

The  
Stony  
Brook

**PRESS**

Vol. XIX No. 15 I'm Just Going to Stand Here and Hold My Genitals April 30, 1998

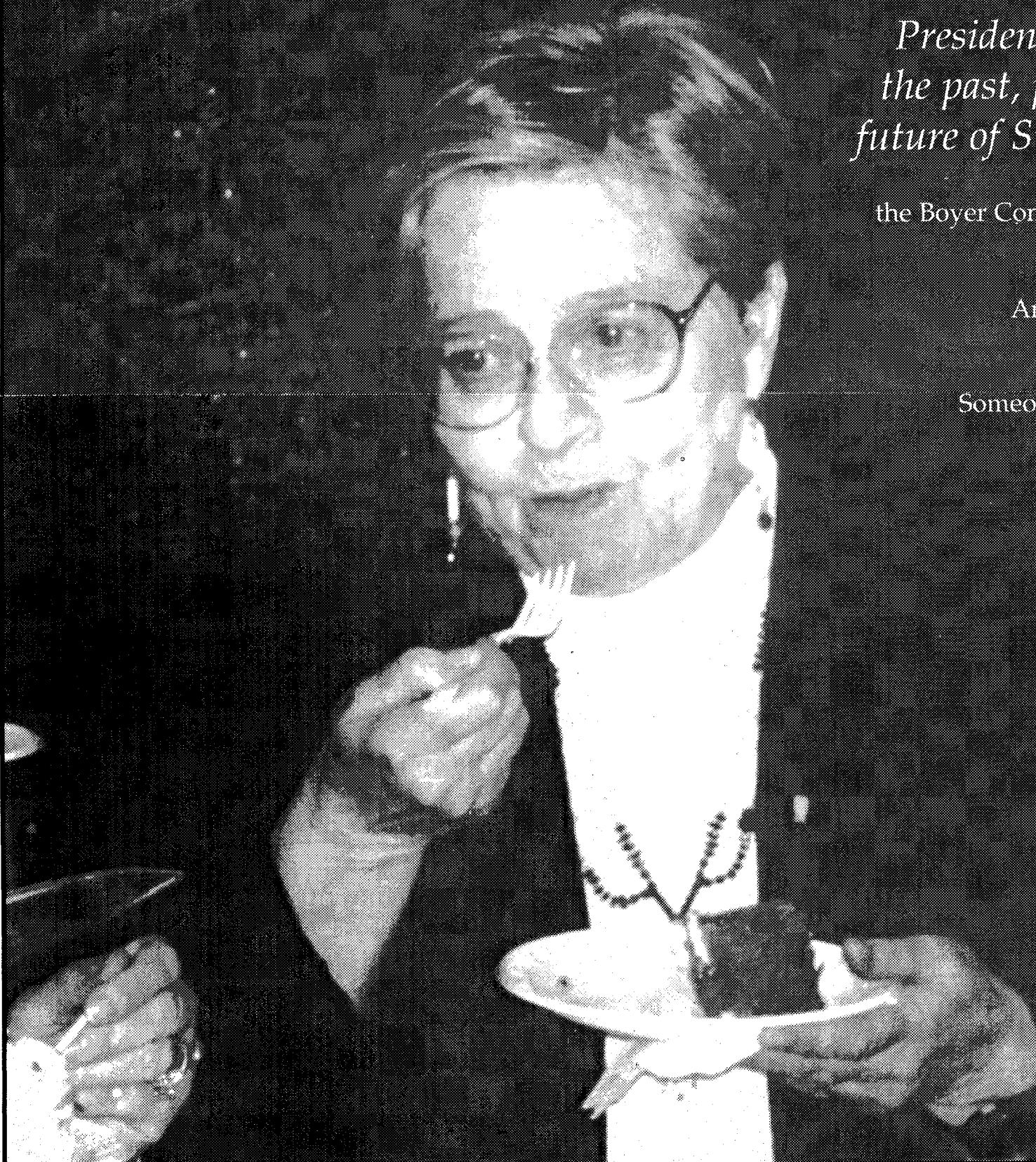
*"Let them eat cake!"*

*President Kenny on  
the past, present and  
future of Stony Brook:*

the Boyer Commission Report  
-page 3

Anniversary Blues  
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Someone Left the Cake  
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**PLUS: BEER FEST 1998!**

# If a Tree Fell in the Woods...

By Steve Preston

Let's try the question this way: if an activist were camping in an old-growth tree in a national forest, while a grassroots organization had gotten an injunction against logging there, would the tree even fall? Not according to Kieran Suckling, who, along with other environmental activists, was responsible for the virtual elimination of logging in the Southwest. Suckling spoke to Stony Brook students on Earth Day, last Wednesday, about how activists have made enough noise to substantially reduce logging and its consequences for the environment.

Kieran Suckling was a graduate student in Philosophy at Stony Brook. On a leave of absence, he went to New Mexico and joined Earth First. At the time, most of the logging in New Mexico was happening in national forests, with the timber companies paying the federal government (through the Forest Service) for the trees. Earth First was protesting this practice by camping out in the largest trees to prevent them from being cut down, and in so doing attracted much attention to the practices of the logging companies. Suckling was introduced to the issue through this, and eventually joined the organization and camped in the trees with them.

Eventually Suckling developed a broader interest in the issue of logging in national forests. He discovered that there were actually a number of strict federal laws which prevented the sort of logging that was occurring, and that they simply weren't being enforced. So he and a friend started the Southwest Center for Biodiversity. The group started a campaign to make the Southern spotted

owl endangered. When the federal government wouldn't do this, the Southwest Center found lawyers who would take their case for free, and they sued the Forest Service. They won, and got an injunction which stopped all logging in Arizona and New Mexico for two years.

The Southwestern logging industry was hit hard. The Forest Service in those states, whose primary duty is to sell public land to logging companies, suddenly had nothing to do. Much of its staff was laid off, and its budget was cut severely. By the time the injunction ended, the logging industry couldn't recover. Now the logging industry is only one-sixth of its size before the injunction.

After its extraordinary success against the Southwest Forest Service, the Southwest Center moved on to somewhat broader issues, such as the use of the Colorado River as a "plumbing spigot" for Los Angeles and the rewriting of the Endangered Species Act. But he said his organization was strong because it was extremely focused, concentrating on species conservation on Southwestern federal land.

He criticized larger groups for their tendency to compromise too readily. According to him, the large groups are not willing to fight consistently because they are afraid of losing and damaging their reputations, while the smaller groups have no such reputation to be concerned about.

Suckling mentioned that the Southwest Center for Biodiversity found some unexpected allies in the U.S. Congress. While it is often thought that only the most liberal Democrats would support environmental causes over the timber industry, a number of Republicans support their causes as well. The reason: the logging

industry benefits from an enormous corporate welfare giveaway. The Forest Service admits that it loses \$18 million every year, but this estimate ignores much of the money spent for the logging industry. Republican James Leach of Iowa has estimated that the actual deficit is \$791 million, once one factors in the Forest Service's numerous subsidies to the logging industry, such as roads built and maintained just for the logging industry and environmental cleanup after the loggers have finished.

Though Suckling didn't emphasize it, logging in national forests is just one instance of a much larger issue: corporate welfare. Federal programs designed to subsidize large industries are as prevalent as ever, despite almost universal public criticism. It is now extremely common to "privatize profits and socialize costs." These practices are opposed by the most progressive of Democrats and the most libertarian of Republicans, but supported by much of the more "centrist" bipartisan coalition which has been responsible for the pro-business federal policies of recent years. To effectively oppose such giveaways, left-wing progressives and right-wing libertarians need to put aside other differences and unite on the issue.

The message Kieran Suckling wanted to get across to students is that the most effective way to solve problems is to sharply focus on particular issues, and not be afraid of losing or taking controversial stands. It is actually surprising how easy it is for students to get involved with these groups. Even the smallest, most radical groups can get money from the many generous progressive organizations and private donors, and thus students can get paid while working full-time for environmental causes. Suckling encouraged students to "pay rent to the earth," by taking a year or two off from school and participating in environmental groups.



Kieran Suckling at work on the issues

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# Boyer Commission Reinvents the Wheel

## President Kenny's Higher Education Committee Releases Report

By Martha Chemas and Stephen Preston

The Boyer Commission on Educating Undergraduates in the Research University has made its findings public in a report whose objective is to create a model for the country's one hundred or so research universities.

Shirley Strum Kenny, USB president, chaired the committee, which included Bruce Alberts, President of The National Academy of Sciences, Stanley Ikenberry, President of the American Council on Education and various other academic luminaries, as well as a few people who have nothing at all to do with undergraduate teaching.

The report begins by describing the characteristics that differentiate a Research University from its non-research oriented counterparts. According to the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching there are 88 universities in the United States classified as "Research I." They are so classified according to the high priority they place on research, the number of post-graduate degrees they confer yearly as well as the large sums of money they receive in federal subsidies. There are also 37 institutions classified as "Research II" who meet similar guidelines. The report therefore reserves its counsel for these schools in particular.

Central to the findings of the report is the contention that the campus environments in question strongly encourage and support the research being conducted there, yet disdain the undergraduates whose tuition dollars largely subsidize these researchers.

Among the obstacles faced by undergraduates are poor communication between instructor and student, and an educational system that spoonfeeds its participants rather than challenges their intellectual curiosity. These situations are the result of a system that has traditionally viewed teaching as an inconvenient burden rather than the primary purpose of a university.



Member Milton Glaser

The report calls for "Radical Reconstruction" and a reevaluation of "Time-worn assumptions and practices and goes on to say that "Universities must be willing to reexamine... and pare away everything that cannot demonstrate its value." How such value is to be determined is not explicitly stated.

The Boyer Commission has identified what it feels are ten basic reforms that research universities must make in order to fulfill their obligations to undergraduates. They are as follows:

1. Make research-based learning the standard.
2. Construct an inquiry based Freshman year.
3. Build on the Freshman foundation.
4. Remove barriers to interdisciplinary education
5. Link communication skills and course work.
6. Use information technology creatively.
7. Culminate with a capstone experience.
8. Educate graduate students as apprentice teachers.
9. Change faculty rewards systems.
10. Cultivate a sense of community.

The rationale for research based learning is that traditionally research and teaching have been utterly unrelated, and this has resulted in the emphasis of one at the expense of the other. Classes will now be run as seminars; "traditional lecturing should not be the dominant mode of instruction in a research university." The Commission, however, does not explain how the extra instructional resources will be

obtained, as it is obvious that this mode of instruction will require far more faculty than have been needed for the traditionally large lecture hall situation.

The Boyer Commission contends that first year students would benefit from seminars conducted directly by faculty, and by participation in faculty research projects. Students would eventually be prepared for internships at local businesses, perhaps paid, perhaps only for academic credit. Central to the notion of research-based learning is the mentor, who would provide intensive academic guidance, while at the same time building a relationship with the first-year student. These mentors would be expected to fulfill this obligation throughout the undergraduate course of a student's education.

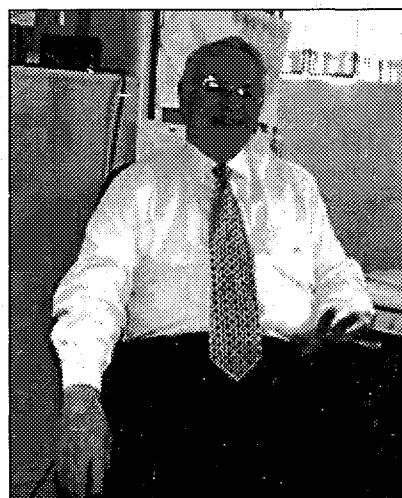
A small interdisciplinary first year seminar would be required. Students would also benefit from being grouped throughout several classes to encourage collaboration and support among them. Such seminars are very common at expensive, tiny colleges, like Union and Williams.

The Commission claims that students often "waste" their first year taking remedial courses, since "the American system of higher education has become less elite" in recent years. "Remediation should not be the function of a research university," the Commission asserts. In carrying out their vision, the members of the Boyer Commission would like to eliminate all remedial courses, requiring freshmen instead to complete such work before applying to the University. While the Commission expressed regret at the fact that high schools often don't prepare students for the requirements of research universities, it left the burden of correcting these deficiencies to the students at their own expense, at community colleges or in intensive summer programs.

The Commission goes on to stress that this mode of learning must continue beyond the first year, and should pervade the entire undergraduate experience. Transfer students, who may not have experienced inquiry-based learning as first year students, will have to be integrated smoothly into this environment.

The Commission places great value on the creation of an interdisciplinary curriculum that would not only enable, but encourage, students to create their own majors. To do so, the Commission realizes that departmental barriers would have to be eliminated. Such a move would free up financial resources now being absorbed by what the Commission refers to as the quest for unrestrained growth. The Commission recognizes that faculty would be resistant to such a deconstruction, but believes that research universities will have to look beyond the objections of such "tenured drones" in order to realize their goals.

Another of the aims of the Commission is to take steps to reverse the trend of "conferring degrees upon inarticulate students." A strong course of instruction in critical analysis and critical writing would become the backdrop of all courses, rather than the exception in English courses. The Commission feels that "communication skills should be integrated with subject matter," in a redoubled effort to prepare future employees to communicate complex information simply to their "employers or higher authority."



Committee Member Charles E. Glassick

The Commission has some rather ambitious proposals regarding the implementation of new methods of instruction. It hopes to create a virtual classroom where students, perhaps even students from different schools, could all learn from the same instructors. Instructors would receive incentives for adding new technology to their courses. While this would reduce the number of necessary instructors, the technological costs could be prohibitive. Although peer interaction would obviously be reduced by such a system, flexibility of schedule and repeated access to learning materials would be the advantages provided. Yet Committee member Milton Glaser, noted instructor and graphic artist, has cautioned that "technology is never neutral." This must always be taken into account.

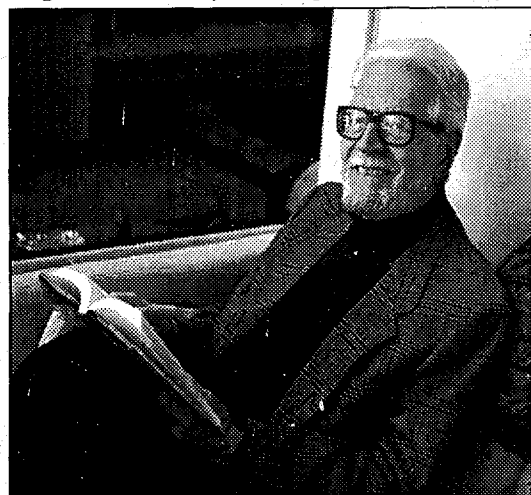
Concerned with the apathy that sometimes accompanies the senior year, the Commission recommends that a final project of original research, a synthesis of previous coursework, be demanded before graduation. Such a project would help prepare students for graduate-level research, or for personal enrichment.

The Commission concludes that poor graduate education is partly responsible for poor undergraduate education, and proposes to correct this by providing more training for graduate teaching assistants. However, the Commission does not explain what the role of graduate students will be in the brave new world of seminar- and research-based instruction. Though it claims that the traditional lecturer/recitation model is flawed and must be abolished, the Commission's ideas for restructuring graduate training seem better suited for the traditional mode of instruction.

In an interview with the *Stony Brook Press*, President Kenny stated that graduate students should be more trained in methods of instruction before entering the classroom. Consequently, they would be alleviated from teaching responsibilities in their first year, while being trained in educational methods. The Commission cryptically expresses its concern that "compensation for all teaching assistants should reflect more adequately the time and effort expected,"

but does not specify whether it thinks their present compensation is too high or too low.

The retraining of instructors would extend beyond the graduate student population. *please see "Boyer," page 7*



Committee Member Wayne C. Booth

# LET THEM EAT CAKE

Over the past week, the University at Stony Brook celebrated its 40th anniversary. It was a time for celebration, a time for the University community to come together and reflect on our past and our future.

Unfortunately, it didn't work out that way. The "Many Voices and Many Visions" touted on the 40th anniversary calendars were kept largely separate and isolated as the University administration proceeded with business as usual.

Most of the events that constituted "Spirit Week" were things that usually go on within the course of a normal week. There were art shows and discussion groups; wonderful things, to be sure, but nothing special to the anniversary celebration. There were a few events—mostly musical performances—that were specially arranged, but the University didn't really go out of its way to provide interesting activities.

The week culminated, however, in an event that promised to be extraordinary. Billed as the "Grand Finale!" in the anniversary calendars, the "Stony Brook 40th Anniversary Celebration" looked like a winner. Ads around campus promised food, fun, and fireworks. Just show up on the academic mall at 8:30 p.m.

What those posters didn't tell you, though, is that the real party started hours earlier—and that you weren't welcome.

As the students slugged their way across campus for yet another greasy Aramark dinner, administrators, politicians, and various VIPs gathered in the lobby of the Student Activities Center for a black tie banquet, with catered food, wine and champagne, and live music. They laughed and chatted and toasted each other, and tossed about congratulations. They rooted through their goody bags, admiring the new t-

shirts the university had so kindly provided them. SUNY trustees sat and happily clinked glasses with CEO's and politicians.

And outside, students pressed their faces against the glass walls to get a look. They weren't allowed inside.

Eventually, the fun drew to a close, after speeches had been made and backs patted. A giant cake was rolled out, detailed with flowers and rosettes surrounding a color frosting rendition of the new USB logo. A dozen sparklers shot their flames wildly as a tuxedoed waiter wheeled it to the front of the room, where President Kenny stood with various dignitaries and cut into it.

As these final moment of the gala passed, a crowd of students had begun to form outside. A cotton candy and a popcorn machine stood in stark contrast to the designer desserts being consumed inside.

Eventually, the cake-cutting ended and a few of the administrators and VIPs deigned to join the students outside to watch a brief fireworks display. Most, however, decided to head home, their bellies full and their egos sated. Outside, students waited as long as a half hour to get a cheap snack.

It was a perfect example of how this University really works. Administrators and corporate VIPs got the white gloves treatment, while the students were used merely as a backdrop. Admin threw the student body a bone—hey, there's actually going to be something happening on campus!—and in our weakened, deprived state, many thought it was significant.

In fact, it was a farce. The 40th anniversary celebration was neither for or about students; it was about publicity.

Just like our University.

## NO DISCLOSURE

Amidst all the noise from our recent 40th anniversary celebrations, a significant event almost took place for which there was absolutely no publicity.

When the 40th Anniversary Celebration took place in the SAC, it counted amongst its guests a number of dignitaries, including SUNY Trustees, local legislators, and distinguished faculty. It also featured, as a keynote speaker, Governor George Pataki.

This fact came as a great surprise to us when we finally discovered it, while browsing through a program we'd stolen off a table after the banquet had ended.

Administration officials must have been aware for some time that Governor Pataki was invited to attend: they even had the time to print up programs with his name on them. But they didn't alert the student media. We had to rely on rumors from faculty and staff, and then not

receive confirmation until after the event was over.

It's absolutely unacceptable that a news event of this stature occur without the student media being notified. It's even more unacceptable that this sort of thing happens *all the time*.

Administration rarely notifies the student media of upcoming events and news items. We're forced to work with rumors and leaks, never knowing exactly what's going on. It's no way to run a newspaper, and no way to run a university.

As it happens, Pataki didn't even show up to the event. Our theory is that he was afraid to show his face on a college campus after his recent vetoes of education spending.

But that doesn't make the omission acceptable. Administration *must* recognize the right of the students to be informed, and the mandate of the student media to do so.

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# Happy Fortieth?

A photo essay by David M. Ewalt

On Monday, May 27th, our august University celebrated a milestone; its 40th anniversary.

To commemorate the event, a banquet was held in the Student Activities Center, where administrators and VIPs were served a sumptuous dinner by waiters in black ties.

Afterwards, volunteers in tee-shirts handed out free popcorn to the students on the academic mall.

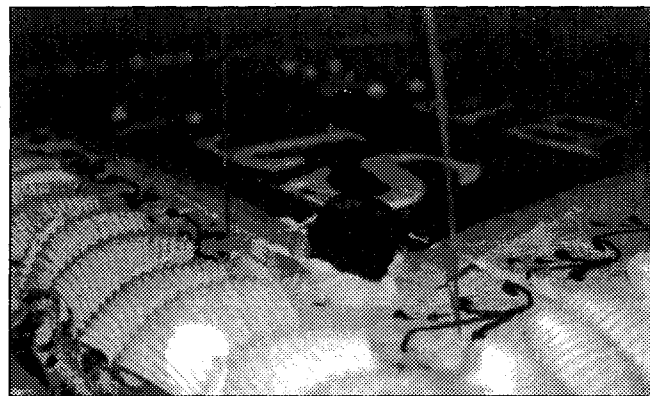
Since students were not welcome inside the banquet (and since only so many of you braved the cold to stand in line for a half an hour to get some free cotton candy), we provide this photo collage to show you just what you missed.



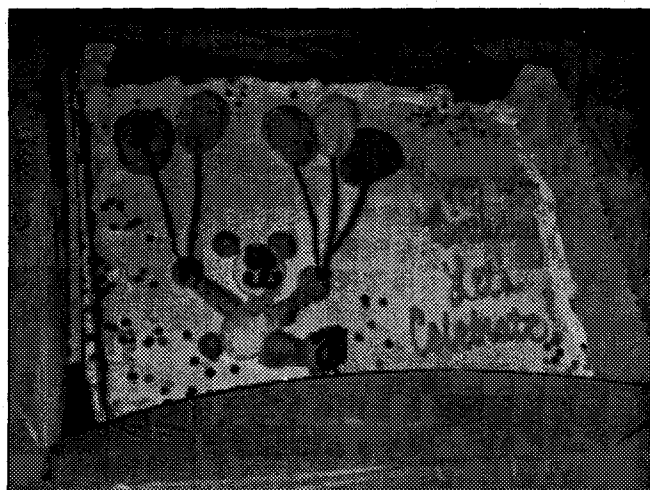
SUNY Chancellor John Ryan, President Kenny, and Ken Lavallo cut the cake during the VIP reception. Nobody actually ate this cake after they cut it, though we did notice several administrators eyeing it hungrily.



When President Kenny took the podium for the outside portion of the celebration, she was greeted with tepid applause and a smattering of boos. Even the Seawolf yawned during Shirley's speech. She spoke to the students for only a few moments, offering the usual platitudes about how great our campus is.



This is the cake the administrators got...



...and the cake they gave the students..



# A Cake, In A Tent, In The Rain

*Stony Brook's 40th Anniversary Cake Cutting Bash*

By DH Campbell

Of all the events that I have had to cover in my time at the *Press*, the cake cutting ceremony for Stony Brook's 40th Birthday Bash has to be, by far, the worst one! The story all begins when, at the last minute, I was sent out on the assignment because my good friend Anne had a stomach virus and had been tossing her cookies all night long. Not feeling up to the event, she sent me in her place. So being the kind person that I am, I accepted the assignment and decided to go, thinking good food, billionaires galore, and free drinks! What I found was a nightmare of a social event (even by Stony Brook standards.)

As I arrived at the Stony Brook Town Hall, the rain that had been pouring down for the last few hours began to grow consistently worse. Fearing that my hair was about to get completely ruined (hey, I am gay) I grabbed my note pad and hauled ass to the Stony Brook Post Office, where I believed that the event would begin. Upon my arrival, the only person there was a soggy, cranky, clown. Seriously, she was a clown! A real, live, big funny hair, tweak my nose clown! Being thrown off by having to make small talk with Bozo, I proceeded to timidly ask her where the event was being held.

Perhaps at this time I should mention that she was not a jovial clown. In fact, she was a pissed off clown. It seems that she, too, had arrived on time, only to find out that nothing much was hap-

pening. She was wet, she was having a bad clown hair day, and she hadn't been paid yet. This clown was about to go postal on someone. My further journalistic probing didn't help lift her spirits either, because, as she made clear, she was a clown, not an events coordinator. So having seen *It* and

knowing what clowns are capable of when they get pissed off, I decided to follow her directions to a "tent" that had been set up around the corner and leave her alone to ponder her clowny state.

As I walked the rain soaked streets, my mind anticipated seeing a huge tent that was dry, and preferably heated, with people ready to take my coat and get me a drink. How deluded I was! As I turned the corner the only tent that I saw was a small, flimsy, plastic tent that was being blown over by the monsoon-like winds. The only person

that I saw was some poor, rain soaked student who, by the look of her hair, had been there in the rain for quite some time.

Just when I thought that this sight couldn't have gotten any funnier, I noticed that Public Safety was there, guarding the cake! They had guards for the cake! Thousands of dollars worth of computers are stolen from campus and they have no suspects, but they have guards for the cake. Don't you just love Stony Brook?

And what, pray tell, did this cake that needed so much security look like? Was it something so spectacular that it needed Secret Service like protection? Nope, not really, it was just a regular sheet cake with candles, that from my

vantage point (I wasn't allowed that close) appeared lopsided.

After deciding to talk to the girl who appeared to be in charge, I learned that the carriage rides, and most of the outdoor activities had been canceled due to the rain, but that the fashion show at Talbots was still on for this evening. Oh my, a fashion show in Stony Brook, this is a gay man's dream... but I digress.

After getting my rain soaked list of events from this poor suffering student, I asked her where the president was. I was told that she would be at the event around 7:45 p.m. 7:45 p.m.! The event began at 5:30, and let me tell you that at 6:15 the only people that were there were myself, a grumpy clown, this poor, rain soaked work study student, and enough Public Safety people to...to...well, Public Safety doesn't actually do anything anyway, no matter how many they are, unless we count ticketing my car! But, again, I digress.

This evening was a huge disaster, even by Stony Brook standards. In fact, I argue that it wasn't even an event. Rather that it was a cake, in a tent, in the rain. It was something out of a "How Not to Throw a Party Handbook" and I was out of there by 6:45!

Though before I went home, I had to stop at the *Press* office and bitch at them. I was cranky, I was wet, I was alone, I was hated by a clown and I was not about to not share this with my peers. As I walked into the office the look on my face told them all they needed to know about the event. I recounted the story to them and they laughed their asses off and sent a camera crew down to the event to take pictures of the disaster. I, on the other hand, went home, took a warm shower, and grabbed dinner before "Friends" came on, and tried to forget the evening.

Happy Birthday Stony Brook!



President Kenny and Anne Forkin (Director of Conferences and Special Events) sing "Happy Birthday" in a tent in the rain.

## THE MILLION MARIJUANA MARCH

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Saturday, May 2

Rally at 11:00 am in Washington Square Park, NYC

March on Central Park, 1:00 pm

# Michael Jordan Fails to Speak Out About Nike Workers

By Frederick McKissack Jr.

Once again, Michael Jordan had a chance to speak out about working conditions in Nike plants in Southeast Asia. Once again, he failed to do that.

In a recent interview aired on ABC's "Prime Time Live," reporter Chris Wallace wanted to know Jordan's response to charges that some Nike products are made in Indonesian sweatshops by children who earn as little as 14 cents an hour.

"I couldn't voice an opinion until I found out exactly what was happening and how that affected me," he said. Wallace answered the rest for Jordan with a voice-over saying that the Chicago Bull star "now backs Nike, citing a recent study that shows workers are paid a fair wage."

Jordan was referring to a study by Andrew Young, the former U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. But on November 10, the Transnational Resource and Action Center, a non-profit group based in San Francisco, obtained a copy of a Nike internal audit done by the accounting firm of Ernst & Young. The audit was carried out on a Vietnamese factory of the company that produces 400,000 shoes a month. The workers, who are mostly females, are actually employed by Tae Kwang Vina Industrial Ltd. Co., a Korean-owned sub-contractor of Nike.

Ernst & Young found numerous violations of corporate and Vietnamese government

policies, including 104 cases in which workers under 18 were being used, and 48 cases in which employees were required to labor above the maximum hours. Employees, the memo says, worked as much as 65 hours a week, for which they earned slightly more than \$10.

Ernst & Young also found that the electric-ventilation system and natural air booths at the plant were insufficient to reduce the dust from harmful chemical powders. As many as 77 percent of the workers there suffered from respiratory problems. The chemical solvent toluene was present in the air of the factory at levels of between 6 and 177 times the amount allowed by Vietnamese law. Prolonged exposure to this chemical can cause severe damage to the liver, kidneys and nervous system.

The Transnational Resource and Action Center was critical of Ernst & Young's methodology and the center's interviews with workers show that conditions were much worse than even portrayed.

While Nike says it has taken steps to clean up its Vietnamese operation, why did it deny these allegations until a leak called attention to the abuse of Nike workers? Why didn't it

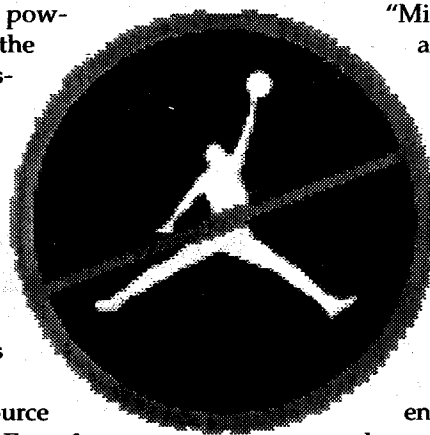
make the results public? And what about Nike's other plants?

Nike's secretive conduct is shameful. People should have the right to know who makes the product that they purchase, and the conditions under which the product is made.

But there is a bigger question. It involves Michael Jordan. During the "Prime Time Live" segment, a Nike spokesman said, "Michael's very picky, so we try to accommodate as much as we can." If only he was as picky about how the shoes are made as he is about their price and color schemes.

While Vietnamese women are working for \$10 a week, Jordan's bestselling shoes are running at between \$90 and \$150. Jordan insists he doesn't know how much he makes a year in salary and endorsements, but Wallace says it's between \$50 million and \$100 million a year. A good percentage of that comes from Nike.

The Nike memo should be the smoking gun for Jordan and every other shoe-shilling athlete. Let's hope that it compels them to break their silence.



## "Boyer," continued from page 3

Professors would be subject to a more critical review of their accomplishments in synthesizing research and undergraduate instruction. As in the past, however, research productivity would continue to be "a more manageable criterion than teaching effectiveness," and the Commission does not specify practical means of evaluation it considers effective.

The final recommendation of the Commission is to "cultivate a sense of community." Suggestions include pep rallies, football games, and other forms of "shared rituals." The Commission views the traditional emphasis on "diversity" as being divisive, segregating students into clubs based on gender, race, religion, ethnicity, and nationality, rather than on mutual talents. It would prefer a greater emphasis on activity-based organizations in order to provide to students a "comfort level with difference." It also expresses commuting students' allegation that most campus events are primarily for the benefit of residents.

We conclude that the Boyer Commission's report is regrettably short on detail. In delineating an alternate course of education, members of the Commission did little to indicate how such changes could be carried out. It is irresponsible to propose drastic overhaul of a system without a clear idea of what lies in the future. In many ways, the Boyer Commission's larger scope served as a vehicle to suggest, if not mandate, highly controversial proposals which would not have received a wide audience on their own merit. In fact, it seems possible that the goal of reforming undergraduate education is a ruse in which to couch these otherwise unpopular proposals for public consumption.

For example, the Commission insults tenure by mocking faculty as "tenured drones." The professors on this Commission are hardly likely to have supported this position. The Commission also

recommends that "committee work at all levels of university life should be greatly reduced to allow more time for productive student-related efforts." In other words, faculty should desist from having a voice in Administrative matters because it detracts from teaching and research (which should be taking up all their time).

The Commission calls for the abolition of remedial education, in effect alienating students from lower socio-economic backgrounds who may not have had the same access to a quality preparatory education as their more well-moneyed counterparts. Proponents of educational accessibility should find this development alarming, especially since there is no justification provided for this view. The Commission also seems to disdain extracurricular activities that focus on diversity, which once again could serve to marginalize students traditionally underrepresented on college campuses.

Most disturbing is that there is little evidence that the Commission's recommendations will actually improve education, even if they could be realistically implemented. Reform movements have been attempted in the past, and have failed because there was much reliance on technology, on independent research, and on "innovative techniques" which had not been tested even experimentally. Throwing students into radically different systems of learning can be extremely harmful if serious attention is not given to the manner in which the reforms are enacted.

An example of this sort of restructuring, which had many of the same goals, has been occurring in mathematics education. "Reform calculus" was touted by a group of mathematics instructors as a system of learning which would invigorate calculus in the eyes of freshmen, by making it relevant to other subjects, by tying it

directly to technology, and by emphasizing conceptual techniques over computational techniques. It was well-intentioned, but there was a good deal of improvisation, and many reforms were implemented before faculty were prepared to change their styles of teaching. Inevitably, the reform movement remains unsuccessful, and the faculty members who felt forced to comply have enacted no more than token changes in teaching. Is there any evidence that the same will not happen when these same sorts of reforms are proposed for all subjects, instead of just mathematics?

While championing the idea of making undergraduate education more rigorous (which would most likely be well-received), implementing plans such as freshman research may in fact lead young students to prematurely specialize in chosen fields, rather than pursuing general education. Further, requiring freshmen to conduct research before they learn the basic background necessary to do this effectively is a misdirection of their scant resources.

Additionally, it is not made clear as to whether internships would be mandatory or elective. If they are mandatory, would monetary compensation be provided for the student? In both the realm of research and internships there exists the possibility that the creators of the report are seeking to capitalize on the cheap (if not free) labor that the undergraduate student would provide.

On a final note, by and large, the members of the Boyer Commission are individuals who have not been part of classroom instruction for a long time (if at all). It seems that professors who spend most of their time teaching students would be better qualified to make observations and recommendations regarding undergraduate education.



# Blind Justice?

By Heather Rosenow

How far has our society's fight against sexual discrimination come? Not far enough, apparently. The Supreme Court recently upheld a federal law that not only decides a citizen's right to obtain U.S. citizenship for their child based on their sex, but also called into question our government's view of the roles women and men play in society if they parent a child out of wedlock. The law in question is biased in favor of bestowing U.S. citizenship on the child of a woman who is a U.S. citizen whose child was born out of wedlock and in a foreign country. It is definitively biased against men in the same position by making it more difficult and time consuming to obtain the same citizenship rights for their child born under the same circumstances.

Social and government history provides a detailed survey of attitudes toward unwed parents. Women have traditionally had most of the responsibility of a child out of wedlock thrown upon them, while men, for the most part, have gotten away scott free. Our government, by standing behind a law which discriminates against men, is now making it even more difficult for a man to claim responsibility for his child and bestow citizenship from his country on it. The U.S. Supreme Court, while not being completely unanimous, has upheld basic policies of gender bias on the federal level.

Justice John Paul Stevens wrote, "The biological differences between single men and single women provide a relevant basis for differing rules governing their ability to confer citizenship on children born in

foreign lands." Since when is it acceptable for our government to decide who gets certain rights based on their biological makeup? Not only is this decision outdated, it also serves as a wakeup call for all the people who thought that gender bias and sexual discrimination had been defeated on governmental levels. Why is a mother more of a parent than a father? It is faulty logic on the part of our government, a government who claims to be against sexual discrimination, to support a law which, in so many words, removes a constitutional right without blinking an eye? A U.S. citizen has a right to have their case brought before the federal court, examined, and decided upon without reference to their sex, religious beliefs, race, etc. which are supposed to be unquestioned constitutional rights governing equal treatment under the law.

The law in question requires more information and proof from the father of a child born out of wedlock in a foreign country than it does from the mother. In fact, a mother whose child is born under such circumstances is granted immediate citizenship. If the child's father is the U.S. citizen, they have restrictions and time limits applied in addition to more in depth information and more proof of legal parenthood. A child born out of wedlock to a male citizen of the United States in a foreign country only has until the age of eighteen to verify the required information. If they fail to do so in a timely fashion, they lose their right to citizenship. The required age was, until recently, 21. Since then they have made it even more difficult.

The Supreme Court did have dissenting voices, which included the opinions of Justice Ruth

Bader Ginsburg, David H. Souter and Stephen G. Breyer. These Justices argued the point that to uphold the law would be gender bias and discrimination based on sex. "...Familiar generalizations: mothers, as a rule, are responsible for a child born out of wedlock; fathers unmarried to the child's mother, ordinarily, are not." These Justices have put into words what is already very clear, that the U.S. government will pass judgement on issues of citizenship and parenthood using archaic notions of domestic life and moral values which have in the past freed many men from responsibility in parenthood while enslaving women. One can only hope that the weight of the dissenting voices and their logically voiced argument against this testament to societal discrimination will inspire more investigation into the constitutionality of such a law.

If the justice system in this country intends to take the problem of sexual discrimination seriously, it should first take a government wide internal inventory of laws which violate a persons constitutional rights and eliminate them.

How can the Court argue in this 6-3 decision to uphold the law in question, that a man's right to equal treatment under the law is not materially called into question and in the end violated? It is quite clear that our federal judicial system treats unwed parents differently under the law. It has been carried far enough where constitutional infringements are now becoming clear. By treating men differently, and taking their sex into account before giving any decisions in their children's right to citizenship, the court has proven once again that Justice in the United States is anything but blind.

## AFTER PULITZER, GRAHAM'S BOOK STILL LACKS SCRUTINY

By Norman Solomon

After a Pulitzer Prize went to Katharine Graham in mid-April for her autobiography *Personal History*, media coverage added new luster to the book's reputation.

United Press International referred to Graham's book as a "classic." On the CNN Financial Network, a correspondent lionized the author: "By unanimous acclaim, Katharine Graham is one of the most powerful players in Washington and among the most influential women in America."

The Washington Post – run by Graham for decades and still owned by her family – savored the prestigious award with a news story headlined "The Proof Is in the Pulitzer." The article said that she "undertook her project like an investigative reporter" and wrote "a book that is as much history as memoir."

Read as a memoir, the book is a poignant account of Graham's long quest to overcome sexism, learn the newspaper business and gain self-esteem. Read as history, however, it is deceptive.

While Graham lauds her famous friends, she portrays the Washington Post Co. – the parent firm of Newsweek and other media outlets – as a bastion of journalistic integrity. "I don't believe that whom I was or wasn't friends with interfered with our reporting at any of our publications," Graham writes.

But Robert Parry – who was a Washington correspondent for Newsweek during the last three years of the 1980s – can shed some light on the shadows of Graham's reassuring prose. In sharp contrast to the claims in her book, Parry recalls, he witnessed "self-censorship because of the coziness

between Post-Newsweek executives and senior national security figures."

Among Parry's examples: "On one occasion in 1987, I was told that my story about the CIA funneling anti-Sandinista money through Nicaragua's Catholic Church had been watered down because the story needed to be run past Mrs. Graham, and Henry Kissinger was her house guest that weekend. Apparently, there was fear among the top editors that the story as written might cause some consternation." (In 1996, the memoirs of former CIA director Robert Gates confirmed that Parry had it right all along.)

Overall, Parry told me, "the Post-Newsweek company is protective of the national security establishment." It's no coincidence that Graham's book exudes affection for Kissinger as well as Robert McNamara, George Shultz and other luminaries of various administrations who have remained her close friends.

Meanwhile, the book devotes dozens of righteous pages to the pivotal 1975 strike by Post press operators. Graham stresses the damage done to printing equipment as the walkout began and "the unforgivable acts of violence throughout the strike." It is a profound commentary on her outlook that thuggish deeds by a few of the strikers were "unforgivable" – but men like McNamara and Kissinger were lovable after they oversaw horrendous slaughter during the Vietnam War.

Media adulation for Graham and her book has been so strong that any such criticism is apt to seem way outside the mainstream. Typically, *New York Times* critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt described the autobiography as "inspiring." ABC's Barbara Walters called it

"inspirational." Even *Time* magazine, assessing the book by the owner of archival *Newsweek*, termed it "disarmingly candid."

In *Personal History*, Graham presents many business titans as near-saints. She depicts her pal Warren Buffett – a major stockholder and board member of the Washington Post Co. – as an impish fellow whose endearing qualities include his zeal to acquire more billions.

Now, at age 80, Mrs. Graham has only a loose grip on a media empire left to her son Donald Graham and investors hungry to maximize profits. Today, top executives at The Washington Post "represent the corporate conglomerate that they are," says Ralph Nader, who condemns "their lack of critical coverage of corporate power." He adds that the Post is "very much official-source journalism."

Although widely touted as a feminist parable, Graham's book is notably bereft of solidarity for women without affluence or white skin. They barely seem to exist in her range of vision. Social inequities are dim, faraway specks. The 625-page book gives short shrift to the unrich and unfamous, whose realities are peripheral to the real drama played out by her dazzling peers.

*Personal History* chronicles Katharine Graham's lifelong struggle to gain confidence, power and stature among the nation's elites. It's certainly personal. But it's not history.

*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."*



# THE DEATH OF A TYRANT

By Jill Baron

When one thinks of a tyrant, certain individuals probably come to mind: Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini, to name a few. Last week, a lesser known individual passed away in seclusion in Cambodia; an individual who, between the years of 1975 and 1979, instigated the death of over a million Cambodians under his militant communist reign.

Pol Pot died last week of an apparent heart attack, according to his captors. After the demise of his Khmer Rouge regime, a Cambodian militant communist party led by Pol Pot, his former colleagues took him captive, and there he died, peacefully in his bed, in a two room hut in the Dangrek Mountains. The fact that his death was so peaceful has many of his former victims in an uproar. Pol Pot was an ultra-orthodox communist, inspired by Stalin and Mao Tse-tung's Cultural Revolution. Pol Pot's philosophy resembled Hitler's ethnic cleansing attempts, but, unlike Hitler, he believed the only "pure" Cambodians were peasants, unsullied by any sort of foreign influence.

After Pol Pot and his Khmer Rouge guerrillas overthrew the existing Lon Nol (and US backed) government in 1975, the reign of terror began. All others that didn't conform to his "ideal," including professionals, intellectuals, city-dwellers, people who spoke foreign languages, and people who wore eyeglasses (evidence of having being corrupted by outside influences,) were tortured and starved to death. Money was abolished, libraries and hospitals destroyed. Middle

class Cambodians were ordered to abandon their jobs and were forced into labor in agricultural camps, much like the concentration camps of the Holocaust. Pol Pot truly took communism to the extreme - he outlawed regular family life and ordered communal dining halls and barracks. Almost none of the 16,000 men, women and children who were forced into the Tuol Sleng prison survived; most of them were tortured and executed as spies. Homesick children who abandoned

their work battalions were routinely executed. The massacres continued until Vietnam invaded the country in 1979. The exact number of people who died is not known; the estimates range from one to two million.

Pol Pot's wife, Mea Son, says she discovered the body when she went to string mosquito netting around the bed. She told journalists that Pol Pot had complained of feeling dizzy, and had laid down on the bed and died in her presence. His Khmer Rouge captors had been chased from their long-time base by a Cambodian government offensive last month. Despite Son's testimony, there had been rumors circulating that Pol Pot was murdered. Khmer Rouge commander Ta Mok had allegedly been making plans to turn Pol Pot over to Thai military official, who, in turn, would have passed him on to American officials, to stand trial for his crimes against humanity. Bitter observers began to think that the death was a ruse, and demanded a viewing of the corpse for a few Western journalists. However, the reporters said that there was no question that it was the body of Pol Pot. The body

was cremated three days later on a pyre of thicket and car tires soaked in gasoline. Ta Mok, in a television interview, called the deceased tyrant "cow dung."

Many survivors of his massacres were aghast by the peacefulness of his death. They wanted him to be brought to justice before he died. In Sambath, a fruit seller in Phnom Penh (Cambodia's capitol) said "I've heard many times that Pol Pot is dead, that Pol Pot was captured. I wanted him to go to trial before he died." Sambath lost her husband and ten children to the "killing fields," as they are often referred to, of the Khmer Rouge. Some have even suggested putting Pol Pot's corpse on trial, namely an elderly holy man named Same Soth. "The United States should bring his body into a court and hold a trial. Put his body out in the open so everyone can see him. Then maybe the Cambodian people will no longer suffer from what he did," he says. Of course, the sensible U.S. officials would never consent to such a thing, but apparently they are hot on the trail of other Khmer Rouge leaders. "The circumstances surrounding Pol Pot's death remain an outstanding issue," said one senior American official. "So are the remaining Khmer Rouge kingpins who are probably in the boondocks and still need to be brought to justice."

Like most tyrants, Pol Pot retained his integrity until the end. "Everything I did, I did for my country," were the words he uttered to the last Western reporter to see him alive. He wanted to go down in history as the man who saved his country from foreign domination. He will most likely be remembered as the last great villain of the twentieth century, a man who died at peace with the blood of millions of his fellow countrymen on his hands, but not on his conscience.



## Don't Just Sit There: Do Something, Damnit!

By Lisa Aviles

If the largest crowd you've ever seen has been at Lollapalooza or Nassau Coliseum, you might want to consider widening your scope of experience. Defy those who claim that our generation is characterized by little more than mindless self gratification by doing something that is both self gratifying and useful. AIDS Walk New York is planning its thirteenth annual walk Sunday, May 17th from Central Park in Manhattan. This walk happens to be the largest AIDS fundraising event in the world. Speaking as one who has been there, I can say that the sight of thousands of people walking down a Manhattan street to improve our future as a society is an impression beyond words.

The walk benefits Gay Men's Health Crisis (GMHC), an organization which provides services to more than 10,000 people with HIV and AIDS. Because the government has not made notable provisions for those with AIDS and HIV, organizations such as GMHC pick up the slack. GMHC is there helping men, women, and children who have HIV and AIDS by providing legal services, nutritional counseling, and a host of other services to those coping with the disease. In addition to these services, GMHC is a major sponsor of worldwide education about AIDS. This group has its own hotline at (212) 807-6655. GMHC offers counseling, seminars, presentations, forums, safer sex workshops, poster campaigns, brochures and educational publications. The benefits

do, in fact, extend well beyond those with HIV and AIDS to include the entire world community.

The event begins with an aerobic warmup led by the New York Sports Club. You and hundreds of people perform leg stretches and jumping jacks in unison. The opening ceremony then begins - every year media figures come to Central Park to speak at the opening ceremony. Last year, Susan Sarandon, Tim Robbins and Rosie Perez were the special guests. During this opening ceremony, walkers are provided with some walking fuel: yogurt, granola bars, oranges, juice water, etc. As if that were not enough, packets of sunscreen are also provided. Looking around, one sees group team organizations like The Gap/Banana Republic/Old Navy, Z100, Ben and Jerry's, Nike, and the *New York Times*. Last year saw over 900 teams.

The walk begins at 10:00 am and channels 2, 5 and 7 are there to film footage for the 5:00 news. Refreshments, ice-cream, cookies and other blood sugar level stabilizing substances are frequently provided along the way. People stare from their apartment balconies and gather along the street to watch and cheer everyone on. Mothers take their children, pushing strollers in sneakers and such, entire families appear, walking as their own group. Last year, I saw people of all ages, races and backgrounds walking, and truly felt proud to be a part of it.

The people make their way back to Central Park, having walked ten kilometers, or about six

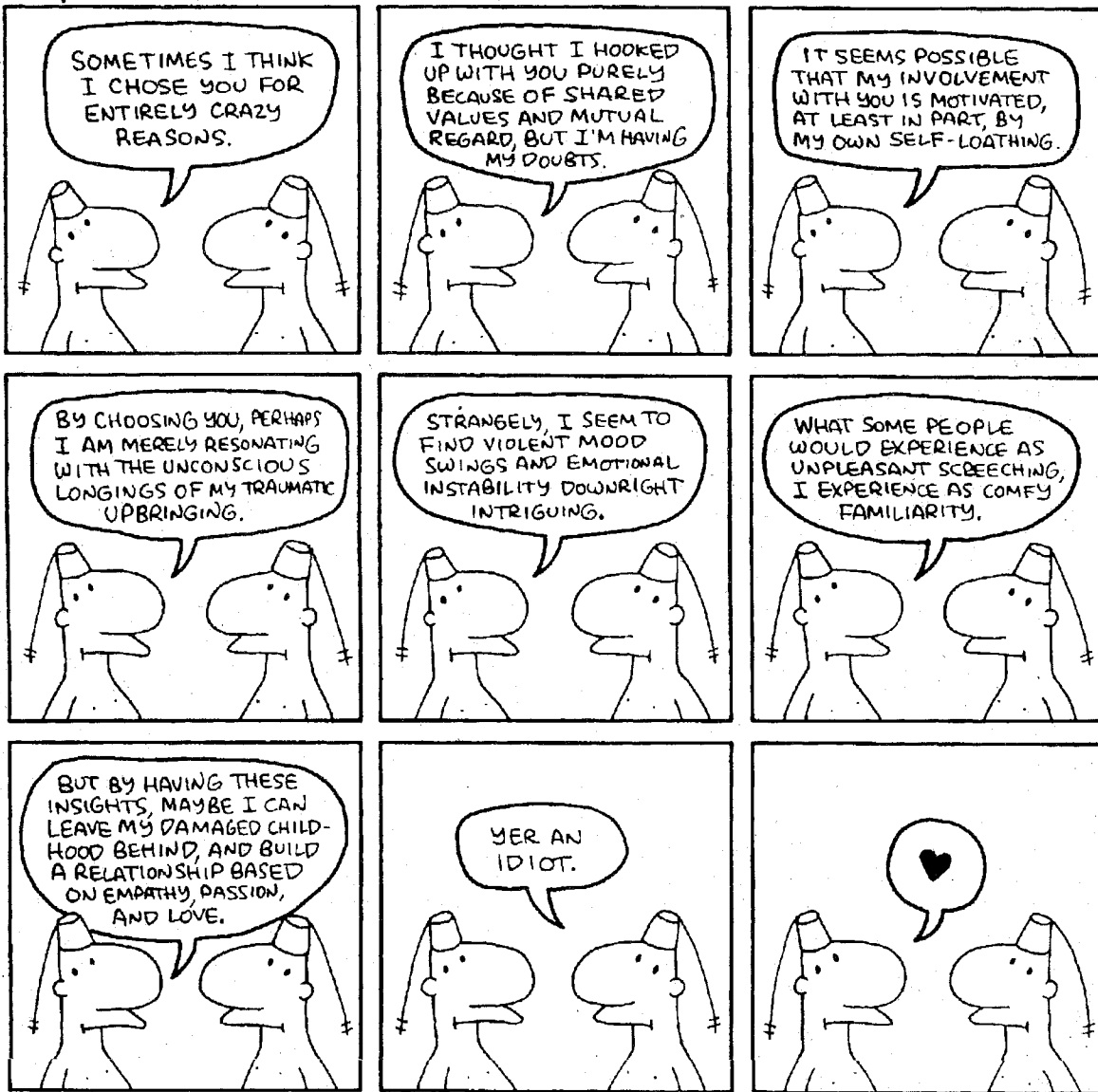
miles, around 12:00. For someone who has fallen relatively out of shape, this distance is still a cakewalk (yet I would strongly caution against passing by the free refreshments- they keep up the essential blood sugar levels necessary for countering the heat, which shouldn't be too bad for mid-May.) For those who wait around, the closing ceremony announces the funds raised. Those under 21 raising at least \$150 get a free T-Shirt, and those over 21 raising the same amount get a free ticket to a thank you event at Webster Hall.

In addition to being a way to get a great tan, the walk re-addressed the issue of AIDS to me on both a very public and personal level, and I strongly recommend that everyone try it. I snagged sponsors at my job, and (if your employer doesn't mind) suggest this as a efficient and effective means of obtaining sponsors. Bring your boy/girl friend, dad, brother, whomever- you'll probably have a good time, and can spend the rest of the day exploring Manhattan with the satisfaction of not having a final exam the next day. Over 35,000 people are expected at this year's AIDS Walk. This event is big, and wholly worth your time. Call (212) 807-WALK for sponsor forms or go to their website at <http://www.gmhc.org/aidswalkny>.

Make your grandchildren proud by saying you were part of the solution rather than the problem. In doing so, you'll legitimately be able to scornfully mock those who surlily call our generation spoiled and pathetically apathetic.

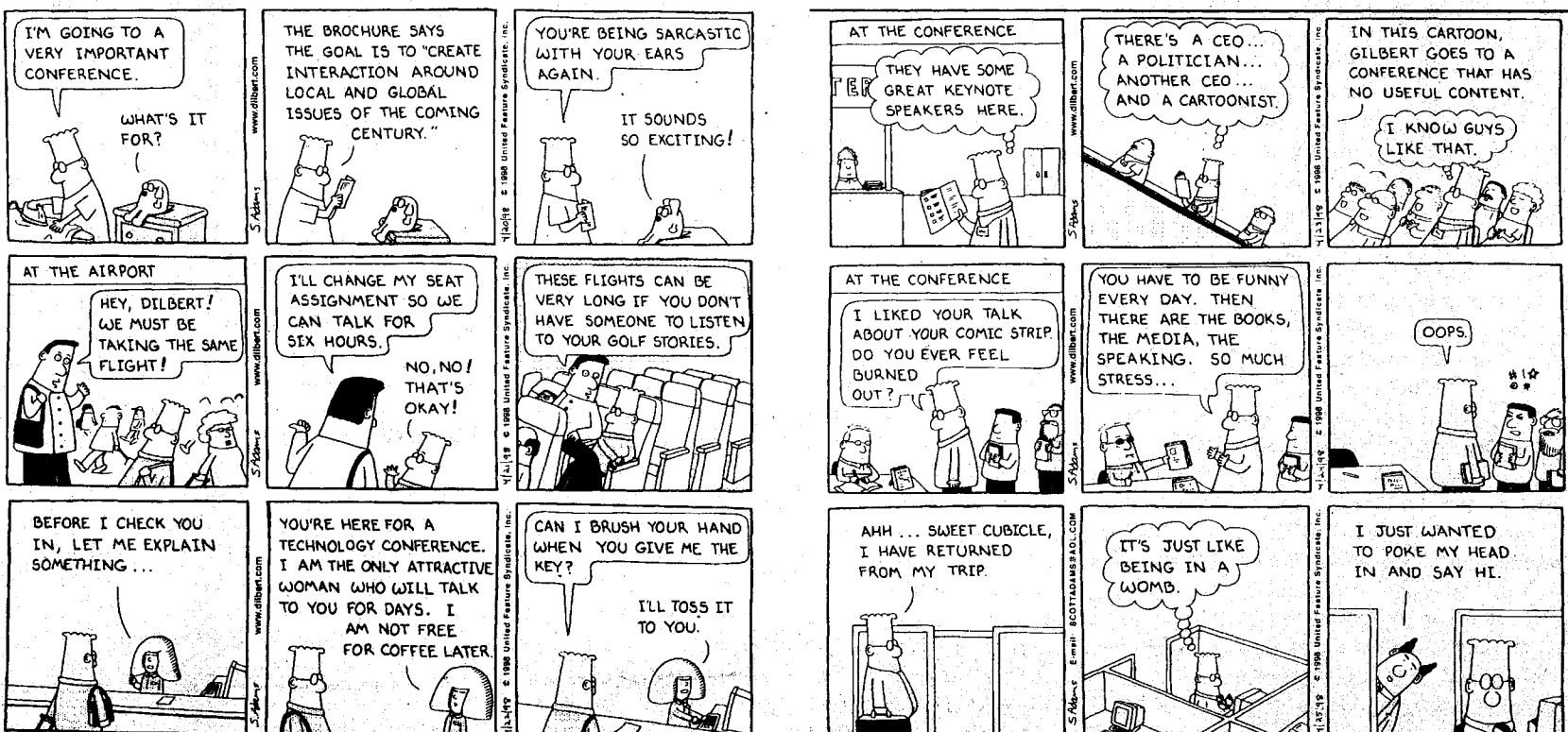
## LIFE IN HELL

©1998  
BY MATT  
GREENING



# DILBERT<sup>®</sup>

by Scott Adams



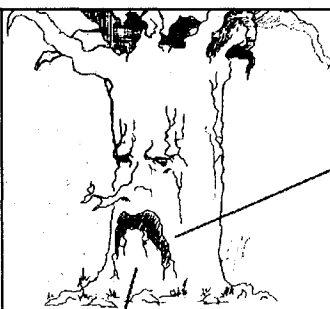


# Strike Force Echo

with guest artist Glen Avery Given drawing  
"Bueford, the Angry Oak Man"

by Matthew  
Vernon  
Xavier  
Willemain

Meanwhile, back in  
the land of the Oak  
People, much rage  
was stirring.

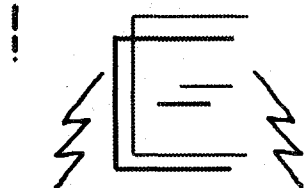


I can't believe he ate our  
Presidential candidate.

It is time. It is time  
to show the world that  
we will not tolerate  
our Lord Gore being  
eaten like so many a  
tasty oak-grown treat.  
It is time to think.  
It is time to take.  
It is time to move.

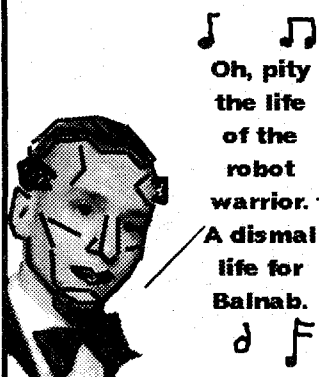
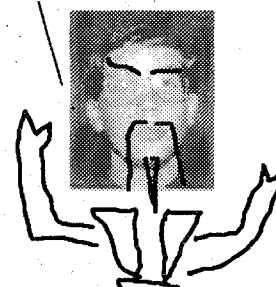
Um...  
Can anybody move?

STRIKE  
FORCE  
ECHO



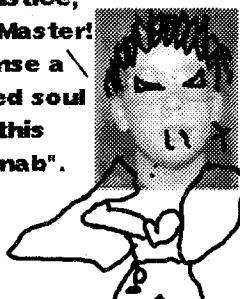
When last we left  
Vampire and Ninja  
Master, they had  
found, and been  
discovered by, Spyder,  
the leader of the  
Veggeterrorists.  
Spyder quickly  
sent Balnab, her  
forlorn robot warrior,  
after our heroes.

"Balnab" ...  
Prepare to DIE!



Oh, pity  
the life  
of the  
robot  
warrior.  
A dismal  
life for  
Balnab.

Stay your  
hands of  
hot justice,  
Ninja Master!  
I sense a  
kindred soul  
in this  
"Balnab".



Curses! I knew I  
shouldn't have taken  
a self-pitying poet type  
as my bodyguard.  
Withdraw!!



So, Matt, what is Strike Force Echo really about?  
Do you really have a "four year story arc?"



Nah, Scoop, I just  
kinda make it up as  
I go. I can't believe  
they bought that  
four year story arc  
thing.  
Is this Zima?

NEXT  
ISSUE:  
EPISODE  
LUCKY THIRTEEN:  
**Full Page  
Season Finale  
Cliffhanger**

Evil Steve:  
Megalomaniac Squirrel

Doo doo doo doo,  
doo-doo, do-Wah!



It doesn't matter what comes,  
fresh goes better in life. with  
mentos fresh and full of life.



Nothing gets to you. staying  
fresh staying cool, with men-  
tos fresh and full of life.



Fresh goes better, Mentos fresh-  
ness, fresh goes better with men-  
tos, fresh and full of life!



IN "MENTOS, THE FRESHMAKER!"

Mentos jingle composed by John Groves

By Brian Libfeld

# BEER FEST:

## The Malt Liquor Experience

By Elvis Duke

### THE PROJECT

Every spring, as flowers bloom and trees awaken, one group of campus ne'er-do-wells retreats from the sun and breeze to the confines of a super-secret scientific testing grounds. Inside, they eschew the peace and tranquillity of a Long Island May in favor of the chaos and turbulence of an annual tradition. Butterflies and posies takes a back seat to belching and projectile vomiting.

Some would call it madness. We call it Beer Fest.

For the past five years, the dedicated professional journalists here at the *Stony Brook Press* have, at great personal risk, set forth to sample and review various beer-like beverages. Our goal is to provide the campus population with a reliable, scientific analysis with which they can improve their personal drinking experience.

In the past, we've helped enlighten Stony Brook students to the wonders of "Cheap American Beer," "Ales," "Imports," and "The Microbrews of New York State." This year, we decided to tackle something a little more difficult: Malt Liquor.

Now, technically speaking, Malt Liquor isn't actually beer; it's liquor (like whiskey or vodka) that uses some of the ingredients of beer (hops, barley, etc.) The end result, though, is close enough to beer to fudge it. Malt Liquors generally have a higher alcohol content and a weaker flavor than actual beer.

In any case, our intrepid scientists wanted some, so we made a night out of it.

We began our endeavors on a Friday afternoon by cruising the seedier delis and convenience stores of central Suffolk, in search of whatever varieties of malted beverage we could find.

Those of our readers experienced with Malt Liquor, or native to New York City, are doubtless at this point shaking their heads in disbelief, for they know a great truth: you can't get good Malt Liquor out here. For various reasons (an unfortunate and detestable marketing towards impoverished areas chief among them), very few establishments within a half an hour of campus stock anything good. Believe us, we hit them all.

Nonetheless, in the interest of serving the campus population, we decided to only review those brews that could be found within a reasonable drive. Our selection ended up a bit small, and we ended up pining for such fine brews as St. Ides, Mickey's and Lazer, but we feel vindicated by the fact that we're still serving you, the student.

Of course, we made up for lack of variety with sheer volume.

Once the trunk of our staff car had been literally filled with "40s" (the 40 ounce bottles indicative of fine malt liquor,) we returned to our test site to begin the procedure.

Tastings were administered by a highly-trained veteran of four Beer Fests, who, for the purpose of accuracy, did not himself sample the beverages (he did, however, have enough White Russians to knock out a horse.) The samples were poured into plastic cups, and the tasters did not know which beverage they were drinking.

Each taste-tester rated the brews in four categories, on a scale of one to ten; Taste, Bite, Aftertaste, and Iquaqi (a catch-all, freeform category, the exact definition of which has been lost to the ages.) They were also encouraged to record comments for each beverage, so as to better support our results.

### THE TASTING

#### Beer "A": King Cobra

King Cobra, a favorite of our more alcoholic tasters, was generally considered a tasty brew with little aftertaste.

"The King" fared particularly well in the Iquaqi category. Several tasters reported a rather strong kick. These results seem to confirm the beverage's advertising slogan; "Don't let the smooth taste fool ya'."

#### COMMENTS:

"Like dirty water...Mmm-mmm good!"  
 "Like an old woman with the shakes."  
 "This is a fine, yet mellow brew."  
 "The Insane Clown Posse probably loves this shit."

#### Beer "B": Hurricane

The general consensus on Hurricane seems to be that it lives up to its namesake; this is a beer that will tear the roof off your house and leave you wet and shaking in a shattered pile of your grandma's fine china. It fared decently in Bite and Aftertaste, but its Taste left our samplers wanting.

#### COMMENTS:

"Thick and slimy."  
 "Not makin' any promises with this one."  
 "Smooth, like Helena Bonham Carter."  
 "Reminiscent of the halcyon days of summer intoxication."  
 "I'm Scottish, you son of a bitch!"

#### Beer "C": Colt 45

Yes, Colt 45, that bastion of the Billy Dee Williams house party. This is a drink that sneaks up behind you, breaks its extra-large 45 ounce bottle on your postcranium and walks off with your woman. Tasters generally eschewed its lack of bite and distinctive taste.

#### COMMENTS:

"I feel my stomach churning."  
 "Enough could make me angry!"  
 "It smells like pea soup. I'm gonna be a fart monster later."  
 "I'd rather suck on Phil's nostrils. Hard."

#### BEER "D": Zima

Okay, calm down.

All the hard-core drinkers in our audience (wait – isn't that our entire audience?) are doubtless turning red with righteous indignation, shaking the paper fiercely and shouting oaths to whatever pagan gods they worship. Zima is not considered cool amongst the beer cognoscenti. Nonetheless, we felt compelled to include it in the tasting.

Zima calls itself a "Malt Beverage." In reality, it's alcoholic Sprite. It's light, it's bubbly, and it's a favorite of the sixteen-year-old kids who stand outside 7-11 and ask you to buy them beer. Technically, however, it is a Malt Liquor – and even though it may not mesh with the Snoop Doggy Dogg zeitgeist of this year's Beer Fest, it's one of the few Malts that are easily found near campus. So we swallowed our pride and bought some.

Reactions to the Zima were quite diverse. The lightweight drinkers (hereafter known as "wusses") amongst us found Zima a refreshing break from the stream of urine-colored real brews, and rated it highly for its lemon taste and zesty bubbles. The beer traditionalists and alcoholics choked it down with disgust.

#### COMMENTS:

"Yum!"  
 "Very refreshing."  
 "High school flashbacks..."  
 "Pretty good, in a medicinal way."  
 "A shame to all malt products."  
 "Manly...yet soft, like a delicate rose."  
 "It's just not right, dammit!"

#### Beer "E": Olde English

Now you're talkin'.

"Old E," as it is affectionately known, is widely known for its strong flavor, unique scent, and for having a kick like a mule. Samplers gave it uniformly high or low marks for taste – it's acquired, to be sure – but most agreed it ranked high in the "Iquaqi" department; there's just something special behind that burgundy and gold label.

#### COMMENTS:

"Smells like chunky phlegm."  
 "This looks like a drug test...Oh, that's da powah!"  
 "Tastes like third world vomit."  
 "Stop the spinning!"  
 "Have you ever swallowed?"  
 "Yeaahh, baby!"  
 "I'm just gonna hold my genitals through this whole thing."

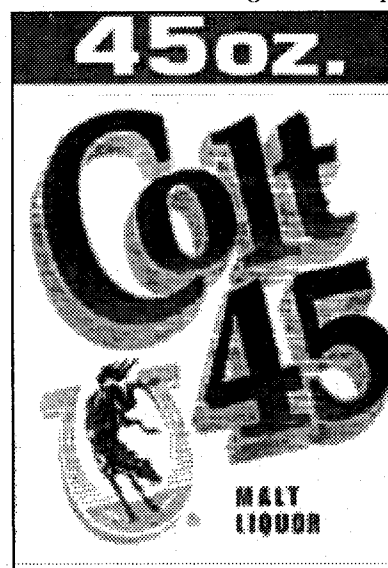
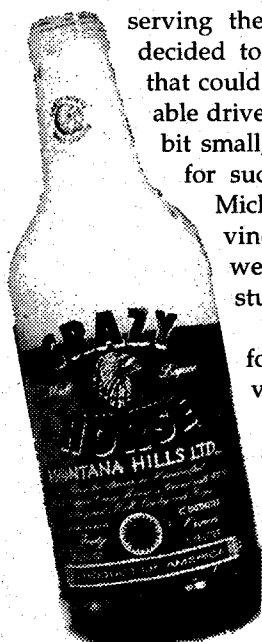
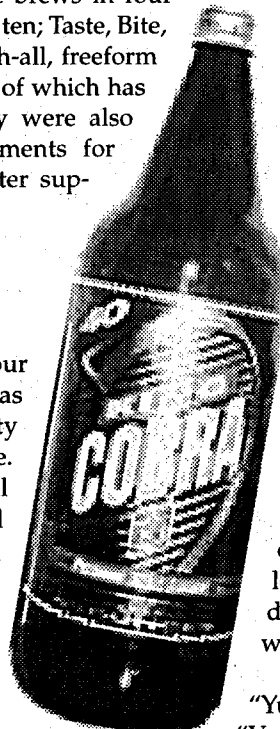
#### Beer "F": Crazy Horse

One of the unfortunate aspects of the Malt Liquor consumer experience is the unpleasant social ramifications. Socially aware beer drinkers often find it troublesome

to buy beverages which so blatantly market themselves towards the poor and destitute; all too often, Malt Liquor companies focus their sales in low-income, urban neighborhoods, peddling the answer to your troubles in a 40 ounce bottle.

And then there's Crazy Horse, which not only offers that ugly association, but wraps it in a

*please see "Beer Fest" on page 14*





# Beer & Biotechnology

## Recombinant DNA technology may revolutionize the art of brewing

**By Michael Yeh**

Although alcoholic fermentation was one of the first biochemical processes discovered by humans, scientists today continue to look for new ways to better our booze. Several research institutions around the world are devoted to improving beer-making techniques.

## The Drinkable Bread

So, just what is this fun beverage? The Reinheitsgebot, a German "Purity Law" dating back to 1516, requires beer to be made with only water, yeast, malt, and hops. But people have been enjoying their suds long before this law was created.

No one knows when people brewed the first beers. The oldest recipe, known as the Hymn to Ninkasi, was found in Iraq and dates back to 1800 B.C. Mesopotamia. Beer was probably discovered by accident. For all we know, it may have originated when someone tasted some fermented leftover grain gruel. By the third century B.C., breweries in Egypt were producing beer on a large scale.

Ancient beer was thicker and more nutritious than the stuff we guzzle today. The grain mush was probably consumed with the liquid as a nourishing porridge. Also, the yeast added additional vitamins and other nutrients. In colonial America, beer was considered a safer beverage than fresh water, for the alcohol in beer prevented growth of harmful microbes.

Today, brewing companies continue to tout the nutritive value of beer. It has less sugar than most soft drinks, negligible fat content, and the calories are readily available. Vitamins such as niacin, pyridoxine, and riboflavin are also present. Studies show that moderate drinkers have a lower death rate, especially from cardiovascular diseases. Apparently, responsible consumption of alcohol is not only enjoyable, but healthful as well.

## The Brewing Process

It takes a great deal of expertise to create a palatable beer. But even though specific recipes are cautiously guarded by brewing companies, all beers are produced in a similar process.

Beer companies often emphasize their water sources in their advertisements. Beer is 92% water, and variable concentrations of dissolved minerals can affect the taste. Pure distilled water has no taste, but it lacks the essential ions for yeast to survive.

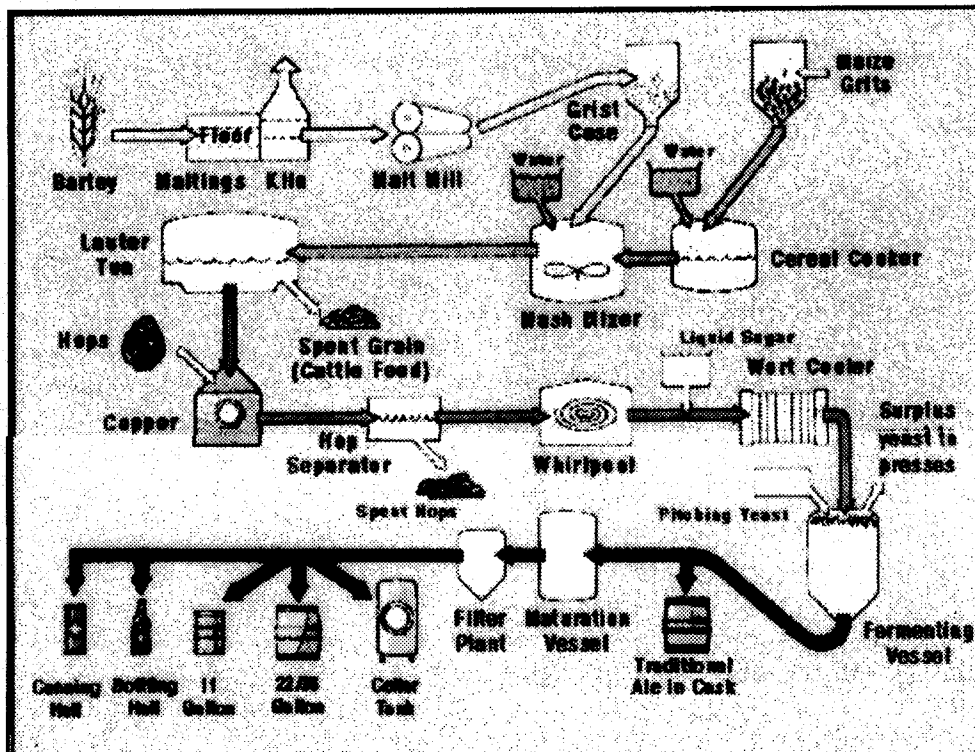
Grains contain starches, which are long chains of sugar molecules that serve as the nutrient reserves for the developing plant. Amylose is a starch consisting of unbranched glucose chains, while amylopectin is a branched form. These molecules provide the nutrients for the yeast to produce the beer.

Unfortunately, the starch cannot be used directly by yeast, which grow on sugar. The grain must be "malted" before fermentation can occur. Wheat, corn, or rice seeds are moistened and allowed to germinate for a short time. The germination process releases the enzymes  $\alpha$ -amylase

and  $\beta$ -amylase, which break down the starch into the sugars maltose, maltotriose, and glucose, as well as short branched glucose chains called dextrins. Except for the dextrins, these molecules can be consumed by the yeast. The germinated seeds are dried with heat, and the resulting product is known as malt.

Malt is mixed with water to dissolve the nutrients. The spent grain is then discarded or used as livestock feed. The resulting solution, called wort, is boiled with the flowering cones from the hop plant. Hops contain resins that add flavor to the beer and act as natural preservatives. Boiling the wort helps to dissolve these resins and kills off any undesirable bacteria that may be present.

After the wort is cooled, the yeast can be added. This mixture is kept in a warm, dark place while the yeast converts the sugars into ethyl alcohol and carbon dioxide gas. It is important for the fermentation container to have a vent to prevent the accumulating gas from exerting pressure that can rupture the vessel.



When the fermentation is complete, most of the yeast is removed. This beer can now be transferred to sterile glass bottles containing some sugar or honey. The residual yeast will continue to ferment this extra sugar in the sealed bottles to produce the characteristic fizz of beer. But if too much sugar is added, the gas pressure may cause the bottles to explode.

## The Importance of Yeast

Beer brewing would not be possible without yeast, a single-celled fungus that feeds on sugar. Lager beers are made with the species *Saccharomyces carlsbergensis*, also known as bottom-fermenting yeast since it sinks to the bottom of the fermentation vessel. Top-fermenting yeast, or *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*, produces a more robust and hearty brew known as ale.

Yeast cells in an anaerobic environment produce ethyl alcohol as a byproduct of a metabolic process called glycolysis. This process was first described by Louis Pasteur as "la vie sans l'air," or life without air. In 1897, Hans and Eduard Buchner tried to make yeast extracts for medical use. But when they attempted to preserve their samples

with sugar (as with jams and jellies), they found that it was rapidly converted into alcohol. Many people view this discovery as the birth of modern biochemistry, because the Buchners showed that a metabolic process can occur outside living cells.

The quality of a beer depends greatly on the characteristics of brewing yeast, such as efficiency of sugar conversion, fermentation rate, flocculation character, and the ability to withstand high alcohol concentrations. Brewers also look for genetically stable yeast strains that produce consistent flavors and aromas.

Yeast strains can be improved with various genetic manipulation techniques. Random mutations can be induced with ultraviolet radiation or chemical agents, but it takes a lot of trial and error to isolate desirable traits. Hybridization involves the random assortment of genetic material between different yeast cells. But the most specific technique is to insert genes using recombinant DNA technology.

## Genetic Engineering and Beer

As you may remember, yeast normally does not break down the dextrins produced by the malting process. The dextrins add sweetness and body to the beer.

But some people prefer a lighter taste (or, as our Executive Editor calls it, "wimpy beer"). One can theoretically use enzymes isolated from other organisms to degrade the dextrans, but in reality, it is usually not economically feasible. For example, one gram of the enzyme glucoamylase costs approximately \$1000.

It is therefore cheaper and simpler to use a yeast that produces its own glucoamylase. One can cut out the gene that codes for glucoamylase from another fungus called *Aspergillus awamori* using special restriction enzymes that cut at specific sites.

This gene can then be inserted into a loop of yeast DNA independent from the chromosomes called a plasmid. Another gene that codes for a trait that can be used for selection is usually added as well. For example, most yeast cells are unable to synthesize an amino acid called leucine. A gene for leucine-producing proteins can be added in along with the gene for glucoamylase. By culturing the yeast in a medium without leucine, only the cells that successfully received these genes would survive.

Genetic manipulation can be used to improve other characteristics of yeast. A strain that can tolerate high concentrations of alcohol can be used to produce a more potent brew, which a cheap brewer can dilute with water to save money. Yeast can also be engineered to produce new flavors and aromas. The gene for a "killer toxin" allows yeast to make substances that inhibit bacterial growth.

With new advances in molecular biology and fermentation science, beer connoisseurs may be able to experience tastier and more healthful beverages.

*(Research by graduate chemistry student and beer aficionado Melanie Nilsson.)*

# Be Nice to Me

(it's my first blood donation)

By Cat Hui

Last week, the New York Blood Center was on campus for a blood drive. The drive collected blood donations from faculty, staff and students over a three day period at various locations. The second day of the blood drive took place in the Indoor Sports Complex.

I arrived at the Sports Complex a little before noon with two of my friends. A bit apprehensive about donating, I was glad to have the company of one experienced blood donor and another one who was, like me, a virgin blood giver. Since we arrived a tad bit before the drive was to start, once noon rolled around, we didn't have long to wait before we were individually called up to start the donating process.

Donating blood is essentially a four step process. First you fill out a form and answer a few questions: have you been pierced or tattooed within the past twelve months? Have you traveled out of the country? And so on, and so on. Basically the questions screened for activities that may disqualify you from donating blood. For instance, the first time I tried to donate blood last year, I was disqualified because I had just gotten my eyebrow pierced (now unfortunately gone). This year I was able to donate blood even though I answered yes to the travel question. You are only disqualified if the country you traveled to was a country on the high risk list.

After filling out the form and waiting a bit, you are called to have a mini physical. There, higher risk activities are discussed with you (have you given or taken money or drugs for sex? Have you been incarcerated for more than 72 consecutive hours? Hmmm. Makes you wonder what

they're insinuating about the prison system). The mini-physical is made up of taking your blood pressure, pulse, temperature, and checking your blood's hemoglobin count (I think). Needless to say, if your stats don't fall within a certain range, well, you know what happens.

After the mini-physical comes the actual donating part. When you donate blood, you give about a pint's worth of blood. Sitting slightly reclined, the actual donating part wasn't half bad. I'll admit that I got bored while waiting for the blood to leave my body. I wasn't the only one; one woman a few feet away from me was casually donating blood while at the same time reading Cliff's Notes with the distinctive yellow and black cover. So I just lay there, bored, staring out into space, daydreaming a bit. After a while, I didn't even think about the needle protruding from my arm. True, the needle was a bit intimidating and initially painful. But the pain receded quickly and felt just a tad bit odd. Many people are hesitant to donate blood because they fear the big bad needle that's necessary to collect the blood. But in reality, it's not as bad as your mind can make it out to be. It's not pleasant, of course, but everyone goes through things that wouldn't exactly be termed enjoyable. Actually, it's best not to think or dwell too much on the actual process.

Like I said, I was getting bored. Sooo when I finally saw that I was done...I guess because I was concentrating on the blood, I almost fainted. I had never fainted before so the experience of almost fainting was strangely enough more interesting than scary. First I felt rather queasy. Then I couldn't see or hear so great anymore. After a brief moment of being scared shitless, I found the experience fascinating. The doctor had me lie down for a while; long enough for me to feel better and to get bored again.

Once I felt like I wasn't going to fall flat on my face and humiliate myself, I was kindly escorted to the recovery area, a.k.a. the juice and cookies table. I wished I wasn't still a bit nauseous; there were boxes and boxes of sinfully delicious cookies and doughnuts.

So there you have it: my first experience donating blood. It didn't take long; only about an hour and a half. This includes the extra time in recovery because I nearly fainted and the fact that it took me over twenty minutes to extract a pint of blood from my body. Some people around me started after I did and finished before I was done. In fact, one of those people was my friend Magaly. She was so proud of the fact that it only took her twelve minutes. It was her first time donating and she had no trouble at all. What can I say, I bleed slowly...Regardless of the almost fainting part, I plan on donating next time there's a blood drive on campus during the summer. It takes practically no effort and you get to help others at the same time.

*"...I had never fainted before, so the experience of almost fainting was strangely enough more interesting than scary."*

## "Beer Fest," continued from page 12

blanket of quasi-native-american bullshit. Check out this screed from the back of the bottle:

"The Black Hills of Dakota, steeped in the history of the American West, home of Proud Indian Nations. A land where imagination conjures up images of blue clad Pony Soldiers and magnificent Native American Warriors. A land still rutted with wagon tracks of intrepid pioneers. A land where wailful winds whisper of Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and Custer. A land of character, of bravery, of tradition. A land that truly speaks of the spirit that is America. G. Heilman Brewing Co, La Crosse, Wisconsin."

It just makes you wanna scalp some Cheeseheads, doesn't it?

In any case, most tasters of this vile liquid will forget their sensitive social angst when they actually taste it, because it's some seriously nasty shit. If Crazy Horse Malt Liquor "speaks of the spirit that is America," then we are all in deep, deep trouble.

Of course, a couple of our samplers actually liked it. They were probably drunk, though.



### COMMENTS:

"Is this Bic lighter fluid?"

"This is all about public sex acts."

"I would rather die than drink this."

"It glows, motherfucker, it glows!"

"I'll have to hold my genitals even after this."

### THE RESULTS

The scores for each beverage were carefully

tabulated the night of the event, but had to be scrapped due to an alcohol-induced high margin of error.

We added them up the next day, once our heads had stopped throbbing, and came up with the following results:

- 1) Olde English (an average of 4.13 out of 10 points)
- 2) Hurricane (4.10 out of 10)
- 3) Zima (4.09/10)
- 4) King Cobra (4.07/10)
- 5) Colt 45 (3.76/10)
- 6) Crazy Horse (3.61/10)

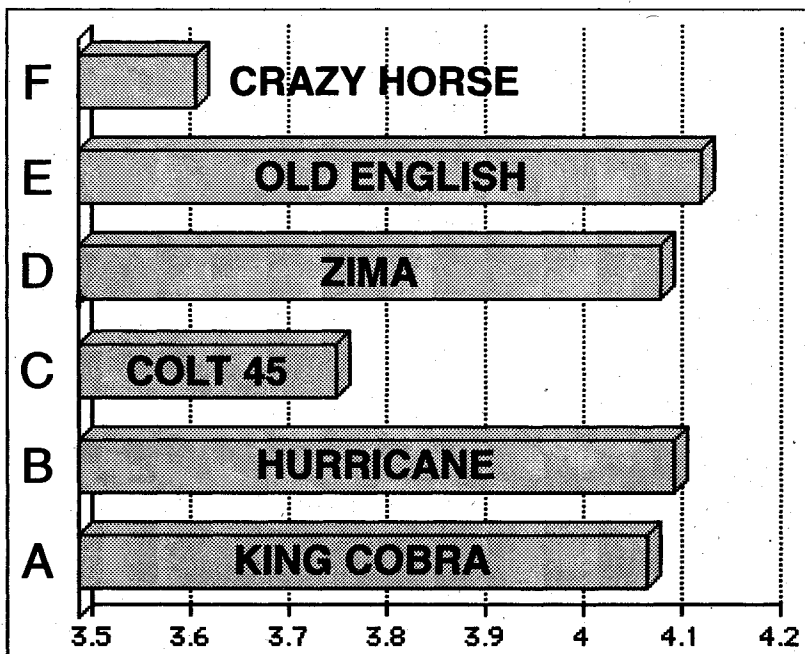
Several conclusions can be reached from this data:

- 1) Since none of the beverages

had an average score of more than 5 out of 10, we can conclude that the appeal of Malt Liquor is not based on its taste.

2) Since the six brews all fell within .52 ratings points of one another, we can conclude that Malt Liquor all pretty much tastes the same.

3) Since our tasting staff of 19 people went through more than 1000 ounces of beer, we can conclude that we're going to need a lot more than twelve steps.





# GETTING WINGS FROM A DEMON

By Terry McLaren

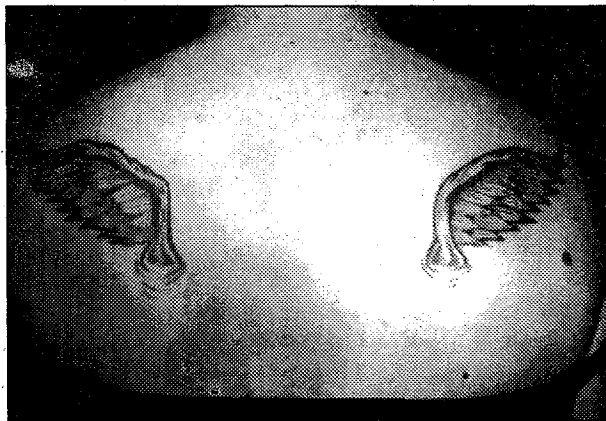
I spent the last few years wanting a tattoo. I carefully examined magazines, and other people's bodies, searching for a piece of art fit for permanent display on my body. One by one, my friends got their tats, and, still, my skin remained unblemished. I couldn't decide what I wanted or where to put it.

My tat-to-be would have to be something I was willing to experience physical and financial pain for, not to mention something I would want gracing my bod forever. After much indecision, the answer appeared before me during an otherwise bad movie—*The Crow II*. I took one look at the character Sarah's back and fell in love. She had the most magnificent pair of red wings covering half of her back. I was enamored with their detail and the way they folded. "They're gorgeous. I want them!" I excitedly whispered to my date.

What followed was a careful perusal of much artwork in order to find the perfect pair of wings. I searched through pictures and paintings of birds, angels, demons, and anything else that was winged. I still wasn't satisfied. Finally, my schnookums modified a set of wings I found on a goth club ad and I was ready for the needle.

Unfortunately, my body wouldn't be touched by the aforementioned needle for another year or so. Many things kept me from realiz-

ing my dream of a winged back. First and foremost, there was money, or the lack thereof. Amassing the necessary funds took a while. After I'd saved some duckets, I still had to swallow my dread of physical pain. I'm not a wimp when it comes to needles being stuck into me, but the idea was still far from thrilling. I have a



"Check out the wings on her!"

tendency to get bitchy when I'm in pain for long periods of time. I pitied the poor tattoo artist as well as the unfortunate soul who would be my designated hand-holder.

During this past intercession, my long wait for wings finally came to an end via a kickass tattoo artist named Demon. I decided on the spur of the moment, during a shopping trip in the Village, to go for it. My sweetie/hand-holder and I wandered down St. Marks Place, looking for an appropriate tattoo location. After a quick peek into the biker cappuccino/tattoo parlor, I was ready to scrap the whole idea. The guy who greeted us at the door scared the bejesus out of me, and the place's appearance did not inspire confidence. We pressed on. At the end of Avenue A we found Studio Enigma III and decided to check it out. It was clean, well lit and populated. I felt a lot safer in those surroundings.

We chatted for a while with the people working there. After all that time searching, I didn't have my perfect drawing of wings with me and I complained. Luckily, the woman behind the counter said "Do you want them something like this?" She showed me a cherub's face at the base of her spine with an absolutely stunning set of wings on either side.

Ecstatically, I said "Yes. That's exactly what I want." I was then informed that Demon would be with me shortly. That being said, whatever confidence I'd had left pretty quickly.

I shouldn't have worried though. Demon turned out to be a sweetheart who did very good work. My wings took about two hours start to finish and I love them. The pain turned out to not be bad at all. It was just uncomfortable. Towards the end I just wanted them done, though. When Demon informed me, after a long time, that he just had the shading left to do, I groaned and swore never to get a tat this detailed again. But it was definitely worth it. I now own a bunch of tank tops with low backs just to show my wings off.

I'm glad I finally took the plunge and mutilated my body (as my dad says). My wings certainly do get attention, and they're great at parties too. Call it what you will: barbaric mutilation, stupidity, an expression of individuality, I thoroughly enjoyed getting my wings.

My favorite Demon can be reached at Studio Enigma at (212) 598-0538, or on the web at [www.newyork.com/studioenigma](http://www.newyork.com/studioenigma). Or if you happen to be in the Village, stop in at 115 St. Marks Place. They don't bite there, just poke.

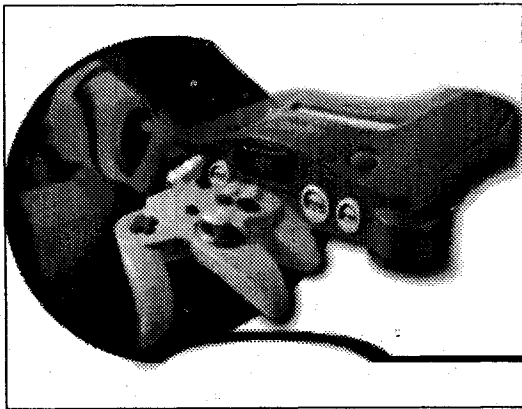
# N64 Kicks Ass!!!

By Chris Ruggeri  
The Yearbook Guy

Nintendo 64 KICKS ASS!! My Grandma just got it for me to equal out the money she spent on my sister's Beanie Babies. (What is it with those bean filled freaks anyway?) I've been a die-hard fan of Nintendo since the first 8-bit system came out. I would stay up past my bed time, and rack up the phone bill calling Washington state for the Nintendo Power Hotline. After I beat all the games I owned, I got Super Nintendo, the 16-bit system (I think Santa Claus bought me this one.) I set it up, started playing *Super Mario World* and didn't stop until I got to the part where I got to ride Yoshi. That and *Mortal Kombat II* were the two coolest things about Super Nintendo.

Now, with the new century coming around the corner, it's the 64-bit system...appropriately named Nintendo 64. I must admit, however, that when I was in Toys 'R' Us, I was actually contemplating the idea of purchasing a Sony Playstation, the one with the CD's, instead. But, once I saw 007 *Goldeneye* for Nintendo 64, my heart started to flutter and I grabbed the pur-

chase ticket for the game system, *Goldeneye*, and of course...*Mortal Kombat Trilogy*. I ran to the register, picked up the system at Customer Pickup, ran to my car, and hit 80 mph on the way home. My adrenaline was pumping when I pulled into my driveway, wishing that the few minutes it would take me to set it up would instantaneously pass by. After five minutes passed, seeming like five days, I was all set up and ready to fly with the high resolution graphics.



*Goldeneye* 007...you can shoot a DK5 Deutsche, Klobb, KF7 Soviet, machine guns, Dostovel, PP7, Cougar Magnum handguns, wicked power weapons, at anything. You can shatter glass, crack bathroom tiles, shoot enemies in the head, foot, crotch, hand, ankle, or pick them off with a sniper rifle hundreds of yards away. Nuff said about *Goldeneye*, I don't want to ruin for my fellow readers who are going to play it. *Mortal Kombat Trilogy*...not as cool as I thought it would be. It's basically a copy of *Ultimate Mortal Kombat* for the Super Nintendo, with a couple of new fighting arenas and characters to choose from. Wait for *Mortal Kombat 4* to come out...which is planned to have 3D rotation fighting like *Tekken 3*.

Complementing the astounding games are certain attachments that will run your wallet

dry and make the ultimate gaming experience more ultimate. The most recent is the rumble pack which plugs into the back of your controller and rumbles your palms into a Nintendo trance. This only works with a couple of games, and I haven't tried it...yet. The next two money sucking attachments that are planned to be released are the 64 megabyte hard drive and a CD-ROM drive. Hard drive = dumb idea. CD-ROM = good idea.

You might get the strange impression that this is a review for Nintendo 64, or maybe that I'm getting a kickback from them for writing this. Wrong. I just want people to understand the ecstatic bliss you will receive by playing this system. Whether you buy it or stop in your local Blockbuster that has a demo, try it, and you will understand.

JOIN  
THE PRESS

*We've got an old Nintendo and  
a Sega with one controller!*

(AND BRING YOUR N64)

# Schreiber's Class

By Hilary Vidair

It's 10:15 am Wednesday morning. The journalism students of Paul Schreiber's Advanced Feature Writing class return from their break. Usually this would mean more teaching from Schreiber, but today, Matthew Cox, a *Newsday* reporter and Pulitzer winner, has been invited to speak to the class.

"I've asked Matt to come here today for basically two reasons," says the white-bearded Schreiber. "First of all, he's an excellent journalist and, second, I think that you can identify with him as student journalists because Matt has quite a background..." He has written news articles, feature articles and stories concerning the crashes of Pan Am Flight 103 and TWA Flight 800. He has also written about LILCO.

Cox has wanted to be a journalist since high school. "...I admired the two *Washington Post* reporters who knew about Watergate. They were heroes of mine and I read about it," said the 40-year-old. "I decided...[reporting] would be a pretty exciting thing to do for a living."

Yet Cox discovered that the reality did not meet his expectations. "I think there's a lot of people like me in journalism about my same age, who probably got into it for the same reason...Reporting is an awful lot, especially day-in-day-out, a lot of it is following government, attending meetings, following crime..."

Police officers don't run after and tackle suspects like you see on TV on a daily basis.

Newspaper reporters don't go out and cover enormous scandals on a daily basis, either. It's part of what you do, but grunt-work is part of the deal."

He found this out at SUNY Albany, where Cox was a reporter for the *Albany Student Press*. "One of the first stories I did in college was to write a follow-up story the week after we had erroneously reported that SUNY Albany's Chemistry Ph.D was being discontinued," he says. This was incorrect, and Cox had to go to the chairman of the department to apologize. There he was screamed at. "I found it kind of demeaning."

Not all of Cox's experiences were like this one. Eventually, he became news editor of the *Albany Student Press*. "Working on the student newspaper in college was probably the most valuable thing that I did in terms of preparing me for work as a journalist just because you begin to do it," says the present Stony Brook resident.

And he did do it. In fact, he did a lot of it. But one story stands out in Cox's mind. "Before I came to *Newsday*, I was a reporter in Syracuse and wrote a lot about the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 in 1988. So as a reporter, I covered that for about seven years...and got to know, spent a long time talking to relatives of the people who died and wrote a lot about their efforts to form an organization that lobbied for aviation security. They were a group of people who suffered a tremendous loss and then over the years tried to put their lives together at the same time they tried to improve safety for everyone that flies."

On the one year anniversary of the TWA

800 crash, Cox encountered the investigator in charge of the National Transportation Safety Board at a ceremony in Smith's Point Park, the land closest to where the plane crashed. "He had taken his shoes off, he was walking along the beach, he was all by himself. I saw him and walked over and he and I started to chat...For the first time in my experience in talking to him, he really opened up and he actually started to cry..." The investigator told Cox how frustrating it was to still not know the cause of the crash a year later. "I felt very fortunate to have been there at the right time," Cox says.

Moments like these are not the only thing that kept Cox in journalism. "I looked into doing other things and I thought about teaching school and looked into that a little bit. And stopped looking into it when I realized that after 15 years in journalism, I would have to go back to college, get a Masters in education, and pay to do that, and then be lucky if I could get a job and probably take a significant pay cut, so I decided to stick with journalism."

In addition to his career, Cox has a wife, Anne and three little girls. Two are twins in first grade and the other one is a four-year-old in preschool.

Cox sums up his story in Schreiber's class by telling the students, "I'm glad that you guys are interested in journalism and you know it's got a lot of good things about it, I think. One of the bad things about it right now is that it's not a field that's growing by leaps and bounds like some others...It can be very rewarding and its rewarding to see intelligent people who want to pursue it."

## Quality Or Quantity?

### What the DEC's aren't doing for you

By Anne Ruggiero

en.light.en.ment\ 1. the act or means of being enlightened; being freed from ignorance and misinformation. (Webster's, Third New International Dictionary, Unabridged)

As students at a carefully organized bureaucratic institution, it is relatively easy to lose sight of the purpose of being a student. In a place where every credit is calculated, where each mind-numbing requisite class is meticulously checked off upon completion, where administrators pay more attention to dropping trendy keywords and creating a public relations empire than to the well-being of their students, and where more time is spent haggling over clerical misunderstandings than on attention to studies, an education can seem like the last end you will hope to achieve by graduation. Most graduating Stony Brook students will leave frustrated with the system which has sucked away so much of their time and energy, and relieved that they managed to find a way out of the paper-work jungle.

The Stony Brook student knows better than anyone the meaning of frustration. Smaller departments, especially in the arts and social sciences, have created a number of prerequisites and DEC requirements meant to filter out students from upper division courses in under-funded departments. Students are often overwhelmed by the outstanding number of core classes required for the university degree, which can be in addition to requirements for their major, and feel contempt for the President's blather about a diversified curriculum. Several mandatory courses in various departments to allow the student to experiment with different fields and gain a well-rounded view of the world is one thing, but requiring eleven (count them, eleven) core courses and

putting them under the pretentious title of "Diversified Educational Curriculum" is quite another. Rather than sincerely trying to enrich students' educational experiences, Shirley "I Care About Diversity" Strum Kenny seems to be playing PR games with educational elites who also want to jump on the diversified curriculum bandwagon. Expanding horizons is an important part of being an educated individual, but smothering knowledge with insincerity and shameless self-promotion negates the benefits of the program.

Certain other SUNY schools approach required curricula with more realistic expectations, outlining six core fields, such as humanities, critical thinking, and peer analysis, from which students can choose from a variety of classes. Such a system fulfills the directives of a core curriculum, like giving students academic alternatives and acquainting them with social groups they may not have otherwise understood without overwhelming the student and monopolizing his schedule. However, for various possible reasons, be it for streamlining under-funded upper division courses, or to keep tuition-paying students under the thumb of the university for an extra semester, or, most probably, to fuel Kenny's wet dream about heading a public relations empire based on the most "diversified" school in the nation, Stony Brook continues to keep its ridiculous amount of DEC requirements.

The DEC's can have another adverse effect on a student's psyche, besides the mental anguish of being a second semester senior who has just discovered he is missing the J and H DEC's. Such stratified requirements can narrow perspective—as students become increasingly wrapped up in signing into mandatory core courses, they neglect to absorb the true benefits of the classes. What good is a course on

Eskimo culture if all you get out of it is a checked off requirement? Rather than gaining perspective, students may only see the usefulness of the class as another step closer to graduation. It makes the degree empty. The energy of the university may be better spent emphasizing the quality of courses instead of the quantity. If students were better trained in actually understanding material in courses promoting logical thought and analysis of human nature, would they become better citizens? After all, that is the point of an education, is it not? No one really cares if you can balance a quadratic equation, or if you remember the dynamics of Transcendentalist poetry, if it's not relevant to you degree. What matters is if you learn how to organize thoughts, think in cause-and-effect terms, and appreciate the value of human beings. To be enlightened individuals with meaningful lives, we must first be educated. Whether you are educated at Harvard or Stony Brook, or by observance of life does not matter. True education is not nominal or quantitative, and cannot be achieved by ticking off force-fed classes.

A college degree is a tangible representation of personal growth that is completely unique and entirely individual. This growth, this deviation from ignorance, is an achievement that not every person attains, and is often overlooked by those who possess the opportunity for it. Although it may be difficult to recognize at first, students are presented with the opportunity every day at Stony Brook, and, most significantly, your education will allow students to become enlightened individuals. By looking beyond the cynicism and the red tape to the very real opportunities an education has to offer, students can draw the most benefits from their schooling, DEC requirements and all.



# "Brother, Can You Spare Me A Dime?"

By Hilary Vidair

The purpose of a laboratory is to perform experiments. Hypotheses are tested and theories are analyzed. New, exciting things can be found. *Spare Change: A Dance Theatre Laboratory* did just that. The dancers that performed in this show worked together with various choreographers to develop five works. After viewing their debut, it is evident that they have created something worthwhile.

The first piece, titled "A Permanent Thought," was choreographed by Lynn Marie Ruse and Lynn Brown. Last spring, these two talented artists created and performed this piece in the East Village of New York City.

The dancers, dressed in T-shirts and loose gray pants, along with the constantly changing backdrop, provided the audience with a sense of the ghettos in the Lower East Side. The background projected quotes such as "The love I was looking for on earth I found with God" and "Live by the gun, die by the gun." This was accompanied by pictures of Tupac Shakur and several grave scenes with "In loving memory...R.I.P." written. These scenes had different faces of people who had passed away. It said "Stop the Violence."

Joanna Tobin brought this work to life with her graceful movement and elegant footwork. Clayton Cavaliere learned part of this number the day before the performance due to another dancer's injury. He deserves recognition for his strong stage presence.

The second dance, "Semi-Suite," was choreographed by Alison Armbruster-Russell, formerly a performer in the European tours of *West Side Story*, *Cabaret*, and *Chicago*. The piece starts off with a purple hat on the stage. Out comes Dale

Jordan, a senior at Ward Melville High School and a veteran of the *Nutcracker*. She dances en pointe, portraying her superb technique and flexibility. She picks up the hat and then passes it to the next dancer. Eventually, there is a trio on stage.

They exit, giving the stage to two jazz dancers. One of them, Christine Salsedo, was truly a pleasure to watch. Her sense of style was enrapturing.

This work was extremely interesting to watch because so many styles of dance were executed. This included Bob Fosse's technique. Dressed all in black, these dancers were a wonderful asset to the show.

Next is Randy Thomas' "Rhythm Spirits." Full of energy, this number had the audience at the edge of their seats. What really made this number a hit was Jennifer Guarneiri's personality. Her love of dance shines through, and when she smiles, one knows that she sincerely loves what she's doing.

This was a very high-energy piece with many challenging combinations. Sandra Leon did a series of amazing pirouettes, which led to a full straddle split in the air. Tovah Sherman livened up the piece with her sharp movements and intense expressions.

The fourth piece, created by Amy Yopp Sullivan, was entirely theatrical. Called "Sisu," which is "a Finnish word meaning: perseverance, grit, nerve, pluck, pep, spunk, stamina," this number truly lived up to its name.

The dance was centered around a story. Voices, recorded by Deborah Mayo and Cristina Vaccaro, spoke back and forth from "Can I get some help please" to "You are very important to us—please, take a number." The customer begins to

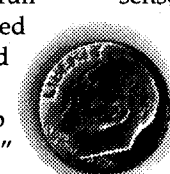
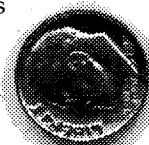
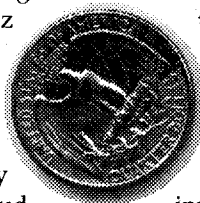
get frustrated and the dialogue gets faster and faster, complete with instructions like "take this form to the fourth floor." The dancer's pace follows this dialogue until the words become things such as "left foot slide to the yellow form." Then the performers follow the instructions from there. Here, the music starts.

Megumi Zezu, a second year graduate in the Department of Theatre Arts, is always in character. Her eyes are alive with commitment to her intention. She continues to be strongly involved in her work throughout the number. Margarita Espada, who has a solo in the number is the Artistic Director of Yerrababruju Theater in Puerto Rico. Her performance is both wonderful and enthralling. It is obvious that she has a true love for both theatre and dance.

"Homage to the Ancestors," the last piece in the show, was choreographed by Robin Gee. The number includes the poetry "Dry Your Tears, Africa" and "Song of Lawino." There are pelvis and shoulder isolations, as well as lots of personality in this piece. More importantly, there is a strong sense of heritage conveyed through both the monologues and the dance itself.

Two outstanding performers in this work are Nicole Chante Hodges and Mfon Akpan. Hodges dances proudly, with her chin held high. Akpan has a strong sense of rhythm.

*Spare Change* is a must-see. The dancers are excellent and the show as a whole is truly enchanting. More performances will be held in Theatre II of the Staller Center, April 30th through May 2nd at 8 p.m. as well as April 26th and May 3rd at 2 p.m. For \$6 tickets, call 632-7320.



## "Slinky," continued from page 20

rounded by stories – some of which may be true, some of which are almost certainly false, and many of which lie somewhere in between. There's the story about the time he ate a bowl of shit during an interview with a magazine reporter; there's the tale about Patton's formative years: seeking revenge on a business that had somehow wronged him, he ate three burritos and a jar of cod liver oil before going down to the store to confront them – at which point he spewed chunks all over the place. Patton does nothing to confirm these stories, but he does nothing to deny them, either – and saying things on-stage like "Last night, I fucked my mom, and my dad watched!" does nothing to back up Patton's assertion that he's a normal joe.

Try as not, it's hard to imagine Faith No More without Mike Patton. Without his timely arrival, the band might have not found solid footing. Although by doing so it downplays the work of the band's other members, it would not be inaccurate to call Faith No More a Mike Patton production. The band's direction and quality were lower before he arrived; after *The Real Thing*, the band went in a much more evil direction, tending towards harder songs whose only respites are sinister snatches of disturbingly gentle music.

Patton's abilities as a singer and a songwriter are almost unparalleled. At the center of an underrated band lies an underrated singer, a man who can do just about anything he wants with his voice – whether it's howl until the vocal cords snap ("Cuckoo For Caca") or croon a mellow love song ("She Loves Me Not"). His lyrics demonstrate an

equally wide range, creating vague little stories whose deeper meanings jump out at you after repeated listenings. "Ugly In The Morning," for all its inchoate ramblings, is actually about a hangover:

*When the headache is gone,  
The sun is not.  
Forgot to turn the alarm  
On-on*

While many other musicians have the range and intelligence of Patton, very few of them are willing to use their powers for evil. Patton could work wonders with his voice and he knows it; so does the rest of the band, for that matter. It would have taken little to no effort, via Patton, to become the kind of band that plays Madison Square Garden every time it rolls through town.

Which brings us to Faith No More's live performance. Always a cut above the rest, Faith No More took its ability to put on fantastic gigs and added a little something extra: audience participation. Patton would frequently encourage people to come up on stage and sing songs, inject other musician's lyrics into old favorites (like winding down "Epic" by softly singing the lyrics to R. Kelly's "I Believe I Can Fly"), and he once spent over half an hour playing "What's Your Favorite Band?" with an audience of thousands. And the covers, oh, the covers! The material Faith No More has played off the top of their heads live includes but is not confined to: The Cranberries' "Zombie,"

Metallica's "Enter Sandman," Deep Purple's "Highway Star," Sparks' "This Town Ain't Big Enough For The Both Of Us," Burt Bacharach's "This Guy's In Love With You," Portishead's "Glory Box," and the Nestle's jingle.

Perhaps playing everyone else's material helped the band lose focus of its own center. Citing a general slow-down in creativity and momentum, the band called it quits last Monday, releasing an official statement that said although the decision was amicable all around, "Puffy started it." Patton will go back to Mr. Bungle, who he's been working with throughout his tenure in Faith No More, and has created a new band called Fantomas, featuring Buzz Osbourne of the Melvins on guitar, Trevor Dunn of Mr. Bungle of bass, and Dave Lombardo, ex-skinsman for Slayer, on drums. Bordin will probably continue drumming for both Ozzy Osbourne and the re-united Black Sabbath; people who caught the latter's performances last summer say Bordin fits even better than the band's original drummer, Bill Ward. Roddy Bottum's side-project, the critically-acclaimed Imperial Teen which also features former members of Sister Double Happiness, will probably take off now that he can be with them full time. As for Gould and Hudson, only time will tell, but I'm sure their respective talents can land them a gig almost anywhere.

The world will carry on without Faith No More, but modern rock will be a slower, sludgier, and undoubtedly less sarcastic place without them.

## Friendship and Despair

By Hilary Vidair

Snow was beginning to fall by the time I reached the parking lot. I zipped my coat. The only car had its engine running. It was a little gray Honda. It was my friend Samantha's\* home. I headed towards it.

Samantha had been thrown out by her mother, who was sick of her "irresponsibility and lack of direction." She didn't know about the cocaine.

I had tried to talk her out of doing the drug. "You're a great person," I had told her. "Why throw your life away? Your so-called friends who give you coke won't always be there for you. I'm the one who's been there for you in the past, not them." She just got upset with me.

This was making me sick. It hurt me so much to see her like this. Someone else's problem can be an even bigger concern for their friend. I had to help her see that what she was doing would damage both her mind and her body. This was going to be my last attempt.

When I reached the car, she was sitting in the driver's seat, smoking a cigarette. She inhaled deeply, and exhaled little, round O's that glided to the roof. There, they were trapped, not able to escape, no matter how badly they might have wanted to.

I knocked softly on the window.

"Why don't you just leave me alone?" she snapped. Her hair was frizzy and her eyes puffy. She looked a lot older than 19. Her shirt was wrinkled and she had her feet on the dashboard. There was white powder everywhere.

"Why can't I talk to you, for at least a few minutes?" I asked. "I want to help you."

"Why?" She smirked, blowing smoke out of her nose. "I obviously don't deserve it."

"Because I care about you and don't want

to lose you to this crap. You're too good to be doing this. You're sleeping in a car instead of your bed. How are you going to keep up your grades?"

"Nobody told you? I dropped out. School just wasn't for me." She took another long drag on her Newport.

"How could you? What happened to all your goals, your hopes, your dreams? I feel as if I don't even know you anymore."

She laughed a bitter laugh. "That's right, you don't. So why don't you mind your business? I'm happy with my life the way it is."

I stood there, staring. The snow began to fall harder, and my toes were beginning to go numb. "Can I sit in the car, please? It's really cold out here."

She gave me a nasty look, but unlocked the door.

I got in slowly, eyeing the empty little bags on the floor.

I pulled down the visor to the mirror. "You see this face of mine?" I said. "I once saw it as a child. Now it's a confident, strong woman. You know who helped me to become this strong woman?" A tear escaped my eye. "You did. You. Do you realize what an impact you have had on my life?"

She looked down.

"When I was younger, I was very insecure about a lot of things. Then you came along. You showed me how to stand up for myself. You taught me how to be self-assured. But most importantly, you trusted me. That felt good."

She put her cigarette out in the ashtray.

"Do you understand what it's like to watch someone you look up to go down the drain?" I sniffled. "No, I don't think you do. Well, I'm gonna teach you a little something now." Tears streaming down my cheeks, I pulled her mirror out.

"Look!" I shouted. She would not. She

stared out the window, watching the snow fall.

"Look in the mirror," I yelled again. Take a good look at yourself. What do you see? I see someone who's about to throw their life away."

I grabbed her by the hair and forced her to look into the mirror.

She gazed into the shiny glass, then looked down and lit another cigarette.

"Look at you! You've dropped out of school and ended up here, in a deserted parking lot. Your so-called friends supplied you with a little more coke and then left you so that they could do it themselves. Think what you've done to yourself!"

She finally looked at me. She had been crying. I hadn't even realized it. She looked me in the eye for a long time. Neither of us said a word. Then she turned toward the window again, look out at the sky, murky and gray. The snow continued to fall and the temperature had dropped considerably.

She opened the car door and bent down, grinding her cigarette into the ground. "Are you done yet? 'Cuz I have somewhere to go."

It was my turn to be at a loss for words.

"Get out," she screamed. "Get out of my car and out of my life!"

Slowly, I got out. As soon as I did so, she drove away, leaving me alone in the cold. It was then that I realized I couldn't do any more for her. I screamed as loud as I could. It echoed off the buildings and reverberated in my ears.

I fell to my hands and knees and began digging through the snow with ungloved hands. I didn't even feel the cold.

"Oh God," I sobbed. "Oh God."

I struck at the snow, punching the concrete beneath it, over and over again.

"It's too late," I said. "Just too late."

\* name has been changed

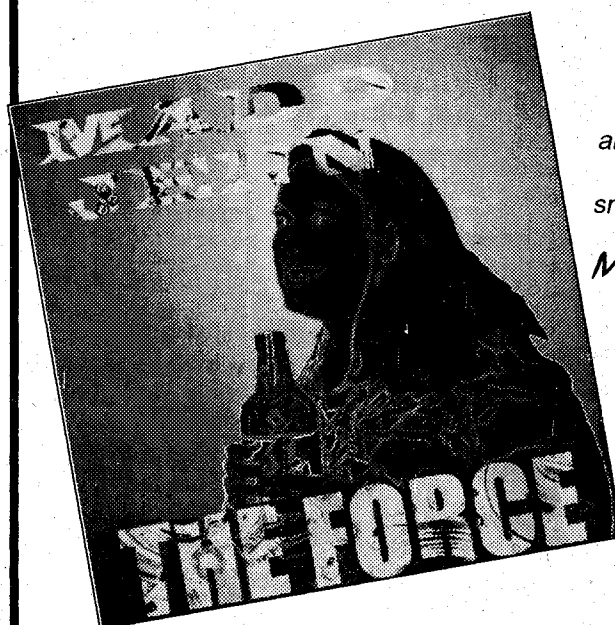
### WUSB 90.1 FM

#### TOP 30 APRIL 20, 1998

1. special: guilty till... (mea)
2. junkie xl: saturday teenage kick (roadrunner)
3. pulp: this is hardcore (island)
4. electric company: studio city (island)
5. damon and naomi: playback singers (subpop)
6. moxie: the floor (28 days)
7. argon and the flying saucers: space, sex... (whole shot)
8. morcheeba: big calm (sire)
9. mono: formica blues (mercury)
10. tuscadero: my way or the highway (elektra)
11. consolidated: dropped (sol 3)
12. reverberation: blue stereo music (taang!)
13. demolition doll rods: tasty (in the red)
14. halo benders: rebels not in (k)
15. ted swedalla: faustian hijinks (priestly devotion)
16. the strike: a conscience left... (johanns)
17. bunnygrunt: jen-fi (no life)
18. gary numan: exile (cleopatra)
19. swervedriver: 99th dream (zero hour)
20. edna's goldfish: before you knew better (moonska)
21. propellerheads: decksanddrums... (dreamworks)
22. reverend horton heat: space heater (interscope)
23. the dave chow experience: surprise in a dark room (8)
24. buckethead: colma (cyberoctave)
25. melange: resolution (diy)
26. diesel boy: venus envy (honest don's)
27. curve: come clean (universal)
28. servotron: entertainment program... (lookout)
29. air: moon safari (caroline)
30. lotion: telephone album (spinart)

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# Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

## Calvin Krime, *You're Feeling So Attractive* (Amphetamine Reptile)

Sometimes I wish albums could come like sandwiches. You know, so you could leave something off. "I'll have one Smashing Pumpkins, hold the pomposity." With Calvin Krime's newest, *You're Feeling So Attractive*, I wish I could have left the singing behind.

Calvin Krime is a very good band that's going to have a very hard time working around its very untalented vocalist, Sean Tillmann. Approaching music from a "we'll try anything if it's weird" angle, the band marries indie-pop, techno and industrial crunch to create a whole that, thanks to its intrepid leader, is less than the sum of its parts.

The album opens promisingly enough with "Die Beautiful", a solid thrasher that tries to update the impassioned college-noise of Rodan for an audience used to bleeps and burps in its music, and "Fantabuloso", a sonic collage so thick that it almost outdoes Steel Pole Bath Tub's wall-of-noise aesthetic. Things go downhill from that point in, however, as Tillmann bets the house on the assumption that he can sing and comes up with an empty hand.

It isn't so much that he's tuneless and whiny, it's that he does nothing with it. Prog-punk is a landscape littered with men and women who can't sing, not even slightly, but still manage to act as vocalist without botching the operation signifi-

cantly (David Yow and Steve Austin come to mind, but when you think about it, Ian MacKaye and Kim Gordon can't really sing either). Except for a few occasions, when he takes a cue from punk rock and sticks to screaming, Tillmann makes no attempt to work with his inability to sing, instead assuming that persistence is the key. Especially grating is "Inverse Crickets And Attractive Transistors", a perfectly good example of why the world only needs one Stephen Malkmus. Thankfully, the lyrics, which are mostly nonsensical musings on quirky little events and people, don't require much talent to keep them afloat.

However, the album is salvageable, thanks to the excellent instrumental work by both Tillmann, who also plays keyboards and bass, and guitarist Jon Kelson. When it comes to keyboards and programming, Tillmann is everything his singing isn't — professional, crafty, and by, gum! interesting. The techno epic "Mass Fresh", the hysterical "Oh My Goth!" ("I'm dead! You're dead! We're dead! We're deaaaaad"), and "Hunt The Wumpus", which matches a Depeche Mode-style organ melody with tribal drumming, are all satisfyingly good compositions; the aforementioned "Inverse Crickets" begins with a self-help tape about "feeling attractive" over what sounds like a bagpipe festival recording played backwards. Kelson especially knows how to turn a trick, sweeping in to save a song from Tillmann's overbearing vocals right before they get to be too much.

## The Cogs, *Coalition For Peace* (no label)

"Too good to be true": I caught The Cogs at

The Spot a few weeks ago, and I admit, they put on a good show. They were fun, energetic, and knew how to put on a solid live performance. So I approached the vocalist, Kris Cog, about getting a copy of their CD for review. Boy, was I disappointed.

A lot of the spritely fire that Cog exuded during her live performance is lost in a cheeky insouciance that makes the listener's mouth ache, coming as it does in a bath of pop perfection so sweet it could pass for confectioner's sugar. (Name-dropping Veruca Salt in the promotional booklet doesn't help matters any.)

The lyrics don't provide much help. Coy and precocious (not in a good way), they describe little while dealing out clumsy rhymes that left me wincing. Check out "Vacation Bible School": "Send the kids off to the lake / Where they'll learn a lesson / For heaven's sake." Ow! Ere's sumfin' wong wit mah toof, ih hurts!

Much like Calvin Krime, this band is saved by one of its guitarists. While much of the band is crafting the musical equivalent of cotton candy, Jon Fox is off in his own world, whether he's shooting off thick blasts of layered fuzz rock ("Know Nothing"), indie-pop with a tangy twist of country ("Listen To Girls"), or on-the-spot Queen imitations ("Country Preacher"). But even his presence isn't enough to make songs like "Front Page of The Star" and "Down On Myself" anything more than forgettable background pop.

I suppose I can't see the forest for the trees, since this isn't my cup of tea. But *Coalition For Peace* is just too much of a good thing.

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|          | Michael Massimo                     |
| 7        | Johnny Chan & the New Dynasty 6     |
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# SPECIAL EDITION

By Lowell Yaeger

Faith No More broke up last Monday. Odds are, 99% of the people reading this article remember Faith No More as the band responsible for "Epic," the song whose video featured a dying fish flopping around on a gleaming floor. You remember? The exploding piano, the histrionic teenager ("Yow wannid yall but you cyan't hyave eeeeeet") in the Mr. Bungle shirt; half-rapped vocals, funk bottom, metal guitar. You can still catch it on a Hits Of The 80s show worth its salt.

Well, Faith No More went on to do a lot of work that makes "Epic," and the album around it, *The Real Thing* (Slash/Reprise, 1989), seem amateurish and clumsy. Of course, most of the world doesn't know about this, because Faith No More fell under the curse of the one-hit wonder when their failure to compromise their style resulted in a trio of albums that fell short of mainstream acceptance by...well, by a lot. So it's my job to educate you in the wake of this marvelous band's demise. And don't tell me this is pure self-indulgence. I already know that.

The band was born 13 years ago in San Francisco, when drummer Mike Bordin, bassist Billy Gould, and guitarist Jim Martin teamed up to form Faith No Man. Faith No Man quickly added keyboardist Roddy Bottum and changed its name to Faith No More, leaving only the singer slot empty. For a while, the band took a cue from Black Flag, and had audience members jump out of the pit and onto the stage to supply some of the vocal duties.

Eventually, they decided on a regular singer, and picked Chuck Mosley. Mosley was a tawdry 80's rip-off of Fishbone's Angelo Moore, right down to the mohawk and stage get-up. A heavy drinker and a less-than-reliable performer, Mosley lasted for two relatively uninspired albums; *We Care A Lot* (Mordam, 1985) and *Introduce Yourself* (Slash, 1987)- after which time he was thrown out of the band for botching an important show (the kind held for people in the record industry -the equivalent of a job interview, if you will) by getting drunk and babbling incoherently on-stage for the better part of two hours. With Mosley out of the way, the band auditioned several singers, and finally chose Mike Patton, who had given Jim Martin a demo-tape for his own band, Mr. Bungle, at a previous Faith No More gig.

Things have been substantially different since Patton climbed on board. Following the fame of "Epic," which the band claims to have missed due to a simultaneous tour of Australia, the boys found themselves under significant pressure to repeat the trick. Instead of kow-towing to the suits, the band turned their back on the rest of the world and did what it wanted to: make good music.

The follow-up to *The Real Thing*, *Angel Dust* (Slash/Reprise, 1992), is a caustic foot in the face that rounded up all the sycophants and teenyboppers that a Top 40 hit will summon and flushed them down the toilet. Abandoning his childish half-

rap/half-rock approach to music, Patton instead focused on the darker side behind

the band's meanderings, emerging with skewed takes on masturbation ("Jizzlobber"), drug dealing ("Crack Hitler"), and a hysterically graphic portrayal of homosexual sex ("Be Aggressive"):

*Malnutrition, my submission  
You're the master and I'll take it on my knees  
Ejaculation  
Tribulation  
I SWALLOW, I SWALLOW, I SWALLOW*

Naturally, this album didn't do quite as well, despite good reviews and a round of healthy applause in the metal community for "Midlife Crisis" and "A Small Victory," the album's two biggest singles. Their next single, a by-the-numbers cover of Lionel Richie's "Easy," which is saved by Patton's tongue-in-cheek assault, got more rotation on soft rock radio than it did on traditional metal stations. Perhaps chagrined, but determined as ever to stand by its commitment to making original music, the band fired Jim Martin, an event that is alluded to time and time again on the band's masterpiece, *King For A Day...Fool For A Lifetime* (Slash/Reprise, 1995).

Perhaps the best album released that year, *King* is a melange of styles and textures that never ceases to delight and amaze. Proving themselves masters of metal ("Cuckoo For Caca"), lounge ("Evidence"), punk ("The Gentle Art Of Making Enemies"), gospel ("Just A Man"), and samba ("Star A.D."), Faith No More found their *objet d'art* trashed by the music critics and ignored by their fans. The few people who sat down and gave this challenging album the repeated listens it requires were confronted with a work that, at least to me, considerably raised the ante for modern rock.

The band's last album, the facetiously-titled *Album Of The Year* (Slash/Reprise, 1997), wasn't quite the masterpiece that preceded it, but stood strong on its own merits nevertheless. Although the last three songs are garbage, and some of the material reminds one of the filler on *Angel Dust*, the album has its share of mind-bending numbers: the impassioned melodrama of "Helpless," the anti-authority rant of "Naked In Front Of The Computer," and "Mouth To Mouth," which demonstrates Faith No More's dependence on its keyboard player by filling the number with twisting-and-turning circus harmonies.

Any discussion of Faith No More is incomplete without a thorough run-down of the band's individual members. Collectively and individually, they were some of the best musicians of their time.

Drummer Mike Bordin (known as "Puffy" for his, er, expansive hair) is simply one of the best of his kind. The man simply does not break a sweat, whether he's executing light-speed tempo changes ("Get Out") or tackling stylistic restraint

("Evidence," "Easy"). Not only is he heavy on skill, he's also the master of an economic style that says a lot with only a little - something many metal drummers could stand a few lessons in.

Billy Gould is probably the most underrated bassist in the world. Very little is made of his contribution to Faith No More, despite the fact that he wrote most of the music and was single-handedly responsible for bringin' in da funk. Capable of a style that can zap between punk (check out "The Gentle Art Of Making Enemies") and lounge ("She Loves Me Not"), Gould was the unsung hero of an equally dishonored band.

Keyboardist Roddy Bottum was the element that gave Faith No More its edge over other hard rock bands. Like Gould, Bottum's contribution to Faith No More is only noticeable on a close listen; mostly, he sticks to delicate harmonics that lurk behind the chugging thrash-funk like a worm hidden inside an apple. The difference between Faith No More with Bottum, and Faith No More without Bottum, is like the difference between being killed by a psycho, and being killed by a psycho while staring directly into his twitching, crazed eyes.

It's hard to talk about each one of Faith No More's guitarists at great length, since the only one who lasted for any span of time was a cartoon caricature of a man named Jim Martin. You probably remember him from the "Epic" video -the one who looked like he belonged in a death metal band fronted by Weird Al Yankovic. Pink sunglasses, frizzy black hair, a thick leather jacket. Badass kind've of a guy who would end a fight on his knees begging you not to kick his teeth in. He was in *Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey*, so I guess he's not all bad. He got fired after *Angel Dust* because of his less-than-100% attitude towards writing, recording and touring. His replacement, Trey Spruance (of Mike Patton's side-band, Mr. Bungle), wrote and performed the music on *King For A Day...Fool For A Lifetime*, and was probably the best guitarist Faith No More ever had. Spruance was fluid, flexible, and creative, taming hot licks on "Cuckoo For Caca" and effortlessly merging acoustic and electric guitar on "King For A Day." His touring replacement, Dean Menta, was a good enough player, as was Jon Hudson, the guitarist for *Album Of The Year*, but neither of them had Spruance's skill or imagination.

That leaves us with vocalist Mike Patton.

Mike is a man sur-

please see "Slinky,"  
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