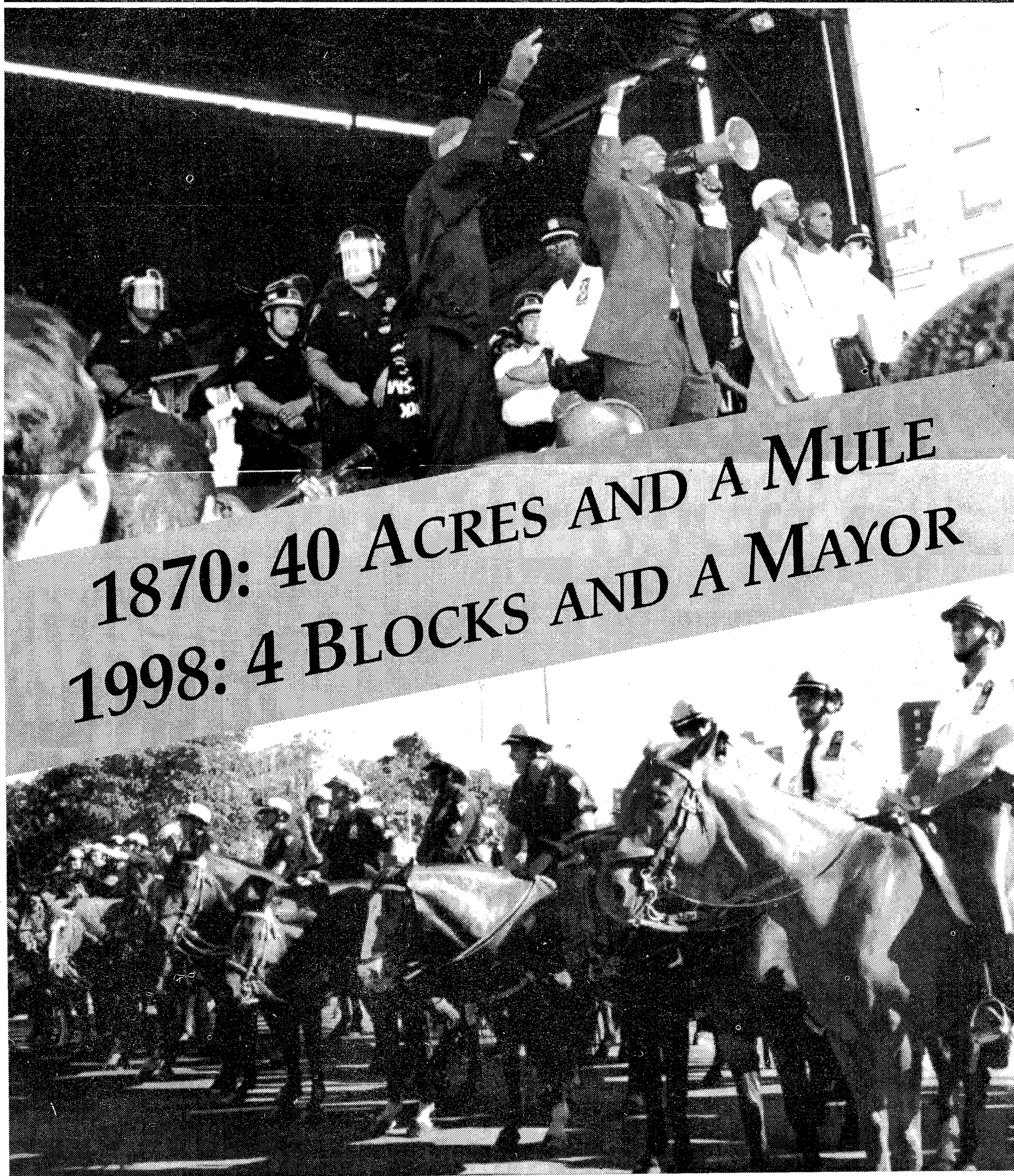


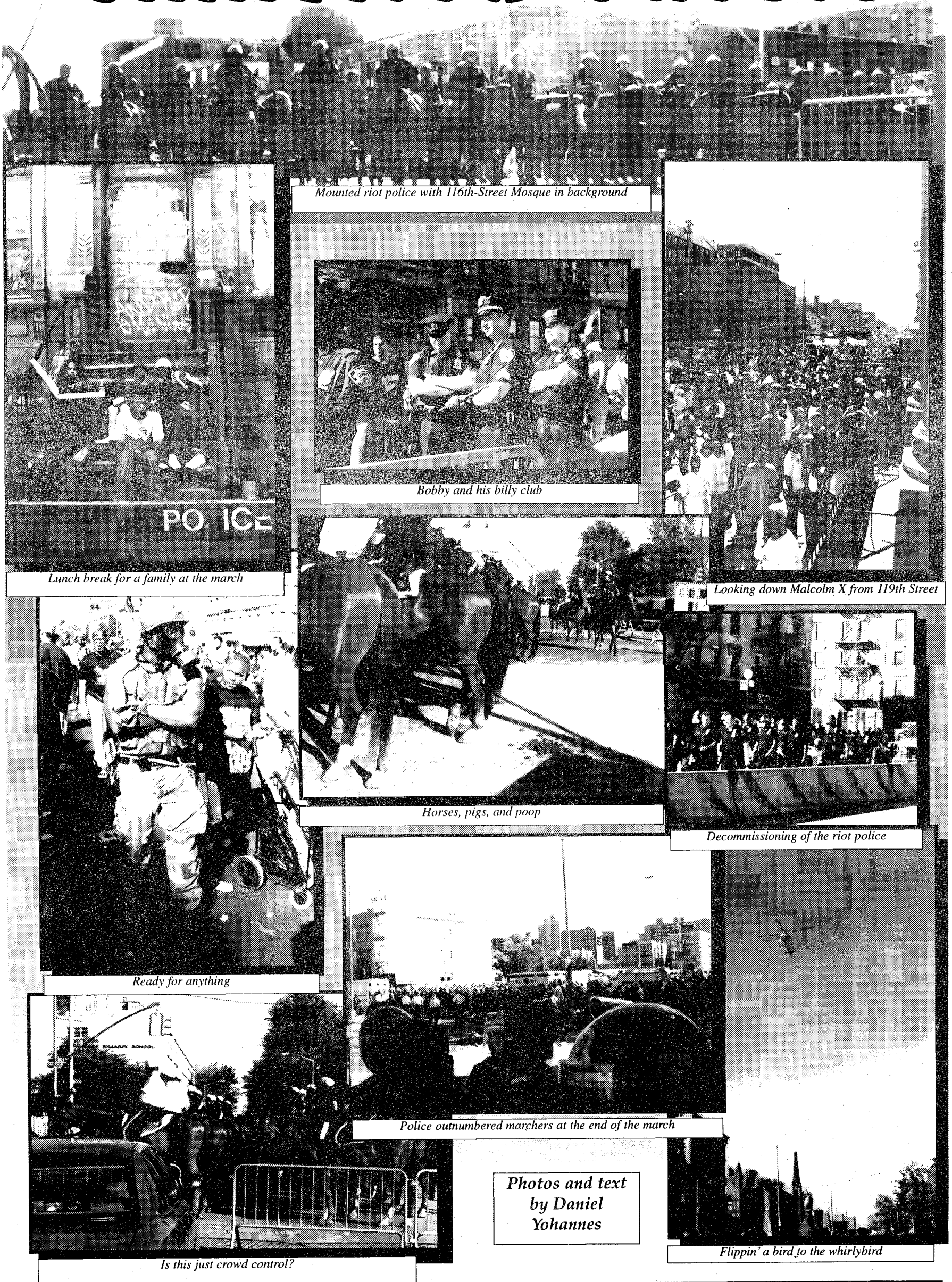
The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XX No. 1 "You Don't Want The Roni! You Can't Handle The Roni!" September 9,



Uninvited Guests



Mounted riot police with 116th-Street Mosque in background

Bobby and his billy club

Lunch break for a family at the march

Looking down Malcolm X from 119th Street

Horses, pigs, and poop

Decommissioning of the riot police

Ready for anything

Police outnumbered marchers at the end of the march

*Photos and text
by Daniel
Yohannes*

Is this just crowd control?

Flippin' a bird to the whirlybird

Inside the Million Youth March

By Daniel Yohannes

It was billed as the Million Youth March by its organizers, and a poorly-organized, problem-causing, hate march by its critics. It was neither of these things. There were nowhere near a million people; they were, for the most part, not youths; there was no marching; it was quite well organized; and there was very little hate.

It was a stand. People were herded in and penned up behind metal barricades. According to police estimates, 6,000 people were in attendance. The number may be deflated; people were filtering in and out of the march site all afternoon. Toward the end of the march, that number dwindled to just over a thousand.

The event began at noon, and was slated to continue for four hours. Shortly after twelve, the police were already limiting access to the site. The permit for the march allowed it to take place along Malcolm X Boulevard, from 118th to 124th Streets. There was no access to the site from the south end of the demonstration. Police began filling the site at 123rd Street. Marchers were allowed to enter, but were kept five blocks from the stage where the speakers were spreading their messages. As the northern blocks slowly filled, entry at 123rd Street was closed off and moved to 121st Street. None of the officers controlling access were knowledgeable about the current entry site. People were running around the site from entrance to entrance seeking access.

Police were tense but not aggressive. Members of the Harlem community were present as liaisons between marchers and police. Their presence may not have been necessary, but it was certainly appreciated.

Malcolm X Boulevard is a wide avenue with an island separating north and southbound traffic. The attendees were allowed to stand on the sidewalk, on the southbound side of the street, and on most of the northbound side of the street. The police retained control and exclusive right-of-way at the intersections and of a lane on the northbound side of the speech. None of the police were wearing riot gear. The stage was located at 118th Street. By one p.m., all but two blocks were filled. The two remaining blocks filled quickly.

One of the first speakers said, "Police brutality is out of control. We are marching here today because Rudy Giuliani and his fascist police are out of control. We are marching here today because too many babies are having babies. We are marching here today because too many fathers aren't raising their children. We are marching here today because there is a conspiracy to move black people out of Harlem." After his short speech, the speaker said, "Thank you brothers and sisters, and I leave you in peace."

The speakers flowed from one to the next, each promoting his own message of peace and empowerment. The average speech length was between five and ten minutes. For three hours and forty-five minutes, the audience listened to positive messages from members of (mostly black) political, social, and religious organizations. The messages

varied from reminders of the need for better education for youth, to the dangers of drugs, AIDS, and police brutality. The first major issue raised was that of reparations. Marchers were told that a man named Silas Muhammad had appeared before a subcommittee of the United Nations Human Rights Council to further the cause of reparations to be paid to descendants of slaves and victims of the slavery holocaust. He demanded reparations to include land and "untold trillions of dollars." He defined reparations and said "We know the identity of the criminals. Payment of the debt is long overdue. We want it now and we want the interest." The rhetoric supporting reparations was heated and an obvious educational goal of the organizers.

One speaker, Chief Ernie Longwalk, presented the native American viewpoint, remarking, "When the first slave escaped, he was sheltered by my ancestors. From that day on, we became blood brothers." He went on to remind the crowd that too often members of the minority community have "constipation of the mind and diarrhea of the mouth," and closed his speech by leading the crowd in cheers of "Red and Black Power!"

The event, touted as "poorly organized,"

and "lacking in speakers" was, in fact, well-organized. On the scorching, late-summer afternoon, no one spoke long enough to bore the crowd. Speaker after speaker sent messages of peace,

family, love, and empowerment.

Circulating through the crowd were individuals passing out information supporting issues related to those being raised by the march. Militants, Communists, grassroots empowerment organizations, and ordinary but vocal people were using the march as a venue for sharing their ideas. Many were passing information on the incarceration of Mumia Abu-Jamal.

Supervisor Nelson of the NYPD responded to questions about the number of police present at the event with "Thank you. Take care." An officer with the NYPD DCCA said "All this [the barricades and police presence] is for your protection. We have to maintain order, er, control of the crowd. God forbid there's a stampede, or a riot, or something. I mean we have horses standing by a few blocks away, but we can't really bring them in here. We are probably outnumbered 100-to-1." In fact, they were outnumbered 2-to-1 at the height of the rally, and they outnumbered marchers 3-to-1 at the end of the march.

The crowd went wild for local hero Al Sharpton, who led the crowd in a stirring round of "No justice. No peace." He spoke of everyone's right to organize and come together to discuss issues important to the community. "With the (NYC) surplus budget, they are building jails and no schools." He reminded marchers of a boy sitting in a hospital after being shot 17 times by police who mistook his water gun for a Tek-9 machine gun and closed by saying, "We don't march because we hate. We march because we love our children and are tired of the police brutality."

The crowds began to thin at three p.m.

Donations were solicited from the crowd. "We gotta put some green in this black machine," organizers said. Money was passed through many hands to a central collection point and thrown from overlooking windows. Crowds cheered as money seemed to fall from the sky.

As money was being collected, a new mood became apparent in the police. They began to line up facing the marchers and organizers.

Chairwoman Erika Boyd promoted a renewed commitment to future generations. She encouraged attendees to stop buying Tommy Hilfiger and spend money within their own communities.

Herbert Smalls spoke of the rage that fuels Khallid Muhammad's controversial rhetoric. With the caveat that he did not support all of Muhammad's statements, he expressed support for the man and his sacrifice in organizing the march. The next speaker recited what she called a voodoo chant that cursed black officers who raise their batons against marchers.

At ten minutes to four, the tension among the police could be tasted. Khallid Muhammad had not yet spoken. The permit was to expire at four. At that time, a speaker uttered an epithet. While speaking of the current world order, he used the word "honkey," a derogatory term for people of Caucasian descent.

At four p.m., Khallid Muhammad took the stage. After making blessings and paying respect to elders in the Nation of Islam, he pointed out to the crowd that riot police were surrounding the stage, and that all the police had changed positions into a more aggressive stance. Muhammad made a seemingly obligatory anti-Semitic remark, and turned his attention to the police. "We have a right, a God-given right, and, according to white law, which isn't worth the paper it's written on, we have a constitutional right to defend ourselves against anyone who attacks us...we want you to be steadfast...If anyone attacks you...disconnect the railing and beat the hell out of them...you don't have a gun, but each of them has a gun...Take their batons and do what they did to Abner Louima."

By five minutes past four, Muhammad had left the stage. An NYPD helicopter began a series of dangerously low fly-bys along Malcolm X Boulevard. Marchers moved the metal barricades to let themselves out, and uniformed police placed themselves behind them. Some marchers lingered, and riot police moved into place. The peaceful mood of the march had evaporated, and been replaced by one of tense confrontation. Some media have reported an incident in which police were injured but this reporter saw nothing from ground zero. Riot police replaced speakers on the stage, adding to the confrontational mood. A spokesman for Khallid Muhammad climbed the stage and, flanked by riot police, pleaded with the crowd to disperse. The crowd responded to his pleas of go home with "We are home." As it became apparent that the remaining marchers were not intimidated by the police, he pleaded that everyone get the women and children "out of the line of fire." The stalemate lasted about thirty minutes before the crowd eventually dispersed peacefully.

For background information about Khallid Muhammad and the history of the march, please see page 10

NYC = POLICE STATE

Khallid Abdul Muhammad is a vociferous anti-Semite. He also holds extremist views on homosexuals, Catholics, and Caucasians. His rhetoric is insupportable and indefensible. But we support the legislation and judicial decrees that uphold his right to express his views.

Mayor Rudy Giuliani has been outspoken in his attack on Muhammad and the rally that has become synonymous with him, "The Million Youth March." Unfortunately, in his opposition to the man, Giuliani has appeared to be against the march. He could not "separate the man from the march." While the circumstances of "The Million Man March" were much the same, there seemed to be less difficulty separating Louis Farrakhan's hard-to-swallow rhetoric, from the important and idealistic goals of the march. Mayor Giuliani has again exceeded the limits imposed on his power by the New York City Charter and the U.S. Constitution.

His attempts to limit the location and scope of the march were described by US District Judge Lewis Kaplan as "breath-taking in their lack of standards," and "a virtual prescription for unconstitutional decision-making." It was Judge Kaplan's ruling that allowed the march to proceed.

As if to lend proof to Judge Kaplan's ruling, Giuliani limited the march to Malcolm X Boulevard between 118th and 124th Streets. The Metropolitan Transportation Authority stopped subway service to the site and the police meticulously controlled access to the site.

There were two marchers for every police officer at the height of the march and the police greatly outnumbered marchers toward the end of the event. As the event was winding down, riot police began surrounding the stage. At this point there had been nothing to indicate a violent atmosphere among the marchers. As soon as speakers left the stage, riot police ascended it, taking an intimidating stance. Several Officers began photographing and videotaping the linger-

ing crowd. Only moments after the permit had expired, the block adjacent to the stage was completely encircled by several hundred riot police, and about 100 uniformed police. Mounted riot police were stationed out of sight behind the stage. The peaceful march had taken an ugly turn.

The confrontation lasted a little over half an hour. News media reported a melee occurring as the march ended. Four hours of educational and positive speeches were nullified by this irresponsible and erroneous reporting.

The net effect of the march and the accompanying hype may be nil. Attendees still see the police as a fascist enforcement arm of the Giuliani regime. Giuliani has made no new friends in minority communities, and may have made enemies of those undecided in their support.

One of the major points of the march was that there is an unequal treatment of minorities in NYC and the U.S. There are many (mostly white) events that do not require such an oppressive police presence. Why were the police in such a war mode for the demonstration? Were Giuliani and Safir afraid that the "unruly blacks" would riot and burn down Harlem? Or were they more afraid that the much-anticipated riots would move south into predominately rich and white neighborhoods? Mounted and pedestrian riot police formed cordons in the areas south of the site; one could argue that their goal was to protect neighborhoods to the south.

To classify the march as one with a hateful tone is a gross fallacy. There was anger—anger at police brutality, poor education, racism, and the disintegration of the American family.

Khallid is *only* a man; men eventually die. The march was about ideas and their propagation. Ideas do not die. Police can kill the revolutionary, but they cannot kill the revolution.

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Some Men Mack,
And Some Men
MACK! Meet The
Men Who Mack
With Style,

JOIN THE PRESS

New Student

THIS MS. KICKS ASS

Convocation

By Terry McLaren

On Friday, August 28, the Staller Center Main Stage was full to capacity. (Now how often do you hear that?!) The New Student Convocation drew tons of people who actually benefitted from going where the University told them to go. Marcia Ann Gillespie, Editor in Chief of *Ms. Magazine*, addressed the student population as part of the University's kick-off to a new academic year.

Ms. Gillespie has enjoyed a successful career in the field of journalism for over thirty years. She began her distinguished career upon graduation from Lake Forest College in 1966. She worked as a researcher for *Time* magazine.

In 1971, Ms. Gillespie became Editor in Chief of *Essence* magazine and also served as Vice president and member of the Board of Communications of Essence Communications. Throughout her nine years in these positions, she helped the fledgling magazine to grow into one of the fastest-expanding publications for women in the United States. Readership increased from 50,000 to over two million during Gillespie's tenure.

With Gillespie's creativity and guidance, *Essence* became a leading women's publication and a source of inspiration and pride. *Essence* won the National Magazine Award, the magazine publishing industry's most prestigious honor during Gillespie's stay. She was also named one of *Time* magazine's "Fifty Faces for America's Future."

In 1980, Ms. Gillespie resigned from her position as Editor in Chief of *Essence* and became a popular consultant, lecturer, and writer. She has

worked on numerous projects since then, including creating a publishing seminar series for the University of the West Indies. She was later appointed project director and editor of a book on the global impact of AIDS by the United Nations Development Program (UNDP).

Ms. Gillespie also became a contributing editor to *Ms.* in 1980. She has been a columnist for the magazine ever since, and has also served as its Executive Editor. She continues her tenure with the publication as its new Editor in Chief.

Topics for Ms. Gillespie's writing have included the issues of gender and race. She is currently working on a history of the women's movement to be used as a textbook for high school students.

Ms. Gillespie made many bold statements in her address to the new Stony Brook class. She declared herself a feminist, which she termed "the ultimate f-word in America." She also acknowledged that she wouldn't have gotten her first job with *Time* had it not been for Affirmative Action. Before she and other African-Americans were hired in the late '60s, the only way to break into *Time* was to be a blood relative of someone who worked there. She also pointed out that her job there was as a researcher, because the idea of an African-American female writer was still too radical for such a publication. The male African-American writers at *Time* were hired and assigned to cover the urban uprisings that were so common at that time.

According to Gillespie, businesses and universities are "stronger, wiser, and better for opening the doors and letting other people in."

This dynamic woman also described her-

self as "over fifty and a size fourteen." She is not at all, in other words, the typical American woman.

Ms. Gillespie credits her grandmother for forcing her to read the Bible as a child. Her knowledge of the scriptures has helped her numerous times as an editor and writer, and as a feminist. When someone of a different opinion uses Biblical quotations in their arguments, she is well equipped to refute them. She used the "Good Book" to remind the Stony Brook Class of 2002 that "To whom much is given much is required."

Many might feel that so much progress has been made in the U.S. that there is no longer a battle to be fought. Gillespie reminded the crowd that there was still much work to be done. She said that society likes to believe that it's in a post-feminist age, but that is completely untrue. The plight of females in Afghanistan, who are forbidden by law from going to school, was mentioned specifically. At home, the gap between the "haves" and "have nots" is widening, with women (being the poorest of the poor, overall) raising children on their own.

Ms. Gillespie also emphasized the idea of education as an experience, and not just a means to an end. She said that people were still uninformed regardless of their grades if they failed to seek further knowledge or investigate all sides of an issue. Gillespie encouraged debate of issues and action rather than just words. She also said that people's fear of failure was their biggest obstacle, and once it was overcome, anything was possible.

WHAT IF WE DIDN'T NEED LABOR DAY?

By Norman Solomon

Labor Day may be a fitting tribute to America's workers. But what about the other 364 days of the year? Despite all the talk about the importance and dignity of working people, they get little power or glory in the everyday world of news media.

What if the situation were reversed?

Once a year, big investors and corporate owners could be honored on Business Day. To celebrate the holiday, politicians might march arm in arm through downtown Manhattan with the likes of Bill Gates, Warren Buffett and Donald Trump. Executives could have the day off while media outlets said some nice things about them.

During the rest of the year, in this inverted scenario, journalists would focus on the real lives of the nation's work force. Instead of making heroes out of billionaire investors—and instead of reporting on Wall Street as the ultimate center of people's economic lives—the news media would provide extensive coverage of the workplace.

For instance, such coverage would reflect the health hazards that workers face. On an average day, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, 17 Americans die from on-the-job injuries. Meanwhile, the daily rate of occupational injuries and illnesses in U.S. private industry is upwards of 18,350 people.

If media outlets can keep us so closely informed about stock prices every day, they could also keep us posted on exactly which industrial workplaces are killing and injuring America's workers. Much of the toll is less than obvious: Researchers have found that for each American

killed by a workplace injury, another 10 or so job-related deaths occur due to disease.

If these grim events were reported on a daily basis, with the intensity and attention to detail now reserved for coverage of the stock market, then our society would be much more aware of working conditions across the country—and there would be more public pressure for improvement.

In a more labor-friendly media environment, televised punditry wouldn't be dominated by pro-corporate forums like "The Capital Gang," "Hardball," "The McLaughlin Group" and ABC's "This Week"—which, not coincidentally, are made possible by union-bashing firms like Archer Daniels Midland and General Electric. In contrast, prominent TV programs would present the outlooks of people who don't ride in limousines.

Public television -- which now features shows like "Wall Street Week" and "Nightly Business Report" -- would find ways to air regular programs that might be called "Main Street Week" or "Nightly Labor Report."

In this media dream world, National Public Radio would not have added a "business update" to its hourly news broadcasts. Or at least NPR would also be providing a "labor update" at the top of each hour.

The biggest circulation daily paper in the country would not necessarily be the *Wall Street Journal*, a possession of Dow Jones & Company. Instead, it might be a newspaper owned by a coalition of labor unions. And the editorial pages would publish a real diversity of views.

On the magazine racks, periodicals like *Business Week* and *Forbes* (motto: "Capitalist Tool") would have to compete with equally bankrolled publications such as *Labor Week* and *Solidarity Forever* (motto: "Worker's Tool").

Congress would not get away with changing the name of Washington National Airport to Ronald Reagan National Airport, as occurred last February. A pro-labor media atmosphere would make it politically untenable to name the airport after a former president who smashed the air traffic controllers' union early in his first term.

Not content to gush out a steady stream of platitudes about "democracy" and the "free market," the news media would probe the concept of workplace democracy.

Right now, the mass media rarely explore the idea of extending democratic principles to the institutions where Americans work for a living. It's as though we've been conditioned to believe that our most exalted political values—free speech and the right to vote for the leaders of powerful institutions—should not intrude past the workplace door.

More than 30 years ago, satirist Tom Lehrer recorded a song about National Brotherhood Week. "It's only for a week, so have no fear," he chortled. "Be grateful that it doesn't last all year!"

Labor Day lasts 24 hours. Too bad we need it.

Norman Solomon is co-author of "Wizards of Media Oz: Behind the Curtain of Mainstream News" and author of "The Trouble With Dilbert: How Corporate Culture Gets the Last Laugh."

Aramark Ousted, New Meal Plan In The Fall

A Press Reprint

By Stephen C. Preston

The Faculty Student Association (FSA), the organization that contracts for the food service, recently decided not to accept Aramark's bid to continue as the food provider, and chose instead Chartwells, a subsidiary of Compass Group USA. The new contract with Chartwells will take effect July 1, but major changes probably won't be seen until the Fall semester, when the new declining balance meal plan takes effect.

Under the new meal plan, each student in a residence hall must put \$1200 per semester on a meal card. The student must spend \$500 in the residence cafeterias (H, Kelly, and Roth), and may spend the remaining \$700 either in the residence cafeterias or in the SAC, Student Union, or Humanities. All food will now be a la carte, and there will no longer be all-you-can-eat meals in H or Kelly, except for weekend brunch. The FSA eliminated all-you-can-eat meals because it felt that too few people were taking advantage of them, and H and Kelly had not attracted enough students to break even.

The FSA will also be spending about \$1 million of its cash reserves on renovations to H and Kelly cafeterias, which should be completed some time during the Fall or Spring semester. H will be redesigned with a "diner" atmosphere, and will probably receive the bulk of the renovation money. Kelly will be split into the "Kelly Deli" and Taco Bell on one half, and an international food court on the other half, according to Kevin Kelly, Executive Director of FSA. The renovations will be paid for out of reserves that the FSA has collected from meal plan surpluses in previous years.

History of the Meal Plan

Aramark had been on campus for seven years before losing this contract. Their first five-year term began in 1991, when the company replaced DAKA (which was recently bought out by Compass Group and incorporated into Chartwells). The meal plan at the time consisted of a fixed number of all-you-can-eat meals, along with a supplemental declining balance. In Spring 1996, Aramark beat out Marriott in another bidding process, and obtained a contract which was supposed to last up to six years. The FSA instituted a new meal plan, consisting of a fixed payment up front to cover all fixed costs, and a smaller portion of money to purchase food "at cost." Aramark would call this the "Advantage" plan, but students were soon referring to it as the "disadvantage" plan because many felt that they were being overcharged. (Refer to previous issues of the Press for more detailed coverage, especially the "Aramark Makes Us Nuts!" and "Missing Million" issues from Fall 1997, and the first three issues from Fall 1996.)

In Summer 1997, the FSA decided not to renew Aramark's contract and instead to open the bidding process again. This was partly due to an enormous volume of complaints from students and parents about the meal plan, but mostly because the FSA had its own problems with Aramark. These included the firing of two Aramark managers (John Rainey and Dennis LeStrange) and the introduction of new and inexperienced management; a number of violations of the contract (e.g. pricing and labeling); and especially problems negotiating the opening of the Student Activities Center (see "How the Dining Service Contract got SACKed" in the "Aramark Makes Us Nuts" issue for details).

The FSA assembled another Dining Service Selection Committee to choose the new contractor and to design a new meal plan to replace the Advantage plan. Members came and left, but by Spring 1998 the membership had settled to a total of eleven. There were four Administration members (Daniel Melucci, Peter Baigent, Judy Lum, and Dallas Bauman), four undergraduates (Frank Santangelo, Diane Lopez, Dina Covello, and Carla Lachapelle), one graduate (myself), and the FSA Executive Director, Kevin Kelly. After much debate, a majority

of the committee agreed to have a declining balance plan, with the total cost being \$1100 per semester: \$500 for residence cafeterias, \$600 anywhere.

The bids proposed came from Lackmann, Whitson's, Marriott-Sodexo (after a recent merger), Chartwells (after a slightly less recent merger), and Aramark. Lackmann was eliminated because, just as before, it could not provide certified financial statements. Whitson's was eliminated because their prices were too high and the company itself was considered too small to run a food service as relatively large as Stony Brook's. The final decision was split between Chartwells and Aramark. Aramark was preferred by Judy Lum and all of the undergraduates on the Committee, who believed that their previous concerns about Aramark were not as serious as they had thought, that Aramark was actually not doing so badly in comparison with other schools, and primarily that the other companies seemed to be far worse. The remainder of the Committee preferred Chartwells, feeling that the problems with Aramark could not be resolved, and that few people still trusted Aramark.

At the end of the Spring semester, a "Best and Final Offer," including an increase in the meal plan price to \$1207, was drafted and voted on in a matter of several days. The Committee endorsed this by a vote of 9-1 (all but myself in approval). Chartwells and Aramark were presented with the Offer, and on the basis of their response, a final vote was taken. Aramark objected to a requirement to document revenues obtained from bulk-purchasing rebates, and would not spend a required \$250,000 for renovations and setting up new facilities. So Chartwells ended up narrowly winning the recommendation from the Committee by 6-4, (all undergraduates voting for Aramark, everyone else voting for Chartwells), with the final vote happening just after Spring semester finals.

Following this, the Committee was disbanded, and the FSA's Board of Directors authorized Kevin Kelly, Fred Preston (Vice President of Student Affairs), and Richard Mann (Vice President of Administration) to negotiate with Chartwells in secret. Once they were convinced that Chartwells would do everything they had asked of it, the FSA announced publicly that Chartwells had won the bid and would be starting July 1.

The Chartwells Proposal

According to Chartwells' bid proposal, most of the campus food services will remain essentially the same, except for a couple of brand changes (such as in coffee). The exception is Humanities, which Chartwells claims will focus heavily on vegetarian and vegan food, while also having the vending machines and prepackaged food currently there.

Chartwells was the only company to propose that catering be self-sufficient; the other four bidders each proposed that the meal plan students subsidize catering. However, there has been some concern among people who cater frequently that Chartwells has somewhat higher prices than the other bidders offered.

However, Chartwells proposed somewhat lower prices than Aramark for most meal plan items. Many of Chartwells' prices are the same as current Aramark prices, but Aramark proposed to raise most of their prices by about 2-3%. Chartwells prices will probably still seem high in the Fall, however, since with few exceptions they are not actually reducing prices.

There was quite a bit of concern about the fact that Chartwells was not very specific in its bid about exactly what it was planning to do. Some felt that Chartwells would simply say "yes" to everything to get its foot in the door, and then try to change things once it was already established on the campus. Chartwells is not a very well-known company, and does not have many contracts with large universities. Most of its contracts are with universities or colleges that had contracts with DAKA and were taken over automatically by Chartwells.

The \$1200 Buy-In

The bids were originally required to offer an \$1100 meal plan. Aramark claimed that \$1100 was not sufficient to cover its costs, and suggested raising the price of the meal plan to \$1207. Chartwells claimed it could make a \$300,000 profit with the \$1100 buy-in, as did the other three companies. For some reason, Aramark's proposal was the only one viewed as credible by the FSA. Most members of the Dining Service Committee quickly convinced themselves or were convinced by others that the contractor would need \$1207 just to break even, and that other contractors didn't know this because they weren't familiar enough with the campus.

There was some debate about what the buy-in level should be, but the arguments of Kevin Kelly and Ken Johnson, that the labor schedules and food costs proved that the buy-in had to be \$1200, ultimately convinced a majority of the FSA Dining Service Committee, the FSA Budget Committee, and the FSA Board of Directors.

The FSA then lowered its commission, from 15% to 13% of total meal plan revenues, because the meal plan revenues were increasing more rapidly than the FSA budget. This should have enabled the meal plan to be cheaper, since the FSA needs less money from meal plan revenues; however, the meal plan buy-in was not lowered proportionally.

In fact, if we go by Chartwells budget, we find that if Chartwells receives \$1200 from every student on the meal plan instead of \$1100, and 3800 students per semester sign up for the meal plan, we find that Chartwells makes \$760,000 more than it needs to, pushing it well past \$1 million in profit. Of course, Chartwells could hardly say "no" to this when the FSA offered it to them, but why did the FSA offer it to them?

According to Kevin Kelly, the FSA still does not know how many students will be enrolled in the Fall, and therefore cannot say what sort of profit Chartwells might make. He was also concerned that Chartwells not be able to claim what Aramark had claimed, which is that the FSA was starving it, that it could not make a profit, and that it needed to cut services and raise prices. If the buy-in starts too high, then at least it can't be raised in the second year.

It remains very mysterious, to me at least. Chartwells can do its own budgeting, or so we are hoping. We pay them to manage a food service professionally, and they should not need the FSA to tell them that they need more money than they're asking for. The same thing happened with Aramark two years ago: it proposed an 8% markup on Advantage food, but the FSA decided that was too low, and gave them a 10% markup. But even with the extra money, Aramark still claimed it was losing money, and was still asking for price increases and service cuts. It seems that when the contractor knows that the FSA will do anything necessary to help it make a healthy profit, the contractor begins to ask for more and more.

What the Future Holds

Now the question is whether Chartwells will be any different from Aramark. If the FSA and the Administration wish to prevent the same problems from reoccurring, they must be willing to let Chartwells succeed or fail on its own. The FSA created, with Aramark, a mentality that "When you fail, it's our fault, but when you succeed, it's your achievement," and Aramark took advantage of this. Eventually the FSA realized it was being manipulated, and ejected Aramark from the campus. But will the FSA repeat its mistakes?

Perhaps the more pressing question is: will Chartwells repeat Aramark's mistakes? We should be optimistic, of course; after all, we did get rid of Aramark. However, next year we'll know just what sort of company we've ended up with. Watch them carefully.

CAMPUS NOTES

United University Professions

By Prof. Aaron W. Godfrey

Public higher education is under attack in New York State. Governor Pataki, his appointed trustees, and SUNY Central in Albany have attempted to reduce university funding drastically over the last four years. They have also tried (and succeeded once) to increase tuition so that a college education would be out of reach for many students.

It was the organizing effort of UUP, the faculty union, that beat back the attempts to dismantle the SUNY system. Every Tuesday the legislature was in session, UUP was in the Capitol convincing legislators that SUNY was a wise investment and they had to restore funding to SUNY—and we succeeded. Although there were no increases—even to meet inflation—at least funding remained constant and there were no dramatic increases in tuition or fees.

Most students do not know what UUP (United University Professions) is. It is the union, the bargaining unit for the faculty and staff of SUNY, and it negotiates a contract with the state every three or four years to determine the terms and conditions of employment of its members. These terms and conditions affect students very much because when the staff is reduced, so is the number of classes. As a result, students must sit in overcrowded classes or are closed out of required courses. Consequently, many are unable to graduate on time and must spend an extra semester or two before they can begin their life's work.

Unfortunately, the administration, con-

strained by SUNY Central, was unable to advocate as vigorously for Stony Brook in the legislature as it would have liked. Fortunately though, UUP was a constant presence in Albany during the session and prevailed on legislators to make restorations to the university and to hold the line on increasing tuition.

This next year (1999) will be a very difficult year. It is projected that the Governor will be re-elected by a large majority. If that happens and if the stock market continues to slide, there will probably be many more cuts to SUNY and it will be impossible for many students to continue their education, in spite of the rhetoric that "no deserving student will be denied an education for lack of money." You know the reality and know that a large tuition increase will make it difficult to complete your education on time and will probably affect your academic standing.

One thousand dollars is nothing to a wealthy trustee, but very significant to the families of most students or to commuters who must hold jobs to support their cars and to make ends meet.

What can you do?

1. Register to vote.

It is possible to do so on campus through NYPIRG. You can also pick up voter registration forms at the UUP Office, Old Chemistry, Room 104.

2. Vote on November 3rd.

There is a polling place on campus. If you vote from home, pick up absentee ballot forms and mail them on time.

3. Know who your New York State Senate and Assembly people are.

If you live or vote off-campus, know who represents you in Albany. They are not the same as U.S. senators or members of Congress. If you do not know, call us or NYPIRG, 2-6457.

4. Write to your state representative asking them to continue adequate funding for SUNY and Stony Brook.

They pay attention to individual letters, even if they are hand written.

5. There are three members of the Stony Brook faculty who deserve support. Senator Ken LaValle, Assemblyman Steve Englebright, and Assemblyman Paul Harenberg. Stony Brook is in Steve Englebright's district, and he has represented it well over the last eight years. He is in a difficult race and both deserves and needs your support. If you can volunteer a few hours to support his campaign, call his office at 751-3082, 751-3094, or let the Union office know at 2-6570.

Students can affect this election and can also influence the cost and quality of the education you receive. Don't be apathetic! Get involved!

University Senate

By Prof. Robert Kerber

University Senate President

WHAT IS THE UNIVERSITY SENATE?

This is intended to be the first in an irregular series of articles describing the role and activities of the University Senate and its affiliated governance bodies, which make and/or recommend academic policies for SUNY Stony Brook and its constituent Colleges, and provide advice and recommendations to the campus administration on a variety of other issues. Last year, for example, the University Senate decided to discontinue the mid-semester advisory grades formerly sent to students, and changed drop/add procedures to minimize changes in course registration after the first week of classes.

Academic policies specifically for the College of Arts and Sciences are dealt with by the A&S Senate, which consists of the A&S members of the University Senate. Policies for the College of Engineering and Applied Sciences are dealt with by the CEAS Executive Committee. The School of Medicine similarly

has a Senate, but other schools in the Health Sciences Center do not at present.

Originally known as the Faculty Senate, the University Senate was created in 1973 when professional and student members were added. Their numbers are set by the constitution in relation to the number of faculty Senators. The number of professional employee Senators is 15% of the faculty number, undergraduate students 10%, graduate students 5%. The student senators are named by the Student Polity Association and the Graduate Student Organization, respectively. A graduate and an undergraduate student also sit on the Senate Executive Committee. Last year, unfortunately, Polity chose not to participate in the Senate or the Executive Committee, so that undergraduate student opinions and priorities were not systematically provided to the Senate and its committees.

The University Senate meets monthly, normally on the first Monday of the month, at 3:30 PM in the Union Auditorium. However, due to the peculiar Fall 1998 academic calendar, the first meeting this academic year is on September 14. Although much of the business

of the Senate, as is the case with most legislative bodies, is carried out in its committees (which will be discussed in more detail in a future article), meetings are open to the university community. Monthly Senate meetings usually include reports by the campus President and Provost, usually accompanied by questions from the Senators. The President and Provost also meet monthly with the Senate Executive Committee. Senate meetings may also include reports by the Senate President, proposals for changes in academic policies from Senate committees, and discussions of one or more current topics, usually with a presentation by an appropriate administrator.

Students interested in serving on the University Senate or its committees should contact me [RKERBER@notes.cc.sunysb.edu] and their student governance leader (Aneka Gibbs, Polity, or Kunal Das, GSO).

Campus Village ~~Does~~ In State Assembly

Long Live The Campus Village! A Press Reprint

By Stephen C. Preston

The "Campus Village" legislation, which would have allowed the University to lease land on the Academic Mall to private corporations, was not passed before the end of the Assembly's regular session, for the second year in a row. According to Richard Mann, Vice President for Administration, the Administration is giving up its hope of getting legislative approval for the ground lease, but will still attempt to build the Campus Village through other means.

The Campus Village was intended to be a retail shopping environment, with several small retail stores surrounding a large bookstore in a new building. Since the Administration did not believe it could get funding for a new bookstore building, it proposed to get a private bookstore company to construct the building. In exchange, the company would get a University contract lasting up to 60 years, which would theoretically enable it to earn enough money to pay for the building. At the end of the contract, the building would be turned over to the University.

The State Senate passed the legislation exactly as the Administration proposed it, but the State Assembly added several amendments, due to several concerns, including: use of non-union labor in the construction project, a lack of competitive bidding for the bookstore contract, and a lack of affirmative action requirements in the selection process. The Assembly also shortened the maximum length of the years. Since the Assembly and the Senate would not agree on the same version of the bill, it cannot become law.

According to Assemblyman Steven Englebright (D-Setauket), the Assembly could have passed the University's version of the bill, had the Administration provided some kind of "memorandum of understanding", stating that the University would employ union labor, bid competitively, etc., even if such things weren't written into the legislation. Englebright's office said that President Shirley Strum Kenny would not agree to such a memorandum, since she was afraid of having things in writing which might "come back to haunt her". However, Richard Mann claimed the memorandum was not written because the Administration felt that it would not resolve the issue.

Although President Kenny could not be reached for comment, Richard Mann said the Administration is "very frustrated that the houses weren't able to come together on this." He said the Administration is hoping that the Board of Trustees will get the authority to provide ground leases, rather than the Legislature, because the Board of Trustees would probably be much more willing to grant them.

The Administration will reconvene the Campus Village Advisory Group (the "Village People") in the Fall, seeking membership from student governments as well as the University Senate. The current plan, tentative as yet, is to have new buildings constructed: a new bookstore and a large new food court, both located on the "Academic Mall" (the area between the Administration building, Student Activities

Center, and the Melville library). The University would construct these buildings through the State University Construction Fund (the same route by which the Life Sciences Annex and the new stadium are being built), and would try to get funding from whichever food service and bookstore contractors happened to be on campus.

Chartwells, the new food service contractor, has stated that it will consider providing funding for such a new building, but has not made a firm commitment. According to Vice President Mann, Chartwells was provided with a 10-year contract, about twice as long as the usual food service contract, primarily so that it would develop a strong "relationship" with the campus, and therefore be

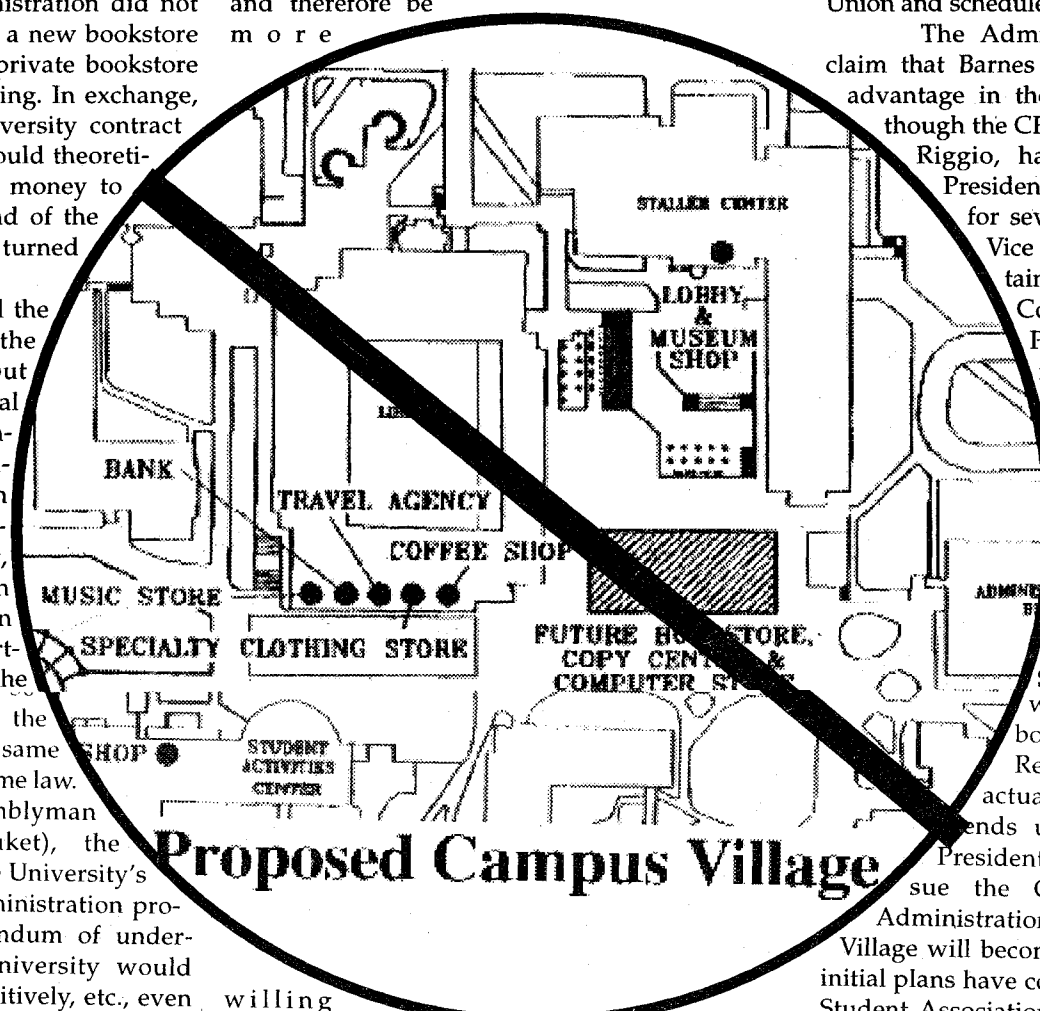
more

er role in the process than it did before, probably maintaining "veto authority" as it did with the most recent food service contract.

In addition, the FSA will also have more control over retail operations on the campus. When the Student Activities Center was opened, the Administration bid the convenience store out directly, instead of having the Faculty Student Association subcontract it (the usual procedure for retail services). However, New York State ruled that the Administration had awarded the convenience store to Wallace's illegally, and now the Administration will instead award the convenience store to the FSA. It will likely be a new incarnation of the BASIX store, which is currently in the Student Union and scheduled to close permanently.

The Administration also continues to claim that Barnes & Noble does not have any advantage in the bookstore contracting, even though the CEO of Barnes & Noble, Leonard Riggio, has served as an advisor to President Kenny on the Campus Village for several years. The President and Vice President Mann have maintained that Riggio serves on the Corporate Advisory Board to the President only at the President's request, and that he is not at all concerned about whether his company gets the bookstore contract. Currently, the most likely candidates to run the bookstore seem to be Wallace's, who currently has the contract, Barnes & Noble, who had the contract five years ago, and the Faculty Student Association itself, which may choose to run the bookstore independently.

Regardless of how the buildings actually get constructed or who ends up in them, it is clear that President Kenny will continue to pursue the Campus Village idea. The Administration promises that the Campus Village will become less secretive now that the initial plans have collapsed. Its use of the Faculty Student Association, and its reconvening of the "Village People", should open the process to students and faculty who feel that they have been left out of the developments of the past year.



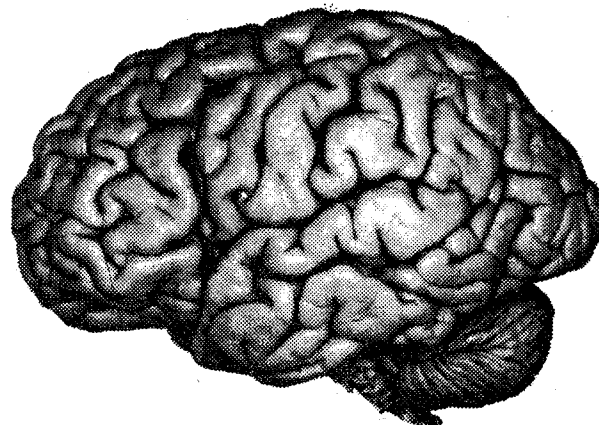
Proposed Campus Village

willing to engage in such projects.

When the bookstore contract goes out to bid next year (it expires in Spring 1999, and the Faculty Student Association must open a new bidding process), the new contract will most likely also stipulate a 10-year term, for the same reason. The Administration will ensure before the contract is awarded that the contractor is open to a proposal for a new building, just as it did before awarding the food service contract to Chartwells.

The Administration says that, contrary to earlier speculation, the Faculty Student Association (FSA) will have a large role in the Campus Village, and in retail operations on campus in general. For example, the FSA will still bid the food service and bookstore contracts, though the Administration will take a large-

Feed Your Brain



Join The Press

READING, WRITING, 'N' PAGE

By Terry McLaren

As millions of children return to their classrooms this week, parents might want to hug them a little tighter than usual or give them an extra kiss goodbye in the morning. The sense of security the school building used to instill in both parents and students has been shattered of late by a rash of murderous sprees at the hands of gun-toting pubescents. No longer is gang-related school violence receiving national attention. What now scares parents, students, and educators alike is the eruption of young enraged males in rural parts of the country. Each of these young men came to school one day armed with a gun and proceeded to open fire on their classmates, friends, and teachers.

Over the past five years 28 children and teachers have been killed and approximately 35 have been injured in these bloody attacks. America's public schools

have been the scene of a fatal shooting six times in less than a year. Two of these schoolboy killers, Kip Kinkel and Luke Woodham, focused their rage on their parents prior to their schooltime killing sprees. The baby-faced murderers range in age from 11 to 17. Although the bloodbaths have taken place predominately in the gun-lovin' South, they have also occurred in New York, Alaska, Washington, Pennsylvania, and Oregon.

The most recent scene of juvenile slaughter was Springfield, Oregon, where on May 21 fifteen year old Kipland Kinkel drove to Thurston High School, entered the cafeteria, and opened fire on the approximately 400 students who had gathered there for breakfast and pre-class socializing.

Kinkel had killed his parents, William and Faith, both teachers, the night before. They had apparently discovered his secret gun collection, which included a sawed-off shotgun. He was expelled from school and arrested a short time later for possession of a firearm on school property and possession of stolen property. In accordance with state law, he was released to his parent's custody. He killed them soon after.

The next day in the school cafeteria, as student government officers campaigned, Kinkel unloaded 51 rounds ammunition into his classmates. In the pandemonium, students tried to help the wounded, hid under tables, and ran for the exits.

As Kinkel worked his way through the room, he raised his rifle at fourteen year old Ryan Crowley, but he'd run out of bullets. Crowley jumped up and punched him. Kinkel reached for one of his two pistols and was tackled by Jacob Ryker, who had been shot in the chest. Kinkel trained the gun on Ryker's face, but the boy managed to knock it out of his hand, getting shot in the finger. Other students then piled onto Kinkel, subduing him until police arrived. Four people were killed and eighteen wounded by this football player reportedly elected "Most Likely to Start World War III" by middle school classmates.

After his arrest, and the discovery of his parents' bodies and several bombs in the house, the handcuffed Kinkel managed to grab the knife taped to his leg and charge an officer in a police interrogation room. Pepper spray was used to stop him.

Kip Kinkel was reportedly the product of nurturing, sensible parents who tried their best to deal with their son's violent interests. He liked to torture animals, collect guns, build small bombs and joke about killing people. Realizing that his son would obtain a gun one way or another, Kip's

father, not a gun enthusiast, had purchased a rifle for him in order to teach the boy proper gun safety. The Kinkels had also tried home schooling their troubled son and brought him to counseling. He'd also been on an anti-depressant and Ritalin at different times in his life. Nothing the Kinkels tried seemed to calm the demon raging inside their son. His father's suggestion of a National Guard program for violent, troubled youth had only made Kip more enraged.

Before the Springfield tragedy came Jonesboro, Arkansas, where possibly the youngest mass murderers in US history, Andrew Golden, 11 and Mitchell Johnson 13, killed five and injured ten. The boys had been raised around guns and practiced shooting regularly. Besides the tender ages of the killers, what is particularly chilling about these murders is the extensive planning that went into them.

Mitchell played sick that day and convinced his mother to leave the family van at home so his stepfather could get it repaired. He then drove it to Golden's house. The van was loaded with rations and sleeping bags. Golden owned rifles, a shotgun and a crossbow (it's only illegal for a minor to possess a handgun in Arkansas). However, his parents kept his weapons in a steel vault that the boys were unable to break into. Unfortunately they were able to grab three handguns and ammo, then moved on to Golden's grandfather's house. After obtaining three semiautomatic rifles and more handguns, they headed for Westside Middle School.

After 12:30 p.m., teachers and students filed into the schoolyard in response to a fire alarm pulled by Golden. The boys proceeded to pick off their trapped prey for four minutes. When it was all over, the casualties included Johnson's pregnant teacher, Shannon Wright, who died shielding students from the bullets. Johnson had believed Wright was "mean." Injured also was Candace Porter, who had told Johnson she didn't want to date him. Porter's rejection apparently shattered Johnson, who reportedly threatened her life.

Many point to a "Southern subculture of violence" in an attempt to explain these tragic occurrences in Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina, Mississippi, Arkansas, and California. With every incidence the body count gets higher and the age of the offender does down. States in the mid-South have led the nation in teen homicide since 1991 and the rate of rural juvenile homicide rose by 56% between 1990 and 1996, while murder rates have dropped in cities and suburbs nationwide, according to *US News*. Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers noted after the Jonesboro tragedy "The accessibility to guns is absolutely out of control."

Two aspects of life common throughout the South are the easy availability of firearms and, what John Shelton Reed of the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill calls "a more general acceptance of violence and the use of force." Criminologist James Alan Fox points out the possible link between certain value systems and a heightened propensity to use violence. "In the

North we might settle a dispute by going to court," he told *U.S. News*. "Down South, they're most likely to take it outside."

The South has higher rates of gun ownership than any other region and many there consider the freedom to hunt, shoot, and collect guns a basic human right. Most gun owners, like most other human beings, are mature, responsible people. Unfortunately every group has its cruel or deranged members who spoil things for everybody else.

There are a couple of facts that hinder the easy explanation of "Southern mentality syndrome." For example, these crimes have occurred in other sections of the country as well. Many in the criminology field attribute these mass murders more to copycatting than a gun-happy upbringing, and say these patterns could occur anywhere.

The child murders in these school tragedies did share certain traits. They were all male. When a young boy is ready to explode with rage, it is often harder to read the warning signs than with girls, who are more likely to punish themselves rather than others. Violent acting out is often the way boys express their emotional turmoil. Unfortunately, this is usually seen as problem to be dealt with rather than a symptom of underlying trouble. But the signs were there. All of these troubled youths gave some indication they were ready to explode before they actually did. One even told classmates "I've got a lot of killing to do."

Many of the gunmen felt like outsiders who "didn't belong" in an environment that can be hell when you aren't accepted. Kids who think about killing are usually "nobodys" who are desperate to be seen as someone important. Some had very troubled family lives or had been sexually abused. Many had been romantically rejected prior to their killing sprees as well, and focused their wrath on the girl who'd turned them down. All were teased about their appearance. They were either too fat, too skinny, or too short to escape ridicule from classmates. All were seething collections of rage waiting for the right stressor to push them over the edge and into violent action.

A note from Luke Woodham, the sixteen year old who shot up his Pearl, Mississippi, prayer group stated "I am not insane. I am angry. I killed because people like me are mistreated every day."

In order to prevent violent explosions from the country's youth, those likely to explode must be noticed and given attention. Key indicators are: If the child has experienced traumatic events, especially violence, in the home, and if the child gets into trouble regularly and starts at an early age. Setting fires and torturing animals are warning signs that should be taken seriously.

Ways to distinguish real threats from ordinary teenage exaggeration include: emphasizing "killing" as opposed to just getting back at someone, pointing out that he/she has access to a gun, and seeming to have a specific plan for how to do it.

With any luck, and attentiveness from parents and teachers, the horror that plagued US public schools last year will not follow us into the next. The key is to listen to troubled children and try to reach them before it's too late.

"All of these troubled youths gave some indication they were ready to explode before they actually did. One even told classmates 'I've got a lot of killing to do.'"



Slain teacher Shannon Wright

Planning The March

By Daniel Yohannes

The Man

The man whose name became synonymous with the march, Khallid Abdul Muhammad, is full of hate. Taken out of context, his remarks can be appalling; taken in context they can be quite disturbing. He has referred to Jews as "hooked-nosed, bagel-eating, perpetrating-a-fraud, so-called Jew." He has called the Pope a "cracker," and is known for his verbal attacks against homosexuals. He has also refused to acknowledge the Jewish Holocaust until there is a wider acknowledgment of the deaths and suffering that occurred during the history of the United States.

Khallid Muhammad first entered the national arena as an aid to Nation of Islam Minister Louis Farrakhan. He was dismissed in 1994 after a speech where he made derogatory remarks regarding Jews, homosexuals, white people, and the Pope. He has referred to Mayor Giuliani as an "ordinary cracker" and a "devil."

He made news again in early June when he led armed members of the Black Muslims of Houston and the Black Panthers of Dallas on the town of Jasper, Texas in response to the killing of James Byrd, Jr. Mr. Byrd was beaten, chained by his ankles, and dragged behind a truck through the back roads of Texas by three white men. According to Shawn Allen Berry, one of the perpetrators, Mr. Byrd was picked up as a hitchhiker and attacked. All three men were charged with the crime. Two of the defendants were alleged to have ties to the Aryan Brotherhood, a white supremacist organization that has members in prisons across the country.

When the Ku Klux Klan marched in Jasper to disavow any connection with the killings, Mr. Muhammad led an armed march into Jasper as a show of support for the black community there. The nature of the killing, and the non-violent confrontation that ensued launched Mr. Muhammad into the national spotlight.

The March

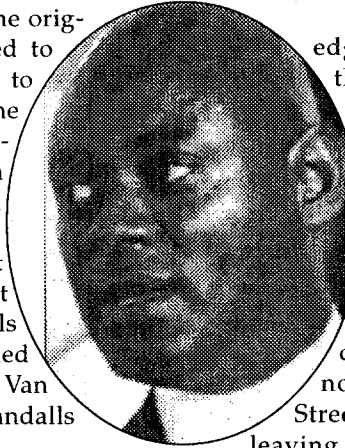
Planning for the march began much earlier. In late January, 1998, two applications to hold a "first amendment educational event" were filed. Several sites and two dates were requested. September 19th was the original date; that was later changed to the 5th as the organizers wanted to reach youth before the start of the school year. The first site requested was on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan or Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn; another requested Malcolm X Blvd. A third request filed with the Parks Department requested Central Park, Randalls Island, or "street." The City denied permits for all sites and offered Van Cortland Park in the Bronx or Randalls Island. The organizers refused.

In early June, organizers informed city officials that the march would take place in Harlem over the Labor Day weekend. City officials countered that there were too many events already scheduled for the weekend, and that one more would dangerously tax the police department resources.

They restated their offer of Randalls Island on September 19th.

The war was fought in the media and the courts. Finally, on August 26th, U.S. District Judge Lewis Kaplan ruled that the city had improperly refused the organizers a permit and that the march could occur, subject to the regulation of the city and police department. He said that the city/Giuliani had acted arbitrarily in denying the permit, were "breathhtaking in their lack of standards," and that city actions were a "virtual prescription for unconstitutional decision-making."

After organizers acknowledged that it was unlikely that more than 50,000 people would attend, the city limited the march to Malcolm X Blvd. between 118th and 124th Streets. The evening before the march, the Metropolitan Transportation Authority (MTA) announced that it would suspend subway service along Malcolm X Blvd. for the duration of the march. Trains would not stop between 96th and 145th Streets. The MTA cited the danger of leaving subways open near such a large event; subways servicing Yankee Stadium and Madison Square Garden are never shut down for such reasons.



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While You Were Out

By Chris Sorochin

First, allow me to extend a big, gloppy welcome to all new students and employees. You'll be very happy at our little institution if you'll just keep your eyes and minds open and avoid getting caught.

Back in the day when I was but a tiny guppy in the great algae pond that is SUNY, we had to figure out all of the various underhanded machinations of the petty commissars who run this joint, and the diabolical motives of the interests that control them, all by ourselves. Today, we are coming to recognize the value of passing on the accumulated tribal wisdom to new members so, as an introductory offer, here's a complimentary wising-up. Hopefully it'll come in even handier than those little boxes of sample shampoo, after-shave, and tampons they give out.

Those of us who have been around the quad a couple times know from bitter experience that when SUNY administration wants to do something extraordinarily vile and reprehensible, they show their true reptilian colors by acting in the sneakiest way possible.

For this reason, a lot of administrative excrement comes down the pipe during the summer, when the despised student body is conveniently elsewhere and otherwise occupied and, hence, unable to object.

Maybe it's just another effect of El Niño that this summer produced a bumper crop of slimy backdoor policy decisions that have roused even the most jaded observers of campus skullduggery from their cynical slumber.

One issue that's been heatedly contested for as long as anyone can remember is whether State University security officers should carry firearms. Students have overwhelmingly opposed this idea, which may explain why it was late July, when campuses are all but deserted, that Governor George Pataki, a first-class asshole if ever there was one, signed legislation giving Public Safety regular police powers, which means, among other things, that they'll probably be packing heat by the time you read this.

See how easy and sleazy that was: Vaseline'd in just when you were not around, allowing no chance for any sort of protest or discussion—a *fait accompli*. And the typical, Machiavellian *modus operandi* for SUNY.

For some obscure reason, our worthy competition, the *Statesman*, the official campus news organ, managed to all but bury this highly relevant detail in its 3 August issue. The headline read: 'New Cops on the Block: Campus Security to Obtain Police Officer Status,' and one had to go all the way to the bitter end of the fourth paragraph, on the second page, to discover, as sort of an afterthought, that Wyatt Earp was once again prowling the streets of Dodge. Funny, when I took a very superficial Journalism class in high school, one of the first things they taught us was to lead with the most important information. I must have missed important changes, brought on, no doubt, by the continuing consolidation of the infotainment industry into an ever-smaller circle of megacorporations, which now mandate the obfuscation of important stories.

Another aspect of Public Safety's metamorphosis that merits close scrutiny is that they'll now have the ability to "stop and frisk" any individual that, in the enlightened estimation of the professional involved, is about to commit a crime. Wrong color? Unconventional hairstyle? Dressed funny? Displaying a "disrespectful" or "uncooperative" attitude? Well, your person can be subject to an invasive and insulting probe by the friendly little fingers of the New Cops on the Block. If you feel

it's unjustified, you can probably file a complaint, but it's your word against theirs and guess who the hearing officer is more likely to side with?

At the end of Jennifer Kester's article, she quotes Don Kreger, President of New York State University Police Local 1792: "...the general public won't notice a change...only criminals will." It's useful to remember that if you're under 21 and drinking or trying to drink, or of any age and using any "illegal" substance, you're a criminal in the underdeveloped cerebral cortexes of those who run this shell game.

Earlier in the summer, Public Safety, with the full compliance of the tinhorn bureaucrats in Administration (no doubt "only following orders" from the bigwigs in Albany), held an "outreach" program (calling Dr. Orwell!) for local bar and convenience store owners. This amicable kaffeeklatsch was to ever-so-gently twist arms over the fact that students still manage to drink in spite of all the cretinous laws, regulations and policies that

have been implemented over the years to make campus life duller and more of a hassle than it was before. Land o' Goshen, who'da ever thunk that 20 year olds would feel they're entitled to a

beer every now and then? Who could have foreseen that they wouldn't just automatically get in line behind such fair and realistic legislation?

Anyway, the local businesses summoned to this convocation (I assumed none dared refuse for fear of a "special" visit from the State Liquor Authority) were most reasonably persuaded, with all the flair and élan of Don Corleone with a bad tailor, that they'd now have to be a part of the tough-love process by which you innocent children are to be saved from your own sinful/unhealthy/deviant proclivities.

One program spoken of glowingly was imported from SUNY Albany, where undercover cops are known to attend parties in the breathless hope of catching "underage" folks being served. I guess we've now reverted fully to the Prohibition days of peepholes in doors and "Joe sent me." Second wise-up tip: be extra careful of whom you befriend, and particularly of whom you party with. There do be many snakes in the grass. This is tragic and painful advice to give to those entering college, where part of the education is being able to meet other people without fear that they may be informers (paging Dr. Stalin!). These people really are out to reduce higher education to a shriveled, flavorless training program for a new generation of white-collar serfs.

It's also both sad and infuriating to think what could be done if administrators *et al.* took just half the energy they put towards trying to police alcohol consumption and directed it at, oh, I don't know, eradicating poverty, improving education or health care, or, on the campus level, something as simple as creating more parking, upgrading academic facilities, cutting class sizes...I'm sure you can add your own ideas to this list.

Don't be despondent, however. Sometime this fall, a "town-hall style program" is planned to finally let the students enter the discussion, since it is about them, after all. Unfortunately, this "forum" looks as if it will only be enjoyable for those who take a perverse pleasure in public displays of hokum and hypocrisy (not to mention any bylines). Even if the entire student body shows up and tells them to get the fuck out of their social lives, I can't imagine them just slinking back into their lairs purring, "OK, we're here to serve you, the students, and whatever you say goes." This is quite obviously another exercise in "hooker" democracy, in which the populace will feel,

as a "john" does, that they're in control and are being satisfied, while in reality they're being screwed.

Picture this: Public Safety checkpoints at all campus entrances, empowered to stop and search anyone whom they might suspect of transporting alcohol onto campus. This would include a phalanx at the LIRR crossing for those who might be hoofing it to 7-11. Breathalyzer tests could be administered to anyone they suspect has been drinking off-campus. Picture them being able to enter any premises where they suspect a party to be taking place. The more paranoid among us may even picture them kicking the door down with their shiny new guns drawn.

Since the *Press* is fond of running wacky/offensive contests, they might consider a pool to predict how long it'll be until someone is shot by Public Safety. Those who maintain that this is highly improbable should keep in mind the guy who got plugged by trigger-happy policemen when they observed him withdraw from his pocket that feared tool of murder and mayhem—a Three Musketeers bar. Or a teenager who was just shot 17 times (a little overkill, there, guys?) after being told to relinquish a toy pistol (a witness says he was cooperating).

Or if that's a little too morbid even for the *Press*, how about taking bets on how soon someone gets one of the new toys pointed in his/her face? Over the summer, I had occasion to deal with a couple of Suffolk County Sheriff's Department officers concerning the completely nonviolent matter of my employers' failure to pay a judgement against them. The officers came after hours, hoping to raid the cash register (that we don't have), and managed to come off like school bullies who have been promoted to hall monitors. One kept putting his hand very conspicuously on...yes, his gun. Who needs this? I was as uncooperative as I dared be simply because they failed to be human beings with me.

George Pataki is up for re-election this year. What better reason to vote the creep out of office? My personal favorite alternative is "Grandpa" Al Lewis, whom you can catch on WBAI Saturday afternoons (not to mention in reruns of "The Munsters"). He's running on the Green Party ticket. When I wondered how much an obvious city boy like Lewis knows about greenery, my roommate reminded me that "Herman was green."

A Ray Of Sunshine

A few issues back, I reported on a CUNY board meeting at which Giuliani's henchmen voted to eliminate remediation from CUNY's four-year schools. I told of how professors were actually dragged out of the meeting and arrested for objecting. Well, every so often the system does manage to work: a court has struck down the vote as illegal because it violated the Open Meetings law, which states that certain meetings and the votes thereat must be open to the public. When Adolph's thugs started clearing the room of students and other CUNY supporters, it became a closed meeting. Couldn't happen to a nicer dictator.

In related news, Giuliani also banned an outdoor art show in which the pieces were signs to be attached to lamp posts around the city. The art group REPO history had regularly been posting such street exhibits since 1992. City officials refused to comment, but suspicion is that this year's show "Civil Disturbances: Battles for Justice in New York City," which commemorates public interest victories against various forms of discrimination and repression of free speech, contained one sign featuring pictures of youths killed by police brutality, along with the sorry record of persecutions and a phone number for Parents Against Police Brutality. Activists displayed the signs manually in a protest at City Hall.

...a lot of administrative excrement comes down the pipe during the summer, when the despised student body is conveniently elsewhere and otherwise occupied and hence, unable to object.

FEATURES

The Press Revealed

By G. Avery Kerbs

Within the illustrious periodical known as *The Stony Brook Press* lies a cornucopia, a plethora if you will, of strange and unusual beings. Trying to decipher the myriad of obscure styles, convoluted social maneuvers, and heavily obfuscated Machiavellian ploys without a concise and detailed guide to aid you, is an exercise in futility. Well, as a social-dynamics correspondent, and senior member of "The Gentlemen's League of Anthropological Adventurers," I feel it to be my solemn duty, my forsworn mission, and oathbound . . . oath, to assist you on your quest to shed light upon the shadowy ways of *The Stony Brook Press's* eclectic membership. So onward brazen reader, onward toward immaculate comprehension.

Brian Libfeld (*Libfeldious Stresssloticus*)

The self-appointed Nero of the organization. Senor' Libfeld, or "Black Devil Scorpion" as he is known in the realm of international terrorism, prides himself on his Chimera-like ability to alter any and all complications that arise to a simple test of who can gnaw the arm off the other first. A holdover from the last days of the Appalachian mountain man culture that permeated the Midwestern Range of Long Island late in the 70s. He hails from the town of Tetnochtlan, a place where his gold-embossed throne of skulls awaits his triumphant return from the "Modern world." Play on, Libfeld, play on; this investigator greatly enjoys your spirited fiddling.

Phil Russo Jr. (*Philliticus Jej*)

"Monkeys, Monkeys, Simians" croaks the infernal hellion known to all as Herr Russo. Sporting a distinctly Golgothian-influenced plumage, Phil dances his neo-tribal mating dance. Inciting the females nearby into fits of epileptic seizure (quite the erotic display if I might say so), he strides Avatar-like through the throngs of his scantily-clad worshippers. He is a mighty beast to behold, majestic, regal, and dynamic. Interestingly enough you can view the Smithsonian's display of his over 400 discarded teeth only on a night with a waxing moon.

Jen Hobin (*Commercious Facilitous*)

Possessed of a chameleon's ability to alter her skin pigment to match the surrounding terrain, Jen strikes. From the dense foliage her "Blades of Holy Commerce" extend to snatch the invaluable prey that sustains the waiting hive. "Thou senses alight, thou talons of razors edge, reckon with thou would I like not."



Terry McLaren (*Mediatus Magnus*)

Destroyer of the bedeviled, savior of the erroneously forsaken. Stunning in her beauty, her strength...unparalleled by creatures mortal or otherwise. The black mistress treats her subjects well, and her enemies ill. She is unique in the animal kingdom in possessing a omni-articulated superfluous skull. So ingrained in the tribe was I, that the secret of the skulls name was divulged to me. With this knowledge each day must I tread the line between sanity and lunacy. This fate I could not bestow upon you, the innocent, lest you realize the frailty of your own mortality.

Jamie Polichak (*Opinoinus Impressipant*)

Past the frozen wastelands of the arctic tundra I treaded to peer but once upon this particular subject. His body mangled in what can only be described as "Freak" gardening accident, still he lives on, half-human, half-MACHINE! Feeling not the bite of the chill wind, nor the pain of any weapon wrought by mortal hands, he stalks, endlessly, through the tundra seeking only the sweet embrace of death, an embrace that never shall come.

Mike Yeh (*Simian Rex*)

Surely the informed reader is privy to the tale of the Congo's famed Monkey Tyrant? Not so? you say. Well raised by Pygmies in the humid Congo basin, the infant Mike Yeh was transmogrified into the "Haired Ape Lord" that now plagues *The Press's* every move. Once a noble prince...ABDUCTED from his rightful throne, Mike was forced to live the life of a jungle Pygmy. Armed only with reflexes borne of quicksilver, and an instinct that the legendary Cerebrus was said to possess, he rose from simple pygmy servant to lord of a regime that dominates the Simian world with an Iron Paw.

Scoop Schneider: (*Photograficus Pornografus*)

Never before have I met a creature with mandibles of wax. Using his opposable toes, Scoop slinks inverted along the redwood branches and robs the Bee hives of their wax. Slathering it upon his face, he returns to the ground and ambles on about his waxen immortality.

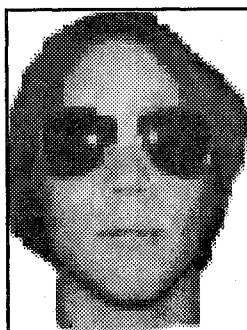
Ruby Firewall: (*Poltergeist Englist*)

Once a dreadfully frightening corsair on the Mediterranean, since his untimely demise at the dastardly hands of the French armada, he is nothing more than a restless spirit. An unruly wraith, with no one to strike at, all his enemies long-since passed into the great beyond.

Jill Baron (*Constructus Dynamican*)

The greatest architect in the court of Hammurabi

lives on still, kept from the cold embrace of death by her Kafka-esque "Re-Bigulator." It "Bigulates," then after a cool down period it "RE-Bigulates."



Those who have come before represent the Alphas of the pack, but many others heed the clarion call of *The Press*... they exist beyond the lighted corridors of the clan's lair, their they bide their time, waiting to strike. Is it aimed at you or there fellow coven-mates? Only time will tell.

Glenn "Squirrel" Given

His name is bolded and bold he is. Wily and deliciously devious, versed in the ancient language of the dead, a dangerous man indeed. Soon his *zombi* minions will begin their rise...

Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain

The Press is not a grand enough prize for the former high king of Old Mars. Wayward traveller to earth, he seeks to subvert the government and establish his "benevolent" rule.

Frankie "The Nose" Fusaro

800 hundred pounds of nostrils wind

their way along the cavernous observatory of *The Press's* lair. The nostril is Frankie, and the caverns his domain.

Ed Ballard

High Priest and sworn defender of the crown. Crafted from pure onyx and brought to life by a dark pact between Senor' Libfeld and the underworld's very own Soul Shyster.

Robert V. Gilheany

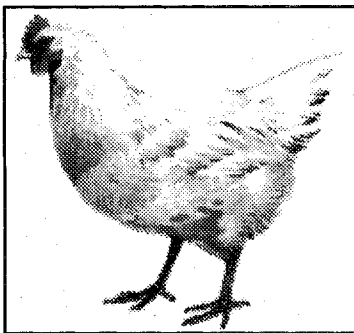
A happenin' Dancer who takes perverse joy in the everyday attributes of life.

Joanna Wegielnik

JoJo escaped from a Vegas-bound Carnival and wandered into the clutches of *The Press*. Her soul is theirs, this reporter can help her no longer.

"No longer may I leave the caverns I have been informed. I must heed their request lest I risk the draining of my bodily humours. Better to become one of the damned, than to die at their hands. Wish me fortune, and in return I bid you a life of opulence. May you live to a ripe old age and never suffer the fate that befalls me. Winds! Winds of fancy blow me hither. Take me by wing, guide me to insight's portal. Winds! Winds of wisdom carry them nigh. Take them by wing, Take them from damnation."

-Last known communication from Her Majesty's Royal Aide, Sir G. Avery Kerbs



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Wanna Be A Radio DJ?

Wanna join Long
Island's largest
non-commercial,
free form, radio
station?



Well, that radio station
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WUSB 90.1 FM

(located on the second
floor of the Student
Union Bldg.)

The new training program for the
fall semester starts on Thursday,
September 24th, at 1pm, in
Student Union Room 237.

Call 632-6498 for more information.

WUSB 90.1 FM

WUSB 90.1 FM "Radio Free Long Island"

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday |
|---|--|--|--|
| 12-3AM THE BASEMENT w/ James Ellison | 12-3AM ILL SOUNDS alternating with UNITY LOVE VIBE | 12-3AM COOL NICK, AT NITE! alternating with <i>New Voices</i> | 12-3AM NIGHT OF THE LIVING POSEURS alternating with MIDNIGHT INVASION |
| 3-6AM EMMINENT AUDIO alternating with REGGAEMATIC VIBES | 3-6:30AM Ed Ballard's SONIC DIVISION | 3-6:30AM PURPLE STARLIGHT alternating with DUBSIDE | 3-6:30AM PEEWEE'S CRACKHOUSE alternating with Al Shea |
| 6-7 Montage Radio alternating with The "Double D" Show | 6:30-7 PACIFICA NEWS | 6:30-7 PACIFICA NEWS | 6:30-7 PACIFICA NEWS |
| 7-10 Ed Davis | 7-9 Jim Dexter | 7-9 Roseanne Hoffman alternating with Ken Gohrer | 7-11 NO APOLOGIES: The Morning Edition WITH MR. EDISON |
| | 9-10 NEW DIMENSIONS | 9-11 VARIOUS GROOVES with C.C. | |
| 10-11 CRITIQUE Hosted by Mort McClosky | 10-11 JAZZ DECADES | | |
| 11-12 CLASSICAL INTERLUDE | 11-1 JACK'S WATERFALL alternating with TUESDAY CLASSICAL MUSIC | 11-1 THE MOURNING CLASSICAL SHOW | 11-11:30 SECOND OPINION |
| 12-1:30 UNFINISHED BUSINESS | 1-1:30 LATINO U.S.A. | 1-2 SOUNDS OF FILM | 11:30-1 LUNCH ON THURSDAY |
| 1:30-2:30 RADIO NATION | 1:30-2 FAST FOCUS ON SUCCESS | | 1-1:30 COUNTERSPIN |
| | 2-2:30 THIS WAY OUT | 2-3 LONG ISLAND MUSIC VISTA | 1:30-2 THE ENVIRONMENT SHOW |
| 2:30-5:30 CAT HUI alternating with ADAM LEDERWAY | 2:30-5:30 THE DAYTIME DRAMA | 3-5:30 JILL MORRISON alternating with JOE AYALA | 2-2:30 CANCER WATCH |
| | | | 2:30-5:30 D-Kline's SCHIZOPHRENIA |
| 5:30-6 PACIFICA NEWS | 5:30-6 PACIFICA NEWS | 5:30-6 PACIFICA NEWS | 5:30-6 PACIFICA NEWS |
| 6-6:30 FASTER THAN LIGHT RADIO alternating with USB CAMPUS NEWS | 6-7 ALWAYS ACOUSTIC | 6-6:30 CHEAP SEATS | 6-7 LAVENDER WIMMIN |
| 6:30-8:30 TRADITIONAL FOLK | 7-9 THE BLUES SHOW | 6:30-8 BLUEGRASS TIME | 7-9 GLOBAL RHYTHMS alternating with THE BAYOU |
| 8:30-10 THE MUSIC NEVER STOPS alternating with Geri Burgert | 9-10 BOP STREET | 8-10 TURMOIL alternating with PLAZMA (1st Wednesday of each month) | 9-10 THE MESSAGE |
| 10-12 THE SOUL GLO BISTRO with Wayne and Odessa | 10-12 DEAD END RADIO | 10-12 ALL AGES SHOW | 10-12 NO SOUND TEST |

| Friday | Saturday | Sunday | Program Description |
|---|--|--|---|
| 12-3AM RIDDING THE MIND OF WASTE alternating with CLUB USB | 12-3AM DON'T LOOK NOW alternating with Joe Evangelista or X-RADIO | 12-3AM HEAVY METAL OVERNIGHT alternating with THEE ELECTRIC MAINLINE | Sonic Division: Plug in as DJ Mocha spins only the best New Wave, Indie, Punk, Goth & Jungle. Tuesday mornings: 3am All Ages Show: Intense, emotional, melodic music. Hosted by Christina. Wednesdays: 10-midnight |
| 3-6:30AM MAHA OSMAN alternating with JESUS | 3-6:30AM HIGH TECHNOLOGY alternating with NO APOLOGIES alternating with SCRAMBLED EGGS | 3-5:30AM NEW VOICES: Adam Lederway alternating with Jonathon Wilson 5:30-7 <i>New Voices:</i> Mike Fristachi | The Basement: Bringing underground, unreleased, underexposed, and the new & creative Hip Hop to the forefront. Monday night at midnight Step Up!: A barrage of Punk, Trip-Hop, Ska/Roots Reggae, Indie-Rock and everything else suited to your pleasure. As if that weren't enough, there just might be some Allen Ginsberg thrown in..Om! Hosted by Dan. Friday afternoons: 2:30-5:30 |
| 6:30-7 PACIFICA NEWS | 6:30-7 PACIFICA NEWS | | Jazz On The Air: JOTA features interviews, ticket giveaways, and the best releases both old and new. Rotating hosts spin a broad spectrum of Jazz. Sunday afternoons: 2:30-4:30 |
| 7-9 Ed Quinn, Martha Young, or Frank Burgert | 7-9 MORNING MANIAC MUSIC alternating with Bob Duffy | 7-9 SHADES OF BLUE | Pop Street: Rockabilly and related haunts. GO CAT GO! Hosted by Michael. Tuesday evenings: 9-10 |
| 9-11 BLUES WITH A FEELING | 9-11 Gerry Riemer alternating with Mary Anne Devine | 9-11:30 SUNDAY STREET with Charlie Backfish | Lavender Wimmin: Music, talk and fun for and about the Lesbian Community. Thursday evenings: 6-7 |
| 11-2 FRIDAY CLASSICS | 11-12 CLANN NA NGAE | 11:30-12:30 DOWN HOME COUNTRY | Rockin' Iration: Tune in every Friday night for Rastafarl culture and the best of Reggae music, the new and the old, with Jesse Irie, Kibret Neguse and The Ital Doctor. Friday evenings from 7-9 |
| 2-2:30 TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF | 12-3 SATURDAY'S A PARTY with Lister Hewan-Lowe | 12:30-2:30 THE HOEDOWN FROM HELL alternating with Bob Longman | Night of the Living Poseurs: Alternative? From the roots of New Wave, Punk and College Rock to Post-Punk noise Squalors and Dub-scape Rock. Three hours of old & new sounds. Hosted by Theo. Wednesday nights at midnight |
| 2:30-5:30 STEP UP! With Dan Rivera | 3-5:30 ONDA NUEVA with Felix Palacios | 2:30-4:30 JAZZ ON THE AIR | Eminent Audio: Michael "Emmo" Ogunmoyin plays Hip Hop with a bent towards opening listeners' ears to it's history & evolution. Monday mornings at 3am |
| 5:30-6 PACIFICA NEWS | 5:30-7 EMISYON KOUZIN with Yverle Marc | 4:30-5:30 THE INDIAN AND PAKISTANI HOUR | Counterspin: Tough, independent journalism that cuts against the media grain. Covers biased and inaccurate news, censored and under-reported stories, and much mor. From the people at FAIR (Fairness and Accuracy In Reporting). Thursday afternoons at 1pm |
| 6-7 NATURAL ALTERNATIVES | | 5:30 POLKA COUNTRY U.S.A. | |
| 7-9 ROCKIN' IRATION | 7-10 Saturday Evening Classical Music (monthly) 7-8 Modern Ears 8-10 Corporate Radio Promotion Hour | 8-10 KOREAN LIFE | |
| 9-11:30 AN ECLECTIC MESS | 9-10:30 Echo of the 80's 10:30-11:30 MutantRadio | 9-10 VOICE OF CHINA | |
| 11:30-12 DESTINIES: THE VOICE OF SCIENCE FICTION | 10-12 PSYCHADELICATESSEN | 10-12 THE SPORT SECTION | |

Fall 1998 Program Guide

WUSB 90.1 FM

WUSB 90.1 FM Top 30: September 7, 1998

(516)632-6500 music@wusb.org

1. Lisa Germano: Slide (4AD)
2. UNKLE: Psyence Fiction (London)
3. Hooverphonic: Blue Wonder...(Epic)
4. Swirlies: Strictly...(Taang)
5. Medeski, Martin and Wood: Combustication (Blue Note)
6. Liz Phair: Whitechocolatespaceegg (Capitol)
7. Shudder to Think: First Love, Last Rites (Sony)
8. Knapsack: This Conversation is Ending...(Alias)
9. The Adjusters: Before the Revolution (Moon Ska)
10. Peace, Love, and Pitbulls (The Music Cartel)
11. Love Spirals Downward: Flux (Projekt)
12. Stereophonic Space Sound: The Fluid Soundbox (Maitai)
13. Brian Setzer Orchestra: Dirty Boogie (Interscope)
14. Robert Pollard: Waved Out (Matador)
15. EC8OR: World Beaters (Digital Hardcore)
16. Mad Caddies: Duck and Cover (Fat Wreck Chords)
17. Snowpony: The Slow Motion World...(Radioactive)
18. The Mopes: Lowdown, Twobit Sidewinder (Lookout!)
19. Massive Attack: Mezzanine (Virgin)
20. Lucinda Williams: Car Wheels...(Mercury)
21. Kent: Isola (RCA)
22. Royal Crown Revue: The Contender (Warner Bros.)
23. Embrace: The Good Will Out (DGC)
24. PJ Harvey: A Perfect Day Elise (Island)
25. Graham Coxon: The Sky is Too High (Transcopic)
26. At The Drive-In: in/casino/out (Fearless)
27. Sianspheric: There's Always Someplace...(Sonic Unyon)
28. Amnesia: Lingus (Island)
29. Elliott Smith: XO (Dreamworks)
30. Mix Master Mike: Anti-theft Device (Asphodel)

Adds:

1. Howe Gelb
2. Untouchable Outcaste Beats
3. Splitsville
4. Jack Drag

Compiled by Danny Rivera



ARGON AND THE FLYING SAUCERS

WUSB's own Ed Ballard of SONIC DIVISION



WUSB 90.1 FM Top 30: September 7, 1998

(516)555-6500 music@wusb.lie

- 1-Smiths - Meat Is Murder
- 2-Sly and the Family Stone - There's a Riot Going On
- 3-Sonic Youth - Sister
- 4-Joy Division - Unknown Pleasures
- 5-Public Enemy - It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us People Back
- 6-Sleater-Kinney - Call the Doctor
- 7-Sunny Day Real Estate - Diary
- 8-Butthole Surfers - Locust Abortion Technician
- 9-Jesus and Mary Chain - Psychocandy
- 10-Fugazi - Margin Walker
- 11-Pussy Galore - Dial M For Motherfucker
- 12-The Jam - This Is the Modern World
- 13-Various Artists - No New York
- 14-REM - Murmur
- 15 Prince - Dirty Mind
- 16-Dead Milkmen - Big Lizard in My Backyard
- 17-PJ Harver - Rid Of Me
- 18-X - Los Angeles
- 19-Galaxy 500 - This Is Our Music
- 20-Pixies - Surfer Rosa
- 21-Fishbone - Truth or Soul
- 22-Various Artists - Soundtrack to the Film: The Harder They Come
- 23-Funkadelic - Free Your Mind... and Your Ass Will Follow
- 24-De La Soul - Three Feet High and Rising
- 25-Kraftwerk - Trans Europe Express
- 26-Big Black - Atomizer
- 27-Hole - Pretty On the Inside
- 28-Replacements - Tim
- 29-5,6,7,8's - Bomb the Twist 10"
- 30-Spaceman 3 - Revolution ep

Adds:

1. Dave Chow
2. F'n Ted
3. Roll Over Dear Lady
4. Hypnotic Ewalt

Compiled by D-Kline...because

Top Ten Things Overheard At The Meeting Between Police Commissioner Safir And Mayor Giuliani At The Security Planning Meeting For The Million Youth March

- 10) "Is that a new cologne, sir?"
- 9) "That Khallid gives me the red-ass!"
- 8) "Armored tanks? *Check*. Tear gas? *Check*. Red-neck cops in riot gear? *check*. Plungers? *Check*. Five-Million Doughnuts? *Check*."
- 7) *Bang to the boogie, said up jump the boogie to the rhy—"Shit! Shit! Turn it off! Somebody's coming!"*
- 6) "Mein Gott, you've sunken mein battleship!"
- 5) "Watch the teeth, Howie!"
- 4) "To the Racism-Mobile!"
- 3) "Does 'Black-Man' have one 'g' or two?"
- 2) "The Jews will love me now!"
- 1) "I'm serious about this Howie: There's no room for racism and intolerance in this city."

THE ANGRY SQUIRREL



Shimmy and
shake buba!



That DMX is one
sexy man, yes he is!



Lay off my nachos,
puppy dog!



And you can't drive
to boston Mento-
Head

IN "THEY PUT ME IN CHARGE?"

I BLAME THE PARENTS

By James Polichak

The big news this fashion season is that ridiculously overpriced status symbols aren't just for those who can waste their own money on them. According to The *New York Times* Styles section (Aug. 16), more and more of the ten-and-under crowd are stepping up to the mighty intellectual challenge of picking just the right little black dress to spill juice on at snack time. Calvin Klein or DKNY? Tracy Mitchell, pusher of Children's Business, told the *Times* that "the majority of little girls want to look grown-up and fashion conscious—it's a big trend."

Decades ago, American scientists determined that trends are unstoppable forces of nature that simply must be obeyed. Even trend-watchers seem to have been caught off-guard by little girls' new lust for designer clothing. They had to make up a new name for this group of consumers, "tweens," neither children nor teens. It's particularly amusing that the fashion industry feels justified giving a group of people (9.6 million of them or so) a label that reflects its own self-centered ignorance of that group's existence before the buying-frenzy began. Remember kid-dies: if you're not shopping, you're not real.

The "tweens" can't buy their own skirts from "high-style European children's lines like Naf Naf," so their parents must help them navigate this sea of shifting hemlines and neutral tones. Nine-year-old Romy Schreiber's favorite models are Kate Moss and Cindy Crawford, and her mother is oh-so-proud of all her daughter has learned about fashion: "I'm glad my girls respond to fashion." Myriam Schreiber told the *Times*, "I think that's a very ladylike thing to be into. Trends aren't something you should learn about all of a sudden when you're in college." It's just too bad for Romy and Myriam and all the others that more elementary schools in this country don't teach fashion trends. Is this yet another area where the US educational system lags behind Europe's and Japan's? Perhaps high schools can start up some Advanced Placement fashion classes so that people like Romy can jump right into advanced trendiness when they get to college, instead of suffering through the intro courses with those who spend too much time in grade school learning math.

In the same country, but a different world, 10-year-old Emily Rosa published a study in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Rosa tested claims by 21 practitioners of therapeutic touch, and found them severely lacking (to put it mildly). Therapeutic touchers claim that a "human energy field" exists and that they can detect sickness-causing imbalances in this energy field (they feel like "hot and cold spots") and put them back in balance, restoring the touched to health. One's first inclination might be to say, "whatever, religious nuts have been making these claims since before Lazarus." However, TT was founded and heavily promoted by Dr. Dolores Kreiger, professor of nursing at NYU. Krieger says she has trained 47,000 touchers. It is taught in nursing schools and colleges in 70 countries and has been the subject of hundreds of papers and doctoral dissertations.

Emily Rosa, for her fourth-grade science fair experiment, showed that at least 21 touchers are full of shit. In Rosa's experiment, the 21 touchers were first allowed to feel around for Rosa's energy field. They then selected one of her hands

for the test. During the test, each toucher placed their hands through an opaque screen. Rosa flipped a coin before each trial to determine if she would position her hand slightly above the toucher's right or left hand. The toucher then had to say which hand Rosa's hand was above. Presuming that the touchers could detect the ill-defined human energy field, they should have had no problem saying where Rosa's hand was. Of course, they did no better than chance, and this failure has been followed by the predictable squawking from the touchers that the test was unfair. Of course, they all agreed that it was fair before they took it, and Rosa is just about the only unbeliever that the touchers have ever let test them (even though the James Randi Educational Foundation has a standing offer of a million dollars to anyone who can pass a test like Emily Rosa's experiment).

Like Romy, Emily Rosa was encouraged by her mother to pursue her interests. Linda Rosa, a nurse, had also studied TT, and helped her daughter conduct her research. But, much like the mothers who let their "tweens"

pick which ever shoes-expensive-enough-to-feed-a-Somali-family-for-a-year she wants, Linda Rosa did not design or conduct the experiment. That was due to Emily's idea and effort.

That a little girl like Emily Rosa can design a simple, inexpensive, and *definitive* test dismissing what thousands and thousands of her elders have wasted their time, health, and millions of dollars fooling themselves into believing makes me quite happy. But Emily Rosa is more like a visitor from Bizarro world than she is like her fashion-hounding peers. We are flooded with thousands and thousands of future Posh Spices, but apparently far, far fewer future Barbara McClintocks. (Think about how much more you know about Posh than Barbara.)

What both Emily and Romy have in common is the ability to make adults look like idiots. Emily's seeming innocence allowed her to infiltrate the world of TT to show that it's delusional. Romy's precocious trendiness (hopefully) makes it clearer that that the world of fashion is insipid, shallow, and wasteful. If we're offended that a mother allows her hipless daughter to spend \$500 on a dress she'll soon cast off when Buffy the Vampire Slayer isn't cool any more, why aren't we offended when the mother does the same? Do we really think Myriam Schreiber and people like her are making what we'd want to call rational choices?

Adults in general, and parents in particular, have a tremendous impact upon the beliefs and actions of children. If we teach them trendiness, they'll grow up idiots, and if we teach them critical reasoning and experimental methodologies, they'll grow up and show us that we're idiots. We should appreciate the all-too-few challenges to our beliefs that come from our children because they can show us when we're wrong and how to change things for the better.

But we live in a country where children regularly score abysmally on tests of math and science compared to their peers in other industrial-

ized nations, and to what educators believe they should know. The differences in test scores grows and grows as U.S. children get older, suggesting, just perhaps, that the focus on trendiness of older Americans might have a negative impact on their intellectual skills. Maybe learning trends should wait 'til college, after all.

Those readers interested in learning about a more effective way of educating and socializing young children should check out a book called *Japanese Lessons*, by Gail Benjamin. Unlike the common American belief that individuals are predisposed to be math-people or art-people or whatever, the Japanese educational system starts with the premise that virtually all people can learn the basics to function as an adult. These basics are far more extensive than an American would expect, and include the ability to make maps, draw competently, play and read music, read aloud in a pleasant voice, engage in lengthy activities with minimal adult supervision, and still learn enough science that, by age 14, half of the Japanese students score better than 85% of American students. Japanese adults, and mothers in particular, treat education as the most important thing in a child's life. Going to school is viewed as a child's job, and is treated with much the same seriousness as adult jobs.

What tends to be forgotten in the comparisons of U.S. students with others worldwide is that American adults are just as ignorant, if not more so. We're products of the same educational system and products of our parents' beliefs. The best way to overcome this ignorance, for our own benefit and that of our children, is to learn more about how other people do things, and to take seriously challenges to our beliefs that come from outsiders. Therapeutic touchers have spent decades playing reindeer games amongst themselves, and never even bothered to conduct the simplest tests of their beliefs. (In her acceptance speech for her Skeptic of the Year award, Emily Rosa compared the touchers' beliefs to seeing a Barbie toy on TV, and then bringing it home. At home, it's not nearly as much fun as the commercial made it out to be, but you've already invested your energy, so it's "let's pretend time." This is a fairly accurate description of cognitive dissonance, a common mental phenomenon that too few people believe can happen to them.) Myriam Schreiber, jewelry designer, is passing on her fashion sense, but is doing nothing to teach her child about the world outside of fashion.

Maybe Emily Rosa can become a role model for Romy and the other trendy tweens, since her mother isn't. And perhaps Linda Rosa and the Japanese can teach American adults something about their child-rearing and educational systems. Or we can all just hop in our deadly SUVs and drive to the mall, stuff ourselves on cinnabons, try to squeeze ourselves like sausages into some Nicole Miller spandex, and see *Titanic* for the fourth time.

Japanese Lessons, by Gail Benjamin, can be found in the library, LA 1314.7.B46. For more about Emily Rosa and Therapeutic Touch, see *Skeptic* vol. 5(2) and 6(1).



Gap Kids are running wild

...Even trend-watchers seem to have been caught off-guard by little girls' new lust for designer clothing.

Political News This Summer:

Is there anything else out there?

By DH Campbell

Ah, what a summer it has been for those of us fascinated by politics and political life in Washington. It seemed that no matter how hard we tried to take a break from political pundits this summer, they appear in every paper, magazine, and TV show, spewing their words of wisdom and their political predictions (as well they should, for this is by far one of the best times to be interested in politics!). This summer alone, you had the bombing of third world terrorists, House Majority leaders claiming that homosexuals are mentally ill, and Russia's economy dissolving by the second.

Let us first talk about the most engaging political issue of the summer, The Monica Lewinsky Case. Interesting stuff, huh folks? For those of you that have been living either in an Amish community, or on another planet, the story is this: apparently our president has been getting it on with a former White House Intern. She apparently was told to lie about the affair in a civil suit, and also took it upon herself to preserve a little something special from the president himself for future generations (the dress people, the dress!).

Now, if you are hearing about this story for

the first time, you may be thinking "what is the big deal?" Well, that seems to be the big question that everyone interested in politics is trying to answer. In reality, having an affair with a person isn't enough of a crime to bring a sitting president to impeachment.

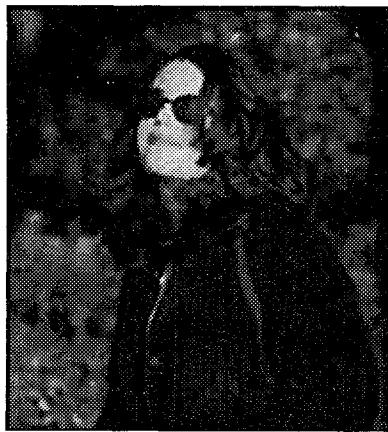
What then is the real political story behind this whole sex scandal? Well my friends, I am here to tell you that there is no political story behind this scandal. The only thing that keeps this story going is the need for publishers to sell their paper's, TV show's to get the highest ratings and magazine's to boost their subscriptions. And we ourselves are to blame, because we are the ones who buy and watch every product that this scandal has produced.

In every poll that has been taken since Clinton confessed to having an "inappropriate relationship" with Monica Lewinsky, most people don't seem to care about his actions, yet the story grows bigger every day. And our standards for broadcasting accuracy and decency have declined astronomically. It seems now, that TV news programs can boast of exclusive stories telling us the possible secret messages behind that tie that Clinton wore, and this is enough to make us all stop what we are doing to get the latest piece of the scandal. Networks whose censors won't allow the use of the words "vagina" or "clitoris" during prime time (if at all) are now allowing anyone watching the evening news to hear titillating stories of sexual liaisons in the White House or about an alleged "semen stained dress" that Ms.

Lewinsky saved. Is there no limit to what these networks will put on the air?

I, too, am guilty of partaking in the scandal watching. I read *The New York Times* every day to see what the next bit of scandal was going to be. I watch those TV shows featuring countless political pundits giving their mock advice to the Clinton White House. And I also laugh at the jokes that are being made about the whole issue. But, like so many people out there, I too am growing tired of the whole story. My own personal feeling is that it is nobody's business what one does behind closed doors, and that if Hillary doesn't mind neither do I. But I am sure that there are people who will read that sentence and say that there is so much more to his actions than just sex and perhaps in reality that is true. But on the other hand I don't look to public officials for my morals, I really don't care what the Bible says on this issue, and I think that our society was going to hell in a handbasket before this all happened anyway. So I ask again: what is the big deal?

Have you noticed that I have yet to get to any of the other major stories that I mentioned at the beginning of my piece? Well, that was my intention, because these stories although significantly more important in the long term scale, have gone largely unnoticed and underreported. So I follow in the course of my fellow pundits and journalists and report only what our society wants to hear about: sex, stained dresses, young women, and lustful presidents. I guess all the rest will have to wait until it involves something a little nastier, if you know what I mean. And that, my friends, is the big deal!



Why Bill Why?

The Lunatic's Ravings

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

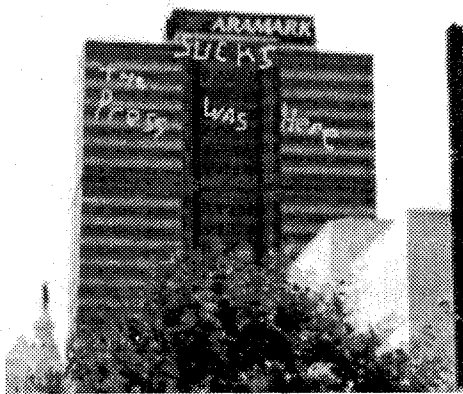
By The Lunatic

Well welcome back everyone, have you eaten lately? Does the food taste any better? As you all know by now we are no longer being served food by Aramark (vomit). FSA has put a new contractor in place to shovel the slop that they refer to as food onto our plates. I have already sampled Chartwells and I can say I am not impressed. Anyway, this is not the point of our story.

Our story is of my pilgrimage to pay final respects to the food service which introduced us to the (dis)advantage meal plan. That's right people I traveled to Philadelphia, City of brotherly love, birthplace of the cheesesteak, our country and HQ of Aramark. My purpose, to do something appropriate to repay Aramark for all they did for us.

In all fairness Aramark wasn't all bad. I remember when they first came to campus (it was my first year), the food was actually decent. In those days Humanities Café was the best place in the academic buildings to eat and the Psyc-a-deli still existed. I remember I was surprised on how good food was for campus venue anyway. So the prices were outrageously high compared to the outside world, the quality was about on par. The quality started dropping after the first year or soon after (at least in my humble opinion). I think they got too comfortable, the honeymoon was over, time to let the facade fall and the real company shine through. We all remember

what that lead to. Student requests not being met, the opening and closing of a 24 hour facility, and of course the infamous Advantage meal plan (which FSA also should share the blame for, but we are stuck with them). Okay, so now that I gave Aramark a fair shake let the story continue.



excessive, it would take out too many innocent peons and not enough management. I doubted I could organize a demonstration, besides that only USB student there was me and even if I promised free pizza, and supplied transportation I would only get 2 or 3 students from this apathetic university. Besides that none of that wasn't interesting enough, I was looking for something appropriate.

So I went about a block or 2 from the liberty bell and stared at the Aramark building on the Philly Skyline. Then I realized that the building was

not lit at night. So I launched my plan. I stopped in at the local sports store and purchased repelling gear and a grappling hook...then went to the local hardware store for 20 cans of yellow spray paint.

I waited to nightfall and went into action. I launched my hook to the top of the building and quickly climbed to the roof. I set up my repelling gear and put the spray paint cans in pouches and left my mark on Aramark. I think from the picture I took of my handiwork you will agree that the payback was appropriate. So with my mission complete I headed home to write up this little story.

Okay, so I didn't really spray paint the building, it was more like some creative work with a graphic editor. I also didn't travel all the way to Philly just to get some revenge on Aramark. I have better things to do with my life than waste time with petty revenge. But since I was in Philly I thought this would make a pretty funny back to school prank for you guys. I actually did release some of my aggressions on Aramark, I committed the simple act of spitting on the building. Just a little example of my disgust for this company.

So now that being said let's see what new complaints come with Chartwells. I am sure none of us will be overjoyed with the new service. For no other reason that the simple fact that you can't please everyone, especially not college students. But what do I know, for these are just the Ravings of The Lunatic.

We Come in Peace

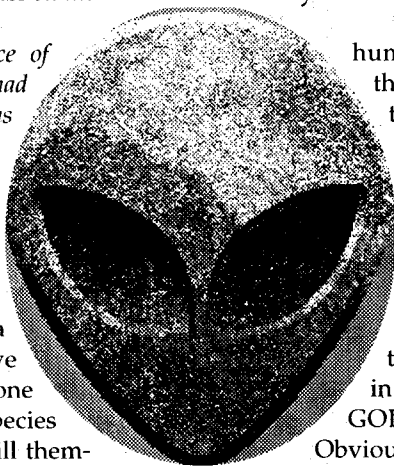
By John A Logiudice

One day while leaving the S.B.S. building, I found a bunch of papers that someone obviously dropped. In a fit of curiosity (or nosiness), I started to read. I could not believe my eyes. I saw in bold letters: "To the Anthropological Institute of the Planet Zatrox from Earth Observer Number Forty-seven, Notes on the species *Homo sapiens*."

Either I had stumbled on evidence of extra-terrestrial life observing humanity, or I had stumbled on the writings of a person who was inhaling the air behind Roth cafeteria.

Earth: an imperfect sphere in the Sol system, in the western spiral arm of the Milky Way Galaxy. Climate is fairly temperate (no ammonia storms or plagues of space toads like on our planet). The dominant "intelligent" species is a bipedal balding primate. Very primitive and unusual apes, *Homo sapiens* are also one of the most belligerent and materialistic species in the universe. They seem doomed to kill themselves off (probably when their convenience stores run out of Cheeze-whiz).

Homo sapiens are indeed unusual. They are one of the most biologically undiverse species in the galaxy, yet their superficial differences are usually the cause of all of their troubles. Every major conflict on this planet comes down to the subtle differences in what the natives erroneously refer to as "race." More unusually, these tribal conflicts come down to battles over the strange deities that these beings worship. This species is highly tribal and xenophobic. It puts its trust in slips of green and gray paper with pictures of dead leaders on the gray side, and odd one eyed triangular rock creatures that I refer to as "Pyramid Monsters" on the green side. Asking a few of the natives what



the "Pyramid Monster" was proved most difficult. Most of the local inhabitants said they no idea what it was and desperately tried to take the green and gray paper away from me. Were they trying to protect me from something? I believe that the "Pyramid Monster" is some kind of deity. There is also a rather flat bird carrying branches next to the "Pyramid Monster."

I assume that the humans believe that when they sleep these birds bring the slips of paper to them as a gift, from the most holy "Pyramid Monster," for their deep devotion to the slips of paper. Human religious practices are very strange indeed. I have interpreted the script on the paper, and in large letters it says, "IN GOD WE TRUST" on it.

Obviously then the slips of paper are taken to be gifts of the odd one-eyed rock god that should be coveted and taken from one another at any cost, even death. The earth creatures do all sorts of things for these green and gray sacred papers. They threaten each other with violence for them. They trade sexual favors for them (a very strange trait of *Homo sapiens* is the pleasure they gather from stimulating their reproductive organs). They even do productive things for them.

In an odd and uncharacteristic act, they even try to help those with less green and gray "Pyramid Monster" papers by giving them some of their own (note that they also gain paper with a custom called a "tax write off" by doing this). Life is dominated by these pressed pieces of dead plant remains. Sexual unions are often dissolved because

of the inability of one to earn enough of these sacred papers, or the inability to save them. Performers of unusual acts, like throwing or slamming an orange ball through a metal hoop (obviously a metaphor for sexual prowess) receive a massive amount of these pieces of paper. I observed, on the human information network, that one very tall male of the species refused to slam the ball through the metal rim because his superiors refused to give him the amount of the sacred green and gray paper he wanted. He must have been a deeply religious man indeed.

The amount one obtains of these papers is how one is measured in this backwards society. The male humans of this planet with the most paper rule all the other humans and try to dominate, without much success, the other animals of earth. To the bipedal primates these green and gray slips of paper do not only represent the Pyramid monster, they are gods themselves. These portable gods can be obtained in portable religious mechanisms called ATMs, which I believe to be an abbreviation for "Altars-To-Money." It is strange that such a primitive culture could use mechanical mediums in their religious practices, like the beings of Keflab 12 who believe that eight-track tape machines died for their sins.

I hope that this report is to your satisfaction and I hope that it will encourage you to continue to support my thesis research on the humans. I will do more research on these vain, primitive, and odd creatures. For my next report, I believe I will focus on Bowling, a rather unusual sexual ritual involving the wearing of multicolored shoes and the knocking down of phallic symbols with large testicle shaped rocks.

Auto-Eroticism and the Major Scale

By Christa D Weber

I found myself the other day, and I was a music major. Not only that, but I was a music major at a college where the Music Department was so isolated that a person couldn't graduate in four years, or even in five. Very much like the prophets of old, I now feel an obligation to warn the young minds coming into college for the very first time about the dangers of the music major—dangers I know all too well, since I was one.

Maybe I should have called this "So, you want to become a music major," or "Everything you ever wanted to know about the music major, but were afraid to ask." I didn't because I wanted my title to reflect the life of a music major, and it does. As a music major, you become unpopular, and quickly too. When you have nothing but chords, harmonies, analyses, and notes shoved down your throat every day for weeks, you lose the ability to discuss anything else. Even now I have to force myself to join conversations where the word augmented won't come up at least once.

So, if you like dating, and friends in general, I wouldn't suggest this major. You will begin to look upon all non-music majors with contempt, even disgust. "How could they not know what I know? Ugh!"

Now, let's look at the career options waiting for you when you leave an institution of higher learning. Besides that, you won't have much of a life what with the tons of practice that you will have to

do each and every day, remember, you are now being graded on how well you play that thing. You want to be the next Celine Dion? Forget that right now. Picture this: Seventy or eighty unruly kids in an auditorium, all holding instruments which do play very loudly, and only you to control all of them. Welcome to the life of a public school music teacher. So, unless you want to pump gas, or be a gopher for some bigwig executive at Sony, prepare yourself, or get out while you still can.

"But I want to be a performer," you whine. Dream on. Maybe you are the next Mozart, or even the next Prodigy, but the likelihood of you getting discovered here in New York, where every asshole who can make a chord is a "musician," is a million-to-one. Even then, more likely than not, you aren't the next anybody besides "Joe Nameless, High school Band Teacher."

Do you really have the courage to get up in front of a room full of people and sing for a grade? Singing (or playing) under the scrutinizing eyes of some old, half-dead and completely tone-deaf professor, or in front of your malevolent classmates who would just as soon shoot you in the head if that meant getting the lead role in "insert musical here," isn't exactly the most satisfying of lifestyles imaginable.

Or how about the motivation to get up in front of a drunken crowd at some dank bar, for no money, just in case that guy in the tweed over there is looking for new talent? It's a tough life.

Listen to a good CD with some friends after two semesters of being a music major and try

and keep yourself from unintentionally analyzing every note, chord and progression. When you are taught to think about every tiny sound coming out of an instrument, it makes it hard to just "tune in, turn on, and drop out." Or maybe you want to write songs. I wouldn't suggest any sort of pop music: you won't be able to write five measures without it reverting back to some Bach Chorale, fugue, or counterpoint kind of thing.

The most sad thing about the people who choose a music major is that they have to give up all their friends. Hell, they won't be able to talk to anyone ever again who hasn't had as much music theory as they have had. Example:

Casual Observer: "Nice song."

Music Major: "Yeah, I wrote a song once with a fifth progression, right after the modulation, just like that one, and I wanted to put some kind of supporting melody under the ÖÖ."

Casual Observer: "Um, read any good books lately?!"

Music Major: "Huh?"

But please, if you only learn one thing in college, let it be this: don't be a music major. It's like choosing life over death; it's so simple. It is never too late. I got out, and so can you. I finally realized my true purpose in life is to make less money than a musician.

So, I'm becoming a writer.

Cookin' With Mocha

By Ed Ballard

Once again, hailing from Southside D.C., Mocha is back. Today, as always, he will service the youngsters at Stony Brook (read that any way you want to), with a smile and the joy in his heart that comes from knowing that he has said the right thing and steered young people in the right direction (snicker).

Dear Mocha,

I'm a vanilla-flavored lady who, in her short pitiful existence, has only sampled the wares of vanilla-flavored gentlemen. Lately, however I have found myself faced with a deep hankering to sample the wares of a MOCHA-flavored gentleman! Sadly, though, I have no gentleman-gettin' techniques and when faced with the prospect of having to snag a Mocha gentleman such as yourself...I am completely flabbergasted. How do I go about attracting some chocolate for myself? Are there any Mocha gentlemen that you can recommend? Oh yeah, I like to be on top. Please help.

Yours truly, Whitey

Dear Whitey,

You pose some rather serious questions. Interracial dating and the woman-on-top issues are often sidestepped by society at large. Without getting into a major political debate let me just say this: 555-8533 at 525 North Main St. Come alone, come with a toothbrush, come quickly (also read that any way you'd like).

Dear Mocha,

I like ass and I think ass likes me. The problem

is that I just can't seem to locate and hold onto any given piece of ass for a length of time that is more than merely marginal. What is my problem? Any help you could offer would certainly be enough. Thank you. Mochadude,

Liker o' ass.

Dear Liker of ass,

It seems rather obvious from my letters today that white people all over the nation (as Whitey and the Ass-liker are from Des Moines and Minot respectively), are having trouble with love. Try to walk a little looser and get some collagen injections maybe then you wouldn't look like hairless monkeys...Yeah that's what I said! And don't think I didn't see your pale asses followin' me around in the store yesterday!!! I don't need that shit!! And another thing I'm sorry; where did all of that come from!?! Probably from the 400 YEARS OF OPPRESSION THAT WE SUFFERED UNDER THE CRUEL SADISTIC REIGN OF THE WHL...There I go again sorry about that; it won't happen again. Anyway, I know how to help you with your problem. I have a friend named Esteban, he owns Esteban's Fine House of Burros and Soft Cheese. I'm sure you can find some ass that is to your liking there, you white devil you (you know what goes here).

Dear Mocha,

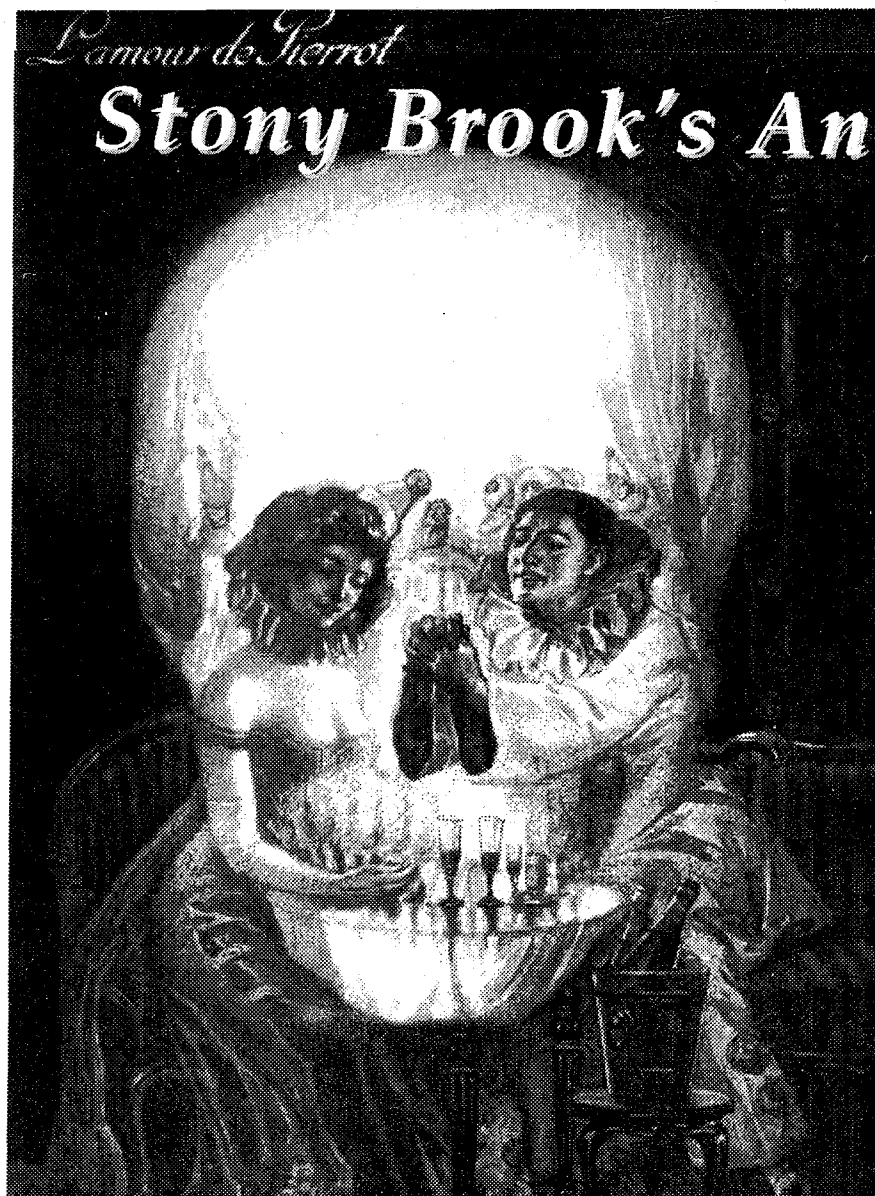
I am in a quandary about the behavior of my roommate. More specifically, her sleeping habits. When she and I bed down for the night (no not together...shame on you), every thing starts out just fine. But when stage four has come and gone the

schmazer [sic] makes her appearance. Actually this is something of a misrepresentation sometimes she sounds like some kind of Pit Bull/Border Collie mix... or it could be Shits!!/Chihuahua...at any rate her nocturnal emissions (no not those kind) are keeping me awake and driving me absapolutley insane in my membrain er...brain (see what I mean?)

Help me out yo, SleepyDoggy Dagg

A. Dear Sleepy (no, not the timeless character from Strike Force Echo),

It seems rather obvious to me that your puppy-pinchin', poddle pumpin' associate is simply missing the creature (ha) comforts at home. Not to insinuate that your roomy is a dog. I mean it is certainly not like she's telling you which well Timmy is in, or "ro ra raggy," or even making inane, unfunny comments about her supper dish (someone should really put Charles Shultz out of his misery...and that Kudzu guy too). It seems to me that she ain't gettin' busy with Rover or Rex any more, and living on campus has just (I'm sorry but Bob Hope should be dead by now too) inflamed her longing for her little pound puppy. Send her on a date (I forgot about Jim Davis before, I think he has out-served his usefulness), maybe to the Park Bench or something, I'm sure there are several frat boys there who would be more than happy to help her reminisce. If all else fails (and hey! Who thinks Rodney Dangerfield is worth the extra oxygen?), refer to the number and address of the errr...aforementioned specialist.



Stony Brook's Anthropology Society

invites you to an afternoon of free dining Wednesdays during Campus Lifetime in the undergraduate lounge on the 5th floor of the Social and Behavioral Sciences Building. Non majors and non minors welcome.

Ostrich:Sand::Stony Brook:Ass

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

Well, it's been a long summer behind us, and looks to be an even longer school year ahead. Since my first steps on this campus I have sought newer and better ways to improve my social situation, maximize my fun, and effectively organize my time so as to better my miserable grades without destroying my precious freedom. I have come up with a few theories to present mainly to the incoming freshman but equally applicable to any new students.

Just a few helpful hints on how to get along in this magical dream world we call college.

Step 1: Get a life. Man is not an island, a point that has been noted time and again, but to no avail. Still many foolhardy souls believe they can get through school by immersing themselves solely in their studies and ignoring the vast social structure of the world around them. To facilitate your life getting you may wish to find yourself a group of compatriots. I suggest joining an organization, or club. This campus is rich with student groups, ranging from the religious (Hillel), and political (NYPIRG), to the inane (Polity), and bizarre (Science Fiction Forum). One of these groups should cater to your tastes. If not, then, get involved in your major in an extra-curricular way: almost all of the majors offered here have student groups associated with them (such as the Anthropology Society, or Psi-Chi). If you can't find a group you like, you're pretty much shit out

of luck. Your last option is to sit on a bench or stoop on campus and do something weird in the hopes that someone will sit down next to you and participate in whatever bizarre ritual you have concocted.

Step 2: Get your shit together. It's now the first week of class and not too late to drop those stupid USB 101 courses and the like so you can get into some real classes. Now, I might sound a little dorky, but there are quite a few really enjoyable classes in this otherwise dismal institution. First off: don't fool yourself into thinking you should be a general studies major. HELL NO! Pick a direction. Even if it's the wrong one, you're still doing something. Most students change their major NINE times before senior year, so don't expect to be any different. Get into a program that at least vaguely interests you, and once you're there ask around to find the most enjoyable classes. No matter what you do you're no worse off than any of your fellow newcomers

Step 3: Prioritize. If all has gone well you have found some group of humans to call friends and have successfully organized your classes and work. Now you must learn the fine line between the two. Effectively balancing your work and play time is the single most important thing that a college student should do. Committing your time solely to your peers and social life is nothing but a waste of five grand a semester and, come on, supposedly you're here to learn, right? Likewise, focusing only on your studies will

quickly transform you into one of two stereotypes: "The slack-jawed hypernerd," or "The over stressed clock-tower assassin." One must walk the fine line between wasting one's money and wasting one's life. Try going to class! Schedule your classes with some hour-long breaks between them. That will give you a little time to study, but not enough time to slack off. Don't leave your work for the night, by then you've most likely met up with your buddies and are more likely to blow off your assignments.

Final Step: OK—now you've found some sick little group which you can rally around you against the world. Also, you've embraced your studies conservatively, and intelligently. In addition, in a move that places you head and shoulders above all the other miserable students here at Stony Brook, you've managed to effectively balance out your everyday life. You're quite the impressive package if I may say so myself. There is but one more lesson you must learn, grasshopper, only then may you leave our proverbial temple: Don't sabotage yourself. You've got it good now, so unless absolutely necessary don't drastically alter it. Stop stressing over the slightest thing, meant for people in the real world (and newspaper editors)—not here. Just take it one day at a time, and all the pieces should fall into place.

BORED? NOTHING TO DO?

By Frank Pedicini

For most teenagers these days, the thought of finally getting out of high school can be very exciting. There's less schoolwork to do, and more time to do whatever they want. Some even take this too far and tend to slack off in school, especially during those last few weeks before graduation. Before they know it, the senior prom and other graduation ceremonies come their way and, soon enough, they're high school graduates off to college.

The summer before a teen leaves for college can be one of the best summers of his or her lives (if they played their cards right). Some have to get small minimum wage jobs or help out around the house, but the money they make from their jobs definitely comes in handy and, for most teens, getting a summer job sure beats sitting in the heat all day with nothing to do. But it's those summer nights that make the memories for these pre-college teens. Many of them won't be seeing even their best friends for a while once college starts so, usually, they want to hang out as much as possible.

No matter how much a teen wants to get the hell out of the town they live in to go off to college, the majority really do like where they are. They're used to their town and their surroundings and know where they like to hang out with their friends. Some prefer just hanging out in someone's house, or going to parties, and some like the simplicity of hanging out in the mall or going to the movies. Others are into clubs or coffeehouses, and even hanging out at the local 7-11 or going to a concert or show. Long Island especially is known for these teen-orientated activities, and being able to meet some friends and drive around at night is

probably one of the things teens will miss once they go to college.

Teens become very accustomed to the environment they grew up in. They have their favorite stores and restaurants, and they'll miss the things they could get away with at home which they know won't be tolerated at a college.

Again, quicker than they think, the summer ends and it's time to say 'see ya later' to friends, family, and home. Even though this can be depressing, lots of teens see the added freedoms of college life as a time to have even more fun for one simple reason: no parents (which means no curfew and much less control).

Many teens planned ahead, and are going to colleges where their friends are going, or are going to places where they know they'll have a good time. Sadly, the majority of teens go to colleges where they don't know anyone, and this means they have to start all over.

This seems like a hard thing to do and is usually a nerve-racking experience, but many start to slowly gather up new groups of buddies to continue where they left off in high school. Now plenty of colleges and universities have thought about what I'm saying and have a broad range of activities for their students not only during the day, but also during the night. Some colleges are surrounded by towns where there are loads of things to do, and others depend on their college for an active nightlife with friends. But not here at Stony Brook.

TIME magazine recently did a survey on college campus life and found SUNY Stony Brook one of the most boring universities in New York. I'm not saying that there's absolutely nothing to do here at night, but going shopping at all

of those stores in town isn't really a popular thing to do among students here. Some prefer to hang out in their rooms and do the usual listening to music, talking on the phone, watching TV, or just hanging out with the other people on their floor, but this can get old really fast. There are lots of things to do for the seniors among us (alcohol) and that may make everyone else feel left out. A student here can go to a party at the SB Union or a residence hall, play a game of pool in their dorm lounge or even talk a walk over to 7-11. But that's about it.

Some friends of mine just started at SUNY Oneonta and they already love it. One friend told me, "There's so much to do here! Every night there's something going on around campus and the town of Oneonta is the best! There's a different thing to do every night and you meet so many new people that share your interests. There's like a hundred places to hang out in!" Few could say the same about this school when I asked around. I overheard a conversation between two girls the other day on while walking to a class: One girl asked, "So what are we doing this weekend?" Her friend quickly replied, "Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

Teenagers are used to hanging out with their friends at their favorite hang out spots back home, and long for the same at college. When they don't have anything fun to do, most teens will turn to illegal drugs and alcohol to pass those long, boring nights. In a school as large and diverse as this one, there should be a place where we can all get together and just hang out.

WHETTING ONE'S WHISTLE: THOSE HAZY CRAZY LOCAL BARS

By Lisa Aviles

If going out locally at Stony Brook gives you the willies, here are some rather informative reviews which may at least prepare you for where your restless and beer-thirsty dorm mates are likely to drag you.

My journey begins at 12:00 a.m., Thursday night at the one and only,

First stop: *The Park Bench*: (1095 Rte. 25A Stony Brook 751-9734) Tap: Beck's, Molson Ice, Fosters, Saranac/Black and Tan, Bass, Guinness.

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here": the *Park Bench* is a Stony-Brook icon in its own right. I'm told by the bartender that several years ago the clientele was comprised of professors, nurses/medical professionals, students, and other community members.

Well, some things change. Curious to see why exactly so many people come here, I took a dependable yet morally reluctant friend with me to this place called *Park Bench*. Thursday night had a \$5.00 cover (21+), presumably for the Top 40s cover band there. To keep things as painless as possible, here is a list of what I saw:

1. A poorly lit stage with a cover band singin' all those all-too-wearisome Top 40s hits.
2. Uniformly preppie, yet neatly dressed young males in their 20s.
3. Not preppie and not neatly dressed giggly young females in their 20s.
4. One shot girl (shirt actually more than half-way open).
5. Two bartenders, female, with matching shirts tied in knots, MaryAnn-from-Gilligan's-Island-style.
6. A total of 15 TVs, each and EVERY one tuned to ESPN.
7. A pool room, with no one playing pool; and Golf arcade games.
8. A jukebox, with Top 40 music of not yesterday, or the day before that.
9. Innumerable sets of leering eyes.

'Come and get it!' is the overwhelming maxim at the *Park Bench*. I think the reason one finds males dressed neatly here is so that these clone-like, scantily clad females get that illusion of quality when they hopefully and randomly get picked up. The most striking phenomenon of the *Park Bench*, however, is that the grotesque reek of the place, (which has earned this establishment the unfortunate nickname, 'Park [or 'Dark'] Stench') manages to escape everyone's noses. Perhaps this disregard has something to do with those late night cravings. The atmosphere here is sweat and slime only. How these people wake up in the morning and face themselves I do not know.

Second stop: *Country Corner*: (180 Rte. 25A E. Setauket 751-8900) Tap: Bud, Beck, Bass, Warsteiner, Guinness, Pilsner, Sierra Nevada Pale Ale. No cover. With boothed tables, a decent jukebox, a chess set, 35 varieties of bottled beers and a friendly bartender, one can easily see why this place is called *Country Corner*. The little curtains in the windows give this place a comfy, mellow feel. Here, one finds small groups of people at the boothed tables carrying on happily instead of maniacally. Friday night happy hour (4:30- 7) pm boasts some allegedly excellent (and free) buffalo wings. An otherwise usual bar menu is available all night. Monday night football with a quarter-a-piece wings special. Possible chess tournaments soon. Not too far away, this is a mellow escape route from the *Park Bench* for the people fortunate enough to either drive or catch a ride with someone who does.

Third stop: *The Village Pub*: (1509 Main St. Port Jeff. 331-4800) Tap: Bass, Guinness, Miller, Red Dog, Lite Ice, Miller Genuine Draft. Over 90 varieties of beer. Bar menu until 2 a.m. Pool/darts. Ladies night Wednesdays. A \$5.00 cover Wednesday-Saturday 18+ live music nights on Thursdays. Nighthoppers looking to hear some live music that's less imitation and more innovation can stop here. testament to *The Village Pub's* musical endeavors include the Waterstreet Blues band (in my

opinion, well worth checking out). Additionally, local, embryonic talent has performed in the past at *The Village Pub* such as indie rock band My Favorite. Variety of live music seven nights a week, Fridays WRCN night. Chairs/small tables for those near the music stage. Boothed tables for those eating/drinking away from the bar. We found a not-so-bad cover band there playing alterni/rock covers to a slightly more eclectic, music appreciative crowd. The renovations/expansion set for next May expect to include possible outdoor deck and pizzeria. Details at their website: www.thevillagepub.com.

Fourth and last stop: *Tara Inn*: (1519 Main St. Port Jeff. 473-9602). Basically a hop, skip, and jump away from *The Village Pub*. Tap: Beck, Rolling Rock, Bass, Guinness, Harp, Miller Lite. No cover. Happy Hour Monday-Friday 4- 8 p.m., Saturday 4-7 p.m., Sunday 4- 8 p.m. The *Tara Inn* is the place for happy hour. With excellent \$1.00 hamburgers and a surprisingly extensive food menu (daily lunch specials too) until 3 a.m., this place is for those who really want to eat and drink. Pool table/amusing basketball freethrow game/jukebox. At 1 a.m. we came scurrying in to find a place less noisy than the others but quite lively. Conversation possible. I couldn't have been happier eating a great \$1.00 hamburger and throwing down a vodka and cranberry at 1 a.m. while watching sumo wrestling on their TV than I was. And bartender Kenny and bouncer Kevin, who were friendly and jovial, made me feel welcome. The crowd (in their 20s and mostly preppie) was, however, disappointingly undifferentiated. For such a hangable place, it would have been nice to see a crowd more diversified in age/race/etc. The people there enjoy themselves without being rowdy and obnoxious. With a very edible menu available every day until 3 a.m., *Tara Inn* is a hangout for groups (21+) of people who are hungry for good food, drink, and atmosphere.

THE PRICE YOU PAY FOR A CRAPPY FROZEN YOGURT

By April Nicole Glass

It is the second official day of college and a frozen yogurt craving has come upon your semi-starved body. With several minutes to spare, you pause and realize the cafeteria in the SAC is right down the hall, and, with no change in your pockets, you're shocked to recall that, hey, you can use your ID! Free food! Rushing past the highly congested crowd of people who are so stupid that they didn't bring their own posters from home and have to buy them in a mad rush in the lobby, you spy the cafeteria. You go girl! If nothing else is for certain, you know where that Columbo machine is.

Ugh! Two of the handles are broken, so the only flavor left is raspberry, which you think will most likely resemble the taste of Pepto-Bismol, of which you had to swallow half a bottle last night to calm your cramping uterus walls. (Of course your period just had to come your first day on campus!) Even so, you only have half an hour to meet up with your friends and, judging by the time it took you to find your way here in the first place, you are not about to go looking for some place else to plunder a snack. You grab an oversized cup (with 60 calories for every few ounces, it will probably add up to a mere 10,000 or so) and

overload it with salmon colored scarlet ooze. With a few handfuls of rainbow sprinkles, you head over to the cash register and, voila, one sweep of your ID, and you're home free!

Now that you have your cup in hand, you grab a spoon, put on your \$250 Versace shades (a great match to go with your K-Mart tank and flip-flops) and head for the exit feeling pretty damn cool. You swear that the jock on your right is checking you out, so you stick out your chest and flaunt it. You open the door, and your ears are bombarded with sickening wave after wave of noise, an alarm to waken the dead from the ancient Indian burial site beneath the building. You look up and see that due to your haughtily covered pupils, you failed to notice the words, 'Emergency Exit.' Laughter fills the room and you can feel the open smirks on their swollen heads without even looking. Panic. Embarrassment. Just another YM-Say-Anything casualty in the Stony Brook cafeteria. Exit by another door, never to come back for two days.



Is this a real life scenario presented to resemble a hypothetical situation? Yes and no. While these events may or may not have happened to me in real life (with the possibility of added emphasis by way of some gross exaggeration), it is common knowledge that embarrassment is the unspoken law of freshman year. Having gone through a lifetime of embarrassing moments in my measly eighteen years of existing, I have come to expect these interludes due to their inevitability, so why should freshman year be any different? Already in these first few days, I have witnessed spills, tumbles, cultural faux pas, and enough mistaken identities to fill the curtainless tub in my floor's communal bathroom. Whenever I see such incidents, I try not to laugh (although it is extremely difficult to control myself, as I have been known to spontaneously combust in throes of laughter) because I know that in any other time or place, that could be me being the center of everyone's two minutes of amusement.

Those two minutes are the key to survival; people forget, and your fall on your ass today is not of any importance to anyone tomorrow, other than your aching buttocks. Therefore, hold your head and your yogurt up high, and strut your way out of the back exit door.

We're All a Bunch of Corporate Media Slavedogs

By James Polichak

20 Years of Censored News calls itself a "report card on the performance of America's news media from 1976 up to 1996" (10). This book comes out of two decades of work by Project Censored, a group that aims "to explore and publicize the extent of news censorship in our society by locating stories about significant issues of which the public should be aware, but is not, for a variety of reasons" (10).

While this is an admirable goal, one which we should all support; the book that came out of Project Censored is a disappointment. The book consists largely of year-by-year summaries of what Project Censored has decided are the Top Ten Censored Stories of that year. These summaries are taken from each year's report of censored news stories, and are supplemented with an update describing what has come of stories since they were first reported. In addition, the book contains a preface and introduction discussing how Project Censored thinks news censorship happens and what can be done, as well as a bunch of keen Tom Tomorrow comic strips to visually reinforce the message of the book.

Neither the introductory discussion nor the summaries of the news stories lived up to my expectations. The summaries were a bit brief, as would be expected when trying to cover twenty years of news, but they lack any information for the reader who might want to learn more. The only source of information given is usually the original news source that broke the story, and perhaps some that followed it up. However, the stories mentioned, like the ridiculous amounts of marine animals killed as bycatch and U.S. military involvement in Latin America, have all been the subjects of numerous books, as well as academic research articles, that present far more information from people specializing in that area. (See *Song for the Blue Ocean* by Carl Safina and *Manufacturing Consent* by Noam Chomsky for more information on the above stories.) These sources more comprehensive and accurate than news media stories by journalists, but Project Censored offers no direction to such information. If Project Censored is attempting to help the reader who wants to find out more about these stories, they're not doing their job very well.

The problem is that Project Censored is too focussed on the power of the press, and this shows up more strongly in the introduction. Project Censored tries to bash the myth that journalists are unbiased sources of truth about the world. (Given the popularity ratings for journalists that I've seen—roughly below Congressmen, but above hitmen—I'm not sure how many people believe this now, or ever believed it.) However, they seem to fall for the same myth. Their argument about news censorship is that the mainstream news media selectively cover news sto-

ries in a variety of ways that suit their interests but not those of the general public. This results in human misery and environmental disasters that presumably could be avoided if only the news media had stirred things up a bit. In other words, it seems like a lot of our problems could be solved if mainstream news media would just print the right stories. Journalists would then truly be the unblemished beacons of light shining the way to a new golden age: "In our time, the one great hope we have for a just and fair society is a 'watchdog' press to protect us from the present day robber barons" (18).

Project Censored has far too strong a faith in the power of journalism. The problem with their analysis is that the category 'mainstream media' isn't some special old boy's club as Project Censored makes it out to be. Mainstream media is merely that which is most popular. Anything that a lot of people pay attention to is mainstream, be it princesses and athletes, or presidential blow jobs and Disney movies. Those trends that aren't so popular get labeled 'alternative' or 'underground.' We live in a world where both Marilyn Monroe and Marilyn Manson and Jesus Christ and Big Baby Jesus are mainstream, which leads to lots of fun.

Much of the problem with mainstream media news coverage is not what they cover but that so many people choose to pay attention to them — they cover what people want to hear. We have access to an immense amount of information coming from many sources. No one is forcing people to read *USA Today*, *Sports Illustrated*, *People*, or the *National Inquirer* instead of *Scientific American*, the *Economist*, and the *Nation*. It's just as easy to subscribe to one as the other. Journalists, authors, and publishers offer information about just about everything, and the audience selects. Project Censored seems to have forgotten about the ability of the media-consuming public to choose. Perhaps that's because they, like many others, see the public as consistently making the wrong choices about what information to attend to. But the choice is there, and it would have been a far more interesting book if Project Censored had wrestled with the problems resulting from selective power of information consumer, rather than simultaneously blaming the news media for our problems and hailing them as our only hope.

In its adoration of muckraking, Project Censored also makes statements that I find offensive. They describe the recent lawsuit between ABC-

TV and Food Lion, where ABC was successfully sued for falsely applying for jobs with the intent to expose Food Lion's meat-packing procedures. They dismiss Food Lion's argument that "the truth doesn't matter so much as the way the press goes after it" as obviously being without merit and dangerous for journalism. Well, the truth does matter (and Food Lion apparently had some poor practices), but so does the way the press goes after it. Everyone

must be held accountable for the way they obtain their information - police officers are not allowed to

"Anything that a lot of people pay attention to is mainstream, be it princesses and athletes, or presidential blow jobs and Disney movies."

gather evidence and confessions any way they see fit, nor are military personnel, politicians, or anyone else (for more information, see the US Constitution). Police officers are not allowed to beat information out of people, but Project Censored seems to come dangerously close to saying that journalists can. Journalists are not above the law and should not claim that they can do whatever they want to get what they believe to be the truth.

It is true that the mainstream media are biased in many ways, and do not cover all stories. It is also true that the alternative media are biased, and that consumers of the media are biased. Many areas, such as just about anything to do with science, are consistently underreported in the mainstream media in its attempts to tell us important news about the haircuts of movie stars. However, the media are not the demoniacal or messianic forces Project Censored makes them out to be. They give far too little credit or responsibility to the consumer and far too much to journalists. Without a better understanding of the role the public plays in shaping the content of the media buy actually being the ones who pay for it, Project Censored will never arrive at an understanding of how news is made and unmade.

20 Years of Censored News was written by Carl Jensen and Project Censored and published by Seven Stories Press (New York, 1997). It's in the Main Library, PN4736.J46.

A Book Review

MEET THE PRESS

Every Wednesday at 1:00 in 060 in the Student Union.

BEAT THE PRESS

In the privacy of your own room.

EAT THE PRESS

It sure beats meal plan...

THE SEARCH FOR LONGITUDE

By Marlo Allison Del Toro

Before ship crews had a reliable way to find their longitude, many ships were thrown off course, causing expensive delays and, often, horrible crashes. On a foggy October night in 1707, four warships and their 2000 crew members perished on the rocks of the Scilly Isles, south of England. The fleet's admiral had miscalculated their longitude.

The longitude problem, as it was called, was so great that several European countries had set up monetary rewards to be given to anyone who came up with a reliable way of securing a ship's longitude. Great Britain's famed Longitude Act of 1714, set the highest bounty of all—one equal to several million dollars of today's currency.

Most of the men who searched for the longitude did so by studying the stars. They believed that if the unchanging heavens could be fully charted—from various set locations, and during every season—that those charts, and the expert chart reader on every ship, would be able to calculate the ship's longitude, accurately.

Only one man truly dared to look for a earthly means of securing the longitude: John Harrison.

Longitude: the True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific

Problem of His Time, by Dava Sobel, tells Harrison's story. The book traces his problems in getting the scientific community to accept his clock, which shockingly kept the correct time to within seconds, as the preferred means of securing the longitude.

On July 26, Dava Sobel spoke about her search for longitude, and the *New York Times* best-seller she wrote, at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. The event was sponsored by Stony Brook's Graduate Student Organization, and the Long Island chapter of the Women's Aquatic Network, a private, non-profit organization dedicated to aiding women who are interested in marine issues and related fields of study.

Sobel showed slides of some of the many maps and charts she found while researching the problem of longitude, and discussed Harrison's problems and the five clocks that he created.

His first chronometer was 71 pounds, and 4x4x4 (high, wide, and deep); his fourth and fifth were nick-named "watches" because they were palm sized. A carpenter by trade, Harrison built his first clock at the age of 19, without aid. Almost twenty years later Harrison created the world's first reliable way to find the longitude. For his hard work, time, effort, and financial dedication, Harrison was given a hard time by the English Board of Longitude, who asked him to do more tests than were required by the Longitude Act, and repeatedly denied the full monetary reward for his answer to the longitude problem.

Dava Sobel wrote an eloquent, detailed

account of the history of the longitude problem, and of Harrison's fight to solve it. Her book has been criticized by some scientific minds for having "insufficient information"; however, it is surprisingly easy, and enjoyable, to read—for a scientific, historical text.

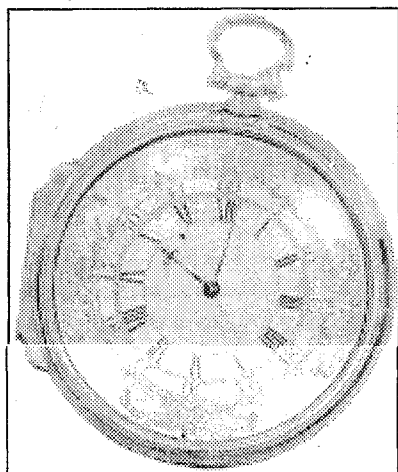
Her speech was eloquent, also. She breezed through some of what she wrote in the book, aided by her slides, and described how she found some of the information in the book and how she felt visiting London's National Maritime Museum, where the clocks are housed.

After her speech, Sobel answered questions from the audience. Some asked her to explain in greater detail some of the things she

had mentioned in the book, while others asked why she had left out one or another fact.

As the audience exited, a couple of Stony Brook students approached her. They had read her book in a class, before it had gotten on the *New York Times* best-sellers list, and wanted her to sign their books.

Like a groupie, the guy told Sobel how much he and his class enjoyed her book, and how his friend had gone out and gotten a beaded wire ball like the one she described in *Longitude*. In their books, she wrote, "May you always know exactly where you are."



The Movie Guy

By Frankie "The Movie Guy" Fusaro

Greetings all, welcome back for yet another year of sex, politics, and bad movies.

In Theaters

Ever After - Being a Drew fan, I had to see this one. I was pleasantly surprised. The team who made this film took a non-fairy tale look at this classic story, which was news to me. I was worried about watching it because, who could compete with singing mice. The coolest parts were the historical parts, it almost made it seem believable if not factual.

Frankie Says: I loved this puppy. Pay the money and, of course, gentlemen take a special lady (or vice-versa)

Zorro - It was a Zorro movie, what more can you say?. Seen one, seen 'em all. Not the case, here. If you want to see a good version see *Zorro: The Gay Blade* or the Basil Rathbone classic, *The Mark of Zorro*. If you want to see the hottest Zorro mujer and Antonio's glorious... acting, this is it.

Frankie Says: Rental for the lady. Maybe. Don't even bother for anything else.

The Avengers - It was a jazzed up version of the TV show (if you haven't seen it I'm sure there will be ample copies of it floating around soon). Conner was sort of a let down in some scenes and the ending could have been better executed.

Frankie Says: Folks, I humbly apologize. In the July 4th issue of the SB Press I listed this under Most Anticipated Films. I was all about this film. After viewing it, though, I can see why I was wrong. Now I must say I didn't have a bad time watching this puppy and yes I was a fan of the old TV series, but I can see why many people didn't like it. This is a AT YOUR OWN RISK film. Try to get a matinee.

Armageddon - Oh my god! This was an irrational and highly improbable film. It was all about the American Flag, Love, and Heroism. I almost cried, this puppy rocked beyond belief!

Frankie Says: Pay any amount. It was ID4 except so much cooler.

Blade - Oh God, this was a great flick. Black and White in plot, but what else does one want in an Action Movie? Ultra-Violent and Stylistic. A friend even said, "Fuck *Interview*; that was the best Vampire Movie of all time." I don't know if I agree (I kind of have a soft spot for *the Lost Boys* myself) but it was mad-cool. It used extras who have been in Vampire Movies before and had one of the best sword fights since *Highlander* (the first, and only

good, *Highlander* movie).

Frankie Says: I say see it and pay full price if you must. It will be cool at home but not as cool as it was in theaters. Random Info: Marvel Comics, who publishes the Blade comic, has finally made a good movie but it had to take them being hardly involved with it to do it. The comic was never that cool.

Video Picks

Zero Effect - The only thing I can say is "What if Sherlock Holmes were written today?" It had a regular looking love-interest and lots of phenomenal characters. It wasn't exactly a mystery, so don't go thinking it will be one. That's it.

Frankie Says: What a interesting and under-rated film. I had heard about it but wasn't sure I really wanted to see it until a friend said it was "pretty darn cool." So on a whim I rented it and I loved it so darn much. So go for it.

The Planet of the Apes Collection - Do I have to say anything but, finally, all the movies remastered, just in time too, as the remake should be coming out soon and there is no way it won't suck.

Babylon 5 - For those of you who are Sci-Fi fans, and don't follow the video scene, they have begun releasing episodes. So you can shell out money to The Man and enjoy.

Coming Soon

Psycho - It will suck. Even if it's good, it will suck. The original was a milestone in film-making. It redefined so many things from editing to story. The new one just can't compete, no matter how good it will be.

I Still Know What You Did Last Summer - No contest. It will suck. The first one was so dumb and obvious that the only thing that could have saved it would have been a Hewitt nude scene.

Indiana Jones 4 - The rumormill has taken off again with this. No word of anything except it's been OK'd by Fox. But if it's half as good as any of the others, it will rock!

And on a last and probably sad note that crazy rumormill has told of new Rambo, Die Hard, Terminator, Conan, Alien, and Jurassic Park movies in the works. Only time and lucky financing will tell with these.

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

Don Caballero, *What Burns Never Returns* (Touch & Go)

Don Caballero is for everyone who has ever listened to a band and wished the singer would shut up. On its third full-length, the band crafts a variety of vocal-free drum-driven instrumentation that sounds like it was written for an orchestra - but performed by a garage band.

Skinsman Damon Che is limber in ways that porno stars dream of, but here he forces himself into the role of drummer-as-player, rather than drummer-as-improvisational-soloist, allowing Mike Bandfield and Ian Williams' dual-guitar work to play a larger part. Emphasizing restraint over ability, Don Caballero gets a chance to flex its chops, sometimes to remarkable effect: "Delivering The Groceries" sounds like a spaceship taking off, while "Room Temperature Suite" chronicles its thunderously elegant crash to earth. However, the album is dominated by tracks like "Don Caballero 3" and "June is Finally Here," wistful blends of revelatory light and mournful shade that bring a band formerly capable of fierce aggression to an all new level.

The Jackofficers, *Digital Dump* (Honest Abe's Custom Records)

In a word, demented. In 1989, Gibby Haynes and Jeff Pinkus (of the Butthole Surfers, although Mssr. Pinkus has moved on since) teamed up to record an album of house/dance tracks under the name The Jackofficers. What they really should have called it is "Gibby and Jeff's Sample Collection."

There are enough samples on this album to put a major dent in America's nebulous view of copy-righting; how the liner notes get away without listing any of them is beyond my ability to comprehend (perhaps the cost of printing 400 extra pages with each CD would bankrupt the company). Anyone who can name all of these stolen bits and pieces is definitely a shut-in, and best avoided anyway. Arranged in a classic melange of noise that borrows a lot from house but still sounds decidedly Butt-holian, Digital Dump looks like a winner but comes off a stinker - on a dance floor, the Gibby-esque touches will fade out, leaving... a house record.

Which is a shame, because the song titles are very promising. Tracks like "L.A. Mama Peanut Butter", "Don't Touch That" and "An Hawaiian Christmas Song" inspire one's imagination, but unfortunately, Gibby and Jeff don't do anything more with them. The scarce singing does little to stand apart from the cacophonous mess around it, coming off like just another sample.

The Butthole Surfers' best work grabs the listener by the throat and forces it to watch, horrified, as modern music is devastated behind any hope of recognition. This is going to wind up in some club chick's hatchback. While a must have for Butthole Surfers collectors, I think it's safe to say that the only people who will truly enjoy Digital Dump are those who don't get the joke.

REO Speedealer, *REO Speedealer* (Royalty Records)

It's hicks, it's metal, it's trash punk, it's...Speedealer, who have recently dropped the REO after a band no one's ever heard of accused them of copyright infringement. Serving up a brand of thrash, trash, and super-fast punk that'll blow your hat off, Speedealer comes across like ZZ Top, if the three of them were fond of taking angel dust before recording.

The songs are very short; in fact, the whole album is very short, clocking in at just under 20 minutes. But every minute is worth it. REO Speedealer doesn't take a single break, pounding out blistering tunes that somehow maintain their depth and texture despite their truncated length. It's a good thing, too,

because growled bludgeonings like "Gottterdammerung" and "Turkeyneck" would grow pretty boring past the 2-minute mark. But at the speed they're played at, they're a revelation. Crisp guitar solos, throbbing riffs, and a rubber-band-tight rhythm section deliver more in 40 seconds than most bands do in five times that length.

As for the lyrics, I don't know what to tell you. They're relatively unintelligible, although the foul-mouthed song titles ("Pussy", "Pig Fucker", "Double Clutchin' Finger Fuckin'") should be all you need to figure out what this band's all about: using, taking, cold-steel-pipe-to-the-teeth-if-ya-spit-on-my-rig Texans, and the music they make is disturbingly satisfying.

Various Artists, *Pure Funk* (Polygram TV)

Slap my fro! A few clever marketing executives over at Polygram have struck oil: capitalizing on the eternal fascination with all things kitsch and advertisers like Levi and Burger King by releasing a compilation of well-known funk tracks. Although the premise is sickening, the results are downright delightful. Simply put, this CD has such a solid footing on the genre that no stone is left unturned.

Some of the selections are perhaps a little too obvious for their own good. Isaac Hayes, a superb singer with a lungful of solid soul, is represented by "Shaft", the song whose shadow he will never escape; likewise, Curtis Mayfield and "Superfly". And while Kool & The Gang has better to offer than "Jungle Boogie" (and I don't think anyone ever needs to hear Carl Douglas' "Kung Fu Fighting" ever again), the album does right with the reliable "Brick House" (Commodores) and Rick James' seminal "Super Freak." The highlight? A toss-up between Rufus' "Tell Me Something Good" (featuring Chaka Khan!) and Average White Band's lovely "Pick Up The Pieces."

Primus, *Rhinoplasty* (Interscope/Prawn Song)

After losing drummer Tim Alexander to the competent but boring work of Brian "Brain" Mantia, Primus went downhill a bit upon releasing the disappointing (but appropriately titled) Brown Album. So while their new album, an EP of covers and live tracks, is pretty much a water-treading move, at least it keeps the band from sinking to its death.

Truth be told, there are some excellent songs on this album. XTC's "Scissor Man" and Jerry Reed's "Amos Moses" both benefit from Primus' peculiar take on thrashfunk, the band's rendition of Peter Gabriel's "The Family And The Fishing Net" demonstrates guitarist Larry LaLonde's constant evolution, and Metallica's "The Thing That Should Not Be" is performed so faithfully to the

original that one is left, jaw agape, at the measure of heretofore-unseen restraint applied.

However, there are a few tracks that should have stayed back in the studio. Stanley Clarke's "Silly Putty" doesn't need DJ scratching on it - such a thing sounds harsh and inappropriate in Primus' cartoon-funk atmosphere, especially on such a bouncy instrumental. The two live tracks ("Tommy The Cat" & "Bob's Party Time Lounge") are redundant, especially "Tommy", which features a drum solo so embarrassingly sloppy I'm amazed it made the final cut. And the new version of "Too Many Puppies" has absolutely nothing over the bone-crushing original.

This is the kind of album I couldn't imagine a non-Primus fan picking up and liking. I guess that should tell you whether to buy it or not.

Melvins, *Alive At The Fucker Club* (Amphetamine Reptile)

Given the Melvins' live penchant for surprise covers and extended acid jams, it's surprising that this short concert set, recorded in Australia, is so boring. True, it contains faithful renditions of such Melvins migraine masterpieces as "Boris", "Antioxidote", and "Lizzy", but all of those are delivered by the book, except for the neat little introductory brilliant vocal distortion the Melvins used when they performed it at Irving Plaza last year. Although the songs are fascinating examples of what metal can accomplish when it has an imagination - especially "It's Shoved" and "Lizzy" - they're upsettingly boring in their delivery. Not even a must for fans.

The Spot




Photo by Ballard

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| Friday 9/11 | 7 to 1 (ska) |
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| Thursday 9/17 | Torn & Frayed |
| Friday 9/18 | [Comedy Night], The Others |
| Saturday 9/19 | Cool Runnings |
| Wednesday 9/23 | St. Huckleberry |
| Thursday 9/24 | Couch |
| Friday 9/25 | Indian Summer, Who Cares? |
| Saturday 9/26 | The Others, Didier Carmier |

From the Choirgirl Hotel

By Julie Block

A massive crowd of teenage redheads gathered around the front entrance of Madison Square Garden on July 28. No, it was neither a Clairol nor a Gillian Anderson convention, but rather a part of Tori Amos' concert tour, promoting her new album *From the Choirgirl Hotel*.

A big sign in front of MSG read "Tori Amos—Sold Out." Even MTV was there to broadcast the event. Although Tori Amos' music is not mainstream enough to earn her much play on MTV and the radio, she has a large following and many Tori-obsessed fans.



TORI AMOS

The opening act was an Irish indie-pop band called The Devlins, who were drowned out by the audience's cries of, "We want Tori!" As she came on, the stage became misty and transformed into her mystical world. Her opening song was "Precious Things" from the album *Little Earthquakes*. The whole audience stood up in excitement: some danced, some screamed, some sang with her, and some stood with their mouths and eyes opened in awe.

She performed a variety of songs from all four of her albums and even did a cover of the Fleetwood Mac song "Landslide," which has also been covered by Smashing Pumpkins.

There are many bands/musicians who sound much better on their album than they do live. Tori Amos is not one of those people. Even suffering from a cold she managed to live up to all her recordings, even improving on some of them. Laura Moakley, a Stony Brook student who attended the concert said, "I had mixed reactions about it. It definitely was more fun than any of the other concerts of hers I've gone to, however, her cold did prevent her from reaching some of the high notes and at times the guitar drowned out her piano playing."

One problem she had with performing was that a lot of the fancy electronic effects she did in the studio, such as "Raspberry Swirl," could not be brought to the stage show well.

Her music cannot be characterized as any particular style of music, but it contains a mixture of alternative, folk, rock, and even gothic music. Unlike Jewel, Sarah McLachlan, and Sheryl Crow, who play guitar, Tori Amos is known for her piano/harpsichord playing and her trademark Bosendorfer. Prior to *From the Choirgirl Hotel*, she put out three well-known albums: *Little Earthquakes*, *Under the Pink*, and *Boys for Pele*.

From the Choirgirl Hotel, produced in a barn, is her first solo album in which she uses high-tech sound and a full band to back her up. "The piano pulled me aside and said, 'You're boring me to tears,'" Tori Amos said in the June 25, 1998 *Rolling Stone*. She is also touring with her band, which makes some Tori fans who just want to hear her and her piano upset.

The album reflects the changes and problems in her life. "Jackie's Strength" was inspired by her recent marriage. She wrote the song, citing Jacqueline Kennedy as the picture-perfect bride. "Playboy Mommy" dealt with the guilt she had after her miscarriage, "I'll say it loud here by your grave / those angels can't ever take my place... Don't judge me so harsh little girl / so you got a playboy mommy."

For those of you who have no clue of who she is, have missed her on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, *Spin*, *Alternative*, *Q*, and *Musician* magazines, watch the MTV music awards on September 10: she's scheduled to perform. She will also make an appearance on the Jay Leno show on September 19.

D-KLINE'S SCHIZOPHRENIA

It's a November afternoon in 1992, and I'm driving with The Pow across Austria. The Pow are a mod-style band from Italy. I'm the roadie, which to me means a free trip around Europe plus a free concert every night or two. From time to time I even get to eat. Well, I do have to work for it. I've got to do my share of the driving plus help set up the equipment, set up and sell the merchandise, and help break down the equipment.

They just finished playing two nights in Vienna and the next gig is in Munich. We are talking about music, which, if you know me, should come as no surprise. More specifically, we are talking about the difference between musical trends in Europe and America.

I was telling everyone else how odd it was to me that some of the musical genres in Europe were so specific. In Europe you would notice kids that were into Mod or Ska or Garage or Rockabilly or Punk and they would dress as Mod or Ska or Garage or Rockabilly or Punk. Also, when they would talk about music, they would only talk about Mod or Ska or Garage or Rockabilly or Punk. It soon became obvious that these kids only listened to, in fact only lived by, their one specific genre of Rock and Roll.

And Punk itself was further subdivided into sub-genres. One punk in Milan snottily informed a friend and I that she was into Punk '77. We looked at each other, laughed, and then demanded to know exactly which month.

When I was relating this to the band, I didn't load it that way; actually I was impressed by this phenomenon. I thought it was cool that these people would immerse themselves so totally in a trend: the hair style, the clothing, the lingo, the sound.

I told them that in America, people not into the mainstream 'rock' music were into Metal, Punk, or Hip Hop. And in America, I said, they all wore jeans and a t-shirt. The only ways you could tell the difference were the hair, the shoes, and the design on the t-shirt. Boy did I have a lot to learn.

Maybe I never noticed it, or maybe it just didn't exist in a large enough form before I left for Europe, but when I got home a year and a half later I noticed a lot of the same styles of music that I noticed in Europe. In America there was a trend of going back to surf, garage, rockabilly, and ska.

However, there was one major difference to the trend here in the states: the bands were appearing on indie/punk record labels, were being written about in underground/punk fanzines, and were, for the most part, weaned on PUNK. Usually the band was taking this old form in a new direction. For example, The Reverend Horton Heat was doing Psychobilly, and Man... Or Astroman? were doing a sort of Surf, Experimental, Space rock.

In each of these little sub-genres, there are bands that are exactly true to the sound, look, and style of the past. At first it seems really interesting to see these authentic representations of a time gone by; however, in the end it is the bands that are taking the old sounds into new territories that

are the really exciting ones. An occasional nod to the past, or a bit more, is okay. But to be fully immersed in someone else's time is backward, retro, and, in the end, completely useless, except, maybe, to serve as a bad example.

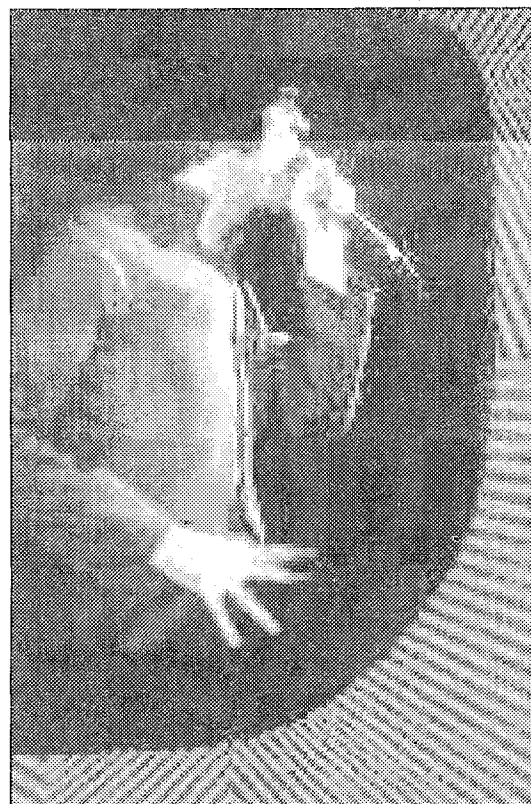
A good example of a band taking something old into a new direction would be the Make-Up. At first it would seem that the Make-Up is doing a sort of MC5 meets Prince. But when one sees the band live, the way two of the bands four albums were recorded, what is initially felt to be the MC5 is later realized to be a take on gospel. Lead singer, Ian Svenonius, gets out into the audience to try to bring the audience back up with him into the show, into the music, into the fold. A Make-Up concert always has the potential to turn into a Punk Rock tent revival.

Therefore there is always a sense that anything can happen at a Make-Up concert. If you were to watch all of Ian's movements, you'd see him actually signaling the rest of the band. They are actually changing things up as they go along. Making decisions on the fly. Improvising. In this sense they have more in common with James Brown than Prince.

The thing here is to always be doing something new. To always be moving music forward.

To always be moving art ahead. As I said in my first column last year: "life follows art." The possibilities for human existence are limitless. Each time an artist blazes a new trail in art, this is reinforced.

Another band blazing a new trail is the Asian Dub Foundation. They are a five piece band from London that can best be described



as Bombay meets Bristol with both Punk and sound system sensibilities. Unlike the trend in America of reaching across time to mix two or more previous cultures, ADF, and a score of other UK bands, are reaching across space to mix two or more different cultures. The results are really exciting.

When cultures clash, culture takes a quantum leap forward. The best example of this is Rock and Roll itself. This is, in fact, America's gift to the world. Not just Rock and Roll, but culture in general. In this day and age it is our greatest export. And mixing the cultures is what we are teaching the world (with some obvious failures to both admit and overcome).

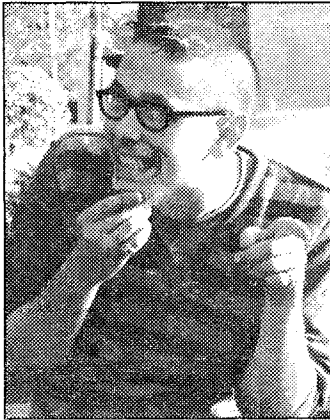
Win A Dream Date With Squirrel!

Hello lucky contestant, now is your chance to win a "Fantasy Dream Date" with the Press's one and only hyper-suave mack-maestro Squirrel. You've laughed with him, you've cried with him, you've been enamored with his every written word, and now you can finally win a date with him.

Yes, an enchanted evening for two, you and Squirrel, dinner, something vaguely interesting, and perhaps if you play your cards right a romantic midnight tryst. All you have to do is fill out and return the questionnaire below (you can drop off your entries at the Stony Brook Press, room 060 in the basement of the Student Union) and if your answers match Squirrel's (or are even remotely close) you'll be promptly contacted by Squirrel himself and he will whisk you away on your magical "Dream Date."



Sweet as an angel



Devilishly handsome

For the next section Squirrel cordially asks you to choose the phrase that you have heard or are most likely to hear. If anything is not covered in this section please scrawl it onto the side of your entry, and the judges will try their best to decipher it.

1. "Take a hike Johnny-Nobody-Wants-Ta-Date-Ya."
2. "Here's a quarter, now please leave, the presence of the down-trodden is not welcome here."
3. "Wow!!!You like Vanilla Ice too!!!"
4. "Please stop with your constant displays of affection."
5. "Please stop with your constant displays of savage brutality."
6. "I've had ten beers!!! Why the hell not!!!"

7. "Interesting, you seem to have saved the body of your deceased Siamese twin."
8. "Those are my children, refrain from luring them to your van with false promises of candied treats."
9. "I like chicken, I like liver, Meow Mix, Meow Mix, please deliver to 600 North Loop road. . ."
10. "You are an animal, NOT A HUMAN BEING!!!"

CONTEST FORM

General information:

Name: _____ Age: _____ Gender: _____ Major: _____
Eyes: _____ Y/N _____ Hair: _____ Y/N _____ Occupation: _____

Contact me at: _____

Multiple choice:

In this section you will be asked to choose the words that would most accurately complete the phrase, from your unique perspective. Your perspective is important to Squirrel.

1. I'm looking for. . . a) torrid Sex b) someone to annoy with my incessant blathering c) a casual respectful relationship d) my long-lost Siamese twin
2. People often say that I am. . . a) quite the Hum-dinger b) the Ginchiest c) sex made flesh d) coyote-ugly
3. I require "Lovin's"... a) monthly b) weekly c) daily d) NOW!!!damnit NOW!!!
4. I'm interested in someone who is. . . a) not CLOSELY related to me b) easily amused c) comatose d) unable to speak english
5. My idea of a "Fantasy Dream Date"... a) drinkin 'n' dancin b) conversin 'n' relaxin c) booty 'n' breakfast d) nothing involving you in any way shape or form
6. When it comes to havin fun, you can find me. . . a) sleeping b) reading c) throwing bricks at passing cars d) drinking till I reach answer a
7. I think this school. . . a) sucks, to put it quaintly b) should be wiped away in a wave of holy fire c) at least prevents me from building a small shack in which I would construct and distribute letter bombs d) is like having my wisdom teeth pulled through my anal cavity
8. My "Booty" has a first name, it's. . . a) Mr. Whitefolks b) Big McLargehuge c) Nasty Spice d) O-S-C-A-R M-E-Y-E-R
9. My Butcher. . . a) Won't ease off my butt-cup(that means you Mr. Stebbins) b) cut Tom's ass c) covets my butch ass please d) Arrrrrrgh Squiddy I don't hate ya, I just heard there was gold in yar stomach
10. I have been convicted of crimes. . . a) once b) twice c) three times a lady d) easily and often!

True/False:

In this section circle T or F to indicate if you believe the statement to be the purest form of truth(T), or the most debased of fallacies(F). Again Squirrel finds Honesty to be the most erotic of emotions.

1. People often mistake my total lack of any notable skills as an indication that I am a Psychology major. T/F
2. I love sheep and sheep flavored treats. T/F
3. I fully accept California as a "State." T/F
4. When I was young I fell off the monkey bars. T/F
5. When I was young I fell off the monkey bars, often. T/F
6. People often mistake my inability to separate reality from drama as an indication that I am a Theatre major. T/F
7. The cheetah, NOT the African elephant, is the fastest land mammal T/F
8. I tended the mizzenmast on a Corsair that pirated the Spanish Main T/F
9. I have an Uncontrollable penchant for frequently and vigorously discussing my "Female Problems" T/F
10. I have served time in an Uzbekistani prison T/F

Quotes I hear often:

Quotes I Myself Often Say:

Similar to the last section but with a unique spin of its own. Herein you should mark off the statements that you would say, or do say. Truth is the name of the game kiddies.

1. "Fuck you and your boooj-wa-zee system!!!"
2. "Stop calling me a stupid son-of-a-bitch! I'm serious mom."
3. "Go Stony Brook Seawolves!!!"[Note: selection of this phrase will most likely disqualify you from this contest. In addition we will track you down and ship you to Shirley Strum Kenny's Neverfun Ranch, where they appreciate such tom-foolery]
4. "Aaaaaaahhhhhh. . .SPAM, you're the only potted meat substitute that truly understands me."
5. "I know I have no real marketable skills, but I need this job. Please sir I have a double major in English and Philosophy."
6. [Hours of quiet, serene, wondrous drooling.]
7. "Ohhh! I'm sorry I didn't hear the last thing you said because I was too busy visualizing the prospect of caressing your genitals."
8. "Yourmoneyisonthedresserbaby!mdonewitcha."
9. "Suck start a car? Sure I can do that!"
10. "Don't worry, the wasting disease has progressed only half-way up my thigh."

Well we've reached the end and there is only one more thing. if possible please attach a photo of yourself to the lower right hand corner of the entry form. Attaching said photo anywhere other than LOWER RIGHT HAND CORNER will result in your immediate ejection from the contest.

Disclaimer Note this contest is null and void in the sovereign state of Wyoming. Members of the New York Dept. of Sanitation as well as their families are not eligible to enter the "Win a dream date with Squirrel" contest. Entries must be delivered before the impending Armageddon (circa Feb. 14th, 1999), failure to deliver contest form by the contest date will result in many quizzical looks from the staff should said staff ever run into you. Subject of said "Dream Date" is NOT up for debate, the contents of the "Dream Date" are left purely to the whims of the editorial board. Estimated value of "Dream Date" is \$14.00. Any promises of free puppies that may have been made in this paper are purely the result of adverse brain functions due to the proximity to loud "Hip-Hop" music emanating from the floor above the Press's office. La gris fromage. No animals (or Squirrels) were injured in the making of this contest (no matter what the pictures might indicate). Contest winners will be tracked down by the specter of Sir Alouyishish Crumb, as he journeys from beyond the cold embrace of death to deliver the missives that shall indicate the winner of the "Win a dream date with Squirrel" contest. He's crotchety, don't engage his mighty spectral wrath. The details of how the Press enlisted the service of said wayward spectre are the property of the Stony Brook Press and its editors. Consolation prizes will NOT be awarded, so don't bother asking for them lest you should anger the aforementioned spectral entity. The actions that are taken by the wraithly contingent of our staff do not necessarily reflect the editorial positions of the paper, nor do they reflect the positions of WPXI11, otherwise known as the WB. The WB has many great shows, most of them are geared toward minorities. None of them are geared towards the spirits of the recently deceased, let alone the spirits of the anciently deceased. Were they not human, if you pricked them did they not bleed, I demand more spectre-oriented programming. In the effort to increase the amount of poltergeist geared sitcoms, I urge you to write your local congressman.

The Stony Brook Press is not responsible for the quality of your "Fantasy Dream Date." Contestant's idea of "Fantasy Dream Date" may not match actual contents of "Dream Date." The Stony Brook Press does NOT guarantee the presence of any of the following attributes on said dream date: happiness, excitement, life-affirmation, contentment, satisfaction, respect, friendliness, or compassion for your feelings. The Stony Brook Press is not responsible for the well being of "Squirrel" after he has passed out of the official office space of The Press. Do with him as you will. Goodnight everybody, remember I'm here all week and the 9 o'clock show is different from the 7 o'clock show.

Paste
Photo
Here