

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVIII No. 4

And How Can This Be? For He Is The Kwisatz Haderach!

October 14, 1996

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Garofalo

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and Lowell...

something wicked this way comes...

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It Can't Happen Here

By Chris Sorochin

In a previous issue, several of my esteemed colleagues spent considerable space telling you to vote and explaining why you should bother. To my great astonishment, none of them employed the one knock-down argument bound to get your attention.

You all must be painfully aware of that charming medievalism, the 21 year-old drinking age that prevents you from legally pursuing one form of happiness for most of your college career. You must also be aware that a decade or so back, you could legally drink at 18. Why do you think it changed?

If you said "because of drunk driving fatalities", I have three words for you: National Rifle Association. If they really cared about highway deaths, they'd simply institute really tough DWI laws for everybody. They might also spend more on public transport so no one has to drive after a night of carousing.

But no, it was much simpler to just pass restrictive laws and it's fairly obvious now that the main inspiration for this legislation was control and criminalization of youth. Now we have the privilege of seeing those stupid "I'd card my own mother" signs in alcohol outlets and visiting bars that resemble tiny totalitarian states. I just read that Suffolk County police use high school "volunteers" in sting operations. Wonderful! Overpaid law enforcement has nothing better to do than recruit adolescent ass-kissers to climb one rung higher on the evolutionary ladder of finkdom.

Several years earlier, Jimmy "Prince of Peace" Carter hoped to placate hawkish critics by reinstituting draft registration. Now all males between 18 and 20 have documentary proof that they could end up as burnt offerings or mass murderers (or both), but they can't drink a legal brewski.

Today, we see George Pataki and other species of political bottom-feeders stampeding to cut educational aid and school loans and even dismantle public education itself.

The noose will tighten further on November 1 as a "Zero Tolerance" law aimed at 18 - 20 year-olds goes into effect. If you're stopped and have even one drink in your bloodstream, you lose your license until you're 21.

The only reason these vermin in tasseled loafers get away with any of this crap is that young people are too busy being too busy with all the glittering trivialities of living in the most over-entertained society in history. What would have happened if a majority of guys refused to register for the draft? Or if there had been a massive anti-prohibition march on Washington against "21"? The education cuts are really hitting home and the point is finally being gotten, but we've still got miles to go to stop the insanity.

The next thing to be taken away could just be your right to vote — "since you're not using it anyway." So, you see, it's of the utmost importance that you not only vote, but follow it up with active engagement in what's going on. If we don't act, there could be a police state doing major proctology on us all very soon.

In endeavoring to encourage electoral participation, one of my cohorts opined that the lose-lose situation of Clinton-Dole was far preferable to living under a dictatorship of some general with five names. Outside of his cultural insensitivity, he neglected to point out that General Five Names is brought to the Third World by the same jolly folks who bring us ClintonDole. They're just using different methods of political straight-jacketing.

Everyone thinks Watergate was the slimy bottom of the barrel for Tricky Dick Nixon. It wasn't. In the early 1970s, the people of Chile had the presumption to imagine that they could control their destiny and voted in a Marxist named Salvador Allende, who planned to

nationalize the valuable copper mines, enact land reforms and redistribute wealth and political power. Needless to say, the big investors really despised him, especially International Telephone and Telegraph (ITT — major Republican contributors), who persuaded the Nixon White House to unleash the CIA's entire bag of dirty tricks. The first step was to make the Chilean economy "scream" by stopping loans and investment, blocking markets, sponsoring strikes and doing everything possible to destabilize the country financially.

When that failed to produce results quickly enough, a military coup was arranged, bringing to power the bloodthirsty General Augusto Pinochet. Years of torture, murder and repression followed. "Enemies" of the regime were slaughtered en masse in the Santiago soccer stadium. All to make the world safe for multinational capital.

In 1976, Orlando Letelier, an exiled diplomat and critic of Pinochet, was blown up in a car bomb in Washington, along with his assistant, Ronni Moffit. The Chilean hit squad was covered for by-then CIA director George Bush, who denied any complicity on the part of the Pinochet government. When Bush was asked to submit to questioning by Chilean officials in 1991, he refused.

Pinochet is still a general in the Chilean army, and it looked as if yet another of history's villains might go unpunished, when, this summer, a Chilean court convicted two other officers named Contreras and Espinosa of murder for atrocities under the junta — the first such convictions.

And the Spanish government is currently conducting an investigation into the murder of Carmelo Soria, a Spanish diplomat murdered under the reign of terror. Interesting revelations could expose the whole stinking mess to light, and, together with the latest drug-peddling scandal and lawsuits by Jennifer Harbury and Sister Diana Ortiz, U.S. victims of CIA-sponsored torture and murder squads, we could see major cracks in the facade. The Beast might fall yet.

Another Press commentator seemed to think Saddam Hussein and his ilk just sort of rose out of the primordial ooze, and in the same breath goes on to say that the U.S. and other western powers must "protect their interests" in the Middle East. Well, they've been doing that, and that's why we're in all these messes in the first place. Do you really think that, if the people of the region control their own oil, they're not going to sell it to us?

The Promise Keepers are a quasi-religious movement founded by a fundamentalist football coach. They're packing stadiums throughout the Lobotomy Belt (including New York) with gigantic Triumph of the Will rallies. Men only. The message is that things suck because men have reneged on their responsibility to assume their "natural" leadership role in the home. Red-blooded Christian males in attendance are urged to take it back and women will love and respect them for it.

So, guys, be part of the repatriarching of America. Grab your honey by the hair and drag her back to the cave. Mutter a prayer of thanksgiving, thump your chest and tenderly chain her somewhere between the kitchen and the bedroom. Then wait for that look of adoration in her eyes.

"When fascism comes to the United States, it'll come wrapped in the American flag."

Huey Long

Governor of Louisiana and Demagogue (1930s)

Those who missed the Persian Gulf War and didn't have \$60 to get into the Promise Keepers rally can get a cheap taste of embryonic fascism by picking up a copy of *The Lamp Post*; just use gloves when you do. It's now accessible on campus. The cover of the current issue features a studly Aryan dude busting out of his tanktop astride a Harley. At his feet kneels a sultry, raven-haired young woman in a wedding gown that shows a good bit of cleavage. Joe Goebbels would be proud: physical perfection, the cult of muscularity, subservience of women enforced by traditional values all tied up with echt American iconography.

The interior of this tabloid is mostly ads for local businesses it may be a good idea not to patronize and the editorial tone distinctly love-it-or-leave-it. There's a running Vietnam memoir ("Front Line Hero") about someone's Air Force buddies. This is Vietnam a la John

Wayne — no My Lai, no napalm, no Agent Orange, no shooting peasants for kicks and no mental problems or recurring nightmares when it's over. Just brave young warriors struggling valiantly, like the Knights of the Round

Table. A saccharine poem celebrates soldiers spilling blood and giving their lives. For what? Well, it doesn't say and nobody is supposed to ask those questions. Remember Orwell's "Ignorance is Strength"? These guys are part of a culture of violence no less than members of any street gang or organized crime family. Your masters say go and you attack, like a trained pit bull. If you're good, maybe they'll toss you a bone.

All is not Blood and Iron, however. There's a folksy neighborhood news section and a "Name the Stars" quiz, offering more cleavage and some buttocks. *The Lamp Post* seems to be put out by and for the local outhouse aristocracy, since nobody with any gray matter seriously buys that die-for-your-country noise anymore and it could be viewed as simply a museum piece harking back to less intelligent times — but don't forget, they laughed at Hitler, too.

The grade of paper and color seems a bit high for an informal regional paper, and it appears to be produced in quantity. Not to be too paranoid or anything, but well-funded right-wing organizations have been known to fund supposed grass roots efforts both at home and abroad.

To what end? Well, fascist movements always require a cadre of militarized thugs recruited from the lower middle class, like the Black Shirts of Mussolini's Italy and the Brown Shirts in Nazi Germany. In fact, our militias bear a striking resemblance to the Freikorps, paramilitary groups in post-World War I Germany who believed that German leaders had sold the country out of victory in that war, just as a certain contingent here believes the U.S. was sold out in Vietnam by "liberals". The Freikorps helped pave the way for Nazism. Who knows what your angry white yahoos could pave the way for?

Reading List

On Foreign Ground by Eduardo Quiroga. Life in Argentina under a fascist junta and how it perverted every aspect of life.

The CIA's Greatest Hits by Mark Zepezauer. Forty-two brief vignettes of the adventure's of the government's most infamous agency.

White Lies, White Power by Michael Novick. A comprehensive overview of armed right-wing movements in the United States and how they serve the power structure.

RETURN TO SENDER

Last week, the U.S. Post Office located in the Melville library was burglarized. It is now indefinitely closed as a result, and the thousands of students who live on campus have no way to send packages through the mail.

The residential mail situation on campus has always been intolerable. Service is slow at best. Packages have to be picked up at central offices which have limited hours -usually only three hours a day. Outgoing mail cannot be sent from the dorms; you have to walk across campus to the Student Union to use the mailbox located by the main doors. Until last year, there wasn't even a post office on campus. When it was open, it had short hours, closing by two-o'clock in the afternoon. Now, in the advent of the burglary, things have gone from bad to worse.

Did you ever visit the library post office? It's a small, cramped room behind the bookstore with barely enough room for two employees behind the counter. Yet despite the inconvenient location and hours, it was always packed, with lines stretching out the door. It's obvious students had a need for a post office, and that they were using the facilities provided, no matter how meager.

It is our sincere hope that the University and the U.S. Postal Service will re-open the library office as soon as possible. It is also our hope that these groups will do more to address the concerns of students in this area. Perhaps the new Student Activity Center should have its own Post Office; it's more accessible to students and presumably more defensible to criminals.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A lot has been said about the inadequacy of the new meal plan, enough that I do not have to add anything additional. I would, however, like to recount a particularly inadequate encounter with the USB Delivery Service. On Sunday October 13, my girlfriend and I returned to campus late after a day in Riverhead and decided to order dinner from USB Delivery. I ordered the "Hungry Man" chicken dinner, she ordered some chinese dinner. The estimated wait time given to me by the dispatcher was 45 - 55 minutes. After almost two hours, I was every bit the "Hungry Man" that I had ordered. Finally, I got the call and my girlfriend went down to get the food. The food came in a stapled bag; we didn't think to ask if the order was correct. When we checked it, we found that it wasn't (my chicken dinner was missing half its pieces and the chinese meal was almost entirely missing).

By this time, the delivery guy was long gone. We called USB Delivery, and after 20 minutes on hold, told our problems to them. After being handed around to 3 or 4 different underlings, we finally were granted the great pleasure of speaking with the manager. He was so apologetic for the lateness and ineptitude of his staff that he grudgingly agreed to send us out a correct order (after several minutes of persuasion), if and only if I returned my incorrect order to him (which they would throw away anyway). If they didn't intend to throw it away, did they intend to serve a 3 hour-old cold, incomplete chicken dinner to somebody else? I hope not. All the while, everyone we spoke to was rude and nasty. The manager then suggested my girlfriend come over to Roth Quad from G Quad to pick the food up personally! If we wanted to pick the food up ourselves, we would not have placed a delivery order, would we? Finally, the manager promised that my chicken dinner (we cancelled my girlfriend's order because by now she was upset and had to go home; needless to say our evening was ruined) would be at O'Neill in 15 minutes. As I sit here typing this letter, I check the clock and see that that promise was given to me 45 minutes ago. *Sigh.* Oh well.

I can appreciate that Delivery is most likely understaffed and overworked. Yet, I find the magnitude of their incompetence, and their poor attitude and unprofessionalism in light of that same incompetence, to be inexcusable. The manager did not even offer to give us some of our money back as a gesture of apology. He even went so far as to suggest that it was my fault for not asking the delivery guy if my order was complete. I find that ridiculous, like asking a doctor if he's sure he removed the bad kidney and not the good one. If they can't do it on their own, they certainly aren't because you ask them.

I am now looking though the food that I must return to the delivery guy should he ever return. My fried chicken has a staple in it. Oh well, I suppose that's my fault as well.

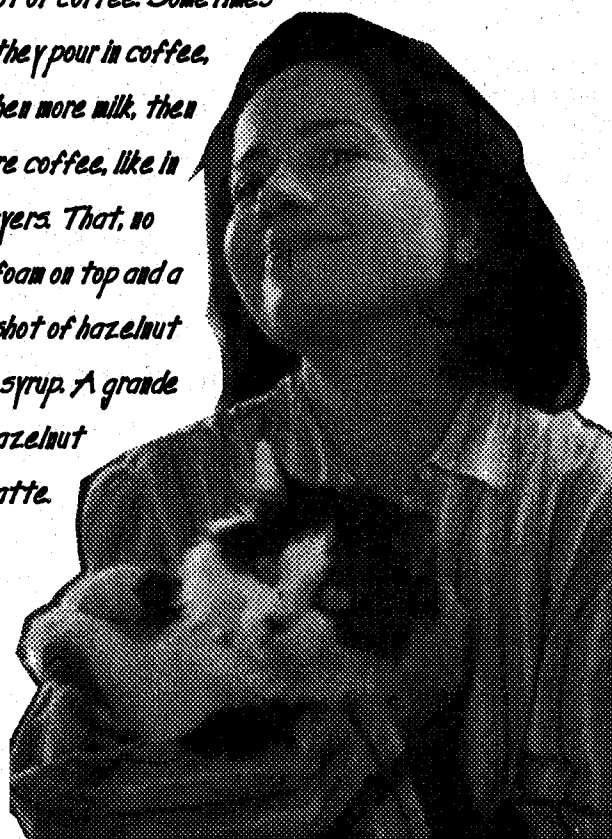
I'm sure that working for Delivery is probably nearly

impossible. However, I work hard as well, and do my best to be professional and conscientious. When I slip up I make it right. When I'm trying to enjoy a dinner with my girlfriend, I expect the same. I deserve the same, as does every other USB student who has paid a small fortune to ARA-MARK and to their partner in crime, the PSA. Thank you for your attention and enjoy your meal.

-Michael Tschupp

Janeane on The Perfect Latte:

I prefer less foam. I like it to be a flat latte, if you will. There has to be the perfect ratio of steamed milk to coffee. I don't like it when I pick my latte off the counter and it's light, like there's hardly any coffee in there and it's all foam. I like it to be a heavy latte with a lot of coffee. Sometimes they pour in coffee, then more milk, then more coffee, like in layers. That, no foam on top and a shot of hazelnut syrup. A grande hazelnut latte.



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- 3) Are you constantly criticizing the work of others, yet never produce anything yourself?
- 4) Do you have less self-esteem than a leper at a fashion show?
- 5) Are your dreams filled with fame and riches... and your life with seclusion and poverty?

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An Interview with First District Congressional Candidate

Nora Bredes

By Boyd McCamish

Nora Bredes has served as a Suffolk County Legislator representing the Fifth District since her victory in a 1992 special election. She has been re-elected twice with increasingly wide margins. Mdm. Bredes won her last election with 57% in a four way race.

During her four years in the legislature, Nora Bredes gained acclaim for successful legislation addressing the problem of second hand smoke and domestic violence. She fought tobacco giant Phillip Morris to enact one of the toughest indoor smoking laws in the country.

Prior to her election, Nora Bredes achieved national recognition for leading the ten year battle to close the Shoreham nuclear power plant. For her persistence in bringing this effort to a successful conclusion in 1989, Mdm. Bredes was featured as a "Grassroots Hero" by Mother Jones magazine for her work.

There are few residents of this county who have contributed so much. Nora Bredes is a fine citizen with an insightful, intelligent appeal. The First District of New York could, in many ways serve as a barometer for ailing Republican support. This interview was conducted last week, hopefully it will allow the reader to find out the opinion of a woman most qualified to serve us in Congress. Nora Bredes is the Democratic candidate for the First Congressional District of New York. Her opponent is Republican Mike Forbes, he is the incumbent.

There has been somewhat of disturbing conservative trend amongst house Democrats and the Gentleman occupying the White House, how do you feel about it? Is there room in federal politics for progressives?

Well I think there certainly has been, I wouldn't say it's conservative in the traditional sense because real conservatives support things like the environment and education for families. I think there is a more radical extremist type of conservatism, which has pulled politicians, fearful of not being able to win reelection, much more to the right. I think that given a different Congress we would see a different type of leadership in the White House, one that is truly progressive, and I think we will see a continuation of some of the progressive initiatives this white house has promoted if we have a Democratic Congress. We will see better environmental initiatives, more targeted education spending and incentives for families to invest in education.

Why is it that a Democrat like yourself is experiencing incredible support in predominately Republican territory?

Well I think that people look at party enrollment in Suffolk county and see that party enrollment for Republicans is nearly 2 to 1 and they assume that this is an area where a democrat can't win. I think what is important is to show people that your concerned about the issues they care about and that your committed to listening to them. If you work hard on issues that benefit everybody, things like preserving open space, working on health initiatives like banning smoking in public places. For me at least that has signaled to people that I'm there for them, whether their republican, democrat or enrolled in no party at all. I represent the people who live here and work here. I have a strong belief that by sticking together and keeping the lines of communication open we can only improve things, not make things worse. I think that's how anybody gets elected and continues to properly represent his or her constituency election after election.

Do you think the voters of Suffolk county vote by issue or do they tow the party line?

I think that when you have strong independent minded voters like we do here in Suffolk county, who look careful-

ly at the voting records of politicians issue by issue the challenge to the politician and this has been a challenge to democrats especially to raise money to get the word out. What happens in politics is when you have one party as dominant as the Republicans in town and county government is that they are able to hire people that are loyal to their party. Those patronaged employees become critical foot soldiers for the party. So it becomes necessary for the democrats to raise even more money to overcome or counter that advantage. When you have a good grassroots organization and the ability to raise similar amounts of money, a democrat has just as good a chance of winning an election.

The labor dispute involving King Kullen's handling of their Wild by Nature stores has become a focal point for the Three Village community. Do you think this is an important battle? And do you have a feel on how it will play out.



I think its absolutely an important battle. As a county legislator I was invited to the opening of the Wild By Nature store and I decided I couldn't go. I used to go to the King Kullen store there occasionally and I knew the people who worked there, some of them and I simply thought that it was unconscionable for the store to fire those employees, pretend to open up a new kind of food store that wasn't a supermarket and not hire union employees. I think that as the need for unions seems to have subsided over the years we tend to take for granted a lot of what unions won for people who work. We tend to take for granted the fact that we'll have vacations, that we'll work an eight hour day and get health benefits and pension funds that are secure and kept from being raided by corporate executives. The fact is unions won all that for us, whether your a union employee now or not. I think were seeing a time again when working people are under attack, when this congress voted for instance to raid pension funds without checking with the pensioners to see whether its okay with them or not. The attempts to do away with the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) and to make reporting of health violations voluntary. That kind of eroding for support of our workforce can be very damaging to all of us and I think that both for real reasons and for reasons specific to Wild By Nature and making sure that those people that work in food stores get the kind of wage and benefits they need to live and more symbolically to support unions who have a very strong role in benefiting everyone whether their unionized workers or not. I think we have to support the effort by those fighting Wild By Nature.

SUNY Stony Brook receives about 75% of its funding from private institutions. Administrators have been heard referring to students as "customers". Where do you stand

in general on the privatization of State Institutions. Also, the deregulation of the telecommunications industry and the proposed further deregulation of the banking industry?

I understand why there is a need to try to bring in private dollars to Universities like Stony Brook with the cutbacks we've seen on the state level and the cutbacks that are threatened. People are scrambling to try to hold on to the quality of education that was promised to New York students. I think that there are risks that come along in accepting private money, risks to peoples independence, and although it is not always true, a risk to the integrity to the education that is offered and the work that is done in these universities. I strongly believe that we have to do more at the federal level to support higher education, to expand the direct student loan program, and to expand the advanced technology program that brings matching grants from government to people who are doing research on cutting edge technology and I think that would do a lot to benefit the work being done at the university. I have concerns about the deregulation of the telecommunication industry and further deregulation of the banking industry. I think that where companies argue for greater freedom the risk is really to the consumers and I think we may see costs that we didn't expect to see as consumers from an increase in the efforts to deregulate.

Being a Long Islander I'm sure your aware of the relatively high cost of living here and in other urban and suburban areas. Were you satisfied with the most recent Federal minimum wage increase? Also, what role do you think the Federal government should play in wage regulation?

Well, we have seen the first phase of the minimum wage increase go into effect. There will be another phase I believe next year. I still think that the wages that we offer people should be enough to really support a family and these days that means parents being able to support high quality child care and health insurance that really protects families. I think a family of three or four would be hard pressed to be truly independent of government support either through subsidized low income child care or Medicaid. I would like to see an increase in the earned income tax credit. Congressman Forbes voted to decrease the earned income tax credit. It greatly benefits people who work and live at the edge and benefits families who earn under \$28,000 dollars. An increase in the earned income tax credit along with probably another increase in the minimum wage would be appropriate to make sure that the families we are trying to motivate, vary in some cases motivate is to kind a word, to become working productive members of society. We should really make sure that work is rewarded.

As a Congresswoman will you support the so called "right to work" laws?

No I wouldn't. I think right to work laws undermine the strength of unions and people organized to fight for protection in the workplace, and for good working benefits and good working wages. I really think right to work is a euphemism so I would not want to undermine the ability of unions to effectively organize workers and I'll leave it at that.

What is your view on the Federal deficit, and is it as great a danger as business and government tells us it is?

I think the deficit is a danger if it continues to eat up as much of are budget as it has. Currently I think the efforts to decrease the budget are important, at the same time I think we have to remember that the national debt which is the accumulated deficit that we run does have a positive aspect. When we are paying interest on the debt we are basically supporting retirees, pensions and investments, it is not an entirely negative expense. I believe that we should do as much as we can to balance the budget I think we should also

continued on page 7

POINTING THE WAY TO VICTORY

Dick Swett for U.S. Congress

By Elvis Duke

In today's political climate, there are few politicians who really have a strong grip on the issues, and a wide open eye towards the future. In New Hampshire, one of these pillars of the community is pushing for his third term in the U.S. Congress.

Dick Swett first burst onto the political scene in 1990 when he landed New Hampshire's 2nd Congressional seat. At the premature age of 33, Swett blew away his opponent to become the first Democrat to hold the position in 78 years. Two years later, Dick came back to the scene and won again; the first Dem. to get re-elected in his district in 130 years.

Despite these great accomplishments, Dick Swett's political career is only beginning to tumesce. This year, he is penetrating the tight political scene once again in the campaign for his fourth term in Congress. His opponent, John Rauh, has run a flaccid campaign and lies almost twenty points behind him in the projections.

Swett has stood tall during the campaign, pressing the voter flesh and rubbing the nub of the vox populi. Conversely, Rauh's

campaign has been run willy-nilly. He should prove to have a difficult time beating the incumbent.. especially when the debates commence.

In past elections, Dick has proven to be a master debater.

But why should New Hampshire's voters shoot their wad for Dick Swett?

In his six years in Congress, Swett has toiled endlessly for the voters, displaying an iron will and balls of steel. He continually fights for the interests of his constituency.

His behavior in staff meetings and sub-committees is legendary, as he flogs his fellow congressmen and gives the shaft to all who oppose him.

One of Congressman Swett's crowning achievements is his co-authorship of "The Congressional Accountability Act," a hum-

ming tube-steak of a bill which shot through Congress, lubricated by unprecedented bi-partisan support. A brilliant stroke of work, the bill forces Congress to obey the dictums applied to the rest of America.

Dick Swett is more than just a lawmaker; his personal life glistens as well. He graduated cum laude from Yale with a degree in architecture, hoping to spend his life erecting monuments. His skills were widely recognized, and he won the Timothy Dwight Cup for his efforts.

Dick Swett is truly a strapping beast of a man, the creme de la creme of American politics. Patriotism courses through Dick's throbbing veins. Few men can excite the voters like he can, stimulating their minds and expanding their horizons.

When this campaign season finally comes to a pulsating climax, be sure to use your head. When you get into the voting booth, pull Dick's lever.



Dick Swett: We SWEAR He's a Real Candidate

continued from page 6 explore something that local governments are allowed to do which is to invest in infrastructure improvements and pay it back over time.

Where clearly we have a need for instance to improve mass transit and to clean up the Long Island sound. These are expenditures that will costs billions and billions of dollars but whose benefits will be felt over time. I think we should consider whether or not we want to make those long-term investments.

Who do you think should write environmental legislation?

(laughs) Not the corporations who would be impacted by it, and I think we did see that in this Congress. The people who should write environmental regulations are the people who are sent to Washington to represent the people. What we saw over these last two years was that those same Congress people invited in the corporations who would be regulated by environmental laws and regulations to rewrite and to deregulate their own industries. For example there was change in regulation that would require taxpayers to pay corporations who were under a consent agreement to clean up the superfund sights, to clean up pollution that was already paid for with costs to our health and to our environment. I don't think that the corporations who are regulated should make the laws, although they should be listened to. We should also understand how legislation affects them and their ability to do business and do as much as we can to make sure that regulations don't unnecessarily constrict the freedom of a business to act responsibly and act efficiently, but neither should we allow those businesses to write the laws which govern them.

A few days ago President Clinton was endorsed by 2500 Connecticut Business people, does that concern you?

I don't know who those people are or the reason for their endorsement. So right now I don't know whether to be concerned or not.

Yeah, that's sort of a broad question.

I'm not an enemy of business, you can't be in this society. We all depend on good responsible businesses to give us jobs and help us afford our homes and help us be able to raise our family and give them an education. The Clinton administration has done a fairly good job of being friendly to businesses and to reward responsible corporate behavior.

What is the greatest difference between you and Congressman Forbes?

Who we really represent. I think Michael Forbes represents the National Rifle Association (NRA) very well. He voted to repeal the assault weapons ban and to rescind the crimes bill and to undo the Brady law because the NRA asked him to. He represents the health insurance companies who invested \$30,000 dollars in his campaign. His vote to cut Medicare by \$270 billion dollars and virtually force senior citizens into managed care reflects his support for health insurance companies. Certainly he is a big supporter of the Christian Coalition who rated him 100%. He has reciprocated by absolutely denying a woman the right to choose. What I think I offer to the citizens of this district is a partnership which is a true partnership between the person they elected and the citizen. Mike Forbes has voted in nearly every case to hurt working families here. But he's not running that way now, in fact he's running away from the record he spent two years building, a close look at his record reveals exactly who his friends are and who he has been working for. A close look at my record as a county legislator and as a citizen working on environmental issues I think shows the exact opposite. I do understand the need for an open and effective partnership between the Congressperson and the people who elect her. Also, a good sense of the process that can restore people's hope that government can really connect with them.

Why do you think that Michael Forbes and the freshman republicans in Congress are feeling such a backlash in public support?

Because they assumed when they were elected that people were ready for a radical extreme right revolution. That

people were ready to turn over the government to corporate interest who were looking for deregulation of environmental law, they assumed that nobody would mind when the Christian Coalition called for a complete reversal of a woman's right to choose and an end to family planning money. So I think they are not supported now because I don't think that people realized the true extent of what their leadership would mean. I don't think we understood that when we heard them talk about downsizing government they were talking about downsizing the part of government that helps us and, in getting government out of the way corporations would take advantage of that situation that would promote the types of programs that don't help working families to get by.

Speaker Gingrich has referred to the United States on occasion as a "nanny state" that is, a welfare state. Do we really live in a welfare state?

Well, I think there does have to be more done to move people to work who are on welfare. I think most people don't want to be on welfare, they would rather make a good living wage and support themselves and families and be involved in constructive work. Constructive work is what makes life worthwhile and it's a very demoralizing feeling to be stuck in a dependent relationship to anybody whether it's a government or a family or a husband or a wife, that can be very crippling. I don't think that we have been a nanny state. I think that people unfortunately have disregarded one of the most effective welfare reform measures we've tried which was begun in 1988 with the help of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the jobs program was actually providing support for people to get off welfare by going to our community colleges by getting two year degrees in nursing or physical therapy or paralegal work so that especially young mothers could earn a living that would keep them out of the revolving door of welfare. I don't think we will see that sort of help in the newest welfare reform bill. I think that there needs to be changes to the newest welfare reform bill that was passed to give people a real chance to better their lives.

THE CIA/COKE CONNECTION

By Joanna Wegielnik

Debate Dribble on the "Drug War:"

"There is an invasion of drugs from all over the world and we have a responsibility. You had a surgeon—or before General McCaffrey, you had a lady who said we ought to consider legalizing drugs. Is that the kind of leadership we need? And I won't comment on other things that have happened in your Administration or your past about drugs."

-Bob Dole

"But let's look at the overall record. Overall in America, cocaine use has dropped 30 percent in the last four years, casual drug use down 13 percent. The tragedy is that our young people are still increasing their use of drugs up to about 11 percent total with marijuana, and I regret it."

-Bill Clinton

The CIA—Contra—Crack Connection

So the candidates want to talk about drugs in America. Funny, though, with all these allegations and accusations flying back and forth about who's responsible for the current drug scourge, neither Dole or Clinton have courage enough to hint of another possible source of the epidemic - the CIA.

What? The CIA peddling dope? Well you shouldn't be surprised. Spy Central has a long, sordid history of dubious alliances with thugs, thieves, and host of "anti-communist" drug dealers, from Burma to Pakistan to Afghanistan to Lebanon to Latin America. The latest

flop implicating the CIA involves a scheme where drug smugglers employed by the agency sold dope at wholesale prices in American ghettos and used the profits to fund Ronald Reagan's beloved "Freedom Fighters", the anti-communist contras feverishly intent on unseating Nicaragua's new socialist Sandanista government.

In August, the *San Jose Mercury News* published a three-part series documenting how CIA operatives sold literally tons of crack cocaine to the Bloods and the Crips street gangs of South Central Los Angeles, touching off drug wars and an unprecedented crack epidemic that spread nationwide.

According to Gary Webb, author of the acclaimed series, Danilo Blandon is the "Johnny Appleseed" of the crack explosion in California, a man who holds a master's degree in marketing and was one of the contras' top civilian leaders abroad. Blandon testified in court that he began selling cocaine in LA in 1982 to raise money for contra rebels. In the course of time, Blandon began dealing with a ghetto-driven teenager, Ricky Ross, who had the necessary gang connections to move and sell massive amounts of drugs in LA. With the invention of crack, a much more potent and cheaper form of cocaine, Blandon and Ross hit the untapped market's of LA's black ghettos with a devastating blow.

So where was Blandon getting his inexhaustible supply of cocaine that he was selling to Ross at wholesale prices? From freedom fighter Norwin Meneses, known in Nicaraguan newspapers as "Rey de la Droga" [King of Drugs], who in the early 80's was under investigation by the DEA and FBI on suspicions that he was smuggling cocaine into California. And like Blandon, Meneses was working for the CIA's contra army in Nicaragua.

Allegations that contra forces were running drugs in order to finance their army under the benevolent gaze of the CIA and DEA are certainly not new. Remember the Iran-Contra affair during which fallen angel Oliver North admitted to lying in front of Congress? During those hearings, North half-grudgingly acknowledged that planes secretly chartered by the CIA left the United States on clandestine flights loaded with Iranian arms for the contras, and returned from Nicaragua loaded with cocaine. In this sense, the gun—drug—cocaine—contra connection is nothing new. What is news is the fact that Blandon and Meneses targeted black and Hispanic communities for the distribution of cocaine that fueled the crack epidemic. They literally dumped tons of cocaine into the poverty stricken neighborhood's of south-central LA right under the watchful eyes of the CIA. One has to wonder what the CIA's response would have been if Blandon and Meneses decided to set up shop in Beverly Hills or Malibu.

For years, black and hispanic communities have been rife with rumors of government connected conspiracies to flood the ghettos with drugs. But without any concrete evidence, no names and no hard facts, the rumors were dismissed as mindless paranoia. The *Mercury* report provides those facts and names the names.

The allegations and disclosures are too obvious and disturbing to dismiss. One would hope that our current leaders would take some sort of initiative and get to the bottom of this. The *Mercury* report says, "No action that we know of can compare to the CIA's complicity, however tacit, in the drug trade that has devastated whole communities in our own country." Indeed. If you want to check out the *Mercury* report, you can find it on the web at <http://www.sjmercury.com/drugs/>.

The 1996 Presidential Debates

By Nancy B. Regula

The Bushnell Theater in Hartford, Connecticut was the site for the first of two 90-minute debates between Bob Dole and Bill Clinton which took place on Sunday, October 6th.

Dole entered the debate as the decided underdog, with the expectations of a powerful debate low. Dole has been trailing in national polls since last spring, and despite a 35-year career in Congress and the experience of a vice-presidential candidate in 1976, Dole is widely regarded as inferior in comparison to Clinton in the area of debate.

A GOP boost, due to the debates, is of much greater importance to Bob Dole than it is to Bill Clinton. Clinton has been sailing through an uneventful campaign on the strength of a healthy economy. It's no wonder that Clinton retains a comfortable advantage over Bob Dole: there has been a real diminishment of economic anxiety and we have never voted out an incumbent president who's presided over four years of increasingly good economic news. Although Bob Dole has had a successful convention and his choice of Jack Kemp as running mate has given his ticket a lift, he is having trouble selling himself as a realistic alternative. The nation has no great love for Bill Clinton, but has yet to see any compelling reason to replace him with Dole.

The tense encounter between Dole and Clinton on Sunday was permeated by flashes of humor. Both candidates largely clung to established campaign positions and rhetoric, taking turns putting each other on the defensive over issues concerning drug abuse,

Medicare reform, foreign policy, and education.

Dole attempted to increase support for the Republican campaign built on a promise to cut taxes by 15%. He vigorously promoted his \$548 billion tax cut plan, saying that the time has come for government to stop taxing the American family and start

helping them put more money in their pockets. Clinton considers Dole's tax cutting plan a scheme that will enhance the deficit or require drastic cuts in Medicare and education.

Bob Dole also took aim at Clinton's foreign policy. Dole feels that Clinton has been too soft on Communist regimes in Cuba and North Korea. A few weeks ago Dole gave a speech criticizing Clinton's decision

to bring Middle East leaders to Washington in hopes of ending an outbreak of violence between Palestinians and Israelis. Dole also reminded the public of Clinton's actions that resulted in the deaths of 18 U.S. Army Rangers in Somalia. Clinton took full responsibility for what happened in Somalia but reassured that his policies in Bosnia, Haiti, Cuba and the Middle East were more promising.

Bob Dole raised the issue of drug use in America, pointing to the figures showing that teenage drug use has doubled in the past four years. It was in this area that Clinton offered his largest concession to Dole's position. Clinton assumed his part of the responsibility causing the troubles, but said that every American in a position of responsibility should be doing more as well. He point-

ed to his own personal experience with drug abuse in the family, referring to his brother Roger's cocaine-dealing conviction in the 80's.

Dole accused Clinton of being in the pocket of trial lawyers who have contributed millions to his campaign, while Clinton said that Dole had sided with the tobacco companies when the administration tried to block cigarette sales to minors. Dole pointed out, however, that he is on record years ago for having pushed for warning labels on cigarettes.

Clinton also pointed at Dole's voting in 1965 against the creation of Medicare. This outdated attack was followed by Clinton reminding the voters that before quitting as Senate majority leader, Dole had led the Republican opposition to the Brady Bill, which mandates a national waiting period for handgun purchase.

Dole, who characterizes Clinton's governing philosophy and appointed aides as liberal, charges that Clinton's signing of the Republican-inspired welfare-reform bill recently was just one of the several "election-year conversions" for the president. Clinton called the charge "a golden oldie" used by Republicans despite the fact that after two initial years of supporting an activist government he has moved to the center in the past year.

Dole sought to erase impressions that Republicans are an elitist party lacking compassion. Dole has had tough times in his own life and has learned that "you can't go it alone".

The debate between the Republican challenger Bob Dole and President Bill Clinton will be followed by another debate being held on Wednesday, October 16th at the University of California at San Diego. This one-to-one encounter is the case due to the controversial decision to exclude Ross Perot from the debates.



STUDENTS BURNED BY CIGARETTE BAN

By Jeanne Nolan

USB smokers can never again complain about the inflated price of \$2.75 per pack of cigarettes on campus. Nor will they be able to cry about the limited selection or the long lines at Stony Snacks. This is because, as of last week, cigarettes will no longer be sold on the Stony Brook campus.

In past years, students were able to purchase cigarettes at many locations across campus, including the bookstore and Union Deli. However, with the increased anti-smoking sentiment, Stony Snacks became the only outlet for nicotine. The substance has now been completely removed from campus shelves. In order to purchase cigarettes, smokers will have to make the long trek to 7-Eleven or arrange a rendezvous with a black market dealer.

The FSA board had been debating about stopping the sale of cigarettes entirely for over a decade. Many board members felt that the University was promoting smoking by having cigarettes so accessible to students. To them, it was particularly hypocritical because Stony Brook has been home to much of the research done to show

the link between smoking and cancer. However, there was a percentage of the board which respected the fact that students are well aware of the dangers of smoking and it is their right to make decisions regarding their own health.

Chad Baldante was a student member of the FSA Board of Directors who greatly opposed the plan. As a smoker himself, he was "pissed off quite frankly" when he found out the plan was to be initiated, despite his objections.

He brought forth some legitimate concerns, such as the fact that students would be forced to walk the dimly lit trail to 7-Eleven in order to fulfill their need for nicotine. This same trail saw four muggings last semester and is designated a "daytime route" by campus officials. The FSA acknowledges this concern, however they stand firm knowing that smokers have a greater risk of suffering from cancer than being mugged on their way to 7-Eleven.

Another criticism is that if the university representatives are so concerned for the students welfare, how can they continue to serve alcohol on campus

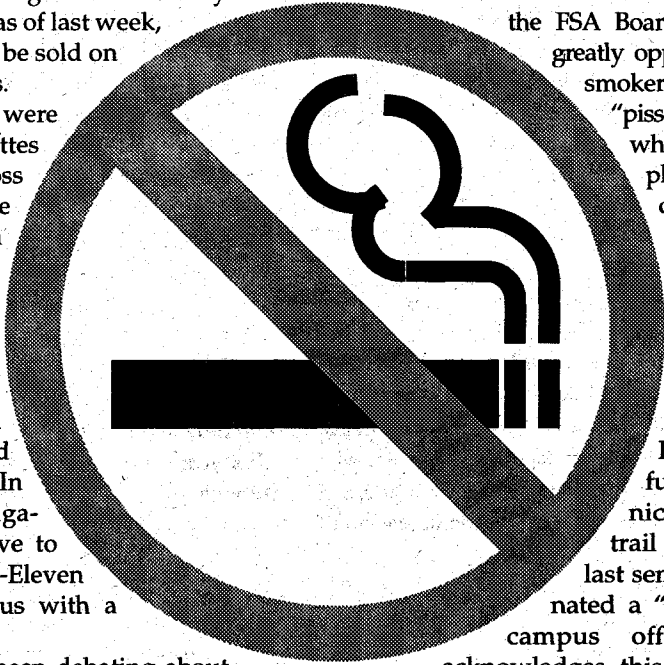
when people's lives have been completely destroyed by the bottle? This attack has also been rebutted. Serving alcohol on campus has the redeeming factor of preventing possible drunk driving accidents.

The cigarette debate came to a head last year, when the new food service contract was being written for bidding by various contractors. Kevin Kelly, director of the FSA, stated that "although health reasons were our greatest concern, it was financially sensible to exclude the sale of cigarettes from the new food service contract."

Kelly explained that the food contractors' bids would be more competitive without the expense of cigarettes. If cigarettes were included, the contract could have been \$25,000 more and with President Clinton's continued threats of a tax hike, this price could have jumped even higher. The students of Stony Brook, whether smokers or otherwise, would have been paying more for their meal plans if cigarettes continued to be sold.

Although FSA may believe they're bettering conditions for the students, both in terms of their health and economics, the actual situation for some is proving to be otherwise. Witness the example of Moe, a student who had regularly purchased cigarettes from Stony Snacks. As he drew smoke deep into his lungs, he explained that he now buys cigarettes by the carton, thus spending less money and smoking more cigarettes.

Surprisingly, the population of smokers at Stony Brook have not been very vocal in response to the FSA decision. Most see it as a great inconvenience but seem to accept inconveniences as part of the role of smokers in today's "clean air" society.



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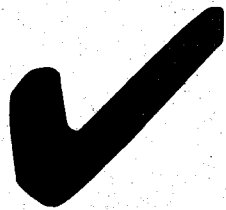
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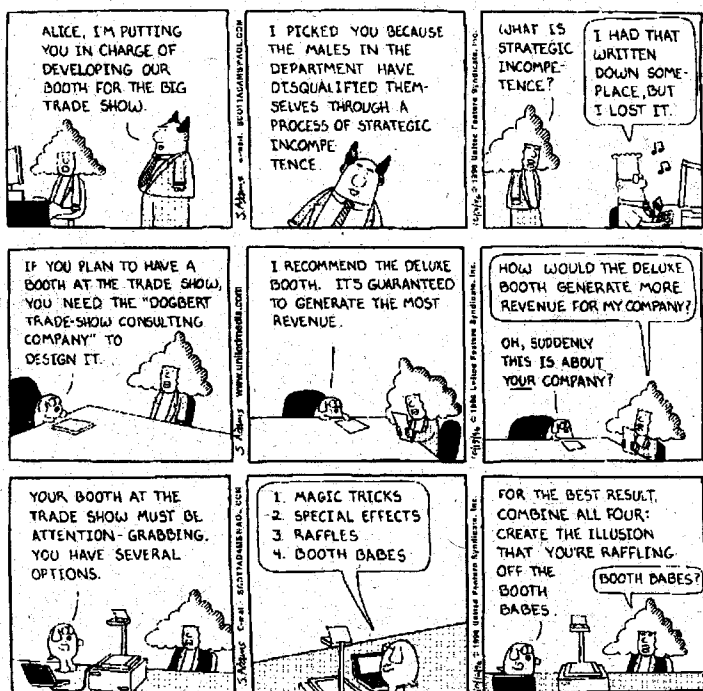
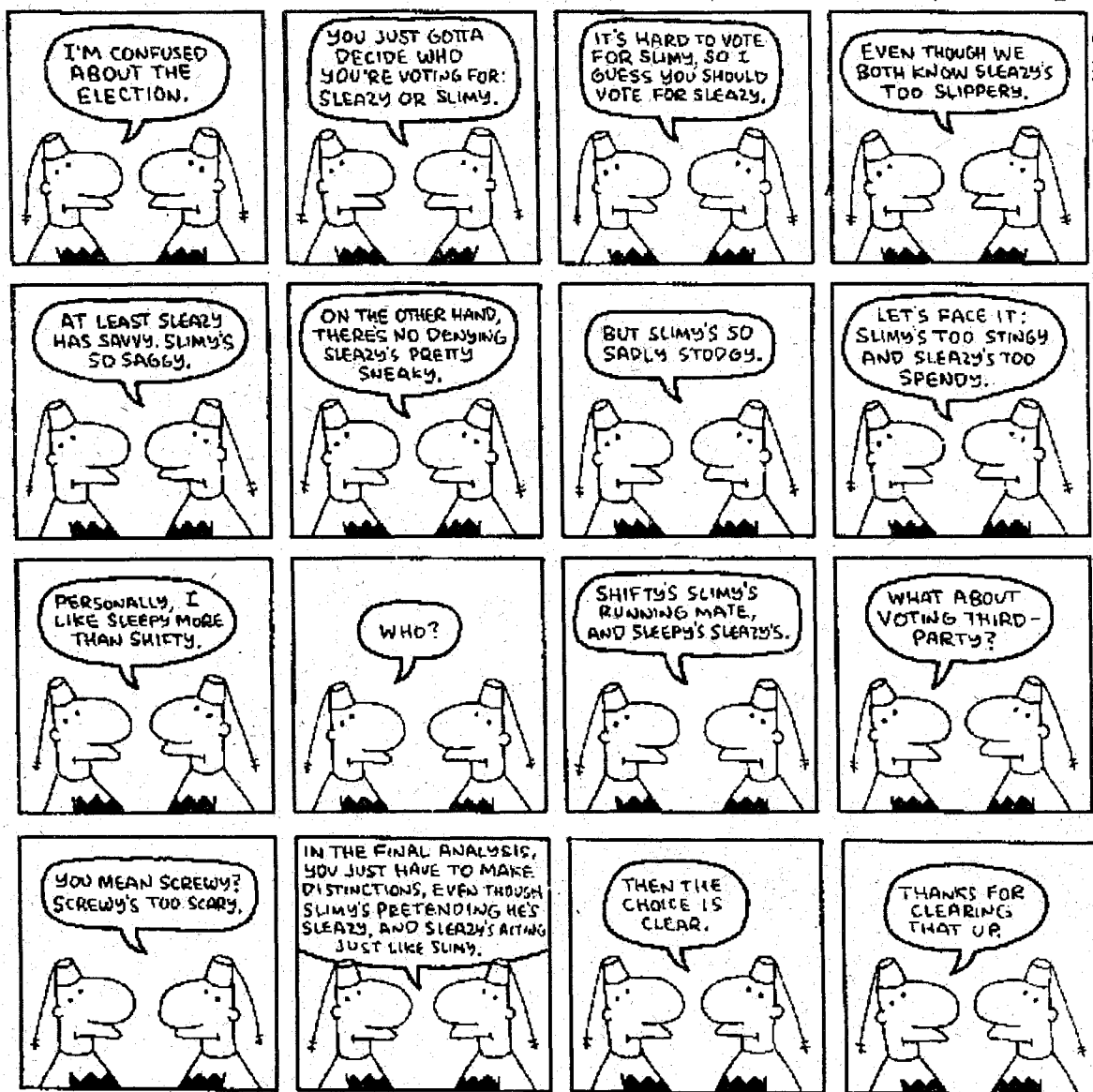
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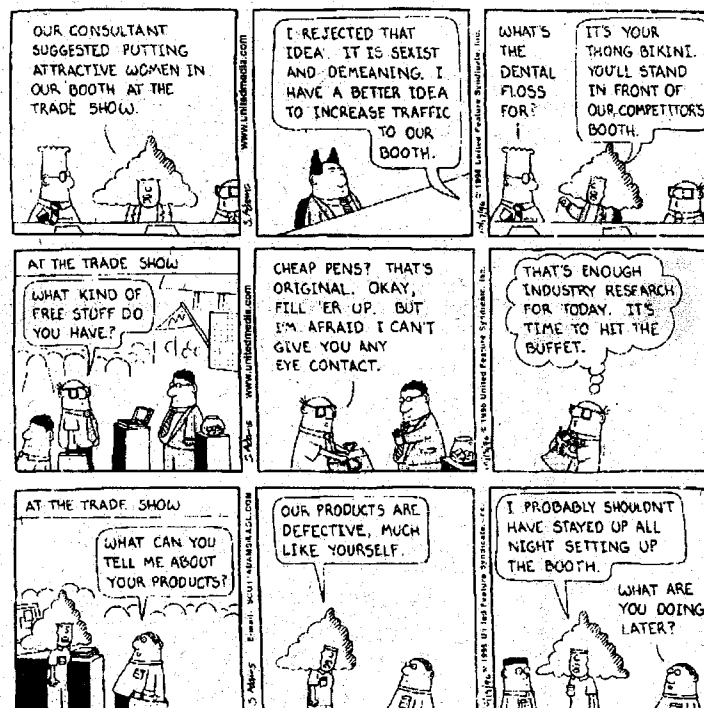
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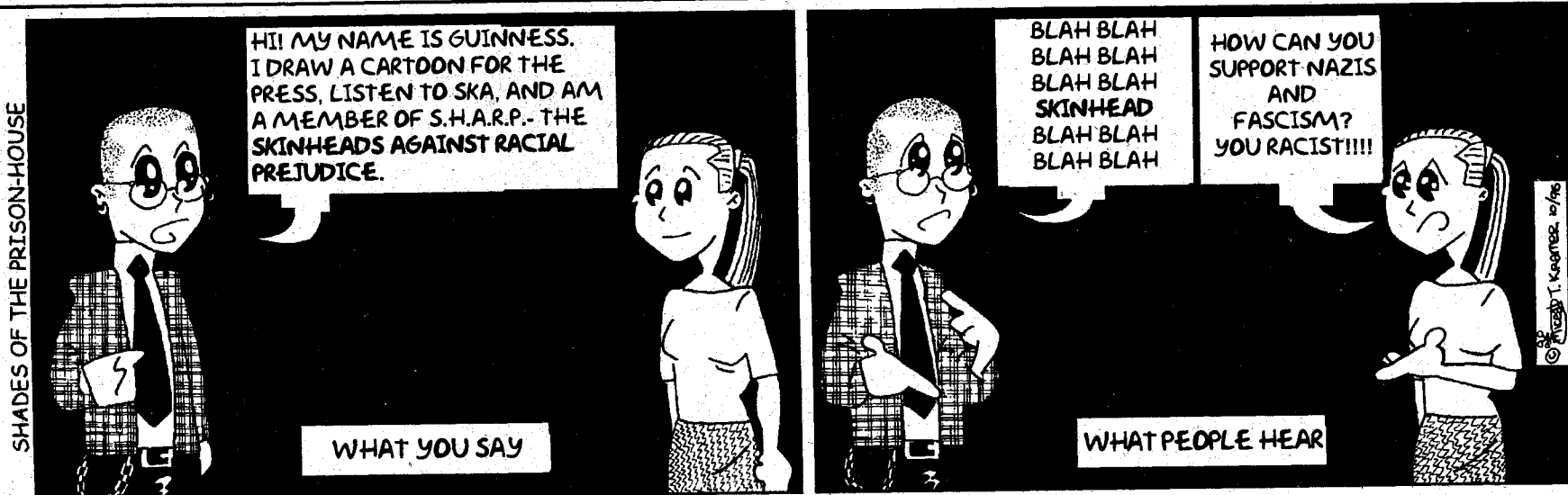


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- 10) Chunky
- 9) O! Henry
- 8) Zagnut
- 7) Bit O' Honey
- 6) Three Musketeers
- 5) Almond Joy
- 4) Mounds
- 3) Charleston Chew
- 2) Skor
- 1) Mr. Goodbar

"Have you ever been having sex and wanted to punch the guy in the face and shout, 'Stop fucking me!'"



Talk Is Cheap

By Antony Lorenzo

Remaining a third party to a violent debate or physical conflict is exciting, it stirs within us emotions of sheer glee. This innate facet of human nature allows us to enjoy a battle from a distance, we revel in the fact that we are not directly involved in the disagreeable situation in question. Daytime talk shows exploit this characteristic of mankind. They isolate the vulnerable members of the population, turn them into guests and deliver the neat, combustible package right to your television set. Behind the smiles and glamorous over-production, the networks are feeding greedily on the rewards that extraordinarily high talk show ratings can reap. More than twenty different talk shows battle it out for the control of the day-time airwaves, and their producers realize that controversial and confrontational topics yield the highest ratings. While this tainted industry fattens its wallet, the stranglehold on the American public tightens.

Although a supposed neutral mediator, the talk show host is a representative for a highly corrupted medium. He or she will shamelessly provoke vicious arguments between guests: "What do you have to say to that?" and "Are you going to let her get away with this?" are the most common utter-

ances made by the antagonistic host during a taping. The limits of social interaction are repeatedly exaggerated and personal anger fuels the audience's fire. Physical emotion on behalf of the guest is encouraged and seems to be the ultimate goal of the host in question.

In March of last year, the prototypical exploitation of emotion resulted in a gruesome murder. The producers for the Jenny Jones episode;



Ricki Lake -- part of the problem

"Secret Crushes Revealed", convinced 24 year-old John Schmitz to appear on the show. Schmitz was led to believe that it was a female friend who had the secret crush on him; he was deceived. On the day of taping, Schmitz' gay neighbor, 32 year-old Scott Amedure, was waiting on the stage with flowers and a loving kiss. Claiming that the embarrassment from the show had "eaten away" at him, Schmitz

drove to Amedure's home three days later and unloaded two shotgun shells into his admirer's chest. Not only was Scott Amedure brutally murdered, his sexual orientation was satirized just days before his death. The fact that producers blatantly lied to Schmitz is representative of the American media's wretched grand scheme: sensationalization of the subject and desensitiza-

tion of the public.

Once upon a time, talk shows were held in check by sensible producers who would at least attempt to tackle a subject matter that was newsworthy, relevant, and in some cases, important. It was eventually discovered that episodes featuring gay-lovers, feuding family members and people who just simply hated each other got the most viewers. Many people within the business argue that such publicized privacy is a simple extraction of real-life situations. Jerry Springer himself sees talk shows as depicting "the raw and honest reality of everyday life". Whose life revolves around spectacle and argumentative behavior? Why is the reality of positive human interaction so seldom featured?

The subject matter of such mindless shows as Jerry Springer, Ricki Lake and Jenny Jones rely on shock value episode after episode. If we are continuously shocked, we will eventually become desensitized to things we once found shocking. Before too long, talk shows will have to develop more elaborate schemes to rope in an audience. The talk show host, while attempting to come across as caring and sincere, is in fact the spokesperson for an immoral and rapacious industry. This industry strives to humiliate guests, titillate viewers and destroy any notions of human goodness we may have had. All that aside, two simple facts remain: exaggerated confrontation makes for good ratings and this method of sordid deception played a major role in the murder of Scott Amedure.

Welcome to America, folks.

"Did that shitbag shit in the living room again? That shitbag."

-Ted Swedalla

Former Executive Editor, *The Stony Brook Press*

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Janeane on Music:

The American public is not an arbiter of taste. People go to what they know. And radio force-feeds you Hootie and Mariah. You are forced to listen to that bullshit.



DRUGS: THE GREAT SOCIAL EQUALIZER

By N. Cordova

This scenario is familiar to most of us: You are riding the subway, railroad, bus, and someone seats themselves next to you. He/she says something vaguely conversational and you reply. By the time you disembark from your vessel of mass transit your travel mate has told you something very personal, something his/her friends might not even know.

It happens all the time; maybe you have done it yourself. My theory is that it is a lot easier to talk to a complete stranger about things you hold dear. It is not likely that they will openly judge you and it is even less likely that they will divulge your secrets to anyone who cares.

One day in the recent past, as I lit a cigarette, I commented to a woman I did not know that I was losing a major battle with nicotine. She looked at me slowly, probably deciding that it was unlikely we would ever meet again and told me she was a recovering heroin addict. Here I was making a big deal about quitting smoking and this woman was fighting a battle for her very existence. And unlike me, she was winning.

We began to talk about our life experiences. Not five minutes earlier, as I had surveyed this woman's unfashionable attire and outdated hairdo, I had surmised that she was below me. The more we spoke, the more ashamed I became of my previous indictment. Her attitude was upbeat, despite life experiences that would have left most people cynical and tired. We shared some traumatic experiences with each other and laughed because anyone looking at us would have doubted that we had so much in common.

I finally asked her how she had started using heroin. It seems this woman had previously been a recreational drug user, mostly cocaine. At that point in her life she had been gainfully employed with a pretty good job and a pretty good salary. She was not a once a day user, but rather a social user. She always got the coke from the same guy. This



guy was considered by many to be a reputable dealer. On one particular day she called him to place an order, and like every previous time, told him she wanted a specific amount of coke. She got her delivery and proceeded to make use of it. After a while she realized that this was not her usual high. It was much better. She finished sniffing her supply and called her dealer to find out if there was anything that made this coke different. He reluctantly told her it was heroin, he had been out of coke when she had called.

Cocaine is not physically addictive, it is psycho-

logically addictive. Due to this characteristic, many people who choose to indulge in recreational drug use make coke their drug of choice. These same people would never touch heroin because of its *extremely* addictive properties.

After a few months of daily use, sniffing heroin is no longer enough. At this point this woman, like many others, began to shoot up. By this time she had lost her job and alienated her family. When she was accused of introducing heroin to a family member, she knew it was time to get help.

The woman I spoke to has been attending a methadone treatment center for four months. She has not used heroin in three and a half months. She is worried she is not going to make it. I do not blame her. If she fails, she will try again and if she manages to succeed she will have done something very few accomplish.

During the more misguided days of my youth two of my closest friends were drug dealers. I would hang out and do the rounds with them and look down on the people they sold drugs to. Sometimes I would hang out in their houses while they cut cocaine with whatever they could find. On particularly desperate occasions plaster or asbestos did the trick, always plentiful and accessible in apartment buildings. As long as it vaguely resembled the product they were moving it was good, it meant more profit.

Looking back on those days I shudder to think what would have become of me if I had tried any of their inventory. I doubt that I am as strong as the woman I spoke to.

GETTING BY, GETTING HIGH

By Frigs

I remember going to government class in twelfth grade and learning about statistics on drug use in America. Both my teacher and I were equally appalled, although I believe our reasons were radically different. Could it be that most Americans really don't know what it feels like to smoke a joint and watch the sun rise, and then to drift off into the most lucid and satisfying sleep you've experienced in your whole life?

Even on campus there is a campaign entitled "Reality Check," which is designed to show that less people use drugs than most of us think. As a matter of fact, out of 680 participants in last years study, only 34% smoked pot in the last year.

I found this very surprising because, in my immediate surroundings, straight-edge people of my age group are rare. In fact, if I were to divide my friends into drug using, and non-drug using groups, I would begin by singling out the four or five non-drug using members. This applies to both my high school and my college friends. I do realize that us users generally hang out with our own kind. But even at that, I would consider my friends to be relatively diverse. The interesting point is that the most productive, well balanced, successful and creative members of my friends use drugs. Although these people are not always the happiest, they do have a passion for life and the motivation to become happy.

I would not be saying anything new if I were to point out that some of the most advanced breakthroughs in science, and the most genius works of art and literature came from people who weren't too shy to get high. Freud had his opium, Dr. Seuss

had his acid, Sartre dug speed, and who the hell knows what Kafka was on. I don't understand how we can accept these new concepts and contributions with open arms, yet deny the means by which they were created.

It seems, once again those of us responsible for ourselves must pay the price for those who can't pull themselves together. If everyone were normal, we could watch violent sex movies that are much more graphic than those of today. But then if we were more normal, maybe we wouldn't want to. The point I am trying to make is that when a few loose cannons let themselves go, it destroys our freedom.

The only reason drugs are illegal is because people are dying and suffering due to drugs. Entire empires of wealth and tyranny are supported by the illegal narcotics industry. Furthermore, many users steal and violate others in order to obtain drugs and feed their addiction. If you plan on picking up a drug habit, please do us all a favor and follow these simple guidelines:

A: Don't be afraid to pick up a book. If you plan on using something for the first time, read up on it first. You may want to go to the library, or pick up some of those informative, yet incomplete flyers in every residence hall. I also recommend speaking with people who have done the drug before, possibly even finding someone to play "tour guide" during your first experience.

B: Know and trust your dealer, or get referred by someone you trust. Dealers can be very sneaky, and all the information in the world won't do you a bit of good if what you're really eating is crystal meth.

C: Don't push yourself. You have to decide for

yourself what you want to do, if you're unsure....wait! What makes it a cool night is not the amount of drugs you took, but the amount of fun you had. I don't see the fun in watching 14 year old kids drop like flies, not for me or them.

And D: Maintain your lifestyle. If you wake up one morning in a rat infested apartment, totally dirty, with no job and various communicable diseases, you've probably done something wrong. In this case I would recommend another fix, to take your mind off of things.

Believe it or not, I am not trying to promote the use of drugs. I am merely speaking out on behalf of those of us who have already chosen to use drugs. I am coming from the position of a college student who actively takes responsibility for her life. Since those of us who actually graduate with a bachelors only make up about 28% of this country's population, (as of 1995) I'd say we're doing pretty well for ourselves, drugs or not.

If you take care of your responsibilities and don't lash out towards others, you aren't doing anything wrong at all, no matter what your drug, sexual, T.V., eating or self mutilation habits might be. If on the other hand happiness is what you're going for maybe you will choose to set limits upon yourself. Even this can include selective and well informed drug use. Or, you might opt for my "I'll try anything once" attitude. Just be careful.

If however you feel you have a problem, don't hesitate to call CHOICE at 632-6450 and ask for Ellen Driscoll.

On another note if you're happy, productive and oh no... a drug user, go smoke a bowl and do your homework.

Adventures in Éire, Part III

By Anne Ruggiero

Hello World Travellers, and top o' the morning to you! My sincerest apologies for the shoddy job on Adventures in Éire Part II. That piece of shit was the result of trying to move into a new apartment, starting classes at a foreign institution, soaking up local culture, and sampling too many Gunniei (plural form of "Guinness"). But, now I am settled and ready to fill your brain with tantalizing tidbits from the Land of the Almighty Shamrock.

In this third installment of Adventures in Éire, we will discuss the general atmosphere of the Irish people, investigate the rich culture, and meander through the highlights of my journeys through the Irish countryside. I even have an interview with an authentic Irish student who spent the summer in America. (You can stop being impressed now.) So kick back, relax, and read on.

Imagine, if you will, walking through the streets of a city, any city, in America. The fast pace, the blinking traffic signals, the smell of fresh pretzels permeating the air, skyscrapers blotting out the sun, a little bodega on every corner, and the multitude of different faces in the crowd.

Now, in going to Dublin, in the back of my mind, I assumed that it would be similar to New York or Chicago or Boston. After all, it's an English-speaking town, it has a similar govern-

ment structure, and almost half of the native population lives in America anyway, so I really was not expecting culture shock. Remember that image of the city? Well, for a moment, imagine a city with no skyscrapers—all of the buildings are no more than four stories high. No one is rushing around on the streets, there are no horns honking, no cabbies swearing in Armenian dialects, no squeegee guys jumping on the hood of your car.

No fruit stands, no corner bodegas, but instead, there are seven pubs and five churches on one city block. The streets are narrow and winding, many of them still paved with cobblestones. Instead of hot dog vendors there are Dunkin' Donuts stands all over the place. Everyone looks as if they are variations of a theme—thin and pale. And scrap that English-speaking idea. All of the road signs and bus routes are in Gaelic. The end result? Culture shock kicked my ass. For the past couple of weekends, my esteemed colleague, Heather, and I have been escaping the odd city life and travelling across the country. That is really not as impressive as it seems. The country is not that big. Going from coast to coast, we saw two towns, a few sheep, and a lot of pubs. Two

weeks ago, we found ourselves in the tiny west coast city of Galway.

Ah, Galway. A lovely city. Right on the weather-beaten shores of the Atlantic. (And I do mean beaten. We were pelted with raindrops the size of matzoh balls.) We hadn't really planned our trip—Heather knew several people who went to school at University College Galway, and said that we could stay with them. I didn't question

her. I just assumed that she had called to tell them that we were coming. Nothing is EVER that simple in my life. So we boarded a train in Dublin and had a very nice trip across the country. Let me tell you that the Irish rail system has it ALL over the

LIRR. Anyway, we arrived in Galway around nine-thirty at night (that's pretty late according to Irish standards) and in the pouring rain. That is when Heather turned to me and said, "Maybe we should go to a pub and see if anyone we know is there." What?? She hadn't called a soul, or made any sort of arrangements. So, I grumbled and we checked into a youth hostel before heading out on our mission. To make a long story short, we never did find her friends, but we did find a whole lot of pubs, and a couple of very wealthy English tourists who took us under their wing. The sights of Galway? I couldn't tell you what they were, continued on page 16

"The sights of Galway? I couldn't tell you what they were, unless they look like a bar and the bottom of a pint glass."

Skru's View

By Jermaine LaMont

Regardless of heritage, it is always an honor to be recognized. This month is **Hispanic Heritage Month**. Hispanic or not, this is a time for **everyone** to come together and **show appreciation** for this heritage and its contributions to our daily life.

It is unfortunate that every day can not be an official day of recognition for all ethnic backgrounds. In this diverse ambiance which we live, it is important to recognize, absorb knowledge from, and **respect** each unique heritage which attributes to our eclectic **sphere of ethnic backgrounds**. Hence... with an understanding of all backgrounds, it will be possible to take the first step in rejoicing our **precious collage of cultures** AKA the United States.

As someone once quoted: **Before attempting** that almost impossible task we must first take pride in our own unique backgrounds and establish **unity** amongst ourselves.

Why did the chicken cross the road?

To get to...

The Spot



21 and over, ID required. Sponsored by GSO and FSA.

M O V I E S

LIONS AND LAWYERS AND SPIES, OH MY!

By Chris Cartusciello

The Ghost and the Darkness

In 1896 over 130 railway workers were killed — no, make that slaughtered — over a period of approximately six months as they worked to complete a bridge over the Tsavo River in East Africa. This was not done with guns, explosives or any other man-made device; they were all destroyed by two lions who found pure pleasure in the killing. An incredible story for a Hollywood screenwriter to invent — never mind that it's true.

The Ghost and the Darkness tells this story in dramatic and historical fashion. Lieutenant Colonel John Patterson (Val Kilmer) is hired to oversee the construction of the bridge he designed. It is a dream assignment for him, for he has always wanted to see Africa, so he goes, leaving his pregnant wife behind. Soon after he arrives, the killings start, and the workers, already strained because of the diversity of religions and customs working together, start to get tense. Patterson calms them and gets their respect by shooting the lion responsible. Tranquility doesn't last very long as the deaths begin again, this time with a fervor that would be unbelievable if it wasn't true. Construction comes to a halt and by the time over 100 are dead, the workers leave, vowing that the "Devil has come to Tsavo." This is when a hired hunter named Remington (Michael Douglas) comes to handle the situation.

You would expect a typical Hollywood situation to arise where Patterson and Remington clash over ideals and must work together through their bitterness. The exact opposite occurs and the two respect and genuinely like each other. This camaraderie works well as they set out to destroy the title characters.

Kilmer takes this movie and makes it his. His slight Irish accent and everyman ethics bring this character to life. This is the best work he's done since portraying Doc Holiday in *Tombstone*. Douglas, showing up almost an hour into the film, goes back to his *Romancing the Stone* characterization of the rough adventurer with just a little more edge to him. John Kani gives the film a more human aspect as Patterson's loyal foreman.

As good a job as Kilmer and Douglas do, the real stars are the lions themselves. When one just sees a silhouette of their bodies and then a tail sticking up through the tall grass, you're sharply reminded of *Jaws*, where not seeing was scarier than knowing what was out there. With their piercing eyes looking right through you, these man-eaters can strike terror without making a sound. Add to that lightning speed and a ferocious appetite for blood, and these creatures are the most frightening incarnations to hit the theaters in a long time. (The bodies of the real lions are on display at the Field Museum in Chicago.)

Director Stephen Hopkins (*Nightmare on Elm Street 5, Judgment Night*) gives everything he has to this film. His visions of the lush African landscapes truly make you believe that it is the "last good place on Earth" and alternately, the savage attacks by lions make you rethink that.

Symbolism plays a big part in this movie — from the title, which refers to the names the locals call the lions, to Tsavo, which literally means "the place of slaughter" in Swahili, to Patterson's belief that building bridges is like joining two lands together. All of this works together to bring the tension to a fever pitch

and maybe give the viewer a little more respect the next time they go to the zoo.

The Chamber

Here we go again. John Grisham has given us another story about an idealist young lawyer handling racial tension in the south. This time, it is Chris O'Donnell taking on the death row case of Klansman Sam Cayhall (Gene Hackman) convicted of a bombing where two young boys died.

O'Donnell is Adam Hall, a lawyer who believes that even though Cayhall did kill those kids he doesn't deserve to die for it. It also happens that Sam is his grandfather whom he has never met. Adam has 28 days to prove his case before Sam goes to the gas chamber. Cayhall is a southern bigot who admits to the bombing but says he never meant for anyone to get hurt. The rest of the story has to do with a governor who has a secret to hide and an accomplice who may not exist.

This is a story with potential that could have been provocative as well as entertaining. It accomplishes none of the above, turning into an anti-death-penalty advocate as we hear Cayhall describe what it is like for a man to die in the chamber. This horror story may be gruesome, but those who believe that if you kill you should be killed will not be swayed in the least. It tries to become this year's *Dead Man Walking* and even though Hackman is one of the best actors around, he can't outdo Sean Penn, and O'Donnell is no Susan Sarandon.

The acting in this film is amateur at best. Hackman can be convincing at times but can't hold onto his accent from one scene to the next. O'Donnell seems to be sleepwalking through his role and has a total of about two facial expressions. Faye Dunaway, as Adam's Aunt Lee, is so melodramatic that it's embarrassing to watch this once-great actress fall to these depths. Multi-athlete Bo Jackson has a turn as a prison guard and shows one thing that Bo doesn't know: acting. He is so stiff and wooden, you wonder what director James Foley was thinking of when he cast him.

This film can't possibly make any friends. Even though Cayhall killed those kids, has killed in the past, and is such a hateful character, Hall insists on using every legal maneuver he can think of to get him off. All this succeeds in doing is making people hate lawyers more than they already do.

Maybe it's about time Hollywood stopped catering to Grisham and putting every-

thing he's written on screen. In an obvious ode to Grisham's last film, Hall states that the bomb used a timing device to detonate, that it was "timed to kill." Well, maybe now it's time to stop.

The Long Kiss Goodnight

When we last left director Renny Harlin and actress Geena Davis, they were giving us the biggest flop in Hollywood history. Now the husband and wife team who brought us *Cutthroat Island* is back and, I am happy to say, what they have to offer is a vast improvement over their previous endeavor.

This is not to say that *The Long Kiss Goodnight* is classic filmmaking. When you break it all down, it's just another of those "amnesia victim finds out about her troubled past and all hell breaks loose" stories that we've seen a hundred times before. The difference here is the style in which it is done.

Davis is Samantha Caine, a school teacher in a small town who seems to have the perfect life: a good man,

a beautiful daughter and a town full of friends. The only problem is that she can only remember the past eight years of her life. It seems that is when she was found unconscious on the beach. Since that time, she has gone through every private eye she could find, trying to learn about who she was. Her last hope is a down-and-out ex-cop named Mitch Hennessey (Samuel L. Jackson) who runs con jobs on the side for extra cash. After all the exposition is done, the coincidences start to pile up.

At about the same time, Samantha has an automobile accident, after which her past starts coming back to her in flashes. Mitch gets a lead on who she could have been and some not very nice people realize that Samantha is still alive and come looking for her. All three of these events happening together is a little much to

be believed, but each one relies on the others to keep the story moving.

We learn that in her previous life, Samantha was really Charlene "Charly" Baltimore, an assassin working for the U.S. government under a subdivision of the CIA called The Chapter. Both the government and the villains thought Charly was dead and have since joined forces plotting terrorist attacks so the CIA can keep its funding. She is the only one who knows what is happening and everybody wants her dead.

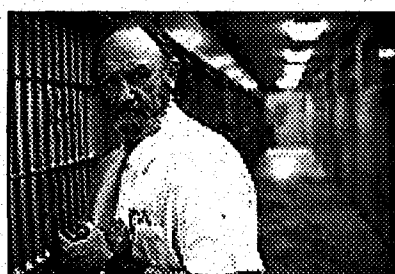
Once Charly assumes her previous identity, she sets off to finish the job she was in the process of doing when her amnesia kicked in. In doing this, she comes across an even bigger plot to explode a chemical gas bomb in the middle of her quaint little town and have it look as if the Arabs were involved.

It takes some time for the action to start moving, but once it does, it lets loose in a bloody rage that may make some surgeons queasy. Director Renny Harlin (*Die Hard 2, Cliffhanger*) is a master at setting up action sequences, and he holds nothing back here. From car chases to explosions to knives flying through the air, it's all done with an intensity that can make one dizzy. Samantha/Charly's car crash that shocks her back to the past is the best public service announcement for the use of seat belts ever conceived.

The characters in this film take an incredible amount of abuse and you begin to wonder if this Rambo mentality has really gotten out hand. Charly and Mitch are shot, stabbed, beat, and tend to jump out of the occasional window. You can almost believe that Charly could take this kind of punishment because after all, it is what she was trained for. But it has been eight years since she's done anything like this. Since then, she has been living the easy life, baking cookies and hosting dinner parties. Mitch is a different story altogether. He is an out-of-shape con man who drinks, smokes, and generally doesn't care about the condition his body is in. Guts and fortitude only go so far.

Davis is wonderful at playing the little girl lost part. Her turn from cuddly homemaker to trained killer is believable and it gives this film the kick start it needs. Jackson is his usual reliable self. Here, he lends some much needed comic relief as the put-upon sidekick who reluctantly agrees to go along for the ride. His "what have I gotten myself into now?" attitude provides the perfect foil to Davis' "get the job done" bravado.

The Long Kiss Goodnight may not have lasting impressions on moviegoers and will surely not spark any philosophical debates, but it's enjoyable for what it's worth. Be forewarned, though, the excessive amount of blood that streams down the faces of our heroes may not be for everyone. Beyond that, it is an all-out action move that bangs away until someone is going to give.



Gene Hackman in *The Chamber*



Michael Douglas and Val Kilmer kick some leonine ass

GO TEAM, GO!

By P. Milare Ovis

If there is one thing that I wish I had experienced in college it would be the camaraderie of 'the big game.' Never once during my three years at Stony Brook did I hear someone say "hey, are you going to the game this week?" I also never heard anyone say "wasn't that a great concert in the gym last night" either, but that's a different story.

How come the whole team-spirit-tail-gating-free-face-painting thing never occurs at the Brook? Well for one, nobody ever wants to be at Stony Brook. Friday afternoon on the train platform resembles that famous biblical epic where Moses (the LIRR in this case) leads his people from the land of slavery (Stony Brook) into the promised land (any stop between St. James and Penn Station.)

Another reason for our disappointing attendance at sporting events was that Stony Brook is just a stop along many people's education trail. Either they transfer in, work hard for two years, get their degree and get the hell out of here, or use the Brook as a stepping stone to their real goal, a good graduate school.

I would have liked to enjoy the packed stadiums, the tail-gate parties and the mass elation of winning the 'big game.' Now that I have a chance to root for the home team and go to 'big games,' I'm not so sure that it would be good for my health.

I live within 20 miles of four major universities (Duke, North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Wake Forest and North Carolina State), all part of the Atlantic Coast Conference, one of the more prestigious of the Division I (it sounds weird to say that) athletic

conferences. My home town, Cary, is definitely an NC State town, and college football is their god. It doesn't matter that the team isn't any good (1-4), it's the pride they have in their 'Pack.

Since I live in Cary the Wolf Pack is also my team. I had no choice in the matter. I've seen people assaulted in the local McDonald's because they had the nerve to wear a blue shirt (the colors of Duke University) on Saturday, not the requisite red and white outfit that every citizen of Cary receives in the mail. This person had their shirt ripped off, red and white paint smeared over their body and a bumper sticker planted on their forehead, all because he was wearing 'enemy colors.' These Gestapo techniques have forced me to wear neutral colors on Saturday. That's if I venture out at all. I fear for my life that I might accidentally miss the announcements for a Thursday game and wander outside in any colors that would mark me as a non-NC State fan. Whenever the Wolf Pack plays at home you know it. Red flags fly from people's cars. People walk around town freely with red and white paint on their face, and God forbid they win, they shut down Hillsborough Street. Every radio station does Wolf Pack updates every ten minutes. It's not like they're playing any good songs. Every fucking station down here sucks, even the college radio station wouldn't know a good song if it shit in their living room, those shit-bags... sorry that's next issue's story.

You can't go into a store without seeing something labeled with NC State's familiar red and white logo. Even the local DMV has NC State plates for sale. Imagine being able to get Stony

Brook's hairy testicle logo on your car, you'd be proud as hell too, showing that thing off at the next tail-gate party.

This is another misnomer about college football games. Tail-gate parties are just excuses for underage college kids to drink beer outside during the day on college grounds. While this sounds like a great idea, the truth of the matter is that many of these people don't have tickets, they end up staying in the parking lot all game drinking beer. The idea of having my car in close proximity to drunk people, who need to pee, is not comforting.

Parking lots are not known for their superior lavatory facilities, so the dirt parking lot soon becomes a quagmire of vomit and urine. When these two liquids are mixed with the red clay that makes up the state's topsoil, you get something akin to sticky floor at a movie theater, except this stuff is sentient and follows you home.

Could you imagine if alumni had that much pride in Stony Brook's teams? Assaulting people for wearing different colors. Or having thousands of people milling about in a confined area with nothing to do except drink and pee? Thank God we have the Park Bench to attract that unwanted element.

So having team spirit isn't what it's cracked up to be. It could ruin your life and your car.

Get a life people!

Go home to visit your family on the weekend (unless you're already married to them), get a second job, don't go anywhere near Carter-Finley Stadium.

Boy, I can't wait for college basketball season to start.

continued from page 14 unless they look like a bar and the bottom of a pint glass.

The next weekend, we decided to try Cork, a shipping village on the River Lee in southern Ireland. One would think by this point that I would have learned my lesson and made my own travel arrangements. I had thought that this time Heather had it all under control. She had called her friend Liz to say that we were coming, and Liz said to meet her at her apartment on Friday evening. Perfect! We took a bus down to Cork on Friday afternoon (a word to the wise — never take an Irish bus) and all was set. That is, until Heather informed me en route that she had accidentally left Liz's address on our kitchen table and that Liz didn't have a phone. Great. So after arriving in Cork tired from our journey, we pull out the city phone book to see if Heather can recognize the street name. After almost an hour, we realized that this approach was not going to work. Luckily, I remembered the address of some friends of mine who also lived in Cork. Thank God for Irish hospitality!

Just outside of Cork is a little town called Blarney, home to the infamous Blarney Castle. Being tourists, we had this burning desire to pay money to climb to the top of this rickety twelfth century structure and hang upside down at three hundred and fifty feet to kiss a mossy rock. Ain't capitalism grand? Again, in Cork, we saw pubs, pubs, and more pubs. As you can plainly see, we are adjusting to Irish life just fine.

Speaking of Irish life, I have told you what it is like being an American living in Ireland, but what about an Irishman living in America? My

friend, the infamous Owen Tighe, spent the summer living in Montauk, New York, and I asked him about his views on American life. (Mind you, that in the great Irish spirit, both the interviewer and the interviewee were inebriated at the time of this conversation.)

HOW DO YOU VIEW AMERICANS?

They're very preoccupied with Pepsi-cola and Levi's. They are all financially well off. And everybody wants to be something, like a film producer, but they're a waitress. And even when they think they're a film producer, they're still just a waitress.

WHY DO THE IRISH CALL AMERICANS "YANKS"?

(blank stare)
Catch phrase??

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF AMERICAN TOURISTS?

They wear a lot of green. Little old ladies with shamrock earrings. Always spouting a very diluted view of history.

BEER. WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH IT?

It's much better in Ireland. Higher alcohol content.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A LEPRECHAUN?

Once. But LSD could have had something to do with it.

ARE YOU A LEPRECHAUN?

Only on Tuesdays.

HOW MANY SHEEP DO YOU OWN?

Sixteen. Oh shit, wait, fifteen. The neighbor's cow ate one.

Thanks, Owen, for that oh-so-profound glance at Irish viewpoints. Anyway, after almost a month of living in Dublin, Heather and I have finally adjusted. (To Dublin, that is. I don't think that we'll ever get used to living with each other). It's the little things that I miss, though. Like water pressure and central heating. I also

miss brewed coffee (they only have instant here), salsa, and chocolate glazed Dunkin' Donuts. But there are great new things too, like brown bread and afternoon tea, a relaxed atmosphere, and a kind of comfort in the hospitality of the people. For anyone who's looking

for a place to study abroad, or even just take a vacation, Ireland is an excellent choice. So, off I go to journey through the sheep-filled pastures of Eire. For now, goodbye from the Land of a Hundred Thousand Welcomes! Cead Mea Failte!

"Being tourists, we had this burning desire to pay money to climb to the top of this rickety twelfth century structure and hang upside down at three hundred and fifty feet to kiss a mossy rock."

Little Schoolhouse on the Prairie

By Scott J. Lusby
Southern Correspondent/Editor Emeritus

I've now been living in North Carolina for about two months, and even in this rather limited time span, one thing is abundantly clear: I'm not in Kansas anymore.

Aside from the normal trials and tribulations associated with taking on Ted, the Press' former Executive Editor, as a roommate, several things have struck me as being very different from Long Island. Perhaps the most disturbing is the manner in which the individual school districts are run.

As some of you may be aware, I came here in search of a teaching position in one of the area high schools. My searches have proven to be bitter-sweet: I've had several interviews, which is more than I got in New York, but no job offers as of this date. Thus, I have been forced to procure employment in the dreaded field of retail just so I can pay my bills. At least I can pay them here on my paltry salary, but that's another article for another time.

While it is undeniably true that the school districts down here may not be desperate enough to hire instructors devoid of actual experience at this time, it appears that they are indeed strapped enough to ask those instructors they do hire to teach classes outside of their particular certification. Case in point: I went on an interview for a vacant English position at what they call here a "safe school," equivalent to New York's Alternative High Schools. Officially, this is where "at risk" students go when they cannot handle regular high school. In layman's terms, it's where the kids who carry weapons, get pregnant, and/or use drugs go to get their education. And yes, even in tobacco farm country do these problems exist. Again, another article for another time.

Anyway, during the course of the interview, which was going very well, I was informed that I would be teaching four English classes during the day should I be selected for the position. Knowing full-time teachers teach five classes, I inquired as to the nature of the fifth class, expecting it to be a study hall, or hall monitor duty, or something along those lines. What I got as an answer completely caught me off guard.

"That's what we need to talk about. Would you have a problem teaching Phys. Ed?"

I was stunned. This would never have happened in New York. If you didn't have the appropriate training and degrees, you didn't teach it.

Period. You don't even get a return phone call, let alone an interview. I was completely unprepared to handle this.

I informed the Principal that I was not qualified to teach gym class. He told me not to worry about it, that there were ways around that. I shook my head and agreed, willing to say anything just to land a job (it's a sad day when the only job opening I could find is one instructing so-called "problem elements," and I wanted it...) that would give me experience and a real check.

In hindsight, this has bothered me more and more. I realize that this does happen, despite my naivete when faced with it. Shortages happen. Bodies are needed to fill those shortages, at least temporarily. And sometimes there's no room in a district's budget to hire more personnel. But it doesn't change the fact that this practice is wrong.

It's wrong for several reasons. Teachers, even gym teachers, have to go through fairly rigorous training just to get certified in their fields. Bachelor's degree. Education classes on top of their degree, enough to be equivalent to a minor. Child Psychology classes. Drug and alcohol seminars. Child abuse seminars. All this just to get minimal or provisional certification. Eventually, a Master's degree must follow. Gym teachers may have an easier time once they land the job, but getting there is every bit as difficult as it is for an English teacher or a math teacher.

The point of all this is not to make anyone feel sorry for us. It's to point out that we have worked hard for our certifications, and by using unqualified instructors in lieu of properly certified ones, districts are telling us that the very requirements for certification that they the state have put on us — and which we have met — mean something in name only. In actuality, it means squat. A hollow degree.

Yet this is not the only disservice districts do by allowing this practice to continue, nor is it the most unsettling. What about the children? Do they not deserve at the very least the minimum state requirements? Do they not deserve a properly certified instructor in each classroom? I can tell you one thing: a person who is certified to teach math does not belong in an English classroom outside of a short-term, temporary solution. They may know how to handle a classroom, but they don't know the material. They are not acknowledged experts in the field. They don't belong in a Senior English class any more than I belong in front of a Pre Calc

class. They are doing a shameful disservice to their district by implementing such policies.

All this skirts around the one issue that would make the districts open their beady little eyes: money. I can just smell the lawsuits. Imagine if I was teaching Phys. Ed, and little Johnny falls down while doing a lay-up and breaks his leg. I may have a clue about what to do, but I am not trained in it. Sure, I can call 911, I can keep him stationary and all that good stuff. But I'm not trained to do it. If I mess up, and little Johnny's leg doesn't heal properly, both myself and the district would be sued faster than we could say "criminal negligence." And we'd lose, all because I don't have the proper certification. Not only would we lose heaps of money, the district in all likelihood would be found negligent. A felony. Huge fines. Possible jail time for the superintendent. You'd think they wouldn't risk such things.

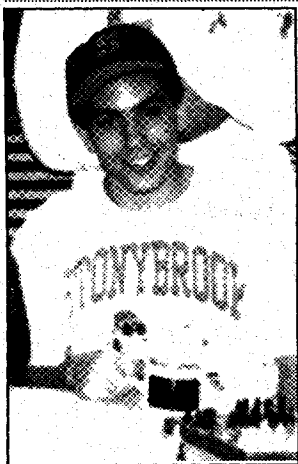
Yet, even in 1996, when there's a plethora of properly trained instructors itching for that first job, this problem exists. And frankly it makes me sick. What the districts are essentially saying is "your degree means shit, we don't care about the damn kids, and we dare the parents to do something." Many a parent would do something, if they only knew.

And it's only going to get worse here. Cary, the town we live in, saw its population grow over 10% last year, to about 70,000. Ten percent is a huge increase in bodies over the course of a year — most places only jump a few points, if they even jump at all. A new high school is going up in Cary as we speak. It'll open next year. Two more in Raleigh, a fifteen-minute drive from Cary, will be open next year. And Durham is supposed to open a couple next year as well. That doesn't even include all the little towns like Apex, Morrisville, Chapel Hill, and Carrboro. They're all exploding. The population is growing by leaps and bounds here. And if they're so desperate for teachers now that they can't even fill all the openings this year, what will it be like next year? 3 years from now? I shudder at the thought.

I can only pray that they will be desperate enough to hire inexperienced teachers next year. I may never have taught, but at least I am officially recognized by the states of North Carolina and New York to be qualified to do so.

Do the children of your district a favor. Do me a favor. Most of all, do yourselves a favor. Hire me. It'll save us all a lot of bullshit in the end.

Joe Fraioli... Internship... Newsday... Westchester... Copy Editor.



Joe Fraioli never worked for us, but that doesn't matter. His spirit lives with us. You see, almost half the staff of *The Stony Brook Press* is currently taking Paul Schreiber's JRN 288 class, and if anyone knows Joe Fraioli, WE know Joe Fraioli. His legend is inescapable, not to mention drummed into us like a catechism class after class. Joe obtained an internship at Newsday, and after graduation, landed a cushy copy editor's position at Gannet Westchester newspapers. Joe is an example of what can happen if you apply yourself at one of our campus publications, and seeing as how we are the only campus publication that shows signs of life, we're your only way into mythical Joe-land. Join *The Press* and maybe, just maybe, Mr. Paul Schreiber will chant your name, Hari Krishna-like, as an example to others. Fraioli-ism is but a staff meeting away!



Wednesdays... 1:00-2:00PM... Staff Meetings... Room 060... Student Union... 632-6451

And how can this be? For he IS Joe Fraioli!

if Anybody Gets Funked Up... ...it's Gonna Be You

By David M. Ewalt

George Clinton is nothing if not consistent. At 54-years-old, the master of funk is still talking about spaceships, clones, aliens, and booty. With the advent of his newest album with the P-Funk Allstars, *The Awesome Power of A Fully Operational Mothership* (T.A.P.O.A.F.M.), Clinton builds on all of his previous work to produce a new and powerful addition to his funk mythos.

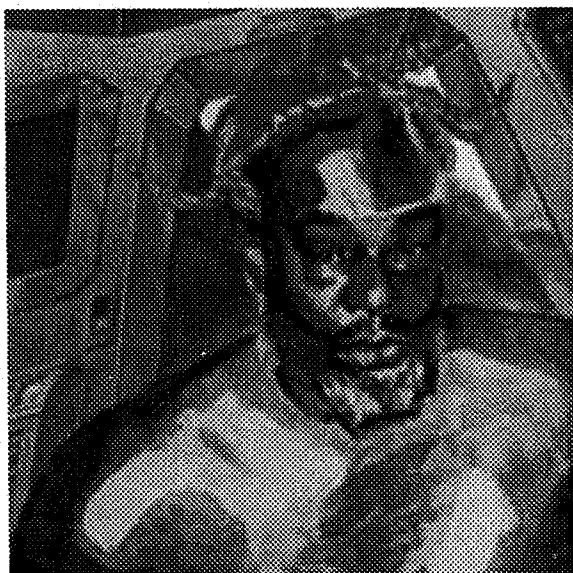
At times, it seems it would take a degree in sociology to understand the world Clinton has created. Essentially, it boils down to this; Clinton, a.k.a. the Starchild, with the help of Dr. Funkenstein, fights against the forces of evil and conformity with powerful funk and space-age technology. Assisting him are a plethora of clones and their descendants.

The "clones" are actually those artists who are part of Clinton's musical family. They come from a wide background of genres; Clinton's music has inspired hip-hop, funk, and rock acts alike. In the liner notes for *T.A.P.O.A.F.M.* there are caricatures of dozens of these musicians, including Dr. Dre, The Red Hot Chili Peppers, Busta Rhymes, Fishbone, and even Paul Schaeffer, David Letterman's bandleader.

The variety of Clinton's musical devotees is testament to his import as an artist. For decades, the former hair-salon owner from New Jersey has inspired and shaped the way music sounds... and with *T.A.P.O.A.F.M.*, he continues the tradition.

From the first licks of the new album, it's evident that the Starchild has not faded with age.

The opening track, "If Anybody Gets Funked Up (It's Gonna Be You)" is an ass-grinding chunk of music with a particularly hip-hop sound. Joined on the track by Erick Sermon and MC Breed, Clinton produces one of the most memorable hooks in recent memory; this is a song you'll be singing to yourself for days.



On "Rock The Party," Clinton produces a truly original and impressive sound by backing up a basic hip-hop rhythm with the sounds of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Piccolos, saxophones and entire string sections give this tune a sound that you won't hear anywhere else. In the

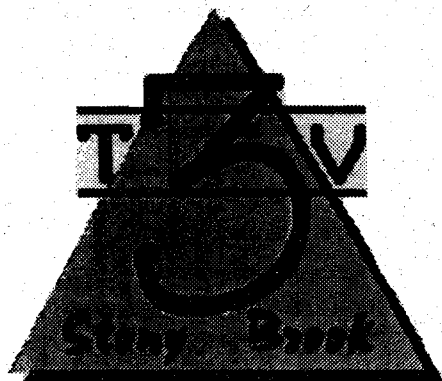
chorus, when the vocalists ask the question, "Can I rock the party, can I rock the funky jam?" the answer is obvious.

The rest of the album is similarly striking, traversing a wide range of sounds and emotions. "Summer Swim" is a groovy, rhythm-intensive song which conjures images of hot summer days and even hotter women. "Get Your Funk On" is, appropriately, one of the funkier songs on the album. The title track, "T.A.P.O.A.F.M. (Fly Away)", is a smooth, dreamlike piece of music, featuring an almost subliminal melody, distorted vocals, and an incredible amount of mixing. This is the kind of song you can listen to as you go to sleep... and you'll have the most amazing, technicolor dreams.

From a technical standpoint, *T.A.P.O.A.F.M.* is one of the most immaculately and intricately produced albums in recent memory; the liner notes credit 31 musicians, 33 vocalists, and 17 engineers with its creation. At times, there are so many levels of sound present it's nearly impossible to distinguish voice from instrument... it all blends together into a funky mishmash. It should be interesting to see this sound reproduced live; George Clinton and the P-Funk Allstars are now touring the country.

It's not often that an album comes out with as broad a scope as *The Awesome Power of A Fully Operational Mothership*. This is music anyone can listen to and enjoy, whether they're into rap, house, or even the most "alternative" grooves the industry has to offer.

Get on the ship, y'all. This Mother is awesome.



October is 3TV's Scary Movie Month!



Wes Craven's New Nightmare
The Omen

Rosemary's Baby
Lawnmower Man II

Young Frankenstein

Last of the Dogmen

Sabrina

Black Sheep

The Godfather

Kids In The Hall - Brain Candy
Thin Line Between Love and Hate

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
14 6pm Burly Bear 7:00 CMV 8:00 Caucus Files 9:00 The Godfather 1:00 New Nightmare	15 6pm Little Shop Of Horrors 8:00 Black Sheep 10:00 Rosemary's Baby 12:30 Lawnmower Man 2	16 6pm CMV 7:00 Jip-Joint Theater 8:00 Men's Rugby 9:00 The Omen 11:00 Thin Line Between Love and Hate	17 6pm New Nightmare 8:00 Women's Rugby 9:00 Caucus File 10:00 Last of the Dogmen 12:00 Sabrina	18 6pm Burly Bear 7:00 CMV 8:00 Kids In The Hall 10:00 Great White Hype 12:00 Young Frankenstein
21 6pm The Man Who Knew Too Much 8:00 Caucus Files 9:00 Sabrina 11:00 The Omen	22 6pm CMV 7:00 Burly Bear 8:00 Last of the Dogmen 10:00 New Nightmare 12:00 Thin Line...	23 6pm Dorm Room 7:00 Jip-Joint Theater 8:00 Rugby-Men's 9:00 Godfather 12:00 Kids In The Hall	24 6pm CMV 7:00 Burly Bear 8:00 Rugby- Women 9:00 Caucus File 10:00 Black Sheep 12:30 Rosemary's Baby	25 6pm Reefer Madness 8:00 Lawnmower Man 2 10:00 New Nightmare 12:30 Great White Hype
28 6pm CMV 7:00 Burly Bear 8:00 Caucus File 9:00 3-TV News 10:00 Kids In The Hall 12:00 Rosemary's Baby	29 6pm Burly Bear 7:00 Jip-Joint Theater 8:00 The Omen 10:00 Black Sheep 12:00 New Nightmare	30 6pm CMV 7:00 Dorm Room 8:00 Rugby- Men 9:00 Last of the Dogmen 11:00 The Godfather	31 6pm Great White Hype 8:00 Rugby- Women 9:00 Caucus File 10:00 Lawnmower Man 2 12:00 Thin Line...	

We're Your Station!

Schedule is subject to change

3TV wants you to be part of a growing medium. This student run station is looking for eager volunteers to get involved with productions, programming and operations. Come down to suite 059, call us at (516) 632-9379/9349, or fax us at 632-9378.

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

Marilyn Manson, *Antichrist Superstar*

I really, really wanted to like this album.

But how can I like something when its creators have gone above and beyond the call of duty to make it unenjoyable? How can I be fair to the people behind the new Marilyn Manson album, *Antichrist Superstar* (nothing/Interscope), when I don't give the album the negative review that it richly deserves?

Let me be up front. This album is a piece of pretentious garbage, a stab at a concept album about evil made by a band that should spend more time doing other things (like practicing). When I was a little kid, I would dream about writing a book, and spend a lot of time drawing the cover and the author photograph, paying little to no attention on the material sandwiched in between. Unlike Marilyn Manson, I grew up.

Marilyn Manson, a quasi-metal band from Florida, first rose to fame while opening for their patron, Nine Inch Nails. Trent Reznor signed them to his label and produced their first album, a semi-interesting disc of guitar riffs, synth lines, and ghoulish-but-forgettable lyrics pondering the sadistic nature of childhood and the frightening loss of innocence that puberty entails. In short, the kind of music that giggly little Goth girls go rushing to buy.

While Trent remained generally unproductive, his progeny were almost shockingly prolific, churning out a stream of singles (one of which had a decent cover of Gary Numan's "Down in the Park" as a b-side) and an EP of instrumentals and re-makes, including a version of the Eurythmics' "Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)" just poppy enough to make it to heavy radio airplay. Everything seemed perfect, at least for those who liked the band. They generated a profit off of what seemed like radio-hostile music, all the while duping their listeners into believing that they were "evil" and "edgy." (Meanwhile, the "evil" and "edgy" music that's out there, from Big Black to The

Frogs, remains unnoticed by the public at large.)

And then they got ahead of themselves. Somewhere along the line, the lead singer, Reverend Marilyn Manson, got it into his head that he was an artiste, and developed plans for a concept album about the glory of the antichrist and his appearance as a major media figure. Uh, this one hasn't been done before, right? Anyway, they took their facepaint and their mascara and broke into the studio, enlisting Trent Reznor (who plays instruments on the album) and David Ogilvie, one of the masterminds behind the now-defunct Skinny Puppy, to produce. The result is a piece of excrement that brings whole new meaning to the word "bad."

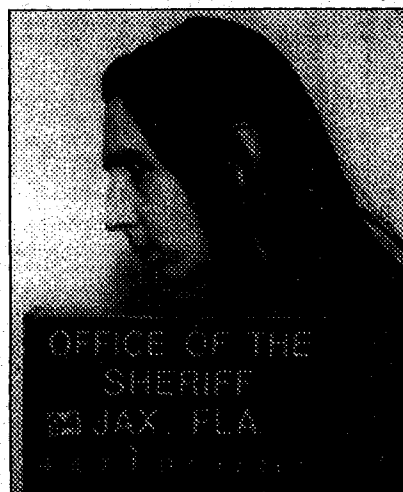
Now let me be clear about this. I didn't really mind Manson at first. Yeah, they were kind've cheesy; yes, they were something of a sell-out; yes, the crowd that idolized them was made up of reformed metalheads and ugly girls whose dreams of sorority acceptance turned sour when they couldn't scrape through hazing. But I forgave them that, because it wasn't really bad music. It was tolerable, and their live performance was actually pretty good. They weren't a band to write home about it. I wouldn't start a fanzine or a web page for them, and I wouldn't buy posters or t-shirts or bootlegs, but they weren't bad, and I certainly had no reservations about buying their new disc.

What a fool I was. Despite a few decent tracks (the stomp-your-feet metal of "Irresponsible Hate Anthem," the percussive "The Beautiful People," and the pleading

"Tourniquet"), this album is garbage. Their attachment to Trent is almost embarrassingly obvious, both in his overbearing presence on the slick and glossy production, and in the album's packaging, which is as artsy-fartsy as the packaging for Nine Inch Nails' *The Downward Spiral*. The jewel case comes in a clingy cardboard sheath, and the disc booklet is designed so that words say one thing when folded over, and say another when folded out. (Remember the back page of *Mad Magazine*? It's just like that. Do you want to listen to a band who takes their artistic cues from *Mad Magazine*? What, me torture-tec?)

But all of that would be forgivable if it weren't for the obnoxiously boring lyrics. "I wasn't born with enough middle fingers," the chorus from the album's opening tune, "Irresponsible Hate Anthem" (purportedly recorded live), is indicative of the ambiguous, unexplained hate that permeates the rest of the album like a cheap cologne. When other musicians express their hate, they mean it; when Manson does it, it comes off sounding like a lot of cheap whining. In addition, he can be exceedingly obtuse (references to himself as a "worm," incapable of understanding "the number seven," would be challengingly complicated if I cared enough to puzzle them out).

Marilyn Manson is yet another example of the disappointment that Trent Reznor's vanity label has become. When he was given his own label, Trent promised CDs from Coil, Trust Obey, Pop Will Eat Itself, and Prick, in addition to the aforementioned Manson. However, his plans to re-issue much of Coil's back material have apparently fallen through, he dismissed Trust Obey as being too non-commercial, and with the exception of Prick and a recent double-album from Meat Beat Manifesto, has been issuing mediocre music ever since. Reznor is a man with the power to produce a good many things; apparently, he just chooses not to.



Mister Manson in the Cowpoke

Filaski Speaks (Sparingly)

By Keith Filaski

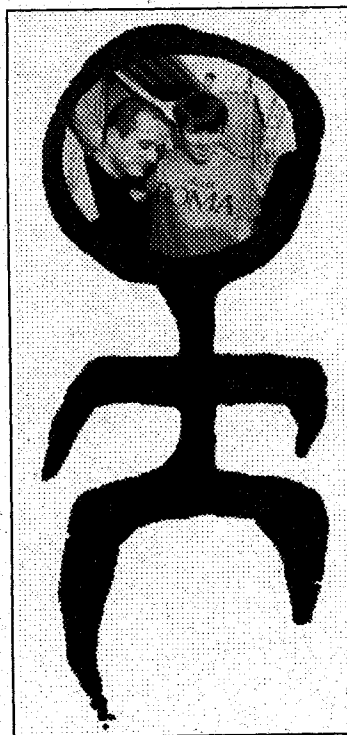
Well it's been halfway decent pickings at the ol' record store this past few weeks. Early industrial noise band Einstürzende Neubauten's newest album, *Ende Neu* (Mute), finally turned up after a frustrating wait of 3 years. It seems lead singer Blixa Bargeld and the gang have calmed down considerably, even from their previous album *Tabula Rasa*. Blame it on old age, I suppose. Don't get me wrong, this is a good album, but if you were hoping for a return to the destruction of shopping carts and the beating on of metal bridges as percussion, you won't find it here. In fact, once you get past the first track, "Was Ist Ist", the only one you can somewhat stomp your feet to, it's hard to find more than a still-metallic but subdued backing beat. Songs such as "The Garden" and "Stella Maris", the first single, are both nearly love songs lyrically and melodically. "The Garden" has orchestrated strings in it, for God's sake. One of the prizes on the album has to be "Nnnnaamm", an eleven-minute track that I could nearly see being a club hit during the 80s.

In summation, this album is one of the harshest sit-down-and-relax albums I've heard. If you're a diehard fan and didn't like *Tabula Rasa*, you definitely won't like *Ende Neu*, which consequently translates into "ending new," a fitting title. The end of the old fuck 'em up Neubauten, replaced by something Goth's

would be proud to have in their collection.

At the other end of the spectrum, Weezer have just released *Pinkerton* (DGC), the follow-up to their self-titled debut, an album which brought them right into the world of MTV and radio-play overkill. When I heard "Undone — The Sweater Song" and "Buddy Holly" off of the first album, I said to myself "catchy, cute... but I wouldn't buy it." However, once I experienced "Say It Ain't So", which miraculously was not put to death by overplay, I had to have the album, and I was pleased with it. (I was also pleased to have found it in the used section of a local record store. What a great concept, pay from \$5 to \$10 less for a CD only because someone else got to open it.) Well, to get to the point I was about to make before my digression, if you are looking for another "Say It Ain't So", as I know I was, you won't find it on *Pinkerton*. Weezer seem to have given up much of their cuteness for a more grunge sound, except for their first release "El Scorcho", the only track completely reminiscent of the first album.

A darker sound and more mature lyrics have intensified, rather than detracted from their energy. Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying Weezer has turned into Metallica (or should I say Soundgarden?). They are definitely still Weezer. On the first track, "Tired of Sex", we are immediately hit with a synth line straight from bassist Matt Sharp's side project, The Rentals. Very catchy unless you still cower in fear from "Friends of P", in which case this is not a



good first impression. Other tracks to check out are "Across the Sea" and "The Good Life", simple yet passionate songs enriched with Weezer's ability to portray real life situations. If you liked the first album, I think you'll enjoy this one. Just keep an open mind and remember that compared to some musical changes that have occurred with bands as of late, this is nothing.

If you are looking for some good-time techno, Tower Records has somehow gotten their hands on Apotheosis' four year-old single "Olumbratta" (Radikal Records). A new set of vocal samples is basically the only thing that sets "Olumbratta" apart from Apotheosis' club hit "O Fortuna," which uses vocal samples from the overused classical piece *Carmina Burana*, by German composer Carl Orff. You might remember these early, screeching vocals from Conan the Barbarian, early 70's horror movies during the scary scenes, a number of other techno songs, KMFDM's "Liebslied", etc. Nonetheless, Apotheosis uses these samples better than most and I urge you to pick up "Olumbratta" and "O Fortuna" if you find them.

In case you were wondering what the combination of upright bass riffs, techno synth sounds, and what seems to be a half hour long drum machine solo, it sounds like you should look into Photik's album *The Hidden Camera* (Astralwerks/Caroline). The combination brings you to the edge of annoyance and has you debating whether or not to take the disc out of your CD player and throw it across the room. In other words, I like it, but I don't know why. Photik is some of the most groovy techno I've ever heard. I don't know whether to rave to the beat or sway to the bass. It's a confusing world we live in. I also recommend giving a listen to their track "The Third Sequence" on the *Wipeout XL* soundtrack (Astralwerks/Caroline). It's sort of old school, metal-clanging industrial meets techno.

Janeane Garofalo:

Outspoken and Out Of Reach

By John Giuffo

Her words are liquid truth. She sees the cracks in *their* lies and she zeroes in on them.

Nothing is sacred and nothing is beyond criticism. She's a goddess; she's just a girl. Her comedy is smart, acerbic, and replete with references to the pop culture we are all products of. She's self-critical, and this lends her the freedom to tear down those mores and norms she is a part of. She's a paradox, a puzzle, and she lays her pieces out for us to examine. She lets us believe we know her, and when we try to pin her down, she dodges, and ducks and laughs. She's



the girl next door; the one we always had a crush on, the one who always climbed the same trees higher, and ran the bases faster. She was always brilliantly transfixing and a little bit intimidating.

That's the danger: that type of speculation.

It's seductive; the urge to attempt to know Janeane Garofalo. She's so plain, so simple, she plays no games, and says what she means and damn the consequences. But she's *there*, and I'm *here*.

From the first time I saw her, I wanted to know her. She let me believe I did. Even through her characters, we get a lot of Janeane Garofalo. In *Reality Bites*, we watched her play the rock to Winona Rider's flake and concluded the character to be a lot like the actress herself. It matched what we knew of her from her other appearances here and there.

I know there's no way to be certain of that. I want to believe I know her, and I know I don't. I've seen her stand-up. Perhaps this is Janeane, on stage, talking, joking, being herself. Maybe we got more of Janeane in *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*. After all, the character was a down-to-earth radio host. Knowledge of her personality must be why the casting director chose her. Right?

Right?

It's frustrating to find appealing a person you can never really expect to meet



or speak to. Even if you did; what would you say to her? What would be that *one* thing that would make her sit back and take

notice? What color feathers would you have to flare out to get her attention? It's frustrating even thinking about it.

But it's fun, too. Janeane Garofalo makes it interesting again to have a crush. Shit, if you're gonna spin your wheels on an inaccessible person, it might as well be a Janeane Garofalo. It's leagues better than an infantile infatuation with the Pamela Lees and Teri Hatcher and Anna Nicoles. I was never interested in surfaces. My adolescent obsessions always went deeper. (I had a crush on Whoopi Goldberg, for crying out loud,

and this was pre-Star Trek, so it had nothing to do with Trekkie-type geekiness: I created my own type of geekiness)

Janeane Garofalo began her career as a stand-up comedian in Providence R.I., where she attended Providence College. She did the comedy circuit for a while, until she met up with Ben Stiller in L.A., and was hired as a cast member for his now-defunct *The Ben Stiller Show*. Secondary roles in *Reality Bites*, *Bye, Bye Love* and *Now*

and *Then* lead up to a starring role in *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*. Upcoming films include *Nickel and Dime* with Bill Murray and *Solos*, with Chazz Palminteri. A short stint as a cast member on *Saturday Night Live* ended somewhat controversially; apparently her and producer Lorne Michaels didn't groove on each other. Too bad; her presence on that show could've been the very thing that saved the ass of that sorry show.

Her criticism of *Saturday Night Live* as sexist caused a stir, but she shrugs the controversy off as something she considers to be the most obvious of facts: show business is sexist. "My God," says Garofalo, "what a news flash! As if

every single network television show and Hollywood movie isn't that way. Show business is inherently incredibly sexist."

It is this outspoken-ness, this straight-forward, take-no-shit attitude that makes her so damn sexy. She has an opinion on almost everything, and I find myself agreeing with her on almost all of them.

On the current trend in dancing: "You can tell a lot about a person by how excited they are to do the Macarena."

On bagels: "I put anything and everything on garlic bagels: chive cream cheese, lox—Nova spread or the deli kind in pieces—tomato, onion. But you don't want to put anything on a cinnamon-raisin. It's too delightful in its organic form."

On food and drink: "I can't just have a cocktail. It's got to be until I'm like, stumbling around. I eat until I'm physically ill. It's bizarre."

So, what I'm saying is that the woman is perfect for me and that it's very frustrating knowing that because I also know that I'll probably never meet her and if I did, I wouldn't know what to say to her, and if I did know what to say to her, why would she care?

I'd love to meet her and buy her a sweater or dinner and hang out and go see a movie and drink beer or coffee or just talk. I never will, but it's good to know that there are still people



out there who can still inspire me, who can still haunt me, who's "real-ness" can shine through the entertainment industry's constant efforts to homogenize everything to find me looking and smiling and knowing that there are people who hear them. I'm glad there's a Janeane Garofalo to hear, and I'm glad I've had the chance to get to know as much of her as I have.

She's pretty fucking cool and pretty fucking rare, she's all woman and she's all good.

If, by some wild chance, you *do* read this, Janeane, and if you have broken up with your boyfriend (a comedian?—that's so...unstable), you can contact me here at *The Press*. It's been a while since I've had the chance to purchase knitted goods for a woman.