

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XIX No. 14

Slap My Hind With A Melon Rind, But That's My Penguin State O' Mind

April 15, 1998

Nine out of ten goofy floating heads agree...



It's **THE BIG FUNNY ISSUE**

Students to Lobby in Albany

By Michael Yeh

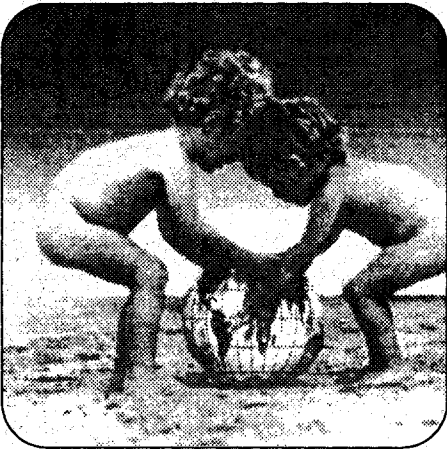
Campus environmental activists plan to join other lobbyists in an annual pilgrimage to Albany on Monday, May 11 to encourage support for earth-friendly legislation.

The "Earth Day, Lobby Day" event organized by the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG) allows students a chance to meet key legislators and to voice their concerns. "The students and faculty need to make sure that their interests are being represented up in Albany," said Todd Stebbins, Project Coordinator of the Stony Brook Chapter.

One of the main proposals this year is the Neighbor Notification bill, which requires 48-hour advance notice before commercial application of chemical pesticides on a neighbor's property. This bill would allow people to protect their children and pets from unnecessary exposure to potentially dangerous chemicals.

Pesticide use is a particularly sensitive issue on Long Island, where there is much debate about a suspected link to the region's unusually high breast cancer rate. "One in eight women on Long Island has breast cancer," said Stebbins. "If people don't think pesticides have something to do with that, then they need to open their eyes."

Other issues of local interest included pro-



posals to regulate the practices of utility companies. NYPIRG plans to propose a \$400 million clean energy fund that will expand renewable energy programs and increase the state's energy efficiency. Several members of the State Assembly, including former Stony Brook professor Steven Englebright, have introduced the Ratepayer Protection And Utility Competition Act Of 1998. This act shall replace the Long Island Power Authority Board with an elected board in order to prevent the \$7 million LILCO bailout that may result in higher electricity rates. It also requires the Public Service Commission to reexamine LILCO's current rates and establish retail competition. Stebbins said, "If you live on Long Island, the proposed bailout of LILCO will tie you to an enormously generous deal by the ratepayers for the next 33 years."

Participants shall also discuss what they perceive to be deficiencies in the state budget and the Superfund toxic waste cleanup program. Although the 1998 budget contains over \$1 billion in environmental programs, there is no money allocated for Superfund, which is expected to run out of money in the next fiscal year.

The New York State Department of Environmental Conservation estimates that approximately \$2.5 billion will be needed to clean up more than 900 toxic waste dumps. But activists

believe that stronger standards, faster action, and more citizen participation are needed for the program to be effective.

Lobbyists will be addressed by representatives from the Citizens' Environmental Coalition and Environmental Advocates, as well as the chairs of the Senate and Assembly Environmental Conservation Committees. After the lobby meetings, Governor George Pataki will host a question and answer session.

But for the students, this meeting with lawmakers offers a rare glimpse into the world of politics. "This is an educational opportunity for students," said Stebbins. "They'll also be up there to make sure Long Island is cleaner, more affordable, and safer for future generations."

NYPIRG's State Board Representative Elections will be held on Thursday, May 6th. Students on the State Board will meet 6 times a year to decide what projects and agendas NYPIRG will be working on each year. A letter of intent must be filed in the NYPIRG office to be nominated. Call 2-6457 or visit in 079 Student Union.

Terror, Torment, and Tyranny

By Jill Baron

On Tuesday, April 7th, Stony Brook was graced with the presence of Dr. William Schulz, the executive director of Amnesty International USA. An embarrassingly small smattering of people gathered in the SAC auditorium to hear his lecture, a fact which beautifully illustrated one of the main points of the evening; most Americans don't give a shit about human rights because it doesn't touch them.

Dr. Schulz was introduced by Ron Sala, a member of the Unitarian Universalist Campus Ministry, which sponsored the visit. Dr. Schulz was appointed Executive Director of Amnesty in 1994. He is also an ordained Unitarian Universalist Minister, and has been involved in human rights causes for many years. From 1985 to 1993, Dr. Schulz served on the Council of the International Association of Religious Freedom, the oldest international interfaith organization in the world. He has also been outspoken in opposition to the death penalty, and in support of women's rights, gay and lesbian rights and racial justice. He has served on the boards of People for the American Way, Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Center for the Study of Commercialism, and Americans United for the Separation of Church and State, among others.

"Amnesty doesn't exist to deal with the petty difficulties of everyday life," said Dr. Schulz. "It exists to deal with troubles like those of a twelve year old Pakistani boy, who was sold into slavery at age three by his parents, branded on his left cheek when he was six, his right eye taken out when he was nine because he asked to return to see

his mother. Troubles like those. Or troubles like those of women in Afghanistan, who, under the rule of Islamic Militants, can have their fingers chopped off if they are seen to be wearing rings, to have their feet chopped off if they are seen to be wearing white socks. Troubles like those, or troubles like those of fifteen-year-old Tibetan monks and nuns who are in jails in Tibet, simply for having demonstrated peacefully, in support of Tibetan freedom, and who are tortured regularly by Chinese guards, using electric shock batons applied to the monks' and nuns' ears, and teeth, and genitalia. Troubles like those. That's the kind of world we live in, and that's why Amnesty International exists."

Amnesty was founded in 1961. Today, according to Dr. Schulz, 1.1 million people worldwide are involved in efforts to free what he referred to as "prisoners of conscience." Amnesty exists specifically to end political executions, unfair trials, torture, unfair imprisonments, and executions of any kind, wherever they are found around the world. They accomplish these goals by several means; there is, of course, the letter-writing campaigns, which have freed many political prisoners around the world. Amnesty also calls into account governments, including our own, and paramilitary organizations who are inflicting terror on their populations. "But fundamentally, what Amnesty does," says Dr. Schulz, "is tell the truth. You know, for some reason, tyrants hate the truth. No matter how powerful they think themselves to be, they despise the truth. They fear it, and they flee it."

Dr. Schulz went on to outline some of the challenges that the human rights cause faces today.

After the Cold War, many people were under the impression that the struggle for human rights was over. However, the numbers tell otherwise; in 1989, the year the Berlin Wall fell, the number of countries in which political killings took place was 40; the number today is 61. In 1989, the number of countries that practiced torture was 96; today, it's 120. While the incidences of human rights violations have increased, America's concern for events that occur beyond our shores has decreased. This ambivalent attitude of the general public is one of the biggest challenges that the human rights movement faces. Perhaps if Americans knew that human rights violations occur here as well, their attitudes would change. It is a common practice for female inmates, even at the lowest security levels, to be sexually assaulted by male guards in our prisons. This country also has one of the worst police brutality records; 5% of all Americans, and 9% of all African Americans, say they have been brutalized by the police; that's 12.5 million people. Why don't Americans seem to care? "Americans hate problems which they can't easily understand or solve. Genocide, torture, massive killings; these things never make sense," Dr. Schulz offered in explanation. Lack of concern remains the primary challenge to the work of Amnesty International.

Dr. Schulz was an animated, eloquent speaker. The weak turnout was telling; I was hoping that educated college students would show some concern for an issue as vital as the rights of fellow human beings. Unfortunately for all the victims in the world, the human rights movements can't advance much farther until we all start giving a shit.

Enemies of (Civil) Society

By Chris Sorochin

I think I owe myself a little break from all the serious world-shaking issues that I normally devote precious newsprint ranting about. In the spirit of the "civility" campaign now gripping New York, I thought I'd take this opportunity to sound off about some threats to a genteel and civilized society that seem to have been overlooked. In other words, the story I was planning was postponed at the last minute due to a little problem with Internal Affairs (hint, hint) and I'm going to do what all writers do when in the savage grip of Spring Winter's Block. This will be an article about not very much at all, a sort of Ex-Lax for the creative fluids. I'm going to render a polemic on petty, minuscule, picayune matters—what my girlfriend, when she wants to deflate my considerable ego, refers to as one of my "Alpo" or "byproduct" efforts. As a final affront, she compares me to Andy Rooney and I have no choice but to withhold from her the favors of my boudoir until she comes groveling.

Those twisted individuals who read me on a regular basis know that some of my major dislikes are war, imperialism, capitalism, bigotry and Puritanism. Railing against all these big-time ills gets a little monotonous and struggling against them can seem impossible. So let's go to the grass roots and tackle some of the little things that make life suck. In the frolicsome mood of spring, I hope to advance a lighter (if not more pleasant) tone in addressing some public nuisances for which no burdensome quality of life statutes exists as of yet. I have no problem with jaywalking, open containers or smoking weed in public. I'm an avid practitioner of all three. Here, though, are some offenses that ought to be criminal. If you are one of the vile hooligans who are guilty of these transgressions, either reform yourself or die accursed:

HOGS

"The Whole Pizza Joint Revolves Around Me" Now, when you see that there's only one shaker of crushed red pepper in the place, why must you take it to your table as if it were your own personal property? Is it just thoughtlessness or do you crave obliging others to come over and ask your kind permission to use it?

Analysis: these folks are self-absorbed and crave attention because they were not loved enough as children. Perhaps it's because they're not very lovable in the first place.

Treatment: Do as Overattentive Waiters (See below) do and wait until their mouths are full when you ask them for your condiment of choice.

Other Variations: Phone Hogs: Just keep on yakking about nothing at all even though you see me standing here waiting. That's right, now turn your back in the hopes that I'll disappear.

Line Staller: At ticket window and food counters, these lead-assed plodders hold lengthy discussions about trivial matters while you stand there missing your train or watching your lunch get cold.

Public Transportation Wall-Builders. Everyone likes to have elbow room, but some on our occasionally crowded buses and trains employ snotty little strategies to discourage others from sitting next to them. On buses, this usually takes the form of loading up the adjoining seat with packages. Women are the worst offenders at this, perhaps feeling they'll be groped if some sleazy pervert sits beside them. However, few to none of the women I see doing this are any that I'd even remotely consider groping.

On trains, there are those who sit on the end, so no one will want to climb over them to get to a seat and others who sit in the middle of a three-seat configuration hoping to get all three to themselves. Others like to sprawl over two or three seats or pretend to be asleep.

Analysis: sexually abused as children and now fear the touch of other human beings. Or simply think they're too good to have to rub elbows with someone else.

Treatment: Whenever I see someone who looks as if they're trying one of these tricks, I head right for them, merrily chirp "Excuse me" and squeeze right in, up close and personal. For full effect, one, or all, of the following may be a nifty accessory to make the punishment so much more infernal:

1) a previously-eaten meal (one hour ahead ideal) heavy on garlic, beans or cabbage; preferably all three.

2) a really sneezy, runny cold, one where the gunk just won't stop coming.

3) heavy intoxication on something messy (alcohol, heroin, opium are best)

4) several days without bathing

5) a very loud walkman

AMERICAN OBSESSION: THE AUTOMOBILE

"I'm In a Speeding Car and You're Not" As a pedestrian, it constantly amazes me how much hostility you can attract simply by walking along the road minding your own business. What kind of asshole thinks it's great sport to scream at someone who can't possibly reply? I once saw some dickhead bellow at a couple of Central Americans landscapers toiling away in someone's front yard. Quicker than you can say Quetzalcoat, one pint-sized son of the Mayan heaved a good-sized rock that came within inches of the phlegm-clogged cranium of the motorcycle moron. And would you believe it? He actually got all bent out of shape about it, twisting his mug into an even more simian appearance and grunting threats.

Analysis: Beaten as children, they now need an unfair advantage. Like your classic school bully, they're basically cowards, and can only deal in terms of power, not as equals.

"My Car Makes Noise" I'm not referring here to those sorry rustbuckets whose owners can't afford a visit to Midas or Meineke. The yutzes I'm talking about spend large amounts of money to make their chrome-and-custom-paint-job idols sound this way. The thickest part of all is when they pull out or turn a corner with that obnoxious roar that's supposed to impress everybody. It's like wearing a sign that says, "I'm a douchebag and proud of it." Even in my nightmares, I hope to never meet up with the woman who's impressed by all this.

Analysis: Small penis and mind to match.

"My Car is too Good to Get Scratched, So It's Taking Up Two Parking Spaces"

Analysis: Overzealous toilet training. Can't handle the fact that life is messy and nothing stays cherry forever. Possible fear of sexuality.

Treatment: Everyone carries keys.

ON THE JOB

Overattentive Waiters. In direct and obnoxious counterpoint to the more traditional Slow and Surly Service are these grinning emissaries from the Pit. They particularly infest new enterprises and those hoping to give themselves facelifts. The underwhelming experience starts off with a big artificial smile and "Hi. My name is _____ and I'll be annoying the hell out of you this evening" and ends with "Do you want your change?" Of course I do, because I decide what your tip will be and it's getting smaller every time you come by to ask if everything's OK. If I need something, I'll look in your direction and try to make eye contact. You may be an aspiring performer, but you seem to have forgotten that your job is to be as unobtrusive as possible.

Haircutters Who Must Converse With You. OK, you've got me strapped and trapped in your

interrogation chair. You're holding a sharp instrument perilously close to my eyeballs and jugular. And you expect brilliant repartee as well? Psychology is part of your job, so after two or three laconic answers on my part, you should get the idea that I'm not here to make cocktail party chitchat or, worse, hear about your problems. Old men's barber shops, if you can still find one, are the worst. Once, lured by the prospect of a \$4.00 cheapo cut, your intrepid author had to endure the saga of how the lowlife psycho providing said "deal" was going to have to go over to the school and "straighten out" one of those teachers who had urged him to allow his daughter more freedom in her social life. Another wizened fossil (the Barber from Hell) gave me a lecture on follicles and wanted to lock me in his shop when he was half finished so he could go pick up his wife! Now I patronize the Dominican place right around the corner, where a convenient linguistic/cultural barrier precludes unsolicited exchanges. All I have to do is ask for "#3" and I get the freshest, phattest, flyest B-boy buzzcut this side of East New York.

Analysis: Probably tortured animals as children.

LIFESTYLE GRINCHES

Vegetarians Who Are Poor Guests. Listen, Broccoli Breath; I went to extra trouble to cook meatless dishes out of respect for your principles. I therefore do not need to be rewarded with the experience of overhearing you, without even attempting to whisper, tell another guest not to eat something else I slaved over because it contains dead animals. If you're so damned righteous, feel free not to accept another invitation to one of my soirees.

Non-Smokers Who Give a Phony Little Cough When They Walk By You. You've got control of almost all interior spaces and public facilities and still you've got to trumpet your supposed moral superiority? Fuck you.

Maybe you can come up with your own candidates for new Quality of Life Offenses. These are just mine, but if you have other suggestions, send them along, with a copy to Rudy at Gracie Mansion.

UPCOMING EVENTS

There will be a mass demonstration in front of the White house on Sunday, April 26, to close the School of the Americas and for the early release of the SOA 25, now languishing in various federal penitentiaries. Stony Brook campus activist Bill McNulty is being denied reading material and phone calls. They also sent him down for psychological evaluation when he put "ministry" as one of his professions. Monday, the 27th and Tuesday, the 28th will also be days of protest on the Capitol steps. There's a demonstration at the Pentagon every Monday at the ungodly hour of 7 am. SOA Watch can be reached at (202) 234-3440. Bill would love to hear from you! Write him at: Bill McNulty, Prisoner #88108-020, FPC Schuylkill, P.O. Box 670, Minnersville, Pa. 17954.

There are also rumors of a Million Marijuana March, for the decriminalization of a benign little plant that's very important medicinally and, used recreationally, is much safer than some more legal favorites. The demonstration is supposed to start in Washington Square Park, which is highly appropriate, as the Giuliani regime has recently instituted yet another jackboots crackdown on pot smoking in the park, to say nothing of the surveillance cameras. The date is Saturday, May 2 and the time will be high noon.

AN APPEAL TO OUR LEADERS

For going on twenty years, *The Press* has endeavored to keep the student body of Stony Brook abreast of what's going on around them. We consider it an essential part of our mission to expose the secrets of our higher ups, whether that's administration, the food service providers, or campus residences.

However, we often come up short in our quest for answers.

Administrative bodies on this campus are incredibly tight lipped, and it's nearly impossible to get a straight answer about *anything* from *anyone*. The bosses won't talk, and their subordinates are intimidated into silence.

Administrators rarely return our phone calls, and when they do, it's days or weeks later. Requests for information are refused, or that which is provided is woefully inadequate.

Ordinarily, this would be *our* problem, and we wouldn't be complaining about it in public. The problem, though, is that as a student newspaper, we are charged with both a responsibility to and the mandate of the student body. If we can't get informed, neither can the students.

This is a problem especially today, when the University faces so many changes in the upcoming years. With new buildings, programs and endeavors in the works, students need to be aware of what's coming. If administration won't talk to the media,

they're denying the right of the students to know what is being done with *their* money at *their* school.

It's our education, and it's our money. Students should have a say at every point in the planning of new buildings – and not just eleventh-hour bullshit like what happened with the SAC.

But how can students have a say when they don't even know what's going on? How can they tell Admin what they think about the new Campus Village, for instance, when Admin won't even release any details about it?

We need to be able to do our job, and the students need us to do it. But we're going to need help.

As such, we're calling on our elected officials to assist us.

Everyone from Monique Maylor and the Polity Senate to Steven Englebright and our local legislators has a responsibility to keep students informed. They need to pressure administration to tell the students what's going on, to request the documents that they won't give the media, and to help students be educated enough to plan their futures at Stony Brook.

Don't forget that you represent the students, just as we do, and that you too have a mandate to keep them informed. Ask questions! Demand answers! Use the power given you by the student body to help keep it vital.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Just Say "No" Polity This Week.

To the Editor:

Normally, I'm a big supporter of voter registration drives and anything that gets people to turn out to vote. I've always felt that an informed electorate keeps its government honest, and that the people are best served by widespread participation in the political process. As a matter of fact, I began to type today with the intention of urging people to come out and vote in this week's Polity elections.

But then, I took a look in the latest issue of *The Press*, and after zipping through their usual fare, finding one or two articles that were worthwhile, my eyes came to rest on the questionnaire responses from the Polity candidates. As I read them, one by one, my heart sank. I realized that, once again, the ballot is going to be full of a bunch of marginally literate morons. Roughly half of them declined to respond to the question that asked them to name their three favorite books. Have they ever read any? Still others were unable to follow directions and respond to the questions asked. Most of the candidates handed in responses that would make an EGC 101 instructor gouge their own eyes out so that they wouldn't have to read such remainings of English grammar anymore. The Press did the campus a real service by printing the candidates' responses "as is," with no corrections. A hearty Huzzah! to them for that.

It occurs to me that one of the many problems with Polity is that it's virtually impossible to field a successful campaign if one is a serious student. When you actually need to attend your classes, do your assigned reading, and produce some coherent writing, who has the time to execute the ballot-box stuffing, backstabbing, and intimidation that are the hallmarks of any successful Polity office holder? A real student simply can't compete, because she doesn't have enough free time; she's actually here to get an education. So what do we get instead? A bunch of under-achieving bottom feeders who can't construct a simple proper sentence. That's who we choose, year after year, to represent us to the rest of the world. It's little wonder that Governor Pataki thinks this school is a financial black hole when we show him people like these and say they are representative of our student body.

Once again, we have a batch of candidates that fail

to understand the issues. They almost uniformly rant about "diversity." At a recent CSA Leg meeting, Polity President Monique Maylor stated that, "people come to Stony Brook for diversity." Not exactly true. People come to Stony Brook to get an EDUCATION, the only quality, affordable one available on Long Island. Diversity is a wonderful concept, and we do have a nicely diverse student body, both because of our proximity to a diverse urban area and because of the school's policy of admitting students from all parts of the nation and world. But, Diversity, as it is being applied at Stony Brook, stinks. At Stony Brook, diversity means pandering to narrow special interests, and throwing money at cultural organizations in order to secure votes in Polity elections. Diversity at Stony Brook has meant that certain cultural organizations refused to even listen to Harvard's Dr. Nathan Glazer when he spoke here, because they "knew he was racist." Glazer studies race relations in America and poses the question of whether or not people are really ready to discuss racial issues logically and intellectually.

Diversity at Stony Brook has meant that these same cultural clubs brought CUNY's Dr. Leonard Jeffries to speak on campus, and refused to decry him as a racist. Dr. Jeffries expounds at great length about the inferiority of Europeans and the sinister designs of Jewish persons. Isn't Diversity at Stony Brook wonderful?

Diversity could be great here, like so much else at this school that has the potential for greatness but always disappoints. Diversity would be great if the cultural clubs actually interacted with each other. Diversity would be great if someone from Vietnam hung out with Hillel and learned what a Passover seder was, or if some guy from a town of 100 people in western Pennsylvania learned all about the struggle of African-Americans to achieve equality. But that happens seldom if at all. Instead, we get a bunch of clannish, insular groups getting Polity funding to hang out with each other, and excluding everyone else. The notion that someone from outside the cultural group is welcome at these functions is a myth. Try it sometime. This isn't diversity, it's divisive. As a result, we have no sense of ourselves as a unified special interest, Stony Brook students. Then we wonder why Albany thinks it can have its way with us. Some moron with a GPA higher than their IQ and only representing a sliver of the campus community doesn't make much of a lobbyist.

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The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by The Stony Brook Press, a student run and student funded non-profit organization. The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of the staff. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (516) 632-6451. Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 pm. First copy free. For additional copies contact Business Manager.

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REPORTING

JERICO '98

Amnesty for all political prisoners in the United States

By Rob Gilheany

On Friday, March 27th, five thousand people marched on Washington D.C., rallying at Lafayette Park, in front of the White House, to demand freedom and amnesty for all political prisoners being held in the United States.

Most political prisoners in the U.S. are activists who were involved in liberation struggles. These include members of the Black Panthers, the American Indian Movement, people involved in the movement for national independence of Puerto Rico, and some anti-apartheid activists. These prisoners were given outrageously harsh sentences that call into question the fairness of our judicial system and point to political bias interfering in the system itself.

The FBI engaged in human rights abuses in a campaigns against the Civil Rights movement, the Black Panthers, and the Anti-War movement, among others. This program was called the FBI Counter-intelligence Program (COINTELPRO). COINTELPRO had real victims, such as former Black Panther Doruba Bin Wahad, who spent 19 years in jail on trumped up charges.

The most well known political prisoner in the USA is Leonard Peltier, a member of the American Indian Movement, accused of shooting two FBI agents who were on the reservation. He

was convicted on flimsy evidence and the case smelled like trumped up charges to silence a leading AIM activist.

Mumia Abu Jamal is another political prisoner on death row in Pennsylvania. Mumia was a former Black Panther and advocacy journalist who covered MOVE, a black human rights and back-to-nature group that existed in Philadelphia in the 70's and early 80's. They were under constant attack from a right wing mayor, Frank Rizzo, and were subject to constant raids and beatings. Good MOVE was eventually bombed, and many were killed and maimed. No government official was brought to justice, just like Kent State 1970, but surviving members of MOVE were given long prison sentences.

Mumia's own case involves the shooting of a police officer who was engaging in police brutality. All the non-police witnesses at the trial have recanted the testimony against Mumia and have said that their testimonies were coerced by the Philadelphia police. In the penalty phase of the trial, the prosecution used Mumia's background in the Black Panthers against him to get the death penalty.

Remember Joe Doerity, the Irish refugee who was involved in the IRA struggle to get England out of North Ireland. He was illegally held in "preventive detention" by the Reagan administration - a political prisoner in the U.S. before being deported.

There has been some success with campaigns free these political prisoners, such as Doruba, the freeing of Geranimo Pratt (a former Black Panther falsely accused or murder) and the freeing of Rubin "Hurricane" Carter.

It was a hot day in D.C. as people marched from Malcolm X Park to the White House for freedom for U.S. political prisoners and prisoners of war. Many speakers charged the United States with hypocrisy, as the government points fingers at other country for human rights abuses and for holding political prisoners, while at the same time refusing to recognize its own political prisoners.

Several speakers pointed out that in Cuba, Fidel Castro has freed many political prisoners, so why can't we.

Raymond Luc Lavasure once wrote me that if America had a reconciliation committee like the one Desmond Tutu is running in South Africa, he would be home tomorrow.

Angela Davis also spoke at the rally. "The movement to free all political prisoners was uncompromising, and it saved my life," she said. "I like many others was a victim of COINTELPRO because of my involvement in the movement against the Vietnam war, and my involvement in the Civil Rights movement."

"People who worked with me are still in jail," she continued. "It takes a movement with heart to win the freedom of political prisoners."



The Martin Buskin Committee for Campus Journalism Presents

1998 Journalism Career Fair

If you're interested in journalism as a career or as a course of study, here is an opportunity to network with professionals who can evaluate your work, offer guidance and help you look ahead.

Sign up for 15-minute appointments to discuss any of the following subjects:

Your Clips	Your Broadcast Tapes
Your Resume	Preparing for the Job Interview
Journalism Internships	The Journalism Minor

When: Tuesday, April 28, 6:30 to 9:30 PM

Where: Second Floor, Stony Brook Union

You must sign up in person for an appointment by Friday, April 25, at the English Department office, Humanities 245. You may sign up for appointments in any of the categories. Sponsored by Newsday and USB Career Placement Center.

1998 Award Outstanding Campus Journalism

Michael Yeh

Stony Brook Press

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March for Rape Awareness

By Jill Baron

The annual Take Back the Night march was held on campus on Wednesday, April 1st. The march takes place on college campuses all around the country to raise awareness about rape and violence against women. The Center for Womyn's Concerns has organized the march at Stony Brook for the past couple of years.

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the proceedings at a Take Back the Night march, basically what occurs is a bunch of people gather and march around the campus, blowing whistles, chanting, and making as much noise as possible. The people then gather for a candlelight vigil, where there are usually a few speakers to give us information and share their stories, and then the floor is opened up to anyone who would like to get up and share what has happened to them. The purpose of the march is to make as many people as possible aware that rape is one of the fastest growing violent crimes, that it most often goes unreported, and has the lowest conviction rate of any crime. Rape is especially prevalent on college campuses, and Stony Brook is no exception, despite what the annual police reports may claim. This is because, as I mentioned, rape largely goes unreported. The victims are too embarrassed to speak

up, and are often made to feel like it's their fault. Many women who have been raped don't want to go to the police for several reasons: First, rape is the only crime in which the victim is asked to justify their actions. Rape victims are often asked to explain where they were, who

they were with, what they were wearing, how late they stayed out, how much they had to drink, and how many sexual partners they've had. Now imagine the same questions being posed to someone who was mugged. Victims of rape are rarely treated like victims. Second, women know that most rapists, especially in cases of date rape, are never caught or convicted. What's the use of reporting it if nothing will be done? When you've been violated in such a grotesque way, who wants to go down to the police station to tell a bunch of

unsympathetic male cops that you've just been raped, so they can spend the next couple of hours grilling you about your whereabouts? This will not change until we stop blaming the victims.

On the night of our march, it rained mercilessly. We all were worried that this would keep people away, but when we gathered in front of the Union at nine o'clock and saw the large group that had amassed, everything finally seemed to be falling into place. We all donned our lovely free T-shirts and whistles, provided by the Center for Womyn's Concerns (CWC), and stared in amazement at the rain while more people gathered. When we accumulated a good amount of people (about a hundred or so,) CWC president Jodie Lawston gave us a little pep talk, outlined our route, and off we went. We marched, or should I say waded, around the back of the Union, through G&H quads, and past the other side of the Union, chanting, blowing whistles, and splashing through puddles. We proceeded past the Chemistry building and around the front of the SAC. At the bus stop in front of the SAC is where we encountered our one and only heckler. A man dressed in a business suit saw fit to stand on the bench and yell "Men rule!". He was very professional indeed. Several of us had to be held back from attacking him, but most of us swallowed our anger, gave him the finger, and marched on.

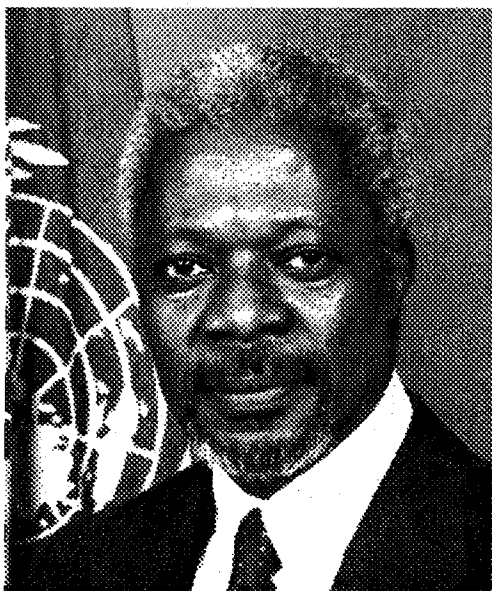
We then proceeded through Kelly Quad, where many curious people came out onto their balconies to observe us, on through Roosevelt Quad and finally over to Roth Quad, where we ceased marching and gathered in the Uniti Cultural Center. Cold and sopping wet, we sat in a loose circle while

candles were passed out and anticipated the most difficult yet important part of the evening. The first scheduled speaker went up to tell her story. She was with VIBS (the Victim's Information Bureau of Suffolk.) She started by telling us about her daughter, a bright, beautiful young woman in her early twenties. She had broken up with a guy she had been seeing. This guy, however, wouldn't take no for an answer. One day he showed up at her apartment, tricked her into opening the door, and stabbed her to death. The reason? He was angry

that she had had the nerve to break up with him. The speaker ended by telling us that VIBS is available to anyone who needs help (see number below.) A member of CWC then got up to tell her story of abuse, then opened the floor to anyone who wanted to share their story. This is always the part that the organizers worry about; what if no one wants to get up? This crossed my mind as she was finishing up, but as soon as she was done, someone jumped right up to talk. We all listened in disbelief as she calmly told us of the multiple ordeals she had been through. I don't think anyone was dry-eyed when she finished speaking. As soon as she was done, another woman got up, and another, and another, all telling stories of being molested by their grandfathers and uncles, being raped and abused by their boyfriends, and of never being able to forget the things they went through. Girls got up and told us about how they were raped right in their own dorm rooms on this very campus. Just when it seemed like there couldn't possibly be another person in the small room who had gone through this, another person would get up, and another, and another. It was absolutely heart-wrenching listening to these stories of violence and violation. Most of them had been raped by people they thought they could trust. Most everyone in there was brought to tears, and I'm quite sure everyone felt the disgusted rage I felt, knowing that what had happened to these women happens to someone everyday. After the last person finished speaking, the second scheduled speaker concluded the evening by reading a poem from her newly published book. After she finished, everyone milled about, offering hugs and words of encouragement to those who had spoken.

I, like everyone else, was deeply moved by the stories I heard. I want to congratulate everyone who got up and spoke. Getting up in front of a huge group of strangers and sharing something so personal takes incredible bravery. I also want to thank and congratulate everyone who attended the march; events like this will help change the climate in our culture that allows violence against women to flourish. I know all who attended took something away with them, and I hope everyone who reads this can take away the message as well: Yes means yes and no means no. It is never the victim's fault, despite what the world may tell her. If this has happened to you, don't keep quiet about it; please reach out for help and share your story with others so we can prevent it from happening to anyone else.

* VIBS offers programs and services to victims of domestic violence and sexual assault. Their hotline number, for those in need, is 516-360-3606. Their office number is 516-360-3730. Please call if you need help.



kofi annon says:

"Join the Press. I'm tired, and I wanna go home!"

Peace in Ireland?

By Heather Rosenow

Caution and cynical hope once again embody the political atmosphere surrounding the circumstances in Northern Ireland, The Republic of Ireland, and Great Britain, all of whom are pondering the possible outcomes of the controversial peace agreement reached this week. It is being called a historic first step, albeit a mere baby step, in a political and religious conflict which spans not just a few generations, but centuries.

It is because of the nature of the conflict that agreements have been hard to come by between Protestant Unionists and Nationalist Catholics in Northern Ireland. Generally, the goal of the Nationalists has been and continues to be a united Ireland. The Unionists, in turn, have and will continue to strive to remain united with the government of Great Britain. Until now, neither have been willing to give concessions to the other side during peace talks. However, an agreement has been reached in which lies the outline for a new Northern Ireland Assembly, whose goals include solving civil rights issues and the restructuring of the police force (the majority of whose employees are Protestant). The assembly would be run by an elected body of 108 representatives, and Catholics and Protestants would have an equal share in the power surrounding the running of the

province.

In addition to this an outline for the establishment of a North/South Council has been proposed, where for the first time since the north of Ireland was separated from the rest of the country in 1922, the Republic of Ireland in the south would play a part and have a say in certain aspects of running Northern Ireland. Another proposal outlined in the agreement involves an East-West Council which would be comprised of representatives from the Irish Republic, British Parliament, the Northern Ireland Assembly, and the new Scottish and Welsh Parliaments. This council would have no legislative powers, but would instead be used as a forum to keep communication between countries and councils open.



Sinn Féin Leader Gerry Adams

Many within the Irish communities both in the United States and in Ireland itself express doubts as to whether yet another peace agreement will stand the test of time, especially when the future holds mutual concessions and inevitable yielding to the desires of opponents towards whom their ideological and political differences represent not only present political differences, but also centuries of ancestral pride in a cause. The problems that lie ahead can be heard in the differing interpretations of the agreement by the opposing parties. Unionists look at it as a step toward reconciliation while remaining united with Great Britain. Nationalists regard the agreement as

a first step towards reunification with the Republic of Ireland. These differences in opinion and political goals will become very clear in the months ahead, when a finite goal must be found and agreed upon by all involved.

One of the few things which is definite is the unwillingness of both parties to concede that their goal is the lesser to be defeated or moderated in any way. Both look at this as a mere delay on the road to their respective goals. With a past of sectarian violence behind both sides, an uncomfortable possibility remains: that one or both sides will get fed up or feel violated and resume the violence that has plagued Northern Ireland for most of its 77 year separation from the south.

The White House has announced that President Clinton might visit Northern Ireland in a month to support the Peace agreement. This could prove to be more important than it might initially sound. In six weeks, the people of Northern Ireland and The Republic of Ireland vote in referendums to decide the success or rejection of this agreement. If Clinton does visit, he will make headlines all over both countries in favor of the agreement and could sway support on either side. Gerry Adams, leader of Sinn Féin, the political arm of the Irish Republican Army, and David Trimble, leader of the largest and leading Unionist Party, only have six weeks to convince two communities, whose hatred for each other is deep, that the right thing to do is cooperate with one another in the name of peace. The possible outcomes are clear. One is frighteningly familiar, and the other could open a whole new existence of peace and equality in Northern Ireland. The International community can only wait and hope that the latter will prevail.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE -- FOR CASHING IN

By Norman Solomon

By now, the lines between media, politics, entertainment and commercialism have just about disappeared.

This month, Bob Dole spoke at the annual meeting of the American Association of Advertising Agencies. The former Republican presidential candidate reportedly got \$40,000 for making the speech. That explains why he bothered. But why did the group invite him in the first place?

The answer is that Dole has the qualifications to address a convention of hucksters. Since leaving the Senate and the campaign trail, he has entered into a somewhat new line of work—doing commercials. His starring roles in TV spots have included pitches for such products as Dunkin' Donuts and the Visa Check Card.

Some embarrassing questions ought to arise: Are those endorsements on a par with the verities that Dole spent decades proclaiming? Is he equally fervent about conservative ideology and the virtues of a glazed donut? Is he now—or has he always been—for sale?

Eager commercialism is hardly confined to the right side of the political spectrum. A couple of days before Dole's lucrative speech to assembled adsters, the famously progressive Ben and Jerry's company launched a new flavor of ice cream, "Dilbert's World."

The firm's press release was suitably euphoric. Jeanette Smith, identified as "Dilbert property manager" for United Media, set the tone: "United Media is thrilled about our partnership

with Ben & Jerry's and welcome (sic) them to Dilbert's roster of more than 100 licensees."

One of those licensees is the world's largest retailer of office supplies. Animated Dilbert commercials for Office Depot are airing on network television. These days, "Shillbert" would be more like it.

Ben and Jerry's is paying a fee for the right to call its butter almond ice cream "Dilbert's World: Totally Nuts." How much? "We're not able to disclose any details of the licensing agreement," the Ben and Jerry's PR department told me.

As it happens, Dilbert creator Scott Adams is a strong supporter of downsizing, a position he has voiced with increasing vehemence in the past year. After an interview last fall, the San Francisco Bay Guardian reported: "The fact that corporate downsizing is good for the economy is indisputable," Adams said, adding that "anybody with an I.Q. of more than 80 would agree."

With enough marketing momentum, it's apparently possible to work both sides of the street for a long time. So, Dilbert the icon of downtrodden office employees is also beloved in the highest echelons of management. As Business Week has reported, Dilbert is a "cult hero to millions of American workers" at the same time that "CEOs hang him on the wall."

"What's next?" asks cartoonist Tom Tomorrow. "Zany Dilbert termination notices, so downsized employees can enjoy a heartfelt chuckle over the hopelessness of their plight as they're being shown the door?"

Perhaps a Ben and Jerry's flavor will be named after Ronald McDonald, with the rationale

that Mr. McDonald is a symbol of the counterculture.

Irreverence that defers to big money is welcome in the mass media. For instance, Jerry Seinfeld appears in American Express commercials that he co-produces with the Ogilvy & Mather Worldwide ad agency.

Seinfeld is not reluctant. On the contrary. "He truly loves advertising," Vanity Fair magazine reports in its May issue.

"Loves" advertising?

"When any creativity becomes useful, it is sucked into the vortex of commercialism," said playwright Arthur Miller, "and when a thing becomes commercial, it becomes the enemy of man." And woman. And child.

It's not surprising that TV ads can be clever, entertaining and smoothly produced, given the huge number of dollars dumped into them. But rampant affection for this genre of media is an index of how degraded our society has become.

Underneath all the enthusiasm for the commercializing process is the notion that just about everyone and everything is for sale—or should be. That our "net worth" is what we own rather than who we are.

It's a short hop from there to nihilism. If we believe that it's appropriate to put a price tag anywhere, then we must not believe in very much of real value.

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."

CAN ETHNIC CLEANSING HAPPEN IN FRANCE?

By DH Campbell

If you got the chance to read the *New York Times* on Thursday April 2, 1998, maybe you read a disturbing article in the OP-ED section entitled "What's Ailing France Now?" Should you have missed the article, let me summarize the main argument that the author put forth. His thesis was that France is suffering from a lack of leadership with the ability to look into the future and plan accordingly for a large country with a large economy. France's myopic planning has resulted in large numbers of unemployed coupled with governmental fractioning that has given rise to an ultra-right party within France called Le Front National (or, in English, The National Front Party.) The article went on to say that The National Front has seized the opportunity of economic hard times to garner support for its leader, Jean-Marie Le Pen. Le Pen, who received only 0.4% of the vote a decade ago, now receives about 15% when he runs for office.

Concerns around the world rise when one looks at the ideological stance of The Nation Front. The party and Mr. Le Pen do not have a track record for being the most tolerant of people. In fact, should Le Pen ever win the Presidency of France (not entirely implausible,) he would likely export about three million French Africans back to Africa. He would also like to get rid of anything or anyone who interferes with French identity. In many ways this is the dangerous idea of "ethnic cleansing" that has plagued Europe for the last half century.

Ethnic cleansing is the process in which

racist political leaders decide that because of differences in opinions and culture it is impossible for two peoples to live together within a nation state. The result is that the ruling majority expels the minorities from the country. Ethnic cleansing is not a new practice or theory. What is new is that historians have begun to look into some factors that may add to the desire for a population to engage in the practice of ethnic cleansing. What they have found is that economic hardship for the middle and working classes provides the most fertile ground for an ultra-right leader who advocates ethnic cleansing to come to power.

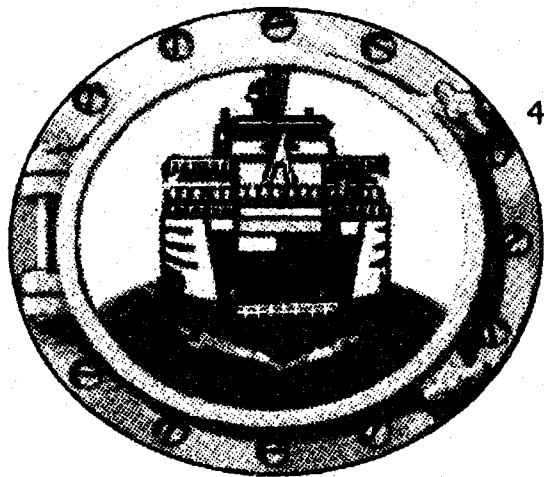
They have also found that countries that had failed to solve economic problems effectively, because they lacked long term planning and economic stabilization, also suffered from high incidents of ethnic cleansing. The former Yugoslavia in the late 1980's and early 1990's served as the best and most recent case study of both theories for political scientists to study.

The former Yugoslavian government failed to deal with the economic problems of their country after the collapse of communism. As their economy failed and their currency destabilized, ancient ethnic rivalries flared up as the Serbs suffered a fast and harsh economic deterioration within their "economic scene" resulting in working class unemployment reaching 19%. While, Croatia and Croatsians, on the other hand, who had more control of the political environment, were able to minimize such rapid economic deterioration and were often unsympathetic to providing funding to Serbian provinces. These factors led to the Serbs feeling disregarded and iso-

lated, looking for scapegoats for their situation. They found these scapegoats in the Croats and Muslims as they remained unemployed while witnessing the economic stability of both the Croats and their allies the Muslims. As new radical Serb leaders came to power, the Muslim and Croatian communities were subjected to Serb revenge when they were no longer a majority within areas controlled by the Serbs. Eventually they had to succumb to "Serbian aggression" by way of ethnic cleansing, that forced them out of their homes and jobs as they fled militant Serbs whose anger had manifested into levels of brutal violence, believed to stem from years of economic hardship. In brief, although other factors may have existed, it seems clear that economic problems served as the most powerful catalyst for the anger and fighting that resulted in the ethnic cleansing of that area.

In sum, harbingers of ethnic cleansing are manifesting in France. The government is unable to stabilize the unemployment and to plan for long term economic good. There are high numbers of unemployed workers and middle class who are desperate for economic stability and are looking for a reason as to why this has happened to them. Finally, there is an ultra-right leader who is willing to offer up a group to blame economic problems on, promising that by deporting three million French Africans, native French will be able to get back to work. All of this leaves the world wondering, if the French government is unable to look beyond temporary solutions and stabilize this situation, will non-native French minorities find that "something wicked this way comes."

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CLASSES YOU SHOULD TAKE

or try very very hard to avoid

By Staff

POL 330: Gender Issues in the Law

One of the best classes that a Political Science major should take before they leave the university is Gender Issues In The Law (POL 330). POL 330 gives you an opportunity to look at how, over the course of our nation's history, the laws of our country have until recently, overtly discriminated against women. The class also gives you the chance to react to and discuss issues that arise during the course of the semester about gender inequality in the law with classmates. This aspect of the class not only gives you the opportunity to learn from opinions of others on the interpretation of the law, but also gives rise to some interesting debates and discussions.

I think that many will also like both Professor Mollette-Ogden's style of teaching and her personality. Professor Mollette-Ogden is interesting, smart and young. And, unlike many of her colleagues, she is eager to really get to know her students. She is always in her office to hold conversations (email her first) and during the time that I took the class she would arrive early to hang out and talk to the students before class and get to know us as people not just social security numbers. In fact, many of us who are no longer in her class often communicate with her for both academic and social purposes. Though don't think that this class is a "gut course". It's not! The class involves work and effort coupled with the fact that Professor Mollette-Ogden expects a lot from her students. Also note that Prof. Mollette-Ogden is fair and willing to help you out if you need it. So if you are looking for a Professor that is interesting and personable, with course material that you will actually use later on in your life, I suggest POL 330.

POL 372: Politics of the Third World

This class is interesting, informative and greatly enriching. Too bad the teacher is an idiot.

POL 372 is offered in both fall and spring semesters. This spring, I, unfortunately, took this course with Andreas Broscheid, a graduate student in the Political Science department at Stony Brook.

Mr. Broscheid may be a very smart man. Who knows, he may even be a genius who knows everything about his field of study. I have no idea about his intelligence quotient outside of the classroom. However, I can tell you that within those four cinder block walls he is suddenly reduced to a spineless, confusing babbler who seems to have no original thoughts, nor any ability to see a side of an issue that is not written in the textbook.

He will not accept any attempt to gain a different perspective by altering the angle of the course material. Neither will he argue with his students: he simply disregards their statements with "I do not think that is true," and then continues on with his dribble.

The lectures are unnecessary - he simply reiterates the textbook. Don't bother going to class - his ignorance will give you a headache.

The material is wonderfully interesting, but in order to get anything remotely enriching out of POL 372, you must do your own kind of independent study, because Broscheid won't teach you squat.

Bottom line: take the class, avoid the teacher.

POL 347

Lori Pack

Do not, under any circumstances, take anything with Lori Pack. She is the most evil professor that I have ever encountered. I took POL 347 with her in term II last summer. This woman couldn't lecture her way out of a wet paper bag if her life depended on it. She never actually taught, she just reviewed the text book. However, I did manage to write an amazing final paper. And she decided, in her infinite ignorance, to give me the worst grade I've ever received at USB. I made an appointment with her and drove all the way to Dowling. When I got there she was 25 minutes late and forgot that we had made an appointment. She didn't even have my paper, and I suspect that she lost it before she read it. That is, if she was even capable of reading it when she received it. Finally, she is a lawyer, and if that is not enough to convince you of her questionable morals, ethics and intelligence then nothing else will.

[Editor's Note: Not that he's bitter.]

PSY 240: Survey in Social Psych

Dr. Marci Lobel

This course gets nothing but praise from me, and I am very picky. Unlike many things we are forced to study at USB, social psychology is something that affects our everyday lives and should be learned. From advertising to mob mentality, from religious cults to pornography, our lives are being shaped by social psych and Dr. Lobel helps us understand how. This class will be interesting to psych majors and non majors (the pre-req is PSY 103.)

The workload and readings are challenging, but not unfair. You really get to know the material. Attending lecture is a must. There are also some interesting films shown. The class usually has about 200 people in it, but Dr. Lobel makes an effort to get to know her students personally and you don't just feel like an anonymous face in the crowd.

I enjoyed this class so much I TA'd it the following year. It fills up pretty quickly and signing in won't be easy, so I would recommend registering for it now.

Hum 202: Film and TV Studies II

Jaqueline Reich

Were it not so immature, I would begin this review with a hearty, "What a fucking bitch!" But alas, when students are instructed to not go to the bathroom during class, what other sort of behavior is appropriate?

Despite the fact that "The Third" Reich conducts her class like a fascist dictatorship, the class itself is actually interesting. Well...the movies are interesting. One of the textbooks, befitting something that would be required reading in a class taught by a woman who mis-spells Avant Garde on the board the first day, features an analysis of the roles of such Star Wars characters as Princess "Leah" and Obi "Won Kenobe."

Have a question about the influence of Sergei Eisenstein on modern cinema? You'll have to keep it to yourself: questions aren't allowed in Frau Reich's classroom until the end - when everyone is already up and moving.

Despite the fact that she's a bitch, the class itself isn't that bad. It makes you wonder what it would be like had the material been taught by someone able to keep their train of

thought through such outrageous distractions as questions. Save yourself some time and sanity, buy David Cook's "A History of Narrative Film," get yourself a blockbuster card, and pay close attention. You'll come away with the same amount of film knowledge, and you can pause the movie whenever you want to take a bathroom break.

When a professor's TA's are overheard criticizing the professor in class, that's usually a sign. Maybe even a sign that this may be the semester to take that equestrianism class you've been considering.

BIO 347 - Botany and Biotechnology

(otherwise known as Botanical Technology in Health, Agriculture, Industry, and Society)

Professor Abraham D. Krikorian

I just found out to my disappointment that this class will not be offered next semester, but if it is reintroduced in the future, one should definitely take it.

Students are introduced to the phytochemistry, development, and practical uses of higher plants in this course. The production of medicinal and mind-altering substances, as well as their uses in ethnomedicine are explored in great detail. Plant breeding, genetic manipulation, and food production are also discussed.

Dr. Krikorian has a huge collection of plant specimens, and students get to see, touch, sniff or taste something in each lecture. One faculty member commented, "Dr. Krikorian probably knows more about plants than anyone else in our department." Last semester, students sniffed at spices and essential oils, and tasted betel nuts, khat, kola nuts, and even fresh cacao pods imported from South America. He is also an entertaining lecturer, and he uses plenty of slides and videos every day. Just don't make him mad, though. He occasionally carries a machete.

Unfortunately, there simply isn't enough time to discuss all of these topics in detail. This course is only an introduction to the fascinating and complex relationship between plants and people, but it offers students the resources to pursue further studies of the subject on their own.

Don't be intimidated by the overly "technical" course description and ambitious syllabus. But it is important to listen carefully and take good notes, for there is no textbook. Although introductory biology and organic chemistry are listed as prerequisites, the lectures are sufficiently straightforward for non-science majors.

MAT 124: Calculus B

Yair Minsky

This is probably one of the best professors you'll ever have in the Math department. He prepares his lectures carefully, but you never get the feeling that he's reading from his notes. Usually he can tell without asking whether people are understanding the material, and if not how to remedy the confusion. He genuinely seems to enjoy himself while teaching. While his classes are not always exciting, it's usually the fault of the material in the syllabus, not the lecture. Take any class he's teaching, whether you need it or not. Even if you've already taken calculus, take it again with him. This time you'll learn it.

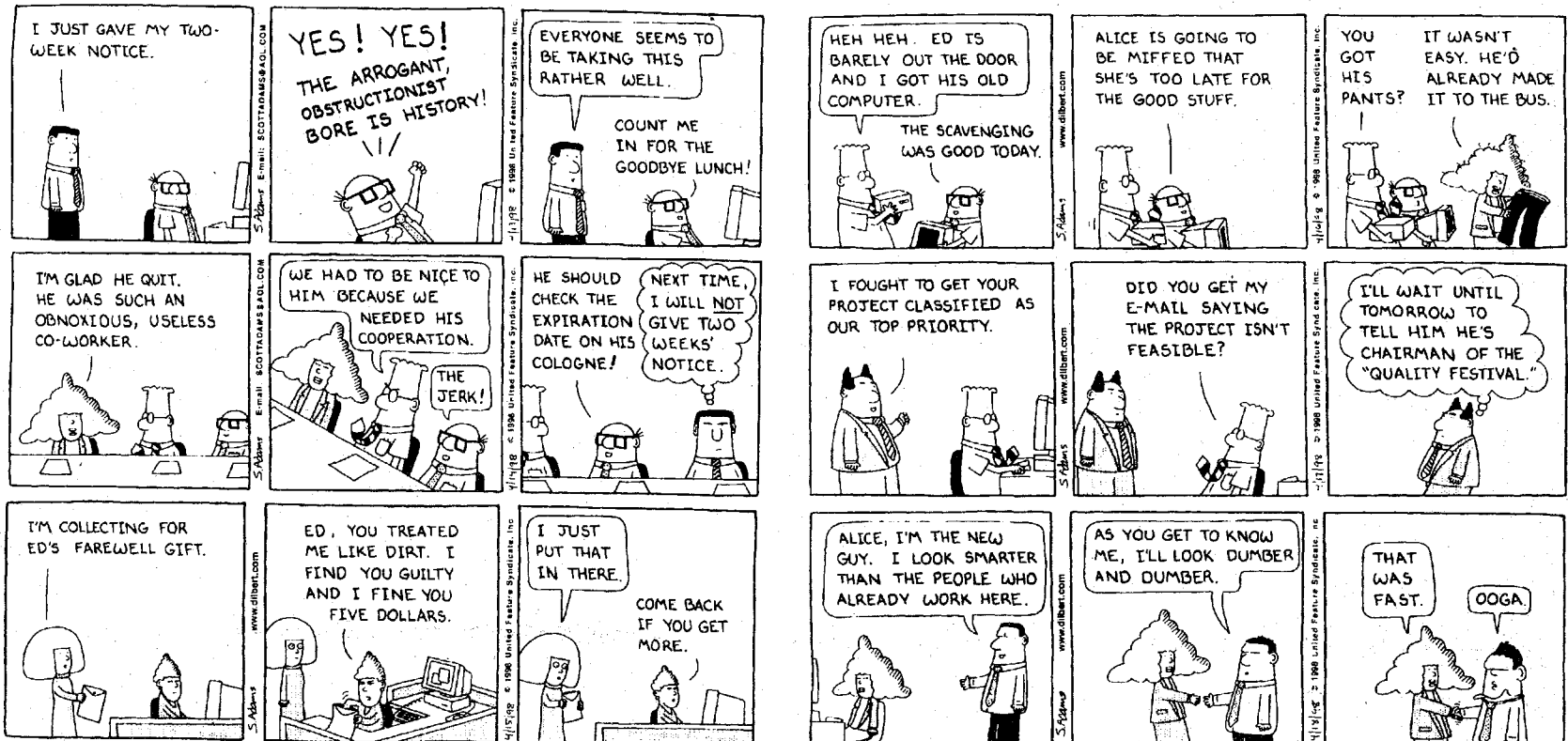
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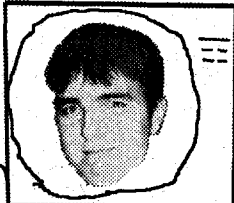



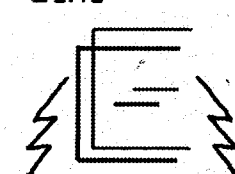
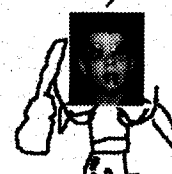
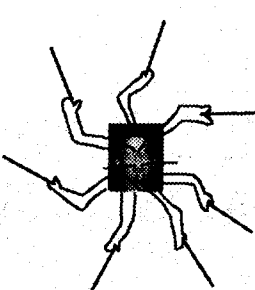


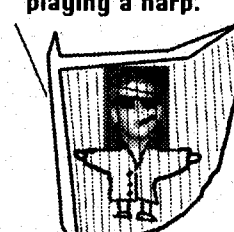




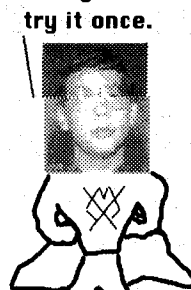


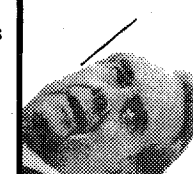


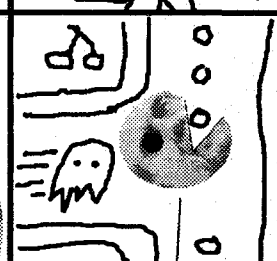

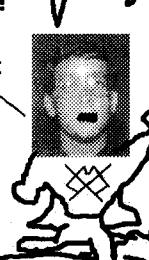


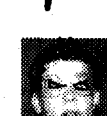






Direct from Amsterdam, home of Mentos and other things fresh!

IN "AUNT RUTH IS OUT THERE"

By Brian Libfeld

Strike Force Echo

by Matthew Vernon
Xavier Willemain

<p>Hi, this is Greté Patton, with msNbc.</p> 	<p>Day twenty five of the vegeterrorist situation, and all six members of Strike Force Echo have failed to report in. msNbc now presents a look into the group's history.</p>	<p>An old friend of the group, Mr. Happy, will elaborate.</p>  <p>I've known those boys for a long time.</p>	<p>Few people realize that Strike Force Echo started out as a high school garage band, and I was their manager.</p> 	 <p>The year was 1957. Ah... I remember it well...</p>	<p>STRIKE FORCE ECHO</p> 
<p>They weren't a paramilitary strike group then, they were a band.</p> <p>There was Vampire on the bass guitar...</p>	<p>Woe is me. No one loves the bass player.</p> 	<p>And who could forget Ninja Master on the drum set. He brought a speed and precision to the group never before seen in a high school band.</p>		<p>Sleepie, looking very mellow, on the keyboard...</p>	<p>Zzz... zzz... zzz... zzz ... snuffle... zzz... zzz ... zzz... snuffle... zzz</p> 
<p>Pirate gave the group a certain pomp and regality with his carefully timed cannon fire.</p>	<p>Arrr! My cannon, she has served me well!</p>  <p>(Ed: Tears of Joy)</p>	<p>Almost as a sorbet to clear the palate, Mafioso on the harp...</p>	<p>It's funny because I'm a mafioso and I'm playing a harp.</p> 	<p>And, of course, The Devil brought spice to the group with his Infernal Fiddle...</p>	<p>Oh, yeah! Gettin' jiggy wit' it!</p> 
<p>And let us not forget our fallen friend: the band's original founder.</p>	<p>Songwriter, lead guitar, lead vocals... Strike Force Echo's first champion: A. Hero.</p>	<p>Thinking of him brings a tear to my eye.</p>  	<p>Those early days were good, with Strike Force Echo playing birthdays and school events, but The Devil was always pressuring the group...</p>	 <p>Let's forget music and sell ourselves into mercenary work!</p>	<p>Oh, all right! We'll try it once.</p> 
<p>This is a flash-back to 1957, Bob Dole!</p> 	 <p>There were no giant robots in 1957, Bob Dole!</p>	<p>What was Bob Dole? What is Bob Dole? Bob Dole must know!</p> 	<p>Bob Dole knows the answer!</p> 	<p>Bob Dole is Pac-Man!</p> 	 <p>Watch out for ghosts! Eat pellets! Bob Dole!</p>
<p>The group's first mission was a terrible tragedy.</p> 	<p>They were trapped in the Sea Caves of Krzblkistan with stolen Soviet plans bound for Vienna, and the angry ocean was rising.</p>	<p>My foot is stuck! Go on without me!</p> 	<p>We can't just leave you here, chief!</p> 	<p>Damnit, go now or you'll drown!</p>  <p>Sea Fish</p>	<p>Zoinks! I'm too young to die! Run away!</p>  <p>Jellyfish</p>
<p>A. Hero</p>   <p>1939 - 1961</p>	<p>Picking up the pieces, they tried again. The group vowed to grow stronger and do better.</p>	<p>They never lost another mission...</p> 	<p>And then, of course, the government job...</p> 	<p>And the rest, as they say, is history. This has been Greté Patton, with msNbc.</p> 	<p>NEXT ISSUE: EPISODE TWELVE: Guest Author!</p> 

Top Ten Fun Games You Can Play With The Press' Big Funny Issue

- 10) Examine the floating heads on the cover. Try and determine which is International Superstar Jozef Slavic Rock 'N Roll Ice-Skating Sensation, which is Evil Genius Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain, Slavic-American Hip-Hip Roller Derby Sensation. Hint: rubber pants chafe.
- 9) Decode your secret orders, hidden in the so-called "articles." Carry them out with extreme prejudice.
- 8) Try and locate the ghostly, disembodied head of Orson Welles...don't forget to look behind you!
Hint: he's not on the Page O' Funny Heads.
- 7) Assemble the flip book. Rinse. Repeat.
- 6) Separate and cut all the pages apart. Re-assemble the newspaper so that the pages appear to be in order. Now see if it makes any sense. Hint: it doesn't.
- 5) Read the entire paper backwards. Accuse us of devil-worship. Find yourself, oddly enough, appointed to the SUNY Board of Trustees.
- 4) Solve the mind-boggling puzzle hidden on each page, piece together the complex sequence of elaborate clues, and find the gold tiara valued at \$52,000 we buried on campus. Hint: dig lots of big holes. Knock over stop signs, trees, and the Charles B. Wang Asian American Center as needed.
- 3) Chess. I find chess so much less frustrating when only opposed by twenty pages of inanimate newsprint.
- 2) Count the number of times egomaniacal Production Manager Matthew Vernon Xavier Willemain has placed his picture, name, or initials in the paper. Hint: that's his picture on all those Strike Force Echo guys. This game can be played with any issue of *The Press*.
- 1) Ask yourself repeatedly, "Why is the the Big Funny Issue? It ain't that big, and it ain't that funny."

How Three Letters Shaped A School

By Sam Yung Gai

There once was a governor who had a vision for a great university and state. He had a vision of such splendor that he wrote down this vision on a cocktail napkin. (There are a lot of parties in Albany.) He wrote down just five words: "Stony Brook: PRU." As anyone can imagine, this was a simple statement. Stony Brook: Public Research University. It would be a jewel in the state university system. That's what we all thought.

So anyway, the governor gave this napkin to his secretary the next day to write this simple mission statement to the president of Stony Brook. But like all things in state government, the secretary was overworked and still had a manual typewriter. So she quickly typed up the message and sent it off. But in her haste, it read: "Note from the Governor: Stony Brook: RU."

The president, a physicist named John, was new on the job and didn't know what to make of this. He thought for a while, and then realized the obvious message. After all, the governor's last name was Rockefeller. He was giving a directive to make Stony Brook like Rockefeller University. Now for those of you who do not know, Rockefeller University has only graduate students.

But like all good administrators, John never revealed the source of his ideas. So he just announced that the undergraduates at Stony Brook were unimportant and that only the graduate students mattered. Stony Brook became an excellent graduate school.

John moved on to better things, so Stony Brook hired another physicist named John. Now, as all state matters go, that pesky cocktail napkin

re-emerged in the new secretary's office to the governor. By this point, she had an electric typewriter, but the keys were too small for her pudgy fingers. So she typed a letter: "Message from the Governor: Stony Brook: PU."

The new president thought this was brilliant. Stony Brook, Private University. Here the governor was saying to treat the campus like a private university and the prestige shall come. The president wasted no time. The orchestra would no longer play in the gym. They would have a concert hall. No expense was wasted in building a Fine Arts Center and finding a director. This would be like a private university with a campus rich in culture.

As in all private universities, rich people bought buildings. When a few people who built and ran strip malls for a living offered a million dollars, the university renamed the Fine Arts Center the Staller Center for the Arts. But the president didn't stop there. He instituted new programs, built a new indoor sports complex, and started a drive for Division I sports. He even made a new nickname for Stony Brook, "USB." But unlike a REAL private university, Stony Brook had little funding. So all this new construction started to run up a debt of a sort. So after a long stint as president, John II decided to retire and run a national lab.

This brings us to the new president. As you can guess by now, all of the state records have been computerized. However, someone misfiled the old cocktail napkin and had sent it to the secretary for the governor's e-mail account. Since people don't walk the two feet to check what this strange directive was, she typed a new letter. But the cheap digital scanner and the age of the napkin

had changed the statement. Now, it read "Stony Brook: PR."

When the new president received this notice, she was ecstatic. She had majored in Journalism in college. She knew PR, and here was her governor saying that's what this school needed; public relations and press releases. Now it didn't matter if it was good press, bad press, made-up press, or anything else. We had to get the name Stony Brook out there.

So the campaign began for PR. Signs were changed, images spun, papers wooded. A cozy new house for the president was rented in Old Field. The correct powersuits were sent up from her family shop whenever she had to win arguments. It didn't matter if there was any substance behind the spin and PR. After all, the message didn't say "Stony Brook: US." (University of Substance)! It just called for PR and by gum that's what she was going to give them. PR until the heads of all her subjects explode. Cleaning a rock, more PR. Changing a symbol, even more PR. Accepting money, PR, PR, PR. Publishing data from any study and spinning it in a positive light, PR!!! We became the seawolves, a mythical creature, a member of the Sea Wolf Pack (Nazi U-boats), or a class of overpriced, really big, unneeded military hardware produced so that rich men can keep the profits rolling in and skilled sub manufacturers can be employed.

And that, my friends, is how a university never achieved its original purpose due to bad state equipment. Be wary of bad software and learn the lessons of this parable: never write abbreviations on cocktail napkins; always use the telephone to talk to someone; and be wary of strangers bearing free gifts.

Me, the Bus, the Squirrel and the Coconut

By Chris Cartusciello

Boy, that title sounds like some weird erotic novel.

While I was going to college I supported myself by working as a bus driver. Now we are talking full size school buses here. A good 40 feet or so. (Try taking that through the drive-thru at McDonald's) I did this throughout the school year and during the breaks too. This is including winter break (a bus is SO much fun in the snow, let me tell you) and during the summer.

Now one summer, I guess my first one there, I was driving my usual route. That is from the South P parking lot, which is a mile and a half from the main campus, to the main loop, where the drop off point is, and back. A complete trip takes from between 10 and 15 minutes. (I also had another route that took me to the hospital and the train station, but that doesn't come into play here, so stop asking me about it.) Now, on this fateful day as I came down the loop I would swing around and head back up. On the side of the road, about 50 feet in on the grass, was a squirrel. Now, being an animal lover and thinking that squirrels are kind of cute I naturally looked. This would normally be a passing glance (I mean, it's not like I haven't seen a squirrel before) but something this day struck me as odd. I couldn't quite put my finger on it at first and then I realized what it was. The squirrel had a nut with him. This would normally be a common thing for a squirrel to have, except this was more than an average nut. It was a coconut. He was slowly moving it along the grass to some unknown destination. As I drove away I chuckled at the thought of this. The first thought that went through my mind was, "Where does a squirrel get a coconut in these parts?" I mean it's not like we live in a tropical climate. They aren't exactly indigenous to these parts. (If you know anything about Monty Python there is a whole sketch I could go into here, but I will avoid it for the sake of brevity.) Yes the stores sell coconuts, but I doubt he got it there. First off, a squirrel has no pockets to carry his money in. He is not even a marsupial, so he doesn't have a natural pouch. Now, unless he has a revolving credit line with the grocer, he stole that thing, and that's just plain wrong; I don't care what kind of mammal you are. So, we will go with the assumption that he found it. But, to tell you the truth, it really doesn't matter how he got it. I think the next question is more important. Where was he going with it? This will be something that will be discussed later on as I have theories about it. So, I go on my merry way with a slight grin on my face as I ponder the questions that I have expounded on here.

The next time I come around the squirrel is still there, only a little closer to the road. As the bus passes he runs off a little, leaving his find to the mercy of predators. He comes right back after I have gone. I guess it only takes one squished squirrel to teach them that the bus is not their friend. So, I continue driving, still wondering what my little furry friend is up to.

Now I come around again. He finally has the coconut in the street. This being the summer, and in between sessions, there are very few cars on the road so he has little to worry about in terms of getting hit. Now he gets it a little over halfway across. As I approach he once again runs to the curb. Not wanting to hit the coconut, I drive REALLY slow, sticking my head out the window so I can see it in clear view. I am just shy of having enough room to get by and I clip the coconut with the front tire. It rolls to the opposite curb and I think, "Great. It's out of the way." Unfortunately, it bounces off the curb and goes right under the back tire. I hear the crunch of its thick shell as I watch in my mirror. As the pieces of the coconut splattered onto the ground my stomach turned into knots. I felt awful about this. All I could think was that, to a squirrel, this was the ultimate prize. He was probably so proud of himself and he was on his way to take it home to show his family and friends. He would be a hero in the squirrel community. There would be parades celebrating his triumph and a statue erected in his honor. Little boy and girl squirrels would look up to him and his name would go down in squirrel history. Or, maybe this was the final prize in a rodent scavenger hunt and I just cost him first place. What made me feel the worst though, was that maybe he was a retarded squirrel

and this was his best friend. (I mean, what would a retarded squirrel know?) Now I just killed the only friend he had. My heart was crushed, just like the pieces of shell that lay on the pavement.

I went back and told people I worked with about this. They all laughed, thinking it was stupid for me to be upset about it. One girl I worked with told me that I probably did the squirrel a favor because he would never have gotten it open any other way. (Have you ever seen the Warner Bros. cartoon with the squirrel trying to open a coconut? That was always one of my favorites, but now I can't watch it without getting a tear in my eye.) Nothing they said made me feel any better. What made me feel even worse was that the next time I passed by that spot the squirrel was in the middle of the road staring at the remains of his friend. Then he picked up a piece and carried it away, obviously to go bury it in some sacred place. I think I heard a soft sobbing as he scampered off. As I went by I made sure that I drove far around the pieces left lying in the road. The girl who told me that I did the squirrel a favor later told me that she did the same thing when she drove by.

About six months passed and I had finally gotten over this traumatic experience. That is, until one day when I looked out my window. In my driveway was my Jeep. It was parked in its normal spot. On the front of my Jeep, sitting on the pushbar, was a squirrel. I originally thought, "Oh how cute." Then I saw he was eating something. Upon closer examination I saw that he was chewing the edge of my pushbar. I went outside to get him off and he just looked at me. As I approached a little closer he jumped to the ground and wandered off, not too fast and not too far away. I looked at the front of my Jeep and saw that he had chewed off the paint along the edges. He actually got down to the metal and left teeth marks in it. Now, just a couple of months before this I had taken that bar off and repainted it because it had some rust spots on it. I sanded it down to the bare metal, put on two coats of primer, three coats of black paint and two coats of gloss coat to protect it. Now this little grey bastard has gone and ruined all of my work. I have to do it all over again.

My friends tell me that this is the same squirrel whose coconut I ran over and he tracked me down to exact his revenge. I can't believe that I am being stalked by the rodent mafia. (I tried to get a restraining order on him, but the police just laughed at me. You can bet that if a squirrel went in and complained about me, the cops would be all over me. That's the double standard we have between rodents and humans today.) This was not a one time event either. He was hanging around my Jeep a few days later too. He was standing on the hood one day. When I would go out there he would never run away. Sometimes he would just go and sit under the vehicle, like he was attaching a pipe bomb or something. I thought that he might be rabid (after all he was eating paint, he can't be normal) so I tried to keep my distance. I thought that maybe he was hungry, so I threw him some bread and he came over and ate it right in front of me. He was just mocking me. So this all just gave my friends more fuel to make fun of me.

A couple of months later I took a trip to Washington DC to visit some friends. I hadn't seen the squirrel for some time now so I figured that he probably got lead poisoning and died or he was just lying in wait for me to make a mistake and then he would pounce. I had all but forgotten about this little episode of my life, although the scratches on my push bar were a painful reminder. I went with one of my friends who lives about an hour away from me so we took his car. I left mine parked in his driveway. We left on a Friday afternoon and came back Sunday night. It was about midnight when we got back so it was dark (duh). I pressed the button for my alarm, and as it beeped and the lights blinked I saw something sitting on the front bumper. Not being so sure, and not wanting to approach too quickly, I pressed the button again so the lights would once again blink on and off. There was definitely something there. It was sitting right behind the pushbar on top of the bumper. My friend went and turned on his headlights so we could see what it was. It was a squirrel and two coconuts. It seems my "friends" had gone out and, knowing where my car was going to be parked, bought a plastic squirrel and a couple of coconuts and sat them on my Jeep. They actually wanted to remove my whole bumper and replace it with the coconuts but they didn't have the right tools.

Now you see the kind of people I'm dealing with here. That squirrel and those coconuts now reside in my house as a reminder of what can happen when you mess with nature.



Baked Goods

By Hookah & The Ranch

One night when The Ranch and I were supposed to be studying, we happened across a few sudden bong hits and got ripped to the tits. (Hey – that rhymes!) The glorious happenstance made us introspective – a deep think that was interrupted by a ferocious bout of the munchies. Like crazed sharks, we set upon a box of Twinkies, and, mouths full of cake and "creme", reminisced about the sparkling myriad of baked snack cakes sold in your local supermarket, each a world of exploding sugary delight, caught, frozen, in a glistening cage of cellophane. There was something almost sexual in the way a Chocodile would emerge, John Holmes-like, from its plastic cocoon, only to provide oral stimulation to the... uh, hm. Okay. Right. So we thought about other snack cakes, and decided to rate them, in a "he said"- "he said" kind've style. A "he said"- "bitch said". "He said"- "master said". Whoops, there I go again.

LITTLE DEBBIES, et. al

RANCH: I despised these things. These were like snacks for poor kids. Stale, miniature, tasteless. Old-fashioned, just... bleh.

HOOKAH: You aristocratic fuck! Who the fuck do you think you are? You have no idea how delicious Little Debbie's are. Try, try, just TRY, to beat an oatmeal pie. You can't!

RANCH: What are you, fucking nuts? Oatmeal pie? I'm a little kid, I can't eat sweet stuff, my mom gives me oatmeal, I don't wanna eat oatmeal again, I WANT SWEET STUFF!

HOOKAH: You probably hated carrot cake too, didn't'cha?

RANCH: Fuckin'-A. Vegetables in cake? What kind of fucking idea is that?! It's like jogging. RUN FOR FUN?

HOOKAH: I guess pumpkin pie is on that list, also. You're all black and white, there's no subtlety with you. You don't appreciate the beauty of gray [Mental Jewelry, 1988.]

RANCH: <silence>

HOOKAH: <silence>

RANCH: What were we talking about?

HOOKAH: Live.

RANCH: The band?

HOOKAH: Yep.

RANCH: Oh. YODELS!

YODELS

HOOKAH: Fantastic. Three equally measured, equally treasured elements: a Zen-like balance of sweets running the dry to wet gamut.

RANCH: I have to agree. Yodels do kick ass. The only thing I didn't like about them was the tendency to make the mouth dry. Almost walked the "too much cake" border, y'know?

HOOKAH: I don't agree. It achieved cake/cream/icing harmony. A studied, academic blend.

RANCH: I felt other snack cakes found that blend better. Ring Dings, for example.

RING DINGS

HOOKAH: Ring Dings are round Yodels.

RANCH: I think that's partially what I liked about them. A "pie", and not some weird missile of chocolate going into your mouth. Hm.

HOOKAH: But that has nothing to do with mouth-to-moisture ratios. You're such a pothead, getting all bogged down in the symbolism of a shape, rather than the experience of a taste.

RANCH: Well, I also didn't like that the chocolate on Yodels was darker, more bittersweet, than the milky chocolate on Ring Dings. Drake's whole approach to the cocoa bean was with a spatula, harsh and sharp.

HOOKAH: The dark chocolate is always the better chocolate. That you even question that shows you to be the fool that you are.

RANCH: I fucked your sister.

HOOKAH: TWINKIES!

TWINKIES

RANCH: That little rodeo guy on the package still gives me the giggles.

HOOKAH: A fat guy trailer park snack. I'm surprised Southern Culture On The Skids hasn't written a song about them.

RANCH: Eating a lot of Twinkies always made me feel like a fat girl who got stood up on a date. Dude, I'd feel miserable. It would be like, I was a Rollins poem. But I wasn't REALLY a Rollins poem. I don't know. I understand your pain, fat girl.

HOOKAH: See! You don't want a snack to give you a guilt trip, and the Twinkie, while good, does send you down trailer park lane, and you don't need to feel that low, that rejected, that distant from society. You eat a Twinkie, it makes you want to go out and buy a bag of apples, for penance. I don't need Catholic symbolism in my snacks.

RANCH: And all fruit is penance.

FRUIT PIES

HOOKAH: Oh, boy.

RANCH: I hated these fucking things.

HOOKAH: Dude, you are SO wrong. Fruit pies, especially Drake's fruit pies, were a well-balanced, almost too indulgent sweet. At 75 cents a package, an insane steal.

RANCH: My problem with the fruit pie is twofold. One: there's fruit in it. We had this argument earlier, and fruit just doesn't appeal to me. When I eat a snack cake, I know I'm entering into a

world of unhealth. Sugar, cream, fat, it's all shit, rots your teeth, bloats ya up. But that's part of the deal. All of a sudden fruit shows up, and bang! I've got worlds colliding. I don't need this in a pastry. Two: those things tasted like they were coated and soaked in oil. They were GREASY. The last thing I want to do is eat something whose entire premise is based on fruit only to find out it's GREASY. The apples they used to make those pies were grown on the roof of a Brooklyn apartment building and then slow-roasted over a street fire.

HOOKAH: All right, your first problem: I told you before, the fruit in a Drake's apple pie has been revoked of its "fruit" status. It is so permeated with sugar and spice and oh, everything nice, that

it ceases being fruit and becomes a sugary-caramelized simulacrum of something that was once fruit. It's a new goodie.

RANCH: Yeah, spread me ass-cheeks open every morning around about 8 AM and I'll show you a new goodie. Sticky and sweet.

CAKES

HOOKAH: Like the cakes.

RANCH: Devil Dogs, Yankee Doodles, Sunny Doodles, Pound Cake...who the fuck ate pound cake? Eating one of those was a six hour proposition. It got on your fingers, on

your shirt, on your lips, stuck on your teeth...if you wanna warm up before oral sex, I suggest a Devil Dog, because your tongue will be the Arnold Schwarzenegger of stamina after that work-out.

HOOKAH: What's wrong with working for your rewards?

RANCH: Hey, why work when it's free elsewhere? That's like doing volunteer government work you don't enjoy because you feel you need to pay them back for air. Look, the shit in Devil Dogs is just the shit in Hostess Cupcakes without the fun frosting.

HOSTESS CUPCAKES

HOOKAH: Yeah, it was a low point in the evo-

lution of the snack cake. Virtual flatline. Ah, I'm talking shit. These were always my least favorite. Who the fuck bought Pound Cake?

RANCH: Honestly. Did anyone EVER want that piece of shit? Dry, bland, flavorless.

HOOKAH: Grandma's on welfare, that's what pound cake's about.

RANCH: Them and Saltines. I would've liked these cupcakes except for two small things. The frosting was just too damn thick. It was like an attack of squirmy sugary chocolate. And it came off too easily. One bite, you had the cake in your hand and the frosting dangling from your upper lip.

HOOKAH: My brother, I couldn't agree with you more. Once again, you've stated succinctly what it was I felt about the fraud that is the Hostess Cupcake.

RANCH: Indeed. Down with the cupcake...

HOOKAH: ...and up with the Coffee Cake!

COFFEE CAKES

RANCH: I went through a period when I liked coffee cake, and then I didn't like coffee cake, and now I'm sort of ambivalent about it.

HOOKAH: It is an elusive favorite, isn't it? It's like an old friend who every once in a while starts to hang out with you a little bit more, but when he has to leave, you don't really mind. It's good while it lasted.

RANCH: It's like your grandmother. You don't want her to die, but you don't want to chill out with her, either.

HOOKAH: Uh, yeah.

RANCH: That was a Perry Farrell quote. God, I'm stoned.

HOOKAH: "Yeah, and it's gonna be called the Mind Field, and it's gonna have, like, all this cool, groovy stuff for you to trip out on, and also for you to grow as a person spiritually and mentally... who has my spike?"

RANCH: And finally, two truly unique treats: Chocodiles and Snoballs.

CHOCODILES

HOOKAH: I liked the chocodiles, but they fell in my esteem. I began to enjoy the Peanut Butter cousin of the Chocodile, the Funny Bone, even more. Can't front on the Funny Bone.

RANCH: Nope. Didn't like the Funny Bone. Peanut butter is too damn sticky to be coming out in those volumes.

HOOKAH: But it was like a sweet, sticky penalty for good cake-loving.

RANCH: You got an apple with a razor in it one Halloween, didn't you?

HOOKAH: No, but my grandmother always tried to scare me out of eating my candy by telling me that people did that.

RANCH: Grandmothers again.

HOOKAH: Let's get off grandmothers.

RANCH: I just got off... no, I don't even have the taste for that.

HOOKAH: Speaking of taste...

SNOBALLS

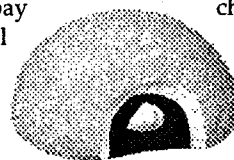
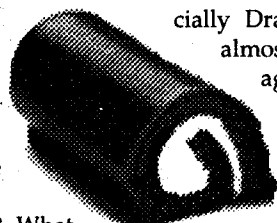
RANCH: I hated them. I always felt you had to get it all in your mouth at once, and I'd wind up choking. But then again, I was a retard.

HOOKAH: I always felt that while the Snoballs tasted good, that you always felt you weren't getting what you were paying for. It wasn't substantial enough. It went too quickly.

RANCH: I could just never rationalize buying a Snoball. Over here, I have vanilla creme, cake, and chocolate shell. Over there, I have... marshmallow and sugar. Who makes that option? "Do you want the really good car, or the really bad car, but the really bad car costs more money." What is that?

HOOKAH: Wow. That was a lot of words.

RANCH: Indeed.



All Our Favorites

By Lisa Aviles

Feeling a little out of touch with fellow Stony Brook students? Well, self-alienate no more – consider the following models of distinctive classroom behavior and be at one with the collective aggravation of your fellow students. Here is the official shit list of students in the classroom who annoy the hell out of us.

"CAPTAIN OBVIOUS" (as superbly named by a student in my class) Where can I begin with these people? They are heinous brown nosers, masters of regurgitating either the text and/or professor. They occupy the center of the classroom experience, being the common household fly of annoyance for 99% of us. For those of you who aren't quite sure as to whether or not this is you, it probably is. So please, STOP! You are an embarrassment to yourself as well as to others. Your classmates are embarrassed at the oblivion which your obviousness illuminates. Stop using the same two-cent word. Realize that through overuse, you have single-handedly depreciated what was once a semi-decent ten-cent word into a groveling, hackneyed two-cent expression. I'm all for class participation, but unless you're hard pressed for some participation grade, there is simply no excuse for your behavior. If you need to practice regurgitation, go to a bar and just get it out of your system. Yet if this pathetic ability to depreciate the intellectual integrity of the classroom happens to make you feel strong and sure, well then, raise your hand high and proud; you have rightly earned your esteemed and worthy position.

"MR. & MRS. BROWN NOSE" see "CAPTAIN OBVIOUS"

"COLONEL CONTROVERSY" "Aim, Fire!!" is the battle cry of these somewhat soldierly student. The hot blood of war runs through their veins. Bless them for their energy, they have enough for two or perhaps even three students, but they act as if someone rammed a stick of dynamite up their ass. These students, steering usually in the extreme left or right direction, consistently manage to pick only the most controversially explosive issues which are bound to get a ra-ra out of other students. They are unrepentant megalomaniacs who get off at pushing buttons, and who revel in creating explosions. Yet it takes two to play; we have all sat through enough of these "discussions" to know the oftentimes pointless efforts of the Responders. Their attacks are aimed always at the Responders, those students who, without fail, always seem to entertain these controversially driven individuals, never learning that the better, more efficient argument is sometimes silence. These students are a little too peculiar to discuss at length. In short, COLONEL CONTROVERSY is less about controversy and more about the Addict Responders and Groaning Bystanders.

"THE COMPLAINER" (pinch nose and speak in as whiny a voice as possible) : "This class sucks. Its so boring. I'm just taking it because I had to for a requirement. I would do better if I actually found it interesting..."

Etcetera, etcetera, now shut up! We didn't forget this fact from the last class, or the one before that, where you told us more or less the exact same thing. Why don't you use the same time and energy you spend complaining to find something else to talk about? Sad but true, no one really cares about your requirements, nor do they care to be reminded about their own. Misery loves company, but company hates misery.

"THE OLDER STUDENT" Let me get this out on the table now: *surely not to be confused with ALL older students* (I have seen many who are truly interested and impressively dedicated to their studies,) SOME older students, I noticed, can be a pain in the ass. "THE OLDER STUDENT" is the one who most condescends to a professor. He or she takes it upon him or herself to make such statements to a professor with a Ph.D as, "but what you missed was..." or, "you need to remember that..." and so on and so forth!

Passivity, yes, should by all means be avoided, but this type of student attempts the role of overseer or 'corrector' simply because he or she feels that his/her age makes them some sort of academic demigod. Please Mr./Ms. Presumptuous – come off that there high horse! The only person who thinks that you're more com-

petent is you. Ironically, we find your blind arrogance to be that of a fool's. We "more naive" students have not employed a second's confusion in understanding the distinction between background knowledge and any sort of magnificent intellect. We're glad you had the time (unlike many of us) to go to the library and "read up." However, your arrogance has insulted both the students and the professors. In turn, you bear the insolence of a bratty five year old. There is a difference between suggesting and condescending: I suggest you look up those words in your spare time. There's no better time than now to stop and smell that you reek of insult.

"VOCABULARIUS MAXIMUS" These individuals give elitism a bad reputation. They are more actors than anything else, making a horrific and flamboyant display of their words. Thinking that everyone will be impressed, they are unnecessarily "showy" in their choice of words. In doing so, their language fails to sparkle, taking on the gaudiness and false luster of ugly rhinestone jewelry. What VOCABULARIUS MAXIMUS may or may not realize is that any repetitious use of words containing an average of four syllables is the clear and distinct bong loudly revealing their desperate need for attention and for the intellectual approval of the teacher. It's sort of like wearing a mini-skirt that accidentally rides up your ass, revealing to everyone else but you the fact that your left ass cheek is showing.

"I'M ASLEEP" Of course you are! While the rest of us scribble down notes and bite our nails at the thought of the upcoming exam, one person in the class catches our nervous eye. There, with his or her head resting soundlessly and so peacefully on a desk, is I'M ASLEEP, who reminds you of 7:30 this morning, when you reached a sleepy hand out to your alarm clock and, with eyes closed, pressed the snooze button with impressive early morning precision. Yet, as the class wears on, you realize that this person is never going to wake up: they are going to sleep through the entire class. On many occasions I have been severely tempted to tap the chronic I'M ASLEEP on the shoulder and whisper earnestly, "Is there any purpose to your life?" The knowledge that you have the notes and that I'M ASLEEP doesn't somehow isn't satisfying enough; the fact that drool is starting to come out of his or her mouth is.

"MOLLY MONOPOLIZE" These student, in sharp contrast to I'M ASLEEP, take inaction to its most harassing extremes. They forget the attempted democracy of the classroom and simply blurt out commentary at random. Unfortunately, this becomes a problem because MOLLY MONOPOLIZE never learns to shut the hell up for one minute. Who the hell wants to hear someone that won't shut up for 55 or (if you're really unfortunate) 120 minutes? MOLLY MONOPOLIZE can also be COLONEL CONTROVERSY, and in this case, threatens his or her own personal safety through inciting a disgust and aggravation so thick you could cut it with a knife. Not to fear though, if knives come into it, they will only be for the purpose of cutting a piece of duck tape large enough to fit over MOLLY's big mouth.

"EATING MACHINE" Yummy! Potato chips, crackers – anything that makes a lot of noise – the EATING MACHINE has got it! EATING MACHINES doesn't care how much ruckus they make in the classroom – damnit, they're going to eat their potato chips, and they're going to eat them NOW. Discretion is not the better part of their valor, unfortunately. As you sit in your chair, trying to concentrate on a lecture being given in class, the crackling sound of the potato chip bag is heard from the back of the room. As this hungry wretch wrestles with the bag, the professor's voice now becomes inaudible. My hearing is now interfered by someone else's need to make a shameless distraction with nasty junk food. The fact that it is followed up by the sound of potato chips crunching against molars is also distracting and irritating. Eating food is one thing, but eating noisy food is just plain inconsiderate and makes you look like a food slob. Think of all the starving children in the world, then think of Sally Struthers – get the point?

from *The Encyclopedia of Annoying Classmates: designed for the annoyed student, vol. 1*

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22

at The Spot

NYC/BOSTON AIDS RIDE BENEFIT

Featured Bands
The Merry Pranksters
Pumice

Help The Press' paper boy raise enough money to ride his bike from Boston to NYC to fight AIDS!

WHO WANTS BACON?

By Frankie "The Movie Guy" Fusaro

Now, for all of those who don't read the *Statesman*, and would not like to hear the whole ending of Mandalay Entertainment's newest achievements in the film industry, boy does The Movie Guy have a treat for you. Now, as we momentarily step from the real world into the world of Kevin Bacon's *Wild Things* I must give due warning. First off, I can not guarantee I will not skew your viewing of said film or that I will not let a few things slip, but unlike other so called news papers, I shall not give away any plot twists, and I'll be using a smaller font. So if you care to partake of this little review, read on.

A valid thought here might be: Was this a classic case of 'trailer ruins the film?' I'd have to say so. Now this was not the greatest film, but had I not been barraged by the basic plot, and her twists, in the constant attack of the *Wild Things* trailer, I think I might have at least enjoyed it more than I did. But let's put that all that aside for the moment (we can no more change this than we can put the "bacon scene" on that cutting room floor.) The acting was passable, though the plot did move at a pace that was a little slow. Yet I had no real objection except the director actually thought he was the second coming of Hitchcock, which he wasn't, with his pacing and camera work. This might be what made the film seem so slow. I originally thought the character development and plot lacked substantiality, but by the end (hint: stay sitting during the credits) I really thought it wasn't all that bad. As for the soundtrack, I'm sure James Horner wept when he heard his puppy rocket in the theaters with 4.8 million on the opening weekend (that, no mater what some say, was sarcasm).

There were some great surprises in the film which didn't involve plot. Everyone's favorite funniman, Bill Murray, plays a great part in the film. He is one of the film's bright spots along with Robert "Mr. Heart" Wagner. His super-mad-cool part was

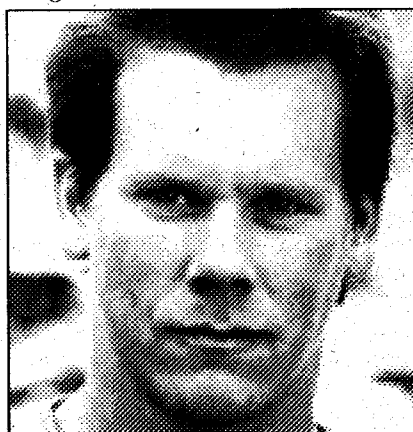
when he curses out, another character (those who never watched "Heart to Heart" might know Wagner as "Number 2" in *Austin Powers*, thus this might not appeal to you poor unfortunate few).

Now as for who has the bacon here, indeed Kevin Bacon has, and is not shy about sharing it with the whole audience. That was something which I could have done without seeing...ever. Not because it was just a useless nude scene which just hung there (he he he;) nope, only because it's Kevin Bacon, for Christ's sake. Now I'm not sexist or anything - I wouldn't care if it had been Matt Dillon who showed all - but for God's sake, this isn't some mere second ring sucker here, it's Kevin Bacon.

To me, Bacon's the Gene Hackman (The Everywhere and Everything actor who is just mad-cool) of my generation, but now I stand disillusioned and disheartened: When I was young, Kevin was *Footloose*. As I grew up, he too grew up, from *Quicksilver*, the greatest bike movie ever, (though it had only nominal competition) to *He Said, She Said*, to *Tremors* and so on. Now it was bad enough he was raping little boys in *Sleepers* (for all those who haven't seen that on, sorry to burst your balloon,) but at least we didn't see anything that would compromise his integrity. I mean geez, he's like The Player one minute, then he's a Show Girl. Hey, call me old-fashioned, but I just don't like it. I was even warned about the now infamous scene, but I had not believed such a vile rumor. I was stunned as I watched it happen: why oh why did he do it? Honestly, I just don't understand the man.

Now for the part of the review I'm sure you've all been waiting for: The "Nudie-Sex Scenes." The question you might have found yourself asking after seeing the trailer was, "Is this a late-night USA

Network 'cock teaser flick' or a furious sex-fest?" I'll say this: it was tamer than *Species II*, but I think the Neve Campbell lesbian scene was well worth picking this film over the aforementioned *Species II*. Now yes, for some, Neve may be no Natasha Henstridge, but I think the other girl in the scene will satisfy those who would pick Natasha over Neve. The only problem with this film is that it is too gosh darn tame for what it was attempting to be. Now, Miss Militant Feminist, don't take this the wrong way. I'm only saying it was supposed to be a "sizzling and mesmerizing" film, and honestly speaking, I've seen more sizzle on a HBO original production. And the chastity belt is all Neve; she has no nudity clause put in her contract (though I do keep my respect for the fact she had the good taste not to bare all in a movie of this quality.) Now the lovely lesbian lip-locking (say that ten times fast) between Ms. Neve "I don't



Mmmmm... Bacon.

do frontal nudity" and her co-star is pretty darn sexy and has an actual reason in the film, unlike the Bacon scene, so it's not all that bad.

All in all, if you've seen everything out there except *Species II* and *Wild Things*, go home and rent something like *Sling Blade*. But if you must pick something - then go for *Wild Things* and watch the *Starship Troopers* girl get naked and try to act as Kevin Bacon whispers his prophetic dialogue (which is darn prophetic at times.) Oh yeah - don't forget to sit through the credits - it's a very cool cinematic device and makes the ending much better. In short, one will find this movie better than *The Quest*, which is...well, not saying much really, but hey, Neve still looks darn good. And that's the straight shit from the guy who had the most fun going to see this film when the crowd behind him announced, "We didn't go see *Grease* for this."

Letters continued from page 4

In conclusion, your time this week is better spent on being honest with yourself about this school than voting for these jokers. Why? Because they all suck this year, but maybe you can make next year different. Hell, you could vote to release those poor, beleaguered commuters from this Polity torture, but then again, misery loves company. If you really do care, see this place for what it truly is, and think about how you can make it all the things that it could be. Acknowledge that there are race problems on this campus, but also acknowledge that the blame falls equally on all sides. Realize that there is such a thing as reverse discrimination. Think about the intelligence and literacy level you want in the people who represent you. Think about whether you want the best person for the job or the best (insert your racial/cultural/ethnic/gender/religious/sexual orientation group here) person for the job. Think about what you want people to say in 20 years when you show them your USB degree. Will they laugh? Will they comfort you? With a little work and honesty, they might admire you.

- Michael Tschupp (Class of '98)

Praise Bob!

To the Editor;

Please accept this letter as a response to an article written by Terry McLaren. The article was not only informing, but candidly written - refreshing indeed.

I found most reasonable the writer's explanation of a teenager's turbulent period in life when many

things simply seem as acceptable as they are questionable. Indeed, as the writer states: "[teenagers] hit that dreaded 'rebellion' phase of adolescence - a deadly combination of vulnerabilities." Absolutely.

The writer had shared how she was almost consumed by the International Church of Christ (ICC) and how she was nearly duped out of, among other things, money. She was, unlike many other young people, to escape the clutches of the ICC.

Yet, all through the article she intimates her acceptance of her family's faith i.e. christianity and the Catholic Church. Quite honestly I find the Catholic Church to be a major cult! Indeed, year after year the many dioceses throughout this country of religious freedom(s) claim billions of dollars from the parishioners promising them to distribute said revenue to the cause of Christ. Dear god, I need NOT examine the role of the Church in western expansion. Nor do I dare - ONLY for the sake of brevity - get into the fact that the Church has so often turned its back on allegations of sexual abuse within its very walls. And then there is the Pope. Please. And then there is the priest to whom I should share my sins with with to achieve, among other things, a cleansing! Perish the thought! that some chap in a black robe might be able to forgive me! WHATEVER! Perhaps if I found myself on my knees before him... (And not receiving the proverbial host!) might he forgive me! So enough of this catholic church crap. Organized religion simply serves society; (although a sociological perspective would be wonderful here I shall avoid

the same). And the Catholic Church is absolutely the worse!

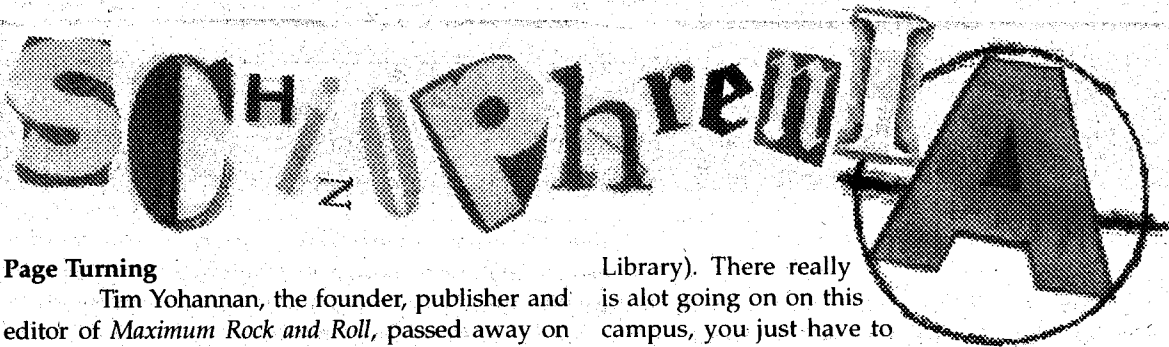
I say then, before going out into the world - i.e. before you leave your parent's home - do have a quick glance at their tidings' balance. Oh, and if you are a catholic, do ask just how much went to the mommy church! ah, all of that wonderful art. One thing is for certain; most catholic churches are ornate. It's all about money; not you! really. And read Nietzsche, too. If you keep an open mind you will see the truth for what it has in store for you is simply what you will permit to receive! Jesus is an option of course.

-Frank Santangelo
fsantang@ic.sunysb.edu

The author responds:

Thanks for your, um, interesting array of comments. Your personal gripes and possible childhood traumas regarding the Catholic Church were informative yet unoriginal. If you're trying to enlighten me to the errors of my religion's ways, please come up with something new at least. Of course my religion isn't a perfect one, any group involving human beings can't be. With regard to the money issue: yes, the Catholic Church has got lots of it. However, my criticism of ICC was their shameless demand for money from teenagers with the nonspecific goal of "expanding the Church." No one ever knew exactly where the money was going. With the Catholic Church you can choose where you want your money to go, if you contribute at all. And I have read Nietzsche. I found him very interesting (and innovative) but overall a pretty big downer.

D-KLINE'S



There is always more going on out there than what you see or what is readily available.

Dial Twisting

Sometimes the radio can be full of surprises. As a case in point, I give these two examples. Both feature WCBS-FM, 101.1, the oldies station.¹ It could just as easily have been WUSB-FM, or any of the other great stations on the left of the dial. The fact that it was the oldies station does say something about that old time rock and roll.

In the first case, I'm driving in my car and flipping through the dial looking for something good and something with an edge. I put on WDRE (or LIR or the underground network or whatever they were calling themselves on this particular day) and they are playing something godawful like the Stoner Temple Pilots. Unh uh, I wasn't having it. Quick dial twist, and I land on CBS-FM, the oldies station, and what are they playing? Punk fucking rock! They're playing Steppenwolf's "Born to Be Wild."² Just what the doctor ordered.

In the second case, I'm travelling with the Loiterers (a local punk band) along the LIE on the way to a gig in NYC at Coney Island High. The van's radio picks up very few stations, only those that are big and powerful: PLJ, Z100, CBS. Every time the dial ends up on CBS, it appears that they are having a Ramones marathon. We hear "Do You Wanna Dance" by Bobby Freeman, "Surfin" Bird" by the Trashmen, "California Sun" by The Rivieras, and "Baby, I love you" by the Ronettes. These are all songs that the Ramones have covered on various albums.

Page Turning

Tim Yohannan, the founder, publisher and editor of *Maximum Rock and Roll*, passed away on April 3rd. I mention this because four famous people in the music world died within a week of his death and I didn't want his to go unnoticed. MRR, since its inception in 1981, has been one of the pillars of punk rock worldwide. A lot of what eventually makes it into *Spin* and *Rolling Stone* starts out in this fanzine.

Over the years, the staff top tens in MRR have featured Nirvana ("89), Mudhoney ("89), Dinosaur Jr. ("87), Lemonheads ("87), Boss Hog ("90) and Chumbawamba ("87). These are all bands that went on to be, years later, some of the biggest names in alternative music. Later, the magazine went on to narrow its definition of what punk rock was. In light of that decision, many other punk fanzines have proliferated to fill the void.

The best example of this is *Punk Planet*, which started at the end of 1993. Issue #23 featured interviews with Chumbawamba and Lydia Lunch and an article on pirate radio. Issue #24 will be the "Art and Design" issue featuring lots of punk-and-underground art and art methods.

A great local fanzine is *Under The Volcano*. This fanzine was started at the beginning of 1991 by Rich Black and Greg Groovy. UTV was meant to be more diverse than MRR and to focus on the burgeoning Long Island scene. Seeing as how many LI bands are now having their music heard all over the world, I'd say that UTV, and the locals it has inspired, has more than filled its purpose.

The latest issue, #43, features interviews with Hellcat artist the Dropkick Murphys, Mike Watt (of Firehose and the Minutemen), rock-steady/bluebeat band the Stubborn All-stars, and Zen Guerrilla (remember Lowell Yaeger's review of their record last ish?) It also features a naked picture (full frontal) of Kevin Bacon. It's free on Lawn Guy Land and can be found at most cool record stores in the area.

Club Hopping

One rainy afternoon I was taking a short cut from Admin. to the Union through the Staller Center for the Arts. Once inside, I noticed signs for a new student production called the *SKELETON fast FOOD dream BIRD prom*. The play was written, directed, produced and performed entirely by Stony Brook students. A few of us from *The Press* went down and were all thoroughly entertained. One week later, other student groups were putting on a production of Pucini's *La Boheme* (see review on opposite page.) And then the following weekend, another production, *The Food Chain*, took place in Theater One of the Staller Center.

On another day I was down stairs in the Union when I noticed a sign for a film series over at the Science Fiction Forum, a series that culminated with *Tank Girl*. As soon as I was free on the given day I was over there watching *Tank Girl*. One week later and they were having a *Lost in Space* marathon.

On other days one can find poetry readings in the SAC, jazz concerts in either the SAC or Staller Center, and art shows in the Union Gallery, University Art Gallery (Staller Center) and Graduate Art Gallery (Melville

Library). There really is alot going on on this campus, you just have to keep your eyes and ears peeled.

I remember in years past, every spring there'd be parties in the Union Fireside Lounge once a month on Friday afternoons. Bob Marley day was every February and would feature a Reggae band, there'd be a Haitian fest every year, and a Caribbean party that would feature a calypso-steel-drum band performing carnival music under the bridge in front of the union. I guess Baron Bomburst, the Vice President for Student Affairs, had something to do with these events no longer happening.

The SPOT continues to have live music four nights a week. Upcoming shows to look out for include the Sidedoor Johnnies, Bunsen Honeydew, Imperial Pints gig this Saturday night and the Moxie, Slant concert next Saturday. (Moxie's new record, which will be out in time for the show, is on the Rykodisc label; the same label as Bowie, Zappa and Kristin Hersh.) Wednesday, April 29th will feature the return of My Favorite, who will be playing with Bunnygrunt and Tullycraft. These last two bands come from as far away as St. Louis and Seattle. Also, the Spot will be having a poetry marathon on Sunday, May 10th (Mother's Day, so bring your mom) from 2pm until 8pm. The event is a benefit for WUSB.

Bottle Flipping

A lot of times something new comes about simply by giving a slight twist to what we've always known. Switch one liquor or one juice in a drink and you have a completely new drink. Changing the vodka for amaretto will make a Madrass into a Cranberry Cooler.

One day I was drinking at my new job, celebrating the Indian New Year (just another reason to be pro-immigration,) and I was in the mood for something different. Even more so I was in the mood for something healthy. I poured my self a strawberry lassi and then I wondered what I could pour into that. Rum? I didn't think that would mix to well with the yogurt (though I can't see why not.) Amaretto, like in a Strawberry Shortcake? Hmmm.

Mmmm, good. I think I'll call it a Strawmerretto Lassi.

Coke or Pepsi? I don't think so, there's so much more out there.

C'mon, baby, show me that you can show me something other than what you've been shown. The possibilities are endless.

1-This was when CBS was the only oldies station around. I always had trouble with the fact that their definition of oldies went up through the eighties. I would change the station every time they'd play Phil Collins or the Eagles or Blondie's "Heart of Glass." Fortunately, today there is an even better oldies station, called B103, at 103.1 FM.

2- I make the claim that "Born to Be Wild" is a punk song because of its inclusion on one of the Nuggets comps put out by Rhino Records in the mid-eighties, though it could just as easily be argued that the song is the first heavy metal song. (Ray Davies, however, claims that the Kinks were the first heavy metal band. And who are any of us to argue with him?)

D-Kline hosts a weekly radio show on WUSB, 90.1 FM, every Thursday afternoon from 2:30 to 5:30.

WUSB 90.1 FM TOP 30

APRIL 6, 1998

1. GARY NUMAN: EXILE (CLEOPATRA)
2. PROPELLERHEADS: DECKSANDDRUMS... (DREAMWORKS)
3. ULTRA BIDE: SUPERMILK (ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES)
4. SPECIALS: GUILTY TILL PROVEN INNOCENT (MCA)
5. TEEN IDOLS: S/T (HONEST DON'S)
6. AIR: MOON SAFARI (CAROLINE)
7. SPLASH 4: FILTH CITY (ESTRUS)
8. MORCHEEBA: BIG CALM (SIRE)
9. DIRTY THREE: OCEAN SONGS (TOUCH AND GO)
10. TED SWEDALLA: EAT MY ASS, SALLY... (TX REMEDY)
11. PULP: THIS IS HARDCORE (ISLAND)
12. ADAM F: COLOURS (ASTRALWORKS)
13. GASOLINE: S/T (ESTRUS)
14. REVEREND HORTON HEAT: SPACE HEATER (INTERSCOPE)
15. WIVES: RIPPED (CBGB)
16. DAMON AND NAOMI: PLAYBACK SINGERS (SUBPOP)
17. ARGON AND THE FLYING SAUCERS: SPACE, SEX AND... (WHOLESHOT)
18. TORTOISE: TNT (THRILL JOCKEY)
19. TULLYCRAFT: CITY OF SUBARUS (DAFLA)
20. THE DAVE CHOW-DOWN EXPERIENCE: G-BOINNNOT (SQUIRT)
21. DRING DING: RAM DI DANCE (MOONSKA)
22. REVERBERATION: BLUE STEREO MUSIC (TAANG)
23. DONNAS: AMERICAN TEENAGE... (LOOKOUT)
24. DEMOLITION DOLL ROBS: TASTY (IN THE RED)
25. SERVOTRON: ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAM... (LOOKOUT)
26. ANI DI FRANCO: LITTLE PLASTIC CASTLES (RIGHTIOUS BABE)
27. ZEN GUERRILLA: POSITRONIC RAYGUN (ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES)
28. MARY LOU LORD: GOT NO SHADOW (WORK)
29. MOOD SETTERS: STEREO REALISTS BOOBOPHONIC
30. VICTORIA WILLIAMS: MUSINGS OF A... (ATLANTIC)

Kenyon Hopkin 516-632-6500

No Viking Princesses Here

By Cat Hui

Friday nights are odd nights for me. Normally on Fridays I hang out with my friends and do whatever mildly amusing and frequently lame diversion that we could find. This year, Fridays just suck for me. I have a radio show on alternating Friday nights which makes it difficult for me to actually hang out. If I go out before my shift, I always manage to end up rushing back, out of breath and a complete mess. This results in a bad show with lots of slurring, stuttering and various other things DJs are not supposed to do. And to wait till afterwards... well, it's hard enough to find something to do on normal Fridays so just imagine how irritating it is finding someplace open other than 24-hour diners with rude waitresses and bad coffee. And as my luck would have it, whenever people would want to go hit a club or something, it would always be on a Friday when I couldn't go.

So what in the world would possess me to go to, of all things, an opera on my free Friday night? Well, it was fairly simple; I had never seen one before and curiosity got to me. Normally when one thinks of an opera, a certain image comes to mind. The female lead would be a rather large and intimidating blond woman with her hair in two long braids wearing a metal helmet with horns and upper body armor. Her singing would almost take on the appearance of bellow-

ing with her mouth open so wide that you would fear being engulfed and swallowed in one casual gulp. Yum. Regardless, that general stereotype of all operas is just not true. I'm not trying to say that



It is impolite to shower during an opera

there's no such thing as a singing blond Viking princess in operas. I'm just trying to make the point that things don't always fit into the generally accepted stereotype.

But back to the story. A few friends and I went to the Stony Brook production of Puccini's *La Bohème*. Based upon Henry Murger's novel *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* and a play adaptation of the novel, the opera takes place in 19th century Paris in the Latin Quarter. The story is a rather simple tale of two couples and of the love and loss that they experience. The Broadway hit *Rent* is loosely

based upon this story. Thanks to the detailed story summary provided in the program, I felt mildly prepared to sit through this cultural experience. The opera was in Italian, and, of course, sung entirely in Italian. Duh. I was damn proud of the fact that I understood a few words ("wine", "a little bit", "yes" and "second act"!) considering my foreign language background consisted of the standard high school Spanish and a minuscule amount of Latin. Regardless of the language barrier, *La Bohème* was a great deal more enjoyable than I expected. There were no Vikingsque characters strutting around the stage. Dressed in

appropriate and quaint period costume, one might expect that normal speaking would emanate from their lips instead of the vibrant vocals that emerged. The voices themselves often reached levels that I thought did not exist in nature. Even though I had no clue as to what was being sung, the singers themselves were able to convey the story and characters through their voices. Musetta's spoiled and demanding character came through the soprano vocalizations of the DMA student So Young Yoo. Guest vocalist Theodore Green's tenor voice easily related the intense love that his character Rodolfo feels for his lady love Mimi. From what I could tell (and you must remember that my opera going experience is limited to this singular event) the acting was not really important. What was crucial to making this opera "work" was the ability of the singers to express emotions through the subtle inflections of the voice since it was to be assumed that a majority of the audience was not totally fluent in Italian. Even a friend of mine who knew some Italian only fared a bit better in translating the words.

The audience was mostly composed of an older crowd than myself and my friends. They appeared to appreciate the work that was being performed there and a few of the audience members took it upon themselves to express this sentiment with a standing ovation. The cast was comprised of DMA students here at Stony Brook, visiting guest vocalists and one undergraduate making his operatic debut. Supporting the cast were the Stony Brook Opera Chorus and the Stony Brook Opera Children's Chorus. Conducted by Victor DeRenzi, the Stony Brook Symphony Orchestra supplied the expert musical accompaniment essential to *La Bohème*.

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| April 15th | Deborock, Fuzz Bubble |
| 16th | Action Adventure Systems |
| 17th | Pumice, Is June |
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| | Johnnies, Bunsen Honeydew |
| 22nd | AIDS benefit (Merry Pranksters, Pumice, Michael Massimo) |
| 23rd | Blue Abyss, Iridesense |
| 24th | Torn and Frayed, Couch, Action Adventure Systems |
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Photo by Ed Ballard, 1929



Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

Call it discriminating taste, a good ear, or just plain luck, but in my years of buying records, I've come across some damn funny ones. Sometimes I'm recommended by a friend or article, sometimes the song titles catch my eye, and sometimes it doesn't take anything more than the cover, but there's a small block of titles in my collection bought for the ha-ha's alone. In honor of the Big Funny issue, here's a survey of some notable Big Funny records that I've come across in my travels.

The Biggest, Funniest record I own is probably Mr. Bungle's self-titled debut on Warner Bros. Mr. Bungle is Mike Patton's original band, he of Faith No More fame, but you wouldn't know it from the liner notes of the first album, where he's listed as "Vlad Drac." Mr. Bungle is a long record, and the band manages to cover just about every musical genre in its allotted 75 minutes. While many of the songs, like "Slowly Growing Deaf" and "Egg," aren't necessarily funny, they are good. The band is tighter than a nun's pussy and more than willing to show off their ability to execute stop-start time changes, drastic shifts in style, and startling variations in tone and texture.

But that doesn't matter. The album is funny, too. After a minute-long audio recording of a man taking a dump (and a loud one, too), the band launches into its third song, "Squeeze Me Macaroni," a spit-fire rap about having sex with food:

*Cookin' like a beginner but I'm goin' up in her/
I had Fritos for lunch, I'm havin' bush for dinner/
Chef Boyardee & The Three Musketeers shove Charlestone
Chews in their rears like queers/
"Holy Moly, Guacamole," yelled my Chips Ahoy/
I'm gonna pinch a ravioli on the Pillsbury Dough... boy*

Sex rears its ugly head again on "The Girls Of Porn," which opens with a sample from a porno movie about the eponymous Mr. Bungle seeking a job in office: "We'll talk business later. Right now I want to make love to your beautiful, beautiful body." Cue up the panting and groaning, then radio announcer Patton informing his listeners that "it's time to win a chance to butt-bang your daughter's tight virgin cherry ass to caller number 666!" Immature, yes. Degrading, absolutely. Misogynistic, an argument could be made. Hysterical? You bet! The bass line is lifted right out of a porno movie; the lyrics are a lonely frat chant from Hell:

*My hand gets tired and my dick gets sore/
But the girls of porn want more/
So I flip through the pages one more time/
And I just let the jizzum fly*

Don't we all? If you like Mr. Bungle, by all means check out Faith No More – their style is definitely different, if no less satisfying. Also see Duh's second album, *The Unholy Handjob* (Alternative Tentacles), and Mike Patton's first solo release, *Adult Themes For Voice* (Tzadik). Duh features one-time Faith No More guitarist Dean Menta: the record has a 30-second punk cover of the "Three's Company" theme song, an ode to "Pocket Pool," and an all-covers live track called "Pricks Are Heavy." Duh can't really play their instruments too well, so it's fun to hear them try their luck at songs by Green Day, Pat Benatar, and the Little River Band, congealed together in a mass that has all the grace and balance of a deformed car accident victim. While the band struggles to produce something – anything – the singer gives up playing along and spends the rest of the track taunting someone in the

front row. Adult Themes is more of a conceptual joke: it's 37 "songs", mostly under a minute long, made using only Mike Patton's voice and a miniature tape recorder. It's a lot of growling, barking, shrieking, and tape feedback. Unfortunately, the effect it has on unwilling listeners is funnier than the album itself.

Another band dedicated to the idea of offensive material is Ween. You may remember Ween from their 15 minutes of fame with "Push Th Little Daisies" (the video, featuring the Ween "brothers" twirling mushrooms and running around with stockings on their heads, surfaced on Beavis & Butt-Head, much to their sophomoric delight). *Chocolate And Cheese* (Elektra) is far and away their masterpiece, an eclectic combination of styles that covers prog-rock guitar instrumentals, demented synth-rock fairy tales, an 8-minute Mexican revenge ballad entitled "Buenas Tardes Amigo," and a calliope tune whose only lyrics are "AIDS! HIV! AIDS! HIV!"

Ween has a way of inserting odd lyrics into seemingly innocuous songs, creating a sinister and deceptive atmosphere throughout the course of the album. "I Can't Put My Finger On It" finds the band asking "Are you surprised when I touch the dwarf inside?" And Philadelphia's public relations board probably had a puzzling time figuring out Ween's ode to the Liberty Bell, "Freedom Of '76" ("Fairmount Park in the summer/Lookin' good on the street/Mannequin was filmed at Woolworth's/Boyz II Men still keepin' up the beat.")

The band also delights in the idea of suffering little children, a theme they touch on twice before the album's end. "Spinal Meningitis (Got Me Down)"'s verses are sung by a high-pitched kid's voice: "Stinky Vaseline, mommy!/Please don't let me die/Am I gonna see God, mommy?/Am I gonna die?/It really hurts mommy!"; "Mister, Would You Please Help My Pony?" is another story altogether:

*Mister, would you please help my pony?/
He's chewin' bark and not the leaves/
He's cryin' like a baby, would you help him?/
I think it's his lung*

I remember when that happened to my pony. Poignant, to say the least. Ween is good at offense, but The Frogs do them one better on *My Daughter The Broad* (Matador). Clearly a band seeking to die onstage, The Frogs once played a show in blackface, performing mid-1800's slave minstrels for an unbelieving audience. The words "did he just say that?" come up often when a group of people sit down to listen to them, and for good reason. Just take a look at some song titles: "Children Run Away (The Man With The Candy)"; "April Fools (He Had The Change Done At The Shop)"; "I'm Sad The Goat Just Died Today"; and the two-part saga which begins with "Who's Sucking On Grandpa's Balls, Since Grandma Ain't Home Tonight?" and ends with "Grandma

Sitting In The Corner With A Penis In Her Hand Going 'No, No, No, No, No'". Many of the songs are almost violently pro-homosexual, but with a band like the Frogs, it's hard to figure out whether they're kidding or not. They did once claim that their name stands for "Free Rebels Of Gay Supremacy", or something like that. WARNING: These aren't really songs;

that is, the instrumental parts are crude, aimless acoustic meanderings (when they aren't just tuneless riffing – oops, the epileptic got too close to the guitar again!).

Hip-hop can be funny, but some rappers are really funny. Around this time last year I discovered Kool Keith Thornton, an amazingly prolific West Coast fella who relocated from the Bronx after his first band, the legendary Ultramagnetic MCs, split up. His best-known project, Dr. Octagon, is a collaboration between the rapper, who has been hospitalized for mental instability before, and production wizard Dan "The Automator" Nakamura. Mellow beats, weird samples, and at the middle of it all, a man whose favorite word is "rectum".

A loosely-based concept album about a homicidal gynecologist from the year 3000, Dr. Octagon sets forth his mission statement on "I Got To Tell You": "This is the offices of Dr. Octagon. If you have insurance and medical problems, I'm here for you for any type of intestine

surgery, rectal re-build-ing, re-located saliva glands, and chimpanzee acne. And of course, moosebumps. You can call 1-800-PP5-1-doo-doo." All of this set to a hybrid of classical violin solo and sampled rapping – beautiful.

Keith often raps about women, and not in a nice way, so feminists need not apply. But when he's not telling a patient how he'd like to take her home and dress her and her friend up in bondage gear, he's exploring the funnier side of disgusting surgery: "Rip out your stomach and open rectums to dissect/Shine the light inside, roaches crawling in your throat/I don't have tools, my hammer's gone, my drill is broke". He also drops some of the weirdest names you could think of: Roger from Zapp!, Chewbacca, and Kurt Cobain – at every available opportunity. And if you think you know weird, check out "halfsharkalligatorhalfman", which features a sample from the Chris Elliott sitcom, *Get A Life*.

Another funny rapper is Prince Paul, the DJ for De La Soul and Gravediggaz and former member of Stetasonic. *Psychoanalysis (What Is It?)* (Tommy Boy) follows the practices of a Germanic psychotherapist and his whacked-out patients. If you think a song with an R&B chorus of "it's a beautiful night for a date rape/it's a beautiful night for a kill" is shocking, then you're in for quite a trip. Prince Paul systematically devastates all of modern hip-hop's sub-genres one at a time, and he's as disgusting as he wants to be at every available opportunity. "The World's A Stage (A Dramady)" is a take-off on those awful comics that infest every Russell Simmons production; "Booty Clap" is a house anthem that features a team of shrill women chanting "up, up, get it up, get it up!" "In Your Mind (Altered States)" opens with a 2-minute dialogue between an old truck driver and a semi-retarded gas station operator, and "Dimepieces" is an amateurish shot at old-school hip-hop:

*I know this freak named Bertha/
The town cum-slurpa/
I fucked her in the ass 'till she screamed bloody murda/
If ya see Bertha/
Tell her I'm gonna hurt her/
'Cause she gave me some shit that my doctor never heard
'a*

That's all the time we have for now. (Getting to the bottom of the page, I'm sure you saw that one coming.) Next week: more indie Hell with Calvin Krime, Cosmic Psychos, Mogwai, and Firewater.

