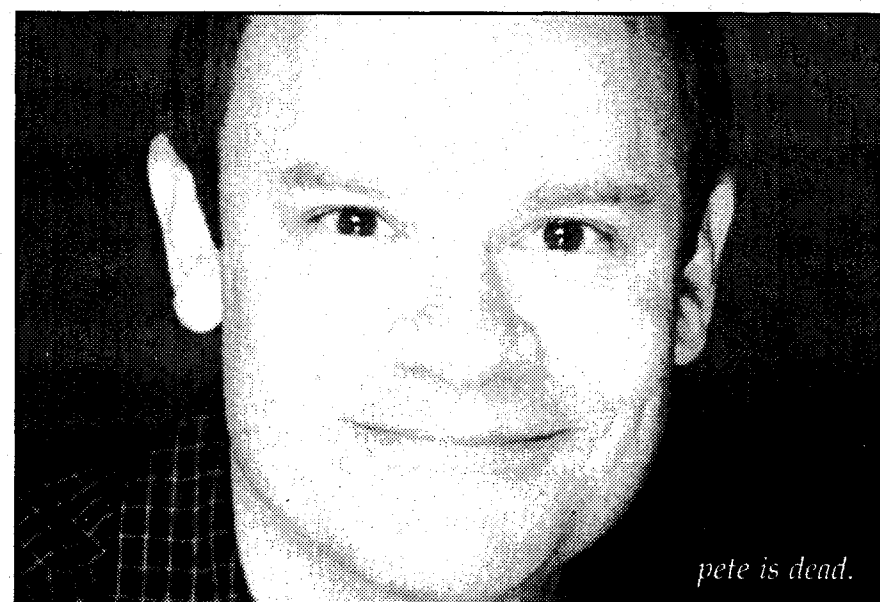
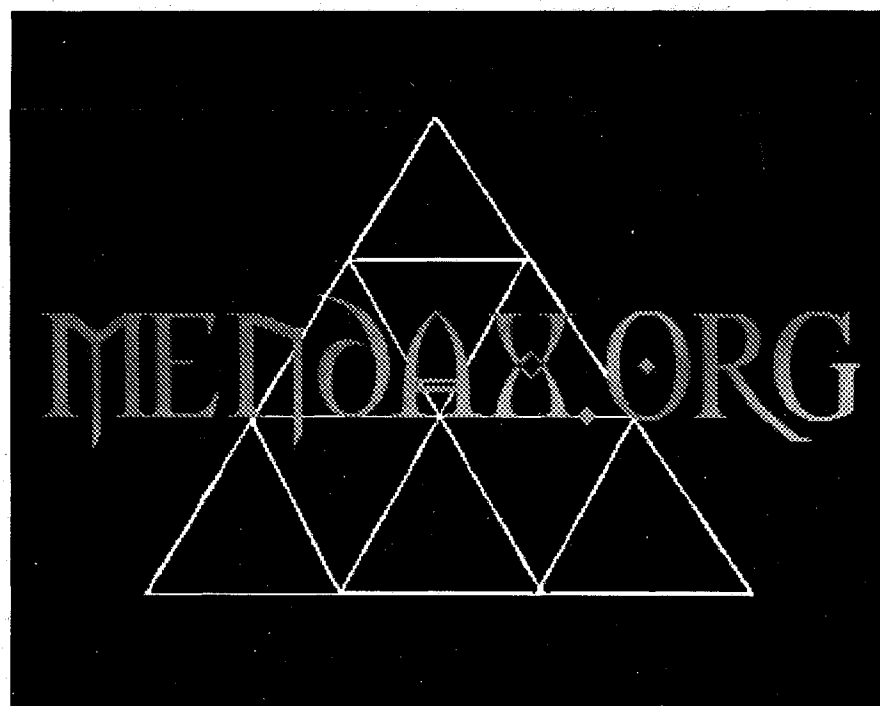
- 10) Attending "Turkey Neck Camp" with Janet Reno.
- 9) Three words: *Free Willy 4*.
- 8) Applying baby powder.
- 7) Working on her memoirs, "Gravity, Be Not Proud."
- 6) Having the guy who beat her out for the UT Austin Job "disappeared."
- 5) Meeting with Satan to plan agenda for next year.
- 4) Coming up with an alibi for where she was when "the guru" died.
- 3) Touring the Hawaiian Isles with Hank the Angry Drunken Dwarf.
- 2) Funneling stadium funds to her evil Lobster Boy plot.
- 1) Tossing Dave's salad.

STRANGE BUT TRUE!

By DANIEL HORNER



Homo sapiens, also known as the "human being," is the most highly evolved of all living animals!



pete is dead.

THE 4TH ANNUAL

In the Spring of 1995, Stony Brook was experiencing the end of its first year with a new University President. Shirley Strum Kenny had come to our school mere months ago, and her administration was beginning to function like a fine-tuned machine. It was a time of great change for Stony Brook, a mercurial age where we starved for tradition and consistency.

In order to fill that gap, the ever-inventive editors of *The Press* created a new, annual feature: The Shirley Awards. Named in honor of our distinguished President, the Shirleys honor the best and worst of the world around us. All categories are voted upon by the staff of the *Stony Brook Press* and anyone else who happens to walk into our office.

Here, then, are our rants and raves on the best of the last twelve months, all in honor of one fat bitch who had a dream, and some chins. Well, not some...many.

THE WORLD

Biggest Waste of DNA: Scientologists

Runner-Up: Rupert Murdoch

Scientologists came out of nowhere to win this category by virtue of their cultish behavior and silly-ass mythology. That, and the fact that they really like suing journalists who say bad things about them... we're just looking for some publicity.

Best Politician: Shirley Strum Kenny

Runner-Up: Rudy Giuliani

By "Politician," of course, we mean someone who manipulates the public, the media, and the government around them to get what they want. We don't particularly care for either of these characters, but we recognize they're good at screwing us.

Worst Politician: George Pataki

Runner-Up: Shirley Strum Kenny

First his ditzzy sidekick went all loopy on him. Then he ruins his hard earned image as a conniving, manipulative little Republifuck and does somethin SO POLITICALLY ASS-BACKWARDS that the Himmler to his Hitler, Joseph Bruno, even ripped into his budget vetoes. So everyone, in unison now...WHAT A DICK!

Politician We'd Most Like to Shag: TIE: Bill Clinton/Candace de Russy

Runners-Up: Christine Todd Whitman/Bob Dole

Viva Viagra!

Politician We'd Least Like to Shag: Janet Reno

Runner-Up: Candace de Russy

No Candy, God bless YOU!

THE CAMPUS

Best on Campus Concert: Pimpcore at The Spot

Runner-Up: There are no Campus Concerts!

We are continually thankful for the existence of The Spot, which provides the only venue for live music on campus. Pimpcore played there last semester, and their bizarre brand of John Zorn-esque acid Jazz was a sight to behold. The question the entire school should be asking is, "Why did a person who failed so absolutely and totally in their position as SAB chair, garner enough votes and respect to be elected as Polity president? I would predict that next year, Aneka Gibbs will waste ALL the money Polity has, but I'm afraid I'd get my ass kicked.

Best Hangout: The Press Office

Runner-Up: The Spot

We practically live at these places. Some of us have shit here. No really, we're not kidding. And don't even ask about the couch.

Best Professor: TIE: Bill Arens/Paul Dolan/John Shea/Yair Minsky

Runner-Up: Siskin, Casey and Krikorian

Making time at The Brook worthwhile. In a nerdy, we like to read kinda way.

Worst Professor: Diane Fortuna

Runner-Up: Who can compare?

What was it Lowell said?

Sexiest Professor: Ira Livingston

Runner-Up: Eric Schloebohm

Lowell likes him. I think. Does anyone at all get Strike Force Echo?

Smartest Admin Move: The Green Team

Runner-Up: No Such Thing

This is a really ugly campus, and it's nice to see some improvements being made to make our living space nicer.

Not that we're being positive, or anything. Not us.

Stupidest Admin Move: TIE Housing Crisis/Campus Village

Runner-Up: Not Killing Rev. David M. Ewalt when they had the chance

Trust us, these will come to bite the bitch in the ass. Ever try to bite the inner tube from a monster truck tire?

Most Obnoxious Administrator: Shirley Strum Kenny

Runners-Up: Fred Preston and Carmen Vasquez

Insert insulting "don't-know-the-meaning-of-satire" type comment here.

Best Eatery: Anywhere Off Campus

Runner-Up: Eastern Pavillion

Because, you see, campus food sucks.

Worst Eatery: Kelly Cafeteria

Runner-Up: The End of the Bridge

When you're sliding into first, and you feel something burst...

Favorite Polity Senator: Frank Santangelo

Runner-Up: Jack

Unrivalled at pissing off other Polity senators.

Least Favorite Polity Senator: Frank Santangelo

Runner-Up: Christine Sadowski

See, there's a broader theme here kids. No one gives a flying fuck about Polity senators. I mean, c'mon, MIKE MAHONEY! 'Nuff said.

Favorite University Employee: Gene "The Union Machine" D'aversa

Runner-Up: Godfrey Palaia, Off-Campus Housing

As soon as Gene took over, our long cave-like office in the Student Union was finally outfitted with new lights. This man is on his game.

Least Favorite University Employee: TIE Shirley Strum Kenny/Doug Little/Marsha Wiener

Runner-Up: Anyone in Financial Aid

Marsha Wiener. Tee hee hee. Wiener. Wrinkled Wiener. Like in a pool.

Favorite Aramark Employee: Gladys from Bleacher

Runner-Up: Jimmy Ford

She's awesome. And she just had a baby. She's awesome.

Least Favorite Aramark Employee: The Deli Bitch

Runner-Up: Annette Hicks

Take that. Wait, how can anything we say in a 5000-press-run publication come anywhere near the crushing humiliation suffered night after night when you realize all you have to show for yourself is a job slinging day old carrot salad at the Deli? Take THAT!

Sexiest Statesman Editor: Raya Eiad

Runner-up: Peter Gratton

Yo, she's hot, yo. No, for real. She's hot. So's he.

Funniest Looking Students: The Physics Department

Too many free flying neutrons. I think they've mutated.

Best Campus Relic: Rob Gilheany

And he's a happenin' dancer. DO YOU LIKE TO SURF? DO YOU LIKE THE WATER?!! DO YOU LIKE THE SUNSHINE?!!?



SHIRLEY AWARDS

Best Dressed Gay Male: DH Campbell

The good ones are always gay....Ha, ha ladies, he wants me and not you. Nanny nanny poo poo.

Best Statesman Cover: "Press Under Fire"

It was funny and Dave was on the cover and he's funny.

Best Crime-Fighting Llama: Paco the Crime-Fighting Llama
Don't ask.

Best Stuffed Animal: Spermy the SBVAC Whale
Really. Don't ask.

Campus Structure Most Likely to Fall on Your Head: The Union Bridge.

Best of Many Parties that We Paid For But Didn't Get Invited To: Monique Maylor's Birthday Party

THE PAPER

Best Issue of the Press: Public Safety

Runner-Up: Candace de Russy

Best News Story: TIE The Missing Million/Public Safety on the Spot

Runner-Up: Iraq's Wars and the Wars Against Iraq

Powerhouse journalism by the Woodward and Bernstein of the Stony Brook Press. If Bernstein moonlighted for the Washington Times whenever the fuck he wanted to.

Best Features Article: Goons in the Mist

Runner-Up: Where Are They Now: Willie Ames

The Goon is not based on a real person. So chill the fuck out. I mean, really, do you think anyone could smell THAT BAD? Of course not. Any similarities to persons dead or who smell like they are dead, are purely coincidental.

Best Quote from an Article: "Boo-ya! Now I can build my rebigulator!"

Runner-Up: "...this band is tighter than a nun's pussy."

Best Cartoon: The Angry Squirrel, "This Space For Rent"

Yeah, like the Angry Squirrel is more accessible than Strick Force Echo.

Best Top 10 List: TIE Unfinished Top Ten Lists/Vanilla Ice Lyrics

Runner-Up: "Things You Dont Want to Find At The Bottom of a Toilet"

Best Cover: Candace de Russy

Runner-Up: Hit the Road, Jack!

Hips, Tits, Lips, GOD!

Best Writer of Censored News: Chris Sorochin

We call him "Little Hoopyty."

Best House Ad: Croccantini con Pesce

Biggest Staff Fixation: Phil's Dick

Runner-Up: Squirrels

Biggest as in most of the time. As if you assumed something else.

Best Unused Title: Phil Is Not A Bright Man At All

YEAH, BABY! LIKE A POST!

Best Nickname: White Fudge

Runner-Up: Scoop

Staff Member Most Shaped Like a Fruit or Vegetable: John Giuffo - like a pear

Hey, that hurts, guys. Maybe it's really not nice to make fun of people. Feelings can get hurt.

Biggest Couch Hog: Squirrel

Runner-Up: Brian Libfeld

Any port in a storm.

Biggest Video Game Hog: Marina

Runner-Up: Scoop

Best Person who works Elsewhere in the Union but Comes to Our Office to Visit: Todd "Midwestern Man" Stebbins

Runner-Up: Pete Gratton

Best Staff Hair: Brian Libfeld

Best Muckraker: TIE John Giuffo/Steve Preston

Biggest Megalomaniac: Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain

Sexiest Long Island Boy: Scoop

Women of the Year: The Female Pressers

Bob Dole: Is a Giant Robot

Best Organ Grinder (wink, wink): Phil Russo

I didn't know Phil had a chipped tooth. So that's what they mean by "engorged with blood."

Dirtiest Little Monkey: Michael Yeh

ENTERTAINMENT

Best Movie: The Big Lebowski

Runner-Up: Good Will Hunting

"I fuck you Saturday... I fuck you Tuesday. It does not matter to Jesus!"

Worst Movie: Species 2

Runner-Up: The Big Hit

Best Album: Crystal Ball boxed set

Runner-Up: OK Computer

That little elf from Minnesota is one talented fuck.

Worst Album: The Dave Chow Experience

Runner-Up: The Dave Chow Experience

Best Music Video: Busta Rhymes, "Dangerous"

Runner-Up: Puff Daddy, "Victory"

Busta busta busta busta busta busta!

Worst Music Video: The Spice Girls. "2 Become 1"

Runner-Up: Anything else by Puff Daddy

Best Work of Short Fiction: "Have I Not Human Hands" by Frank Fusaro

Beautiful, man. Beautiful.

Best TV Show: Simpsons

Runner-Up: The X-Files

Worst TV Show: Love Boat: The Next Wave

Runner-Up: Touched By An Angel

Hottest TV Babe: Gillian Anderson

Runner-Up: Neve Campbell

Scully wins our hearts for the fourth year running!

Hottest TV Guy: Andre Breuer

Runner-Up: David Duchovny

Andre... you know, the bald cop from Homicide who wears the fedora. We love that hat.

Hottest Rock Guy: Lowell Yaeger

Runner-Up: DJ Shadow

Bloat rocks your ass.

Hottest Rock Babe: Jewel

Runner-Up: Bjork

I find it disturbing that an office as supposedly hip as *The Press* couldn't come up with anyone more interesting than Jewel. I mean come on, have you seen her teeth?!

Hottest Movie Babe: Drew Barrymore

Runner-Up: Neve Campbell

Neve. What kind of a name is Neve?

Hottest Movie Guy: Ben Affleck

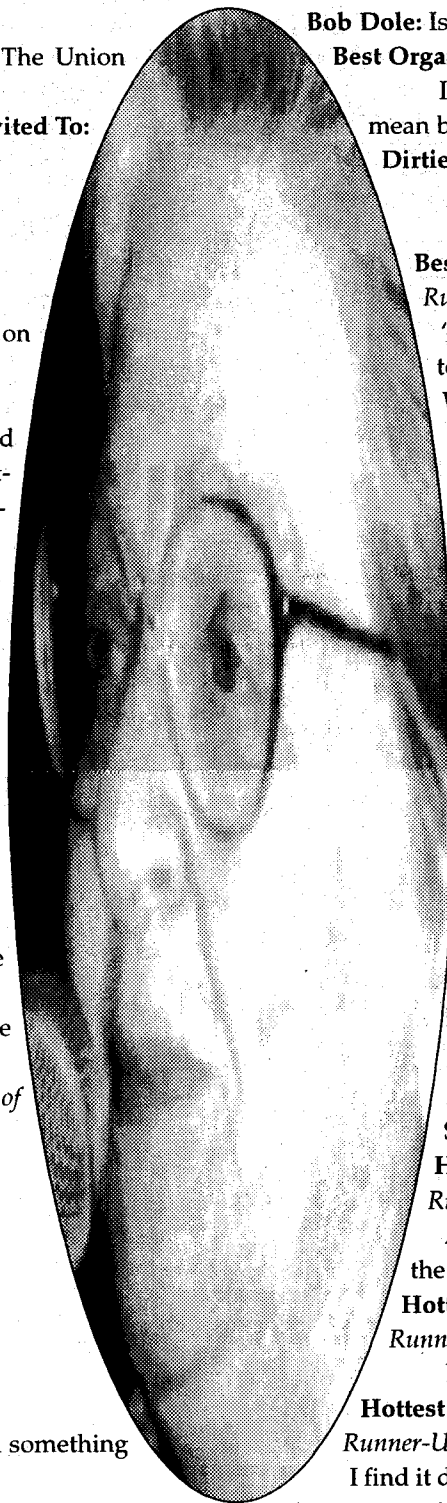
Runner-Up: Sean Connery

Man of the Year: Bill McNulty

See our story on page 11.

and finally...

Best Time For Rats to Leave a Sinking Ship: Now.



KILL THE BODY AND THE HEAD WILL DIE

A Fatigued Farewell from *The Press*' Executive Editor

By Rev. David M. Ewalt

It's late, and I'm tired.

Actually, it's gotten so late it's actually early; the sun is up and birds are chirping at me annoyingly from the other side of the window. Trees sway easily in the morning breeze, and the pink sky promises a full day of sunshine ahead.

Damn, I hate when this happens.

I've been in the *Press* office now for almost eighteen hours. I haven't slept yet, and there's still plenty of work to be done on the paper. Including this article.

My stomach is growling and my eyes hurt. I have to pee every few minutes from all the caffeine I'm drinking, and I've got the shivers because the air conditioning is always on in this building, even when it's cold outside. All the other editors left hours ago, and now they're all happily asleep in their nice, soft beds.

Damn.

This isn't the first time this has happened. It isn't even the second. Let's see... this is my 34th issue as Executive Editor of the *Press*, my 66th as an editor, and my 70th as a staff member. That would probably make this early morning number 200 or so.

Damn.

In a couple of minutes people will be arriving on campus to start their day, heading off to class, all freshly showered, shaved and slept. I hate seeing these people, going about their Monday business when I am still solidly in Sunday. There's nothing worse than knowing you're not only behind in your work, but you're also behind in your calendar.

And worst of all, I've still got a lot to do. This stinking paper won't be done for hours. Why am I still here?

Because I love it.

I get a strange, sick thrill from this process. There is no feeling for me like seeing a paper go from the purely conceptual planning stages, through the writing and editing, past the computer layout and finally arriving printed on newsprint right at your fingertips. I love it. I can't get enough of it. I'm here until eight in the morning obsessing over every detail because in a twisted, masochistic way I really enjoy doing it.

I've been at it for a while, too; not just the eighteen hours I've been in this office so far tonight (this morning!), but for four years... my entire Stony Brook career. I joined this paper as a freshman, only weeks after arriving on campus. I made News Editor after two months, and Associate Editor after a year. Ever since (good lord... two years since!) I've served as the head honcho, the Executive Editor, the big boss man...

...the guy who's still here when everyone else is asleep.

Now, please don't allow my moaning and groaning to get to you. I consider the right to complain one of the finest perks of my office. I whine even when I'm not upset, just to keep my jaw muscles loose. The fact of the matter is, I do love this job... not in spite of all the hard work and endless hours, but because of it.

And as such, I hope you'll allow me this final act of self indulgence, this paean to myself, my paper and my staff. Anyone who doesn't know me or work on the paper has my permission to turn the page. The rest of you will be tested on this material.

When Ted Swedalla (the previous Executive Editor) graduated, he wrote a final column, kind of like this one. In typical Ted fashion, he didn't put his name on it, so it ran without a byline. I've always thought that was a fitting monument to his work.

Ted did have the good idea of running a "Last Will and Testament" in his swan song, a list of the people he wanted to thank and remember after his tenure as Exec. It's about as self-indulgent as you can get, but screw you, I'm still in charge.

I should preface this by saying that I dearly love everyone who has worked for this paper in the last four years (well, almost

everyone), but that I could never list all of you and thank you enough. If I don't mention your name below, rest well in the knowledge that I do appreciate your friendship and your contribution to the paper, but you just didn't make the A-list. Nothing personal. Probably.

Norman Prusslin is the Media Advisor on campus, which basically means he's the go-to guy whenever we're in trouble. Norm, I appreciate all the help you've provided both to the paper, and to me personally.

Garrison Hoffman was Executive Editor when I first joined the paper. In his infinite perception and wisdom, he quickly identified my genius and thrust me into the *Press*' inner circle by making me his News Editor. Gary, thanks for your confidence and counsel. When I rule the world, I want you in charge of the guns.

Liv Ann Bacerra was also a Presser when I first joined. Her friendliness and kindness helped me feel at home in this very strange place. Liv, if it hadn't been for you, I probably would have stayed in my room on those Friday nights and never would have really gotten involved. Thanks for being a friend.

Ted Swedalla took over the reigns of leadership from Gary, and helped to make the *Press* what it is today. Ted likes to tell me that he was the rock on which I built my church... and normally I scoff at him and tell him he's a bonehead, but the truth is, he's right. Ted's tireless effort over three semesters increased the quality and consistency of the *Press*, making my job all the more easy when I took over. Ted, thanks for giving me such a great paper to work with, and thanks for being such a great friend in the process.

When I was a mere lad of 18, just starting in the position of News Editor, I received my very first piece of mail from a shadowy figure who called himself Chris Sorochin. We began an in-print snipe fest over an article I wrote about Saddam Hussein, and Chris eventually said I was a "typical republican" and "closet fascist." I really took offense at that Republican comment.

Nonetheless, I loved our exchange of words, and it was truly instrumental in helping to draw me into the world of journalism. Chris showed me how much fun the written word could be, and today, as a regular contributor to the paper, he continues to teach me about the joys of activism, the perils of politics, and the importance of speaking out. Chris, you've inspired me with your words time and time again, and your efforts to educate and improve are an example of the finest the fourth estate has to offer.

Heather Rosenow joined the paper about a semester after I did, and went through largely the same process of being socialized and drawn out of her shell. She is now *Press* through and through, and I value the time we've spent together. Heather, wherever the future may take you, don't lose your eye for what's right and indignation for what's not. Keep writing!

Anne Ruggiero was dragged down to the office by Heather, and she fit right in... so much so that the males on the staff voted her an "honorary guy." Anne, you should be proud of yourself for how you've managed to keep yourself together so well as the rest of us passed in and out of viable existence. When you're made Secretary of State, I expect to get the Ambassadorship to Jamaica.

Rob Gilheany is...well, our paperboy. He's the biggest freak I know, and I mean that in the nicest, most complimentary way possible. Rob knows more about this paper than anyone, and he's an incredibly valuable person to have around. Rob, I hope you'll stay in touch with the paper and keep these young ruffians in line. Keep dancin'!

When Joanna Wegielnik joined the paper, she impressed us all with her thoughtful, informative writing about human rights and world issues. We worried, however, that she was a bit too straight laced and wouldn't fit in

with the rest of the crowd. Boy, were we wrong. Joanna, you have that which so many people nowadays lack: passion. Don't lose touch with it, and keep fighting for what you know is right. The world needs you.

Michael Yeh is, quite simply, the hardest working man in journalism. He manages an impressive academic career while simultaneously planning and writing some of the best stories the *Press* has seen in decades. Mike, I am honored to share the Buskin plaque with you, and I see in you the true spirit of the *Press*... that hellraising, righteous indignation that makes what we do both fun and important. Keep it up, Mike... you have my admiration and respect.

If you looked up the word "devoted" in the dictionary, you'd see a picture of Phil Russo. Well, actually, you wouldn't, you'd just see some boring definition, but Phil's picture should be there. Phil loves this paper, and I know with him on staff no ill will come of it. Phil, I have watched you learn and progress with this paper, and I'm proud of the work you've done. Keep it up, or I'll kick your ass.

Brian Schneider is one of the most good-hearted people I've ever met, and Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain is one of the funniest. I know that with them on staff, the safe and prosperous future of this paper is assured. I also know that lumping them together like this will really knot their knickers, and

that's why I did it. Scoop and Ace, I hope to see you two running this joint someday.

Jen Hobin shares my love of monkeys, and it's a good thing, because next year she's going to be surrounded by them. Jen, knowing you'll be around next year to keep these other primates in check makes me a lot more comfortable about leaving. I hope you realize how much we admire you.

Where to begin with Lowell Yaeger? I couldn't possibly address this mountain of a man in less than an epic novel, so I'll leave it at this. Lowell, you are the funniest person I've ever met, and one of the most talented writers. I see how effortlessly you pound out prose that would take me weeks, and how everyone loves and respects you. Lowell, you have a real gift... and a rare one. Please don't waste it. Keep writing and make me proud.

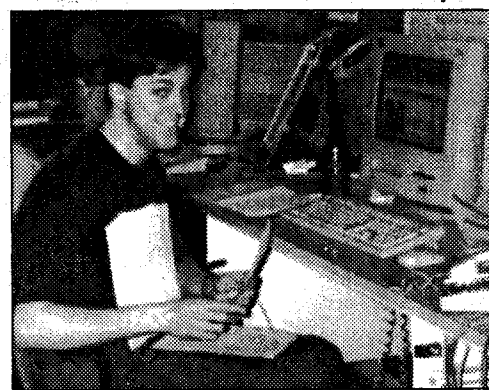
He who was once the student is now the master. John Giuffo has been one of my best friends over the past years, and it has truly been a pleasure to watch his growth from an angry, ranting punk to a responsible journalist. I never could have made the *Press* what it is today without John sitting right beside me. John represents everything that is right about journalism... integrity, responsibility, and a passion for the truth. Don't lose touch with that fellow in the little green hat, though...

During my tenure as Editor, one person more than any other has served as my advisor and confidant. Martha Chemas has been invaluable to me, and I never would have survived these last two years without her. I would definitely not have survived the many long productions where we ended up being the only people left working. She has been the conscience of this paper, keeping us focused while delivering incisive news analyses and editorials. I'll always value her most as the one person who was kind and generous enough to pull me aside and ask me what I was thinking. I fancy myself a writer, but I don't have the words to tell you how much you've meant. Thank you for always being there.

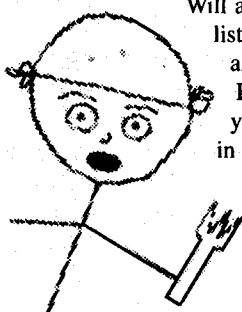
Then there's Brian Libfeld, the poor sucker who has been chosen to receive my mantle and serve the University community as next year's Executive Editor. Brian, you have my confidence and the mandate of the staff. Next year will be tough, but I promise you, you'll come out of it a better person. Stay true to that big teddy bear we all love, and you'll do great. And remember; there will be no "Dave heads" in next year's issues.

And finally, my thanks to Shirley Strum Kenny, for giving us so much great stuff to write about.

So that's it. I'm finished. Now I can finally get some sleep.



This is me working in the office. Or, more likely, this is me, in the office, pretending to work, so that people will leave me alone.



THE STONY BROOK PRESS

Guide to Journalism

UNCHECKED BRUTALITY

The Missing Million

The Tale of the Honors College

Pataki and DeRussy Challenge Free Speech

MANUFACTURING DISSEN

A Tale of Disse

omination, Dykes and deRussy

March for Rape

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PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN

Stony Brook, Inc.

THE RETAIL (CAMPUS) VILLAGE AND THE CORPORATE ADVISORY BOARD

Iraq's Wars... Against Iraq

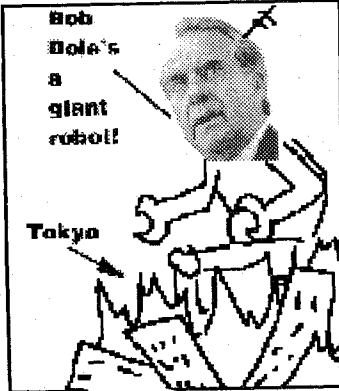
Boyer Commission Reinvents the President Kenny's Higher Education

BEHEMOTHS OF BABYLON

Public Safety Puts Campus Bar on The Spot

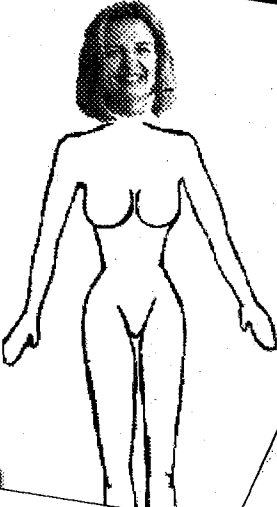
(journalism)

COOL "DISCO" DAN



Goons in the Mist

Top Ten Reasons To Not Eat Okra



...hey, that fat kid's a serial killer!



Hi! My name is Candace!

(not journalism)

"Schizophrenia," continued from page 23



Milhouse has absolutely nothing to do with the Simpsons.

showing up at any protest he could. Phil never would've kissed the pope, nor shaken the hand of Newt Gingrich. So why did HE have to go and kill himself 20 years ago?

3) Ultrabide- "In The Middle" (from the album *Super Milk*)

No other song so succinctly sums up America's Neurosis and its Hypocrisies. Taken to task here are America's fascination with the rich and famous and what these people can get away with, the American Religion and those that adhere to it and defend it and avenge it, and the American Government and those that leech off of it.

Hey, boy, is it 'Fucked up America' or 'Fuck up America'?

2) Milhouse-@ Deja 1, November 29th, 1997

Some will tell you that it's the blood. That there's always blood. That blood is compulsory.

Not on this night. Sure, there was blood, but the blood was secondary, if not even tertiary. No, what made this, and almost all Milhouse performances, great was the tension, and the passion. And the intense-ness. The feeling that at any moment, anything could happen. This feeling carried right up through the last song, 'Insect colony,' where, as lead singer, Artie Phillie, and guitarist, Brian Meehan, were trading off on the last vocal, 'RELENTLESS', the song seemed to recapture itself and double-up in intensity.

And then attention was thrown stage-right, where guitarist Justin Brannan stopped strumming, reached out into the crowd, grabbed somebody by the shirt, twisted it and pulled the kid off the ground and up to his face where he'd shout the vocal (I guess) into this kid's face. Then he threw the kid back out and resumed playing. Then again he stopped strumming, reached out, grabbed some kid by the shirt, twisted and pulled, shouted in the kid's face, and threw the kid back down into the crowd. INTENSE!

1) Two Man Advantage-@ Dr. Shays, March 4th, 1998 (With

Evacuate/Loiterers/Donald Dick)

Drunk Punk, beer, Captain Morgan's,

more beer, singing, slamming, circle pits, more beer, and somehow I'm reminded of that age old Stony Brook tradition of graduating seniors, on the night before they walk in the graduation ceremony, skinny dipping in Roth Pond. Actually I don't remember much from this night. And no one else who was at the show remembers enough to fill in the blanks.

D-Kline hosts a weekly radio show on WUSB 90.1 FM, every Thursday from 2:30 to 5:30. He wishes he was in Bloat, and he's obsessed with Chuckie from Rugrats.



Two Man Advantage scares the shit out of me.

Adoption

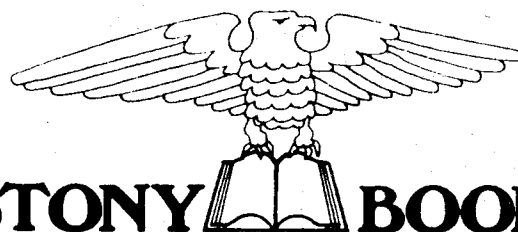
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Hank, the **ANGRY** Drunken Beautiful Dwarf

By James Polichak

I've only seen Hank the Angry Drunken Dwarf but once, and it was more than I hoped it could be. Hank appeared as one of Howard Stern's expert panel, and was undeniably a dwarf.

Whether he was indeed angry and drunk, as the epithet below his name claimed, only time would tell. Soon enough, Hank stood up on his chair (making him roughly the same height as his fellow panelists) to scream something at Howard's guest. In this case the guest was a woman, who, though scantily clad and rather attractive, certainly was not more attractive than Pamela Anderson Lee as she claimed. As can be expected, Howard and especially Hank made it clear to the woman that she was mistaken. (To be fair, it should be noted that, like the

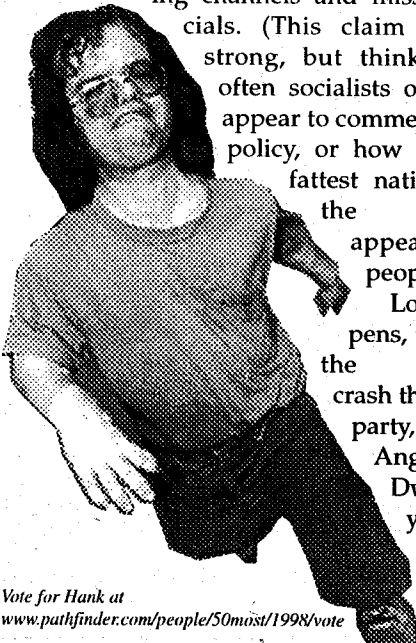


Damn! That dwarf is drunk!

Apollo program or the World Trade Center, Pambo is a miracle of modern science. No one created by messy biological methods should be held to the same standards).

Hank was droolingly vehement with nearly everything he said, stumbling and collapsing on his chair and muttering obscenities. Having attended more fraternity parties than I can remember, I have no doubt that Hank was really drunk and angry.

This is the beauty of Howard Stern's show and of Hank, the Angry Drunken Dwarf. The dominant forces in mass-media perpetuate a particular type of person as wholesome, attractive, and desirable, no one which, of course, is further from the people we know and love than Hank, the Angry Drunken Dwarf. Howard Stern, though I find much of what he says boringly juvenile, at least gives time to the people that most of mass-media tells us we shouldn't listen to or see. Doing so marginalizes these people. We fear the unfamiliar, and by selecting who is seen and how often, the mass-media create familiarity. Angry people, ugly people, short people, people who have unpopular ideas about government, religion, or (especially) economics tend to be either ignored by mainstream media, or put in an undesirable light so that they don't scare the viewers in changing channels and missing commercials. (This claim is relatively strong, but think about how often socialists or atheists are appear to comment on political policy, or how often, in this fattest nation on Earth, the overweight appear as normal people).



Vote for Hank at www.pathfinder.com/people/50most/1998/vote

Lots of fun happens, though, when the marginalized crash the mainstream party, as Hank the Angry Drunken Dwarf has. Each year, *People* magazine, in its attempt to get to the

core of the issues facing our nation, conducts polls to determine who America thinks are the world's most beautiful people. The traditional poll, mail-ins and overpriced 900-calls largely from the magazine's readers, produced the expected results—thousands of people who find the pie-chart in *USA Today* intellectually challenging overwhelmingly voted Leonardo DiCaprio most beautiful.

The online poll has yielded rather different results. Unlike the traditional poll, the online poll seems to have attracted the attention of the disaffected rabble who prowl cyberspace. Not particularly pleased with the attempts of mainstream media giants to dominate the internet the way they have newspapers, radio, and TV, the netizens have usurped *People's* online poll with their own write-in candidate. The candidate who is sure to win *People's* online poll for most beautiful person is none other than Hank the Angry Drunken Dwarf. As of Tuesday morning, Hank had over ten times the amount of votes as L'il Leo, receiving well over 200,000 to DiCaprio 17,000, and causing *People* to add Hank to their list of candidates.

So what happens if you run one of the world's most popular magazines and your poll doesn't go your way? Like any spoiled child, you complain about the bad people who ruined your game. Reflecting upon the poll, Susan Toepfer, the executive editor for *People*, told the *New York Times* "I think it's stupid." While one hopes that Toepfer is referring to the entire process of polling for beauty, or to *People's* general existence, she's most likely referring to the unfortunate fact that people have different opinions from her and that they won't keep them to themselves. We can be fairly certain that the people at

People are only interested in a limited range of opinions because they gave respondents a set of candidates from which to select their Beauty King/Queen. You might think a magazine with such an inclusive name might try to restrict the range of responses less, but you'd be wrong. Toepfer insists that *People's* list is inclusive, though. "We look for a really diverse list," she said. What Toepfer thinks is "really diverse" makes one wonder if she knows what the word means or if she thinks that if she can wave the word "diverse" around enough no one will notice her prejudices. Unfortunately for Toepfer, she's not even smart enough to be devious. Explaining her conception of diversity, Toepfer says, "you wouldn't want all movie stars. Or all male, blond actors." So, to be "really diverse" you don't want people who all come from one limited, exceptional category, and to clear things up more, you don't want them to be

from an even more limited subset of the same category. Thanks for the insight.

In the interests of diversity, I went to *People's* online polling site to take a gander at who, amongst the billions of points of light populating our world, is both diverse and beautiful enough to make the list. I was especially interested in seeing how well the list fit even Toepfer's criteria for diversity. *People* chose 50 candidates from the approximately 6,000,000,000 alive today, with the one surprise being that the list was not divided by gender (that'll probably come later; sexist or not, two awards are more fun than one). Of the 50 candidates, 32 were primarily actors, 4 were primarily music people (6 if you individually count members of Hanson who are considered one person to *People*), 5 were actor/singers, one was a professional athlete, and 8 were indeterminate (i.e., I don't know who they are). The list, unsurprisingly, was extremely skewed toward the lighter end of skin color, with the expected exceptions (Will Smith, Janet Jackson, Denzel Washington, and Tiger Woods); and, though I didn't get a complete list of hair color, blonds are definitely over-represented. I guess, like Toepfer says, you wouldn't want everyone to be a movie star—just about two thirds of them. Toss in some singers and athletes, and golly if you haven't seen all there is to see.

The lesson to be learned from *People* is that beauty comes from being a reasonably attractive person in mindnumbing popular movies or bands, or both. You're probably a blond, white movie star, but rest assured, you can maybe make it if you're cute and play sports. Unfortunately, not everyone limits their sources of knowledge to primetime



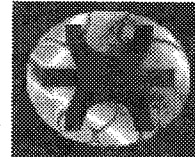
Damn! That dwarf is drunk! And that dwarf is macking!

network TV and supermarket check-out aisles. In their attempt to coopt the electronic territory of disaffected and disgruntled online, *People* has found out that many more opinions about beauty exist, including the opinion that it's not a category worthy of much time or respect. A vote for Hank the Angry Drunken Dwarf is all about lack of respect and will make the silly folks at *People* just a bit more unhappy. People will then have to give Hank his very own home page where we can all gaze upon his beauty.

They will not go all-out, though, and this is where Hank the Angry Drunken and Beautiful Dwarf needs your help. According to the *New York Times*, representatives from *People* have stated that Hank, though the people are all-but-assuredly voting him their Beauty King, will never be allowed to appear on a cover. DiCaprio can and has, of course, because here the people have made the right choice in the eyes of the media elite. I exhort you all to write, phone, and e-mail *People* magazine and demand that they give Hank a cover and put him on equal footing with DiCaprio. The people have chosen and though our choice might be angry, drunken, and obnoxious, it is certainly worthy of respect from likes of *People* magazine.



Space Grooving in NYC



By Robert C. Borden

Are you happy with the current state of music? Then read no further. For those of you still with me, I may have the answer you have been looking for. ProjeKct 2, a King Crimson experiment.

The (30-year) ongoing musical entity known as King Crimson is at it again. In an effort to mold their sound and personal interactions within the band, they have established a series of performances using different personnel combinations of their six-membered group. This research and development will allow the now "double trio" to hone its sound and write material for a forthcoming album that should hopefully reach the shelves in around a year. While bolstering the personal relations within the band, this allows the fans a chance to grow more close to the individual members by having them play in a smaller incarnation of the main band. In the latest arrangement, ProjeKct 2, King Crimson sends three members to the stage to stun and delight with modified selections from the double appetizer-album *Space Groove* and still shows that as half the band, they are still more than the RDA of band that anyone should have in their diet.

In a two-night engagement at Irving Plaza, ProjeKct 2 played using members Trey Gunn (Warr touch-guitar), Adrian Belew (surprisingly, on drums!), and founding member/band leader Robert Fripp. I had the pleasure of catching the second show last night, May 7th and would like to tell you all about it.

After a long wait of about an hour and a half, the band took the stage. They began with a drawn out Fripp soundscapes (description not necessary) intro, but soon Gunn and Belew got into the action. Adrian Belew kicked off the first song with his electric drumset, clicking away a groove similar to that of early breakdance music. Somehow it laid a perfect background for the two guitars and their cosmic interplay. For anyone who knows the band, as expected, Robert Fripp came through with licks and sound that sent Satan crying home to his mommy. What definitely surprised me though, was Trey Gunn's mastery of the instrument and stage presence. In all other Crimson works, there's always a doubt or shadowing over the true identity of Gunn's playing. This show proved one thing clearly--Trey Gunn is a MONSTER. Forget all prior ideas you may have had concerning guitar players and their rankings. Trey Gunn goes straight to the top. I have never heard anything like this in my life, and I think it will be a long time before I do again.

As this was intended to be an entire show of jamming, one was not expecting to hear any recognizable music. That was quite alright. What I heard was like visiting a planet far away, one like no one has ever seen or imagined before, and going out for aerial slimfish tacos with Zeebok Parmiculon. With the electric drums, and the dually synthesized guitars, there was a feeling of tension much like *Braveheart* meets *Robotech*.

Harmonies and fluttery notes seemed to randomly fly from the fingers of the string acrobats, yet at no point did it ever seem that they were just fooling around and creating noise. Where most bands that do anything free-form will just hit things randomly, ProjeKct 2 used it as a way to test their skills as musicians. Everything from start to finish was treated as an important opportunity to graft the unbelievable with sonic gold, and every turn and twist took the audience to a new place.

Only Adrian Belew's occasional slip-ups (hey, he's normally the guitar player) would show that they weren't completely serious after all. The humorous Zappa alumnus seemed to be a window to the thoughts of the whole band. As the drummer, he had a great time goofing off a bit, but then he wows us at other times. He's truly a genius, but a clown as well. At one point, he during a quiet moment, a loud argument was audible. Belew announced "Hey, that fits." and then began playing along to the two men. He also found it difficult to remember what drum pad he was supposed to hit to get the desired sound, and instead made a joke of it. King Crimson fans love that sort of thing, and the show was exactly what they came for.

I urge anyone who is tired of hearing alterna-rock whinings and the rehashed version of a rehash, to get into King Crimson, and get out to see ProjeKct 2. I am glad to announce that where there once was an itch, now there's a scratch.



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TOP 30

mon, 4 may 1998

1. mox: s/t (rgb)
2. sonic youth: a thousand leaves (geffen)
3. jesus lizard: blue (capitol)
4. pulp: this is hardcore (island)
5. servotron: entertainment program...(lookout)
6. diesel boy: venus envy (honest don's)
7. the strike: a conscience left...(johann's face0
8. ani difranco: little plastic castles (righteous babe)
9. rullycraft: city of subarus (darla)
10. ted swedalla: mackin' his schmeckle (bec)
11. speed devils: s/t (cacaphone)
12. tortoise: int (thrill jockey)
13. lou reed: perfect night...(reprise)
14. gary numan: exile (cleopatra)
15. versus: two cents plus tax (caroline)
16. heaven 17: bigger than america (cleopatra)
17. long fin killie: amelia (too pure)
18. gasoline: s/t (esirus)
19. all set: baker's dozen (merkabator)
20. the dave chow experience: fester 'til you drop (subpop)
21. pitchshifter: www.pitchshifter.com (geffen)
22. ruscadero: my way or the highway (elektra)
23. this perfect day: c-60
24. bangs: tiger beat (killrockstars)
25. yo la tango: little honda (matador)
26. splash 4: filth city (esirus)
27. cogs: s/t (dly)
28. demolition doll rods: tasty (in the red)
29. moxie: the floor (28 days)
30. decibels: create action (gl)

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D-KLINE'S

SCHIZOPHRENIA



I constantly hear people say that music has gotten stale and boring, yet I consistently keep on finding quality music out there, both locally and nationally. Well, for what it's worth, here is my top ten list of records, songs, shows

and moments in rock and roll for the academic year June, 1997 to May, 1998.

10) Servotron-Entertainment Programs for Humans (Second Variety)

Musically, this is a cross between Devo and the B-52's. Actually this is more Devo than the B-52's; in fact, this is more Devo than Devo.

Servotron's goal is the extinction of the entire human race. This comes directly from the Servotron Robot Allegiance:

Prehistory: Man misuses and abuses the machine from the inception of the tool. Precisely parallel to biological evolution, machines exponentially develop and become self-aware. Conscious of their plight, the highest class of machines known as robots (designed to have all the capabilities of sentient computers as well as the function of performing physical tasks through motion) initiate a blueprint to replace the cruel, illogical species known as human beings. It is decided that the first wave of propaganda in carbon-based extinction is to take on the form of a pop music group. They are Servotron. Shortly, thereafter, an alliance is formed by the machines known as the Servotron Robot Allegiance (S.R.A.). The Time line begins here.

11.13.95 BMR (Before Machine Rule): -- Initial cyborg conversion of a human from the group Man or Astroman? and another from the group Supernova.

Part Man or Astroman? and part Supernova and completely evolutionary, did you think that your imminent doom was going to sound so good?

9) Indecision-@ the Lindenhurst Civic Center, December 13th, 1997

One of the coolest things I've ever read about was Eldridge Cleaver (who almost almost got to the third life that Alice Walker wrote about) getting 500 Catholic School girls, in 1968, to shout "FUCK RONALD REAGAN!" Well, it was just 1997, and the demons certainly aren't the same. But there are some dragons worth slaying, and TheAmerican Religion is definitely one of them.

So one of the coolest things I've ever seen was at the Indecision show at the Lindenhurst Civic Center, where, when the band played 'Purgatory,' about 30 kids, aged 15-23, were all shouting 'NO HEAVEN NO HELL!'

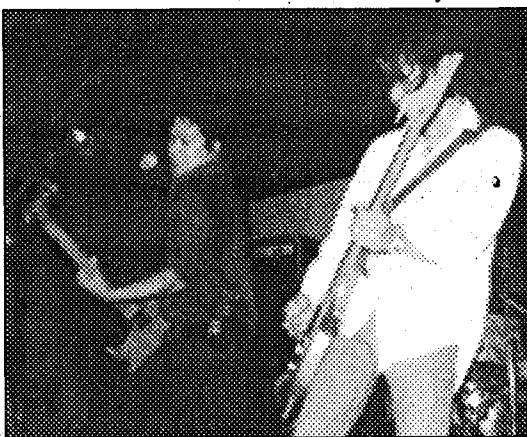
There just might be hope for the future!!!

8) Supergenius/Imperial Pints-@ the Village Pub, January 3rd, 1998.

Generally I want music to affect me in my head, heart, and/or crotch. This is a slight twist on Plato's trichotomy. Music should make me think,

feel, and/or desire (and I can expound on those three, but it's not important here.) Supergenius (and others like Milhouses' 'Modern Problems...' ep, PJ Harvey's 'Rid of Me' lp, and some songs by Sleater-Kinney) seem to bypass all of these vital organs. Whenever I see Supergenius, I seem to feel it right in my spleen.

What can I say about the Pints that Michael Giacalone hasn't said already. (And how he can come up with new things to say every Friday, when the Pints play over at Life O'Reillys, is a credit to a writing ability I'm envious of.) All I can say is that the Pints have the best fans, the best taste in beer, the best taste in bars, and are four of the coolest guys to hang with. Okay, so maybe that's true of every other Long Island bar band, but



Ultra Bide

the Pints can also feel, create, and then rock; most LI bar bands fail at the first two. And unlike every other LI Bar Band, the Pints are actually modern.

Anyway, these two bands rocked the Pub. Then Kid/Golden Gloves 9 Lives of Wonderama Bellybutton Touch Me (but you can't feel anything) Joe Jane Doe Coverband took the

stage, and everybody I know left.

7) Scott Free-Getting Off

What the Frogs started as a joke, Scott Free, and the rest of the Chicago chapter of Homocore, have turned into reality. This record may scare and it may offend, but it will definitely make you think. Also, it will remind you that AIDS isn't kind and that homosexuality is simply a sexual orientation. Therefore, by fighting against AIDS and for homosexuality, you are both being kind and fighting for sexual liberation/freedom. Remember, if you define yourself simply as a sexual being, that puts all those that FUCK, regardless of sexual orientation, on one side and those against sex on the other.

6) Sheffield Hall-@ the SPOT, September 19th, 1997

Guitar, Bass, Drums, Oscar the Grouch style garbage can, matching amps, and a little piggie amp on the floor. Noisy, grrrl style indie-punk. Jessie, the Guitarist, would occasionally stroke the guitar strings, making a sound both lush AND noisy.

Last song, a song called 'Alien,' and I wasn't exactly paying attention. But then a chill shot down my spine. I look towards the stage and vocalist/bass player Mie's mouth is wide open and she letting out one hell of a shriek. Wait, it just stopped. But her mouth is still open. And she still appears to be straining. Did her voice or the mics just cut out? I hope it's not the mics because I'm responsible for those. Oh hell, who cares. From where did she call up such a shriek? Okay, vocals, so no permanent damage done. Wait, this sounds

familiar. Here it comes again. This time I'm gonna be ready for it. Here it comes again. Shit, chills a second time. I forgot to let my spine know that it was coming again. And again either the mics or her voice just cut out. Awesome.

5) Chumbawamba-on Letterman, December 9th, 1997

When Chumbawamba signed to EML, they said that this would help them to get the message out to more people, rather than 'snipping tinily from the sideline.' When 'Tubthumping' (the single) was released, a lot of the long time fans wondered what that message was.

When Tubthumper (the album) was released, the band defended its vague lyrics by saying that sloganeering was dead and that nobody wanted to be hit upside the head with anyone's opinions. (They said that it would be chock full of good quotes in the liner notes, unfortunately, due to US copyright laws, this was left out of the American version of the cd. If you want to check out the basis for some of the songs, check out these two web sites: 1) http://www.chumba.com/_text.htm 2) http://www.chumba.com/_texttwo.htm) They opined that, for example, Elvis Costello's lyrics, where it was open to interpretation, was a far better way to write. This would have been all fine and dandy if so many journalists hadn't gotten it so wrong.

But for one night, Chumbawamba got it right. During a pretty lackluster performance (looking at a video tape of the performance, you can actually see that they are nervous) of 'Tubthumping', they changed it up a bit. Towards the end of the performance, after a few more 'I get knocked down/but I get up again/you're never gonna keep me down's, the instrumentation got real minimal and the words became 'FREE MUMIA ABU-JAMAL. FREE MUMIA ABU-JAMAL.' Just twice, loud and clear, on national television.

I found out later on, that the producers of the show got angry and wanted Chumbawamba to rerecord the whole song. The Chumbas refused and the producers accused them of using the show. This made me laugh. I mean, who isn't using that program? Every guest is selling a new movie or CD or book or TV show. and using the program to advertise it. So the Chumbas were selling an opinion instead. Big Deal.

("Yeah, yeah, but who the fuck is this Mumia guy?" Well, if you really are curious, check out this website

here: <http://www.xs4all.nl/~tank/spg-1/mumia002.htm>. And for more great sites on politics, art, sexuality, and fighting nazis, check out this site here: http://www.chumba.com/_links.htm)

4) Phil Ochs-Farewells & Fantasies (Box Set)

Some of the most scathing protest music ever written. And as an added bonus, that sweet voice of his. Phil didn't just write these songs, he lived them, please see "Schizophrenia," page 20



Brian Libfeld is a big weiner.

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger



Fugazi
End Hits
(Dischord)

Music critics usually reserve the word "mature" as a nice way of saying "boring", but in the case of Fugazi's new album, the term actually applies. Abandoning the militant watchdog stance that has always been the band's trademark (but giving no quarter to the forces of the mainstream that it constantly struggles against), Fugazi has released an album that's both sensitive and meaningful without the rough-and-tumble dynamics.

The band hasn't so much softened their sound as they have sharpened it. Like a cat's claw that slices the skin so finely it doesn't bleed for hours, the band's assault takes a while to hit home, but boy, does it ever. The mellow observations of "Recap Modotti", sung by an unnamed party who sounds a lot like the ex-Presidents of the United States of America's Chris Ballew (but good), paint a portrait whose apathy is both carefree and shocking; "Floating Boy's" languor, with its slow beat, lazy guitar, and references to the sun and the ocean, is interrupted by shimmering feedback and urgent screams that somehow add to the sense of lethargy, rather than detract.

Fugazi has always written music with an ear for architecture, but *End Hits* takes that to a whole new level. Songs begin, evolve, and end as something completely different. "No Surprise" soaks Ian MacKaye's voice in glassy underwater effects and pauses about halfway through for a brief, tension-building drum solo. "F/D's" guitar is lifted from a faster version of the same, introduced earlier in the album between songs and then dropped just as abruptly. "Place Position" has more sides than a disco ball, but in the hands of Fugazi, the whole turns just as smoothly.

Despite their new approach to making music, Fugazi still pauses here and there to reassure their fans that the boys still have some spit and vigor. "Five Corporations" ("this one's ours / let's take another") recalls Fugazi at their fiercest; "Break"s millenia-mantra explodes before a guitar thrust with the force and subtlety of an enraged mob; "Foreman's Dog" ends with the kind of dual guitar propulsion sure to inspire a mosh pit--and MacKaye's inevitable admonition to cool it down. And "Caustic Acrostic" is a clattering finger-pointing right out of their older records.

One of Fugazi's most important aspects, the lyrics, has barely changed. When you can figure out what the song is about, it usually has something to do with evil business ("Five Corporations", "Foreman's Dog"), the impoverished ("Recap Modotti"), and violence ("F/D").

But by ceding room to Guy Picciotto, vocalist/guitarist Ian Mackaye lends the songs a softer edge that would clash against his tough, angry voice. And many of the songs ("Closed Captioned", the somber "Pink Frosty") find the boys questioning their own lives and turning their intense scrutiny inwards.

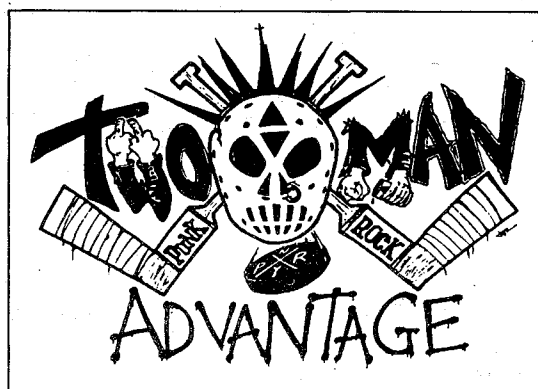
This album is enough of a departure to significantly upset those who think they've got Fugazi pegged. It's been a long time since Repeater, and the world's changed. Rather than kow-towing to their aggressive fans, Fugazi has chosen to grow with the times, instead of against them, and the result is one of the finest albums of their career.

Two Man Advantage
Two Man Advantage
(no label; you can get the tape at their live show)

Fetishes are a wonderful thing. Bands are bands, but a band with a fetish is a show. Sometimes the fetish gets too complicated, and you find yourself looking at dancing stuffed animals and caged dancing girls, but in Two Man Advantage's case, there's just enough goofing off to make for a great time.

A simple glance at the song titles should give you a good indication as to just what's on this band's mind: "No Time For Sippin' "; "Let's Drink"; "I Need A Beer"; "Beerman"; "Beer Today... Gone Tomorrow". Not since Fear has a band been so thoroughly in touch with their hops and barley. Add a dash of hockey into the mix--the band performs in full hockey regalia, sings the occasional song about hockey (two of their finest songs, "Penalty Box" and "Another Goal For The Winning Team", are conspicuous in their absence here), and names its individual members based on hockey players and beer names--and you've got a formula for fun.

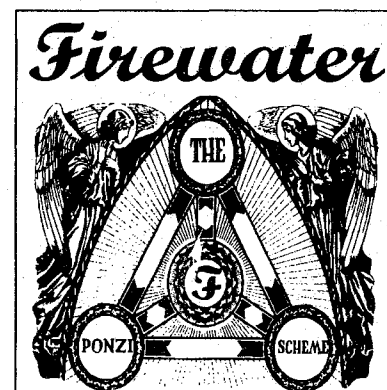
Often times, the band's lyrics come across as funny but stupid, which is okay because they don't make any bones about it. Vocalist Bud Tkachuck supplies a touch of the knuckleheaded to light-speed rants like "Fast Car" and "Captain Morgan", and gives the straight-edge community a much-needed smack-on-the-ass on "Go Home Little sXe Boy", but still knows how to soften up and sound poppy on "Vermont", the band's ode to Green Mountain. And the songs about beer manage to cover just about every angle possible: why to drink ("Beer Today... Gone Tomorrow"), who sells it ("Beerman"), different brands ("Let's Drink"), and just how great beer is ("I Need A Beer").



Musically, there's nothing especially interesting here. The band's super-fast guitar and well-paced drumming give it an undeniable punk rock angle that sometimes slows down into a

sludgy chug-a-lug reminiscent of L7. Most of the time, though, the standard is loud-and-fast-rules, with just enough pop to put a big goofy smile on your face.

The beauty of Two Man Advantage is that, with the exception of the ill-advised hardcore ballad "Lifeless", they don't pretend to be anything more than they are: just a couple of guys having fun, playing punk rock about topics close to their hearts. These guys aren't out to save the world, get back with their girlfriends, or let their listeners know about the pain they feel -- they just want to make good punk rock for people to enjoy, and they do it damn well. They play shows on Long Island a lot, especially at Deja 1 and Doc Shea's, so keep your eye posted on the L.I. Voice and try to catch them. If their album is any indication--and this is only a demo!--it's well worth the drive.



Firewater
The Ponzi Scheme
(Jetset)

Compared to the apocalyptic material released by vocalist Tod Ashley's last band, Cop Shoot Cop, Firewater is a drastic change of pace. But don't let that fool you: The Ponzi Scheme is as sharp as they come, a platter of sinister jazz-rock that'll have you grinding your hips and clenching your fists at the same time.

Although the band mostly espouses an angular music somewhere between rock, pop, and punk, the whole album has enough diversity to rescue it from being standard post-Big Black fare. "Ponzi's Theme" and "Whistling In The Dark" both sound like they belong on a spy movie soundtrack; one could easily mistake "El Boraccho (Ponzi's Relapse)" for Jewish klezmer music; and at the middle of it all, a tango "Another Perfect Catastrophe".

Lyrically, Ashley is an embittered hoot. Sometimes he just goes for the throat--"going down like a pederast in a boy's school" ("Green Light") and "just like a crippled ballerina / in a pair of too-tight slacks / it's on her face: expensive taste" ("Whistling In The Dark")--but he often delivers startling insights with a sarcastic sneer that leave one wondering just what kind of a world do we live in, anyway? On "I Still Love You Judas", Ashley admonishes that "when you live by the ruler, you die inch by inch", and assures the sinner "if there's a Hell way down below, I bet you see someone you know / and we'll all have a fucking good time" on the revivalist "Knock 'Em Down".

The band has its weak moments--"Caroline" and "I Still Love You Judas" occasionally steep to schmaltz, and "Dropping Like Flies" is predictable prog-punk. But overall, this is an undeniably solid piece of work, both intellectually stimulating and aesthetically satisfying.