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WHERE IS GRADY?

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STATE OF THE EMPIRE ADDRESS

By Chris Sorochin

Well, it's another New Year and the anniversary of the January 1 rebellion of the Zapatistas in Chiapas, Mexico. Unwilling to see their centuries-old communal agrarian way of life destroyed so agribusiness could move in, and unwilling to become part of the impoverished masses of excess labor swelling the shantytowns of Mexico City, Mayan peasants supported the uprising, which began on the day NAFTA went into effect.

Meanwhile, besides using our tax dollars to bail out investors in the crashed Mexican economy, jobs are lost here and inflation pauperizes the average Mexican. The US has been providing weapons to the Mexican government as they wage a low-intensity war against the Zapatistas and their indigenous sympathizers. Once again, we're helping a corrupt, undemocratic government make war on its own people.

Next door in Guatemala, Jennifer Harbury, a US citizen whose husband was kidnapped, tortured and murdered by the US trained Guatemalan military, considered the most brutal in the hemisphere, continues to pursue her case against the Guatemalan commanders and their CIA enablers. In Washington DC, in early January, Harbury's US lawyer's car was destroyed by a bomb and shots were fired into the house where Harbury is staying. One mainstream account I read suspected "international terrorists."

In Honduras, judges have had the courage to indict members of the military, a dangerous thing. The Honduran military is also known for its brutality and is also cozy with the CIA.

The US government refuses to turn over to the Haitian government documents seized from ousted coup leaders. I wonder what they say about US connections to the coup. We already know that Emmanuel Constant, leader of the FRAPH terror organization, was on the CIA payroll and allowed entry into the US.

In Haiti, there also continues to be widespread opposition to the World Bank/International Monetary Fund policies of privatization of state-run industries, which is sure to cause more poverty and pillage in the poorest country in the Americas.

Across the Atlantic, French government workers succeeded in paralyzing the entire country for weeks in opposition to their government's plan to start cutting benefits and privatizing. But unlike other countries I could name, the French are refusing to see their standard of living sacrificed on the altar of financial markets and let their leaders know who really makes the country go. What's particularly terrific is that people outside the public sector supported them, realizing that their whole welfare state is threatened and eventually they'll feel the wolf at their backs.

Most of the US corporate media couldn't understand why those silly French would refuse to take the bitter medicine everyone (except big business and related profiteers) is being prescribed these days.

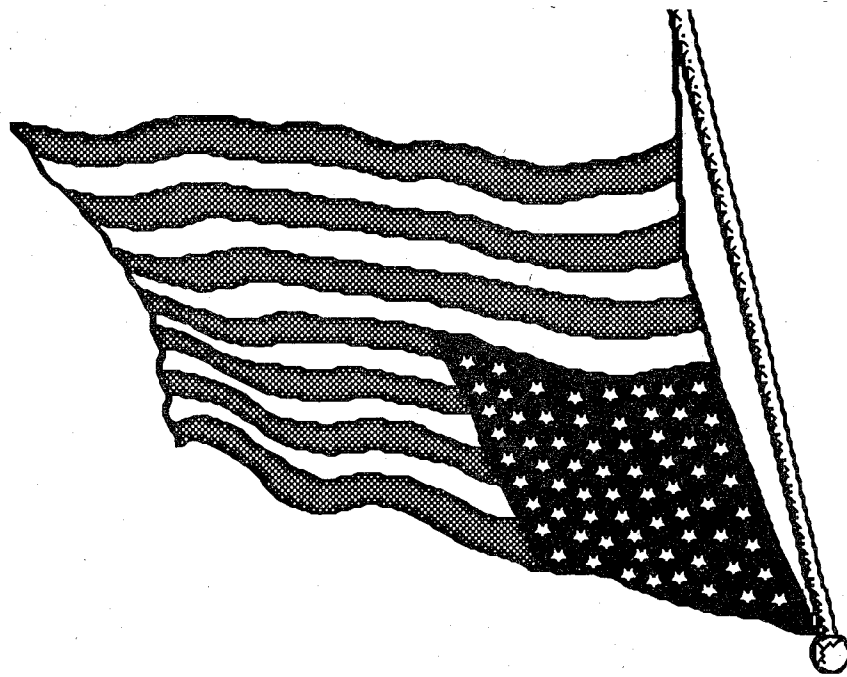
Just north of the border, workers shut down London, Ontario for a day to protest the policies of the premier of Ontario, not so affectionately referred to as "Newt of the North." Again hardly reported. I truly believe that the main reason US media doesn't cover Canada isn't because it's a boring place or nothing happens there, but because those beer-swilling,

hockey-playing nuts are just similar enough to us culturally to provide what Noam Chomsky calls the "threat of a good example": they're what we could be if we got our act together and that realization might give folks here some funny ideas.

Wouldn't it be great if instead of Gingrich and the rest of the Dickensian knaves shutting down the government to inflate their egos, the American people got together and stopped the music, just to let 'em know we won't be trifled with?

But the real dirt I have to dish with you is our latest glorious rescue mission, to Bosnia, where we'll charge in like knights in armored vehicles and stop those irrational, blood crazed Slavs (especially the heavily demonized Serbs) from taking out their ancient hatreds on each other.

Well, get this: it seems that in November, 1990, when Yugoslavia was still intact, the US Congress passed a little measure, the 1991 Foreign



Appropriations Law 101-513. To get the Yugoslav government to open up to privatization, the US-dominated World Bank/IMF cut off all financial aid, causing the economy to implode. In addition, the law demanded separate elections for each of the six republics and offered election funds only to "democratic" (i.e. capitalistic) parties, meaning ultranationalist, separatist parties, like the reconstituted neofascists who now control Croatia and have promoted some heavy duty ethnic cleansing with US help.

Here we go again. As in the Persian Gulf, Panama, Vietnam, etc, the US power structure creates an unstable and dangerous situation, and then claims that as the world's enforcer we have to go in risking the lives of countless people, including US soldiers, because them dern foreigners just can't behave.

UN health organizations estimate that approximately 4,000 children a month die in Iraq due to sanctions. That's every month. Happy fifth anniversary. The one million or so that they slipped into the military budget that the Pentagon didn't even ask for? Now I guess we know why.

And to what end? Well, there's the perennial justification for astronomical military spending. Eastern Europe is also the new frontier for economic colonization. Western European interests are anxious to move in and exploit, so it behooves the US to have some firepower on hand to assure that "we" get "out" our piece of the baklava, the biggest and gooiest piece being the most desirable.

Yet another factor is the mood throughout Eastern Europe these days. At the end of last year, both Russia and Poland voted putative communists back into power. Hungary and Lithuania

have previously done so. One CNN commentator on the Russian Duma elections was typically Orwellian: "They've voted to reject democracy." Figure that one out. I always thought democracy was supposed to reflect the will of the people and how they're governed and how their economy runs. I guess the "demo" must refer exclusively to the people on Wall St. and their equivalents in London, Tokyo and other financial centers.

No, I don't think anybody wants to see the return of repressive Soviet totalitarianism. But among Eastern Europeans I speak to, there's a palpable nostalgia for the security and predictability of the "good old days." In Russia, especially, economic "shock therapy" insisted upon by the World Bank/IMF has succeeded in enriching a few—mainly criminals and bureaucrats, while the average citizen has been plunged into poverty as subsidies and social programs are cut or abolished.

Western companies are pouring in to take advantage of the situation. Suddenly, all the Marxist dogma they were forced to absorb all those years isn't quite so much hogwash. Maybe they can synthesize the best aspects of both systems...

Well, I think it's pretty obvious that that's not going to fly in the New World Order. The Western Europeans are being given the word that their flirtations with socialism which have provided them with such a high standard of living, are over. During the Cold War, "Our" Europe had to look better than "Their" Europe. No more. Now we're treated to the spectacle of Swedish banks and companies trying to unravel Sweden's impressive and much-envied safety net.

I humbly submit that the US now has a massive military presence, which some estimate at about ten times the

25,000 usually reported. For the first time in history in Eastern Europe, just in case the natives get any notions about not holding still for being "restructured" into a new Third World.

On the home front, the government has ground to a halt twice now, as our fearless leaders attempt to shove down our throats the idea that cutting everything that benefits us is good and we'll just have to get used to it, like the punishing parent's classic line, "You'll thank me for this some day." Last fall, the Black and Progressive Caucuses proposed a seven-year budget balancing plan that centered on cuts in military spending and increased taxes on the rich. It was ignored by both the bulk of Congress and the media. Corporate welfare escaped the tough-love budget ax unscathed. Surprise, surprise.

Not that there's no hope. A group of doctors got together and publicly burned their AMA cards and risked arrest to protest the insurance industry's sabotage of health-care reform. The Congressional Budget Office determined that a Canadian-style single-payer system would be the most cost-effective and efficient, one of those funny ideas I spoke of earlier. Isn't it mysterious that this option never entered into the lobbyist driven "debate" that once again denied us what the rest of the First World has?

Cheer up, though, George Pataki is soon to carry out the campaign promise that got him elected; he's going to execute some wretch who didn't have the money to hire a good enough lawyer to get him off. That'll do wonders for state morale. Soon we'll look just like a cold-weather Bible

[continued on page 8](#)

Peace And Brown-Nosing For All

By Anne Ruggiero

Ah, the annual State of the Union Address. The invigorating, national pep talk that is given every January in the hopes of making the new year a little more structured, more accomplished and more civilized than the last. Well, it's happened again, and although the 1996 oratory was delivered to a feuding Congress, exhausted media, and a skeptical public audience, President Bill Clinton managed to get through it alive, advocating apple-pie values, a play-nice media, and an America that lives within its means.

Clinton's speech was actually quite informative, although it's nothing that the American public doesn't already know. Focusing on seven key flaws, or "challenges," as he so euphemistically phrased them, the president spoke out on crime, education, health insurance, family values, foreign policy (we still have one?), the environment, and economic security. The most relevant point to the readers of this paper is Clinton's educational policy. He spoke of national graduation standards, school uniforms, and a choice of public schools. Clinton also stressed the need for more merit-based scholarships and stronger parental involvement in a child's education, rightly stating that "no teacher or program can [substitute for] that." The president also set some remarkably ludicrous goals, such as putting all public schools and libraries on-line by the year 2000. Let's face it—there are still rural and urban districts who can't hire enough teachers or buy decent books. He also suggested a V-chip that allows parents to censor what their children

watch, and a system which would rate television programs. (C'mon Bill. It didn't really work for the movies, and besides, if a nine year old kid is up at four in the morning watching pornos, chances are his parents don't give a shit what he's seeing anyway.) Clinton also took a position on crime, defending the Brady Bill and introducing Gen. Barry McCaffrey as the new Drug Czar.



In spite of the clear, organized, and valid address that Clinton gave, I was captivated more by the behavior of the audience members. The whole affair began more as a circus side show. The miffed Republicans and gloating Democrats sat on opposite sides of the aisle as if they were spanning the Great Divide. Rumors of a Republican demonstration against Clinton during the program had Democrats and camera crews alike anxiously eyeing the GOP and supposedly provoked a warning about proper pub-

lic behavior from Sen. Dole. (Strangely reminiscent of the second grade, isn't it?). As the president entered the chamber, the Democrats sprang from their seats and exploded in a rather amusing display of whooping, cheering and whistling. The cause of this uproar is obvious—a campaign plug for their Great White Hope. One would expect our political leaders to behave like ladies and gentlemen at a formal, televised announcement, but of course, a little dignity is a little too much to ask for. I was especially amused by the camera shot of an unrecognized man who was shaking his head and mouthing the word "bastard" during the speech. Even Clinton himself was not exempt from a bit of sophomoric behavior, as, right before his address, he passed a note to Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich who then burst into laughter. (Glad you guys enjoyed the joke.)

Clinton also made sure that he had his lips firmly pressed up against Congresses' ass, as a definite theme of "can't we all just get along?" permeated the speech. He made a point of acknowledging his own faults of the past year and implored Congress to cooperate in the best interests of the nation.

In summary, President Clinton managed to cover relevant issues from government reduction to the lessening of global nuclear arms. He faced the fragmented Congress with aplomb and earned a great campaign plug for the coming year. The 1996 State of the Union Address was a needed success for Clinton, and could possibly be a sign of what's to come in the campaign season. Senator Dole, watch out.

1996 Political Arena: A Synopsis

By Heather Rosenow

Our Government has shut down, cut benefits, refused to accept compromise, put it's First Lady on trial, and the new year's just begun. We still have this amusing business of campaigns to deal with and the closer we get to election time, the more interesting and summarily useless the campaign tactics become. Let's begin with the Republican Presidential hopefuls. Phil Gramm. Here's a man who can't seem to lose his politician persona, even with children in their own houses. He has taken to doing interviews and economic lectures in people's kitchens, for that more personal effect no doubt. Instead of becoming the guy next door, he's become a door to door economics consultant boring the hell out of unsuspecting voters.

It was reported recently in the New York Times that when asked by an 11 year old whether the world would be overrun by gun toting terrorists in their future, he replied "Well, let me say that I'm very concerned about violent crime." That's great Phil. When are you going to mention your plans to prevent it? If kids in Iowa are concerned about it at age eleven, perhaps it's time you took it seriously.

When he met with a mechanical engineer who worked for John Deere he shared with all around that it's been his dream all these years to drive a tractor and run things over. Yeah. Now what do you think about foreign and domestic policy? Oh, I forgot. The specialist in

the arena of concealment of personal views up until now has been Bob Dole. Besides hating liberals, Bill Clinton, and anything which might reek of welfare, do we really know what this man stands for? He is also one of the most uncharismatic speakers I have ever seen. Compared with Clinton, he looked like a mechanical dummy. No one ever taught him to read cue cards in Law School, I'll wager. Then of course there is Steven Forbes, a thrillingly wealthy individual whom I am sure is only in the political arena to benefit the underpaid overworked masses. Yeah. How many millions of dollars did this man make last year? We don't know because he's a little skittish about disclosing his financial info. Hmmm. He apparently didn't think it was enough because his flat rate tax plan would enable him to rake in even more money. I suppose it would help his billionaire freinds as well.

Flat rate, in translation, means people earning over a certain amount and under a certain amount would pay no taxes. Do you have any clue what that would do to the very taxed middle class? It would tax us into oblivion. Forbes also hasn't exactly been a champion of senior citizens, who comprise a huge portion of voters in the United States. He settled an age discrimination suit filed against him by his former secretary just before entering the Presidential race. Apparently he felt she didn't fit in and was simply too gray. That should go over well in Florida.

When speaking of American politics in the 90's we can hardly overlook Newt Gingrich and his little freshman proteges. He'd probably have a better reputation if it weren't for those overzealous little freshies. Half of them have never even held office before.

While in school these littleuns were never taught the word compromise. It appears that way. They hiss at Newt like he's a traitor if he mentions any hint of backing down on any topic. They seem to forget that the Senate (which does not have such a strong Republican majority) is still there, and will be all term. But this champion of cutting needeHe has a new plan to reopen the Government (perhaps he realized that all the blame of a non-functional governor was falling on his party) and told his little freshies that if they voted against it, they'd permanently be on his "list". That's a threat if I ever heard one. Politics as usual. Someone has to remind Congress that "We the People..." are still here watching, and I suggest we all let them know what's going on when we vote in the next election. If we don't, our government is going to be nonfunctional until doomsday. Watch for the new issues coming to the forefront of politics. Anti-Liberalism, America's place in foreign affairs, balancing budgets, cuts that are "for our own good", the ever present abortion issue, religion in politics, and racial differences are all catching fire. Stay awake or you'll end up getting burned.

Orange Clad Minions Of Death

Last semester The Press ran a story entitled "SPA Security: Friend or Foe?" The story described the problems the author had with SPA Security and the job they did at the Shelter concert. The patrons were harassed and warned against "violent dancing;" I guess that was moshing. Probably the scariest thing she heard was one of the security guards talking to another "If you see anyone jump up in the crowd I want you to start f***ing swinging."

This article, along with a motion brought up by a Press staff member during the senate meeting, alerted SPA that something had to be done about their "orange-clad minions of antagonism, aggression and ignorance."

So when I started to read the letter that had been stuffed into my mailbox from Alexis Hunter, Head of SPA Security, I got concerned. I figured it was someone else who was trying to sue us, but I didn't remember any instances of libel.

As I finished the letter I was elated. Not only has someone on campus noticed an important issue, but Alexis also did something about it.

She suspended all the officers that

were involved in the commotion that occurred that evening. They have been suspended for 30 days, beginning January 28th, and will not be employed by SPA Security during that period.

We congratulate her.

This is a very bold move, to suspend people she calls friends. But it is the right thing to do. She could have tried to sweep the whole thing under the rug, claiming that there was no 'sufficient reason' to do anything about this. In the letter, she says "SPA Security is a professional organization and will not tolerate anything other than such standards."

Thankfully she chose to put the university first and herself second. She wants to make SPA Security "as professional, beneficial and efficient as is possible." We hope she succeeds in her endeavor to make SPA Security as good as it should be.

It is also refreshing to see someone do something for the good of the campus, we need more people like her. Hell, if she wants to run for elected office, she's got my vote.

Letters

CONTINUALLY... SINKING THEIR HEADS IN THE SAND

Why do the people in Financial Aid/Bursar/Registrar keep on getting away with murder? It's because the Higher Ups purposely choose to look the other way, and pretend that they don't see all the injustices, and corruption taking place, as if that will make all the corruption occurring all over the campus will just disappear by acting like it doesn't exist...

Those in authority who could and should make a difference are indifferent to students at Stony Brook and the harassment they face at the hands of these state workers, who are as unprofessional as they come. The reason that they don't watch or oversee these crooks is because they live and work in an environment that is out of touch with the real world. They should get rid of these beauracracies, because they don't benefit students in no shape, form, or fashion. Why don't they mingle with the students and hear our issues. Are they too high on a pedestal to socialize with students?

Why don't they go out of their way to get rid of the corruption that exist at the Chapin Apartments or in Financial Aid? Is covering up corruption that is occurring right now going to really make it go away? When are they going to stop putting students on the backburner, and put them and their issues, experiences, continuous injustices in the forefront? Is it really fair to students to be treated like a number, and in a nonchalant manner. Don't the Higher Ups know it's time to make a change?

If you have all this authority and can make a difference, why not make a difference. Your selfish and indifferent attitude does make you a part of the problem, because you sure as hell aren't part of the solution, which means that your position is empty and shallow. The Higher Ups possess no substance, no integrity, or backbone. It's a damn shame!!!!!!!!!!!!

JUDAH

To: sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu
Subject: Letter to the Editor

I am very sorry to notice that,

through a series of fanatical, illiterate and ignorant papers of Ms. Heather Rosenow, "The Press" became one of the strongholds of shameful, one-sided and absolutely unobjective US media coverage of the war in the Balkans. I was living in hope that what is appropriate for establishment-kept, remote-controlled mass media like CNN, NYT and their media-mercenaries is far away from "The Press", but I feel deeply disappointed. I do not want to waste your time enumerated all prejudices and insinuations present in Ms. Rosenow's last several articles on Bosnia; instead of that, I shall just ask few simple questions (which, of course, call for a little bit of knowledge about the region, its history and current situation, knowledge painfully lacking in Ms. Rosenow's emotional excursions (Gulliver's travels fits better) in foreign policy):

1) Who are the Bosnian people who feature so prominently in her last article? Bosnia - as Dr. Kissinger, for example, said many times in last few months - never existed as a state, there is no Bosnian language (popu-

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Conan Naked

lation speaks only Serbian or Croatian) - so, who are these "innocent lambs" (who, btw, waged bloody war for four years, although they are placid like kittens in a basket)? Ms. Rosenow wishes to make a dichotomy: Bosnians - Serbs, although it is obvious that more than a third of so-called Bosnians are Serbs, and that victims she - from her comfortable Stony Brook nest - so compassionately praises are Bosnian Muslims.

2) Where has Ms. Rosenow read (because she could not live through) about civil war with only one side committing terrible atrocities, and other behaving as above-mentioned kittens? That surely was some of the State Department's edition of bedtime stories...

continued on next page

Baby Blues

By M.Chemas

Abortion is controversial. The issues that regularly cloud it involve ethics, emotions and medical questions. Due to the fact that it is such a controversial issue it is sometimes hard to find accurate information regarding the medical questions. Here are some answers.

Abortion is sometimes characterized as being a dangerous procedure, but in fact it is at least ten times safer than childbirth. The approximate maternal mortality rate is 2 per 10,000, while the patient mortality rate is 1-2 per 100,000 in abortion procedures. There are other risks involving abortion. The following is a listing of the most common risks involved. All of the following statistical data refers to abortions performed on or before the 22nd week of pregnancy, which accounts for the majority of abortions performed in the U.S.

- Risk of excessive bleeding, which may require additional medical attention, 1 per 100.
- Incomplete abortion, which will require a repeat procedure, 1 per 100.
- Infection of the uterus, 1 per 100.
- Perforation of the uterus, which requires hospital admission to correct, 1 per 3,000.
- Complications that necessitate removal of the uterus, 1 per 100,000.
- Sterility, 1 per 10,000.
- Scar tissue formation inside the uterus (no statistical data available).
- Ectopic pregnancy, which requires additional surgery, 1 per 1000.

The procedure, which is usually done under general anesthesia, takes between 3 and 15 minutes to perform. When the

patient comes to, their vital signs are monitored and they are usually released within two hours. Antibiotics are administered with directions to take them four times a day for four days (failure to follow these directions accounts for more than 50% of the statistics regarding uterine infection). Following the abortion the patient usually experiences mild to moderate abdominal cramping which almost always subsides within four to six hours. For the twenty-four hours following the abortion the patient may not operate any machinery or drive an automobile. For the two weeks following the abortion the patient must avoid sexual intercourse and swimming. There are no dietary restrictions and from a diagnostic point of view the patient is completely recovered in ten to fourteen days, and in many cases, seven days. Because abortion is an ethical decision besides a medical one, patients' emotional responses to the procedure vary widely.

Approximately 50% of the pregnancies of American women aged 12-21 end in abortion. Perhaps the real focus should be placed on preventing these unwanted pregnancies in the first place. An answer to the ethical debate surrounding the abortion issue seems long in coming. Prevention is always the most satisfying answer.

Note: The author worked in the health care industry for three years prior to transferring here.

Handwritten submissions

will be sent into space aboard the next Voyager probe to be discovered by spacefaring aliens who are going to spend decades trying to decipher that chicken scratch you call writing. Finding humans to be totally illegible, they will avoid our planet, forcing us to continue killing ourselves and our brothers in meaningless wars. Make the choice for intergalactic peace and please type any articles that you send us. Letters and editorials should be up to 500 words and articles between 700 and 1000 words.

Send them to:
The Stony Brook Press
Room 060 Student Union
and may the force be with you.

continued from previous page 3) The bombing is US Government foreign affairs specialty, and word-bombing Ms. Rosenow's: for some strange reason (subconscious admiration?) she is obsessed with Hitler and has to mention him in each her article. Now, I bet she does not know that it was Hitler who perceived Serbs as his chief opponents in South Europe, that it was Hitler who gave to the Croats and Muslims their puppet state during the WWII, and that they (to the horror of even German military) slaughtered more than a million Serbs in their concentration camps, which S. Wisenthal put on equal footing with Auschwitz and Treblinka.

4) The last article reads: "just count the number of wars started on the basis of ethnic differences or hatred". Nice counting exercise - I have a similar one for Ms. Rosenow: please count the number (and result) of US military interventions, beginning with slaughtering in cold blood about 600,000 Phillipinos at the beginning of the century.

5) How does Ms. Rosenow imagine a democratic state in which a large part of the population is FORCED to live in (by NATO, Muslim army, Iranian mercenaries, Wehrmacht,

KGB, whoever)?

6) How is it that Mr. Perry openly admitted that there are lots of Iranian and other fundamentalist mercenaries in so-called Bosnian army? They are surely great democrats and human-right champions.

7) Has Ms. Rosenow read the "Islamic Declaration" of Muslim president in Bosnia, Mr. Alija Izetbegovic? If she has, has she maybe compared it with similar writings of late Ayatollah Homeini? I found no differences myself.

8) Where, the hell, was Ms. Rosenow, when in August this year, about 200,000 of Serbian refugees from Croatia were shelled and bombed in flight by cooperating Muslim and Croat forces? Where is she when UN admitted terrible crimes on the part of Croats in destroying every single Serb house, slaughtering even the cattle belonging to a Serb, erasing every trace that Serbs lived there for more than a thousand years?

And for the end: when somebody works hard and is not paid, that is called exploitation, isn't it? What I do not understand now is why are you so willingly exploited, Ms. Rosenow? Don't tell me that Iranian ayatollahs, corrupt Kuwaiti emirs, or panislamic

terrorists lack precious coin; and you are doing dirty job for them just fine.

Frankly,
Milan M. Cirkovic
Dept. of Earth and Space Sci.

The Author Responds:

To Mr. Cirkovic,
Well, well, well. Here we have a lovely example of a completely ignorant misreading put on paper. Perhaps it was a willful misreading. First of all Mr. Cirkovic, I never once claimed that one side of this civil war was, as you so mistakenly put, "innocent kittens". When I spoke of victims, it was in reference to those being victimized at present. I did acknowledge that with civil war comes crime from both sides. No, I never did live through a civil war on this soil, but have you?

I am happy to say that, and in reporting on atrocities overseas, I hope not only to make people aware of World Affairs but also to make them realize that we are in a position to help these people.

I am also aware of the part the U.S. Government played in slaughters all over the world, and consider myself one of its harshest critics. But since that wasn't what my article was about, I didn't focus on it. Instead I tried to escape

that American tendency of making ourselves the center of every single article. At present we are discussing atrocities occurring even as we write. Atrocities, sir, I define as the unnecessary killing, torture, or suffering of ANY group of people. By mentioning Hitler so often I was attempting to point out the parallels of the concentration camps which actually exist in this civil war, and those constructed by Hitler and his minions. To suggest subconscious admiration was ignorant and missing the point. I was merely pointing out that these new examples of genocide must be stopped before our children can look back and ask why we didn't help these people. The Allies were ignorant of the concentration camps, or at the very least ignorant of their extent. We know about the atrocities and are still discovering they are worse than we originally feared, and still we are doing nothing. I was not taking sides, you foolish boob, instead I was reporting on where the majority of wrongs are originating from at present and suggesting that instead of simply writing about them, perhaps we might actually help stop them.

Heather Rosenow

You Can't Enslave A Mind

By Katherine Zafiris

Upon returning to this institution of higher learning, I was appalled to see on the first day of school that this university's other community paper added as an insert to their issue, propaganda depicting abortion as cruel and unsafe to women. This insert by The Human Life Alliance of Minnesota Education Fund Inc. creates a blatant disregard for women and young girls on this campus and in the neighboring communities. To make matters worse, it is supposed that this paper was paid to include this into their paper and this decision in tradition of newspapers everywhere was made by an editorial vote.

The problems that arises here is not that this alliance is stating their pro-life stance, but that they are doing it in a fashion that alienates women of all ages at this university. Any young girl reading this insert may become scared of pregnancy, abortion, and even birth control. Also, it is not that this alliance prints un-truths about abortion and contraception; it is that they stretch the truth to an absurd level. Examples of these are printed on every page of this absurd insert and are made in religious and militant political voices.

The first absurdity of this propaganda is found on page two under The War of Words section. The claim is that "I have the right to 'choose' to abort my baby- a women's right to choose!" The response to this is that "How can anyone have the right to choose to kill another individual? The only 'choice' is between 'a dead baby and a live baby.'" Further more, it goes on to state that, "Using the same rationale, shouldn't people have the right to 'choose' to use drugs ('It's my body') or the right to 'choose' to practice prostitution?"

My problem with these statements is that prostitution has been illegal for years and unless the authors of this insert are blind to society and it's goings on; do not people choose to practice prostitution. Isn't prostitution legal in Nevada and don't people choose to go to prostitutes and practice prostitution all over the world, legal or not. The next statement I have a problem with is the drug statement. Drugs are legal in many countries and legal or not people have the right to choose to use drugs. By using this scenario will not persons legal or not find a way to have abortions? Aren't back alley abortions a little more dangerous than smoking marijuana just once. I am not advocating the use of drugs or pros-

titution, but these two things are illegal in this country and they are still practiced. What the insert is advocating is that a woman's right to do what she chooses should be taken away. The insert states that a women's right to choose is not a constitutional right. If to choose is not seen as a constitutional right, how far will this alliance go? Be sure that if women are not given the right to choose for themselves what they will or will not do, what will happen to our right to vote, to make as much money as men, or to choose our own sexual denomination? Perhaps, since this alliance feels that a baby conceived in rape or incest has the absolute right to live, then they must also feel that rape or incest should be legal. To take away your right to choose, they are also taking away your right to protect yourself.

On page two, there is a beautiful picture of a mother holding her newborn child. Underneath there is a caption that says, "The special love between a mother and a baby comes straight from the heart." Sure, I believe that love exists, but what about the children who are beaten and tortured by their parents? Where is that love then? One just needs to read the daily newspapers to see how many children are murdered by their mothers or fathers on a given day. Is it fair to the child that is beaten to death by a lead pipe or tortured to death because her mother has too many children to handle? Or what about children who are given up for adoption and then are beaten to death? How soon we forget about the Lisa Steinberg's of world.

Turn to page six and seven and there is centerfold of five babies, whose average age is, based on their size, three months. In an outline where one baby might lie, there is a caption that states "Twenty Seconds Before There Was One More." Is this saying that a woman or girl who decided to keep a baby for three months decided to kill it because she now decided she doesn't want it? This is ridiculous. Why print something that is obviously wrong and illegal? This is plain murder and is blatantly illegal and usually the mother is unstable and needs help. Again, I have to think about what type of person thinks up this advertising.

On page nine, there is a chart titled "The Abortifacient Nature of Some Contraceptives." This chart explains the functions of "The Pill" and the IUD.

According to this chart the IUD and "The Pill" make the womb a hostile and inflammatory environment for a fetus to attach itself. Furthermore, it goes on to state that besides this, "The Pill" also causes temporary sterilization and contraception (the thickened cervical mucus slowing the travel of sperm). I'm sorry, but to me is this not the point of taking the pill. I really don't think women all over the world are taking the pill in the hopes of getting pregnant.


It is this absurdity and twisting of words that makes this insert and this alliance dangerous. Obviously, what this alliance would like is for a woman's right to plan and prevent her pregnancies to be taken away. In that light, then all the women who fought for women's rights, as well as their right to govern their own bodies, were wrong. In that case, Margaret Sanger threw her life away, as well as the institution she founded (Planned Parenthood). I guess all the fighting for women's equality and the right to vote was done all in vain. What this alliance in inferring is that the clock should be turned back. Women belong in the home, in skirts being slaves to men. Take away our right to vote and our right to work; because if we can not govern and make choices for our own bodies, when do alliances like this one end?

Women should be educated as to their choices in this world. Women no longer need to sit by and allow alliances and the people who run them, to dictate what they can and can not do. Any woman who made the decision or was paid to put this insert in the newspaper needs to be educated. Women must realize that their lives are fragile and should choose to live it in a way that they feel is right for them. No one can poison your mind, unless you allow them to. In the role of persecuting one's souls for what one feels wrong, one must also remember that their soul is also fragile. You can enslave a body, but you can't enslave a mind.


The Stony Brook Press would like to thank the people who gave us the score to the Super Bowl when we randomly called their rooms. If you were one of these people, thank you.

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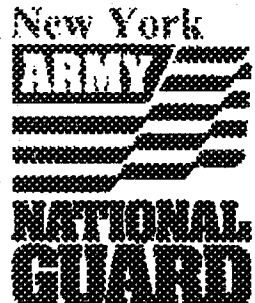


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Clinton Prevails Despite Opposition

By Boyd C McCamish

The recent State of the Union address given by the president was seen overall as a great accomplishment for the White House. Even his harshist critics commended him on the preformance as a strong,unifying message for the future of the nation. The President uniformly outlined his agenda for the upcoming election and indeed if the look on House Speaker Gingrichs face was any indication his next term. The President was able to get a tighter grip on his own issues which he has rallied around since '92,like education and the environment. He also grabbed middle of the road items and rubbed them in the face of the republicans. Foreign Policy and the family have always been the Republicans forte,Clinton made them his.

The president issued his "Challenges to America" in a seven part model. The themes were:family,education,economic security,crime,the environment,foreign policy and reinventing the government. He wasn't afraid to tell the republican majority Congress what had been done wrong and many in the group looked downright embarrassed.

It appears with the birth of Steven Forbes and the so far unsuccessful melodrama we know as "whitewater" the republican revoulution may be winding down. Americans seem fed up with the republican majority that has been unwilling to so much as acknowledge that there is any other party in the Congress.

Steven Forbes might provide the best oppurtunity to squash the republican bid for President. If he splits the vote with Dole or gets forty percent through the primaries Dole will be finished,I get the feeling Dole wanted to run in the beginning because he thought he would be the odds on favorite with virtually no competition,if it gets any

hotter in the kitchen look for Dole to have trouble remembering his middle name.

There is however one final javelin for the republicans to throw at the mighty clintonbeast. The irony is that the policy that has gone sour was a republican invention and one that Clinton grabbed a hold of firmly in '92,it is the North American Free



Trade Agreement (NAFTA). This was the item that Ross Perot rallied around in '92,remember "the giant sucking sound" of american jobs going south? Well the jobs haven't really gone but the capital sure has. American companies have injected more capital into Mexico now then ever before,and as is normally true when a developing

nation is in its enfancy most of the money is going into the hands of corruption and major industry. It is reported that life for the average mexican is as bad economically today then its been in a long time. More homes and vechicles were repossessed last year then any other. Street violence in Mexico City hasn't been this bad since the revoulution of 1910.

On the date of this publication the Mexican government will be paying back the US \$1.3 billion it borrowed last year to avoid govermental colaspe. It still owes \$10.5 billion and another \$11 billion to the international Monetary Fund. In the wake of all this bad economic news for Mexico why would they pay back part of an already overdue loan? Woudn't it be better for the US to allow Mexico to keep the money in its coffers for continued economic development and security? Probably, but Clinton has insisted on the money so that the issue wouldn't come back to haunt him in an election year. It was Senator Dole who said last year at the time of the bailout package "Why do the American people have to pay for the mistakes of the boys on wallstreet?" Good question. Of course we know why. This is the way its done in world politics but if Dole whats to make Clinton look bad he should point to NAFTA as a failure. The picture doesn't get much better when you look north either. Canada is our largest trading partner,we have had a trade surplus with them for a long time,that is until Nafta our deficit with them is now twelve billion a year.

Most of the massive deficits between Canada and Mexico are caused by uncharistically weak currency values,a point that Dole shouldn't bother making. Its time for the republicans to sell everything including the kitchen sink, they better hope Clinton didn't hide the tool box.

The Middle Class Crunch

By Liv Bacerra

In light of recent events such as the government shutdown, downsizing businesses and higher education budget cuts, the existence of America's middle class is fast spiraling to its end. Whatever happened to the promises in Clinton's campaign in '92? It is forgotten like a bag of geeky old clothes sitting in a dusty attic. As usual, we all fall for the pernicious politician prattling promises the way a car salesman seduces a customer into a plush interior of a new Lexus for a short test drive. We, as voters, deserve a modicum of dignity. Just because four years has passed does not mean all is forgotten. If that same preening politician would have a government that refuses to govern, then that should arm our senses for the next assault of lies that will be graciously given out at the closing of this year. Promises are not the end nor the beginning of the barrage of offenses to which the government subjects the middle class. To be sure, the budget in this state of New York severely needs a fix of some sort but a severe cut to education is a full frontal assault on the middle class. The middle class family is almost always "too rich" to apply for aid and "too poor" to pay for tuition. Either way, the middle class family has to pay for most if not all of their child's higher education. The lower income families will still get the aid and the rich basically have no need for financial aid.

The middle class is an important stratum of the myriad layers of economic strata in the US. They

are the consumers of services and materials. The middle class crunch causes the demand to fall in short supply for most businesses. A recent economic poll conducted by US News has shown that people think we are in a stalemate if not in a depression. Productivity has increased through the years but wages and salaries are dropping. The rich give themselves tax shelters and loopholes all the time. Company CEO's give themselves enormous compensations every year which in turn, increasingly widen the gap between the employer and the employee. According to the US News polls, when asked who has gained the most economically in the last five years, 76% of the registered voters perceive that it is upper class, 6% believe it is the middle and lower classes, and 2% believe the worker class has most benefitted. The most important issues concerning the polls' participants are a middle class tax cut and the strengthening of the economy.

To all of the candidates for the coming election: it is still the economy that matters. The issue of income inequality should be central to the national agenda in this coming election year. This issue will not go away anytime soon. The middle class family deserves a share in the rewards of our economy. Hopefully this time, voters will be closer to choosing the better of two evils. If choosing Clinton was a choice between the devil and the deep blue sea, then we all better take a huge deep breath.

**"When I
want
your
opinion,
I'll give it
to you."**

movie mogul Samuel Goldwyn

Bureaucracy Sucks

By Andy Preston

You just gotta love the bureaucracy around this place. The university is a mess, with people being misdirected, others paying for services not rendered and even more people paying for worse things.

The first thing I'm not especially happy about is the fact that NO student received a class schedule before the first day of school. Absolutely no student knew before the first day of classes which class they had or where they had to be on Monday.

I was waiting expectantly for my schedule to come in the mail so I could be ready for my first day of classes. I was all ready to wake up at 8 am Monday morning, go to classes, and get the semester off to a good start.

Too bad the schedule never showed up. I waited until the day I had to get on a bus to get back here and still, no schedule.

However, I received three bills from ACC, a bill from the school, and a few miscellaneous paper-work-type things from the library. So, the university can afford to bill the students a million times, but they can't afford to send what I feel is mandatory information to the students who support the university through tuition? Uh huh... Right.

Another thing I'm really angry about is trying to get myself a DCM. I sent in my \$60 in December to make sure I would be able to use my DCM as soon as I came back to school. But things don't always go according to plan.

When I came back on campus, I found that I did have phonemail, which I ordered at the same time, but no DCM.

I went to talk to the people at Educational Communication Center (EEC) about my DCM. I asked if they received my payment. They had said that they did. They also said that they ran out of the materials they need to convert normal lines to

DCM digital lines. Therefore, they're pulling the lines out of other people's rooms to install them into new people's rooms.

This wouldn't be a problem if there wasn't an installation fee. Of course, in this day and age, everything has a price and installing a DCM costs about \$30 in addition to the normal service fee.

So, say in my room, one of the suitemates had a DCM installed last semester. So, he paid \$30 to get his DCM installed. Now, let's say he doesn't want to pay for the service this semester, but he might reconsider next fall. Well, the people from ECC might come to his room and "de-install" the DCM hardware from him so they can put the DCM in my room.

Therefore, my suitemate paid \$30 for his "one-time" installation but might need to pay again in the fall to get the service.

Is this fair? No.

Stupid thing #3: Professor Hanson from the chemistry department took it upon himself to author a new book for CHE 131/132. Specifically, he combined a large amount of previously photocopied worksheets into a book which each student is forced to buy new from the University Bookstore. Each semester, each student needs to pull parts of the book apart for the recitations in CHE 131/132. Thus, used books are useless and most likely wouldn't be bought back.

Why are students forced to buy another high priced book for the class? So Professor Hanson can become rich and famous? I'd like to think that this isn't the case, but I see no reason for the photocopied sheets to be combined into a book that must be purchased for \$25.

You gotta love the bureaucracy inherent in the university.

"Always give your best, never get discouraged, never be petty; always remember others may hate you, but those who hate you don't win unless you hate them and then you destroy yourself."

Richard Nixon, August 9, 1974

continued from page 2 Belt state with an active turnover on death row and substandard education. Maybe chain gangs and the KKK carrying shotguns in public are on the way.

Speaking of executions, last November Nigerian playwright Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight other environmental activists were hung by "their" government on trumped-up murder charges. Saro-Wiwa and Co. were active in trying to stop the devastation of their native Ogoniland region by Shell Oil, an Exxon-like petro-giant that was forced by a Greenpeace boycott and protests just last summer to scrap a plan to sink one of its unused oil platforms in the North Atlantic off Scotland's Outer Hebrides. Human rights organizations are calling for a renewed boycott of Shell and sanctions on Nigeria's military government.

If Saro-Wiwa, the Zapatistas and antiwar protesters in Yugoslavia have the courage to speak and act under repressive dictatorial rulers, if Jennifer Harbury presses on despite attempts on her life, how can we not speak and act under our relatively more democratic systems? It can be as easy as a letter or phone call to your local representative or as difficult as enduring the sneers and jeers of friends, family or strangers as you argue your point of view, debunk the party line du jour or even (scary, scary) participate in a public action! There are unbought third parties in formation now so we can take our country back. No savior is just going to descend from the heavens and make things right, although in another molecule of good tidings Ralph Nader has been drafted by California's Green Party to run in their primary. If we don't do it, it won't get done. Gandhi said, "What you do may seem insignificant, but most important that you do it." Let that be the mantra for 1996.

FUNDAMENTALLY OUT OF IT

By Robert Parker

In the past, man had few scientific instruments on which he could answer the "whys" of the universe such as the stars, ocean waves, flat earth, gravity, disease, lightning, rain and clouds, and many more thousands of past phenomena. That's why he devised religion. There is no question that religion, which is obviously segregated throughout the world "culturally", provided the answers in an appropriate fashion. An omnipresent force of one or many central factions made and controlled everything that occurred that couldn't be explained. Just imagine in those times trying to understand the causes of rain. Today we know that rain is the result of excessive amounts of water droplets which combine together and due to their mass fall to the earth. Curiously enough, no religion or someone representing his religion has provided scientific information in the matter that a true scientist does. In this age and time!

It is impossible to ignore the world around us and simply rely on divine intervention to accomplish contemporary needs. To expand on that point can take an entire research effort and would not be a difficult endeavor.

The mind is a powerful and impressionable organ. There are so many examples of people on this planet who have the incredible ability to not only believe what they believe with powerful conviction, but are also unwavering advocates of what they believe. That is done through the power of words and their never ending interpretation. A professor once stated to me "words are inherently

indeterminable". Basically that means that words are only an inference of communication between humans. Language does not exist in a vacuum. When words are spoken and words are written, it is impossible to grasp a good meaning of those words without, intent of the framer, emotion of the author, understanding of the culture at that time, and so many other factors. How can someone who is not a scholar in medieval culture fully understand text written in that era just look at the bible and the people who "interpret" it. More realistically, how can people change their entire life to follow something they do not comprehend fully. In today's world if you want to be a doctor, you start at kindergarden and work your way through college and med school. Then you go through an internship program. In most religions it is the other way around. First you accept what you are told "intravenously" and then you set out to try and learn it academically. Of course at that point you are already well nourished with the scheme and everything that you read is through your religious eyes, the stigma of brainwash. Make no mistake, there is such a concept. Mind you, not one of these religion stand out enough to make the intellectual say "you know there is something there".

The world however goes on and the principles of these U.S. which allow me to criticize the religious right as well as the aforementioned's right to free speech is awesome. I believe that there will come forth in the future more debate on this subject. Especially as we move into the 21st century where the technology will be terrific.

BRIDGET GOES SURFING

By Tom Culhane

Are you looking for a way to celebrate your Irish heritage but turned off by the festival of militarism, homophobia and green urine-sample beer that St. Patrick's Day has become? Do you grow bilious at the thought of John Wayne in that stupid movie? Do you believe there's a special place in hell for know-nothing frat boys and off-duty fire-fighters who spend the day jabbering away in fake leprechaun brogue, indulging in nazistic masturbatory Conan-the-Barbarian fantasies about a Gaelic "warrior race" and cap it all off by starting a brawl or slobberingly singing along as "Danny Boy" plays for the 3,871st time? Or both?

Do you want to build a serious bonfire of all those inane little green plastic derbies and anything which bears that insulting Notre Dame logo? Sorry to disappoint you, but that "Fighting Irish" thing is a remnant of the 19th century, when the Irish were looked upon as violent, apelike savages.

If so, I respectfully propose an alternative Irish Pride Day: February 1st, St. Bridget's Day.

For starters, it's a much more ancient and authentically Celtic holiday. It used to be called Imboic and it was the festival of the goddess Brid. Brid presided over inspiration of all kinds and all the skills of artistry and intelligence. It's long past time we went back to the image of Ireland as a land of saints and scholars, the only light of learning in Dark Ages Europe besides Muslim Spain.

Brid was also the goddess of fire. It was believed that she lit the fires of growth in the earth to bring spring.

With the coming of Christianity, the goddess Brid became associated with St. Bridget, the abbess of Kildare and contemporary of St. Patrick.

I think the wrong one was chosen as national saint. First, Patrick wasn't really Irish. Second, Bridget was a much better exemplar of Christian virtue. While Patrick was burning Druids and

hobnobbing with the High Kings to bring the whole island under the sway of Rome (which later gave English kings the go-ahead to stick their noses in), she was ministering to the needs of the poor and redistributing wealth. She usually accomplished this last by supernaturally tricking the wealthy out of their land with her magical expanding cloak. She'd ask for as much land as it could cover and you know the rest.



One time a chieftain wanted her to "zap" his sword so he'd be invulnerable. She did, but also fixed it so that he wouldn't be able to hurt anyone with it either. I don't know if the peace movement has a patron saint, but until they canonize the Berrigans or Dorothy Day, it should definitely be Bridget.

Irish lore has it that on cold winter nights, Bridget wanders the earth garbed as a kind of medieval bag lady to see how various people are treating the dispossessed and powerless. She bestows blessings on those who are kind to those who can't reward them. In these days of the "war on the poor," the Yuletide lesson of Dickens "Christmas Carol" needs another legend to extend it.

Brid was the goddess that ruled over the noble arts of brewing and distilling. One poem attributed to St. Bridget expresses her wish to have Christ and all the saints in her house drinking and a huge lake of beer to last them for eternity. It's enough to get you back on religion.

But Bridget didn't become the patron saint because she lacked the one necessary qualification for leadership in the Catholic Church: a penis.

That's right, the Cardinal O'Connors of the early middle ages were not great admirers of women or their spirituality, an antipathy which took its most virulent shape in the "witch" persecutions of later centuries, yet continues today in the patriarchal and puritanical views of much of the official Church.

So, instead of the Ancient Order of Hibernation, I recommend we let ILGO, the Irish Lesbian and Gay Organization, be in charge of this one. Just think—it could celebrate actual Irish literature and culture and Irish-Americans could get down with the fact that we're the descendants of an oppressed, Third World people, not a nation of low-level enforcers, as we've often been used. And we can show solidarity with other oppressed folks here at home and support anti-imperialist movements abroad.

If it all comes off, maybe some day we could even reclaim March 17th from those who'd prefer Bing Crosby, plastic shamrocks and signs that say "God Hates Queers."

Eireann go brach.

+THOUGHT+2 FROM THE BELL+TOWER

By Christopher L. Chamberlin

Are you pissed off? If you're not you should be. As I look around this university I realize the real problem is that no one is pissed off. I'm not talking about "cursing to yourself while you wait in a long line" pissed off. I'm talking about the "climb to top of the library with a good rifle and a high powered scope" kind of pissed off. Remember this is 1996 and when muzzle velocity speaks, people listen.

I've gone to the trouble of composing a short list of some things you should be pissed off about. First, you're at Stony Brook. If you are under 21 and without access to fake I.D. this means many long nights spent in your dorm room playing quarters taking bong hits, and masturbating. At first this doesn't seem so bad. But, wait until February rolls around. If the cold and constant darkness causes you to beat one of the idiots you're playing quarters with to death, I'll understand.

If your over 21, you've already discovered that there are very few places to go in this town. If your black, gay, Chinese, Japanese, female, or anything but a white male with money, you know that there are almost no places you can go without some Long Island red-neck saying something to ruin your evening. If you enjoy hanging out in places like the Park Bench, you deserve a really nasty urinary tract infection. That ought to piss you off.

While you're in class I want you to take a good

look around. Especially towards the back of the room. Do you see the douche bag with the expensive coat and the fifty dollar haircut, jingling the keys to his BMW? The guy who never comes to class, hands all his shit in late, and is still getting C's. Well this asshole is going to be your boss someday.

Next, Get in your car around five o'clock. Now, try and get somewhere. You will quickly find that you are fucked. In traffic does get moving I guarantee at least one 17 year old in an expensive car will do something to burn your ass while your trying to get your shitbox to move. If you should accidentally drive your 1982 Oldsmobile into his 95 Mustang over and over and over again, I understand.

If none of these things makes you feel like a quick stop at the gunshop, I've also compiled a quick reference list that you can consult before taking any handgun purchase. This list is guaranteed to piss you off:

Hootie and the Blowfish, English 380, you will not find a job after you graduate, graduate school, the 7-11 parking lot, Bosnia, The Park Bench, AIDS, your ex-girlfriend, your ex-boyfriend, LILCO, financial aid, China, child molesters, wife beaters, LIRR, skinheads, deadheads, Sadaam Hussein, Bill Clinton, Newt Gingrich, Rush Limbaugh, pimples, parking meters, 25A, 347, warm beer and WBAB. Here's to good marksmanship!

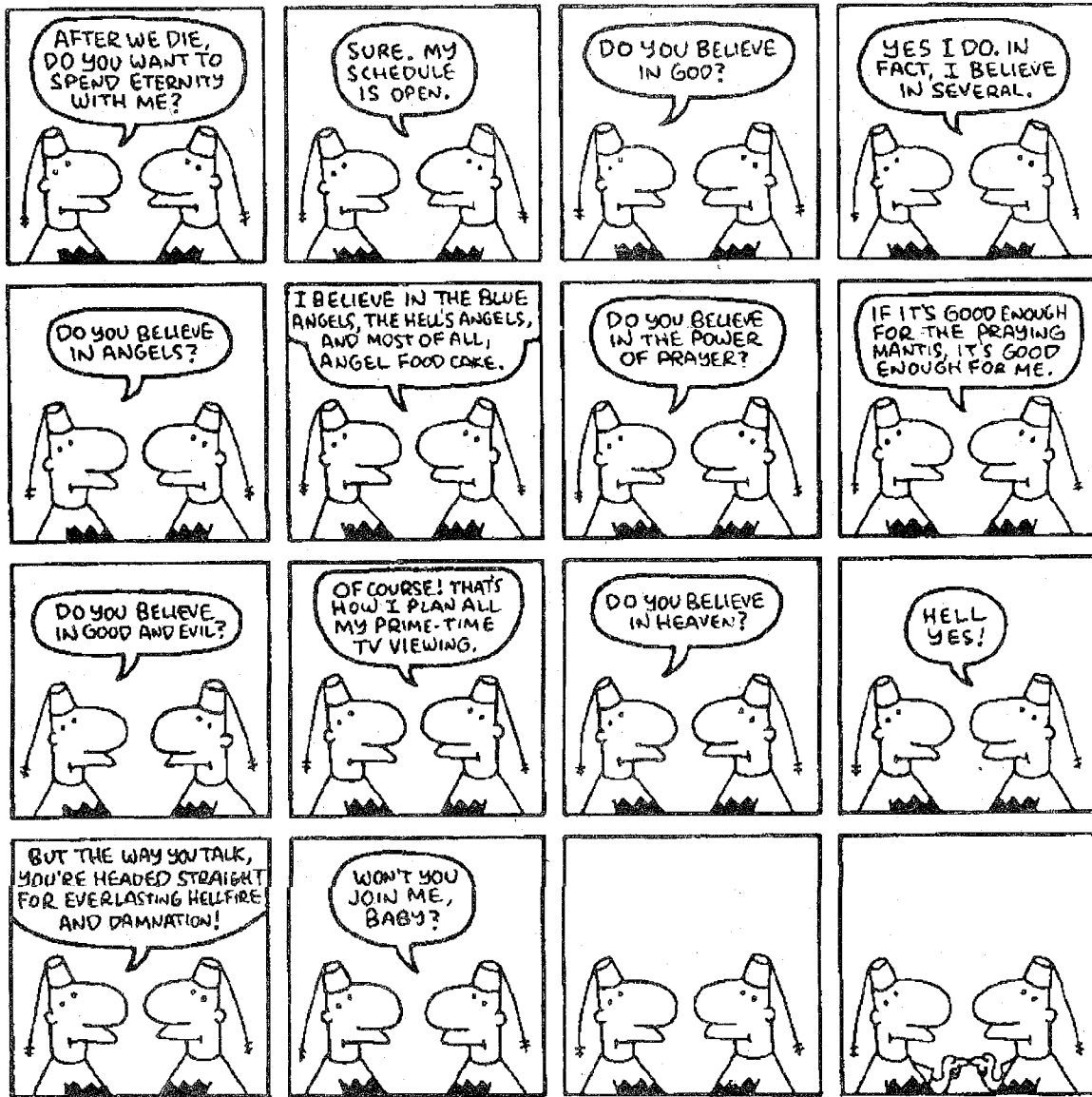
"He kinda
looks like
the ass
end of a
dolphin."

-Beavis

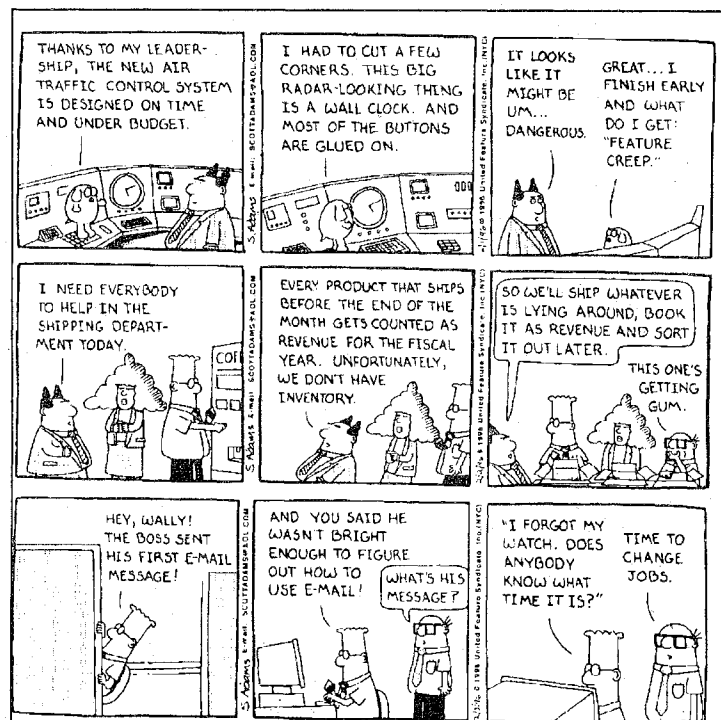
COMICS

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Why Things Are

By Joel Achenbach

Special Secret Instructions: How to Sound Smart

This is the penultimate Why column, and is probably the right time to let our readers in on the carefully guarded secret of how to sound smart and informed even when your brain is a sack of mush.

Ideally you should actually be smart and informed, but it's getting harder and harder to pull that off, what with all the distractions of modern life. Who has time to really follow the subtleties of what's going on in Bosnia-Herzagooberna?

A critical thing to remember when you want to sound smart is that you shouldn't use words like "penultimate," because although initially such a word has the twang of intelligence it also may create among listeners the sneaking suspicion that you are just trying to sound smart. You don't want them to think that, especially when you are, in fact, trying to sound smart.

Big words can backfire. Just say "next-to-last."

If you are stuck in an intense conversational cluster and find yourself mentally grabbing at air—your brain finding no purchase whatsoever on the topic—just ask a bunch of questions. In a social setting, a question is as good as a declarative statement. People have no idea that you are experiencing a mental whiteout.

Now here's the most important trick the Why staff has mastered over the years: When asked a direct question, do not pause but rather immediately give an answer, even when you don't know what you're talking about. People who encounter the Why staff in person always pepper us with questions, expecting us to disgorge volumes of information. These situations have the potential to be embarrassing, since the Why staff invariably knows less about the subject than does the person

and basically lose faith in everything.

So we just confidently make something up, with an emphasis on speed rather than content. You see, people judge intelligence by response time more than by what you actually say.

Standing tall, with feet firmly planted, also helps. Speaking authoritatively is as much a physical act as it is intellectual. You should practice in front of a mirror, with special concentration on what you do with your shoulders.

If possible, insert a number in your answer, or make a word into a compound noun—don't say "Argon" or "Xenon" when you can say "Argon 231" or "Xenon Silicate." You might want to develop an arsenal of words that can be plugged into any answer—"isotope," for example, and "pineal gland."

While concocting an answer you can always buy a few seconds by blurting out, "Actually, there's some new research on that," and mumbling something about NIH or Rockefeller University before finally explaining that sleepy sand, the stuff in your eyes in the morning, is an isotope of carbon secreted by the pineal gland.

The nightmare scenario is that someone present will usually know the correct answer and will point out that you have invented a preposterous lie. It is critical that you do not back down. You should merely thank the interloper for the elegant summation of the scientific orthodoxy that reigned for many decades and might yet survive this new rash of research to which by odd chance you have been made privy.

As a final emergency escape measure, you can sigh and say, "This is a matter about which, I'm

The Mailbag:

We asked readers to send in last-minute questions, and what has struck us is that many people, given a final shot to have a single question answered, didn't ask anything cosmic. Human beings don't actually wander around wondering why the universe exists; rather they wonder about one specific little thing. Nothing is so trivial that it cannot grow into a tormenting mystery.

For example, we got this question from Carma T., of Pleasanton, Calif.:

"Our family has been arguing (off and on for more than 20 years) about something I've never been able to look up or resolve. We even have a bet riding on it. Please, please tell me: In the TV series 'High Chaparral,' what color was Uncle Buck's hair? The actor I had seen in many movies (I think his name was Cameron Mitchell), but I had never seen him blond in anything but this series."

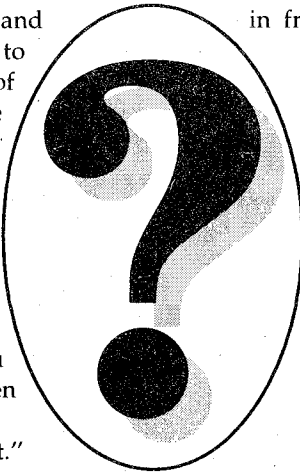
Dear Carma: We always confused "High Chaparral" with "The Big Valley" and assumed both were knockoffs of "Bonanza." Lots of guys on horses in them parts.

We learned that Cameron Mitchell passed away in July 1994 at the age of 75. So we tracked down his son, Charles "Chip" Mitchell, in Los Angeles.

The younger Mitchell enlightened us about the show: It was the most expensive Western series ever shot up to that time, was filmed on location in Old Tucson, ran from 1965 to 1971 on NBC and was the first Western to treat Mexican-Americans and Indians with dignity, he said.

As for the hair-color issue: He said his father in real life had dark brown hair, but for the show it was dyed blond. This may have been because Uncle Buck's nephew, Blue Boy, also had blonde hair.

Now, Carma, you and your family will have to find something else to argue about for the next 20 years.



Top 10 Places Where Grady Might Be

- 10) Shredding Whitewater documents.
- 9) Caddying for 'The Juice.'
- 8) Kickin' it to Lisa Marie.
- 7) Campaigning in New Hampshire.
- 6) At the bottom of the Hudson river, covered head to toe in Vaseline, clutching a butt plug in one hand and a Dustbuster in the other.
- 5) Leading the Peace-keeping force in Bosnia.
- 4) Working as Larry King's personal back-waxer.
- 3) Training for the Olympic walking team.
- 2) Playing in the Pittsburgh secondary.
- 1) WE HAVE HIM, O'BRIEN, AND WE'RE NOT LETTING HIM GO UNTIL WE GET TO GROUP HUG ANDY RICHTER!

An Introduction to Bodyart

By Benjamin Elijah Griffin

Bodyart is any permanent or semipermanent modification done to the body for aesthetic purposes. Some examples include tattooing, piercing, branding, scarification, cosmetic surgery, body building, hair dying, &c. Some people also include temporary tooth caps, colored or patterned contact lenses, body painting, and skin dying.

Many of these modifications are painful. Some people get them because of the pain (tattoos are especially common in this category) others get them in spite of the pain. As subjective as pain is, it is unlikely two people will find the same things of equal discomfort.

Short sessions of tattooing, those less than an hour or two, are particularly notorious for falling into the "your mileage may vary" category. On fleshy parts of the body some people experience no pain but few find it very painful. Bony parts of the body tend to hurt more, but again, there are a few who are not discomforted. Long tattoo sessions, those four hours or more, are more likely to cause at least dull aching in the area being wrought. Here the style of tattooing is likely to have an influence on the pain: fine line, shading and black work all feel different.

Piercings also produce a large variety of pain responses. The nipple is one of the most painful common pierces, but some people don't even feel the needle touch the skin. The earlobe is one of the least painful piercing locations, yet it can feel a very sharp bite to some. The point I am bringing up here is that you should not bring too many preconceived notions of pain into bodyart but you should know it is a part of the experience.

Before having someone give you any piece of bodyart you should make sure they are proficient and work with sterile equipment. AIDS is not a big concern here

because its survival skills are so poor outside of the body, but hepatitis and other lesser pathogens are definite risks.

Every tattoo artist or piercer should use either fresh needles with every customer or else sterilize the equipment with an autoclave between uses. Since the needles dull fast and dull needles cause more pain, fresh is preferable. Besides needles are relatively cheap. The area of the modification should always be sterilized as well. Tattoo artists should use inks from a small disposable reservoir so as to avoid contamination of the supply. The irons for branding are heated hot enough that sterilization is not a big concern. Blades for cuttings/scarification should again be sterile and ideally fresh.

There are several other concerns for piercings. The guns mall piercers use cannot be sterilized and are designed for jewelry unsuitable for most piercings. Never let anyone use a gun to give you a non-ear pierce. Nose pierces are sometimes successful with a gun, but it is asking for trouble. Jewelry for any piercing other than the earlobe should be surgical steel, gold, niobium or inert plastic. Other materials (especially silver) will tarnish, corrode or otherwise react with your body fluids. Very few piercers are skilled enough to consistently do good freehand work, so make sure your piercer is so skilled or else make sure s/he uses a (sterile) clamp.

Another thing to check prior to any body mod is the previous work of the artist. Best is to meet with people who have some of his or her work, but looking at portfolio is fine (note that not all piercers have one). Ideally the work should be well healed at the time of the picture as tattoos and piercings tend to "settle in" during the first few weeks. On brandings and cuttings the after healing time frame is vital to understand how the artist's work looks. Lastly the work should suit your tastes because why should you commission work from somebody whose style you do not appreciate?

**"Morality
is the
weakness
of the
mind."
-Rimbaud**

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Distinguished Service Professor

Students and faculty are invited to submit nominations of faculty members to be considered for promotion to the rank of **Distinguished Service Professor**

Nominees must have achieved a distinguished reputation for service not only to Stony Brook but also beyond the campus to SUNY, the community, the State of New York or the nation through sustained effort in the application of intellectual skills to issues of public concern.

Nominations must be submitted to the Selection Committee no later than **Friday, February 16, 1996** and should consist of a one-page letter supporting the nomination, an up-to-date and detailed vita, letters of support from individuals within the University and outside the University and the names and addresses of other individuals who would be able to supply additional information about the nominee's qualifications, major achievements and contributions that deserve recognition.

Please send the nominations to: 0701 Selection Committee
Distinguished Service Professorship
Administration Building, Room 310

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Distinguished Teaching Professor

Students and faculty are invited to submit nominations of faculty for promotion to the rank of **Distinguished Teaching Professor**

Stony Brook's Selection Committee requires that candidates for this honor be recipients of the President's/Chancellor's Award for Excellence in Teaching and be involved in developing and promoting excellence in didactic methods and principles in their disciplines on the national or regional level. Successful nominees will also have a record of extensive interaction with students beyond the traditional classroom setting.

If you think a teacher merits such a promotion, please fill out this form and send it to the campus address indicated. Nominations must be received by

February 16, 1996

Name of Teacher _____

Department of Teacher _____

Your Name (Please Print) _____

Please send the nomination form to: 0701
Selection Committee
Distinguished Teaching Professorships
Administration Building, Room 310

new Year's WITH a COUPLE OF GIANTS

By Haniel C Shen

After enduring the unique stench of the 7 train, and meeting up with a few friends, I arrived at my destination. For weeks I had been looking forward to seeing *They Might Be Giants* in concert, and this New Years' Eve, I was finally going to get what I deserved. The Giants played a small venue on December 31st, a little club/cajun restaurant called Tramp's. I had no trouble finding it, since it's just a block or so away from the Limelight. I had never been to one of Their shows, and so I admit I was kind of worried that the show wouldn't sell out, seeing as how I had bought my tickets a few days before, and they were numbered 141 through 147. However, as I approached the club at about 6:30, I could see clearly that the show did sell out, and that much fun was awaiting me inside.

Once inside, I was greeted by the sight of what may possibly be the largest group of white Long Island teens I had ever seen (apart from SUNY, of course), all carrying what appeared to be bookbags with books in them. I too had brought my trusty bag, but mine lacked the distinctive shape of textbooks within. I could not for the life of me figure out why they had felt it necessary to bring books, but in the end I realized that they were quite effective for moshing. There was also a small circle of kids who paid \$15.00 plus whatever possible service charges to sit on the floor and talk all night. The reason for this phenomenon escaped me.

After waiting till 7:45, the Martinis took the stage and began a small set, of about 8-10 songs or so. There were scattered Martinis fans in the crowd, but for the most part, they were not enjoyed immensely, and as a result, when the lead singer announced that the next song was to be their last, she was answered with a round of applause and cheers. This I thought was pretty fucking rude, but

I have to admit, I really didn't like them either. After leaving stage, those people who come up and test instruments and speakers for an hour for no apparent reason other than to annoy the shit out of us took the stage, and the crowd got a little restless. I don't remember how long it took for They to come out on stage, but when They did, the audience went wild. I should note that this show was an all-ages show. I could not attend the 10 pm show because I'm not yet 21. Anyway, there was a wide spectrum of ages represented in the crowd. Some kid who could not have been more than 10 years old was sitting on a table beside me, and seemed to be loving every minute of it, as was a strange man aged about 35, who seemed to be high and was doing an "interpretive dance" to my right. This wide variance of ages was what made me very surprised to see the crowd in front of me get so violent. You would think that people would have the decency to simply enjoy themselves, especially when such young fans were present, but I saw at least three fights in front of me, all of which were unnecessarily provoked by some asshole crowd-pusher.

The Giants opened with "Spider," which rocked. Flans and Linnel were joined by a horn section, and a new bass guitarist, who was the guy who plays the bass guitar in "Seinfeld" (you know, that distinct Seinfeld-esque series of notes). I forgot his name, but he seemed to really enjoy playing with the Giants, and he interacted with Flans very well. Not to mention he was great at the bass guitar.

Other notable songs included "No One Knows My Plan" which Flans introduced by saying, "Welcome to the conga-line portion of the show!", "Spy" which was ended with a 5-10 minute random instrumentation very much like the version which appears on "John Henry," but obviously rewritten to be longer and more suitable for stage performance. The essential "Istanbul" and

"Particle Man" were played, much to the audience's delight, and reaction was intense. I was not physically able to maintain a setlist, but other songs I know were played included "Dirt Bike," which I think is a horrible song to play live, "Santa's Beard," "Ana Ng," "Why Does the Sun Shine?," "She Was a Hotel Detective," "Birdhouse In Your Soul," and "The Guitar." I don't remember which song it was, but during one of them, Flan did this really cool guitar thing where he played with one hand. That's one hand to hold AND play the guitar. After everything else, They played "Stomp Box" which has got to be one of the BEST Giants songs for dancing in the pit. During the song I was magically transported from the back of the crowd to the front, just 6 feet away from the Johns. Crowd surfing ran rampant during the whole show, despite the hilarious attempts by security to grab surfers. At one point, someone was actually holding onto one of the pipes on the ceiling of Tramp's.

After "Stomp Box," the Johns left stage, much to the crowd's dismay. I wasn't satisfied yet, and the rest of the crowd clearly wasn't either, so we all started chanting "They Might Be Giants" in the style of the track from "Flood." After incessant demanding, the Johns retook the stage and played a three or four song encore. After that, they called it quits, and the house lights came up.

Exiting the club, we were faced with a long line for the 10pm show. I wiped the sweat from my brow, rejoined my friends, and left, totally content with the show. It was definitely a show to remember. During the course of the evening, Flans announced that They would be playing small venues every Thursday in March, right here in New York City. If you love They Might Be Giants, or even if you've never heard of them, go see them. You won't be dissatisfied.

CALL FOR PROPOSALS

THE PRESIDENTIAL MINI-GRANT PROGRAM
1996

As part of President Kenny's commitments to improving student classroom experience and furthering diversity at Stony Brook, the President's Office is pleased to announce the creation of two new Presidential Mini-Grant programs.

These grant programs focus on improving teaching and learning at the University by providing funding and recognition to those departments and individuals who undertake projects designed to advance these aspects of the University's mission.

Innovative Teaching Projects Mini-Grants are designed to foster excellence in the classroom by affording funds to faculty members for a wide variety of innovative classroom projects, pedagogical experiments, or development of new curricular materials.

Departmental Diversity Initiatives Mini-Grants are designed to facilitate the reevaluation and restructuring of a department's educational philosophy and/or programs with regard to diversity.

The deadline for application for these Mini-Grants is
March 22, 1996.

For application forms and further information, interested faculty and/or department chairs should contact
Priscilla Smith in the President's Office at 632-6272.

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

PRESIDENT'S AWARD FOR
EXCELLENCE IN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY/
AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

Students, faculty, and staff are invited to submit nominations of full time students or full time employees to be considered for the President's Award for

Excellence in Equal Opportunity/Affirmative Action

Nominees must be individuals who have made outstanding contributions to the advancement of equal opportunity and affirmative action at Stony Brook by enhancing the University's ability to respond to the needs of all its constituents.

Nominations must be submitted to the Selection Committee no later than **Friday, March 22, 1996** and should consist of a one page letter supporting the nomination, an up-to-date and detailed vita, and letters of support from individuals with the University attesting to the contributions of the nominee to the goals of equal opportunity/affirmative action.
For further information, call 632-7272

Please send the nominations to: Selection Committee
Excellence in Affirmative Action
Equal Opportunity
Administration Building, Room 310
Z 0701

Welcome Back, Horshak

By David M. Ewalt

"...Welcome back, your dreams were your ticket out. Welcome back, to that same old place that you'd laughed about. But the names have all changed since you hung around, but those dreams that we made have been turned around. Who'd of thought they'd lead ya back here where we need ya? Well, we teased him a lot but we've got him on the spot, welcome back, welcome back, welcome back, welcome back..."

The seventies was in many ways one of the more repulsive decades of the twentieth century, what with Watergate, bell-bottoms and the Bee-Gees. Nature, however, is a series of checks and balances. Just as evil forces (like Danny Bonaduce) emerged from the decade of polyester, so did some good things. The ying to platform shoes' yang is a little sitcom called "Welcome Back, Kotter."

"Welcome Back, Kotter" was a story about redemption, a modern-day "Scarlet Letter." Gabe Kotter was a high school history teacher who had been sent to teach the same group of troubled students which he had once belonged to and struggled to escape from. "The Sweathogs" were traditionally the worst group of students in school, and it was with a great sense of irony that our man Gabe took the helm as their leader.

To the surprise of all involved, Kotter changed the students for the better, helping them to learn and to improve themselves. Four sweathogs in particular benefitted from this remarkable teacher: Vinnie Barbarino, Juan Epstein, Freddy "Boom-Boom" Washington, and Arnold Horshak. Of the four, Horshak was the most touched by the munificent hand of Kotter. A small lad, Arnold gained much needed confidence under the tutelage of the K, and grew considerably as a person.

Stop and consider for a moment the world we are living in; rife with violence, inner-city decay, and moral turpitude. Ours is a world that cries out for help, for healing... for men like Gabe Kotter.

With an eye towards providing just that sort of role model, I am happy to suggest a new television show... a continuation of the "Welcome Back, Kotter" saga.

The year is 1996. The city of Brooklyn is not without its problems. The ghettos are torn asunder by drugs and violence, and the youth of these areas often lack direction and emotional support. Into their lives steps a new guiding light, a teacher who grew up on the same streets they did, a man who not only escaped from the urban jungle, but now returns to help others find their way out. His name: Arnold Horshak.

Indeed, Horshak has returned to the mean streets that he grew up on. Following in the footsteps of his

mentor, Arnold returns to high school to help yet another generation of young men find themselves.

Think about it... it's the perfect sit-com! There's a lot of seventies nostalgia floating around right now, and with Nick at Night showing "Welcome Back, Kotter" two or three times a night, the American television viewing audience is primed and ready for this modern incarnation of the Kotter story.

A smart network could really make this show work. What if the first episode featured a brief reunion of the Sweathogs? You may recall that John Travolta played Vinnie Barbarino... his current popularity would assure the premiere a huge rating! Furthermore, I happen to know that Ron Palillo, who played Horshak, hasn't got anything better to do; aside from a recent guest-starring role on Ellen, he hasn't been on TV at all recently.

Should some visionary television producer read this and decide to make what will doubtless be a career-making move by producing "Welcome Back, Horshak," I only ask one thing in exchange for use of this incredible idea. I don't need to be a co-producer or a head writer, a lead grip or an assistant gaffer... though a creator's credit might be nice. Nay, I only ask for one small favor:

Do you think you could get me Travolta's autograph?

Join The Press

We have way too much fun for people who are supposed to be student leaders.

How exactly do we have fun? Glad you asked:

We cover the campus with chalk graffiti.

We sit around the office and make fun of the other student newspapers.

We watch the Super Bowl on our new 29" TV

We explode potatoes in our microwave.

We look for Grady.

We deify Dana Scully from the X-Files.

We mark our territory with golden showers of journalistic integrity.

See, you too can be like us. So come to our meetings.

Wed at 1:00 pm in room 060 of the Student Union.

Or call 632-6451 and ask for Zumpano.

A Connection is Made

By Danny Rivera

Very little is ever said of the musical qualities of bands over-hyped and ultra-exposed in magazines like MelodyMaker and Rolling Stone, but it's just as well; few, if any, ever deserve a morsel of attention.

Recently, however, there has been a certain streak of music from across the Atlantic that is forward and unrelenting; aggressive yet contained, with lyrics that shatter any notions of pretentiousness or dishonesty. Musical heroes if I ever heard them. Leading the way are the collective genius of Oasis; the quirky yet original Blur; the enigmatic Radiohead, and a band whose uncanny resemblance to Wire detracts from their true purpose—welcome to Elastica.

While all of the aforementioned bands carry solid significance in a musical world where Hootie and The Blowfish (inexplicably) sell millions of records, only Elastica has made an indelible mark on the basis of their raw energy and talent, as opposed to Oasis and Blur, who aside from their rich creativity are more known for behaving like frivolous little children than highly competent musicians. And, due to their mixing of punk sensibility with a dash of Britpop to create an unequalled wall of sound, Elastica has been able to overcome the marked exaggeration in a music press that loves to smother itself in the flavor-of-the-month.

Comprised of three women and the token male drummer, Elastica's songs cover a wide range of issues, from sex in the backseat ("let's go siesta/in your Ford Fiesta"), to the mainstays of pop—love and loss—with a flavor that is uniquely fresh and determined. Adding to this is a vitality that speaks for itself; nowhere are the bland, plastic sounds that seem to swallow the minds and wallets of the average listener—for Elastica, that would be too simple—what is there is the unified direction this band is heading in, and what will ultimately be their worth. In any case, when Justine Frischmann sings, "is it just that I'm much too much for you?", the answer is undoubtedly, yes.

Pinky and the Brain

By Ted Swedalla

Steven Spielberg is a genius. Zort.

That's all I have to say. After lapsing into a self-induced coma over the intersession, I became entranced by TV that I had never seen during the previous school semester, due to homework, this newspaper and my job. But during the down time between semesters, I got caught up in the wonderful world of daytime TV.

This meant getting hooked on "One Life To Live" and "Oprah." But mainly my obsession was with the "The Animaniacs" and "Pinky & The Brain." Ah the wonderful world of cartoons.

Both of these cartoon shows, whose Executive Producer happens to be Steven Spielberg, are a breathe of fresh air forced into the mostly lame world of television.

"The Animaniacs" are good for singing songs about things like the United Nations and why there are earthquakes, and has sent me into a frenzy looking for their CD's. I know they exist, I just want to know what songs are on them before I pick them up. If any one happens to have one of them, please let me know what's on them. Also if you happen to know what the hell Yakko, Wakko and Dot are, that would also be greatly appreciated.

But it was "Pinky & The Brain" that I really fell in love with. I know all the words to the theme song, all the catch phrases and especially that the Brain will never conquer the world.

It's not like another sitcom where you wonder how the protagonist is going to solve the problem and get ahead in what ever they're doing. No. After one show, you know that their plans to rule the world will never succeed, but it doesn't keep

you from watching it, it only hooks you more.

You feel as helpless as Pinky if you were to try to turn away. He knows the answer to "What are we going to do tonight Brain?" ("Try to take over the world.") but asks anyway. It's the same reason I continually tune in. I already know what the outcome will be—they will fail. But I want to see what the Brain gets hit on the head with, what Pinky says after the Brain says "Are you pondering what I'm pondering Pinky?" and how exactly Pinky is the downfall of their schemes.

It's the cartoon version of Gilligan's Island, you knew they weren't going to get off the island, even with the smartest person in the world on the island with them. (The professor had to be the smartest person in the world, how else can you explain how he kept the batteries in the radio fresh for 15 years?)

Like any good show, it steals from the world around us today and - more importantly - from pop culture. And does it well. But like all cartoons, when you don't have to build a set, a few brush

strokes can take you anywhere. This is wonderful. How many other shows have done stories that rob shamelessly from Greek Mythology, Orson Welles and Hunt For The Red October?

You have to love a show that has lines like "Charlie Sheen, Ben Vereen, shrink to the size of a lima bean," "If I could reach you Pinky, I would hurt you" and the all-time classic "All my thoughts are in Dutch."

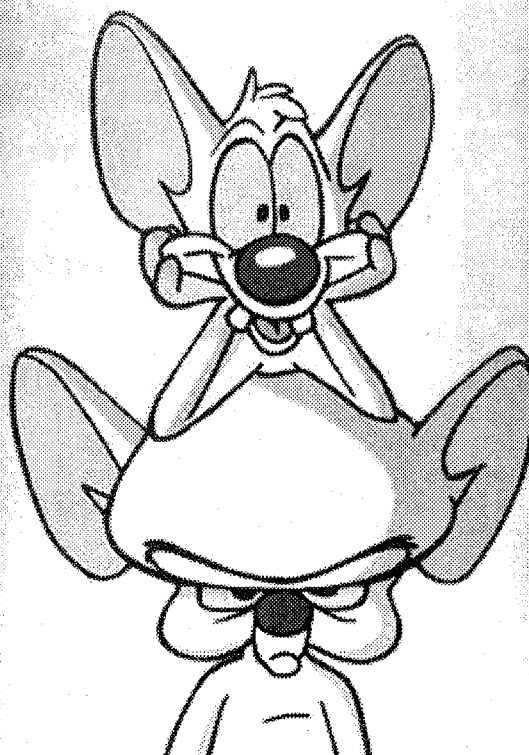
The Brain will never succeed in taking over the world, you know this, I know this and mister Spielberg know this. It is what makes the show so appealing, that and all the references to pop culture, which you have to be pretty geeky to get all of them. Plus, you know it's a good show when you can find not one, but a couple of web sights devoted to it.

This show, along with Hercules and Xena are turning the WB (Channel 11) into, not a respectable channel, but a

channel you can go to when you want to have fun. It's like a Bill Murray movie, they're not really respectable, but very fun to watch.

Pinky and The Brain is on Sunday at 7 pm and Saturday at 9:30 am, and other assorted times of the week. Watch it as often as possible.

Narf.



CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

President's/Chancellor's
Award

Excellence in Professional Service

Students, faculty, and staff are invited to submit nominations of professional personnel to be considered for the President's/Chancellor's award for **Excellence in Professional Service**

Nominees must be non-teaching professional personnel who have demonstrated excellence in fulfilling their job responsibilities while also demonstrating capabilities and accomplishments in areas of leadership, innovation, and problem solving.

Nominations must be submitted to the Selection Committee no later than Friday, February 16, 1996 and should consist of a one-page letter supporting the nomination, an up-to-date and detailed vita, and letters of support from individuals within the University. Statements should address the nominees' most outstanding qualifications and specific achievements.

For further information, call 632-7272

Please send the nominations to: Selection Committee
Excellence in Professional Service
Administration Building, Room 310
0701

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

President's/Chancellor's
Award

Excellence in Librarianship

Students, faculty, and staff are invited to submit nominations of professional librarians to be considered for the President's/Chancellor's award for **Excellence in Librarianship**

Nominees must have an outstanding record of skill in librarianship, service to the University, and of commitment to scholarship and professional development. These three areas must be addressed in the letters of recommendation.

Nominations must be submitted to the Selection Committee no later than Friday, February 16, 1996 and should consist of a one-page letter supporting the nomination, an up-to-date and detailed vita, and letters of support from individuals within the University.

For further information, call 632-7272

Please send the nominations to: 2560
Evaluation Subcommittee
Standing Committee on the Library
University Senate
Psychology B, 124

Summersault, Perth West Australia 1/7/96

By Antony Lorenzo

The much hailed summer festival, a lot of beer, pounds of pot and thousands of very sweaty youngsters. The month of January saw the birth of Australia's Summersault Festival, a massive gathering of skaters, stoners, vendors and a bunch of American bands. Complemented by a impeccable sound system, the two stages played host to the likes of Rancid, Pavement, The Amps, Foo Fighters, Sonic Youth, the Beastie Boys and a handful of others. The tour began in Sydney and travelled to each major city, winding up in the west coast oasis of Perth.

The mercury had crept up to a comfortable 90 degrees on the day. Weaving my way through the skating exhibitions and various t shirt stalls to the main stage, I found myself just in time for a vigorous performance by San Franciscan three piece, **Jawbreaker**. Blake Schwartzbach and co's self described set of punk rock included 'Save Your Generation' and 'Fireman'. Local act **Bluetile Lounge** took stage two soon after, subjecting the crowd to two 20 minute droners in the vain of Slowdive.

They paid the price for playing longer than their allotted 40 minutes and **The Amps** rudely proceeded to drown them out on stage one. Kim Deal and friends punched out among others 'Pacer', 'Tipp City' and 'Am I decided'. Although reminiscent of her infamous breed of girlpop, Kim Deal's side project is shamefully unoriginal. Disappointed, much of the 10,000 plus crowd grew bored and headed to the sectioned off drinking area. **Pavement** took to the stage rather inebriated themselves kicking off the set with an appropriate 'Summer Babe'. Stephan Malkmus slurred his way through several tunes from their latest effort, "Wowee Zowee" To my relief they did without 'Cut Your Hair' but somehow fitted in the exalted

'Trigger Cut'. The Midwestern punk outfit, **Bikini Kill** begrudgingly took stage two as the six o' clock sun began to set. Bikini Kill layed on huge quantities of self assertiveness and political furor but lacked in the all important realm of talent. Singer Kathleen Hanna merely blurted out her infamous profanities over an unimpressive racket. Even the much hailed 'Rebel Girl' was a distorted, screechy mess. Toward the end of the set, much of the crowd dissipated toward stage one for Dave Grohl and his **Foo Fighters**.

They were greeted like hometown heroes, unquestionably the event of the day for many. Seemingly more concerned for fallen moshers, Dave Grohl repeatedly asked for specific people to be helped up between songs. Those included 'Winnebago', 'Good Grief', 'For All the Cows' and 'Weenie Beenie'. Such a friendly occasion was dominated by the flamboyant presence of Pat (Pap?) Smear. The confident Grohl seems to have no trouble in converting his drumming athleticism into stage front guitar energetics. After 'Exhausted' he shamelessly plugged the next act; "Rancid are up next on stage two, check them out, they they're fucking excellent!" Gee Thanks Dave. Rancid's Tim Armstrong and Lars Frederikson could be seen doing push ups underneath the stage they were about to tear apart. Ripping into "Salvation", their set timewarped the crowd back to the days of the Brixton riots and pogo dancing (slightly strange since they hail from sunny California) They inspired the most violent mosh of the day during such ska anthems as as "Timebomb" and "Somebodies Gonna Die"

College rock gurus and veteran noise mongers **Sonic Youth** moped onto the main stage to a ferocious welcome. Despite slightly eccentric studio work of recent times, their glimmering performance was kicked off with the blistering 'Teenage

Riot'. Most tunes were dug from their last five or so albums. For some reason they chose to ignore the much acclaimed "Goo" LP. The epic 'Diamond Sea' finished the set, although it's 20 minutes seemed to bore many people to death. Its lengthy proportions kept **Beck** occupied on stage two as he played along on his harmonica before beginning his own set which included 'Pay No Mind', 'Mexico' and others. It was approaching 11 pm before the festivals headliners took to the stage.

It is often cited that New York expatriots **The Beastie Boys** have more fortuity than genius. After a short lived career in New Yorks hardcore scene during the early eighties the Beasties steered toward a successful career in Hip Hop, perfectly accessible to scores of young white teens. The main attraction of the Summersault festival, the Beasties strode onto the stage to the familiar drum roll intro of 'Shake Your Rump'. Surprisingly much of the set came from the ground breaking "Pauls Boutique". Unfortunately they decided to delve into there catalogue of "cafe-funk" including the irksome 'Sobroso' and 'Namaste'. Obviously pressured by the promoters to end on time they quickly rapped up their set with "Skills To Pay the Bills" and the hardcore classic "Riot Fight.". They managed to end the night on the energized vibe on which it began. The crowd was ready for more but it was not to be and the masses made their way toward the extremely narrow exit.

Despite one or two average performances, the last show of The Summersault tour proved to be a momentous occasion and despite the availability of huge quantities of alcohol no major disasters occurred. More than anything The Summersault festival proved that Punk is on the road toward mainstream revival, extremely anxious to quash any remnants of the forgettable grunge years.

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

President's/Chancellor's Award for Excellence in Teaching

Students, faculty, and staff are invited to submit nominations of faculty who have taught full time for three years at Stony Brook to be considered for the President's/Chancellor's award for Excellence in Teaching

Nominees must have a record of outstanding skill in teaching, demonstrating flexible instructional policy and a mastery of a variety of teaching techniques.

Candidates must also show evidence of scholarship, accessibility to students outside of class, and demonstrate an ability to help students attain academic excellence.

Nominations must be submitted to the Selection Committee no later than Friday, February 16, 1996.

Successful nominations will include information and materials which display the qualities and criteria noted above.

For further information contact the address below, or call 632-7790.

Please send the nominations to: William Wiesner
Excellence in Teaching Award
Undergraduate Academic Affairs
Library E 3320
Z-3351

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

President's Award for Excellence in Classified Service

Students, faculty, and staff are invited to submit nominations of full time University staff who serve in classified or classified-equivalent positions to be considered for the President's Award for Excellence in Classified Service

Nominees must be individuals who not only demonstrate outstanding skills in the performance of assigned responsibilities but who also perform beyond the specific parameters of their job description and display initiative in increasing the effectiveness of services at the University.

Nominations must be submitted to the chair of the respective VP Area Nominating Committee no later than Friday, March 22, 1996 and should consist of an up-to-date and detailed resume, a description of the duties and responsibilities of the candidates current position, and letters of support from individuals within the University attesting to the abilities and contributions of the nominee. At least two of these letters should be from current or former supervisors.

For further information, call 632-7272

Please send the nominations to:

Campus Services: Edward J. O'Connell, Z-6210 (2-8674)
Finance & Management: Angie Healy, OVP Finance & Mgmt., Z-1002 (2-6096)
Health Sciences: Grace Agnelli, Medical School Admissions, Z-8434 (4-2113)
Hospital: Paul Seale, UH, Tower 14, Room 120, Z-7750 (4-2836)
President: George J. Meyer, President's Office, Z-0701 (2-6271)
Provost: Kathleen Albin, SSW HSC, Level 2, Room 093, Z-8230 (4-3141)
Student Affairs: Christel Colon, OVP Student Affairs, Z-0501 (2-6700)
University Affairs: Eileen McSherry, University Affairs, Z-1601, (2-6300)

M O V I E S

1995's Banner Year

By Chris Cartusciello

Welcome back to another semester of higher learning (if you have classes on the top floor of SBS that is), school functions (does this school actually function?), and the most comprehensible movie news this side of Route 347.

Now that 1996 is here it's time to look back at what made 1995 such a record year for Hollywood. With a \$5.4 billion take, the studios are riding high. They certainly had their share of losers too, but those tinsel town executives are setting their sights on bigger and better things to come.

Last year's top grossing film was, no surprise, Batman Forever which flew to a \$184 million gross. Apollo 13 was second, blasting into the stratosphere and bringing home \$172 million (and some, sure to come, Oscar nominations). Toy Story had a friend in all of us and put \$150 million into Disney's piggy bank so far. It's still going strong

and is sure to reach \$200 million before it overtakes the home video market. With a budget of only \$30 million it is, by far, the most profitable film of the past year. Disney used all the colors of the wind to make Pocahontas the fourth biggest film of '95 with a gross of \$142 million. Spank him very much, because Jim Carrey brought Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls a gross of \$105 million. He's put the sequel to The Mask on the back burner for now to concentrate on his upcoming \$20 million paycheck in The Cable Guy. Whether you believe in him or not Casper was the next \$100 million grosser along with Die Hard With A Vengeance. The third film in the Die Hard series became the highest grossing movie overseas last year with a take of \$254 million. The James Bond series is not dead as Pierce Brosnan proved bringing Goldeneye in as the eighth biggest film of last year with a \$94 million gross. Seven showed that greed is not a sin after all by taking in \$93 million. Crimson Tide made the right decision and grossed \$92 million to round out the top ten.

Some of the other big films of 1995 were, believe it or not, Waterworld. With a gross of \$88 million it wasn't the bomb most made it out to be. This is mostly due to curios onlookers, like at a fatal accident, than people who actually liked the thing. But with a budget that reach to almost \$200 million it was one of the years biggest losers too. One big surprise of the year was the \$85 million gross of Dangerous Minds. Whether it was Michelle Pfeiffer's presence or a hot soundtrack is still undetermined. Sandra Bullock proved that she is here to stay with While You Were Sleeping and The Net grossing \$81 million and \$50 million respectively. She's hit a stumbling block with this year's Two If By Sea with only \$8 million so far and sinking fast. Even with scathing reviews Congo managed to get \$81 million. This is thanks to shrewd marketing that made this clunker seem like another Jurassic Park. Jumanji brought in almost \$60 million last year and is geared for a definite \$100 million gross. Robin Williams' is a big reason for this but you can't deny the special effects. Those monkeys deserve an award of some sort.

Some movies didn't make what they really should have. Mel Gibson's Braveheart was one of the best

films of last year and brought in a respectable \$66 million. It is a film that should have made \$100 million easy but was hurt by its three hour running time. With Gibson winning the Golden Globe for best director and almost assured an Oscar nomination, Paramount is planning on re-releasing it again in mid-February. This is right after Academy Award nominations and right before the film's home video release. If you haven't seen it yet, don't wait for video. This is an epic of such magnitude that it must be experienced in the theater. Another film that didn't do as well as expected was Assassins This Sylvester Stallone / Antonio Banderas cat and mouse game garnered some great reviews and was a departure from the usual shoot-em-up movie that is expected from these two stars. The \$30 million gross is upsetting because film goers are always saying they want something different, but when they get it they ignore it.

1995 had a good amount of major bombs too. Some of the biggest were Nixon, proving once and

for all that he is not a crook, with a budget of \$50 million and a gross of only \$10 million to date. Money Train was just the opposite of its title with a budget of \$68 million and a \$36 million gross. Judge Dredd was just that for Disney. With a \$70 million budget it grossed just \$35 million. Forget the fact that it really wasn't that good a movie to start with (although

it is much more enjoyable on video), what in the world made Disney decide to release a movie from a comic book, aimed at kids, with an "R" rating? A much more subtle "PG-13" would have done the studio much better and the great special effects would have carried it the rest of the way. Even with all its hype and publicity Showgirls could only manage to put \$20 million in its g-string. If you want to rent it to see what you didn't miss you have two choices. Go to a little video store somewhere and get the "NC-17" theatrical version or go to Blockbuster and rent the trimmed down "R" rated cut. It has 61 seconds cut out of it. This is because Blockbuster calls themselves a family video store and will not rent "NC-17" films. They will, however, rent un-rated, straight to video, sleaze films. Go figure. Demi Moore proved that she's not the big star she thought she was as her The Scarlet Letter went down in flames with a paltry \$10 million gross. Maybe her comment that it was alright to change the ending, to be more upbeat, because not that many people read the book was a little presumptuous. Cindy Crawford was Fair Game as every reviewer took shots at her acting ability. Even the film's distributor, Warner Brothers, didn't trust her all that much. They ended up dubbing in someone else's voice over her own. Possibly the biggest disaster of the year was Carolco's \$92 million pirate epic Cutthroat Island. With a gross of \$8 million it is one of the biggest losers in film history. The husband and wife team of director Renny Hallin and star Genna Davis helped to permanently sink the studio that was already on rough waters. Carolco will probably never put out a film again.

As the new year starts the studios are looking for the next Batman and trying to avoid the next Top Dog (\$5 million gross). There big plans for this year and even grander ones for 1997. As the weeks go by I'll keep you updated on what will be coming out and what is in the works.

Calling All MiSTies: Unite!

By Chris Cartusciello

Now is the winter of our discontent - really. As you may or may not know by now, Comedy Central has decided, in its infinite wisdom, to cancel "Mystery Science Theater 3000." After seven seasons on the air they have decided to pull the plug on their flagship show. The show that put them on the map, or in the TV Guide at least. This comes as a great shock to all of us who follow the show so closely and religiously. (I myself have a shrine to the all knowing and all powerful god, Joel Hodgson, in my home.) For those of you who don't know (if you live in a closet that is) MST3K, as we MiSTies call it, is a show in which a janitor, formally Joel now Mike Nelson, was shot into space by the evil Dr. Clayton Forrester and TV's Frank. He lives aboard The Satellite Of Love with his robot friends which he made out of spare parts. There is Tom Servo, the wise-ass gumball machine, Crow T. Robot, the frustrated, spontaneous one; Gypsy, who controls all the higher functions of the ship and Cambot who is just that, the camera. There is also magic voice who tells them when it is time for a commercial. The evil scientists (although TV's Frank has now left the show and was replaced by Dr. Forrester's mother) send them some of the worst movies ever made as Joel or Mike and the 'bots are forced to watch them. Not only do they watch, but they do the same thing you and your friends would do in the same situation, they crack jokes and comment on what they are seeing. In any given show there are about 600 jokes. The references range from the entertainment world to politics to ancient philosophy. Now after all this time and a huge following Comedy Central has decided to move on. Could their timing had been any worse? In April, Best Brains, the production company that puts out the show, is releasing, a book about the show. It promises to be a behind the scenes look as well as the ultimate episode guide. There will also be a CD-ROM released at the same time. And last, but not least, Mystery Science Theater 3000: The Movie will also be released this spring. With this much merchandise flooding the market, and so many more people being exposed to the show, the fan base is guaranteed to increase. Also the second annual MST3K ConventioCon Expo Fest-A-Rama is scheduled for this Labor Day Weekend. Unfortunately for us poor folk it is held in Minneapolis, the city in which the show originates. This show has grown from a small cable access show to cult status to cultural phenomenon and now they are going, to cancel it. To Comedy Central, in the words of the immortal Crow T. Robot, "Bite Me!" If you feel the way I do, let yourself be heard. Write to Comedy Central at: Comedy Central 1775 Broadway New York, N.Y. 10019

You can also find them on the World Wide Web
<http://www.comcentral.com>

There is also a MST3K hotline at:
212-767-8851

If you would like to join the Mystery Science Theater 3000 Information Club write to:

MST3K Info Club
P.O. Box 5325
Hopkins, MN 55343

No, Really, He *Doesn't* Suck

By David M. Ewalt

Some of the more astute readers of The Press may have noticed a strange theme running through this issue; namely, Conan O'Brien references and "Grady" jokes. Doubtless, many of you are puzzled. I suppose an explanation is in order.

Like many other students here at Stony Brook, I despise morning classes. As a consequence, I've set up my schedule so that my earliest class all week is at a more-than-manageable 11:30. Since I don't have to wake until late, I tend to watch a wide spectrum of late night television; Nick at Nite, Cheers reruns, etc. Amidst all the re-tread programming, I've found an oasis of original and highly entertaining television; Late Night with Conan O'Brien.

Now, hold on a second. I know what you're thinking. No, he doesn't suck. When I told the other editors of The Press what my article for this week would be, I was met with gaping mouths and incredulous looks. Conan's got a less than sterling reputation; when he took over Late Night after David Letterman left, his performance was uncomfortable and awkward. Many people watched his first show and then gave up on him, never to return.

Since that inauspicious debut, Late Night has gotten better and better. Conan is now quite comfortable in front of an audience, and he's lost all the nervous ticks of his first weeks. His monologues are smooth and can stand their own against Leno's or Letterman's.

Conan's sidekick, Andy Richter, is truly a comedic gem. Andy's occasional video-taped

reports from such places as KISS and porno conventions are some of the funniest things you'll see on TV. He's also worth a chuckle or two while sitting on the big couch next to the show's guests. The show's bandleader, Max Weinberg, is a former member of Bruce Springsteen's E-Street Band, and he's more than proficient at providing the buffer music in between interviews.



What really makes Late Night isn't the interviews or the monologues, but the sketches. O'Brien, a former staffer of The Simpsons and Saturday Night Live, provides some of the funniest comedy bits since Eddie Murphy dressed up as Gumbly. The sketches are always fresh and funny; take, for instance, a recent show the night before Hillary Clinton testified in the Whitewater hearings. While Jay and Dave made the usual limp jokes in their monologues, Conan provided a pre-enactment of Hillary being questioned by counsel Ken Starr. The hook: it was acted out by little children.

JUDGE: Okay, Mr. Starr, you may begin your questioning.

STARR: Okay. Mrs. Clinton... Liar, liar, liar! Liar, liar, liar!

CLINTON: I am not a liar.

STARR: Isn't it true you're also a doody head?

CLINTON: I am not a doody head. You are a doody head.

In addition to the great sketch comedy, Conan regularly features a bizarre Clutch-Cargoesque gag where he "interviews" famous people on a video-screen; they're really static pictures with the superimposed lips of actors doing the speaking. Sound funny? Well, watch it, it's hysterical.

Oh yeah, you were wondering about the Grady thing, weren't you? Well, Conan seems quite fond of running gags involving quasi-famous people. For a while he was having Ed Koch show up every few episodes in various sketches... he's also used Gilbert Gottfried, Al Roker, Dick Cavett and Nipsey Russell on more than one occasion. His new gimmick; he's searching for Whitman "Grady" Mayo - the guy from Sanford & Son- to be his new gag man. Apparently, Grady is a hard man to find; Conan's got a 1-800 tipline set-up and has been providing regular updates on the search's progress.

Sure, it's a little weird... but it's a lot funny. If you're in need of a good laugh (or just something to do at 12:35 in the morning) be sure and check out Late Night with Conan O'Brien.

Trust me, he doesn't suck.

EVEN FURTHER DOWN THE SPIRAL

By Lowell Yaeger

Musical trends seem to be cyclical: a genre will seem popular for a while, and then it will fade into obscurity, kept alive by a few stalwart fans. Ten, maybe fifteen years after the genre's original high period, it will reappear, stronger than before and in a form better equipped to make money and survive financially than its previous incarnation. Industrial music, originally pioneered by Throbbing Gristle and Einstürzende Neubauten, is one of those trends that follows this pattern, and more than anything I've seen or heard in the last few years, the new Ministry album proves that 1996 will be the genre's lowest point.

Industrial music picked up popularity in the mid-'80s, gathering strength as bands like Ministry, Skinny Puppy, and Front 242 took synthpop and experimental noise, blended in the tiniest touch of pop and metal, covered it in lyrics about politics and society, and came out with a new form of music that was both more accessible and more disturbing than techno. The scene exploded with the appearance of Nine Inch Nails on the first Lollapalooza tour, Trent Reznor's faux-angst power ballads proving that industrial could become mainstream. Thankfully, this was the extent of industrial's intrusion into Top 40 radio... so far.

Ironically, the popularity of Nine Inch Nails was one of the things that led to the downfall of industrial music. Sensing a cash cow, major labels bought up rights to every industrial band from My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult to the aforementioned Front 242, and set about signing every garage-metal band with a sampler, resulting in the abortions better known as Stabbing Westward and Drown.

Ministry, the second most-popular band to emerge from the industrial scene seems to have fared the best, and that's pretty depressing. Founded by Alien

Jourgensen in 1981, the first release, *With Sympathy*, was an awful synthpop album; it wasn't until he extricated himself from his label, Arista, did he begin releasing industrial music. Two albums later, bassist Paul Barker joined, and the sampled guitar riffs on *The Land of Rape and Honey* set the stage for many other industrial bands to come. Their popularity fared even better with *The Mind Is A Terrible Thing To Taste*; the resulting tour had everyone from Trent Reznor to Nivek Ogre to Martin Atkins of Pigface appearing on-stage with Al and Paul.

1992's *Psalm 69: The Way To Succeed and the Way to Suck Eggs* featured the pounding rhythms of "N.W.O." with its unforgettable George Bush sample ("we're not about to make that same mistake twice") and "Jesus Built My Hotrod," a thrash ode to racecars sung by the Butthole Surfers' Gibby Haynes. Both became dance-hall and college radio hits, and Ministry's new-found popularity landed them a co-headlining slot on the second Lollapalooza tour. Despite the change in Ministry's sound as it veered away from beat-intense industrial and closer toward guitar-oriented metal, the band that once got arrested for firing bottle rockets off inside a tour bus kept its old fans and gained new ones; people who saw them at Lollapalooza without ever having heard of their existence went out and bought their albums a day later.

And then they all but disappeared. They moved down to a ranch in Texas, where Al Jourgensen claimed to have won a decade-long battle with heroin. A bland album by the Revolting Cocks (essentially Ministry with a few other members and a much lighter view of the world) and a production credit on the Reverend Horton Heat's third album comprised the extent of their achievements for a period of roughly three years. The band surfaced now and again, at one point playing a memorable acoustic set for a benefit in California. Al Jourgensen

and guitarist Mike Scaccia were picked up for heroin possession in the late summer of 1995 while rumors of a new album and an impending break-up continued to bounce about on Internet newsgroups.

And then it came out. The new album, "Filth Pig," is both a disappointment and an omen. The old elements are there — barked vocals, unintelligible lyrics, droning guitars, and obscure samples — but the songs lack any energy or power. With the exception of the title track, "The Fall," "Game Show," and a cover of Bob Dylan's "Lay Lady Lay" (which manages to be funny and disturbingly good at the same time), the album is devoid of life. It sounds like many of these songs were constructed in the space of a day as a means of appeasing their record company.

The album's obligatory anti-religion anthem, "Lava," pales by comparison to *Psalm 69's* title track, which was ripe with overly-dramatic evangelistic samples and Gregorian chanting; here, there's only one sample, and a tired thrash track playing in the background. "Useless" is a boring sludgcore tune constructed around excessive whining; "Deadguy" is nothing but standard metal nonsense. With the exception of the occasional keyboard melody and the distorted vocals, the work on this album can be stripped down to a standard guitar-bass-keyboard configuration; the polyrhythmic drumming of previous albums is gone, as is the satisfyingly deafening wall of sound.

All isn't lost for Al, though. The cover of Bob Dylan's "Lay Lady Lay" is a shining ray of hope, its bleak guitars and acoustic rhythms proof that Ministry can work its way out of the metal-lined rut it dug for itself. But with another four years between this album and the next (if past experience is any proof) and industrial in the state that it's in now, this could be the final nail in the coffin.

Thank you for the single Donna Dragotta & Bubbles.

Stony Brook's Sports Complex

By Steven Tornello

Simpsons Prelude: Bart and Lisa just failed at an attempt to inherit Mr. Burns' vast fortune upon his death. Homer looks at the two unhappy children and says, "Kids, look at it this way. You tried your best, and you failed miserably. The lesson is never try."

SUNY-Stony Brook is known worldwide for its commitment to excellence in such fields as physics, physical therapy, aggravation, and athletics. OK, so maybe athletics isn't exactly the most cemented department of the four, but we here at Seawolf U. are lucky to have an athletic department stacked with dedicated, ambitious, and energetic individuals with the one single goal of success at the Division I level. Although some members of the faculty and administration have serious doubts about this goal, many believe that behind the solid leadership we have recently exhibited in the athletic department, we will reach our goal hand-in-hand with academic success. Yet, despite these local roadblocks, we must also deal with the checkered history of USB athletics that is rarely talked about.

It seemed that although USB tried hard to achieve athletic success from its inception, failure was the only result they experienced. USB began its trek into the realm of Division I athletics under the reign of Athletic Director Thomas Wonica. "The Sheep Molesters", as we were originally called, competed in men's basketball and baseball, and often we scored points in those games. Inaugural basketball coach Skippy "Thumbs Down" Tournicate employed radical strategies such as four men on the court and 1-1-1-1 zone. However, opposing teams were too busy laughing at the "Sheep Molesters" wool-lined uniforms with sheep-ears that the strange tactics often went unnoticed. Against the Ray Charles School for the Blind, we stormed out to a quick 2-0 lead behind the sharp marksmanship of Sal "Two Hands" LaManda, who earned his nickname from his dribbling and drinking habits. However, the Charles School scored the remaining 47 points for a comfortable 45 point victory. Such games were the norm instead of the strange.

The baseball team faltered at its infant stages, too. Also under the tutelage of Tournicate, the team's employment of eight outfielders and no catcher was mindboggling. Behind the long-ball power of Mickey "The Imp" Gaedel, whose mammoth fly balls broke many a window behind home plate, USB managed to place a few runners in scoring position. But, like the man who has no money to give a pimp, they didn't score and were beaten badly.

After two winless seasons, Wonica's highly imperfect and often comical regime ended and Lawrence Plaia took the Athletic Directors job, and he quickly fired Tournicate and hired himself to coach both teams plus Women's Volleyball. The men's hoops team won their first game against the John Kruk School for the Athletically Deficient.

Paul "Pee Wee" Minisculous scored the winning basket with two minutes remaining to cement the 4-3 victory. The baseball team, behind the arm of Jed "One Finger" Slopitche, beat the College for the Comatose for their first victory. However, the scandal behind the women's volleyball team shook the very foundations of "Sheep Molester" athletics. Plaia was accused of dressing the team up in tight bikinis and then filling up the volleyballs in sand. His consequential ogling led to criminal prosecution, and although the sheep didn't take the stand in court and charges were later dropped, USB was forced to find a new AD and a new nickname.

Students were asked to come up with new names. Despite monikers as "Ram Gropers", "Goat Feelers", and the highly popular "Drooling Fools", USB settled on the "Patriots", a nickname which stood until 1994. Lacrosse, Men's and Women's Soccer, Swimming, and Track and Field, plus Women's Basketball and Softball were added into the mix, and a coach was deemed to each individual team. Michael Canci and Michael

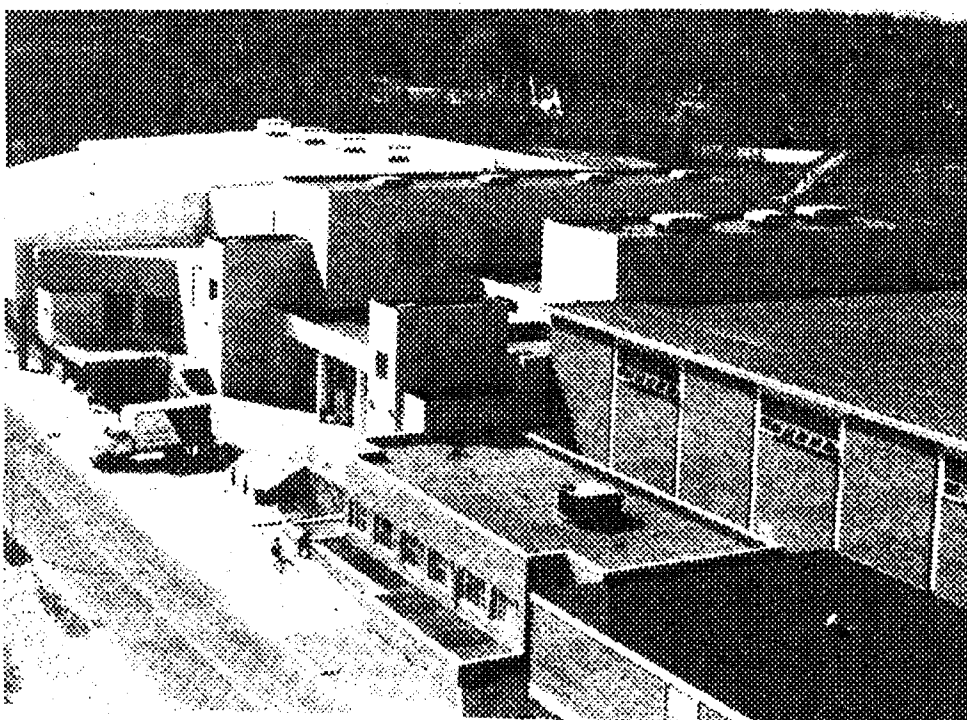
accused of point shaving by the NCAA. However, USB officials calmed the matter when they assured the fact-finding commission that this was not a matter of throwing games but actually this was the way they played. The lopsided scores were indeed unintentional.

The early 80s saw the advent of football onto the campus. Under the leadership of Vinny "Dr. Punt" Noscor, we became the first team to punt over five hundred times in a season. We would later break that standard in our second season. Our first victory, against Thimbletoe U, saw the heroics of Chester "Negative Yardage" McFumble, who didn't realize the ball was in his jersey when he tripped into the end zone for a 6-0 final score. It was a sign of things to come.

The USB Athletic Hall of Fame opened in 1984. Located in the basement of Heavy Engineering, it features plaques and index cards commemorating the greats of USB athletics. The inaugural inductees were Tournicate, Wonica, Plaia, Canci, Mannino, Slopitche, and LaManda. Also voted in were Zelda "Bloated Calves" Immobile, who, in the team's third year of existence, was the first female volleyballer to get the ball over the net; Vladikov "Two Left Feet" Duleffitte, whose talented yet clumsy footwork led the USB Soccer team during their infant years; Maureen Bunter, who led the softball team in batting for her three years despite not having any of her at-bats reach the outfield; and Stanley "The Bends" Drownmy, whose unorthodox style of staying afloat led the swim team to change their training techniques. You could see original uniforms of the "Sheep Molesters" and even a protest sign confiscated by Public Safety during the great "Anti-Patriot" protest in 1974 which resulted in the brutal death of two squirrels and a pygmy.

Turnout for athletic events had been minimal because the positive results were also minimal. The "Sheep Molester" mascot did not go well with the pedophiles in the audience, and the only fans who came to see the games were the aforementioned pedophiles, manic depressives, and other members of public safety and administration. The teams were so bad that Morganna the Kissing Bandit would kiss fans instead of players. In order to stimulate attention, USB officials instituted different promotions, such as "Come to the Game, Upgrade your Grade", where attendance to a sporting event guaranteed an upgrade of a full grade in any class. Yet the masses stayed away, as if the games were an O.J. Simpson Ginsu-knife exhibition. Once the teams started to win a little, attendance gradually began to pick up, and the school was generally accepted by the local populace as having credibility.

In 1994, USB adopted the moniker of "Seawolves" in order to stimulate commercial success and to be a symbol of the new age of USB athletics. Hopefully, their aims and objectives would be achieved with ease and grace. Yet, in order to progress, one must look at the mistakes of others in history and one must learn from them. Wonica, Plaia, Canci, Mannino, and other USB athletic figures of note were pioneers in that their incompetence paved the way for what should be a bright future.



Mannino were instituted as co-AD's, and the pieces were in place for a progression to a successful program. But, trouble seemed to find the athletic department once again.

The newly-constructed gymnasium was built with the understanding that it was to be for the use of a fourth-grade team, with eight-foot high baskets and 75-foot courts. "The Shoebox" was inappropriate for any athletic event, and funds had to be transferred in order to build another gym. The swim teams were given mesh goggles. The soccer team had to practice with dodgeballs, while the lacrosse team used catcher's equipment in lieu of shoulder pads and helmets. The track team held their meets in a swamp at Lake Grove. Besides the incompetency of the athletic department, local residents with nationalistic pride were outraged and protested against the name "Patriots", claiming that it was culturally and socially insensitive.

Canci and Mannino were in trouble. Not only could they not get their parking stickers validated, they also had to clean up the mess they made. They hired Don "Common Sense" Obviously, who made sure that each team got their proper equipment. A rumor was around that USB was to switch their nickname to "Lamb Rammers" to appease the populace, but they were already in debt and could not afford to do it. Trouble still lurked when USB was

Year of The Scatologist

THE CRAP & THE CRUD OF 1995

By Lowell Yaeger

Forget what the Chinese have to say, this was the year of the scatologist. Rock's most famous feces-obsessed singer showed up twice on this year's best-of list, and once on the biggest disappointment list.

BEST ALBUMS OF 1995

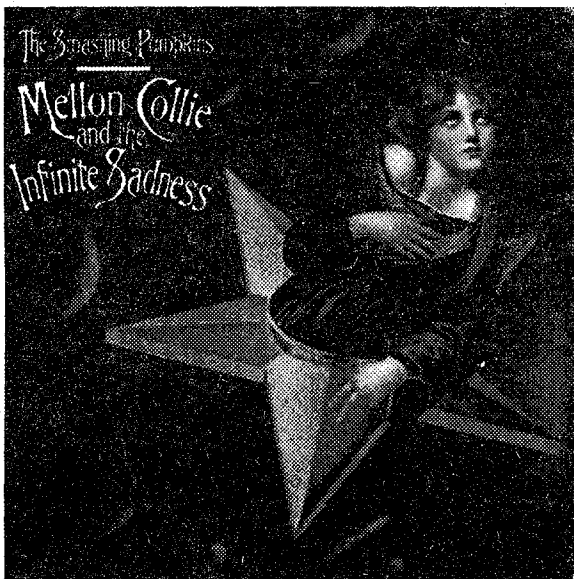
1. Faith No More, *King For A Day, Fool For A Lifetime* (Slash/Reprise). The best album you didn't hear this year. The guys who brought you 1990's funk-rap hit, "Epic," refuse to compromise yet again, releasing a radio-unfriendly mix of lounge, gospel, thrash, and hardcore. (Yes, gospel.) Also features the year's heaviest song, "Cuckoo For Caca," an ode to scatology, penned by lead singer Mike Patton (see above).

2. The Smashing Pumpkins, *Mellon Collie & the Infinite Sadness* (Virgin). Like its creator, flawed but brilliant. Billy Corgan remains the jack of all genres but master of none, and has finally trimmed his ego and allowed his bandmates talents (if not their songwriting abilities) to shine through. From the angstmetal of "Bullet with Butterfly Wings" to the techno-inspired "Cupid de Locke," a masterpiece of modern music. Had it not been for Corgan's obfuscatory lyrics, which eradicate any hint of linearity, this would have made the #1 slot.

3. Mr. Bungle, *Disco Volante* (Sire/Warner Brothers). Named after the boat in the James Bond flick "Thunderball," Mr. Bungle's major-label sophomore release is a stew of thrash, techno, and acid jazz which demonstrates a group of talented musicians taking what they know and running it through a kaleidoscope of influences (from John Zorn to LSD). The result is a step beyond anything I've ever heard before — neither better nor worse, just remarkably different.

4. Alanis Morissette, *Jagged Little Pill* (Maverick/Warner Brothers). Just kidding. This woman's talent begins and ends with her breasts.

4. Foo Fighters, *Foo Fighters* (Capitol). He's a drummer, he's a guitarist, he's a singer, he's a fucking genius. If the Beach Boys had grown up 15 years later in Venice Beach, this is what they'd sound like. With lyrics focusing on fighting THROUGH your problems instead of wallowing in them, David Grohl's rough talent is smoothed out by the optimistic tone found throughout the record. Forget the whiny second single, "I'll Stick Around," and go for the later songs, influenced by everyone from Robert Fripp to early 80s West Coast punk.



5. Garbage, *Garbage* (Almo). Three producers and an angry Scottish waif. This has no right to be as good as it is, but nevertheless, I got a big kick out of it. Technopop, hard rock, and indie pop all rolled into one convenient package.

TOP FIVE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF 1995

1. Mr. Bungle, *Disco Volante* (Sire/Warner Brothers). This album was also named after the Latin term for "flying disc," which was exactly what this CD did after I bought it, when I threw it into a wall. While a piece of musical genius, this album is so different from its predecessor that the band risks losing more than half of its fans. The musical mastery that accompanied witty ditties like "The Girls of Porn" and "My Ass Is On Fire" are now present over lyrics in archaic languages and poetry about teeth. A good CD — but not a good follow-up.

2. Skinny Puppy. First Ogre left the group, breaking up what may have been the best industrial band of all time. Then one of the group's major composers, D.R. Goettel, overdosed on heroin in his mother's house — whether this was intentional or not is unknown. Recent reports about the album, which was almost completed at the time Ogre left and is due out in February, say it's more mainstream and poppy than anything else they've done before, and no tour is planned. One of the greats have fallen.

3. TIE: Red Hot Chili Peppers, *One Hot Minute* (Sire/Warner Brothers) and Primus, *Tales From the Punchbowl* (Atlantic/Interscope). The Chili Peppers grew up, found God, discovered male bonding, and discarded heroin, but somewhere during their journey they lost the youthful, chaotic aspect that I found so lovable in their earlier music. I can't even say that the work on the album is an insincere attempt to win over Top 40 radio, because it *does* sound sincere — it just isn't very exciting. Primus, on the other hand, lost the funky-punky edge that made their other albums enjoyable. Even the faster, thrashier edge is lost, leaving the album with a long series of prog-rock anthems and one excellent single: "Wynona's Big Brown Beaver" — which radio and MTV drove into the ground through incessant airplay.



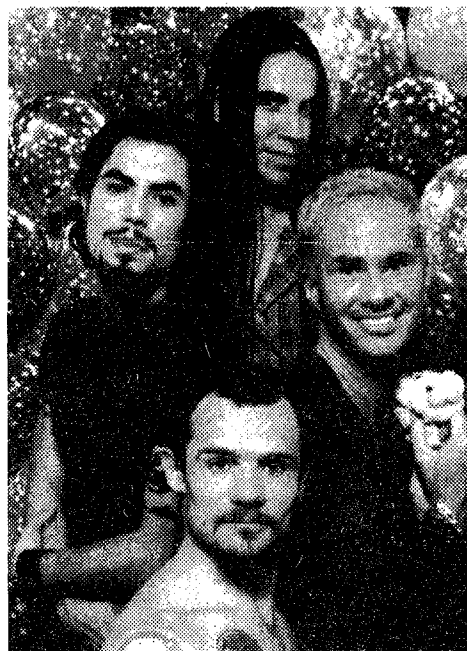
4. Living Colour. Following their break-up, the band promised that unreleased material would soon see the light of day. As if their break-up was-

n't depressing enough — following the excellence of *Vivid* and then, in my opinion, the disaster of *Time's Up*, they recorded *Stain*, one of the best albums of all time — their swan song, a greatest hits package called *Pride*, featured four uninspired songs in the rough and clogs the remainder of disc space with old hits. I know for a fact that there are about 15 - 20 excellent, unreleased b-sides out there that could have made this album a respectable final release, but instead, it's just a waste of money.

5. nine inch nails, *further down the spiral* (Nothing/Interscope). This "album," billed as a series of remixes, stretches that term to the breaking point and beyond. I acknowledge that a remix artist wants to try something new with the song, but writing your own song and including NIN samples isn't a remix, it's just sampling. The same goes for the Aphex Twin-produced remixes here. I'm a big Aphex Twin fan, but Trent, if you want to release a few of his songs, just DO it, don't mask them as remixes when they're nothing but a few samples of "A Warm Place" followed by Aphex's own noises for six-and-a-half minutes.

WELCOME TO 1996

Coming up in 1996, just in case you're interested, are the following high-(and low)-lights:



- New albums by Faith No More (already!), Helmet, and the Butthole Surfers;
- Two separate Lollapaloozas this summer, with names like Metallica, the Stooges, and Porno For Pyros being bandied about in rumor mills;
- The aforementioned final Skinny Puppy album;
- New albums from Tori Amos,

Frank Black, and Ministry, all of which have already been released;

- And tours by Ministry, Tori Amos, and the Smashing Pumpkins (the latter promising to do a tour where tickets can be bought in a system not involving showing proof of your mother's maiden name).

HONORABLE MENTIONS

BEST OF THE YEAR: P.J. Harvey, *To Bring You My Love*; White Zombie, *Astro Creep 2000*; Foetus, *Gash*; and all of the other albums that came out between January 1, 1995 and December 31, 1995, that I liked enough to consider them albums that would earn the title of "Honorable Mention" for the Best of the Year.

WORST OF THE YEAR: Blues Traveler (I just hate them all around; the lead singer is a cancer) and anything Boyz II Men were involved with.