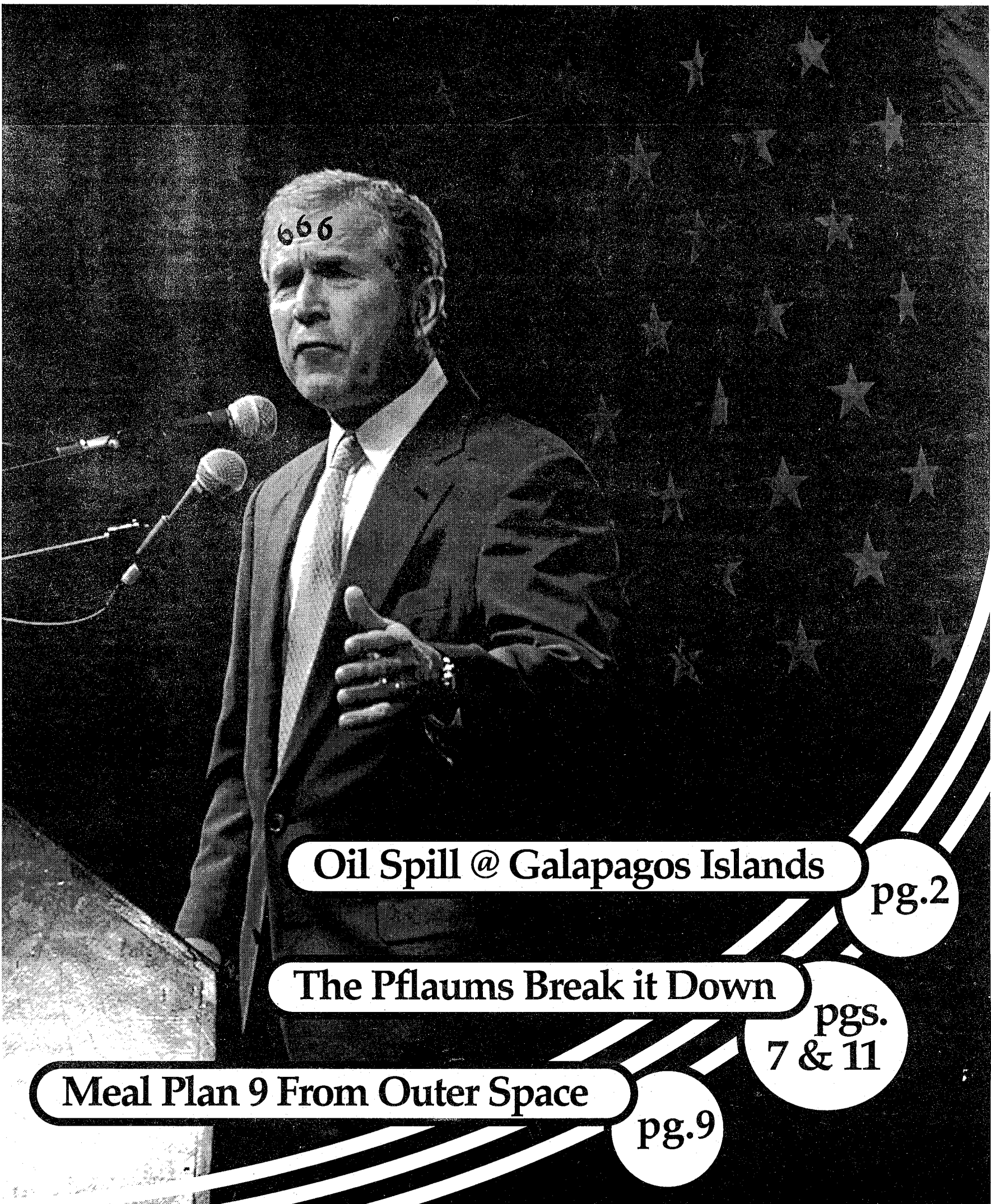


THE STONY BROOK *PRESS*

Vol. XXII No. 8

"Reach around your soul and love your fellow man"

February 7, 2001



Oil Spill @ Galapagos Islands

pg.2

The Pflaums Break it Down

**pgs.
7 & 11**

Meal Plan 9 From Outer Space

pg.9

Oil Spill @ The Enchanted Islands

By Diana Post

In 1835, Charles Darwin spent several weeks at the Galapagos Islands. His stay there led to his writing of the most influential texts of his century, *The Origin of Species*. Two weeks ago, these precious islands off the northwestern coast of South America suffered a disaster that put the world on edge.

The oil tanker *Jessica* ran aground just 500 yards from the shore of San Cristobal Island when her captain, Tarquino Arevalo, mistook a signal buoy for a lighthouse. The ship was stranded for four days, with the crew aboard, as it slowly keeled until it was nearly on its side. When this listing occurred, its 160,000 gallons of diesel fuel and bunker, a petroleum product used on cruise ships, began pouring out into the pristine waters surrounding the archipelago. The tanker was uninsured.

The veteran captain tearfully told officials after he was detained at a local military base, that if the Galapagos National Park officials had called for help earlier, the oil leaking out of the vessel could have been prevented. He, and his crew, face up to four years in prison if they are brought up on charges of negligence and crimes against the environment. Arevalo said that he knows he is responsible for the vessel running aground, but he could not control the oil in the hull. Ironically, the tanker's cargo was to be delivered to the tour boat industry on the Galapagos, which attracts more than 45,000 tourists each year.

Water currents began pushing the oil slick immediately, and by Tuesday it had reached the shores of Santa Fe Island, 37 miles west of San Cristobal. However, the currents have since changed and are moving the 488 mile slick northward and away from the "Enchanted Islands", a nickname they received because clouds of fog would often obscure the islands from the view of sailors.

About 185,000 gallons of diesel leaked into the fragile ecosystem, which includes many

species that exist nowhere else in the world.

Galapagos National Park Director Eliecer Cruz said that it will take the ecosystem three to four years to recover fully from the spill.

When oil is leaked into the ocean, it effects several different aspects of the ecosystem. It stops sunlight from reaching the ocean floor, which kills the algae and plant life. This, in turn causes the grazing animals and fish to die off. Ecologists are also concerned about the bottom-dwelling sea life, such as lobsters and the marine iguana, which exists nowhere else in the world, and grazes algae from the sea floor.

This spill is terrible because of where it occurred, but it is by no means the worst the world has ever seen. Even the Exxon Valdez spill, which was the worst spill in U.S. waters, ranks 53rd out of the worst oil disasters. The worst oil spill in history occurred in 1991, when not only tankers, but oil terminals failed, and released more than 240 million gallons of oil and petroleum into the Persian Gulf.

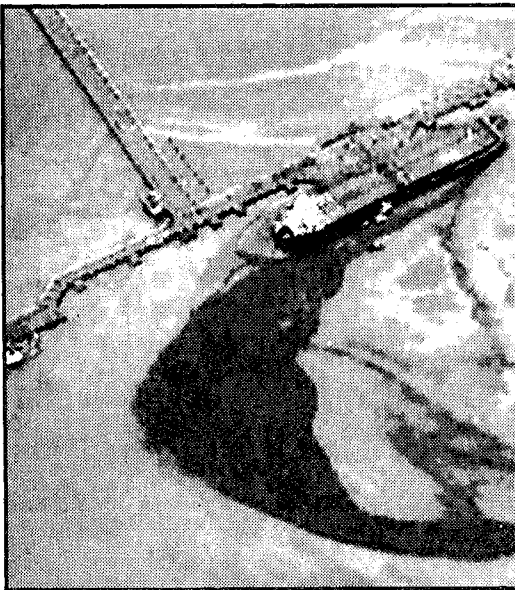
As far as officials know only one pelican and two seagulls have died. But many other birds and marine animals such as sea lions, seagulls, blue-footed boobies and albatrosses have been affected. Volunteers and workers from the

National Park are on the beaches capturing and cleaning animals covered in the thick sludge. Ecuador, which controls the archipelago, declared the area in a state of emergency to speed the cleanup effort.

Although the known death toll is low, sea lions, booby birds and 30 pelicans have been spotted along Santa Fe Island with diesel stains. The damage could be grave for the hundreds of sea lions and thousands of iguanas that populate Santa Fe, Carlos Valle, coordinator of the World Wildlife Fund's Galapagos program in Ecuador said. Thankfully, the Galapagos inhabitants that are in danger of extinction, like the miniature Galapagos penguin and the flightless cormorant are not in danger because they live on the western half of the islands.

The humans who live on the Galapagos are also affected by this disaster. The local fishermen who depend on the sea are at a standstill. The 160,000 human inhabitants of the islands have been warned not to swim or eat sea food, a difficult warning since fish is the main source of food on the island chain. The fishermen cannot fish in the shallow waters as they normally do, and those who go out to deeper sea come back as covered in oil as the animals.

Over the weekend, workers emptied the vessel of its remaining cargo, and the efforts to clean up the oil are ongoing. Many feel that Ecuador should review tougher conservation laws to prevent accidents like this in the future.

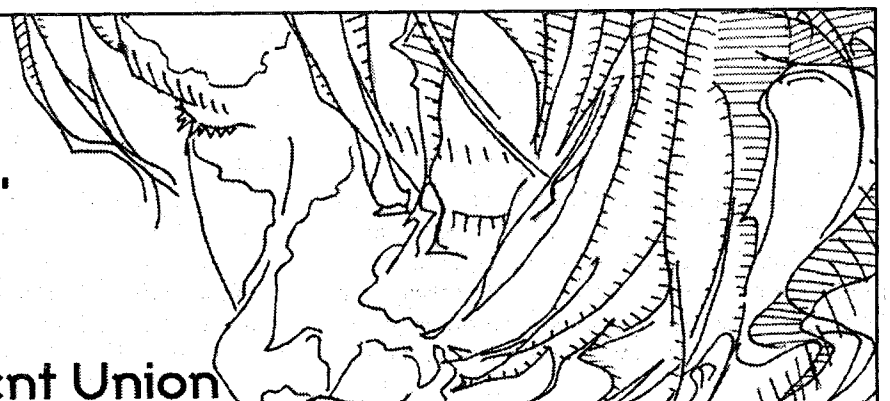


[insert your opinion here]

join the press @ our open house meeting
wed. 14th 1.00pm rm 060 basement of the student union

anti-cow will be appearing @
the Arcade this Friday from 10am
until 4pm to autograph their
latest CD "aight where's me smack"

the Arcade : basement of the Student Union



Higher Education Woes

By Meagen Reeve, NYPIRG Project Coordinator

D minus. That's what we've got. One step above the lowest possible ranking. You wouldn't want that on your college transcript, and you certainly don't want that designation given to the system that is providing you with your education.

The National Center for Public Policy and Higher Education awarded the SUNY and CUNY system a D- for Affordability on its *Higher Education Report Card* after a state-by-state survey done in 2000, as if the students in New York State couldn't have told you that already.

We're broke, we're working a job or two to make ends meet, and when we finally graduate and head out we're already behind on the thousands of dollars we owe in loans. And the New York State Governor doesn't give a shit.

Every year we hold our breath to see just how bad Governor Pataki's budget proposal is going to try to screw students. Our tuition has gone up 155% in the past decade at a rate faster than any other state in the nation. To add insult to injury, tuition hikes are often accompanied by slashed budgets for financial aid.

Most students already know this because they've had to absorb these costs themselves. "Even the students that you wouldn't think need financial aid- however little bit they get- do rely

on it, and it's not nearly enough," said Stony Brook senior Sandra Davermann, whose TAP [Tuition Assistance Program] funding was cut in half during the last year.

New York is one of the stingiest states- in the top three, nonetheless- when it comes to appropriating money for higher education. Even now as the state enjoys a \$2 billion surplus, the New York State budget is finding ways to make students pay more. What that translates into are fewer and fewer people who can afford an education. It is sincerely baffling that the legislators who are supposed to be working to benefit and better our state don't prioritize a college education for its future citizens, parents, and workforce.

For that reason, NYPIRG (The New York Public Interest Research Group) continues to lead the fight across New York State to keep education affordable for students of all socio-economic backgrounds. The whole point of state-funded universities *used to be* to provide a quality education regardless of financial status, and every year NYPIRG fights to keep that goal a reality.

This year we are calling on the Governor to increase funding for TAP, including TAP for part-time students and graduate students, and to reduce tuition by \$250. NYPIRG students across the state are also fighting to halt a \$13 million cut

to opportunity programs that many rely on such as EOP, HEOP, and SEEK, as well as a \$5 million cut to childcare programs.

If you're not speaking out in defense of your own education, then it's time to wake up and realize what you have to lose. We obviously can't rely on our Governor to look out for the interests of students so we will have to fight until he does. If you want to let someone know how these budget cuts to SUNY have threatened your education, join us up in Albany for NYPIRG's Higher Education Lobby Day on March 5th. You will be able to speak directly to your elected officials and tell them how these cuts hurt you and your family.

To find out more about Higher Education Lobby Day, as well as NYPIRG's other campaigns including environmental preservation, consumer protection, hunger and homeless outreach, campaign finance reform, anti-sweatshops, and Small Claims Court Action Center, come out to our **Student Action Meeting on Thursday, February 15 at 7:00pm in the Union Bi-Level**. You'll hear student leaders speak about these issues and how you can get involved. After all, your education just might depend on it.

A Letter to Dubya: Advice for the First Hundred Days

By Arif Rafiq

President Bush,

Hope you are getting comfortable in your new home. After giving the Oval Office a "good scrubbing", as you promised, you need to get set for a long stretch of sleepless nights and serious politicking. Mr. President, your first hundred days in office will define your first thousand days in office. In fact, your first week will be the most critical set of days in your entire administration.

Now this may shock you, but the key to the success of your presidency lies in modeling yourself in one way after your predecessor. Don't worry, it has nothing to do with pizza. The one Clintonian precedent you need to adopt is that of maintaining centrist positions.

This week, Senator John McCain will be introducing his campaign finance legislation. His challenge, unlike the other ones that you face, can be perceived as one from "within". As your motorcade rode along Pennsylvania Avenue, you were certain to have seen the hundreds, if not thousands of protesters. Your administration cannot afford an attack from the right in addition to these current attacks from the left. Compromise is necessary. Campaign finance reform is Senator McCain's pet issue, thus if you can negotiate a settlement with him on it, he will probably be off your back for quite some time. Well, at least until 2002 when he starts campaigning again for the Republican nomination.

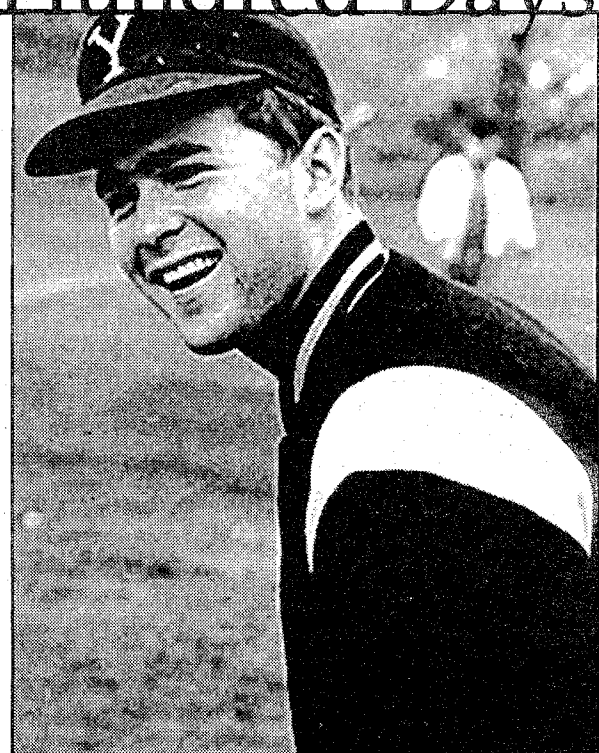
Although you have obtained a Democratic sponsor for your tax reform bill, Senator Zell Miller (D-GA), it will certainly be viewed as a partisan initiative. Yes, you need to cut taxes because you promised to. It falls into line with your conservative philosophy of trusting the people with the responsibility over their own money. But a drastic tax cut is too much of an economic risk, as we are in state of slowing growth, and it bears serious negative political ramifications. Remember that Clinton was set in 1994 to be a one-term president. His adamancy contributed to government shutdowns and the

Republicans winning over the Congress. Newt's revolution was his nightmare. Gephardt's revolution will be yours - if you fail to remember lessons from the past and what saved Clinton's political life.

Perhaps even more importantly, you need to make civil rights one of your administration's major concerns, just like Clinton made welfare reform one of his. You need to sign a bill into office banning all forms of profiling, whether it is ethnic, racial or religious. Affirmative action is condemned by many of your supporters because it makes one's race an issue, but then so too should racial profiling. Forcing our states to abandon this immoral policy will help increase the confidence of minorities in our law enforcement. Secondly, you need to appoint an African American leader to an advisory position. Coretta Scott King, wife of slain civil rights leader Martin Luther King, Jr., is one of the more viable candidates. She is less partisan than most African American leaders and maintains a spotless reputation.

Finally, it is the economy, stupid. A recession or a steep economic slowdown will pave the way for an Al Gore or Hillary Clinton presidency. I'm sure your family doesn't want two one-termers. Fiscal responsibility, along with the rapid development of the 'new economy', are the two major factors that contributed to a two-term Clinton presidency. His approval ratings are so high because we are in a period of unprecedented prosperity. You probably will "restore honor and dignity to the White House", but that won't mean much if people are seeing pink slips and a decrease in their savings.

As for other issues, like health care reform and education, they will be tough to tackle. The Clinton administration failed in their health care initiative by setting the initial goals too high. It learned that gradual change, for example with Child Health Plus programs, is a more suitable method. So don't get too hung over it. The same also goes for education. Vouchers



will be a tough issue to tackle, so take a moderate approach, and don't ignore the plight of college students as you focus on primary education. The amounts of federal grants for undergraduates have not changed much over the past fifteen years, while college tuition has more than doubled.

Therefore, Mr. President, unifying the country by taking centrist positions on campaign finance reform, civil rights, and tax cuts, in addition to fiscal responsibility and continued economic growth, will help you earn a victory in 2004. If people feel they are well off and if they don't see you as a tool of the Christian Coalition, Fortune 500 CEO's, and the NRA, then you will have a decisive victory in 2004. Your base is solidified - you have the eastern end of the political spectrum secured. Now heed the words of Horace Greely and, "Go west young man!"

Sincerely,
Arif Rafiq

Editorial: Dear Jesus Christ, King of Kings, all I ask is that you smite George W. Bush

Now, I'm not what you would call a Christian. Nor would you even refer to me as an overtly spiritual fellow. But, in the wake of the recent presidential election I have found you, my lord and saviour, Jesus Christ.

So Jesus, King of Kings, Son of Man, Holiest of Holies all that I, your newly devoted son, ask of you is that you smite George W. Bush.

I know that this seems like a tall order, especially coming from one of your new recruits, but I truly believe that my love and adoration for you and you father would only be strengthened if you were to strike George W. Bush dead where he stands.

Actually, now that I think of it, simply releasing George W. from this mortal coil wouldn't really do much to solve the predicament that my people and I find ourselves in. As such, in the interest of the greater good you should also claim the life of Dick Cheney as well. And John Ashcroft, and Christine Whitman, and if it's not too much trouble the rest of George W's Cabinet.

Oh, and while you're at it take out Carson Daily as well. Yeah, he's an evil son

of a bitch.

Hey, I know that you're busy, believe me I can sympathize. So if you want to subcontract this work out to some other biblical figure that would be just fine. Heck, even if you wanna get some crazy mortal to do it that's cool with me. All I ask is that you make sure that whoever does the job is thorough.

Oh, and try and get it to happen on live TV if you could.

I appreciate your consideration in these matters and for taking the time out of your busy schedule of appearing in water stains on the sides of buildings and inciting holy wars to listen to me. If upon further consideration you find that you are unable to either personally or through one of your intermediaries snuff the flame of George W. Bush's candle, please forward this request to any and all other Messiahs, Deities or Demi-Gods that you are aware of.

P.S. I must stress the urgency of this situation and implore you to act swiftly should you choose to entertain my humble request.

Thank you Jesus, Jesus whose love is eternal, Jesus, bringer of Life after Death (except, hopefully, for George W. Bush).

Editorial: That Season in Which Stuff Blooms and Generally, Merry is Made

The bitter discomfort of another fall semester at Stony Brook has thankfully departed leaving only the prospect of blissful spring. Do you remember what you did last semester? Probably nothing if you were at this school. If you don't know it yet, you will soon, that the real action on this campus takes place during tasty, tasty spring.

Remember that icy cold wind on this campus that goes right through you and feels like someone sprayed an entire can of keyboard duster directly onto your bones? Well that wind spends the better part of the spring hiding in a cave somewhere, so it is actually pleasant to be outside. It is not simple mysticism that results in this phenomenon; there is actually a scientific explanation for why the spring here is so much better.

The aforementioned science, dropped:

Springfest- The 'fest is great big ol' celebration involving food, music, strawberries and warm weather. How can you go wrong?

Roth Regatta- One of the few events on campus that attracts everyone you know. It is weird, but come Regatta time, masses of people from all over the campus will

be crowded around the muddy frozen swamp in Roth quad.

I-con- Aah, the sweet embrace of science fiction... Pseudo-celebrities, drugs, anime porn screenings, Hamlet in Klingon and the love of the unwashed, I-con is where it's at for all your leather-clad needs.

Beerfest- A little jammy we at the Press (21 & over, fellas) throw every spring. It basically entails the "sampling" and evaluating of a select genre of beer. It's not exactly the greatest thing if you aren't part of the Press, but so what? Join the paper and you can test beer also.

Attractive people- Let's get down to what really makes spring worthwhile: no more bulky winter clothes. Whether you're male, female or otherwise, you probably appreciate the opportunity that warm weather provides for you to ogle.

The Goat Roast- This is just awesome. The anthropology department gets in touch with their roots by carving up a goat with hand-made obsidian tools and roasting it over an open fire. The event has caught flak recently over the cruelty-to-animals issue and now it takes place off campus. Damn those squares, always spoiling everyone's good time.

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Letter: We're all going to a non-Christian Hell! Yay!

This message is for the pus bags who write the column "Dr. Dog". I have never seen such pathetic filth from any newspaper in my whole life, and I'm an alumni from NYU.

It just totally degrades the process of acquiring knowledge (that's why we're all @ Boney Brook right? DUUUHHH) and destitutes one's consciousness to the animal species.

See what our scriptures have to say about your demoniac activities and your propagation. You may think you are entertaining someone's mind, but you're really just inviting them to.

Srimad Bhagavatam (by AC Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada) Canto 5, Chapter 25, Verse 26 "yas tv iha vai savarnam bharyam dvijo retah payayati kama-mohitas tam papa-krtam amutra retah-kulyayam patayitva retah sampayayanti."

SYNONYMS:

yah—any person who; tu—but; iha—in this life; vai—indeed; savarnam—of the same caste; bharyam—his wife; dvijah—a person of a higher caste (such as a brahmana, ksatriya or vaisya); retah—the semen; payayati—causes to drink; kama-mohitah—being deluded by lusty desires; tam—him; papa-krtam—performing sin; amutra—in the next life; retah-kulyayam—in a river of semen; patayitva—throwing; retah—semen; sampayayanti—force to drink.

TRANSLATION:

If a foolish member of the twice-born classes [brahmana, ksatriya and vaisya] forces his wife to drink his semen out of a lusty desire to keep her under control, he is put after death into the hell known as Lalabhaksa. There he is thrown into a flowing river of semen, which he is forced to drink.

PURPORT:

The practice of forcing one's wife to drink one's own semen is a black art practiced by extremely lusty persons. Those who practice this very abominable activity say that if a wife is forced to drink her husband's semen, she remains very faithful to him. Generally only low-class men engage in this black art, but if a man born in a higher class does so, after death he is put into the hell known as Lalabhaksa. There he is immersed in the river known as Sukra-nadi and forced to drink semen.

Prepare to drink and swallow!

Sincerely,

Chandravali Christiansen

P.S. That should read chapter 26, not 25,

P.P.S. And it should be "Translation and Purports by AC Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada", since he didn't write the actual whole thing.

Letter: Religion 2, Press -10

Your "credibility quotient" just dropped 10 points (see above-mentioned article in Nov.29 issue of The Stony Brook Press)—the book of "Revelations" is, in reality, the book of REVELATION—you will notice that there is no letter "s" in the title (look it up).

I only point this out to show you that I have indeed read your article and a newspaper article is only

as good as the level of emotional response it elicits in the reader.

So, your article is good in that it caused me to write this in response! No matter what, keep writing.

Yours,

Clifford Still, Pharmacist

Student Health Service Pharmacy

Letter: Frontin' ta Isaac

Letter to the Editor

In reading Isaac Pflaum's column about the arming of campus police, I was struck by a strong sense of irony. In the very same issue of your paper in which Mr. Pflaum decries the "oppression" of the campus police (whom he apparently considers to be "polite and well-trained" oppressors whose character he has no reason to question), he also talks about smashing his car to a pulp with a tire iron. Now, I happen to know Isaac personally, so far be it from me to question his mental stability. However, it seems to me that a kid going crazy with a tire iron is reason enough to be thankful that campus police are armed. It is the nature of the law that the threat of some physical force is necessary to maintain it. If Isaac wasn't complaining about guns one gets the sense that he would be complaining about allowing the police to carry "oppressive" handcuffs and badgering the "polite" pigs for human rights abuses.

I also wanted to point out a factual error in Isaac's article. He seems to imply that the act of Governor George Pataki "deputizing campus peace officers" (which actually was a law passed by the state assembly, not an executive decree) gave campus officers the right to carry guns. This is not the case. According to the terms specified in the legislation, the chief administrative officer of each university is responsible for deciding whether or not to arm campus police. So while we are all aware of the sins that Pataki has visited upon the SUNY system, forced arming of campus police is not one of them. If Isaac and the readers of this paper have issues with allowing the police here to carry guns, then they have no one else to blame about the matter than University President Shirley Strum Kenny. But she is from Texas, so don't hold your breath waiting for action...

-Jonathan Gelling

The Sorry State of Things

By Angelos Hannides

Silence is my preferred form of reaction, when I wish to protest or express my disagreement at a situation in which I am called to rejoice. Unfortunately, doing so in the case of the politics of this country will not do me any good. Not because I will not be accounted for as one of the cheering lot, but because my silence will be taken as a sign of acceptance of this sorry state or, in the worst case, as a sign of satisfaction.

Well, I am not satisfied and I do not accept the state of things at all. The state of things frankly sucks, and the people living in it are content with shaking their heads and scratching their asses. Half of them, that is. These are the ones who think that if someone else were playing president, things would be better. I have to admit that there is an attractive and simple elegance in their liberal ignorance. There certainly are things to be said about the presidents, those who elect them, the laws and the crimes. They follow below.



I will not mention anything about the ways the major parties discover and declare their candidates. Various trapping techniques, both ancient and modern, are employed to catch them, and then beautiful artificial landscapes are used to make them look cozy, comfy and actually cognizant. But, some are smart, you will say! Sure, it is likely that some of them did well in college, can find their way around New York City using the subway, and know how to use a computer. However, it is more likely that their college life was taken care of by lineage and donations, that they are probably driving around town in their limos, and that they have absolutely no need to use computers; they just hire people to do it for them. Hardly suitable to work for the state, which is the task at hand.

The so-called presidential debates were revealing. We witnessed two baboons opening and closing their mouths, arguing, we were told, about "issues". And most friends informed me that "yes, it (was) all about issues!" It is not hard to see why we are missing the forests for some trees. For example, the two primates differed in opinion on their use of public funds for education at early levels (for the time being), but they did not seem to be disturbed by the massive sell-out of state education at all levels. Show me a few American state colleges with no tuition fees, like those which exist in many European countries. Education is not a state priority.

How about abortion? It is easy to see that one pack was all for complete control of our bodies and what we do to them by the male chauvinists that they are. In that particular framework, it is not difficult to see that the other pack was merely using the abortion issue to hide their true thoughts about others, such as

substance use, public nudity, public expression of opinion, freedom of appearance. If you think that I am exaggerating on that last one, picture yourself in black skin and dreadlocks in front of four NYPD cops. Just guess what they were taught in cop school.

In case you think that capital punishment was another point of divergence, let me show you the forest. Prisons have become private ventures, contracted to companies which charge per capita, and are in business for money and not for public service. If the prison-industrial complex wants to maximize its profits, it will increase the capita. And, surprise, it has promptly been doing so even during the past eight years. Actually, almost half of the people jailed every year, serve because of doing something to their own bodies (possession of substances), while cops who kill and maim still roam the streets with guns. Not a word. Business as usual for both apes.

I could not forget the environment, that remote and abstract notion detached from human societies, but much coveted by one herd as a prime priority. You see the other one wants to use the resources in the environment and thus ruin it. Pull back a bit and look at the argument from a distance. What is being discussed is the protection of the environment just here, in this country. One says "let's screw it here too", the other one says "let's only screw it elsewhere." The "environmentalist" ex-VP, without a speck of epithelium, went to international conventions and called for a cut in greenhouse gases a quarter of that proposed by the European countries, a seventh of that proposed by the "developing, third-world." Meanwhile, his family's oil company is in the process of homogenizing a good deal of pristine South American rainforest, performing genocide on

the Uwa people.

So, two baboons and the millions of their hominid followers wrestled for a position on the window. One of them wedged his way on the seat, in profound and repeated violations of the shreds of what was once a democratic constitution. What would spark extensive demonstrations, not to say a revolution, in normal societies, barely made headlines. This is probably a predictable reaction, considering how people handled electing and re-electing one of the ten best presidents of the country ever in the eighties. A lunatic actor, who wanted to be able to fight in space like in the movies, fired and replaced all air-traffic employees of the country overnight, and still got an airport named after him. An airport in the country's capital. People survived that, therefore they think (and they probably will) survive this one too. Do remember, however, that laws have been violated with the consent of the supreme judicial body of the country and thus have been rendered obsolete. Just like the state.

These words are not meant to disappoint. They are meant to underline the importance of our personal lives and conducts, more so today than ever before. The personal is very political and we should declare our politics by the lives we lead and share our personal experiences with others in intimate and trusty fashions. Revolutions are now very personal and they should happen, in spite of the state and its sorry condition, in spite of tax cuts and the dirty child-labor economy, in spite of the cheaper than milk gasoline. We should detach ourselves from these putrefying corpses and, in the process (who knows), we might evolve to Homo sapiens.

Beating a Dead Donkey - Centrist Repercussions

By Isaac Pflaum

American history has been interpreted by many people as revealing a pattern that can be used as a model for change in society. In its most general interpretation this model takes the form of a pendulum. This pendulum moves in such a way that it creates an arc that has two endpoints and a central point. The two endpoints are representative of extremes in thought. One point is the conservative extreme, on which faces people in the direction of the future by orienting itself with the past. People at this extreme judge the present in comparison to their perception of the past. They peruse a future that approaches their perception of the past by correcting the differences between their conceived heritage and their judgment of the present. At their extreme, conservatives wish to rebuild and make stronger the Americans edifices of moral value, personal freedom, and small government which they believe to have become eroded by years of liberal influence.

The other endpoint is the liberal extreme. At this point people are raced towards the future by orientation with the present. They judge the past in comparison with the present. They evaluate the present and find the origin of problems in the mistakes of the past. A liberal, like a conservative, is a sort of engineer. The former specializes in additions and remodeling, while the latter is best at reconstruction. These two extremes allow America to change, while at the same time always remaining the same.

These broad strokes when applied to specific facets of society become very complex and far more controversial. For the purposes of this article, only the political manifestation of this model is discussed. When this model is applied to politics the endpoints become the ideological equivalents. Political parties fill the space between the central point and each endpoint. For the past 60 years, the Republican Party has dominated the space between the middle and the conservative extreme. The Democratic Party has dominated the other space. Other parties, while they do have influence on the political arena (as is shown by the "Nader Effect"), lack the power to consistently effect policy. This spectrum can be translated into popular support because the presence of a political party is tied elections. This popular support spectrum generally begins at one extreme with very few people, grows as it approaches the middle and then dwindles as it approaches the other extreme. The number of voters at each point of the spectrum pull the political pendulum towards them. In a democracy, which decides elections based upon simple majority, the pendulum is more affected by the voters on the side that wins even when they outnumber the opposition by only a few votes. When voter crowd at the middle the pendulum is kept close to the middle whichever way it swings. When voters move towards the extremes they pull the pendulum farther from the middle if it swings their way.

American history reveals general pattern for progressive, or liberal change. In the 1840's and 50's the issue of slavery and states rights became inflamed by progressive anti-slavery movements, such as the underground railroad. Changes from a rural to industrial economy in the north was also progressive at that time. The conservative extreme of the spectrum at that time had a voice in the Democratic party. This party was opposed by many parties



such as the Whigs, Tories, and Abolitionists. Under the rule of the Democratic party, the US engaged in a war of imperialism with Mexico, taking all of the South West.

Consolidation of the parties within the Liberal space made possible a centrist compromise on the slavery issue. The Kansas-Nebraska Act and the Fugitive Slave Laws represent assertions of the power of voters within the liberal space. Progressives were unable to destroy slavery and the economic system it supports they hindered the further expansion of slavery. When liberal voters became consolidated in their support of the Republican Party in the late 1850's they provoked a reaction which shifted the Democratic Party towards the conservative extreme. As a result the center point which separates the opposing spaces shifted to the right. Voters at the middle became liberal in comparison to the Democratic Party, which was dominated by the extreme. Those voters, when deprived of the Democratic Party became Republicans. The election of Lincoln in 1860 was the culmination of the progressive pull of voters who moved to the left of the middle in response to Democratic extremism.

Today the parties seem so alike. They both take hundreds of millions of dollars from corporations to finance campaigns. They both support globalization, the war on drugs, larger military, and the continued use of fossil fuels.

When Bush was elected he did not stay in the middle, he was pulled towards the conservative extreme. This is vividly shown in the selections he made for his cabinet. The reason for this is an even distribution of voters along the Republican space and a Republican voice at

the conservative extreme. This is also the fault of the increasing centrism of the Democratic Party. The Democratic Party in recent years has slipped right on the spectrum so that it now overlaps the conservative side. And lacks a voice at the extreme. This slip began when the party moved away from the offensive nature of the liberal extreme and began to focus of protecting their victories of the past from conservative rollbacks. The fear that Bush may attack abortion rights and social security drove many voters from the left of the liberal space towards the center, and the Democratic Party. There are many people who would have voted for the Green Party had they not let their fear overshadow their hope for the future. Those that stayed at the liberal extreme could not voice their opinions with the Democratic party. Their votes for third parties, especially for the Green Party, are blamed by many people for Bush's victory.

Both the Senate and the House were split down the middle between Republicans and Democrats. In this state they are likely to remain in gridlock at the middle. They will not participate in the radical shift the executive and possibly the judicial branches have begun to. The executive branch will be the most powerful branch of government for the next four years, just as it was during the Lincoln and FDR years. With the executive branch pulling the pendulum far to the right, its momentum on the swing back will carry it far to the other extreme. So if you voted for Nader, don't worry. It's not your fault, and, if history continues to repeat itself, things might just turn out for the best after all.



OPEN HOUSE

ha!

wed. 14th

1.00pm

rm 060

ha!

basement
student union

ha!

Food
drinks
funny

ha!

ha!

monkeys

ha!

ha!

ha!

ha!

ha!

ha!

ha!

ha!

barf!

By F. L. Livingston

"We hold these truths to be self-evident,
that all men are created equal"
The American *Declaration of Independence*

"...with liberty and justice for all."
The (US) *Pledge of Allegiance*

Our country has not always lived up to these values. (Yes, I agree that's an understatement.) But over the years, several social and political leaders have tried to move us closer to these goals. And none more so than the famous Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

I see King as a hero on three levels. He was, of course, a great black leader, fighting for the rights of his people. And he was also, a great Christian minister, adapting non-violent techniques to his cause, never veering from his faith's teaching of "Turn the other cheek." But, too -- and here's the point where I often get an argument -- he was a great American hero, propelling us to be more of what we, as Americans, are supposed to be.

One reason that I get an argument here is that, while King is revered by many Americans, black or not, he was never revered by all the white Americans. "Of course, he wanted to help the blacks win their rights," I've heard some of his detractors say, "but he upset a lot of whites, especially in the South. They were used to a certain way of life, and he disrupted it!"

Oh well.

And in the late '60s/early 70s, there were some African-Americans who complained that King didn't do enough. "He got sweeping legislation passed, but he couldn't change attitudes," lamented one of my black professors in college.

Frustrating? No doubt. Changing attitudes takes a much longer time than getting a law passed. Marches and sit-ins alone don't do it, though they can help. (See below.) It takes education, I expect, at home, at school, and in the media.

But if it hadn't been for King and his followers, a lot of the old racist attitudes would still translate into practice (racially segregated rest rooms, etc.). Today, most of them don't make this transference, and if they do, there's legal redress.

Another reason that some people seem to resist the "universality" of King is, I think, a result of the same kind of racism that he abhorred. They see the color of his skin as limiting. I have known non-blacks that admire him tremendously but still argue, "He was wonderful for black Americans, but what has he got to do with anybody else?" (And this despite the fact that his birthday is now a national holiday and that a national monument may soon be built in his honor.)

Even some African-Americans object to the "universalizing" of Dr. King. "He's not everybody's hero! He's ours!" such blacks insist.

Sorry, but he has got a lot to do with "everybody else." And while he's a figure of black American pride, his legacy does not belong to the black race, alone. For, like it or not, Martin Luther King served as the conscience of this country, refusing to ignore racism, demanding that we shun hypocrisy, and pushing us, however peacefully, to realize our alleged ideals as a nation.

So it makes sense that many important figures drew on "King's Day" (January 15) for inspiration to speak out against the

American King



alleged violation of black voting rights during Election 2000. And that Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton and other black leaders used the day, partly, as a springboard for "the week of moral outrage," including Inauguration Day demonstrations regarding the voting issue. I say this not only because the plaintiffs are largely African-American, but also because this is about that basic American right to vote. It's a matter of ensuring that we actually enjoy a nation controlled by "the consent of the governed" -- all of "the governed," not just members of one or two races.

(I'm hoping that the timing of the plan to reveal Jackson's marital infidelity in print was pure coincidence. I would hate to think that it was scheduled for publication so close to the protests in an effort to discredit the minister and/or the movement.) Unfortunately, President George W. Bush may have entered office without the people's "full consent." Not just because all the votes weren't counted, but also because many blacks votes may not have been allowed, at all. In fact, Sharpton called the inauguration "the greatest untruth in American history." (McCarthy, Sheryl, "Protesters Find DC Is A-Changin'," *Newsday*. Vol. 61 No. 141 p. A 25.)

As for George W., he spoke of "justice," "unity," "equality," and "community" in his Inaugural address. But he failed to acknowledge the allegedly disenfranchised voters or to explain how he would reach out to them (or to the other protest groups that came to Washington, those focusing on gay rights, abortion rights, the death penalty, the abandoned recount, etc.).

Yes, today, we do have that "legal redress" that I mentioned earlier. More specifically, the Voting Rights Act of 1965. And it seems to be working, for the State Department is closely scrutinizing these charges.

But then there's the "attitude" issue again. It's horrifying to think that anyone today would even consider discriminating against voters on the basis of race (or gender, or disability, etc.), that they would even toy with the idea that this might be "okay." The protesters wanted to call attention to the (possible) resurgence of this bigoted mentality and try to stem the spread of its poison.

Because we cannot assume that "all is cool" and equal now and just relax. Because we must keep finding ways to work toward a culture where people are judged truly by "the content of their character" and not by "the color of their skin" or any other superficial trait. And because there's one more quote that should continue to inspire our nation to greater heights of humanity:

"I have a dream"
Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Don't give up (your points)

by Gregory Knopp

Remember...
You
Campus and Resident
Points balance
WILL NOT

roll over
to the
Spring semester.
Spend your points.
Don't forfeit them!
Last Day to Spend is Fri., Dec. 22nd

As I walk out of my room every morning I read the little "Fuck You" sign the administration left on my door, and it reads the following: "If you are living in this room you are required to be on one of the Resident Meal Plans. Please contact the ID/Meal Plan office to complete the "Dining Agreement". This applies not only to those fortunate enough to live in my room, but to everyone living in Kelly Quad as well as most other buildings on campus.

When I was a freshman, I reasoned that I would get off the meal plan once I completed

my first year, acknowledging the fact that it was mandatory for all freshmen. During room selection I came upon an interesting fact that all the buildings I would actually consider living in were, as it said, 'non-cooking', hence 'meal plan mandatory'. It is at this point that I realized that I was fucked, and unwillingly complied. Now that I am older and a sophomore I accept the fact that I will be spending plastic money on stomach cancer for my remaining years at USB.

While waiting on line in Kelly Cafeteria and trying to ignore Sisqo on the TV monitors, I noticed yet another poster plastered up. This sign, that is now in my possession, is entitled 'Budgeting Chart' and its supposed to inform students of their 'maximum target balance for Resident Points.' Now I'm all for setting standards, but this seems a bit out of hand. I mean, calling the money spent on the mandatory meal plan 'points', making it sound like a privileged reward is ridiculous as it is, but setting 'spending goals' for us is too much. 'I don't want to forfeit my points' just became my favorite expression uttered by the USB masses, taking the lead from 'I'm a Comp-Sci Major'.

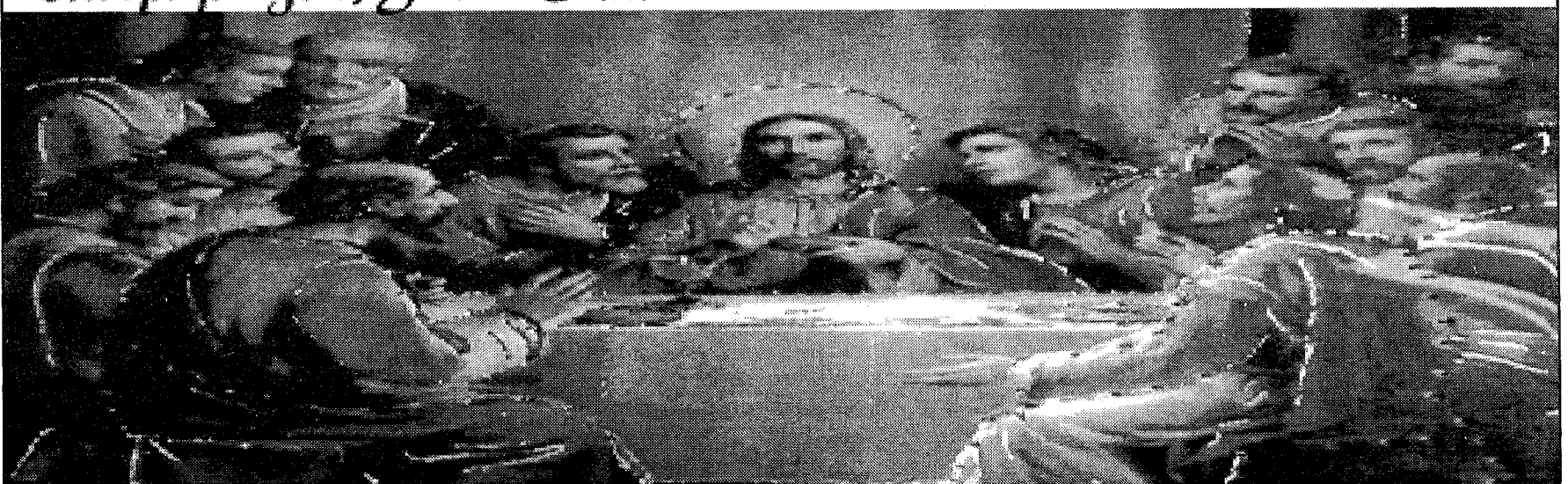
The 'Budgeting Chart' gives us a biweekly breakdown on how much we should have spent. Even though taking away our excess money seems unfair and fucked up at first glance, closer reflection shows the true reasoning behind it. If the students were not given an incentive to spend their money pro-

portionately yet rapidly, they would just lose huge sums at the end of the semester. Now if a student has \$400 dollars left in the last few days of school, he might be outraged enough to do something about losing that much. But the quiet and gradual stealing, plus the availability to buy Coca-Cola spring water in bulk, thus saving 10% will keep that same student calm and content. Tranquility on campus is important, but I'm definitely not in favor of this particular sedation method.

Now maybe this didn't occur to everybody, but this our money. Making it mandatory that most students who live on campus have to eat campus food is a crime in itself. But once your brain numbs, and your stomach makes the proper adjustments this food can be tolerated. What I'm having even more of a problem with, is that if by the end of the semester I don't spend all of my so called 'points', they are just gonna take them away. This isn't a board game. I'll be forfeiting my money? I lost my chance to spend them? I mean, what the fuck?! I don't see any reason why this money shouldn't transfer over or be refunded, except for the fact that the school can get away with just taking it. The administration's opinion of the student's must be getting progressively lower and lower. Every year they think that they could get away with more and more bullshit, and they seem to be right. I'll be damned if I spent my five customary years eating this garbage and paying for what I couldn't eat.

"Remember: YOU CAN ALWAYS SPEND AHEAD!". These people are fucking mocking us! "Spend your points. Don't forfeit them!" "Don't Forfeit Your Points!" "Buying the Case, Saves You 10%" "Last Day to Spend is Fri., Dec. 22nd". These signs are everywhere. I walk through the designated feeding stations, and see people with their degenerate smiles carrying boxes of goodies to the register. I think about trying to stop them, but decide against it. I look around and realize that I am Fucked. The only thing that I do is steal these fucking signs and give innocent customers dirty looks...

Yeah, And the lord did say unto them, "I say unto Thee, Come unto The Spot and all of thou here before me shalt live forever by my grace, all shall be given life eternal." To this his grace then added, "Except for you, Judas. Amen"



THE SPOT; 2nd floor Fannie Brice Thtr.

wed-sat 6pm-2am

poetry, worldmusic, jazz cabaret, beer & the son of god

Going Stony Broke

By Chantal Volcy

This spring semester, textbook publishers are trying to make Stony Brook students go "Stony Broke" after buying their textbooks. This January 24, the first day of school, an upset student was fuming outside of the University Bookstore, "How on earth does a book cost a hundred-four dollar and 20 cents? Does it come with extra-cheese?"

In fact, publishers have been biggie-sizing books for years now. They add shrinks, CD-ROM and study guides, and transform an old textbook into a new product. It just keeps going from bad to worse. I asked a few students their impressions about this situation. Each student I interviewed had a different and surprising approach to getting books at better prices. Their tactics for book acquisition are amazing; where their minds wander to find a solution was unthinkable to me before I talked to them. At this rate textbooks publishers will have to revise their policy or they are the ones who are going to pay it at a high price.

W.W. Norton and company are one of the good guys (they edit their textbook every ten years or so). Their statistic books by David Freedman and Robert Pisani have been reedited three times in twenty years. They are serious publishers who wait until there are real changes to make before they put out a new edition, says Professor Andrea Tyree, a statistics teacher at Stony Brook. Publishers have argued that the world of information is moving fast and that this is why they their books have to be upgraded all the time. Statistics is a rapidly expanding field nowadays but W.W. Norton and company only reviewed three times between 1978 to 1998. One could argue that textbooks can not contain all the information out there; that they are meant to teach the basic principle of a field, which doesn't change over night.

Allyn and Bacon are one of these publishers who review their books as often as they can. Allyn and Bacon printed eight editions of Self and Society: Symbolic Interactions by John P. Hewitt in the same twenty years. A teacher, that asked not to be cited, confessed that a publishing company required that he reviewed his book

every year. Teachers and textbook writers often have no substantial changes to make in the book, he says. In these cases, he continues, they add more examples, new homework exercises and so on, but in principle it is the same old book.

Karen and Olesya, freshmen at Stony Brook, say that they do not need to buy a certain textbook because their teacher is taking care of it. They say that he is going to put up their homework and selection of notes in the web so that his students can access them. This is not the first time that a teacher has shown solidarity with students. Many teachers that I have, allowed me to use an older edition of the text instead of the new copy. The only minor inconvenience was the page numbers. But sometimes teachers even bother looking for corresponding pages from one edition to another.

"Pages 69 to 86 in the ninth edition, pages 75 through 92 in the tenth edition!" they would shout in front of the class; and without any surprise students will turn the pages of the book and find the same text, word for word, in the old edition and the new edition.

Publishers don't hate students; they just love money. Making new editions from time to time is a business strategy. They make new editions of books so that they can keep making more and more profit from the sale of the books. Bookstores are getting new books at higher prices instead of getting more copies of the old version of the books. Textbooks are not in the open market for them to be evaluated by the general public. They are specifically design for classrooms. Thus, students are captive buyers who are subjected to buy these books. Other trademark books, such as Great Expectations by Charles Dickens, are less expensive because there are other buyers, other than students interested in these types of books. This also goes for many humanities textbooks.

I explained this to some students and asked them if they thought this situation was hopeless? A few students like Evefon, a sophomore, are used-book post-notes hunters. They look through all the mumbo jumbo numbers posted for books in an effort to get them at better

prices. You can see them standing looking at the post boards by the bathroom trying to snap the number first for the book they need. Some selfishly steal the whole post notes so no one else will call for the book. It is a real jungle out there! Evefon feels that some books are just useless.

"I depend heavily on class notes. I guess it depends on the subject of the class. I would imagine that for history, a student *needs* the book. But, even though, I seldom look into the book and when I do, it is only through small sections for homework. I rely more on what the teacher says in the classroom."

Olesyala Ianovitch and Barbara Affertsholt, two juniors, think that the students should boycott the bookstore by selling back their used books to other students exclusively. As a result, from the fall semester to the spring semester the bookstore would not be able to buy back any used books. Others like Winn Htay, also a junior, from Burma, thinks that students should turn to the international market. According to Winn, globalization is going to solve our book problems. Books are manufactured all over the world and shipped to the US. Pretty soon students should be able to get them through the Internet and have them shipped to the US.

"There is also a black market out there," Winn added..

Many schools such as Long Island University's Brooklyn campus and Morrisville College have programs that help students buy books. At Long Island University's Brooklyn campus, students can obtain a voucher credited to their financial aid returns. Morrisville College students can buy their books and pay thirty dollars a month. However, Stony Brook students are on their own when it comes to buying books. In addition Stony Brook University Bookstore does not even bother to compete with Stony Books store across the railroad. They join in the efforts of book publishers in order to make students have a hard-knock- life. The University Book Store needs to offer better prices to students to avoid a revolt, and book publishers must stop this waste of paper and save the trees!



Why Mental Illness - A Five Dimensional Analysis

By Dr. John Pflaum Ph. D.

Most of the thoughts, feelings, and behaviors we label as indicative of mental illness are reactions to the frustration of the five basic psychological needs: Basic need #1 ... the need to feel "at home" in one's surroundings, to feel good and to feel that one is good. Basic need # 2.. the need to be recognized as good at doing something. Basic need #3 ... the need to have some say about one's own life. Basic need #4 ... the need for adventure, excitement, risk, and Basic need #5 ... the need to belong.

Dissatisfaction of the five basic psychological needs is built into our lives in order to motivate us to work and buy. Only the dissatisfied are good customers, good workers, and attentive audiences. Our role, apparently, is to be the docile worker, the willing customer, the receptive audience.

But being treated as a means to the ends of the Mediocracy (the world wide mass market economy) is frustrating our basic psychological needs. People get nasty, greedy, bossy, and spacey when their basic needs are thwarted. You can get nasty to yourself. You can get nasty to others. You can be greedy and bossy if you demand too much from yourself or if you demand too much from others. So craziness can turn inward as well as outward.

The people we label as mentally ill are victims who in turn victimize. They are the ones who can't stomach, can't assimilate, can't take the deprivation which accompanies being an alienated nobody, a highly replaceable, expendable employee and customer, just one of the viewers.

Some can't take the pressure because of a malfunctioning inhibastat, others because of a dysfunctional family, but all of us have a breaking point, and many of us have gone far beyond that breaking point and turned nasty, greedy, bossy, and spacey.

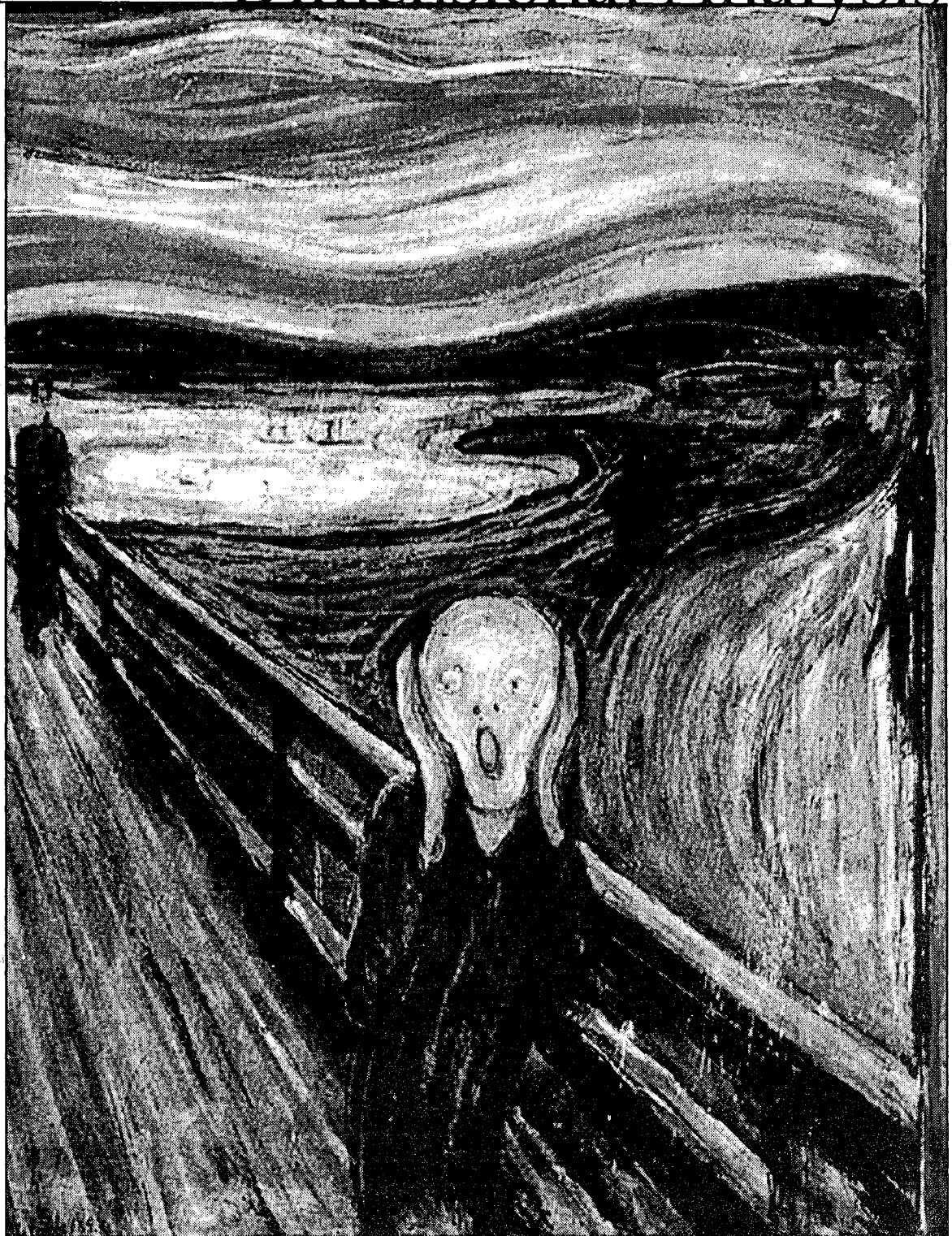
We live in a mass market, media mediocracy with subsists on mass production and mass consumption. Mass misery is the inevitable consequence. In a media mediocracy those who are different become the enemy, the focus of frustraton. Worship is directed up to the celebrity stars or their equivalents. Everyone wants a slice of the celebrity to feed their hunger to be someone.

Maniacal mediocracy on the march, led by the celebrities, going on before: the un-assimilated hated and hating in return. Nasty consumer greed, bossy little dictators: Assimilate! to the world mass market economy or you are enemy. Ordinary people, desperate not to be ordinary, exaggerate the ordinary as their way of rebelling against the ordinary .

Insanity in action is only the tip of the iceberg with untold self-inflicted misery under the surface. The inhibastat is out of whack.

Assuming that behavior is a function of the environment (past and present), and that behavior includes how we feel, think and act; and that by the environment we mean circumstances, situations, conditions and surroundings (past and present): Then we will observe that the overriding environment, the one most of us have in common, is the Mediocracy (the world wide mass market economic system).

Massive populations can be sustained and maintained -only- by massive production and massive consumption. Mass production and consumption, necessary to sustain massive populations, are promoted by mass media and



other social institutions (home, school, church, work, government).

The media and other agents of the Mediocracy (world wide mass market economic system) engender chronic frustration (dissatisfaction) of the five basic psychological needs in order to get us to work and buy. Again, only the dissatisfied are good producers and consumers.

The substantial benefits provided by the world wide mass market economic system (the mediocracy) are a the cost, the expense of taking causalities in terms of crime, illness, accident, and psychological distress. The walking wounded, the psychologically crippled, they pay the price that sustains the system.

Economics, the equivalent to war, economics which is warfare by other means, the economics of mass production and mass consumption, victimizes the few to benefit the many. In this our Age of Assimilation, we are all expendable, replaceable, and would-be sacrificial victims.

Chronic frustration of the many leads to acute frustration of the few. When the few become the many there is mutiny in the ranks. Extreme thoughts, exaggerated feelings, impulsive behaviors become the rule rather than the

exception. The inhibastat (a neuro-homeostatic function) is disrupted, malfunctioning. The symptoms of psychological distress take over. Sickness, crime, the fanatics take over. We are all in trouble.

IN SUMMARY: The basic psychological needs exploited by the system of mass-market-economy (the mediocracy) in order to get us to work and buy are: (1) the basic need to do what is considered to be "right", to conform, to do what is appropriate, proper, and correct; to be comfortable, "at home" in our surroundings; (2) the basic need to be recognized as good at doing something, to be acknowledged for our achievements, competence, abilities; (3) the basic need to have a choice, some control, some say over our own lives, to be in the driver's seat, to do "our own thing".. (4)..the basic 'need for adventure, thrills, excitement, to take a chance, risk, win, lose; (5)the basic need to be liked by those who we wish to be like, affiliation, gregariousness, to be part of the "gang".

Moderate frustration of the basic needs motivates us to work and buy. But too much dissatisfaction is disruptive. Where do we stand today and in which direction are we going? Where do you stand today and in which direction are you going?

I Read It So You Don't Have To!

By Glenn Given

Under the cover of darkness known as the intercession, Shirley Strum Kenny released her State of the University Address. Never having read one of these before, I was astounded to find it chock full of multisyllabic words like "ebullient," "interdisciplinarily," and "dilapidated."

Yes, that's right folks; Shirley owns a thesaurus.

In fact she forays deep into the heart of "Big-Wordology-Land" in a thinly veiled attempt to disguise the fact that this university is in the shits. Amid all this literary Hokum, Flim-Flam, Smoke AND Mirrors, Shirley takes special time out to metaphorically stroke our metaphorical cocks as she "do[es] a little bragging about our Division I teams."

"Division I teams," you ask?

Yes, poor downtrodden students of Stony Brook we have Division I teams right here at our little college. And they suck.

But it's not like this Address was ever intended for students anyway. Infact, it reads much more like a stock-holders brief than any overview of our school and the atrocities that are being perpetrated upon it.

Kenny, over the course of the ten pages that the Address entails, floods us with statistic after statistic that seem vaguely similar to what her fellow Texan George W. Bush often referred to as fuzzy math. Sprinkled with artist renderings of far off "improvements" to the campus, a self portrait that I could have sworn was Boris Karloff from *The Mummy*, and a handful of publicity shots of the campus and its students presenting an Utopian wonderland (an image that runs counter to any of the attending students experiences).

And then there are the charts.

Elegantly lining each page of propaganda is Chart upon Chart upon Bar Graph, Pie Graph and Line Graph, twenty-nine in all.

Five charts (4 bar graphs and one lonely pie chart) concerning money distribution across campus. Here's the gist of them. We're getting less money from the rich white people who run the state, more money from rich white people who are prone to throwing gobs of cash at the first sweet talking. Texan to cross their paths and the overwhelming majority of this money is being funneled into Biomedical areas.

Six (count 'em Six!) Bar Graphs detailing President Kenny challenging a controversial decision to continue to support Research, Technology, Academics, Facilities and Campus Initiatives.

What are Campus Initiatives? Well, they're things like Academics, Research, Facilities, Technology, Advancement, Athletics and Student Services. Quick, guess which one has the least support from the President!?

Give that man a Scooby Snack! That's right, it's Student Services. How kind of our President to provide us with such a useful visual aid to clearly spell out for us how little she gives a shit.

There's also six squiggly line graphs that provide us with vague approximations of the past enrollment trends. Here's another big suprise for everybody. We're accepting more and more students. Huzzah! Ring the church bells! Oh Joyous Day! More students pouring in to find no housing, a worsening student to teacher ratio, higher tuitions and fees and less financial aid!

Then we reached my favorite part of the address - those sultry, sexy pie



graphs...mmmm...pie.

The five pie graphs show how students are broken up along ethnic and geographic point of origin lines. Strangely absent though is a chart telling us the ethnic breakdown of USB undergrads. But it is still neat to know that 6% of our grad students are from the "Unknown" ethnic category. I prefer to think of them as Venusians.

I hate Venusians and as such implore all of you to punch 6 out of every 100 grad students you see in their filthy Venusian necks.

Oh we also learn that their are more "Undecided" Freshman than all other majors combined (or so it appears to my casual glance; I was just eyeing the chart).

Now these last set of charts are pure statistical gold. First off we get to see that Psychology is the single largest undergraduate major on campus, blowing it's closest competitor (Computer Science) away by 25%. It's interesting to note that Psych (remember the top dog of undergrad majors) recieves the 2nd lowest amount of research funding (less actually than that because it shares this funding with the other Social and Behavioral Sciences).

Additionally, we are graced with another chart showing our increase in Full-Time Faculty (87 new Faculty since fall '97). Note that any indication of the number of full-time faculty that we have lost is absent from these pages.

Comparing this with the increase in enrolled students over the same span of time (up apox. 3,500) we find that our student-teacher ratio has worsened (avg. 14:1 to 15:1).

So what's the big deal about 1 more student in every class? I think about my *War and Memory* film class (which began over booked and placed in a room whose maximum fire occupancy was less than the number of students enrolled in the class) and the ten people who just signed into it.

To top the whole she-bang off, according to a big purple pie, 83% of the full-time fac-

ulty are caucasian. White. 11% are Asian-American, 4% African-American and 2% Hispanic or Latino.

Does that seem a little fucked up to anyone else?

What the State of the University says is less important than that which it has strategically ommitted.

Absent is any mention of the increase we have experienced in on-campus crimes; especially in sexual assault and rape.

Missing is any explanation of the four year-only policy enacted for campus residents. Perhaps Shirley filled that with the memo on our steady tuition and fee increases. She stacked it right next to the file on how the Technology fee has been used to limit our acces to the internet.

No mention is made of the negative aspects of the campus, increasing corporatization of our campus, or of how we have squandered millions on our Division I teams while all evidence shows that Division I schools lose money because of their teams rather than turning a profit off of them.

Considering these "oversights" it's funny that Shirl even touched on the refurbishments being done on the Sunwood Estate (a campus owned mansion that was burned to the ground). Of course she neglected to mention that the rebuilt estate will not be used for school purposes. Instead it will be her stable..I mean house.

So thanks for shutting up about the important things, Shirl. You're pretty charts have given all of us tons of intangible worthless information. You suck. And when you move into Sunwood, I will at last know which house to throw my own feces at.

How to Write a Grade "A" Paper Without Downloading it From the Web

By Christopher Gennari

I am a graduate student in a Humanities subject. I am also a TA. I have read your papers. Many stink. Sorry, ladies and gentlemen, they do. Writing is one of the most important things you can learn. The purpose of most of the paper assignments you'll get in your time here is to help you learn (1) how to formulate an opinion, and (2) how to express your ideas in a convincing manner. The paper assignment is not really about the *ramifications to the diplomatic power balance of continental Europe of Louis XIV's wars against the Dutch in the 1680's*. It is about thinking for yourself and expressing your thoughts in a rational and intelligent manner. Its about using all those brain cells and nerve synapses that lay dormant when you watch *Undressed* or *Felicity*. Let's face it, you get the paper assignment, you wait till the night before its due, then you look in the little textbook and rewrite (nearly word for word) whatever you think is vaguely appropriate, then you hand it in and argue when you get a C-. What's worse is you might not care that you did get a C-, just throw it in the bag and mosey off to the SAC.

Well, I've come not to berate you but to help you. I don't have all the answers but I can, in this small way, try to make you better writers and maybe better students. The first problem is writing a paper is not easy. It takes work. I have a *Zits* comic taped to my computer which has the main character sitting at his desk at eleven p.m., an essay due the next day, holding a dictionary saying to himself "All the words I need are right here. All I have to do is put them in the right order." AVOID THIS! I was in college, I'm *still* a student. I went/go to parties, hang with the buds, drink the suds, and discuss more hockey than Hegel. My writing is never perfect and I've written my fair share of papers that must have made professors reach for the smelling salts. But no one ever sat me down and said "Look: Do A, B, and C and then 1, 2 and 3, and everything will be fine." You'll never be perfect. In one graduate class a professor (a scholar of some 25 years and one of the premier people in his field) showed us an article he submitted to a national journal. It looked like the editor's pen had exploded and leaked all over the pages.

So **RULE #1** is **Don't Worry**. You will not be perfect. So before you begin research or sitting down at a Sinc Site computer remember to relax. Don't fret over ever little comma or every little colon (unless you're over the age of 45 and have a family history). Write the best you can. Practice will make you better.

Rule #2: Understand the Question!!

Make sure you know what question you are answering. Several students of mine wrote papers which either answered a completely different question or didn't answer anything at all. Ask your professor or your TA, that's what they're there for. Don't annoy them, but ask them for constructive advice and make sure you **know** what the question is asking.

Rule #3: Use the Library

I've known seniors who have never set foot inside the library with any other intention than checking their email. The library has books, the books have lots of words. But don't panic! Those words make sentences, sentences form ideas. Those ideas will help you. Think your topic is too mundane, arcane or just plain stupid to never have been written about. THINK AGAIN! There are books about stuff so specific it will blow your hair back to try to pronounce

the titles. Unless your professor says to only use the textbook, use the library. Read the books, browse indexes, look up journals, fire up a microfilm machine. They're all at your disposal. There's even people there PAID to help you.

Rule #4: Don't Wait till the Last Minute.

You will not write well under pressure. You will not have time to edit, rewrite or ask opinions. This is one of the easiest ways to hamper yourself and lower your grade. A better plan would be to write it in parts. Writing five one page pieces is far easier than writing a full five pages at one time. This will make you more efficient from a time management point of view but may hurt your paper's consistency. That's why it is essential to use the next rule.

Rule #5: Make an Outline.

An outline is the skeleton of your ideas and arguments. Your outline should show a progression of thoughts, reasons and evidence. Think of yourself as a lawyer making a case. First you need to discuss what you *will* be arguing (ie. an Introduction). Do not restate the question in the introduction, the teacher knows what the question is, instead express your answer.

Example-

Question: What was the most important result of World War II

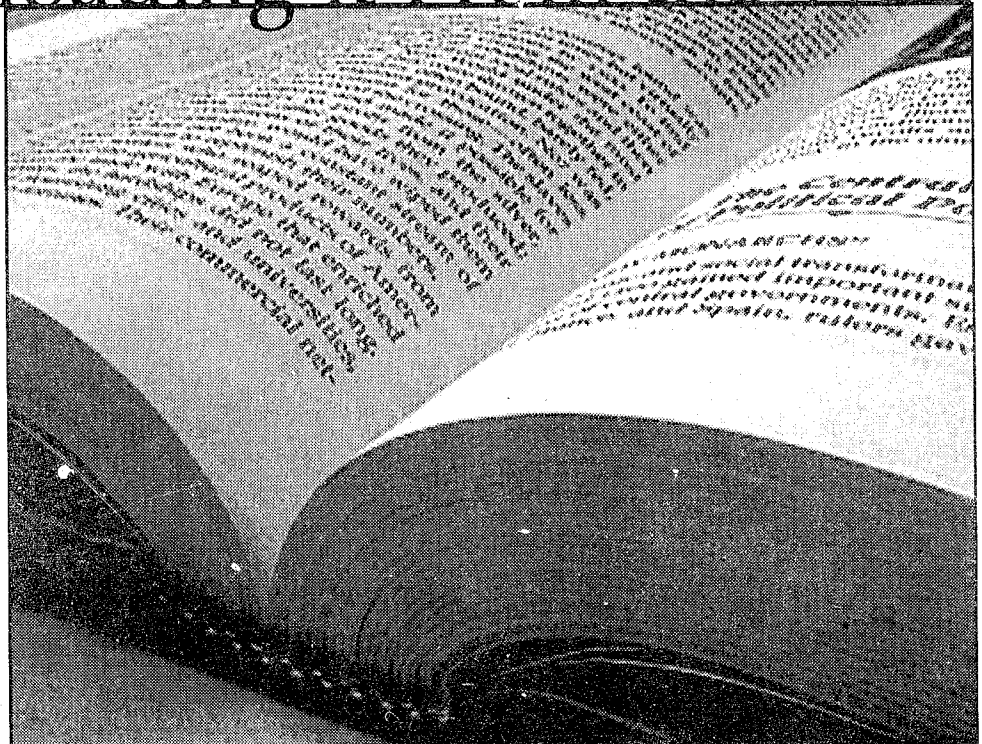
Answer: The division of the world between the Soviet Union and the United States.

Make a statement. Don't be shy. Throw your opinion out there. Commit to an answer and argue it. Even if the professor thinks you're wrong you will get points for having the guts to commit to something. The rest of your paper *must* reinforce the points you make in your introduction. Paragraph (or chapters) are just the evidence you are presenting to support your introduction. Your conclusion is just a rehashing of the introduction, bringing the point home. The outline will show you immediately if your paper is going to make sense. Plus it lets you keep your argument straight.

Rule #6: Use English Unless You Don't Have To.

Ha ha, you say. I speak English, I write in English. I know English. This doesn't apply to me. **BUZZ!!! WRONG, TRY AGAIN!** You would not believe how many students could not find a correct sentence with a flashlight, a grammar book, and a pack of bloodhounds. Know the basic rules of English, have a subject and a verb, try to use commas and periods correctly. Use paragraphs.

Now, you know what you want to say. I've written many a paper that made perfect



sense to me, but was gobbly-gook to the professor. To avoid this problem let someone else read the paper. The **Writing Center** in the Humanities building exists to help you write better papers. Use it. If you can, write it early and ask your professor or TA to look at it. No one in my last two classes asked me to read their papers. I'm sure most waited to the last minute to write their papers.

Rule #7: Reread, Rewrite, Edit, Reread Again.

More than likely your first draft is going to be, well, crap. That's ok. Reread what you wrote, show it to someone (the Writing Center, your TA, your Professor) and ask their opinions. Write down what they say. Don't take the criticism personally. Editing is all part of the process. Then do it again. Yeah, I know. Who has time for all of this? We all have things to do. But if you want to write the best paper you can this is a necessary part. Edit in parts. Hemingway wrote some of the best books, with the tightest prose, in the 20th Century. But he edited and rewrote and edited and rewrote single sentences as many as 30 times.

Rule #8: Do or Do Not, There is No Try.

Remember, practice makes better. The more you do the better you'll be. The more organized you are at the start (with research and in an outline) the less editing you'll have to do later. Have some guts when you write. Take hold of an idea, opinion, theory and follow it through with passion. Try to be original. Don't write the same thing that everyone else writes. A novel idea takes some thinking but its not impossible.

I hope this all helps. This is not a complete list of things to do. It is, in and of itself, only a bare bones fluff piece for a school newspaper. But it is also a public service announcement. Stop your teachers from saying bad things about you in the smoking lounge and give this a try. What do you have to lose?

Avoid the easy road. It is safe and boring and its just like everyone else. Don't be a sheep! You did not come to university to rewrite textbook pages. Don't be George W. Sure, he's the President but he's just a tool of shadow puppetmasters and Dick Cheney. Use your head. Kick some Ass. Give 'em the whole nine yards. Quote Yoda. Watch Buffy. Reject the values of your father. Eat at Joe's. Get a bigger boat. Refuse to hang a Monet poster. Remember: There is no Spoon.

TOP TEN Battle of the Century

Greatest Super
Moves of All
Time

George W. Bush

The Burning Bush

VS

10

The "Big Bang" (God)

9

"Flying Butt Pliers" (Ren
and Stimpy)

8

"Tatsu-Maki-Sen-Pu-Kyaku"
(Street Fighter 2)

7

The "2nd Plague of
Egypt; Frogs" (God)

6

The "Smoke-a-Cigarette-at-
a-Gas-Station" (Isaac Pflaum)

5

"Yoga Flame" (Super Street
Fighter Alpha 2 Turbo Gold)

4

The "Get Elected 43rd
President of the US" (Bush)

3

The "Joe Pisca-poke"
(Lorne Michaels Fighter 2)

2

The "Mandible Claw" (WWE)

1

The "Hundred-Hand Slap"
(Your Boyfriend)

Dumb as a Tree
Stump

Assassination
Prone Lifestyle

Less Filling

Easily Trained
with Banana
Flavored Treats

Makes the Literate
Portion of America
Feel Superior

One Term

ION: GOVERNOR OF 2nd LARGEST

A Tree Stump

Spoke to Moses

Physical
Incarnation of the
Might of God

Fire (one of the
five basic needs)

Pretty Fucking
Trippy

More qualified to
Lead America

Slang for Pussy

PRO

Less Taste

The W. Stands for
"Wrascist-nazi-
pig"

The Herald for
Galactus

For fucks sake people, this isn't
even funny! George W. is the
absolute last person we should
have leading this country. He
comes from a state that has
DRIVE THROUGH LIQUOR
STORES! The 44th ranked edu-
cation system and the highest
number of Minorities on death
row as well as the being #1 in
executions.

That's it, no more funny for you
people! None!

No Funny for 4 years!

CON

Actually, it's slang
for Syphillitic
Pussy

Won't get you
High

Arch-Nemesis of
Smokey the Bear

Caused the roof,
the roof, the roof
to be on Fire

There Were Kittens
in That Bush
Damn you.
Kittens...

CRAIG SCHLANGER'S BIG MOUTH



Alice In Chains: *Live* (Columbia Records)

Alice in Chains. One of the most important bands of the 1990's who just happen to hail from Seattle. Like fellow hometown heroes Nirvana and Pearl Jam, most rock n' roll bands of the mid to late 1990's owe something to AIC. Everyone from Creed to Bush to Godsmack to Whoeverthefuckselse wears the Alice in Chains influence like an old flannel. And why shouldn't they? The 1992 *Dirt* full length is arguably one of the most complete records of the decade. Their ability to strip down their sound and still kick your ass was evident on both EP releases, *Jar of Flies* and *Sap*. The band eventually fell victim to drug-induced hype and seemingly self-destructed sometime around 1996 (after releasing their most mediocre work, a self titled full length).

So obviously there isn't much more for Columbia Records to do but gather every fucking AIC song they can get their hands on, and release them in the form of boxed sets, best-of packages and live albums. But there's just one catch. Very little of what Alice in Chains left behind (save for the final work and early glam rock material) can be called throwaways. *Live* hammers that point home again and again.

This record clearly shows that the chemistry the band had in the studio setting also carried over into a live atmosphere. Their entire legacy is represented nicely here with early material such as "Bleed the Freak" held up right next to late-period tracks like "Again." Performance dates range from early 1990 to mid-1996 (their estimated time of demise).

I'm really having trouble finding anything else to say about this. It's really simple. If you want to hear live performances of some of the best rock songs of the last ten years, then go hunt down this puppy right now. The band isn't getting back together anytime soon (unless their



contract guarantees them a good deal on syringes) so this is the best you're gonna do for a new helping of Alice in Chains material. Or you could just wait for the next Godsmack album.

Jedi Mind Tricks: *Violent By Design* (Superegular Recordings)

"I leave the blood spilling in the streets." So states the Killah Priest sample that opens "Retaliation," the first track on Jedi Mind Tricks sophomore LP. No argument here. Hip-hop is definitely in need of some blood spilling. Good rap records are really rare these days (even in the underground) and these Jedi Knight MC's are out to change that. They're mission is to make some noise and establish themselves alongside other Philly-based crews like the legendary Roots.

And to their credit these guys serve up some of the eeriest rap tracks this side of the Gravediggaz debut. "Heavenly Divine" and "I against I" are two of the sharpest beats I've heard put to record. Throw in the prerequisite list of guest appearances (Bahamadia, Mr. Lif, L-Fudge, J-Treds and Tragedy Khadafi to name a few) for good measure.

The only area these guys might wanna do some serious work on is in their lyrical delivery. While they definitely keep it interesting most of the time, there are too many instances of unfocused and disconnected wordplay. However, I think this is really due more to inexperience than lack of ability of potential. Their voices scream of hunger, but lack a necessary focus at times.

Otherwise *Violent By Design* is well rounded serving of beats, rhymes and life that should appeal to the most hardened thug, as well as backpacking underground heads. Give it a spin.



Gehenna Murder (Moonfog)

This record is getting a review for two reasons. First, if you look close enough at the cover, it's a chance to once again print that overused execution graphic that *The Press* is so fond of running. Second, this thing will peel paint and rip your fucking face off.

The Norwegian natives in Gehenna have honed their songwriting skills over the past decade and become one of the most powerful black/death metal bands in existence. Also adding an '80s thrash metal influence with this record, (Kreator is a good point of reference) these sick fucks are simply unstoppable.

After a unique collage of samples discussing psychosis, the record kicks off with the dirgy title track. A slow, plodding guitar riff gives way to a massive guitar lead recalling "Reign in Blood"-era Slayer. Thing is, this is the most basic track on the record (tempo-wise). The moment they hit the first note of "Worthy Exit" it's time to get your hands on some stimulants as Gehenna blasts into warp speed. And they don't stop. Not until they're sure they've thrown you around the room a bit, and maybe kicked you in the face for good measure. See, they hate you.

This band has reached an utopia in their songwriting where black and death metal are fully represented, with none of the ridiculous clichés of either genre weighing down the material.

Thought you were indestructible? Check out *Murder*. You'll think twice. I'm telling you, this is the shit.



How the Puzzle Pieces of Peanut Butter, Puberty and Peeing Fit

By Jacklyn Yeh

Sometimes all I'd really like is a little understanding. It's stupid 'cuz, well, most people don't even have an adequate understanding of themselves, let alone of others. Then again who said people made any sense. Look at me. I push people away when I need them the most. I practically tell them to fuck off when all I really want to do is sob torrents of tears onto their shoulder until there's no more moisture left.

Maybe then I wouldn't need to pee so damned much.

What's driving us to be who we are? I've realized just how much confusion exists inside us. We look for endless answers to endless questions, and the answers are wrong again and again. I'm thinking the answers to all our different questions connect together in some weird jigsaw of our being. Perhaps the trick is to piece the separate pieces together, instead of mulling over how oddly shaped each is.

Will we then see the answer? After we put together this puzzle will we finally see what it is that makes up who we are? We usually lose the box when we hit puberty, and it's an effort to piece ourselves back together when we haven't a clue what we ought to look like. Let alone the frustration of trying to find the scattered pieces. Sometimes sorting by color helps a little; then it's trial and error from there. The exhilaration of putting together two pieces of practically the same color totally at random is amazing. But those two pieces fitted so perfectly together only shows a tiny view of the whole.

And then there is the predicament of being with someone. What is more perfect than two fragmented puzzles drawn together by mutual attraction? Thing is, mutual attraction comes with compromise and mutual intimacy. And then you can misplace the pieces of your own puzzle with your lover's. Working together to put together the bits of each other's being; you mingle your puzzle pieces with theirs. When the relationship ends, when you decide you would rather not trust in the person to help you along to completion, what happens then? It is maddening to try and separate pieces from two different puzzles. Think about how many close relationships you have in a lifetime. Imagine all the pieces you left behind when you lost touch, when you broke off ties. Imagine all the pieces you hold on to that do not pertain to you at all.

It's a pretty scary thought. Then again it is nearly impossible to put a puzzle together by oneself. We need help. We need lifelong family, friends. Doing such a daunting task by oneself is insane. Not to mention you'd never have enough time to come close to finishing it.

For fear of losing their own pieces, some never allow themselves to experience

such intimacy. Perhaps as children their parents stripped away their pieces one by one, and have never given some of them back. Trust is lost; they can only depend on themselves to keep the pieces they have safe, and to make sense of them.

This is merely a new perspective on how to see life.

Is this a waste of time?

Pure bullshit to fill up a page? Just the other night I had a dream. I came home with my sweetie, and there, in the coat closet, sat a can of peanut butter, and a shoe rack full of my brother and my old toys. Seeing the peanut butter disturbed me. I have this addiction to the stuff. When I say addiction, I really mean addiction. I turn to it when I'm feeling anxious, bored, or lazy. When it's not around I start feeling jittery and debate whether or not to buy a new can. I eat the shit straight out, scooping it with a knife. I don't even need bread with it, or crackers. I experience mild symptoms of withdrawal for God's sake.

The toys gave me a queasy feeling 'cuz a whole bunch of little kids were running around in my house, and I just knew someone put them there so they can take it home with them if they wish. When I was a child my toys were my most prized possession. If you had read my last article about Clarence, you'd know that the toys I gave personality to were precious. The mere thought of my mother throwing them out would cause the sensation of my heart being wretched and twisted from the inside. When she did throw them out I felt like barfing, and I could hardly eat. So there, on a wobbly shoe rack, sat Deer, various Voltron pieces, Barbie and Rambo. They looked so pitifully bewildered.

I must have gotten depressed or something, 'cuz I left my boyfriend downstairs with my family and relatives, and went

upstairs. I'm not even sure what I did.

Soon after however, I realized how impolite it was for me to leave him, so I returned downstairs. He was gone by then. My whole family was outside making the racket that can only be emitted by a Chinese family, and I looked down the street hoping to see my sweetie's red book bag bright against his black coat, but he was not in sight. I refused to give up, and went back into the deserted house, calling his name. I searched and searched as

the pangs in my chest hurt more and more.

And why do

I share this dumb dream?

It is my mind struggling to make sense of my puzzle pieces.

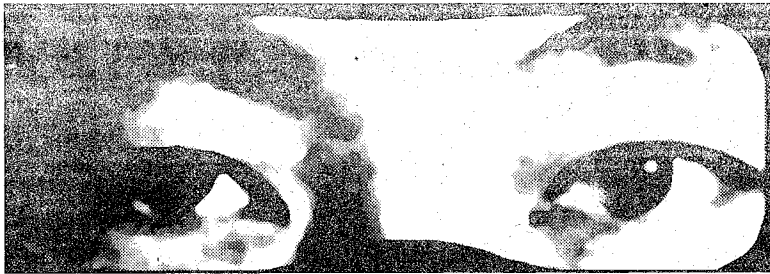
Somehow, the pangs I get in my chest have to do with my peanut butter addiction, the adoration I have for my toys, and the fear I have of my boyfriend abandoning me. I woke up crying and told my sweetie what my "bad" dream was when he asked. And as I described it to him something hit home.

Those pangs I used to get as a child has resurfaced in the last couple of years, right around when my boyfriend and I hooked up. The pain seemed so familiar, yet I couldn't quite place where I might have felt them before. Thinking about Clarence got me to think of my childhood stuffed animals, and it reminded me how terrified I was when my mother bitched and shouted while she chucked citizens of the world I called Animal Land into a dusty trash bag. The peanut butter addiction appeared a year before I found my sweetie, when I was struggling to go from a wasted 80lbs to something the doctors and my family would find more substantial. Peanut butter was the fastest way; and so long as she saw me eat my mother could muster a radiant smile on her otherwise ashen face. The doctors nodded in approval as my weight went up steadily.

I, however, slipped deeper and deeper in despair as I felt myself lose the control I had worked so hard to gain in the previous year. The determination that I had learned to trust and the people that I thought I could trust; it was useless. Determination can be squashed down by the world that sees nothing but that which is shown on the surface. People never mean what they say anyway. The peanut butter offers some comfort now, as it elicits the feelings I used to get from pleasing so many people with my gradual weight gain.

I had lost myself in the world I had neurotically created for my stuffed animals. Parts of me flew into the garbage bag with each toy my mother tossed out. As I filled my body out, my control and self-confidence drained away. With each loving act that goes unappreciated or unnoticed I lose some of my identity and independence.

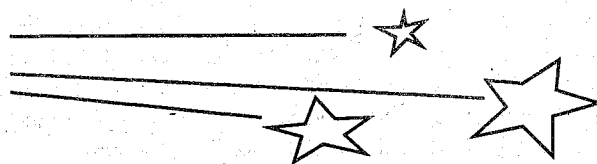
As these pieces come together, I realize there are thousands more to consider. Thousands more that scream to be put together, but they're going to have to wait.



Ninja Fun Facts Corner

Throughout the ages, there has been one select group of people that has consistently warmed our hearts and captivated our attention better than a sex-education class. This subculture of course, are our friends: The Ninja. Ninja, with their stealthy mysticism and their homicidal code of honor, are sure to fascinate and amuse as The Stony Brook Press presents this tribute to our favorite catlike sentinels of death.

- ★ Ninja can tell the time of day using only a car battery and a housecat.
- ★ Ninja can survive for two full days after having their head severed.
- ★ Ninja can program a VCR by focusing the power of their mind.
- ★ Ninja will spill your entrails like a bag full of Manhattan clam chower at the slightest provocation.
- ★ How many ninja does it take to screw in a lihgtbulb?
One. It just takes one ninja.
- ★ Ninja are like Jedi, but without light sabers or the Force or anything.
- ★ Two words: Utility Belts.
That's right, ninja have and use bona fide utility belts.
- ★ Jêsus was a ninja. Or maybe he was a carpenter...
Damn, I always mix those two up.
- ★ Ninja can rip a man's heart out of his chest and show it to him before he dies.



Black and Hispanic Heritage Celebration

Friday, February 9th
6 to 10 pm

Galleria- Level 3, Health Science Center



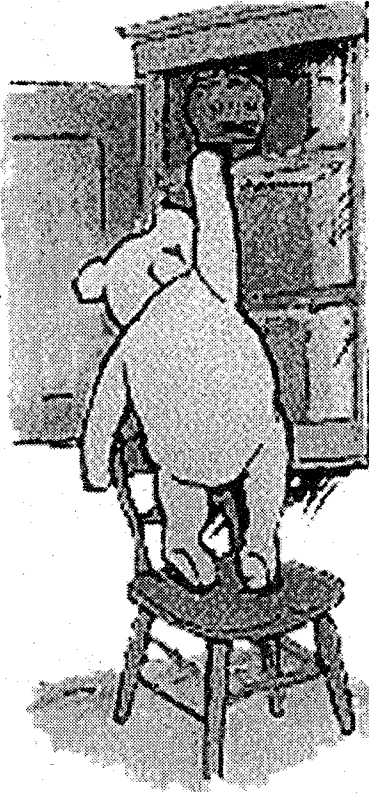
Banquet Speaker: Ian Smith, M.D.
Medical Reporter, WNBC

Come awaken your senses to the echoes of our music, the skills of our performers, the taste of our ethnic cuisine, and feel the warmth of our welcome!

Sponsored by
Student National Medical Association
Stony Brook School of Medicine

Just Being is Hard Work

By Christopher Gennari



I was looking for a new philosophy. I am not exactly sure why. I was looking for something new to read. I know I was bored. So I picked up the little book The Tao of Pooh by Benjamin Hoff which uses lots of big lettering and exaggerated spaces to reach a hundred and a half pages and a

twelve-dollar price tag. Every College Sophomore has this book somewhere on a shelf and it had been sitting right there on my



shelf right between a Bloom County Collection and Hemingway's Farewell to Arms since I was a sophomore in college. The basic premise of the book is that Winnie-the-Pooh is the premier example of the eastern philosophy of Taoism. Pooh is dubbed, by the author, a classic example of being the *Uncarved Block*.

If this all sounds terribly complicated, let me reassure you - it is. And if I had the book in front of me, or on either side of me, I would do a better job of explaining but since I don't, I can't, so just read the book. It takes all of 32 minutes. You can read it while waiting on line for a frozen grilled chicken sandwich

at the Union. The point of the story is that I read this book and, like the time I saw *Empire Strikes Back* when I was six and spent two weeks pretending to be a Jedi with an imaginary light saber who always - and I can not stress this enough - always got his hand cut off by an equally imaginary Evil Sad-Faced Clown Man (hey, I was six, I had issues), I had this desire to emulate Pooh. So I declared my new purpose in life.... I was now going to be an UNCARVED BLOCK (hey, I'm 25, I have issues).



But let me tell you. Trying to be the Uncarved Block is hard work. Now in being the Uncarved Block, the idea is that you become one with the universe. You go with the flow. In the Tao of Pooh, the author cites an old tale. Two young guys are walking by a waterfall when they see this old man going over the falls. The old man bobs for a while, being tossed and battered, and then emerges from the waterfall's base completely unscathed. The two young guys ask him, and this question always strikes me as funny, "Why weren't you killed?" The old man says that he has learned to go with the flow of the water, to accept nature, be one with fate and all that jazz and he always turns out fine. This is my understanding of the Uncarved Block's oneness with the universe. Of course, the fact that the act of throwing oneself OVER A WATERFALL IS COMPLETELY INSANE was ignored at the time. Instead I had grandiose daydreams of wearing cool leather jackets while saying things like "There is no spoon" or waving my hand at a patrolman saying "I was not going a hundred and five. I am not the Hyundai you're looking for."

When I revealed *Christopher's Theory of Uncarved Block Living* to my girlfriend she, well, she laughed. She pointed out that a possible flaw in my thinking might be that trying to be an Uncarved Block kind of went against the essential nature of the Uncarved Block itself. But I had no time for naysayers. And I

went out to become the Uncarved Block. I was going to be one with the universe and I wouldn't worry about all those things like paying rent, good hygiene, feeding the fish or the burning sensation in my abdomen. I bought a leather jacket and started listening to the Sex Pistol's version of "My Way" in the morning. I even considered starting days with Tai Chi but then I pulled a hamstring and figured I better start by just walking around for exercise.

But let me tell you... Life on Long Island is not conducive to being an Uncarved Block. First there's the freaking old people driving THIRTY-FIVE in the left-hand lane of the Northern State Parkway. Here I am, going with the flow of traffic (i.e. 85 mph), when these old biddies in an '81 Buick clog up the roads. Just because they're nuns they think they own the road or something. Then there are all those responsibilities: read this book,



do that homework, teach this class, earn your pay, pick your mother up from the hospital. Nag, nag and nag. Pooh didn't have to deal with this stuff; no wonder he was so mellow. If he had to deal with a lunch of a Grande Espresso Mocha Latte with four sugar packets instead of honey he might not be so calm.

Anyway, by the end of the third day, I figured this was way too tough. So I gave up. Not much good had come out of my excursion into eastern meditations: the blast oven in my tummy never did go away. I got yelled at by my landlord, my mother and by at least two French Nuns. Mysteriously, all my fish died and no one wanted to sit next to me at lunch anymore. No worries. When I need to resolve my next "What-am-I-going-to-do-with-my-life" crisis I'll just buy a kit from the back of *Redbook*. Though after seeing the Super Bowl I'm thinking I might ditch the whole Ph.D. thing and start focusing on my real calling; to be "the Bad Boy" in the next boy band.

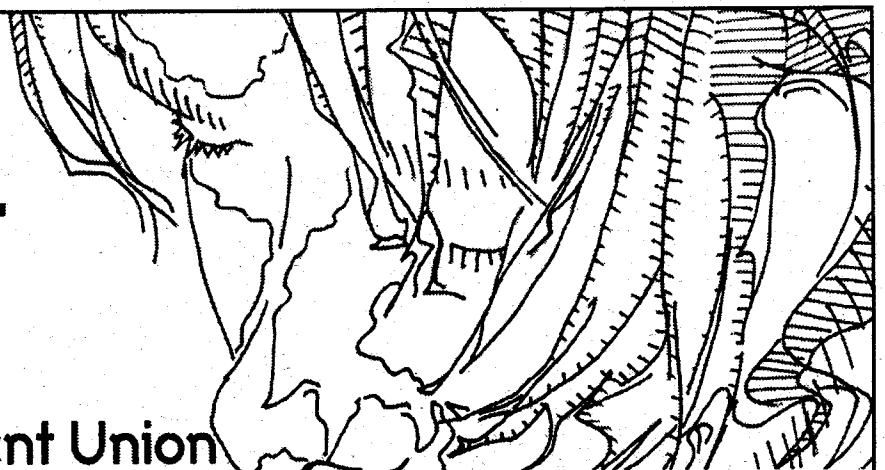
I've already got the leather jacket.

[insert your opinion here]

join the press @ our open house meeting
wed. 14th 1.00pm rm 060 basement of the student union

anti-cow will be appearing @
the Arcade this Friday from 10am
until 4pm to autograph their
latest CD "aight where's me smack"

the Arcade : basement of the Student Union



Internetphilia-Links!

ByGreg Knopp

<http://www.jesusdressup.com>

- Remember that old game, where you cut out outfits from a page and attach them to a nearly nude picture on a different page? Well you can do that again, but this time with the one and only, the son of God himself, Jesus.

<http://www.dolphin-sex.org>

- This is by far the funniest thing I ever read. It's a detailed description on how one can mate with a dolphin. It written by a Delphinic Zoophile, one who makes love to dolphins. If you have 10 minutes and Internet access you HAVE to read it. Here's a little excerpt: "In the considerations of safety, you should NEVER let a male dolphin attempt anal sex with you."

<http://heavy.com>

- You'll probably need DSL or Cable to run this site. It has some cool shit: Sabotage News Network is a news crew that finds itself in some strange situations. They document various protests. The one I liked the most, was this guy throwing money to the NYC public during the biggest shopping day of the year. Behind the Music That Sucks provides alternative biographies to many artists. (My favorite was Marline in

Manson). If you got free time on your hands you should definitely check it out.

<http://www.ultranet.com/~mari>

- Christian lyrics that can be sung to popular tunes. This is great. They took all these songs, and re-wrote the words to them. This is definitely worth your while. Play the actual songs and sing the new lyrics to them. They got more than one hundred songs to choose from. The funniest one is Smells like Holy (Teen) Spirit.

<http://www.mulletsgalore.com>

- Now I'm sure a lot of people have seen this site, but I had to include it here. It is truly amazing. Its a classification, and description of all the types of Mulletts out there. It judges each mullet by Mulletude, Aggressiveness, Hobbies, Sightings,

and Favorite Band. When I first saw this site, I spent 3 hours and read the entire thing.

<http://www.mchawking.com> - This is a site about Stephen Hawking a.k.a. the guy in the wheelchair. But here instead of his better known life as a physicist, his life as a gangsta rapper is discussed. They have a whole bunch of MP3s, including "Fuck The Creationists." The picture section is amazing as well.

<http://www.jesus-diet.com/urine.htm>

- Now Christians do some pretty fucked up shit, but this site still managed to surprise me. Here they take quotes from the Bible along with some scientific research and use it to justify abstaining from eating, and instead drinking our urine. Here's some examples: "I had tried drinking my own urine on a few occasions. Urine is pure, fresh, organic, live, filtered "structured" water, at body temperature, containing large quantities of pure, predigested nutrients. It is fresh, raw, and alive, and the cost is totally free (to say the least)."

<http://www.musicuwant.com> - once you get passed all the advertisement and uncalled-for links to CD's for sale, you can find some really funny shit here. Click on SPOOF-O-MERCIALS, that's the best part of the site. The guess-that-song game isn't bad either.

<http://qrd.tcp.com/qrd/religion/judeo-christian/protestantism/mormon/mormon-masturbation>

- Here the Mormons provide us with a comprehensive guide on how to overcome society's worst affliction. This is a self-help site with STEPS IN OVERCOMING MASTURBATION. Now if everyone in Stony Brook would read this, we would have a much happier and peaceful university. I'll give you some quick tips, but you have to read the whole site for full recovery: If you are associated with other persons having this same problem, YOU MUST BREAK OFF THEIR FRIENDSHIP. Masturbation is a sinful habit that robs one of the Spirit and creates guilt and emotional stress. And when the temptation to masturbate is strong, yell "STOP!" to those thoughts as loudly as you can in your mind and then recite a prechosen Scripture or sing an inspirational hymn.

<http://www.thespark.com/health/stinkyfeet/index.html>

- We all have goals in life, some more realistic then others. This is a premier example of how with some ambition and dedication one can reach his goal. Pain and discouragement might come your way, but if you focus you will succeed. This is scientific, day-to-day report on a person's attempt to infect himself with athlete's foot. It has pictures, graphs, and much more.

different flavors
for
different people

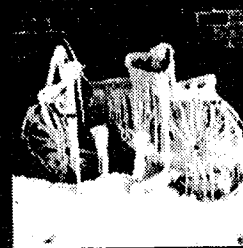
avail: in
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NATHAN MCBURNETT

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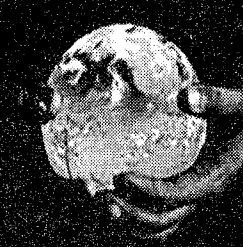
Tim Holland

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Michele Lee Scherr

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1211 oz (355 ml)

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Amanda Peterman

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KAREN MILROY

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dan kohnfelder

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Christi A

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BRIAN HOOLEY

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Scott Clark

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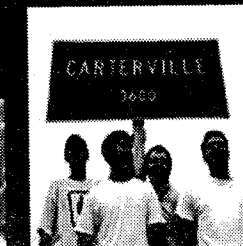
CHRISTOPHER SHIPMAN

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Amber Eades

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SODA CO.
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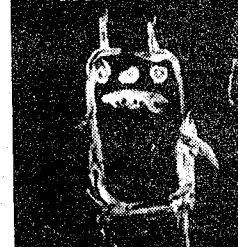
CHRIS DUNGAN

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1211 oz (355 ml)

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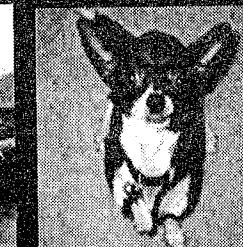
Steph

JONES
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1211 oz (355 ml)

JONES
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Shari Desalvo-Paglia

JONES
SODA CO.
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WLS

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SODA CO.
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Heidicrabtree

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JENNIFER REDMER

**SINCE THERE IS
NOWHERE
PRIVATE FOR
STUDENTS TO
DRINK:**

**WE SHOULD BE
DRINKING IN
PUBLIC.**

No matter what age you are, your drinking is not wanted on this campus.

Whether you're 21 or 81, you are a child in the eyes of this university. To which you cannot be trusted to handle the responsibility of alcohol.

Never mind that this campus used to have a bar in every dorm lounge. And that the only remaining on-campus watering hole (The Spot, one of the few culturally diverse establishments in the area) is being run out of business by administration, regardless of the fact that it has operated without incident for years.

Admin is forcing us back towards Prohibition. What they don't realize is that banning alcohol doesn't solve the problems. If anything it creates them. Dry campuses are just as violent, have comparable rates of binge drinking and often experience an increase in the traffic of illegal drugs.

Heck it's easier to get Heroin here than it is to get a beer.

As students our only hope lies in Organized Crime.

Practice Civil Disobedience; Drink Openly On-Campus