

The  
Stony  
Brook

# PRESS

Vol. XVI No.V

The University Community's Feature Paper

November 7, 1994

"The advertisements in a newspaper are more full of knowledge in respect to what is going on in a state or community than the editorial columns are."

-Henry Ward Beecher

On The Inside

Epitaph  
Page 12

Crock the  
Vote  
Page 3

Anne Frank  
Page 11

*Stranded on a deserted island, their innocent love grew  
into the most nutritious story of the century...*

# *Blue Legume*



GOYA PICTURES PRESENTS

A FILM BY DAVID LYNCH

"BLUE LEGUME"

TOM HANKS

SANDRA BERNHARDT

JIM NABORS

AND SEAN CONNERY  
AS "CO-CO THE CHIMP"

MAKEUP & EFFECTS BY JEFF DAHMER

PRODUCTION DESIGNER RU PAUL

PHOTOGRAPHY RAY CHARLES

CHOREOGRAPHY BENNY HILL

MUSIC COMPOSED BY GREEN JELLY

SCREENPLAY BY HUNTER THOMPSON

PRODUCED BY LEONARD NIMOY

DIRECTED BY DAVID LYNCH



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by David M. Ewalt

"The ignorance of one voter in a democracy impairs the security of all."  
-John F. Kennedy, May 18, 1963

There is something in the air at Stony Brook. Can you sense it? It's not quite a sense of civic pride. It doesn't seem to be renewed hope and vigor. Nor does it resemble any sort of electoral fervor. In fact, the new Stony Brook smell is a fetid one, an odor that reminds one of a cemetery or morgue. Has something died here?

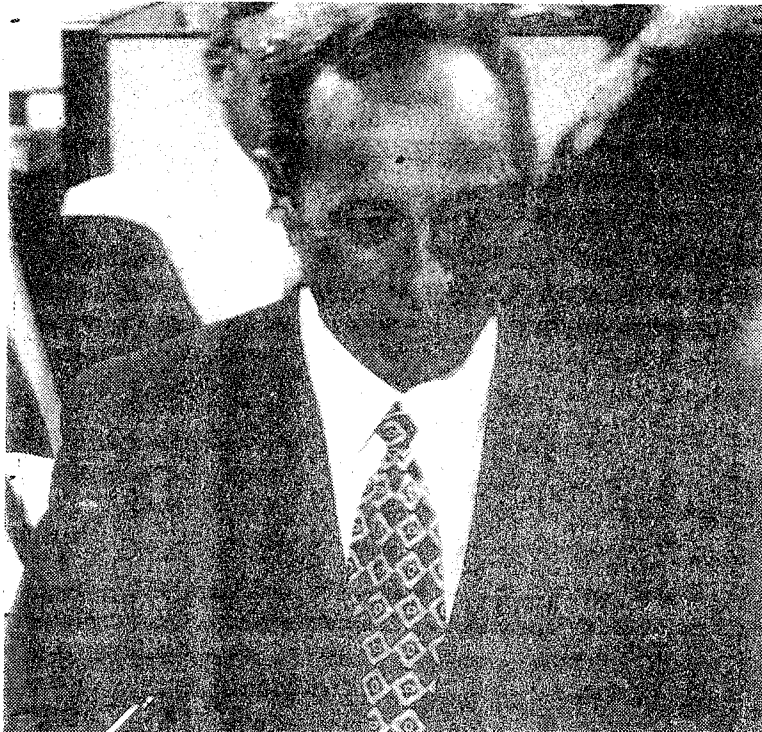
In the last few weeks, it has certainly seemed so. Low voter interest and participation may have killed Stony Brook's activist pride- if there ever was any. Several voter events held in the weeks before this Tuesday's election were dismal failures at best.

On October Twenty-sixth, Student Polity (motto: "We sent out for pizza with your activity fee") held what was supposedly a "Get out and Vote Rally" at the Fine Arts Plaza. Flyers for the event touted guests "Billy Baldwin and Chris Cuomo" (sic). One-thirty at the plaza—the time when the event was supposed to begin—found an overwhelmingly female crowd waiting anxiously around the stage. At first glance, the sight was quite inspiring: "Look at that- educated people concerned with their rights taking part in the democratic process!" Upon closer examination, however, that assessment proved false. Soon after the scheduled beginning of the rally, Polity President Crystal Platti stepped to the microphone set in the middle of the stage. Platti announced to the crowd that the guests had been held up at C.W. Post, but would arrive shortly. Shriill cries of "BILLY!" arose from those assembled. Apparently the educated people were more concerned with a second-rate movie star than taking part in the democratic process.

Irritated by the delay, many students wandered over to the Union, where an altogether different kind of rally could be found. Standing by the front of the building was a gaunt man wearing a sweater vest, a tan suit and a sandwich board. "GOD HATES SIN" read the placard. Below that incredible revelation were written a multitude of sins, presumably so the casual observer could decide if God hates him. "WHORES," it said in big red letters, "LIARS, POT SMOKERS, HOMOSEXUALS, ATHEISTS, ASTRONOMERS, ROCK & ROLLERS."

Unfortunately for the besuited evangelist, his list of

sins seemed to include some of those things closest to the hearts of USB students. The crowd that developed around him as he talked seemed to be the very people he was speaking against. Green haired, multi-pierced punks stood next to jocks wearing baseball caps and taunted the preacher in the spirit of universal brotherhood.



Returning to the voter rally, students found the crowd considerably enlarged and the guests still missing. Two or three hundred people stood or sat all over the plaza, waiting for something to happen. Some students held signs; all of them read CUOMO/ LUNDINE. It would appear Polity's "non-partisan get out the vote party" was quickly becoming a Cuomo rally. The only Pataki supporter evident out of hundreds of students stood sheepishly on the edge of the crowd, holding a Cuomo sign on the back of which he had scrawled "WE WANT PATAKI" in barely legible pencil. In fact, the only sign that was not one of the distributed CUOMO/ LUNDINE signs was a homemade poster held by a female student right in front of the stage: "BILLY VOTE NAKED!"

At fifteen minutes after two, well past campus lifetime, the guests of honor finally showed up. The previously inanimate crowd began to cheer and whistle as Billy

Baldwin stepped onto the stage. A disappointed hush fell as the crowd realized they'd have to wait even longer: Chris Cuomo was the first to speak. Emphasizing his father's achievements and character—shocking endorsements coming from someone who would be a complete non-entity if his Daddy wasn't governor—Cuomo spoke for an excruciating fifteen minutes before leaving the podium. The crowd began to murmur in expectation as the Cuomo stepped down from the mike- only to be crushed once again as a woman who was definitely not Billy spoke for five minutes, extolling the virtues of candidate Cuomo.

Finally the moment the crowd had waited for arrived. Billy Baldwin, voter activist and least talented Baldwin brother stepped up to the microphone to thunderous cheers and whistles. Before beginning his speech, he stopped and regarded the Pataki supporter with the hand-scrawled sign, who had by now made his way up to the front of the crowd. Telling him he should keep quiet or else the tall and muscular Cuomo supporter next to him would beat him up, Baldwin won the crowd over and proved that this was a most decidedly impartial rally. While lucid, Baldwin's speech was nothing worth note- just the same Cuomo propaganda the first two speakers had offered. The crowd seemed to note this- one got the feeling that they would rather Baldwin shut up and took off his shirt. Soon, however, it was over, and young Billy retired to the front of the Staller Center to

shake hands and meet all the fawning fans.

So what does this exhibition tell us about the political atmosphere at Stony Brook? It tells us it smells funny.

*"Apparently the educated people were more concerned with a second-rate movie star than taking part in the democratic process."*

This election season little to no attention was given to anything but Democratic candidates- and while ignoring Republicans is a worthy hobby it is irresponsible when perpetrated by a

student representative body. A University, ideally, is a place where all ideas can be expressed and considered fairly- not ignored. Stony Brook voters shouldn't just laugh at conservative ideas- they should consider them with an open mind, and then laugh.

## Where Are The Rights Of The Students At Stony Brook?

by Judah

I have been attending Stony Brook for three years and am so fed up with the dirty, underhanded tactics and methods used by the higher ups in authority against students like myself. I am talking about being blackmailed, threatened and blocked by the various divisions at Stony Brook such as Financial Aid, Office of Campus Residence and Chapin Apartments.

For example, I am a single student mother, and I depend on my grants and loans to help me with my tuition, rent, and other expenses, which is killing me. The people in Campus Residence know this, and yet when it's time to register for classes or for housing, they continually put a block on my bill. So every year I have to go to Al Devries with financial aid documentation to let him know I will be getting enough money to cover for my expenses. He then gives me approval via his computer to register. The higher ups not only have devised a controlling, oppressive system against poor students but they have the nerve to threaten me also.

They also want to instill fear with their threats. BITCHES! Every year they send me a letter stating that if I don't pay my bill that they will change the lock on the door. I have a friend who didn't sign up for room on time and it actually happened to her and she has a child. Where are my rights as a student against these threats? I want to be protected as a student from these people in administrative positions who run this school in a dictatorial fashion. I want to be treated with respect as a student because if it wasn't for students, these people in power with all their free perks and exorbitant paychecks they wouldn't be in power. I want rights to protect me and my child from being jerked around by these bullies in positions of authority who abuse their authority by exerting it manipulatively against students. I am tired of it, and I know I am not the only one. I am tired of being blocked and then having to scurry like a little mouse all over the place to get my bill cleared.

Students at Stony Brook are ready for a new administration to make student's life easier, happier, and a thousand percent better. This school sucks the blood

of students economically. We have no protection against authority and where there is no protection, rules, or regulations, then the people in power can do what they want. Hitler changed laws to take away peoples' rights. You might say is it that dramatic. I say hell yes, the problem here is that dramatic. If it's not, think again. Ask yourself how many people complain at this school about needless aggravations they encounter frequently at Stony Brook. Why don't students have rights at Stony Brook? Why don't we have a voice? Why aren't we respected and taken seriously? Who is there to protect us from being exploited economically, academically and in all the divisions that we have to deal with? Who is there to fight for us and help us? We don't need another snobby bourgeoisie who kisses "the man's" ass. We don't want any sell-outs or shallow, stupid people to represent or fight for us. We need someone who genuinely cares about our well-being at this godforsaken place.

Why don't students at Stony Brook have rights?

# ABUSE OF POWER:

WHY DO THE POWERS THAT BE AT THIS UNIVERSITY HAVE THE RIGHT TO COME IN OUR APARTMENT/ ROOM WITHOUT CONSULTING US AND GETTING OUR PERMISSION?

I've been a student at Stony Brook for three years, and it is three years too long. They have the authority to barge in my room for emergencies, inspections and any other type of situation. I have had it with these people who abuse their power and infringe upon my rights.

They want me to come in my apartment for one reason of another, but do not give me notice, and if I question them about it as Tom Acuri Assistant Director of the Chapin Apartments quotes, "We can come in anytime we want to." If that is so then what are my rights as a tenant who pays an enormous amount of rent? I need respect and deserve respect. The idiots/dolts do not respect me because I am a student and a minority. I am being taken advantage of and it pisses me off.

These people in power in Chapin and operations are infringing on my right to privacy. They have never asked when is a good time to meet because I know you want to be there when we come to your apartment. Instead they say we can come in, if you like it or not. They abuse their power and disrespect me in the process, I am fucking mad, and I am not the only fucking one that they have done this to!

I am not the only student they have purposely overstepped their boundary with. This type of disrespectful treatment have got to stop. If it wasn't for the students there would not be a Stony Brook. The student make the school, and we should not be slighted in any way. I want rights to protect them from trespassing upon my property and it is mine as long as I am paying rent for it. They are not paying my rent.

I am sick of these low-lives who deal in a dictatorial fashion with me, and expect me to take it, I say hell no, I am not going to take this because I know my rights. I am sick and tired of Stony Brook, especially the division of housing and operations who just like to flaunt their authority, regardless if they break the law, which is what they are doing if you tell them not to come into your apartment/ room without arranging a time that is convenient for them. They have the audacity to tell me that they won't work around theirs! I am a customer/student.

Who are these dolts in authority in the housing division? I detest them and I am not the only one that feel this way because they think they

are big-shots because of their funky position or title. F. their position and title. Bastards! Do they think students are nothing and have no rights because we are poor, struggling students? Are they abusing their power? Who do they think they are? When they come into your room and apartment against your will they are breaking the law! I'm repeating myself, and it is TRESPASSING. A policeman at Stony Brook told me that. (They may change their story after this comes out.) Students are not respected at Stony Brook but we must fight for respect until we get it, We must use our power and we do have it, we have to utilize it NOW! It's imperative. The need is here now. Let's do it now!! (Down with racism  
Down with classism)

-Judah

## Jai-alai Naked

### Letters

To the editor:

The "struggling student" who wrote the piece on Saddam Hussein in your October 24 issue should struggle a little harder: He or she omits certain details:

1) Hussein's military power is largely the creation of the United States and its allies. Even while gassing Kurdish villages and running a repressive police state, the West kept supplying him. Iraq was to be our regional enforcer against Iran, another country alienated by the morally bankrupt U.S. policy of supporting dictators and tyrants. Hussein is just one of many anti-democratic leader fed on U.S. aid. It is quite possible that he wouldn't have stayed in power but for U.S. support.

2) U.S. Ambassador April Glaspie told the Iraqis that the U.S. doesn't involve itself in inter-Arab conflicts. If our government was so opposed to an invasion of Kuwait, why would our have said this?

3) War could have been averted through diplomatic channels, but George Bush clearly wanted a war and made sure there was one.

4) Sanctions don't punish governing elites; they punish the most vulnerable members of society: children, the old and the poor, as well as other Iraqi civilians who have little or nothing to do with Hussein's regime. Remember that Iraq is a dictatorship and its citizens do

not have anywhere near as much control over the criminals running their country as we have over the criminals running ours.

Ask yourself this question: would it be OK for U.S. cities to be bombed and American children to sicken and die as punishment for the multitudinous sins of our corrupt government? People who think it's acceptable to do this to others should shed no crocodile tears when someone blows up a planeload of Americans or bombs the World Trade Center, for it is done on the same principle: punish the leaders by hurting innocent people. This must stop, no matter who is doing it.

Don't you think if the U.S. mandarins wanted Saddam Hussein gone for real, they would have 'gotten' him long before this. Personally, he's still in the employ of the CIA. He plays a very important role: being the demonic enemy needed to justify our continued aspirations as world policeman. He came in quite handy after the Berlin Wall came down and it looked as if peace might break out—good-bye "peace dividend." And how convenient that his latest misbehavior coincided with certain embarrassing revelations about CIA funding the FRAPH, the Haitian para-military thug organization. Of course, I have absolutely no proof for this, but it would explain a lot, wouldn't it? Maybe Saddam Hussein should be allowed to continue unmolested, with sanctions lifted,

as a punishment and living reminder to the West about financing dictators.

I could also go on about all the children suffering from hunger and sickness in the U.S. who are under another sort of sanctions, but it would be better if Struggling Student acquainted him/herself with the Geneva Conventions and also contact Dr. Viola's Medicine For Peace Organization to go get a good uncensored look at the human costs of Bush's feel-good war. Citizens of a country that saturation bombs populated areas and attempts to economically strangle millions of people have no right to call anyone else terrorists.

Sincerely,  
Chris Sorochin

The Author responds:

Your letter alleges, amongst other things, that Saddam Hussein is in the employ of the CIA. In fact, Saddam is neither an independent dictator or a CIA stooge; he's the commander of the first wave of an alien invasion. Of course, I have absolutely no proof for this, but it would explain a lot, wouldn't it? Saddam's erratic behavior is not the product of a demented, vengeance obsessed

ego, but rather little more the unusual thought processes of an alien mind. The much ballyhooed "Gulf War Syndrome", sometimes attributed to Hussein's use of chemical weapons, is in fact the side effect of exposure to toxic chemicals excreted from the skin of alien worker drones. Of course, I have absolutely no proof for this, but it would explain a lot, wouldn't it? Tariq Aziz made his vitriolic, enemy-making speech to the UN last month not because he thought he could intimidate his way past the sanctions but because his reasoning was off since he had not received the amount of Barium in his diet that is so essential to alien mental well-being. Of course, I have absolutely no proof for this, but it would explain a lot, wouldn't it?

And as for your suggestion that Saddam "be allowed to continue unmolested" as a punishment to the West: I'm sure the people of Kuwait and Israel would quite vehemently disagree with that plan. For someone who pays so much attention to how the West has unfairly punished the Iraqi people you seem to forget Hussein's crimes against his neighbors. Gee, I guess when Saddam murdered innocent Israelis with his SCUD missiles he was really just crying out for help!

The  
Stony  
Brook

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The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by The Stony Brook Press Inc., a student-run and student-funded non-profit corporation. The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of the staff. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (516) 632-6451.

Staff meetings are held Wednesdays promptly at 1:00 pm.

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# Along the Color Line:

## The Politics of Fear

By Manning Marable

Political pundits are already trying to explain why the Republicans should make significant gains in the Senate, House and gubernatorial races throughout the country. A net swing of 40 seats would give the Republicans control of the House of Representatives for the first time since 1954. Many attribute the rebirth of the GOP's prospects to the unpopularity of President Clinton. But I would characterize the elements of the Republican's advancement as the product of the "three D's": deception, demagoguery, and the decline of the American dream. These three Ds symbolize the politics of fear which is at the heart of the Republican agenda.

For deception, we may observe the recently announced Ten Point Program, the "contract With America", which more than 300 Republican candidates, challengers and incumbents alike, announced on the steps of the Capitol building. The Republicans took an excursion down memory lane to the era of "Reaganism", promising massive reductions in individual and corporate taxes, a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced Federal penalty, increased expenditures for the military, deeper cuts in welfare, and much more. The Republicans tell us that all their new programs would only cost an extra \$150 billion over the next five years.

However, the Congressional Budget Office says that it would take another \$700 billion in cuts during the next five years just to balance the current budget—even before the Republican proposals to increase military spending and to cut taxes. The Republicans don't tell us that reducing the capital gains tax would largely benefit high income households. The Republicans don't explain that their programs would conservatively require slashing about 20 percent of the Federal bud-



get across the board - from farm subsidies to Social Security. They don't tell you that their proposed tax credit for children would provide absolutely nothing to families too poor to owe taxes. No wonder the New York Times editorialized that the Republicans' "Contract With America" was a little more than "duplicitous propaganda".

For demagoguery, we might turn to the dangerous alliance brewing between Republicans, the Radical Right and extremist elements in the religious fundamentalist movement. The 1992 Republican convention in Houston featured the voices of intolerance and bigotry, led by reactionist like Patick Buchanan. Now, state by state, the Radical Right has seized control of the GOP state apparatus in Virginia, Minnesota, Iowa, Oregon, Washington, and other states. In Texas this summer, the Radical Right purged the state's GOP Chairman Fred Meyer, ousted the state executive committee, and drafted the most reactionary state party platform in the country. Among the Texas Republican Party's dogmatic tenets are demands to repeal the minimum wage, to outlaw a woman's constitutional right to choice for reproductive freedom, to withdraw the U.S. from the United Nations and return its monetary system to the gold standard, and to eliminate bilingual education programs. Doves of moderate Republicans and even some hardcore Reaganites have begun to shudder at this level of demagoguery.

The worst example is the Senatorial race in Virginia, matching Oliver North against incumbent Senator Chuck Robb. Conservative Republican Senator Charles Grassley of Iowa has describe North as perhaps "a nut". North's entire campaign for public office has been a series of lies, innuendoes and smears, including the assertion that the U.S. military "does not have the forces" to halt an invasion by Saddam Hussein into Kuwait, and that "Bill Clinton is not my commander in Chief". One observer who has witnessed the North campaign describes him as potentially "the most preposterous U.S. Senator since the notorious racist

Theodore Bilbo "of Mississippi. Or as Colin McEnroe, a columnist for the Hartford Courant comment about North: "There's a Norman Bates sort of thing going on in his eyes".

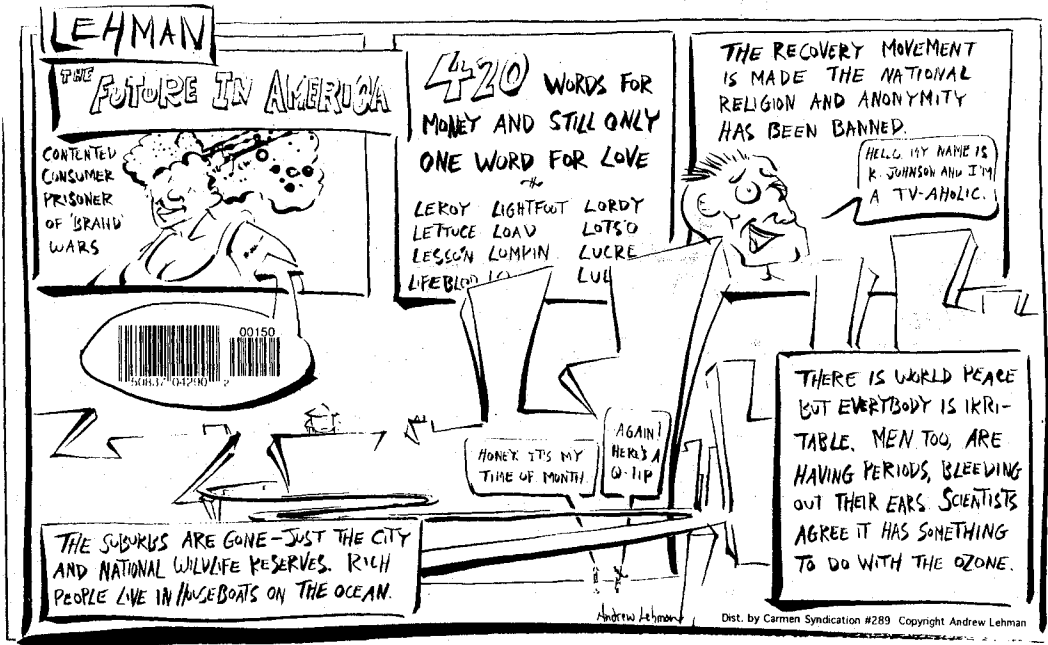
What explains the popularity of Ollie North, as well as other extremist candidates who promise much but can deliver little? The backlash against the Democrats is fueled not by logic but fear and frustration. Since the mid-1970's, the real standard of living for most middle income Americans, adjusted for the rate of inflation, has declined. Families today are working at two, three or more jobs, and aren't getting ahead. Their sacrifices to send their children to college and to set aside something for their own retirement seen unrewarded and even futile. The decline of the American dream creates fertile ground for the politics of fear, deception and demagoguery.

We cannot hope the Radical Right by offering a pale imitation of its conservative program to voters under the ambiguous banner of "new Democrats". If given a choice between imitation vs. the "real thing", voters will choose the real thing every time. We can only reverse the politics of fear with the vision of democratic empowerment, greater equality and multicultural opportunity, bringing millions of disillusioned and alienated Americans into the political process. This requires an affirmative vision of job creation, quality health care, transportation, improved education and other human needs. Instead of retreating into the past, riding backward with Reaganism in our rearview mirror, we need to move forward toward a multicultural politics of hope and human development.

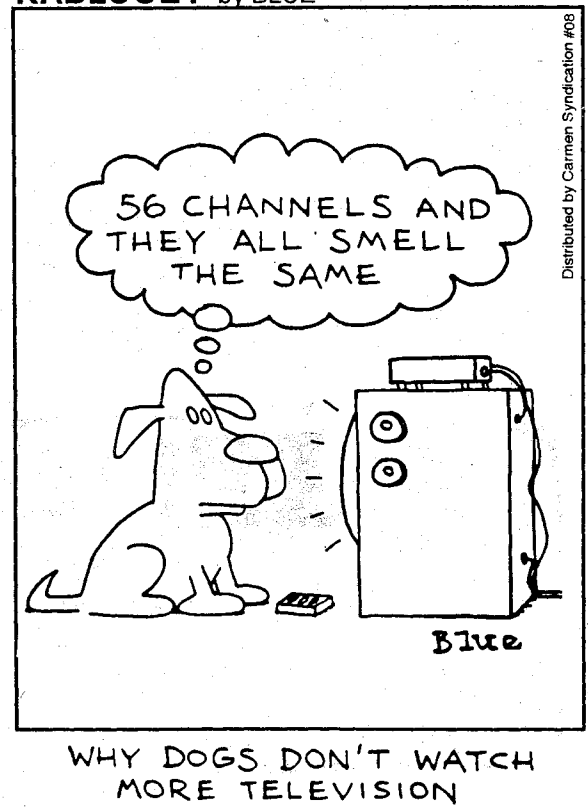
*Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Political Science, and Director of the Institute for Research in African-American Studies, Columbia University, New York City. "Along The Color Line" appears in over 275 publications and is broadcast by 75 radio stations internationally.*

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or are a licenced electrician?  
Join the Press~~we need your to help  
mend our rugs, change our light bulbs and  
stuff. Also a grasp of da inglish language  
would help. Meetings are held every  
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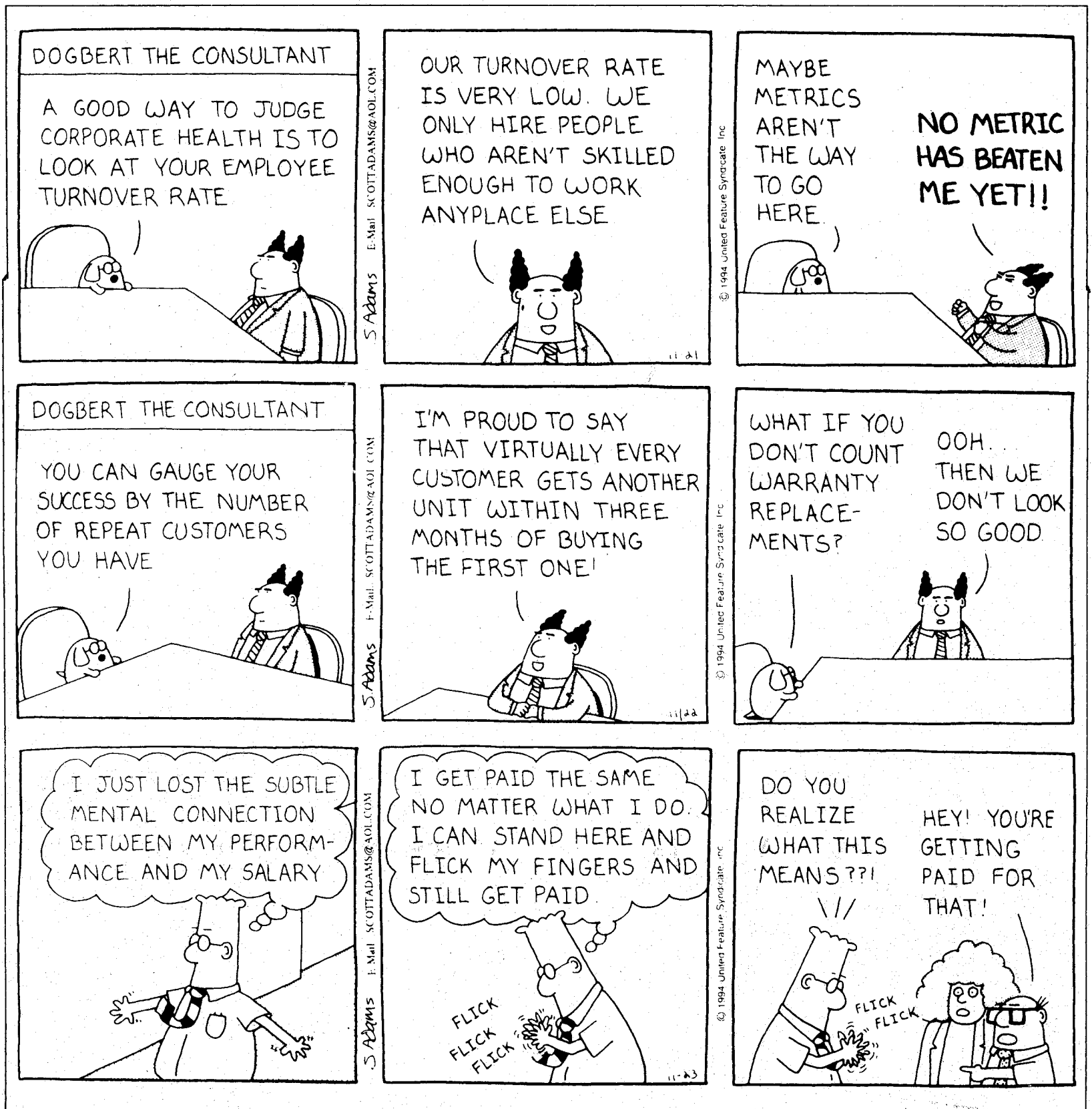
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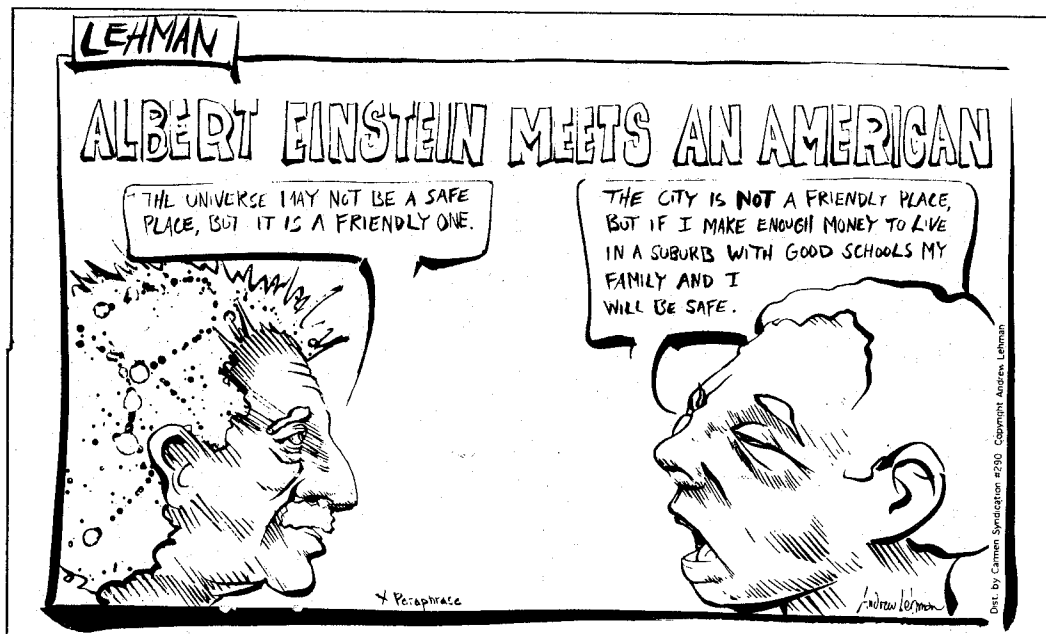
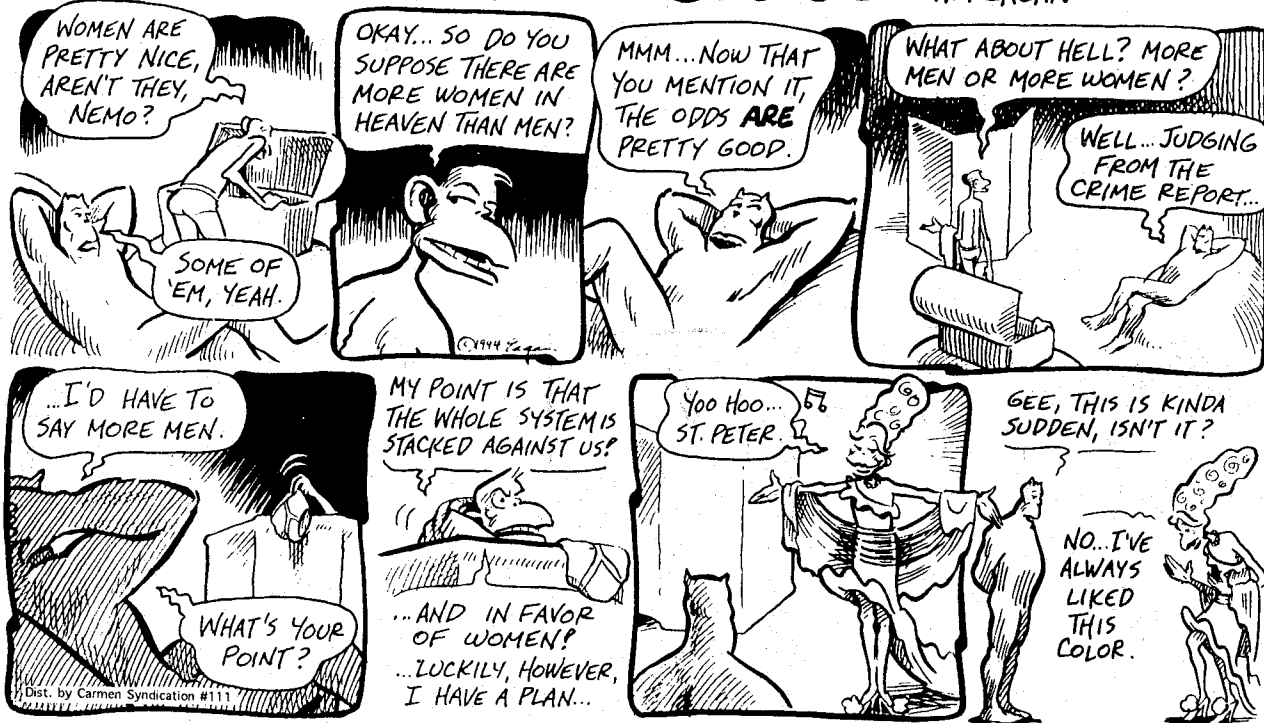


Dilbert R by Scott Adams

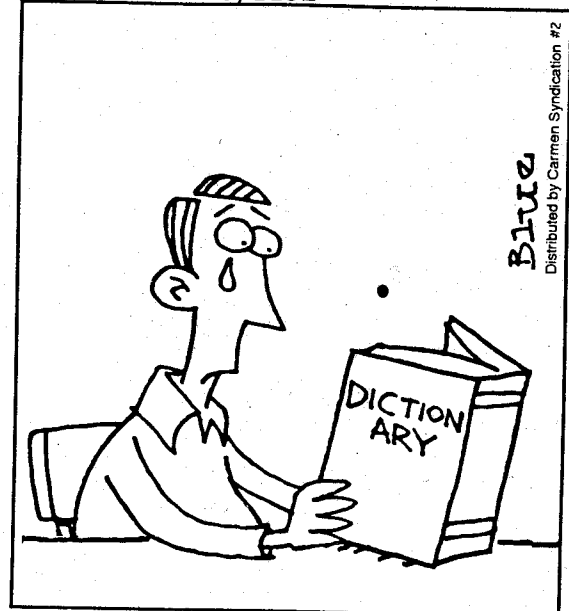


# SUBCONSCIOUS COMICS

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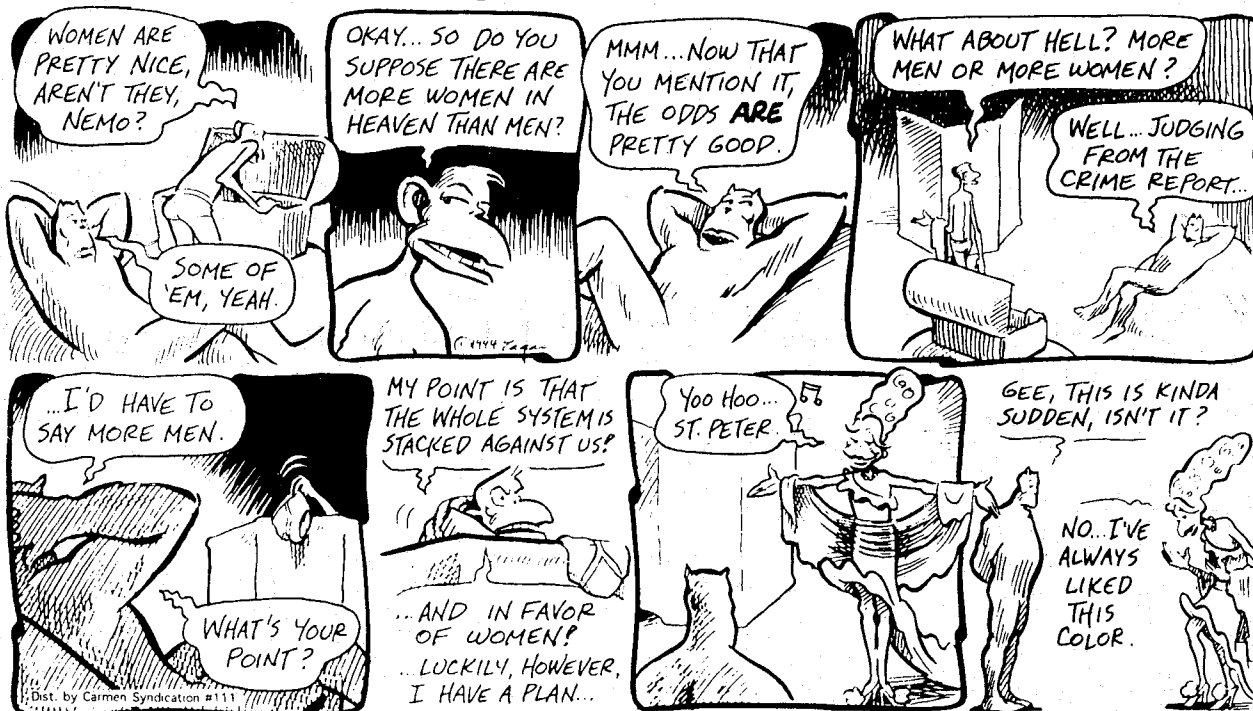
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WEBSTER'S FIFTH EDITION HAS ABANDONED PRESCRIPTIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE APPROACHES ALTOGETHER IN FAVOR OF POIGNANCY.

# SUBCONSCIOUS COMICS

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## Top 10 Write-In Candidates for Governor

- 10 - Blue Power Ranger
- 9 - Fred McMurray
- 8 - Barney
- 7 - David Duke
- 6 - Ronald McDonald
- 5 - Susan Smith
- 4 - President Kenny
- 3 - a garden slug
- 2 - Mickey Mouse
- 1 - Frank Zappa

## 9 - Fred McMurray

## 8 - Barney

## 7 - David Duke

## 6 - Ronald McDonald

## 5 - Susan Smith

## 4 - President Kenny

### 3 - a garden slug

## 2 - Mickey Mouse

# 1 - Frank Zappa

Letters and viewpoints should be less than 500 words. Articles, reviews, and features should be between 500 and 1500 words.

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Hand written submissions will  
be covered in sperm.

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All hate mail  
Should be sent to  
The Press.  
Student Union  
room 060. With  
the heading 'We  
Hate You' and  
slipped under the  
door, but if we  
catch you, we will  
shoot to kill.



From the darkest reaches  
of the infernal abyss,  
The Stony Brook Press  
presents...

# Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Hey, Azazel:

I'm having trouble making distinctions between morals, ethics and law. Seems to me that they are all pretty much related, but I'm beginning to wonder lately. See, two or three times a week I buy myself lunch at the University Club and charge it to my departmental account. You know- taxpayer money. Usually I make it into a "business lunch" by inviting someone else along too. I think that makes it legal, OK? You gotta watch your ass.

Well, it might be legal, but it sure ain't ethical, right? I mean, gross abuse of privilege and all that, but hell (sorry) this is Stony Brook! You know, LONG ISLAND. OK, so I think I know where I stand, pretty much, on law and ethics, but is it moral? Is there a simple answer, or does it depend on who you have lunch with? Does it matter whether you have a drink with lunch? Watching your ass here on earth is one thing, but as the death threats begin to stack up- me being an administrator and all that- I'm beginning to worry about my soul's ass, too.

By the way. Do you think I should declare the free lunches as earned income? Or how about unearned? I don't want to go the way of the great administrative genius Al Capone.

Starving until you answer,  
Suit 'n' Tie

**Suit 'n' Tie:**

People have been trying to figure out morality, ethics, and law since they first started banging rocks together. There seems to be this notion out there that there is some universal code of behavior which can be applied to life everywhere. Well, one of the best things about this universe is that no such code exists. In fact, I believe the driving force behind moral inquiry in general to be insecurity. People want to be sure about what they can get away with and what they must feel guilty about. One would think this would lead to a fairly open and accepting moral, ethical, and legal system but these self-same philosophical mortals also want to know for what and when they can righteously lynch their friends and family.

My advice to you is thus: settle upon a code, be it chivalrous, devious, or ambiguous, then do whatever the hell you want. There is no inherent morality in the universe, so the only people one has to worry about are the ones with more power. Lastly, remember this: if you don't get caught, you didn't do it.

-Azazel

P.S. Let's have lunch sometime.

Dear Zazz

Well I thought you'd get a little kick outta my reject letterhead, picked up off the back porch of a print shop. Got me a little better stuff this week. They sure do waste a lotta paper down there. Kind of a tradition here, ain't it- killing lotsa trees, I mean. Now of course I di'n't expect you to believe that I am really the president of this little-ol' university. Why would a person of my talents want to waste their time in a dead-end job like that? You can just consider me a sorta alter ego for the real thing.

Now this week I gotta worry about the professional vehicle. The old one ain't nothing but a wreck. The engine is shot, the transmission skips, the tires are just about shredded and the back seat- well, I'd better not say what condition that's in. That ol' boy Marburger sure must have carried some heavy bags in there or let his kids have the keys a little too often or somethin'. Anyway, I'm gettin' a new one. Something with a little style, and space for a decent gun rack in the back window. Plus I'm getting me a chauffeur. Don't want nobody making jokes about women drivers the first time I have a fender-bender or mow down an undergraduate or somethin' like that. Give me a chance to start on that new 'Firmative Action program, too. You know any good drivers who might want the job?

Your ever lovin'  
Miz Shirl

**Dearest Shirl:**

I think you underestimate the skill of women drivers. Take, for instance, Susan Smith. She seems like just the sort of chauffeur you might be interested in. She has driving experience, she is from the South (So. Carolina, to be specific), and she has your sense of humor. As soon as she's done facing charges that she drove her two children into a lake, I'm sure she would be more than happy to send you a resume. If, however, you are set upon having a male chauffeur, think about Sen. Ted Kennedy. He has similar qualifications, without ever having been convicted; just make sure he keeps his pants on.

If the price is right, I might even be willing to give you a ride. Unfortunately, I don't have a license, I don't take orders, and I don't brake for anything.

-Azazel

Please send all correspondence to:

Arcane Answers  
The Stony Brook Press  
Room 060 Student Union  
Campus Zip 3200

# Dysfunctional Fables

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

for C.S., who fishes for salmon  
(Free Willy! Free Willy!)

Well, dear reader, fairy tales don't come true but frustrated scientists must write such pedantic trash in order to gain notoriety. I just found out yesterday that Beatrix Potter, creator of Aunt Jemima, Paddle-Duck and Miss Tiggy-Winkles, was really a serious naturalist. Unfortunately, none of the royal British naturalist societies would allow Potter to present her research papers to the public merely because she was not male. As a result Potter became famous for her children's stories about cute and fuzzy animals. Her best-known character, Peter Rabbit, has lost his clothes and sickened on too many vegetables in garden patches around the world for more than a century—yet everyone still loves him. But what's so great about Peter Rabbit? He didn't listen to his mother, and his sisters Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail got their blackberries and mink after dinner as a reward for doing their chores and studying AP Calculus. Meanwhile their irresponsible, no-account brother continually gets into trouble and endangers his family's life ("You'll end up just like your father," sighs Mother Bunny, "in Farmer MacGregor's pie!"), so why has the world transformed this bunny into a hero? Just

because he was cute and fuzzy, that's why! Cute and fuzzies get away with everything, that's why...well, not in my stories they don't!

Anyway, an aquarium owner wondered what would happen if he fed his charges on storybook animals instead of real fish in order to save some money. Most of the simple aquatic creatures died, but the more complex ones seemed to thrive on this diet and begged for more. One particular fan of this fare was an enormous Orca, but the aquarium owner did not understand why she was growing thinner.

Orcas, otherwise known as 'killer whales', are gentle, highly social creatures who love to play and have their tongues petted. Tongue-petting might seem gross or kinky to some people, but it is one of the few things that an orca will ask of anyone. If an orca offers you an itchy tongue and you give it a few friendly slaps, you will soon have a loyal life-long friend.

Storybook creatures know all of the lore which surrounds their people. The ones tossed into the Orca's tank knew full well that if they pet her tongue, she would let them escape. She never regretted her decisions not to eat them; she preferred a little company to a full stomach.

One day it was Peter Rabbit's turn to be dropped into Orca's tank. Unlike his brethren, however, Peter was not versed in the ways of other animals because he never studied or lived among other creatures. In fact, this bunny couldn't even read.

When Peter Rabbit saw an enormous pink mouth studded with many sharp teeth, he panicked immediately. As quickly as possible he tried to splash toward the tank's edge to escape. Unfortunately for him, Orca completely blocked his path. She was insulted at his refusal to pet her tongue, and wanted an explanation...

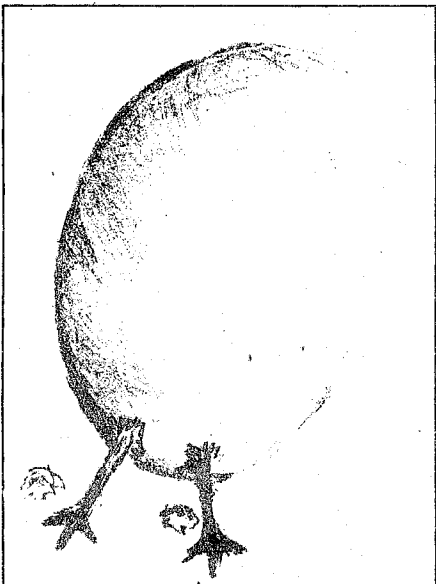
Of course, the illiterate land-lubbing Peter could not speak her language or even care to understand. After one great spurt of adrenaline the rabbit leaped out of the tank, and the power of his hind legs overturned Orca's only home.

**MORAL:** To persuade an ignorant man for the desired answer is to persuade a matter to ruin.

**MORE IMPORTANTLY:**  
Sometimes it's just too much to ask for a complete stranger to pet your tongue.

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## THE THREE MINUTE EGG



*Nature's Perfect Breakfast*

**One Minute-** Yolk has not set.

If opened, the whites are cloudy in appearance.

**Two Minutes-** Egg has not been sufficiently heated to ensure safety from salmonella bacteria.

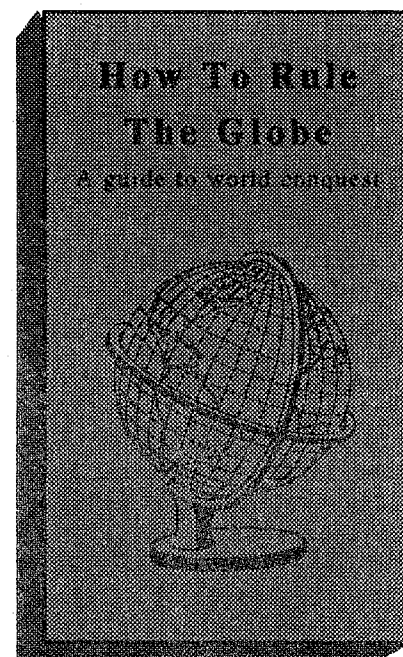
**Three Minutes-** Your Egg is now ready to eat, add salt or pepper if desired.

### Alternatives to Boiling

Scrambled Eggs, Fried Eggs, Eggs Benedict, Shirred Eggs, Egg Drop Soup, Poached Eggs

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# Anne Frank: Just There

By Aaron Swartz

*The Diary of Anne Frank*, directed by Farley Richmond, opened Thursday night with a solid, well-rehearsed performance. While no mountains were moved, there were several excellent moments that drew me away from my college reality, plunging me into the mixture of despair and happiness that existed in the reality of Anne Frank's last years of life.

The cast members, which are a mixture of students and non students, each gave confident yet careful performances. The players are not yet testing the boundaries and limits of their character's reality; instead, they gave the audience a safe opening night performance.

Making *The Diary of Anne Frank* a truly believable and outstanding piece of theater is a difficult task to undertake. The lives of its characters are far removed from the life of any actor by the elements of Holocaust and World War II terror. This is not to say that the impossible exists in this play's production, only that 50 years ago what was considered the unimaginable now must be imagined and believably reproduced in the stage. For example, when the Franks Van Daans, and Mr. Dussel heard the sirens and the marching Nazi soldiers outside their hiding place, the fear they showed seemed flat and lacking the utter terror I would imagined existed in these people. Even when they were finally discovered by the Nazis, it looked more like students who just received a poor grade in an exam rather than Jews being dragged off to the "death camps".

However there were some fine overall performances and some even finer individual moments. Tammi Petrie, who plays Anne Frank, delivered an

eddy, receiving laughs in all the right places. She had no moments that shown brighter than others; instead, Petrie gave a strong performance that never faltered. David Zeaman, who plays Anne's father, also gave a believable performance as the quiet, kind-hearted Mr. Otto Frank. What I believe to be the play's finest moment as Zeaman, in the final scene, lamenting the loss of his family in the concentration camps. This is the only moment in the play that I felt an honest depiction of the horrific effects of the Holocaust on its victims.

Other fine performances came from Robert Sarvina as Mr. Dussel, playing the role of an irritant with clever sarcasm; Ilisa Soshnick, Anne's mother, had her finest moment in the scene where she orders the Van Daans out of the apartment. Here, Soshnick, who through most of the play exists in the margins, thrust forward and gave a captivating performance. The rest of the cast include Rose Cohen Brown, as Mrs. Van Daan, who at times was exaggerated but still had some truly comical moments; Donald Graham as Mr. Van Daan, a seasoned actor who complimented Brown's high energy with clam believability; Mark Wilson, as Peter Van Daan, playing the awkward and shy teenage boy well; Kim Roiy, as Margot Frank, was true to her character as the quiet older sister; Marisa Long as Miep and Jonathan Karavolias as Mr. Kraler, both supported the rest of the cast with aplomb.

*The Diary of Anne Frank* has performances November 10 at 10 am, 10-12 at 8 pm, and closes on November 13 at 2 pm.



Tammi Petrie as Anne Frank and David Zeaman as Mr. Otto Frank

Photography by: Aaron Swartz

honest and believable performance of the innocent and precocious Anne. Petrie also has a flair for com-

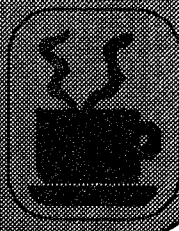
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# Epitaph

## Nirvana Releases Posthumous Tribute to Cobain

*Unplugged in New York*  
Nirvana  
DGC Records

by Scott J. Lusby

The much-anticipated release of Nirvana's entire "MTV: Unplugged" performance from November 1993, hit record stores on Tuesday, November 4. The album, entitled *Unplugged in New York*, treats Nirvana fans to a fourteen-song, 58 minute tribute to the musical genius that was Kurt Cobain.

Only eight of the fourteen songs were written by Cobain; the other six were renditions of a few Meat Puppets songs, a David Bowie tune and a couple of songs by unknown artists (at least to me, anyway.) This hardly matters, however; Cobain's then-unique nihilistic style shines clearly through these interpretations of "foreign" material.

The disc opens with (unfortunately) one of the most overplayed songs on the radio today, "About a Girl," followed by another favorite, "Come As You Are." Both tracks lend themselves extremely well to acoustic guitars; the addition of Meat Puppets guitarist Pat Smear (the strange guy sitting behind Cobain during the show) allowed Nirvana to reproduce the power found on the studio versions of these songs despite the lack of distortion.

After "Come As You Are," *Unplugged* follows with "Jesus Doesn't Want Me For A Sunbeam" (I don't recognize the lyricist) and "The Man Who Sold the World," an old David Bowie composition. While performing

these songs in their usual interesting manner, the biggest treat was yet to come.

ing numbers, starting with "Pennyroyal Tea" and finishing with "Lake of Fire," one of the Meat Puppets covers. Their rendition of "Dumb" was especially outstanding; for some reason, that song has always been one of my favorites. The delicate cello rhythms (performed by guest musician Lori Goldstein) make the song so depressing, so melancholy that you can't help but revel in its mire.

I think "Lake of Fire" was probably the most enjoyable song on *Unplugged*, simply because it's a work that I'm not too familiar with. "Lake of Fire" isn't simply melancholy, it's downright evil, and fits beautifully with the rest of the disc's repertoire.

*Unplugged* ends with "All Apologies" and the other 'unknown' work, "Where Did You Sleep Last Night." When the disc ends, you almost feel like leaping up out of your Barca Lounger and screaming approval along with the audience. Actually, that's not true- you would rather just get up and hit "play" again on the CD player.

*Unplugged in New York* could likely be the last release by Nirvana, unless the recording sessions of Cobain and R.E.M. frontman Michael Stipe are uncovered. What this means is that *Unplugged* is to be cherished because it may be the



After "The Man Who Sold the World," Nirvana rips off eight consecutive utterly amaz-

last new stuff we ever see from Nirvana.

## Hole Can't Fill Void

*Live Through This*  
Hole  
DGC Records

by Scott J. Lusby

In their most recent issue, *Spin* Magazine rated Hole's sophomore release *Live Through This* as its "Album of the Year," as well as naming its first single, "Miss World," as one of its "Top Twenty Songs of 1994." Numerous other critics from various magazines have anointed Hole as heir-apparent to the title of "World's Greatest Rock Band" vacated by Nirvana upon frontman Kurt Cobain's death. Well, sorry to disappoint you, but they're wrong. Just plain wrong.

This isn't to say that *Live Through This* is a bad album. Quite to the contrary, it's actually a good album, deserving of a place on *Spin*'s top albums list. As far as it being the top album of '94 (let alone Hole being the "World's Greatest Rock Band"), however...sorry, but no.

*Live Through This* has almost every cool element a good band should have: They write dark, noisy, impassioned (and downright scary) songs; they are musically talented; they can jam. There is one small problem, however: Hole (at least on this album) is neither imaginative nor diverse concerning musical styles.

My first impression of Courtney Love and Company was that they are basically a female Nirvana. Now, this normally would not be such a terrible thing (if you're going to copy somebody, you may as well copy the best I always say); considering Love's connection to Nirvana, however (for those of you who live under a rock, Love was Cobain's wife before he offed himself), this fact becomes magnified. I remember listening to *Live Through This*' first three tracks ("Violet," "Miss World" and "Plump") and thinking "Oh lord, you've got to be kidding me!" Love really should have attempted to "carve her own path" and distanced herself from that Nirvana style- it almost seems inappropriate. But, then again, I could be making a big deal about nothing- maybe through common rock tastes is how they hooked up in the first place. But I get the distinct impression that this sound was designed rather than a natural development.

That being said, let's move on to *Live Through This*' more positive aspects. Despite my bashing, it is a quality release. And not every song sounds like Nirvana from a composition standpoint. The current single, "Doll Parts," as well as "Miss World" and "Softer, Softest" differ sufficiently in sound and structure. However, it is undeniable that Cobain's lyrical style is present on *Live Through This*; "Asking For It" is almost an exact rip-off of "Rape Me" (as the title would suggest).

Scott Litt, the man who produces R.E.M.'s work,

mixed the album save for the album's penultimate number "Gutless"; this was mixed by guitar guru J Mascis of Dinosaur Jr. It's a pity Mascis didn't mix the entire album; "Gutless" is one of its best offerings. Other highlights include "Doll Parts," which offers perhaps the most frightening combination of music and lyric on the album, and "Plump," which just simply jams.

Despite the fact that it closely resembles *In Utero*, *Live Through This* is a quality effort, one which is definitely worth buying. My problem is in placing it at the top of 1994's albums and calling Hole "The World's Greatest Band." They aren't. They aren't the "Greatest Grunge Band." Nor are they the "Greatest Women's Band"-L7, Liz Phair and PJ Harvey top Hole in that category. And numerous other albums, including Soundgarden's *Superunknown*, place higher than *Live Through This*. Why? Originality and imagination. Soundgarden tries new things without compromising their identity; Hole hasn't been around long enough to gain an identity yet. To release an album that sounds so much like the lead singer's late husband's band (which happened to be the best band of its time) is dangerous when trying to find said identity. Because of this, Hole may forever be known as Nirvana sound-alikes with a chick singing.

But alas, they may be known as such anyway- regardless of what they sound like.