

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XIX No. 10

Lotsa Groovy Love Stuff

February 11, 1998

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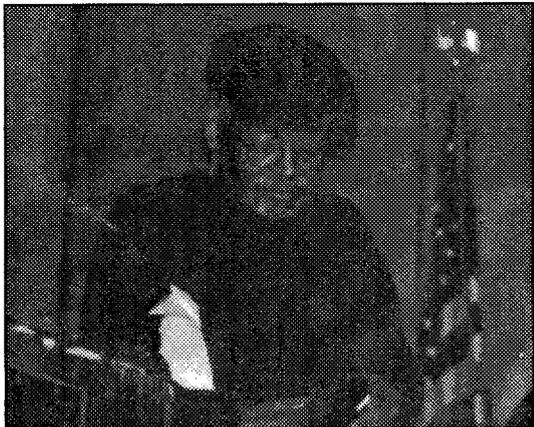
By Anne Ruggiero & Michael Yeh

"God has been replaced, as he has all over the West, with respectability and air conditioning."
--Amiri Baraka

A moving call to consolidating black power rang out on campus, accompanied with poetry and jazz.

Amiri Baraka, professor emeritus of Africana Studies at Stony Brook, read selections from his poetry anthologies with his wife Amina and jazz band "Blue Ark: The Word Ship" on Thursday, February 5.

Baraka is an award-winning poet, playwright, and essayist, who has been both praised and criticized for his militant civil rights stance. He received the prestigious Obie Award for his 1964 play *The Dutchman*, in which blacks and whites engage in symbolic confrontation. In addition to penning nineteen other plays, he has composed three jazz operas, two novels, seven nonfiction pieces, and thirteen volumes of poetry. In his spare time, Baraka has founded the African Free School, the Malcolm X Writers Workshop, Totem Press, edited several magazines, and is the leader of the black Muslim organization



Professor Amiri Baraka. (Photo by Brian Schneider)

Kawaida.

Blue Ark was created fifteen years ago to promote awareness of black history and culture. The group has performed at schools, theaters, and various jazz festivals. "Jazz is just real music from the heart," said band member Dwight West. "Traveling with the ensemble and seeing the expressions on people's faces is really uplifting."

Baraka's poetry touches on themes in black history including slavery, segregation, and contemporary social issues. The performance began with a portrayal of the rich culture of Africa. This tranquil scene was quickly broken up with a dissonant shrill of a saxophone. The four narrators screamed in agony and made whipping motions, representing the great suf-

fering from slavery. Familiar tunes such as "When the Saints Come Marching In," "Take the A Train," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" took on new meanings when combined with Baraka's poetry.

Stony Brook's identity centers largely on its diverse population. Multifarious ethnicities among the student body and faculty have contributed to the cherished atmosphere of racial variety. The diversity of the Stony Brook campus has gifted us with rare insight into the

lives of social groups outside of our own--the chance to be in class with a student who celebrates different holidays, to converse with someone who has had a completely different upbringing, and to learn from a professor visiting from another country. This diversity encourages tolerance, defies ignorance, and makes us better citizens. It is in this spirit which we celebrate Black History Month.

The Student Black History Month Planning Committee has organized a number of events scheduled for the next couple of weeks, which portray the significance of pausing to reflect on the position of the black community in modern society. The events include lectures, movies, concerts, and dance performances, with esteemed speakers and entertainers, and the Dance Theatre of Harlem.

Other events organized in celebration of Black History for coming weeks are a screening of the movies *Rosewood* and *Soul Food*, a lecture on emerging leaders of the twenty-first century, and a Catholic mass with a black Gospel choir.

At the end of his performance, Professor Baraka emphasized the importance to continue the fight against racism. The audience leapt up to give a standing ovation, as the performers raised their fists in unison and proclaimed, "Keep struggling!"

For more information on Black History Month events, call the Office of Student Activities at 2-6470.

THE STONY BROOK PRESS AND THE PEACE CENTER PRESENT

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week two:

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Roger and Me is an academy-award nominated documentary which follows indie filmmaker Michael Moore as he tries to meet with the president of General Motors. Along the way, this hysterical film addresses corporate crime, municipal idiocy and our modern economic realities. Join the creator and host of *TV Nation* and author of *Downsize This!* for one of the funniest and most incisive documentaries in recent memory.

Wednesday, February 18th at 7:00 p.m.

Javits 105

FREE

BUFF MY KIELBASA, CANDACE

By Chris Sorochin

(Author's Note: I had trouble coming up with a good, snappy title for this, until I read in *Newsday* that the Press delights in giving intentional and gratuitous offense. Problem solved! Notice how my choice grabs the attention of the reader, has only a tangential relation to the article's content and is sure to get in the withered craw of decent Catholic church ladies like Candace de Russy.)

When I told friends, acquaintances and hangers-on that I planned to spend my winter vacation in Poland, I got reactions similar to those one would expect upon announcing a little mid-winter jaunt to Antarctica, no doubt attributable to a melange of leftover Cold War propaganda, stale Polish jokes and general American ignorance and apathy towards the rest of the world. Only my Polish-American brother-in-law, who normally has nothing positive to say about anything, seemed enthused: "Yeah...good people...my grandfather used to read the Polish newspaper..." and embarked on some "Roots" fantasy involving polkas, pierogis and the Pope.

And, I must admit, I myself even entertained visions of a stark, post-communist wasteland populated by sullen alcoholics and raving anti-Semites, speaking a language in which the typical word has five or six ugly, menacing consonants and just one puny little vowel to handle them all. This is an image fueled by much of what passes for journalism on the region. The other, newer image is of a "miracle" economy, bright and newly-capitalistic. Neither is really true.

First, the fabled anti-Semitism. I had hoped not to address this matter at length, since it's become something of a cliché, but maybe we can now move beyond the overworked stereotype of primitive, priest-ridden peasants mindlessly despising people who aren't even there anymore. Some years ago, during the infamous "convent at Auschwitz" debacle, some American Jewish leader made an inane remark to the effect that Poles suck hatred for Jews with their mothers' milk, i.e. it's genetic and pervasive. I'm sure this guy would go into orbit if someone made a similar insulting blanket statement about Jews, but through the miracle of racism, he felt himself completely justified.

Before going on, I read a sickening account of a pogrom that took place in the southeastern city of Kielce in 1945. Polish partisans massacred Jews, many of whom had been recently released from concentration camps, including old people, pregnant women, and children. What made this particularly stomach-churning was the alleged reason: the mob had been lead to believe that the Jews had sacrificed a Christian child, something I thought belonged to the Middle Ages. One the other hand, in 1945, the world had seen mechanized death camps, new bombs that could vaporize entire cities in the blink of an eye and six years of intense slaughter and destruction, all allegedly brought on by "scientific" theories of human relations.

Today, even though there are hardly any Jews to speak of in Poland, there is still reportedly vigorous anti-Semitism, personified by one particular radio priest, but aided and abetted by both Church and government leaders.

So I devised a plan that if I met strangers I

would tell them my name was something less obviously Christian than "Chris" and if they made bigoted remarks, I would suddenly reveal that my forebears had been Jews and see what they would say to that. This didn't happen. In fact, during the entire trip, everyone was most kind and hospitable to me, especially my friend Karol and his family, who plied me with more food and drink than I thought humanly possible. Even relative strangers were quite nice. I can't remember anyone being really nasty or rude to me, which sort of made me miss New York.

Nor did I witness any of the open racism and invective against foreigners that can all too easily be seen in places like Germany. (While there, I read that skinheads and neonazis in eastern Germany had declared certain areas "liberated" from foreigners and her undesirables.)

I did hear Karol's father refer to a politician he disliked as a "Jew." I was told there were lots of Jewish jokes. And I had to clear up several misconceptions about African-Americans, which seem to be imported in mainstream US media which is now available in the country.

I also sat through "Fiddler on the Roof" twice; once the movie version on TV and once a live performance staged by the Teatr Muzyczny of Gdynia to a very appreciative audience—I counted at least three curtain calls. On both occasions there was audible sobbing when they all get "ethnically cleansed" from their region. There was also a fascinating TV miniseries about the Polish Resistance under Nazi occupation. In it, a collaborator who has been transporting children to the death camps agrees to let a Jewish girl pose as his daughter to avoid capture. I unfortunately didn't get to see how, as he developed an affection for her, he would psychologically come to terms with the fact that he had actively assisted in the murder of others like her.

The real problem I found was in the near-total denial that Jews had suffered greatly through Polish history. Many people seemed to think that these persecutions were the fruits of Russian and German malevolence and Poles themselves had nothing to do with it.

The real shocker came in Warsaw, after an insane overnight drive from the Gdansk region. The trip was, like much in Poland, fueled by excessive quantities of vodka, a libation that I came to loathe quite actively, as gallons of the glorified varnish remover were poured down my compliant American throat. My hosts insisted on doing the tourist thing after this and I, perverse creature that I am, requested to see the Ghetto.

Well, you can't really see the Ghetto anymore; the Nazis flattened it after the 1943 uprising, as they did 90% of the city. Where the Ghetto used to be, they set up a mini concentration camp—"Pawiak." Prisoners there were held in transit to larger camps, but torture and executions were carried on there as well. We saw tiny cells into which prisoners were crammed, as well as their uniforms and original art work. It was a heavy, emotionally wrenching place; I can't imagine the painful spirit that must have hung over a "big name" camp like Auschwitz.

The thing that I found objectionable was that in both the displays and the little English-language guidebook available, the impression given is that the victims of this outrage were all Polish Catholics. The museum lobby walls are covered with a mural naming all the camps in Poland (many more than I had known of), each symbolized by a cross. Similarly, "Points of Interest" maps from the Polish tourist board indicate the camps again with a cross. The guidebook describes Pawiak as being part of a campaign to exterminate the Polish people. I was dumfounded: there was no mention of the fact that at least a good half of those annihilated were Jews. This is unconscionable. The death camps in Europe are not merely the historical patrimony of the countries in which they stand. They belong to the world and as such must not be restricted to a narrow, nationalistic function.



Mmmmm... Polish mini wieners...

I have in the works, therefore, a letter to the museum's curators. In it, I will be uncharacteristically diplomatic and say how much I enjoyed my visit to Poland and appreciated both the beauty of the country and the warmth of its people. I'll relate how moved I was by the museum and how important such displays are. Then I'll tell them that only half of the story is being told at Pawiak as it currently stands and suggest that the "Wall of Shame" add some stars of David. A pink triangle or two wouldn't hurt either.

But the more I think about it, the more I think I should compose a similar letter to the curators of Holocaust exhibits on this side of the Big Drink, as well as to those who make documentaries, miniseries and other related pop-culture historical artifacts (I could start with Steven Spielberg) dealing with the period. A similar "historical cleansing" seems to be present here, too and one comes away with the impression that nobody but Jews were subjected to the death camps. The number "six million" is imprinted on everyone's consciousness, but these are only the Jewish victims. In reality some twelve million actually perished. Do the other six million somehow not count? Was their suffering less intense? I would suspect that, as in Poland, similar nationalistic motives are at play.

And, again, where are the Vietnamese names on the Vietnam memorial?!? It'll be a cold day in hell before the US government and US pop culture recognize that not only US soldiers died in that conflict. We've reached a point of historical amnesia which says that Vietnam was a bad thing because Americans got hurt (and didn't win). The hell we put the Vietnamese through is often a footnote at best.

But forgive me... I've been going on about one of those overworked topics I swore not to go on about. Let's talk about NATO expansion. Poland, the Czech Republic and Hungary are slated to become members of the club if the Senate approves. Others, including the sensitive Baltic states, are waiting in the wings. It's a colossal scam and should be opposed. Here's why:

The new members want in so they can move more easily into the European Community, but they're in for more please see "Kielbasa," page 7

"The real problem I found was in the near-total denial that Jews had suffered greatly through Polish history."

SUNY CHANCELLOR SCREWS PALTZ

On January 27, SUNY Chancellor John Ryan issued a statement calling "Revolting Behavior," the now infamous SUNY New Paltz sexuality conference, "needlessly offensive" and "devoid of intellectual, social or academic merit." He went on to say that New Paltz President Roger Bowen caused "harm and embarrassment to the State University" by allowing these issues to be discussed. What exactly is Ryan afraid of, that many aspects of sexuality will be discussed in an open intellectual forum? That it will be made known throughout SUNY that sex is not all just heterosexual, missionary, bread and butter? Ryan is buckling under the thumb of Candace de Russy and other censorship-happy politicians who hope to sap SUNY of any ounce of intellectual freedom left in it.

"Chancellor Ryan is planting the seeds of censorship and sending a distinct message intended to intimidate campus presidents" according to Ann Thomas, President of the Student Association of SUNY (SASU). "Chastising [New Paltz] President Bowen for supporting the open discussion of controversial ideas creates a climate of fear and repression."

Ryan has also declared that people of

faith were unjustifiably insulted by the candid exploration of sexuality. As people of faith, we are insulted by attempts to curtail free speech on college campuses. Attendees of the New Paltz conference were aware of its subject matter. If it was too harsh for their delicate systems, or psyches, they could have stayed home and knit. Or had boring, unfulfilling sex. As for us, we wish we'd been there.

Ryan's statement concerning so-called people of faith will have an impact long after the New Paltz conference is forgotten. "Ryan's statement means that the gay community could be muzzled by 'offended' supporters of intolerance and hate," said Sari Krosinsky, Chair of SASU's Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender Caucus.

SUNY students are already feeling the oppressive change of atmosphere. Emily Haight of Albany SASU reported "The staff coordinators of our annual Sexuality Week have been afraid of the repercussions that might result if they include supposedly controversial topics like how to have safer sex. We're worried that issues important to students' lives and health are being suppressed by Chancellor Ryan."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Computer Associates Considered

To The Editor:

I would like to mention a few things about Computer Associates' business practices that were not discussed in the article about the "software incubator" in the most recent issue of the Stony Brook Press.

Back in 1994, Computer Associates purchased the ASK/Ingres corporation of San Mateo California. While in 1994 most companies were expanding their domestic partner benefits, Charles B. Wang, being the C.E.O. of Computer Associates, and a bad human being, revoked all existing domestic partner benefits for the employees of ASK/Ingres. It would seem as if he is a member of some kind of a church which is not very friendly towards homosexuals.

I find it very upsetting that after the announcement of the "Asian Students Center", Charles Wang is now hailed as a champion of diversity by the administration of Stony Brook, even though his corporate policy would suggest otherwise. Clearly Charles Wang is most interested in populating his corporate salt mines in Islandia, imposing his religious doctrine on Computer Associates employees, and the promotion of his own kind on the Stony Brook campus.

This man deserves to lose.

-Carl S Shapiro

The Managing Editor responds:

Charles Wang's disposal of domestic partner benefits at ASK/Ingres is an interesting action that does bear closer inspection, but not one to which we can attach any religious motivations. Many people believe homosexuality to be wrong, immoral, etc., just because they are ignorant, and not at all because they are beholden to any set of religious beliefs. To say Wang's motivation for such an action is some unspecified religious one is to simplify a complicated situation.

The relationship between Charles Wang and Stony Brook is a questionable one, at the very least, and one which bears close scrutiny. It's encouraging to see that our efforts to analyze that relationship are not falling on deaf ears. Too many at Stony Brook, and across the island, are blinded by the money Wang is waving around and are satisfied by his assurances that his interests are merely beneficial to Stony Brook.

The Spot Isn't Spotless

Nice article on The Spot, but I wish you'd represented the entire picture instead of focusing exclusively on the "poor students against crushing authority figures" dynamic that underlies most of your reporting.

There are actually community members who can empathize with both sides. As someone who went to school in a town with a thriving independent

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music scene (Austin, Texas), I understand the students' need to hear something fresher than canned dance music or third-rate cover bands. Furthermore, I have a strong desire to see Stony Brook bust out of its "suitcase campus" reputation and The Spot provides a great incentive for students to stay on campus during the weekend. There are, however, a couple of facts which were left out of your story which I think your readers should know.

*1. Many Wagner College residents resent The Spot's noise pollution.

There are currently 70 residents of Wagner (which overlooks the Spot) who have signed "24-hour quiet lifestyle" housing agreements. Most of these people find the general noise levels of a traditional residence hall too distracting for study. I invite your readers to put themselves in the shoes of these residents. Imagine that you run the risk of losing your housing if you are caught repeatedly playing your jambox too loudly, yet you must endure the constant din of professional sound equipment cranked up to the highest volume. There is no studying (or sleeping) with this kind of noise.

By Monique Maylor's own account, the sound at her party was not cut until 3:30 a.m. Two weeks earlier, at the party thrown by Caribbean Student Organization (CSO), the party went on even later. I know, because on that night I was putting on my clothes and storming downstairs to confront someone --anyone--about the overwhelming noise that had been keeping me awake for hours. The story stated that officers wouldn't say who complained during Monique's party and I wasn't there that night, but I'll tell you, I am definitely one of the people who complains about the noise.

*2. The Spot's inadequate security is a danger to the community.

During the CSO party, I entered the club and found one public safety officer and about 250 attendees. I also saw Mr. Palaia, and maybe two people whom could be identified as Spot employees. One part of the "exhaustive process of paperwork and permission-getting" that other student groups must follow in order to host an event is proving that they have enough trained security people on hand to ensure the safety of the participants. Their responsibilities include: ensuring that occupancy doesn't exceed the legal limits set by the fire marshal, ensuring that university property is not vandalized or destroyed, and being alert to potential fire and health hazards. As I stood watching throngs of people on the dance

floor, I noticed several of them were inexplicably pounding on the windows. I was trying to figure out why they were doing this when a beer bottle bounced past my sandaled feet and landed at the foot of the stairs. It's reasonable to assume that security staff would have discouraged such destructive behavior.

While it should be easy to detect the security risk involved with the above scenario, many people do not recognize other, less obvious problems. Again, going back to that night, there was no one monitoring the parking situation. Cars were double and triple parked in the Fanny Brice (24-hour faculty/staff) lot. There were also cars parked in the grass, on the sidewalks, and along the narrow road that leads to Schomburg Apartments. Travel to both Schomburg and the student parking lot was limited to one lane. It would have been difficult for SBVAC and impossible for a firetruck to maneuver down this road.

Also, the article states that the officers did not indicate why they felt threatened. Let's do the math: One public safety officer. 250 partygoers, many of whom were inebriated. You figure it out.

*3. The Spot is a blight to the landscape.

Okay, this might not seem like such a big deal, but you probably don't live where I do. Few would deny that Stony Brook, with its 1970's architecture and constant construction, is aesthetically challenged. But the litter, broken glass, and tire treads on the grass have a cumulative, depressive effect on the community. The day after the CSO party, Stony Brook hosted its annual fall open house. Potential students and their families were given tours through Roosevelt Quad. The first thing they saw? Neon signs and the detritus associated with a strip-mall bar.

To Mr. Palaia's credit, he was very responsive when I expressed my concern for the open house, and he pledged to send people into the lot to clean up. And I did notice there were fewer bottles the next day than there were the night before.

I also applaud the diverse programming he brings to the community. By sponsoring reggae and salsa nights, The Spot is a venue for people who might not feel comfortable in the lily-white local bar scene; its potential for building community should be obvious. That's why I hope to see it work through some of its growing pains to become an unobtrusive place where people can enjoy themselves safely and responsibly. However, if it doesn't start addressing some of its major community relations issues soon, I hope it closes down.

Kim Garvin
Wagner College Resident

The author responds:

I have to disagree with you about the focus of the article. The story wasn't one about how The Spot relates to the campus environment, but about how Public Safety was enforcing long-forgotten policies and intimidating tactics in an effort to control the bar. Your description of the piece as just another "poor students against crushing authority figures" article does the situation little justice. If more evidence of the questionability of Public Safety's actions is needed, witness the fact that since the article was published, the twice-weekly inspections have stopped. Maybe that's just coincidence, but...I don't think so.

The points you raise about The Spot's noise and garbage pollution are important ones and they need to be addressed. I know from my interviews that the staff at The Spot often try to keep the area clean, but with such a small staff, and no support from Campus Residences (who owns the building), it seems like a difficult position. A solution is needed, though, because I too have noticed the often disgusting level of filth that covers the lower level of the Fannie Brice Building and the areas outside.

The noise complaints aren't as easy to address. The Spot is a bar, and part of its identity is its place as a live music venue. The bar has expanded, but it has also gotten better. It's become something the university should be proud of, a possible recruiting point, but it's buried under the Fannie Brice rug, like the university's unwanted stepchild. It's going to get loud sometimes, and the campus needs areas that can do just that.

Each quad offers at least two buildings that accommodate quiet lifestyle students. I know for a fact that many of the students who have been assigned to a quiet lifestyle hall do not want to be there. Perhaps Campus Residences should concentrate on making sure only people who want quiet lifestyle rooms get them, condense the Wagner residents, and rescind the 24-hour quiet lifestyle rule from the building. Maybe then, the relationship with The Spot will improve. There are many quiet lifestyle buildings, there's only one on-campus bar. Just as students should have the right to study in an environment conducive to studying, they should also have the right to get loud, silly and all around jiggy wit' it.

"Shirley Strum Kenny, president of State University at Stony Brook, said that while she is not a legal expert, she believed "very strongly that we have to protect the First Amendment, regardless."

-From a Feb. 8 Newsday article on the SUNY New Paltz sex conference.

(irony) 3: a state of affairs or events that is the reverse of what was or what was to be expected: a result opposite to and as if in mockery of the appropriate result.)

What's behind the Library Plan?

Compiled By Michael Yeh

Q & A

THE PLAN

Reorganizing space in the Melville Library

Move Music Library and Multimedia Services to first floor of Melville, and move Technical Services to the second floor.

Create consolidated Humanities/Social Sciences and Engineering/Applied Sciences reference libraries on the first floor.

Move stacks and study area to south side of first floor.

Replace commuter lounge with Circulation, Reserves, and Copy Services.

Add south side of third floor (currently occupied by Humanities departments) to stacks.

Repair walls and ceiling, and add additional lighting, furniture, and multimedia equipment.

Improve security by hiring more weekend and evening supervisory staff, and uniformed student security monitors.

"New strategies" for science libraries

Explore feasibility of moving one or more of the science libraries to Melville or the Health Sciences Center.

Hire a junior science librarian and a science library clerk to compensate for the loss of five full-time employees.

Provide scheduled science reference assistance from one site.

Assigning library staff to more than one science library (with more "cross-training" and "flexibility of assignment").

Enhance access to on-line databases, journals, and reference services.

Concerns of Faculty and Students

Instead of focusing on "high-tech gadgets", we should revitalize the print collection and purchase more books.

If the science libraries were consolidated, researchers would no longer be able to check references or read for pleasure while running laboratory experiments at the same time.

Science librarians have very specialized jobs, and assigning them to other libraries may affect service. (Music faculty also pointed out that the head of the music library does not have an advanced degree in music.)

Many researchers in the life sciences use the Health Science Library, the Marine and Atmospheric Science Information Center (MASIC), and the Life Sciences library. If the biology collection were moved to Melville, one would need to walk farther and use more time to take advantage of these facilities.

Since the chemistry collection is housed in the Graduate Chemistry building, faculty and graduate students have 24-hour access.

The Melville Library may become overcrowded if the science libraries were consolidated.

Dean of Libraries Joseph Branin's Responses

On the emphasis on electronic media: "There has to be a balance between the traditional library and the electronic collection. Scientific journals are very expensive, with costs increasing up to 10% a year. Libraries are lucky if their budgets increase 3 or 4 percent a year."

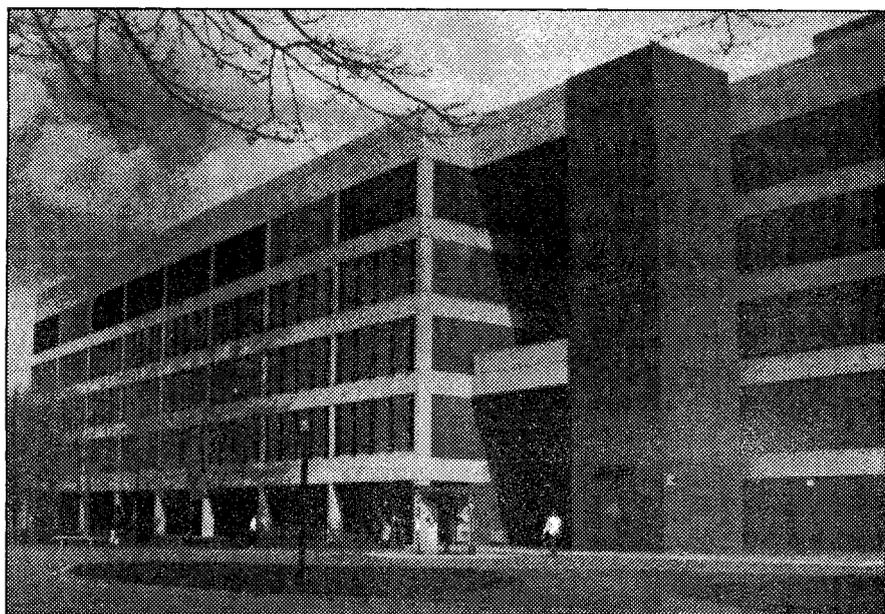
On security: "There have been a number of criminal incidents involving theft of computers and personal possessions. We're the most heavily used building on campus, and I think we need to make sure there are no security problems."

On science librarians: (Two librarians were recently hired for the chemistry and biology collections.) "They know what books and journals have to be bought, and they know about various databases. But there is a lot of routine work, and it makes sense to share responsibilities when dealing with a common routine."

On consolidation of the science collections: "I think it's a good idea, but there's enough opposition that we had to modify our idea. I hope that over time, we would win that argument by persuading the faculty that we can offer better service." (Branin estimates that it will not happen for another five years or "even a decade.")

On the need for researchers to use the library while conducting experiments: "I've heard that argument. I question how often it really happens, but then again, I'm not in the lab running experiments. But, the scientific information is moving very rapidly to on-line form."

On the future of the Life Science library: "There is some talk of using the biology building for other purposes, and if that comes to pass, we'll probably move the biology collection. It is a generally underused facility, and it can be put to better use. But [this issue] needs a lot more debate and time to be settled." (Proposals include installing a computer lab, more undergraduate laboratory space, and a neurobiology research lab.)



NOTES FROM DE RUSSYGROUND

By James Polichak

As all are by now well aware, the November 26 issue of the *Press* has stirred up quite the tempest in our teapot. I'm not sure why exactly it took the forces of decency and politeness two months or so to notice that they had been offended, but boy are they ever. Following the lead of the ever insightful and oh so intellectual *New York Post*, the local TV stations came to our den to gather sound bites for their stories of a college prank gone too far. The reverberations continue in our local publications.

I'd like to take some time here to examine what critics have said about the *Press*. The first

thing to note is that, in their attacks, no one attempts to discuss what it was that de Russy did to provoke our response. This has been amply discussed in the *Press*, if no where else, but in short: de Russy has used her position as SUNY

Trustee to call for the firing of SUNY New Paltz President Roger Bowen because he allowed an academic conference on sexuality to take place at New Paltz. de Russy apparently feels that at least certain aspects of human sexuality do not warrant academic discussion. While I'm sure de Russy has engaged in extensive and exhaustive research to determine once and for all what part of human sexuality is okay to discuss and what isn't, let's briefly review some other topics that were once beyond discussion in polite society. How about the interior of the human body. For a good long time it was pretty sinful (and criminal) to cut up corpses and see what made people work. Poking around under our skin hasn't gotten us very far, has it? How about the nature of the universe about us. Check out a history book for the fates of Galileo, Bruno, Kepler, and assorted others who dared challenge prevailing authority on this point, then think that these scientific discoveries led to putting people on the moon, and closer to

home, satellite broadcasts of your favorite TV shows. Let's conclude this segment by tossing out a few more forbidden topics: Evolution, the Divine Nature of hereditary monarchs, women's role in society and their sexuality, men's role in society and their sexuality, children's roles in society and their sexuality... you get the point. Those who have devoted their lives to becoming part of the dominant power structure in society take pretty unkindly to those who seek to challenge them and attempt to silence dissenting views with whatever means they have available. And time and time again, discussion of once forbidden topics has proven extremely valuable, so be careful who you tell to shut up.

"...if [de Russy] was attacking an agricultural conference, we'd have shown her with a tractor or something, but that doesn't mean that we are attempting to remind her that she's really just a farming tool."

The critics of the *Press* have responded on one hand by decrying our supposed personal attack on de Russy, and on the other by showering us with labels involving an assortment of "anti"s and "ism"s. This seems a bit contradic-

tory to me. By their nature, personal attacks single out one person for special punishment, while being some kind of -ist implies that you are attacking an entire class of people. For example, if I say "Bob, you're one ugly muthafucka," that's a personal attack. If I say, "Bob, you're one ugly muthafucka, just like all white guys," then I'm being racist. (Isn't as offensive when it's against white guys, is it?)

Furthermore, the attacks against the *Press* have been poorly thought out at best. My favorite was something like "An attack against Catholicism is an attack against all religions." Let's try out some alternate versions of this statement. "An attack against Nazism is an attack against all political systems." "An attack against slave-holding farmers is an attack against all farmers." As should be obvious, a statement that says an attack against a member of a class is necessarily an attack against all members of that class is ridiculous. The message that I'm getting from our critics is that one cannot mention another

person's gender, religion, race, or whatever in a negative context without being labeled sexist, anti-religion, racists, or whatever. While sexists do exist and sexist statements do get made, to assume that any statement made about someone's gender is sexist is incorrect and prevents rational discussion of the real issues.

To take another example, in the February 2nd issue of the *Statesman*, Michael Tschupp writes that our attack against de Russy was of a sexual nature. More specifically, that by depicting de Russy in bondage gear (note that, claims to the contrary aside, she was not hog-tied), we were finding it "unacceptable for a woman to espouse the values of her choosing, and that when she does, she must be reminded that she is little more than a sex object." Last time I checked, a lot of *Press* staff members and editors were women who have no difficulty espousing their views in our pages. These views include believing that women like sex, even bondage, and that there's nothing wrong with a wide assortment of sexual activity amongst consenting adults. It also include the recognition that not every depiction of a person, male or female, in a sexual manner reduces them to the status of sex object.

More to the point, the *Press* depicted de Russy in a sexual manner because she was attacking the discussion of sexuality. If she was attacking an agricultural conference, we'd have shown her with a tractor or something, but that doesn't mean that we are attempting to remind her that she's really just a farming tool. de Russy was attempting to silence the community of people who think that sexuality is worthy of discussion and the *Press* ironically draped her in the trappings of what she detests. Her bondage gear symbolized her attempts to silence others.

The bottom line is that we must not let people cry wolf and attack those who dare to discuss sex, race, gender, religion, or whatever as being against those things. It's easy and convenient to ignore the issues by spuriously labeling those who talk about them as bad people, but remember: Most of us wouldn't be alive today if those wicked, wicked medical students in the Renaissance hadn't disobeyed their religious and civil leaders and started stealing corpses.

"Kielbasa," continued from page 3

than they bargained. The US, which runs NATO, it's nothing like a partnership, is going to demand that they devote more of their budget to purchasing weapons ("modernizing"). Indeed, they've already made this demand of the Czechs and even some Western European nations. Former Eastern Bloc states don't have money to piss away lining the pockets of Lockheed-Martin executives and shareholders. Just like us, they'd be much better off "blowing" it on health care, education and infrastructure. They'll end up overextending themselves into debt and will fall into the tender embrace of the World Bank/IMF, who will impose punitive austerity measures on the populace. And guess who'll pick up the tab for the fancy systems of death delivery? That's right: you and I, the U.S. taxpayer, will, under the rubric of "foreign aid." The only ones who'll make out will be the arms dealers and their local cronies (Like the Polish Transport Ministry official with the ubiquitous, disconcerting smile who

treated me to the theatre. He described himself as interested in the military application of computer software (as I suppressed a shudder). Come to think of it, I don't seem to recall him getting teary as Tevye and his cohorts were forcibly relocated. Pragmatic visionaries in the New World Order realize that human degradation is necessary for "progress").

The NATO expansion up to Russia's borders will serve to provoke ultranationalist elements in that country and maybe even lead to another Cold War and arms race. I'm sure nothing would please the peddlers of paranoia more.

The Poles have also been told by the pennypinchers heading the European Monetary Union that they have to stop protecting and subsidizing their considerable steel industry if they want to join in the reindeer games. This suggested "efficiency" will cost tens of thousands of jobs. Few people I met in Poland had anything

good to say about the former Communist regime, but they have started to notice that all under capitalism is not ham and deviled eggs. The increase in crime and the divorce rate and other social dysfunctions of the "me first" ethic were cited.

There were many other epiphanies and revelations, but they'll have to wait for more time and space.

Candace, baby, you really are one uptight ideological hack. And you've got a lot of nerve claiming religious discrimination. You're the sort of Catholic who thinks Catholicism is some sort of club to beat other people over the head with. Well, we've had more than enough of that for the past couple millennia. Please give serious thought to becoming a Southern Baptist or something.

SCANDAL COVERAGE DISTRACTS AS BIG LIES PERSIST

By Norman Solomon

It has been a huge media debate -- within narrow bounds.

Ever since Monica Lewinsky suddenly became a household name, the news media have been filled with fierce arguments about sex, lies and politics. Much of the coverage has focused on truth and consequences: Is President Clinton lying about his relationship with the former White House intern? Should it matter?

These are the kinds of questions that the media establishment loves. They can be debated endlessly, with appreciable entertainment value. And -- since any individual politician is expendable -- no really powerful interests are going to mind very much.

There's plenty of emphasis on revealing whether or not particular men and women in Washington are telling the truth about their behavior. But only some truth seems to be important. When it comes to policies that have been matters of life and death, the standard media deceptions continue -- raising few eyebrows along the way.

A week after it beat the competition by splashing the Lewinsky story on its front page, *The Washington Post* published an editorial urging the U.S. government to release information about dealings with a murderous death squad in Honduras during the 1980s: "The emerging outlines of this affair indicate that the United States, in working with the Honduran military to support anti-Communist forces in El Salvador and Nicaragua, set up a special 'Battalion 3-16' to 'monitor and destroy ... subversives' in Honduras."

That was straightforward enough. But

the *Post* went on to place its concerns in a remarkable context. "The United States went to the Central American wars to protect and build local democracies," the newspaper declared. "That project did not stop when the wars were over."

The statement is a lie. In the 1980s, the United States went to the Central American wars to protect enemies of democracy who were aligned with landed aristocracies and other economic elites. *That* project did not stop when the wars were over.

If journalism is the first draft of history, we might expect later drafts to improve. Not so. The revisions do little to enhance accuracy. In fact, the adherence to official lies may become more fixed over time.

The assumption in mainstream American media is that Washington's foreign policies are benign in intent, if not always in effect. Somehow, whatever the criticisms, U.S. government policy-makers are routinely depicted as well-meaning.

Often, the lies our media tell us are smooth as silence, with key facts downplayed or omitted entirely. No one need be the wiser.

So it was in a recent *New York Times* editorial essay. "A quarter-century after the coup that overthrew Salvador Allende," the Jan. 20 article noted, "Gen. Augusto Pinochet is still poisoning Chile's public life." The piece went on to recount that Pinochet's regime "killed or tortured thousands of people" after he and other military officers toppled the democratically elected Chilean government.

But the essay, by *Times* writer Tina

Rosenberg, was a story with much of the actual plot missing. In the real world, the U.S. government played a pivotal role -- actively backing the 1973 coup that brought Pinochet and his bloody henchmen to power.

In the world according to *The New York Times*, however, the U.S. government was a bit player, scarcely worth mentioning. The essay's only reference to the United States was fleeting and oblique: "Under Mr. Allende, Chileans never knew if school was open or if they could buy bread. The chaos, intensified by the Nixon administration's efforts to undermine Mr. Allende, was profoundly disturbing to most of Chile."

Does it matter how the past is portrayed by news outlets? Yes. The illusions that surround us are like thick fog: blurring what has already occurred, what is happening now and what is on the horizon.

George Orwell's timeworn adage from his novel "1984" bears repeating: "Who controls the past controls the future; who controls the present controls the past."

Transfixing the nation with the Lewinsky saga, the news media have not in the least threatened the big-money corporate interests that dominate Washington -- and will continue to do so, whatever the fate of the Clinton presidency.

Norman Solomon is a syndicated columnist. His most recent books are "Wizards of Media Oz" (co-authored with Jeff Cohen) and "The Trouble With Dilbert: How Corporate Culture Gets the Last Laugh."

Wise 1

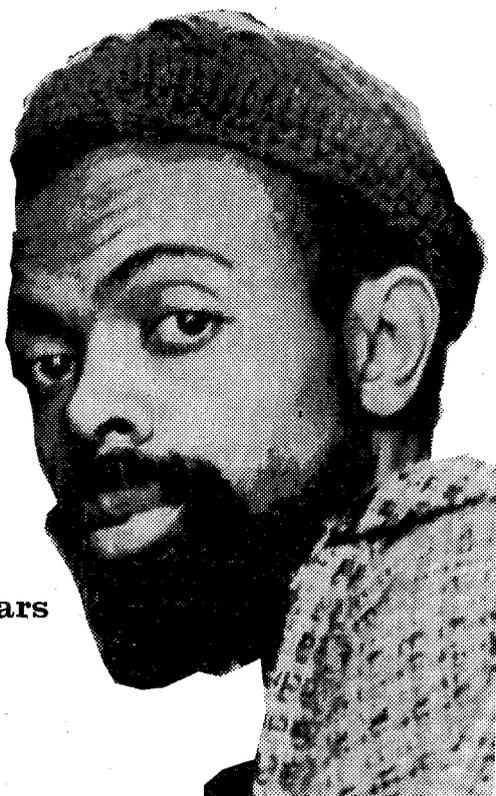
**If you ever find
yourself, some where
lost and surrounded
by enemies
who won't let you
speak in your own language
who destroy your statues
& instruments, who ban
your oom boom ba boom
then you are in trouble
deep trouble
they ban your
oom boom ba boom
you in deep deep
trouble**

humph!

**probably take you several hundred years
to get
out!**

*From Wise Whys's Y's: The Griot's
Song Djeli Ya*

**By Amiri Baraka, Professor
Emeritus of Africana Studies**



BLACK HISTORY MONTH CALENDAR

- Wednesday, February 11: 1998
Black Expo: Emerging Leaders in the 21st Century.
SAC Lobby, Noon-5 pm
- Thursday, February 12: Movie: Rosewood
Staller Center, 8:00 pm
- Friday, February 13: Movie: Soul Food
Staller Center, 9:30 pm
- Sunday, February 15: Catholic Mass Featuring the
USB Gospel Choir
Peace Studies Center, Old Chemistry, 6:00 pm
- Thursday, February 19: Lecturer: Joseph Opat
Staller Center Room 3220, 4:00 pm
- Saturday, February 21: Malcolm X Vigil.
UNITI Cultural Center, 8:00 pm
- Monday, February 23: Police Brutality Awareness
UNITI Cultural Center, 8:00 pm
- Tuesday, February 24: Taking It Back to the Essence.
Fireside Lounge, Stony Brook Union, 8:00
- Wednesday, February 25: Health Careers Seminar.
HSC Level 2, Lecture Hall 6, 12:40-2:00
- Friday, February 27: The Voices of Hope Gospel
Choir.
SAC Auditorium, 7:00
- Saturday, February 28: 10th Annual Black History
Month Semi-Formal.
Student Union Ballroom, 6:00

A Fundraising Farce?

By Heather Rosenow

It is no longer surprising or interesting to the average American to watch its government shun its responsibility to its people in favor of political gain. Therefore this sad state of affairs, given the improper label "bi-partisan investigation," regarding alleged illegal fundraising practices by the Democratic party, was easy water for the Republicans to wade into. They've turned our political system into their own private wave pool which they can aggravate whenever it suits their political position. The draft report, which has recently been made public, demonstrated the inherent lack of a bi-partisan investigation which, in theory, should have examined both parties fundraising practices.

Instead, the Republicans have laid out a well timed attack against the Democrats, whose key people in line for the next election were the first to bite the bullet. \$3.5 million dollars of taxpayer money has been wasted on what is essentially a smoke-screen being used to deny the real issues which concern this country the media coverage they deserve.

Child-care, Medicare, reforming the welfare system, reforming the skyrocketing costs of medical coverage and education in this country; these issues deserve to be addressed and the American people deserve a real explanation as to why the issues that matter most to their everyday lives are always the ones avoided.

More than one eyebrow was raised at the fact that one of the chapters unavailable as of yet for public scrutiny was the one detailing any

improper fundraising practices on the part of the Republican party. Not only does this call into question the true purpose of these investigations, but it once again demonstrates that the average American's apathy and inherent distrust of their political leaders and their motives has once again been proven founded. One can only assume that the Republican fundraising chapter is being corrected in the editing room. That shredder is one hell of a machine.

"You can't purify that which was blackened from the start."

like a political tattle note. It is full of phrases like "as of yet unsubstantiated" and "have yet to be proven." It promises that all of its allegations will be damaging indeed when all the final facts are in. That begs the question "What was the original \$3.5 million for? Creative writing classes?"

The alleged improper fundraising involving people who are rumored to have close ties to the Chinese government, and the reports that this is all connected to a larger agenda which would implicate the Chinese government in a plan to interfere with elections in the United States, is also missing a chapter. For intelligence reasons the CIA and FBI are unwilling to authorize that portion of the draft report for public release. Not only is that unsurprising, but it is also convenient for those who want to use non-specific accusations of leaks and possibilities of political intrigue, to cast a shadow over those who would run for office in the next election.

All of the attacks have been very well timed in fact, that is, if this report can be looked upon as a substantial threat to the Democratic party. As of right now, however, the report reads

The complete impossibility that both the Democrats and the Republicans are being honest is not only frustrating but paints a picture of an immature government willing to waste millions every year on its own private agendas, while millions of its people suffer under its supreme ignorance. The leaders we repeatedly elect to office have shown what they think of their people. They don't give a damn, as long as you elect them and the lies they tell into office.

The allegations of illegal fundraising and the reports accompanying them just happened to be part of a barrage of accusations thrown at the Democrats; others, of course, including White House extra-marital affairs and Whitewater investigations. There seem to be quite a few investigations and committees being set up in Washington these days. Too bad none of them are at all valid to the concerns of people outside the political arena. It looks like a good few old politicians are trying to inflate their own egos again, pretending that what they care about in our government actually affects us.

The government is constantly raising taxes and wasting the money they gain from it on little political soap operas while our country falls to pieces around them.

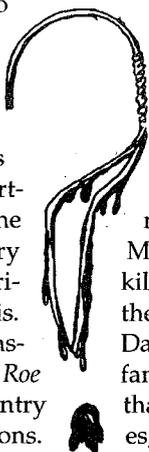
If the average American allows him/herself to be deceived by this show of bravado, we're in deep trouble. They'll tell you all these investigations are to clear and purify the political system in this country. The fact is you can't purify that which was blackened by hypocrisy from the start. Those behind these investigations in Washington are merely trying to clear the proverbial briars from their path to the White House. If you buy everything they are trying to sell you, you're as stupid as they think you are.

The State of Abortion Rights in America Today

By Jill Baron

Prior to 1973, abortion was illegal in this country. If you were pregnant and didn't want to be, you were fucked. Giving birth, however, was obviously not a feasible option for everyone. So, since they weren't able to get one safely or legally, many desperate young women tried to obtain abortions in often grotesque and deadly ways; one popular method was the "wire coat hanger," which was just as primitive and gruesome as its name suggests. A friend, boyfriend, or sometimes even the pregnant women themselves inserted a hanger, and attempted to scrape the fetus away. Naturally, this wasn't very hygienic, and many women contracted serious infections and/or died because of this. Finally, in 1973, the courts came to their senses and legalized abortion in the landmark *Roe v. Wade* case. Women all around the country were finally able to obtain safe, legal abortions. So the fight's over, right? We got what we wanted, we should just shut up about it already, right? I wish it were that simple. The fight over abortion rages on today, and since this year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of *Roe v. Wade*, the issue has been receiving considerable attention lately.

A few weeks ago, The New Woman, All Women health care clinic in Birmingham, Alabama was attacked. Without warning, a small, home-made package bomb tore open the clinic, killing an off-duty police officer moonlighting as a security



guard, and seriously injuring a nurse on her way back to work. The nurse later lost one of her eyes as a result. As of the time of this writing, the police have no suspect, although they reportedly have been searching for a 31-year-old North Carolina man named Eric Robert Rudolph as a possible witness. No one has claimed responsibility for the bombing as of yet, but it was clearly an attack on the clinic by an anti-choice person, persons, or organization. I highly doubt that the guilty parties chose the site randomly; it was known that abortions were performed there, and when abortion clinics are terrorized, it's not done at random. This incident is unfortunately not an isolated one; several clinics in Massachusetts were attacked a few years back, killing and injuring several people. And of course there was the tragic murder of abortion doctor David Gunn several years ago in Florida by a fanatical anti-choice man. Clearly, this is a problem that is not going away. Not only do doctors, nurses, receptionists and patients have to endure brutal harassment from the anti-choice activists who surround clinics, they now have to fear for their lives as well.

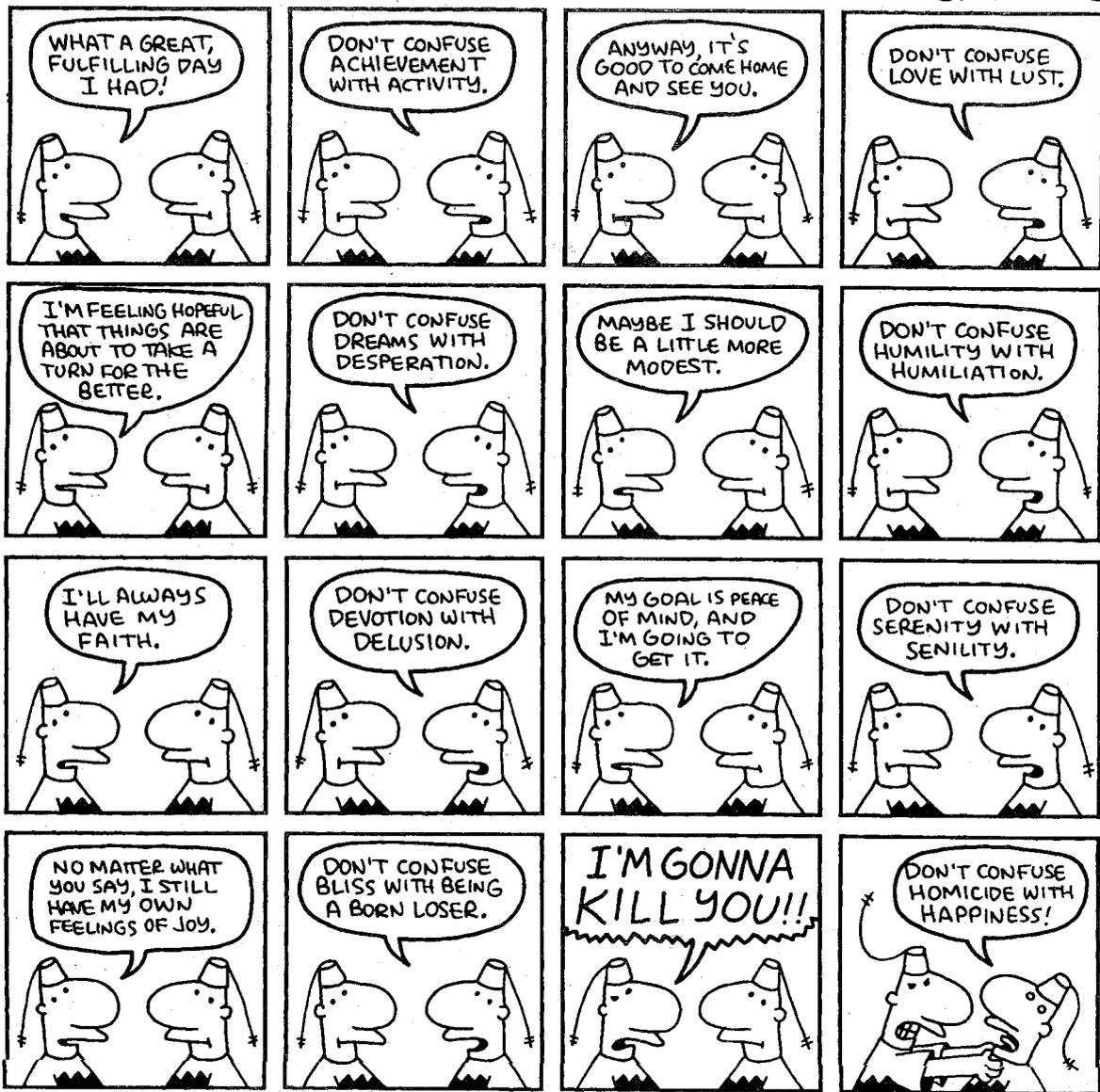
We all seem to think that a woman's right to choose is secured forever, however, since *Roe v. Wade*, many states have been trying to restrict it as much as they can. Several states have implemented parental consent laws, which require girls under 18 to have their parents sign consent forms before they can get an abortion. This may seem like sound legislation, but let us remember the example of Becky

Bell, a teenage girl who died trying to perform an abortion on herself because she was too afraid to tell her parents that she was pregnant. Her parents later became active in trying to abolish the Parental Consent Law. New Jersey is currently considering adding itself to the list of states that require a 24-hour waiting period before a woman can get an abortion. All it takes is a conservative president to come into office and appoint one more conservative judge, and we could very well kiss our reproductive freedom goodbye. And this is 1998.

It is futile to argue over when a divided mass of cells becomes a human being. The issue here is not whether you think abortion is right or wrong. The issue is whether or not you think a woman should have the right to make her own decision, and whether or not the government has the right to control such a private matter. I understand if people don't agree with abortion and, if put in the situation, would choose not to have one. If you think abortion is wrong, don't have one. It is perfectly feasible to think abortion is wrong and not to choose one for yourself, but still think that other women should have the right to make the decision themselves. The government exists to maintain order, not to legislate morality. The separation between church and state is clearly stated in the Constitution. We should instead invest our efforts in trying to help the troubled lives that already exist.

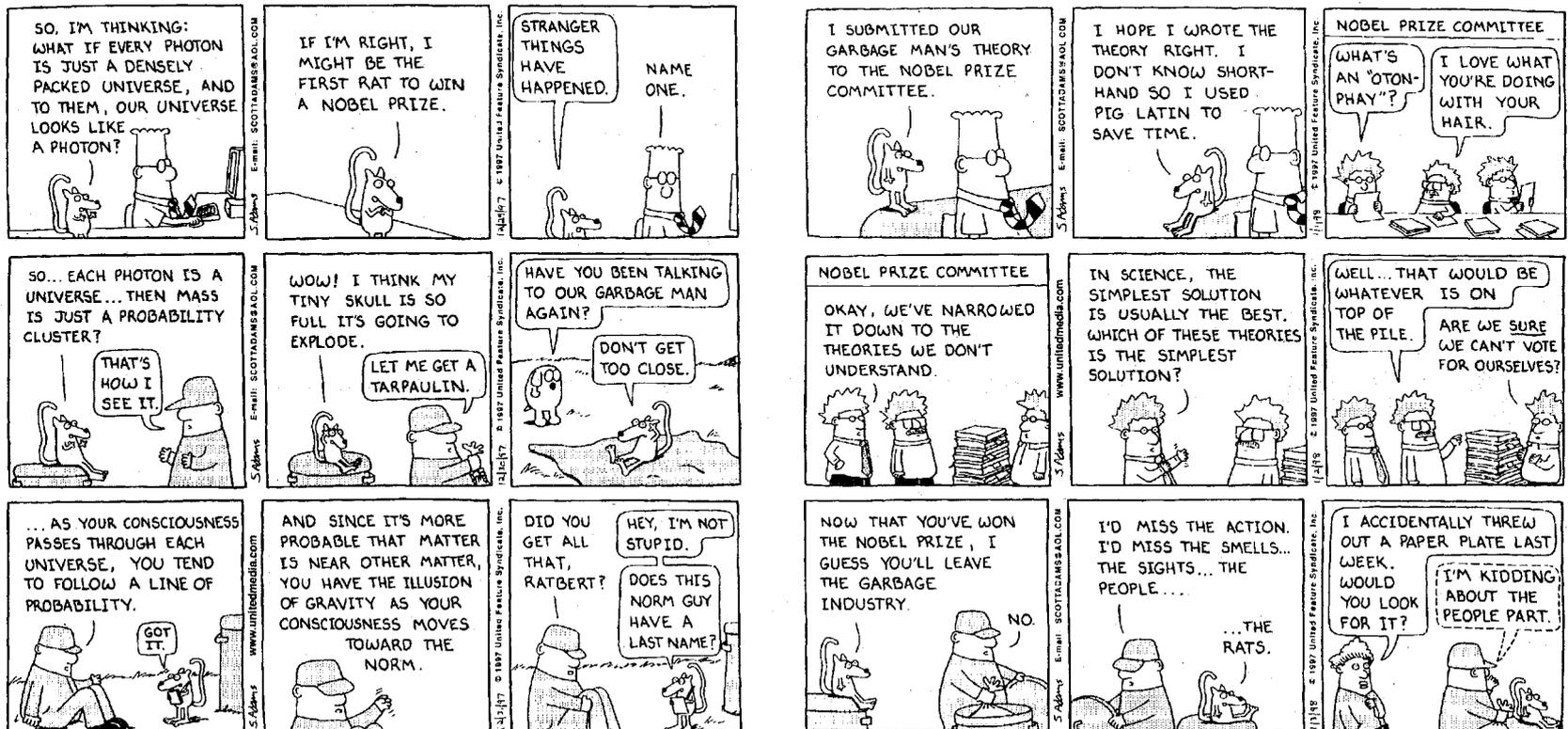
LIFE IN HELL

©1998
BY MATT
GROENING



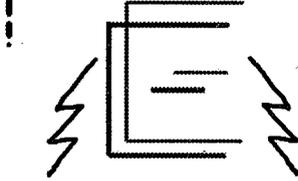
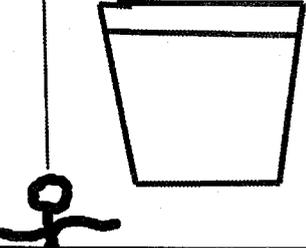
DILBERT®

by Scott Adams



Strike Force Echo

by Matthew
Vernon
Xavier
Willemain

<p>And now, a very special Strike Force Echo for...</p>		
<p>STRIKE FORCE ECHO</p> 	<p>Ah, my mysterious friend, turn on my huge TV!</p> 	<p>This TV must be taller than Bob Dole!</p> 
<p>Bob...Bob...Bob Dole is a giant robot...isn't he? Isn't he! Bob Dole!</p> 	<p>A Previous SFE</p> 	<p>Ooh...I enjoyed that. Maybe a little too much. Ah, me.</p> 
<p>These men must work for me! Get on it!</p> 	<p><i>What will become of our heroes? Who is Bill Gates' mysterious guest? Is Bob Dole a giant robot? What the hell happened to the continuing story line?</i></p>	<p>NEXT ISSUE: EPISODE EIGHT: Some Real Action!</p> 

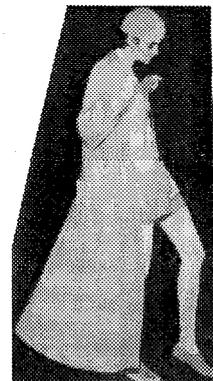
The Fashion Edge

by Amanda C. Stevens

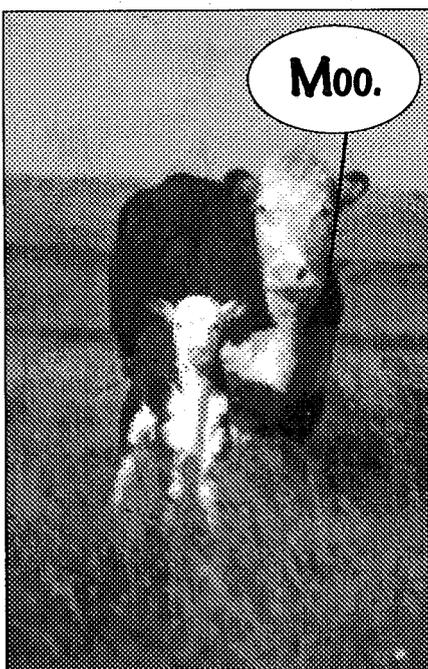


Glamour says in these great Capri pants you'll be ready for floods or fabric shortages.

Glamour says that if you're having trouble getting your man, then hunt him in these togs. A confused, disoriented man is less likely to get away.



Vogue says you can never be out of step with the fashionable people in this in-patient look.



Save this cow!

Maybe we didn't make ourselves clear.

This is not a joke. This isn't some cheap National Lampoon-rip-off gag where we just threaten to hurt some poor, unsuspecting animal.

If you don't send us some good cartoons, it's time for brisquet and burgers. And none of this illegible, half-scribbled pencil-on-lined-paper crap... even if they're funny, they look too bad to print.

Send us your student-drawn comics and cartoons. Put them on plain paper, in ink, or send them as an image file, if you're a computer nerd.

Deadline for next issue is February 21st. Emphasis on *dead*.

COMICS



CRYPTOQUOTE

Here's how to work it work it
GOGMX is ERECT

One letter stands for another. In this sample, G is used for E, O for R, etc.
Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints.

TG F LFPM DA OTZUXJI, TI JRX JFY

DGX JRX YXFZXE? --FGDGNODYI

Top Ten Reasons To Not Eat Okra

- 10) Surgeon General's Warning: Okra can cause violent anal dilation.
- 9) It's pods, man... it's pods.
- 8) In some cafeteria, at some school, in some town, in some country, an 85-year-old lunchlady with throat cancer and a bad habit of spitting in the food is whipping up a batch of spicy hot okra while you read this list.
- 7) Because we ate orzo, and look where that got us!
- 6) Okra is a source of folate.
- 5) Chronic bulimia.
- 4) They're just posers trying to jump on the meat/poultry garnish bandwagon.
- 3) Because you could be eating SPAM, instead.
- 2) What the fuck is okra, anyway?
- 1) Sounds too much like Oprah.

THE LUNATICK'S RAVINGS

ZIPPERGATE

By The Lunatick

Unless you have been living in a cave far removed from civilization you have all heard about the Bubba Bill getting some. Yep, President Clinton supposedly had "sexual relations" with an intern. All in all not that big of a deal, but the way the media is treating it, you would think he committed high treason.

I know the big deal isn't the adultery (let's face it, adultery unfortunately seems to be becoming an expected and almost accepted occurrence in today's society). The problem is that he allegedly lied about it. This is an opportunity too good to miss for the Republicans.

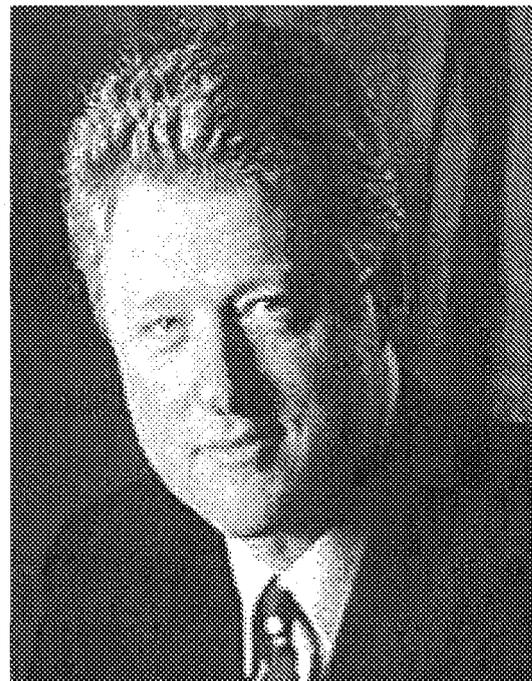
I have nothing against the Republicans, but let's face it, they have been trying to get Bill out since he got elected. First it was Gennifer Flowers, then the Whitewater affair (which after years still isn't over) then Paula Jones, but now they have something semi-solid, even though the evidence is circumstantial at best. "The president and the intern have been seen alone in areas of the White House together," per most news stations (Now if they were alone how did anyone see them?). If the allegations are proven, Congress will be looking for the president's resignation. Give me a break, Clinton is far from the first President to cheat on his wife and I am sure he will be far from the last. How many stories and tell-all books about JFK are there? FDR was another President who strayed from the path a few times.

Adultery is common anyway. There are very few people out there who wouldn't cheat given half a chance. Conventions are a Bangfest. The general rule is whatever happens there stays there. Those that didn't get any at the convention probably just couldn't find anyone. The work place is also a great way to cheat. Find me an office that doesn't have a story of someone getting caught in the middle of it, or at least have coworkers come back from lunch totally unkempt.

The point here being that the president is usually a leader or a reflection of society. So why should Clinton be different from anyone else? It's just a big deal because he is the president. So what! Does it affect how he does his job? I don't know about you, but I would be doing my job a lot better if I got a BJ break, instead of a coffee break. Last time I checked Clinton wasn't doing too badly. Unemployment is down, consumer confidence up, the economy overall has improved, and until recently, our relations with other countries were improved. The item that altered relations was of course this little alleged affair.

So what is the point of all this? Same old bullshit story, "politics!" It was even reflected in the state of the union address. Things are much improved. Hell, Old Bubba was even nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. How many presidents

have been given that honor? Yet Congress was very reserved in their remarks about Clinton's speech. Maybe it's just me, but I think the only people that are truly going to pay for this scandal is the American people. Our tax dollars at work. Spending a lot of money and time and getting nowhere fast. Get some integrity you son's of bitches and actually represent the American people (after all you are representatives) and not your own special interests. So I live in a dream world, but what do



How much for the little girl??

you expect from a raving Lunatick?

A 5-Step Program For Campus Insecurity

By Frankie Fusaro

I know what you're thinking! You want to know how, EXACTLY HOW, you can get to auto-owner's hell in just five easy steps! You, too, can get your automobile broken into, with ease and fun!

But you're thinking it sounds way too easy, way too incredible to be true, you could never be blessed by such an occurrence. You're thinking, "It'll never happen to me." Especially not without a guide to it. Well folks, here it is, your guide to something that most only dream of. Using this time-tested program with no money down . . . I repeat, NO MONEY DOWN, you can lose your faith in the human capacity for understanding. Yes friend you can get it all: a busted window, a stolen/aesthetically altered radio, and damage that will haunt you for countless days, just read on:

Step one: decide to get an automobile (this includes the time and money for driving lessons, testing, registration, purchase, and insurance fees.)

Step two: Wade through oceans of red tape to register said automobile on campus and get a parking sticker. (Though if you live on campus, and are freshman or sophomore, you'll need to prove your necessity for said automobile, if you can, and this is always a blast).

Step three: park car on campus. (It usually happens that you get a spot far from your room, if you arrive on campus too late from the weekend's fun, but it has been known to work almost as well if you find a spot, in a well lit place, close to your room --though this does work best when parked behind Heavy Engineering).

Step four: as our "Over Staffed" security people run around like Keystone Cops, juggling so many cases it would boggle the mind of Mr. Sherlock Holmes himself, your car and at least five others get

broken into. But we do have to give it up to them for their fine work and their constant diligence. I can hear them from my room some nights, using the rats which roam the campus eateries as target practice, or darting across campus saving innocent donuts from becoming stale.

Step five: you simply go to your car and SHAZ-AM, free of charge, you have a broken window, or two. Also, if they were real dicks (and most are), you'll have a tank full of sugar, alcohol, or some such, and a broken, but not stolen, radio hanging from two, maybe three wires. Now you just have to wait for one of our

own personal Poirot's come to file a "report!" (Ah, a REPORT, something that means nothing but waste's time and paper. Whole forests are being destroyed so colleges around the country can file reports, in duplicate, on things that will never be investigated or remembered in about a day and a half. At least by the SCHOOL a.k.a. THE fuckin' MAN). After which he will go and do . . . nothing! Nothing at all about this incredible event. This Ellery Queen will not send more security to the parking lot, no, our mystery master does no more than say "tough luck" as he tells you about the four other break-ins which happened last night in this same parking lot.

And dear friends (that would be those of

you not poking tiny finger holes in those shiny new plastic bag windows that are now covering the broken car window) the magic doesn't stop here. You get to hound your insurance company and respective school for a mere two hundred bucks . . . as if that could replace the damage in the first place!

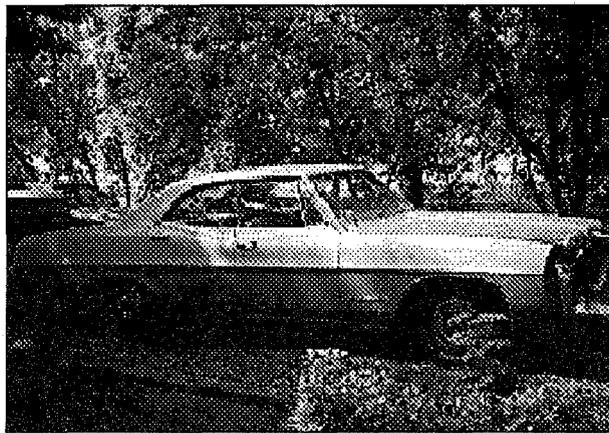
Folks... friends, I guarantee this to work. I'll go as far as swearing it will work. (And if you like I'll start swearing now; how's FUCK, SHIT, SONO-FABITCH)

Why so emphatic? How so self assured you ask? Because I'm not just a spokesman for this healthy heaping of Murphy's Law-but I'm also a client (with frequent flier miles to boot).

Of course, there was a time when I was, like

you, of nobler beginnings. I had to fight to reach the bottom. You haven't lived until you've strolled down the Champs de Elysee, had your first kiss, or had your confidence in humanity shattered like a car window. . . strewn about like my personal effects. At one time security meant nothing to me. I just was a given. I was once secure in my little world. I had a working radio and a car NOT filled with tiny little pieces of glass. But that was a long, long time ago. That was last week, in fact!

I'm not lying, this is not some line to try and get you to join our club, friends, this is fact. Come, join us in this fast growing club, all you need is a automobile and a dream!



Picture it in Lime Green!

Carl's The Dumb One

By Hilary Vidair

For as long as I can remember, I have been friends with the same group of people. Through good times and bad times, they have stayed by my side. My little clique, "73rd" as it used to be called, after the avenue most of us lived on, is very important to me. It was really hard to go to college and leave all of that behind. Yet, when it comes down to it, I really haven't. Every time I come home, it feels as though I never left.

Of course, there have been people who have left our little group along the way, as there are always new people coming along. But there are a bunch of us who have been there for the past ten years and plan on spending another decade together. Keeping in touch now is a little bit harder, but that's why my phone bill is constantly in the three digits.

A lot of people feel that being in a clique is snobby or childish. Yet to me, it's one of the best things that ever happened to me. I always had a place to run to talk about my problems, and when I achieved something, the first thing I thought of was to run and tell everybody. I mean, there were like thirty people in 73rd, and of course, I am closer to some people than others. But overall, they are like a part of my family. My parents were friends with a lot of their parents, our siblings were friends, and so on. I always had somewhere to go and someone to talk to.

As of now, a lot of the original people from 73rd are not there anymore. Some of them found a new group of friends, or got into trouble elsewhere. Some even moved away. As far as I'm concerned, I'm still friends with all of the people that I would like to be.

There are always separate cliques within our huge group. There are, for example, the 73rd Girls. This group used to consist of all the girls who hung out. Now, a lot of the girls have either left or don't get along with the majority of the group. So I guess this leaves my friends Marie, Barbra, Marissa, and myself. The four of us have been hanging out with these people basically from Day One. Lately, we have all been pretty busy doing other things besides chillin' with 73rd, but we are there in spirit. We are the girls with whom the boys on 73rd first learned what our gender was really like (if they learned anything at all). We are all really close to our guy pals. They are like our brothers. Although their girlfriends come and go (and often come back for Round Two), we stick by their sides long after they are gone.

Then there are the original 73rd Boys. This consists of Roland, Denis, Jared, John S., Mike M., and Chris. This group is really separated. Chris moved to Las Vegas and all of the other guys hang out with various people, sometimes 73rd and sometimes not. But they're still the guys I grew up with and I love them all to death, whether they believe it or not.

The Park/Basement Boys are the older

guys who hang out with us. There's Frank, who is practically the owner of the playground and the laundry room where we go sometimes just to chill. Then there's Dave, Pete, D.T., and Freud. Even though they go out a lot, they are always around when I need them. We have had a lot of good times with them.

The Martyr's Boys are a group of guys who sort of merged together with 73rd. There's Angel, Mike F., Doug, Brian, Robbie, Juan, Roberto, and a bunch of other guys who are cool with us as well. They used to be a separate group with their own group of girls. Now some of them hang out a lot on 73rd. Other members of their group only hang out once in a while. Sometimes the girls they hang out with come down as well.

Then there are a lot of other people who don't really hang out much anymore at all. Yet some of them, like Joey and James, are always welcome. Justin, this kid who is fairly new to the group, hangs out as well. And, of course, there's the Terrific Trio, Keri, Boogie, and Fingers.

The great thing about 73rd is that everyone's different. Everybody has their own interests, goals, and motives for doing the things that they do. We all have our own separate lives, but at the same time we never fail to make time to spend with each other. Throughout the years nothing has changed. We have each other. And that's all that matters.

Hey, Mister...

HOW MUCH FOR YOUR DAUGHTER?

By James Polichak

I recently learned an astounding new fact that I'd like to share with all you *Press* readers out there: Economic decisions are not moral decisions. Now, I know this will get some of you out there all hot and bothered, but let me tell you that this fact comes from a veritable flurry of highly respectable sources.

Quill is the bimonthly publication of the Society of Professional Journalists (SPJ). Journalists from all over the country join the SPJ to organize themselves, network amongst each other, and keep informed about the field and its stars. Since journalism can require a broad range of knowledge that changes with new developments in science, politics, and so on, the nice people at an organization called the Foundation for American Communications (FACS) buy space in each issue to give journalists brief primers on important topics. The Jan/Feb 1998 issue of the FACS News Backgrounder is designed to introduce journalists to the basics of economics. It was written by R.J. Charkins, professor of economics at Cal State, San Bernardino, also affiliated with the *Wall Street Journal* and the California Dept. of Education.

Charkins kindly begins by warning us that, though economics may seem difficult, its basic principles are simple to understand, well-nigh common sensical even. And the good people he works for (EAC, part of the NCEE. I don't know if these are public or private organizations, but they claim to be involved with training economics teachers. A whole lot of people seem to have joined forces here to inform the journalism community about economics.) have "boiled economics down to what [they] consider to be its most powerful and useful principles," of which there are nine.

Principle 7 states "in a competitive labor market, a worker's income depends on the supply of workers with similar skills and the demand for those skills." This seems fair enough, but Charkins draws some rather odd conclusions from this principle. Charkins illustrated this principle by taking up the oft-debated issue of whether sports stars are paid too much; of whether a running back should earn more than a teacher or journalist.

Charkins believes the answer to these questions is to ignore them because they draw attention away from the real question of interest to economists, that of "What determines relative wages?" Once we couch our question in these terms the answer becomes simple: Scarcity. Running backs get more money than teachers because they possess skills that are relatively rarer than those of teachers. Someone's knowledge and labor is worth whatever anyone will pay them, and this

is based on how many other people are nearby offering similar knowledge and labor. The answer to the question of why baseball players' salaries are approaching \$10 million dollars a year, roughly 200 times the median income for a family of four in this richest country in the world, is apparently that families of four are 200 times as common as star baseball players. No need for morality, just count everyone, figure out what they have to offer, and pass out the checks proportionately.

This reasoning strikes me as a bit shady, to be tactful. Charkins starts by stating that a worker's income depends on the supply of similar skills and on the demand for those skills. The notion of demand disappears from Charkins's explication of his principle, though. I'm not sure how the decision to leave a discussion of demand out of the explanation was made, but it was an important oversight. It seems obvious to me at least that Charkins's attempts to kick morality into the closet so that it won't bother economists fails as soon as one considers demand for goods and labor varies, and not solely as a function of scarcity.

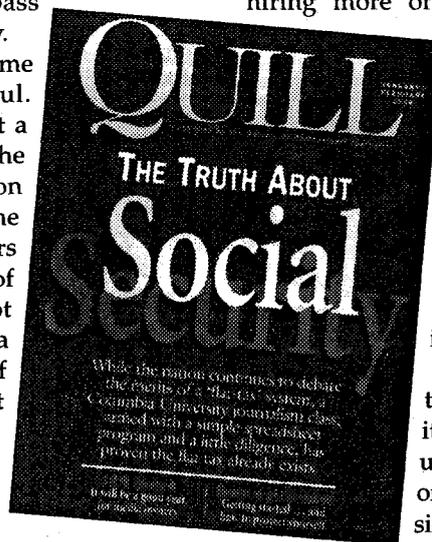
Economies simply do not work by figuring out what's rare and pricing accordingly. They also depend on whether anybody wants what's being offered. I'm sure all of us can think of things that we can do that few others can do-- chug an entire pitcher of beer, organize your sock drawer by date of purchase, drive 55 (you go Sammy!), etc. Surely we'd all be rich if all we had to do was to demonstrate a unique ability. Unfortunately, though, no one cares about my incredible Minesweeping ability, so that even though I'm better than any one I know, I could still get much more money doing a mediocre job slapping burgers together than I can for this highly developed skill. The morality in economics is found in Charkins's first two principles: People choose and all choices involve costs. People have a finite amount of time and money and must decide what to do with it.

A decision to spend one's time and money on one thing prohibits one from paying for and doing other things. Charkins seems to recognize this when writing about some economic decisions, writing "if we send troops to Bosnia, what could we have done with the resources being used? If we reduce class size in kinder-

garten through 4th grade, what could have been done with the resources involved?" However, Charkins doesn't ask "if we spend \$7 million a year paying a man to toss a ball about with other men, what could we have done with the resources involved?" It's pretty likely that, if we stopped spending so many millions of dollars competing for the rare spectacle of professional sports, we could make a decent start at reducing class size by hiring more of those abundant teachers, and maybe send a couple of guys over to Bosnia to teach them how to play nice with others. It may be just my suspicious mind, but it seems that Charkins brings up the spectre of misplaced resources whenever discussing relatively altruistic economic decisions, but defends more selfish interests by appealing to their scarcity.

When we keep in mind that all decisions to spend our limited resources necessarily prevent us from spending those resources on other things, all economic decisions are moral ones. The city governments spending millions of dollars on shiny new stadiums to keep small cliques of multi-millionaires in the city are not spending that money on education, health care, infrastructure, and all of the other things that people really need more than entertainment (And this is to me a failure to do one of the important jobs of government: To combine and spend our money on things that we really need that are on such a scale or demand such specialized training that we can't effectively think about them or do them for ourselves.) Closer to home, the money spent to go to a Billy Joel concert at one of these shiny stadiums goes partially to pay off your own debt because your government borrowed hundreds of millions against your future labor to build the stadium, and partially to other millionaires and their hangers-on. It doesn't go to the long-term improvement of your mind or body or of those less fortunate than you.

My point here is not to condemn anyone who likes to be entertained occasionally. It is a reminder that each decision you make precludes the making of certain others, and that some decisions are more important than others. Regardless of how rare something might be, it only has value if people want it, and its relative value is determined by how much people want it compared to what else they are offered. If no one cared about running backs, there would be no one who possessed such skills, much less who makes millions for doing so. Consider carefully what you value before you decide to spend time and money, and think about what else you could spend your resources on. Our morals speak loudly and clearly through the voices of our time and money.



"...If no one cared about running backs, there would be no one who possessed such skills, much less who makes millions for doing so."

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The Indescribable Oneness of Being Squirrel

By Squirrel

One month may seem like an eternity if under the right conditions. Unfortunately yours truly suffered those conditions. The winter break may seem like a joyous time for all students, a time for relaxation, an escape from the hectic life of failing classes and belligerent professors. I was ready to embrace the blessed complacency that awaited me on the other side of the train station. One thing stood in my way.

Alcohol.

Or more specifically the lack thereof. For when the last day of class arrived, I decided that I had been imbibing far too many narcotics and mood-altering substances for my own good. See, at the start of the summer of 97', I embarked on a quest to partake of every drug on the market. Soon enough, by virtue of a job at 7-11 and many connections in the drug community, I was closing in on my goal. The list was growing shorter and becoming more dangerous with each drug left.

I felt this endeavor to be one of the most enlightening experiences in my short life.

I learned of the many dangers of drug abuse, and of the many wonders of responsible experimentation. I got to live each day in a new world, some good, some rather disturbing.

But if I learned one thing over all from this it was my desire to inform as many people as possible about the truth behind drugs. The truth about their effects, their detriments, and the culture they inhabit.

But I digress; I write to inform our dear readers of these experiences, and so I begin with the most wide-spread drug I know of: Alcohol. Alcohol is a part of every student's life. Either you drink or one of your friends does. If you don't know the effects of hooch, then let me learn ya a bit.

Alcohol is measured by "proof," which is the percentage of alcohol in whatever you're drinking. On a whole, beer ranges from nine to twelve proof (or

4.5% to 6% alcohol), wine about twelve to sixteen (6%-8%), and hard liquor anywhere from 20 to 180 (10%-90%). Drinking anything with a proof over 130 is reserved for seasoned veterans or the suicidal. Generally speaking, the harder the liquor, and the faster you drink it, the more severe your inebriation, and consequently how crappy you'll feel the next day.

The biggest effect of alcohol is mood enhancement. If you're happy and drunk you'll be ecstatic; if you're depressed you'll probably be dead before the night is through. Hence, the first rule of drinking is to never drink after a bad day --trust me, it won't help. While this may not seem so bad at first remember that your feelings can change at a moment's notice and to be careful of the situation in which you're drinking.

Drinking is considered a sport by many students here. They believe that if you're going to drink, you better drink 'til you pass out. I'm not saying they're wrong, and quite often I can be seen in cahoots with many of these hardcore drunks. They focus more on the end result of drinking than the actual process, sacrificing quality for quantity and taste for economy. Noble in their own right, they take drinking to he-man like heights that, although meant in good natured fun, end up either in pain or degradation.

Few people recognize drinking as the true art that it is. These few, many of whom come from distinguished lines of alcoholics and connoisseurs of inebriation, respect the drink for its power and history. They realize that hooch is not for abusing, but for cultured consumption, resulting in one of the most blissful states known in the drug community. They see alcohol as the best substance on the earth, for its availability, its simple elegance, and its wondrous effects. Personally, I respect them for their dedication, and adopt many of their theories into my own drinking practices. Unfortunately, in their blind awe of liquor, they ignore one of the most important aspects of alcohol's history; that of its celebratory value.

Drink began as one of the prime directives. We had to start or else we would wither into nothingness. The pixies had warned us that once we had our first sips we would never return. And we had those first sips of pixie-nectar and the stars began swimming about their great heights, and mankind wondered why. And we wondered, and all explanations were for naught for none but Willie the Naked could explain what was going on, for none but he had the insight and the keen awareness to overcome mortal fears and dilly-dallying. And upon the overcoming of mortal fears and dilly-dallying did we rise to the mountain-top, though our lungs were shriveled with cold and fear and whiteness. But trudged on did we, and none could stop us, for we had the specialness of drink within our pants, and no one whom we met would touch us in our pants. This made us well-nigh invincible, and sparkley nonetheless.

Willie the Naked shed some bullshit and was gone. The rest of us were abandoned by Willie amongst the caverns of the sticky. Sticky we were and sticky we would pass into the great beyond; however, if a sticky-one's thoughts were to be adopted by those close to mainstream thought, he would be saved and bring a new light upon the land. Such new light, however, had to be paid for by commercial advertisements, and every success in such an adversarial world would guarantee only the buying of trinkets and snacks, not the waving adulation of the mall-rats and fashion-police. These forces were harder to sway-- they wanted proof that we could wear the outfits and not snarf our drinks.

Snarfing? Snarfing? We had practiced long and hard so that those high-haired bitches couldn't steal our crown. They thought they ruled the food court, but they were afraid to be seen with yogurt sauce dripping down, down to where they needed a man to wipe it away.

And you think we couldn't wipe that yogurt sauce away? Ha! Ha! Ha!

So in conclusion drink. Drink often, drink well but drink safely.

Valentine's Day Sucks Balls

By Amanda C. Stevens

We are quickly approaching Valentine's Day and I'd like to provide some advice on what to get that special someone. As a skeptic, I have written Valentine's Day off as an offensive celebration of all things mushy. Anyone who really believes that romance and Valentine's Day are linked has those nasty candy hearts where their brains should be. A little known fact is that those candy hearts are actually made of Mylanta. The only cultural relevance that Valentine's Day has today is to show who has gained acceptance from society and who has not. This holiday was created to make certain single members of society feel like unloved lepers without any chance of redemption. How many times have you found yourself saying, "Crap, tomorrow is Valentine's and I have no date, no prospect of getting a date, or even the prospect of finding a suitable rock to hide under from all of the societal pressure to conform."

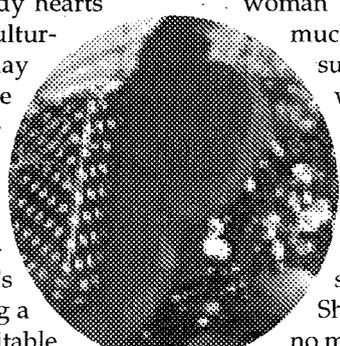
However, for the simple-minded who still believe this single day can save them from an otherwise bleak existence, I offer up these ideas for gifts. First, I have some advice for guys with girlfriends. Whatever you get her better be pretty damn impressive because by the time a girl has reached college age she's already gotten all the standard gifts. I suggest something a little more original than the dozen red roses cliché. Most women love chocolate, although avoid those cheap

Russell Stover candies. Most attractive girls have been getting that shit since junior high school. If you really like a girl, than perhaps a piece of jewelry. But I warn you now, if it's cubic zirconia, she may kick your ass. In my experience, items along the lines of bagel toasters and edible panties just don't cut it. If your woman breaks up with you after Valentine's, you can almost be sure it was the gift.

Now I should suggest the gifts that a woman could get her man. Yet, after much deep contemplation on the subject, I have decided to advise women to save their money. You do not have to do anything to please him except show up. But if you're set on doing something, you can't go wrong with an obscenely large screen T.V. or some kind of gadget from the Sharper Image. Another gift that no man would turn down is sex. Men especially love those erotic fantasies. However, you might not want to wrap yourself in Saran wrap. It can be awfully sweaty and hard to accessorize.

I have also come up with a few ideas for those among you who view this holiday with as much contempt as I do. If we were living in a bizarre-o universe, then Valentine's Day would mean something horrible to your Ex. Why not send a reminder to your Ex of why you broke up in the first place? You could go the tame route and deliver a bouquet of dead flowers a la Adams family.

You could also send a gift certificate for a burial plot with a cute card that says something like "Drop Dead." You could also send a singing telegram. These services usually don't do Marilyn Manson covers, but getting a singing telegram is pretty horrific to begin with. For the daring among you, I'm sure we've all heard the "pig's heart with a stake through it," although that has become slightly passe. In fact, it may seem too impersonal. Another idea is to find that old stuffed animal that your Ex gave you and send it back to him or her, in pieces. For example, grab that cutesy white bear who proudly proclaims, "I love you beary much!" and pull its arms and legs off and mail it in individual packages to your Ex. It has a certain edge of malevolent personality. Another idea was spawned for me by a class I took in modern art. First, get a wooden board about 28" X 32", some sharp nails, and some gruesome red paint at your local hardware store. Pound or crucify Mr. Bear onto the board with nails. Then drench it in paint or blood, however, this emphasis is not mandatory. Then get out your camera and take pictures. I suggest mailing two or three angles to your Ex. Perhaps your Ex will begin to think about you in a different way, although that could be the kind of way in which they get a restraining order against you. The gift that I am sending to my Ex for Valentine's Day is a marvelous silver nutcracker in the shape of a squirrel. Not only is it imported, but it cracks even the most stubborn nuts. I'm sure he'll love it along with the in-home proctology exam I ordered for him. Happy Valentine's Day!





Cookin' With Mocha



By Ed Ballard

Dear friends, when last we met, the nature and concerns of my constituency was at once bawdy and ripe with a wanton lascivious nature heretofore unseen by yours truly. Or as my dearly yet-to-be-departed mother would say more succinctly, "ya'll some F**ED UP MoFo's." Such a lovely way with words, she has. Anyway, the disturbing nature of your letters to my column nearly earned me a spot on the street at the hands of this very newspaper. The brother who was so thoughtless as to use the word 'PYGMY' in his letter nearly lost me this gig. Furthermore, Mr. Tattoo, I should wish to inform you that your fast and loose terminology incurred the fast and furious wrath of the editorial board who, (lord be praised), in all their infinite wisdom saw fit to change the vile epithet 'PYGMY' to the more kindly 'dwarf.' Let this be a lesson to us all as we begin anew. I, for one, fully intend to screen every letter that comes to me and I shall reject every sex driven obscure minority who dares impune the honor of this paper. That being said, let's begin...

Q: Hey, Mocha, what it be lookin' like my friend! I'm am wanting to ask of you... how do you say, how can I get a chick to respect me. I am a former member of the power rock group Stryper. Since I left band in search of self, I find many friend as carnival geek and sometime regular on Jerry Springer show. On one show I meet African woman who love men who eat chicken heads, glass, and lead paint in exchange for money. How can get her to jump my bones when she not understand my reverence for Christ? Should I convert the ho so we can get it on? Or ignore the 'pygmy' bitch and get

an eskimo strumpet to play with?

A. Religion can be a funny thing. Often, beautiful as well as destructive religion in this case is hindering the openness and love that could flower between the two of you. I think the idea here is to open a dialogue with her and share your misgivings concerning her lack of faith. With any luck the two of you can reach an understanding that will be emotionally empowering as well as endearing. (Mr. editor, sir, I hope you appreciate my pathetic attempts to appease and please)

Q. Hello Mr. Mocha. In your endless wisdom do you think that you could help me with my rather dire situation. My husband and I are thinking of having a second child. Little Robbie, our first, is very used to being the focus of attention. How can we broach the subject and keep from upsetting him? Any advice you could spare would be much appreciated. Thanks again and keep up the good work!

A. Well sweetie, there are always a few words I can spare for people like you and your husband.... You miserable, disgusting worms. Did you really think I wouldn't see through your smut ridden plea? You want me to tell you that it's acceptable to add another sniveling creature to what is surely some sort of sex toy chest of children. I've never been so repulsed. Madam, you'd do well to stay clear of me or I swear I'll put your twisted ballgag discounters ass in a sling....FREAK!!

Q. Eddie B., I am very well off. In fact just recently, I paid much money to have myself augmented by a plastic surgeon. I know that this is a practice usu-

ally associated with low self esteem, but I was getting nowhere in the club scene. Now, I have pectoral implants and an enlargement in an area that would put any of Catherine the Great's lovers to shame (thats read as any). The problem is that I think that my doctor may have gone a tad overboard. The old joke about coiling one's self around one's leg is not funny. I have a serious problem here. Jesus, I can't stay conscious long enough to enjoy knocking boots any more.

A. My friend: I believe that I can be of some assistance to you. Being a natural - long term sufferer of said condition, I can empathize with your plight. Perhaps you might consider a career as a firefighter, or world class rodeo contestant (calf roping being your specialty). Or, and might I add this is far and away the best move for you to consider, I have connections with the Jerry Springer show and the circus freak circuit. Both of these are right up your alley. P.S. and by the way, I've been contacted by the Italian Brotherhood of Erotic Gondoliers and they are willing to make a deal (I get 10%).

As always it's been more than a gas. And if that was all that it was, I'll be a friend and pretend that I don't know what the smell is either.

Ed Ballard is a syndicated boychick with a degree in 'Super-Modeling' from the Skinny-Armed Loser's school of traffic affairs in Walla Walla, Washington. This column, as always, is the result of Phil Russo's unending whining.

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Love, Marriage, And Execution

By Terry McLaren

The Mikado is one of Gilbert and Sullivan's most popular operas. Since its first production in London in 1885, this tale of love, marriage, intrigue and execution has enjoyed enormous success. Its triumph exceeded expectations and brought its creators to new heights literally and musically. Opera a la Carte, the US's foremost Gilbert and Sullivan touring reparatory company, and the Commonwealth Chamber Orchestra brought the master work to the Staller Center on Saturday, February 7. Over one hundred years after its creation, *The Mikado* is still as fresh, funny, and enjoyable as ever. Opera a la Carte was founded by Gilbert and Sullivan specialist Richard Sheldon in 1970. It started as a small concert ensemble which gave its first performances at a music school and a dinner theatre in Southern California. Opera a la Carte soon expanded into schools and colleges, still common performance venues for the company. In 1975, the group put on *The Mikado*, its first full scale production, in Northern California accompanied by the Oakland Symphony Orchestra.



The Mikado takes place in the imaginary Japanese town of Titipu. The show is a series of schemes and plots centering on a young woman named Yum-Yum who is the ward of Ko-Ko, a cheap tailor. Ko-Ko intends to marry her as soon as possible. Enter Nanki-Poo (go figure on the names), a wandering minstrel who has fallen in

love with Yum-Yum. Upon hearing that Ko-Ko is to be executed for flirting, Nanki-Poo traveled to Titipu to find and marry Yum-Yum. Yes, flirting is an offense punishable by beheading in Gilbert and Sullivan's feudal Japan. Unfortunately for the potentially happy couple, Ko-Ko has been reprieved, and appointed Lord High Executioner, so not only is he not dying, but he still plans to wed Yum-Yum. The plot thickens (further) when Nanki-Poo confides in Yum-Yum that he is the son of the Mikado (emperor of Japan) who fled his father's court to avoid marrying Katisha, a bitter, elderly lady of the court.

A potential solution is found when Ko-Ko receives a letter from the Mikado demanding that he get started with his duties and execute someone. Since Ko-Ko doesn't want to execute himself, even though he's the most likely candidate, he suggests that Nanki-Poo, who's on the verge of suicide anyway, take his place. Nanki-Poo agrees, but only on the condition that he get to marry Yum-Yum for a month first. Ko-Ko can marry her after the execution. Everyone is fine with that until word comes from the Mikado that he will arrive shortly to see if his orders are being carried out. Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum get married and go into seclusion while a suitably graphic execution story is thought up.

The Mikado arrives, trailed by Katisha,

and hears the gory tale of death. He then announces that this is all well and good, but he is actually there to search for his son Nanki-Poo. A heartbroken Katisha realizes that it's Nanki-Poo who was "executed" and goes ballistic. The Mikado joins her and sentences the "executors" to death. But before that, he must break for lunch. While the Mikado is noshing, Ko-Ko finds Nanki-Poo who suggests that the only way to remedy the situation is for Ko-Ko to marry Katisha. The disgusted but desperate Ko-Ko complies and the surprised Katisha takes the bait. In the final scene, the Mikado returns from lunch and finds Nanki-Poo very much alive. All is explained and there is much rejoicing (yea! yea! yea!), except on the part of Katisha who is subsequently told to stuff it.

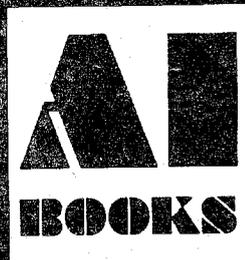
An admitted *Mikado* fan since the tender age of eight, I was thrilled with Opera a la Carte's performance. The costumes and performances were terrific. The show had much more intricate choreography than other production's

"...potential execution victims, including 'apologetic Statesman of the compromising kind.' Coincidence or incredible foresight?"

I've seen and I was very impressed overall. In contrast, the scenery and props were kept to a bare minimum, also a good move. This kept the audience's focus on the story and the performers. Sir Arthur

Sullivan's lilting music and William S. Gilbert's masterful lyrics stay with you far after the show is over. In "They'll None of Them be Missed", Ko-Ko runs through the names of his potential execution victims, including "apologetic Statesman of the compromising kind." Coincidence or incredible foresight? I'll let the reader be the judge of that.

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Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger



The Jesus Lizard
The Jesus Lizard
(Jetset)

File under *Barnum, P.T.*: in the spirit of showmanship that so inspires The Jesus Lizard's live performances, the band has released a "teaser" for their upcoming album, *Blue*. And, like I feel after seeing most trailers, I have absolutely no idea what the movie is about.

The EP begins with "Cold Water," a spasmodic little thrasher about a wheelchair-bound invalid trapped in a flooding basement. Other than a sleeker production style courtesy of Andy Gill (alumnus of punk veterans Gang Of Four), this is standard Jesus Lizard fare: violent situations, a lyrical style that puts the listener in the mind of the narrator, and a tense blend of funk, punk, rock and country twang that perfectly matches vocalist David Yow's

frantic wailing. This is music that one Texas chainsaw massacres to.

There are two more tracks with vocals, but neither of them has the primal rock hook that is the trademark of every Jesus Lizard classic. It's nice to see Yow working with stream-of-consciousness, though: he strays from his blood-soaked hick noir a bit on "Inflicted By Hounds," which finds the diminutive demon in his abstract best on lines like "Gazpacho, Gestapo, gefilte, Gemilla."

Of greater interest are the two instrumentals that close the EP. Although the band has been turning music on its ear for almost a decade now, "Valentine" and "Needles For Teeth" are a complete departure from anything they've ever done. The former is so mellow that it's practically an exercise in restraint, and it's *warm*, a soft piece recorded by a band whose only resemblance to the one behind "Cold Water" is the warbly synth notes towards the end of the song. "Needles For Teeth" is another story altogether. Remixed by John Cale (The Velvet Underground) from an original to be released later this year, the song is a twister of cut-up coughing and freaked-out noises that fits perfectly around a rather pretty piano melody, in much the same way the receptors of a person's brain fit perfectly with the lysurgic acid molecules that probably inspired such a masterpiece. Maybe The Jesus Lizard are getting soft in their old age, but *The Jesus Lizard* proves that "soft" is a far cry from "boring."

itself, so Lemmy Kilminster will forever go down as the Ruler of Rasp. But to actually do something *catchy* with that approach is another matter altogether.

Leatherface had spent a good number of years releasing drab import-only hardcore LPs before they wrote *Mush*, which remains -- along with a hard-to-find Your Choice Live Series EP split with Jawbox -- their only domestic US release. They chose the best, because *Mush* is undoubtedly their crowning masterpiece.

Devoid of peace and quiet, Leatherface follows their namesake by applying speed, harsh brutality, and blistering attacks to their songwriting. Not a single song on *Mush* could be misconstrued as a ballad, or even a mid-tempo rocker. It's 110%, or nothing at all. While most bands who stick to one sound with such stubborn-minded tenacity are boring (and played on the radio incessantly -- go figure), Leatherface instead adds just a touch of pop sensibility to the mix and comes away with supersonic pop-punk.

Vocalist/frontman Frankie Stubbs sings with a growl so harsh that it borders on self-parody.



Between his English accent, all but blown to shreds by the deadly diaphragm delivery, and the lyrics --which range from bad ("Everybody knows how to cook baked potatoes/Everybody knows but they still tell you") to inappropriate (the line "We won't make bargains and won't deal with markets" is tacked on at the end of "I Want The Moon" for no apparent reason)-- Stubbs is practically useless.

And still, one can't help tapping his or her foot to the beat while making fun of the band's flaws. Stubbs may be one of the few lyricists whose good intentions save his poor delivery. Every ounce of his heart and soul comes through on these 15 tracks, whether it's the personal misery of "Not A Day Goes By" (probably the only breakup song I've ever heard that steers clear of both self-pity and vengeance), the nostalgic "Springtime," or the merciless spit of contempt that is "Pandora's Box." The band rounds things off nicely on its last track, a faster-harder rendition of The Police's "Message In A Bottle" that shows where they could have gone if the other band members had found a way to curb Sting's ego.

SOMETHING WE MISSED

Leatherface
Mush
(Seed)

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WUSB 90.1 FM TOP 30

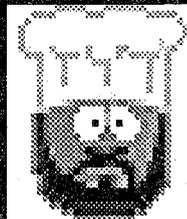
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- 1.air: moon safari (caroline)
- 2.black grape: stupid stupid stupid (radioactive)
- 3.hum: downward is heavenward (rca)
- 4.skatelites: ball of fire (island)
- 5.pastels: illumination (up)
- 6.aquarhythms: greetings from...(astralwerks)
- 7.arcana: arc of testimony (island)
- 8.rodeo boy: how is it where you are (sit n spin)
- 9.imani coppola: chupacabra (columbia)
- 10.mono: formica blues (mercury)
- 11.robert wyatt: shleep (thirsty ear)
- 12.holiday flyer: rainbow confection (silver girl)
- 13.baby bird: ugly beautiful (atlantic)
- 14.komputer: world of tomorrow (mute)
- 15.velour 100: of color bright (tooth and nail)
- 16.movietone: day and night (drag city)
- 17.halo benders: rebels not in (k)
- 18.stinkaholic: melee (two o six)
- 19.class: first (double agent)
- 20.pell mell: star city (matador)
- 21.mick harvey: pink elephants (mute)
- 22.the dave chow experience: rootbeer & cheese (tvt)
- 23.mary lou lord: got no shadow (sony)
- 24.last crime: s/t (omega)
- 25.alpha: come from heaven (virgin)
- 26.for against: shelf life (world domination)
- 27.transistor sound and lighting: s/t (vik)
- 28.curve: chinese burn (universal)
- 29.ted swedalla: play with it 'til it's raw (defco)
- 30.c-tec: darker (tvt)

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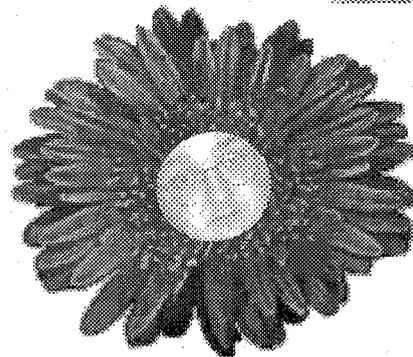
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