



THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

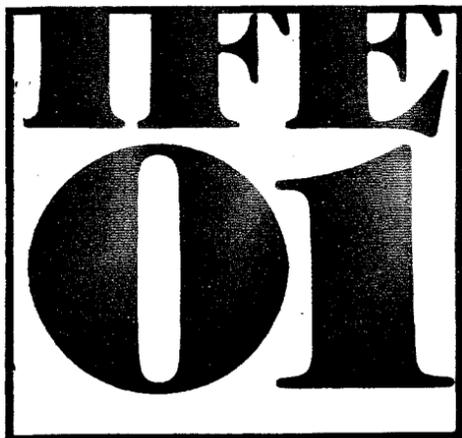
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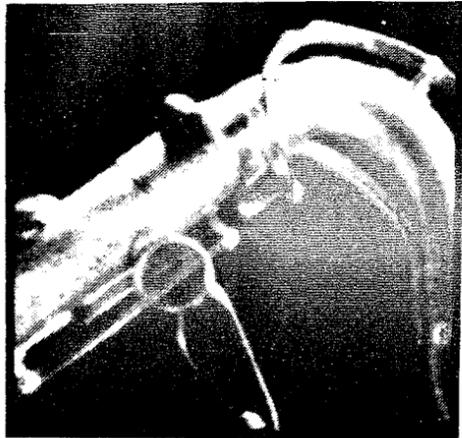
page three



page eleven



page seven



back page

Polity Election Results on Page Three

DISPOSED

This place is in trouble.

Because Long Island has the dubious distinction of being the most densely-populated stretch of suburbia in existence, the shit is hitting the fan here, turd by stinking turd, a lot sooner than it is anywhere else on the planet. And if you aren't hip to it already, kids, you're gonna be, whether you finish reading this editorial or not. Unless some serious action is taken in the next few years, this tract of upper-middle class developments and interchangeable retail modules will be hip-deep in its own consumer-processed detritus, and that's no lie.

The United States produces more garbage than any other country in the world, and Long Islanders produce more garbage than anyone else in the United States. Now, until fairly recently, being the garbage capital of the world hasn't been a problem. We've just been burying all the styrofoam fast-food containers and plastic detergent bottles in the ground or dumping them in that big blue ocean. Even when we ran out of room in the LI/metropolitan area, we began sending it out for disposal to places fit for little more than garbage dumps (useless wastelands like upstate New York and parts of the midwest), and that might have been expensive, but it was working okay, too, until a lot of those places decided they didn't want our styrofoam fast-food containers and plastic detergent bottles anymore because they had enough of their own to take care of.

That left us in a bind.

See, "environmentally conscious" lawmakers, responding to public outcry, decided that, well, dump-

ing garbage at sea is bad because it all washes up on the beaches, and burying garbage on the land is no good because it gets into our drinking water, so we'd better stop that stuff right now for the sake of our fragile ecosystem (not to mention our lucrative coastal developments). Sounds good on the surface, but what the heck do you do with all that crap now that you can't just chuck it in a hole or toss it in the water?

Well, goddamn. You burn it! What's a little toxic ash among friends? At least if that gunk washes up on the beach, you can't tell it from the sand. Not until weird lumps start to grow on your body ten years later, anyhow. Incinerators! Sounds like a swell idea. Let's build eleven of 'em right away!

And that's the plan, kids. Build lots of incinerators and send clouds upon billowing clouds of poisonous ash into the sky, or, if the EPA crowd gets on your case, put filtration devices in the smokestacks to keep a lot of the nasty ash in the furnace to be carted away and buried—only problem is, burying this stuff is lot more dangerous than burying the garbage itself in the first place.

So, what's the solution? As Suffolk County is slowly beginning to realize, producing less garbage and recycling everything possible from what we do produce is pretty much the only way to go. The landmark anti-styrofoam law, to take effect in the near future, will remove a large segment of non-biodegradable junk from our waste streams. Following suit, the Finast chain of supermarkets has introduced biodegradable plastic grocery bags and a trash bag manufacturer

now offers a cheap, degradable version of its product. This is a trend that should definitely be encouraged. Disposable coffee cups that will outlast western civilization are a bad idea, no matter what the styrofoam boys tell you.

Our own university administration is also doing an intelligent thing in encouraging the recycling of waste paper, something that not only cuts down on garbage, but saves money, too (which is, of course, why they're doing it in the first place). On the student level, NYPIRG is encouraging both individual involvement and governmental reform to help the recycling movement gain a little headway.

Think about it. There's a finite amount of room in the world, and if civilizations keep manufacturing things that refuse to break down in nature—from foam plastics to nuclear waste—there will eventually be no place to put them. Why not surprise your children and their children by actually thinking slightly beyond next week? If the problem of garbage production is not stopped at its source, future generations will end up eating the stuff for breakfast. It's hard to get motivated—we at **The Press**, for all our big talk, only recently began recycling our wealth of waste paper (no snide comments, please)—but make the effort to be responsible. There are local community recycling programs as well as those at USB, and once you find out what and where they are, it's not too hard to actually participate. You might as well get used to it now, because someday you won't have a choice.

Letters

One-Time Offer

Dear Sirs:

In response to the bounty put on the head of the novelist, Salman Rushdie, by the holy men of Iran, I would like to announce a reward for the assassination of the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. My offer is ninety-nine cents in cold, hard cash—no questions asked. I admit, less than a dollar doesn't buy much in these inflationary times, but let's not forget the prize comes in good old American dollars, the preferred currency of the international underworld, not in Mickey-Mouse Ayatollah-money. If my first offer doesn't generate enough interest, I'm willing to double it—but only in return for some extra frills. Any kind of slow torture like dismemberment with a blunt cleaver, or being pulled apart by a team of camels is OK. An ingenious job deserves a generous bonus. What's more, I would grant three bucks—read my lips—three bucks of my hard-earned money should the assassin be able to prove beyond any reasonable doubt that the imam had AIDS, molested little boys, masturbated while reading the Holy Koran—or was an undercover CIA agent.

I would also like to point out that the mullahs are giving bigotry a bad name by openly preferring a Moslem perpetrator. Mine is an

equal opportunity offer, open to anyone, regardless of race, religion, or sexual perversion. However, the best candidates would be incurable fanatics, deranged lunatics, and revolutionary Guards.

Alex Varsany
Returning Student

Never Got One

To Whom It May Concern:

I am writing in response to the leading comments put under my name in regard to the Polity elections [last issue]. I did not turn in a questionnaire because I never received one. (No one handed me or approached me with a questionnaire.)

I was, however, approached the night before Press production during a budgetary Senate meeting. Of course, it would have been extremely inappropriate for me to leave, considering that I was at the meeting to answer questions and to provide information so that the process ran smoothly. I am the Student Polity Co-treasurer, who, with the Treasurer, actually proposes the budget with the advice and consent of the Council and the Senate.

You did not say in your article that I was approached in the above-stated circumstance and that I would have gladly answered any questions concerning my de-

cision to run. By your next issue, the election will have already passed, so that the point seems moot. Whatever damage was done, was done. However, I am disappointed considering my entire year working with **The Press** on vouchers, advertising and other Polity issues.

Shari Sacks

The Press replies: Questionnaires were available in the Polity suite to candidates turning in their petitions. A few candidates, however, through some strange twist of fate, failed to receive one. All were tracked down and accosted by diligent staff members except for you and two others, who were approached at the Senate meeting you mention. Perhaps you misunderstood our invitation, but you could have answered the one question asked of you at any point that evening, not just Right Then and There. Sorry, but life goes on.

Letters should be typed or clearly handwritten and written in some form of comprehensible English. Drop them off, slip them under the door, or mail them to us here at 020 Central Hall. Letters full of irrelevance, syntactical redundancy, bad grammar, or sloppy spelling are subject to editing for clarity.

The Stony Brook Press

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Blowing the Whistle

by Robert Rothenberg

Two Public Safety officers have brought suit against several USB administration officials over alleged violations of their civil rights. "[When] we blow the whistle on something, we're tired of getting hammered for it," said Kevin Paukner, who with Charles Lever initiated the \$13+ million lawsuit.

"They've engaged in whistleblowing and being critical of the mismanagement of the way the Public Safety Department at Stony Brook has been run," said Joseph Gagliardo, their attorney. "What has occurred since then is a systematic and repeated form of harassment against Mr. Paukner and Mr. Lever for bringing these sorts of things to light."

"It's a helluva coincidence that they both happen to be union officers," Gagliardo said. Paukner is the Unit Chairman and Lever a shop steward for the campus local of the American Federation of State, City and Municipal Employees (AFSCME). In retribution for their actions, both officers claim they were stripped of their peace officer status without a proper hearing to give them the opportunity to defend themselves, and also suffered interference and tampering from bureaucratic higher-ups in Public Safety with their arrest paperwork.

Paukner was recently restored his peace officer status by acting Public Safety Director Richard Young, (a defendant in the case) but Lever has yet to have his status

returned to him and the two have not received explanations as to why their status was originally removed. (Gagliardo claims that they "are the only two Public Safety officers in the last ten years at Stony Brook that had their status revoked...despite the

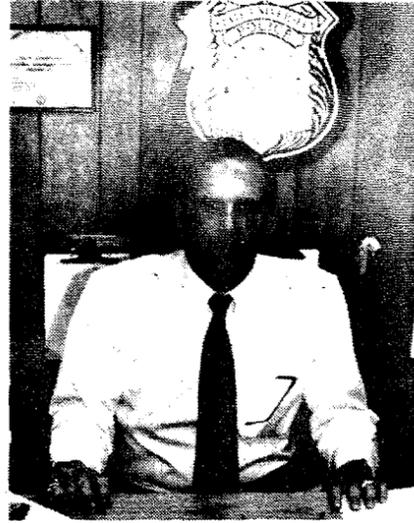


Was: Gary Barnes

fact that officers have been disciplined for various things...none of those officers had their status revoked.")

Without peace officer status, an officer cannot make an arrest (although he may assist), nor may he carry nightsticks or Mace. However, the two men had to per-

form their usual duties as unstatused Public Safety officers, and an ill-equipped Lever was injured assisting in an arrest and is currently under a doctor's care, according to Gagliardo. "It's an embarrassment to them...They weren't told why they were



Is: Richard Young

Press File Photos

stripped of their status. No hearing was set...No charges were brought against them...Their status was taken away by a simple letter from the President," he said.

"Nobody wants to be arrested...and if they're...a little bit high or whatever the case may be, there's gonna be a lot of re-

sistance. And that's what happened. I got injured...When I get injured, my family suffers from it. I have three kids and...I'm no good to them either," Lever said, in a telephone interview from his home.

According to Gagliardo, Thomas Krajewski, an Assistant Director of Public Safety (and another defendant) had his secretary call "Lever at home while he [was] in bed and [tell] him that he was stripping him of any sick time that he may be entitled to...which is against Department policy, and frankly, it's against the union contract."

Lever said: "It bothers me every time that Kevin and myself try and enhance the department and make it more professional, and we get penalized for it. I'm also having a hard time understanding how the University can spend the amount of money they do to send individuals to the academy...and take away the status that they trained them for."

"There is a certain amount of harassment," Paukner explained, "to the point where, being a union representative, you have to have a certain amount of time off to investigate grievances." When time it is requested, however, "they deny us...we argue over it."

Lever concurred: "They don't want to deal with us; they don't want to talk with us [as union representatives], and that makes for bad relations. How can you get things accomplished...?" Lever said.

continued on page 9

Election Skulduggery

by David Alistair

Violations of Student Polity voting procedures have invalidated the candidacies of two presidential candidates and caused the results of the Student Activity Fee referendum to be scrapped.

The Election Board grievance committee—a body consisting of David Nichols, chair of the Election Board; William Burke, vice chair; Jodi Ellenbogen, chief justice of the Polity judiciary; and Mark Joachim, Polity treasurer—followed up evidence and testimony in four cases of Election Board bylaw violations. Presidential candidates Michael Lutas and Sorin Abraham were charged with printing and distributing campaign flyers in excess of the 700 permitted, candidate for senior representative Shaheen Rasheed was charged with electioneering within 100 feet of a polling place, and the Student Activity Fee referendum was declared invalid by the board due to poll-watching violations. All four cases were heard Monday, April 24, by the Polity student judiciary.

Lutas was found guilty of the charges brought against him, and stripped of his candidacy by the judiciary. As a result, his votes were counted as if he were a write-in choice, allowing him a chance for election if his tally amounted to a majority (50% of the votes, plus one), but barring him from being placed on any run-off ballots. Lutas's votes had not been counted at the time of the hearing, but his 18.88% of the total vote turned out to be well below the necessary margin.

Abraham was also found guilty as charged, and while the judiciary stripped him of his candidacy, the action was modified with the proviso that if Abraham had managed to

Board Files Charges

capture a plurality (the highest percentage) of the vote, he would be allowed to participate as a candidate in any run-off. According to Election Board parliamentarian William Fox, the judiciary's actions were "very unusual." Fox, who was asked by the judiciary to serve as an unofficial advisor, elaborated: "Basically, the sense I got from them was that they wanted to make gradations of severity of punishment...They didn't feel he [Abraham] quite understood how the rules worked." Abraham's votes had been counted prior to the hearing, but, said Fox, only he, Nichols, and Burke knew the results. Abraham's 29.19% of the vote was a plurality, effectively negating the judiciary's action, and placing him on the May 4 run-off ballot with opponent Esther Lastique.

Another complaint against Abraham, lodged by presidential candidate Brian James, was dismissed by both the grievance committee and the judiciary for lack of evidence. James claimed Abraham was electioneering in the G-Quad hockey pit during a game, placing him within 100 feet of several polling locations.

Rasheed was found not guilty of electioneering because she had not been given the second page of the campaign rules by the Election Board, a sign, it was decided, of unequal treatment. The judiciary also upheld the board's invalidation of the Activity Fee referendum due to violations of article XIV, section 5 of the Election Board bylaws ("Pollwatchers are allowed to encourage students to vote as long as it is non-partisan encouragement."). Consequently, the referendum will be on the ballot for the May 4 run-off and the results of the April 17 vote will be destroyed.

Election Results

Vice President	Dan Slepian
Secretary	Michele Brasch
USSA/SASU Rep	Glenn Magpantay

Judiciary:

David Leung, Mathew Manza, Todd Martin, Shari Sacks, Keith Schenker, Eileen Sheinberg, Otto Strong, Ann Marie Tomilo

●

May 4 Run-Offs

President	Sorin Abraham Esther Lastique
Senior Rep.	Seth Cohen Daniel Jones
Junior Rep.	Hooman Khorram Michael Lapushner
Sophomore Rep	Thomas Pye Lee Wiedl

●

Student Activity Fee Referendum

Editorial Comment: Michael Lutas and Sorin Abraham were charged and convicted of similar violations of the Polity Election Board bylaws. Both were meted the same punishment (see accompanying article), except that Abraham was allowed the chance to remain a full candidate and participate in a run-off if he managed to gain more votes than the other candidates. This he did, ousting third-place candidate Brian James from the run-off ballot.

Besides the apparent double standard in different penalties for essentially the same crime, there is another fact to be noted, though allegedly kept secret by the Election Board. Abraham's votes had been tallied when his sentence was pronounced. Now, if the results had somehow been leaked and if certain forces in the judiciary had wanted to see Mr. Abraham go not free, what—in this hypothetically corrupt situation—would have been the ideal judgment to pass?

The run-off is May 4. Vote your conscience.

Vote YES

...on the Mandatory Student Activity Fee referendum. Because if it doesn't pass, there will be no funding for any Polity-sponsored activities. That means no COCA movies, no SAB concerts, no radio station, no newspapers, no intramurals, no SCOOP businesses, no EROS, no yearbook, no cultural clubs, no Commuter College, no resident legislatures, no anything that exists through Polity funds.

If a campus devoid of extracurricular activities appeals to you, then, by all means, vote down the SAF. If, however, you use or appreciate any of the above-mentioned organizations, vote YES on April 17. No joke.

May 4

Garbage Apocalypse

Stopping Paper Waste at Its Source

by Quinn Kaufman

"Our University will be the role model for all of Long Island and the rest of society," said Stony Brook's Provost Jerry Schubel, regarding the Island's imminent, catastrophic garbage problem. Nowhere in the world, he said, is garbage disposal more serious than on Long Island, where seven pounds of garbage per person per day is collected compared to a National average of under five pounds per person per day.

The garbage catastrophe may come to a head on December 18, 1990, when all of Long Island's thirteen landfills close. The Long Island Landfill Law ordered the closing of existing landfills in an attempt to stop seepage of toxins from un-lined landfills into the Island's drinking water, which is derived solely from underground wells.

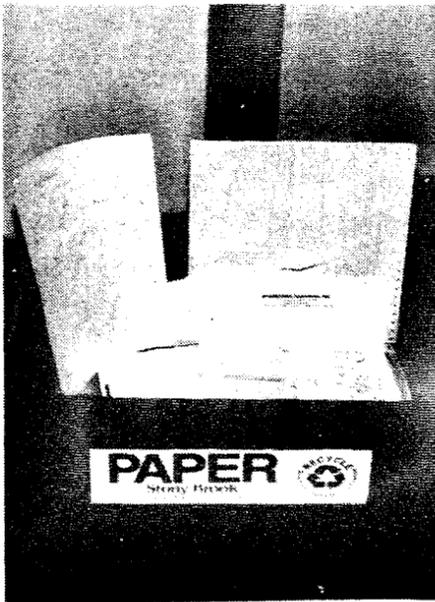
According to Curtis Fisher, a student representative of the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG), "Long Island is sitting on top of a crisis. Medical waste on our beaches and the Islip garbage barge circling aimlessly round the world are all evidence that we are now in a garbage crisis."

After the landfills close, all of the Island's estimated yearly production of four million tons of garbage will have to go elsewhere, according to Joann Howell, a specialist at the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation. Existing landfill operators are trying to conceive new approaches to the disposal of solid waste.

Besides three incinerators presently on Long Island, another eleven will be built. However, Schubel said, "a lot of people are opposed to incinerators because they create instant pollution." Fisher, for instance, claimed that the "fly-away ash" from incin-

erators not only depletes the Earth's precious ozone layer, but emits harmful dioxins into our atmosphere.

Just as scientists battle to prevent illnesses, Schubel said Stony Brook will com-



bat the threat garbage poses to the environment. "We have found a prevention that will inhibit the catastrophe of what would occur, come December 1990, when landfills close. Had we not started our garbage plan now, ... Long Island—whose 2.6 million population exceeds 50% of the population of all states—would not have a single place to dispose of its exceedingly high amounts of garbage."

When landfills are no longer available, Schubel said, garbage will not be dumped into our already dirtied waters, nor will it be

shipped out of state to other landfills or barges. Unlike any other school on the Island, USB will meet the potential garbage disaster head-on by using less plastic and cardboard to box goods, composting (using garbage as a fertilizer), and recycling more paper and aluminum garbage than ever before.

Specifically, because of the decrease in paper garbage at landfills, Stony Brook will be saving the Island's ground water from contamination. By recycling paper, Stony Brook will conserve both paper and forests—a natural resource.

Forests are disappearing because of a world-wide paper shortage, according to Kit Kimberly, Project Coordinator at NYPIRG. Forest inhabitants—animals—are also vanishing, Kimberly said. "In the west," she explained, "where most of our paper comes from, only 10% of the original old growth forest remains intact. And when they cut down trees for paper, they clear-cut the land, thus, wiping out habitats." Old growth trees are 300 years old or more, and can live up to 1000 years.

"In society as a whole, paper makes up less than half of total waste," Schubel said, "but at Stony Brook, paper is 75-80% of total waste. Paper is the most easily recyclable part of the waste stream other than aluminum cans."

Ken Fehling, Campus Recycling and Waste Management Coordinator, explained that, in September of 1988, Stony Brook "kicked up its major revision, in which every single office on campus was equipped with paper-recycling boxes."

The labelled recycling boxes are filled with computer paper, ledger sheets, magazines, newspapers, or scrap paper. Then,

every Wednesday—paper day—university workers pick up the boxes and bring them to a warehouse where the paper is sorted.

Fehling said, since the recycling project began in Fall of 1989, the University will save \$100,000 per year by avoiding the cost of having to haul this waste to landfills. In addition, USB's contracted paper vendor, Suffolk Tab, has been buying Stony Brook's used computer paper—its most valuable paper waste—at a fixed price of \$162.50 per ton (four cubic yards), ledger paper for \$62.50 per ton, cardboard for \$12.50 per ton, and newspapers and magazines for \$10.00 per ton. Fehling said, however, that the profit made by selling Stony Brook's recycled products to vendors barely pays the salaries of paper-sorters in the warehouse, near the gym.

Fehling also said that lack of paper sorters in the warehouse sometimes leads to unsorted paper, which, in turn, means a ton of un-sorted computer paper will sell for \$5.00 instead of \$162.50.

After Suffolk Tab buys Stony Brook's recycled paper at these set costs, the paper is then usually shipped to paper mills in the Midwest or Upstate New York. At these mills, the used paper is chemically de-inked, shredded, and ground in a blender before being recycled into tissue paper, cardboard, toilet paper, or paper towels, among other products, according to David Newton, Suffolk County Recycling Coordinator.

Newton and university officials estimate that recycled paper costs 25-40% more than virgin paper. The high cost for recycled paper exists because the demand for it is low. "People are prejudiced against buying

continued on page 10

Footnotes

ON CAMPUS

We Missed You

Not to plug shamelessly or anything, but the Record Van is back, and with it cheap, decent used records and tapes ranging from \$1.00 to \$5.00 a pop. Since the time when roving vendors were banished to the Union bi-level by administrators unknown, the Van vanished into the mists of legend, its bountiful crates of records no longer available to be pawed through by cost-conscious students. Now, however, it has returned, and may be found with its legendary booty in the bi-level flea market on certain blessed Mondays.

Staying Alive

Winding up this semester's Distinguished Lecture Series, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, president of the anti-nuclear group SANE/FREEZE, will offer his views on what people need to do "For the World to Survive." Handy information to have. Obtaining it is easy—he in the Staller Center Recital Hall at 4PM on Thursday, May 4. And listen real hard.

Sadly Devoid of Intelligence

There's this booklet published by High Frontier, a pro-SDI lobbying group, and it's being distributed on campus by a group of young boys and girls who may or may not be the College Republicans. The title is "20 Questions" and, to give you a taste of what's inside, here's one of them—"Q11: Shouldn't we place our hopes on arms control treaties instead of SDI, on diplomacy instead of technology? A: The history of American engineering has been brilliant, the history of

American diplomacy, generally dismal. This is not because our engineers are better people than our diplomats. It's because effective diplomacy requires a great deal of secrecy and duplicity. Our society doesn't allow the necessary deceptions. I'd bet on the engineers." In other words, we can all still act like brain-damaged children as long as our technology will keep us from killing each other. The only question missing here is "Q21: Will SDI let us blow the shit out of those goddamn Soviets without the risk of a retaliatory strike?" Well, you can ask them that yourself. Write or call: High Frontier, 1010 Vermont Avenue NW, Washington, DC 20005. (202) 737-4979.

Last One

Um. The last in the Stony Brook Film Society's series for the academic year is Marcel Carne's **Children Of Paradise**. The date is May 10, the time 7PM, and the location the Union Auditorium. Admission \$2.00. Go.

Put on a Happy Face

Hooray! It's Open House time at Stony Brook! Touted as "a day for the entire family," USB is apparently trying to make nice with its estranged surrounding communities with a PR party for all and sundry. How exciting a "wellness clinic for free blood pressure screening" and "demonstrations by science departments" will be is another story, but a craft fair and a lacrosse game ought to amuse somebody. If you want a look at how USB officials present our wonderful institution to the public, check this out. It might be enlightening: Saturday, May 6. Noon to 4PM.

OFF CAMPUS

Every Day Is Earth Day

Worried about finding a job after graduation that won't make you sick with self-loathing? Well, the New England Environmental Career Fair might be for you. In the words of organizer Katherine Honey, the fair "will provide a unique opportunity for professionals and students of environmental disciplines to meet with companies recruiting exclusively for positions in the environmental fields." So, for swell jobs with no pangs of guilt for damage inflicted on the biosphere by your employers, take a trip to Boston, Mass. this May 9, 10, and 11. The fair will be held in the Hynes Convention Center, and for more information call (508) 222-2254 or write: P.O. Box 2179, Attleboro, MA 02703. Prescreening forms are available to help you link up with likeminded companies.

Bring Back Herb

No, not the guy who had the good sense not to eat Burger King food... *Cannabis sativa*: dope, hash, weed, grass. That stuff. The Coalition for 100% Drug Reform is sponsoring a Safe Drugs Rally in NYC's Washington Square Park on May 6 at 11AM. Their flyer says they want to stop AIDS, violence, US interventionism, and crack/PCP use. Apparently decriminalization of marijuana will lead to this, so they're behind that, too. Interesting to see an anti-drug group that isn't anti-all drugs. For more info, contact either The Coalition for 100% Drug Reform (No. 9 Bleecker St, NYC, (212) 995-1245) or the people who dropped off a hand-colored flyer for us: Greens at the Brook (P.O. Box 294, East Setauket, NY 11733).

SAB Applications

for the following positions

are now available:

SAB Executive Chair
SAB Concert Chair

SAB Activities Chair
SAB Speakers and
Comedian Chair

Applications are available at the Polity receptionist desk and due on Friday, May 5.

CSO PRESENTS:

THE WOMEN OF
KALABASH!!!

SAT. APRIL 29 - STONY BROOK
UNION BALLROOM

EVENT BEGINS PROMPTLY @ 9:00 p.m.

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short stories of the past year!
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Avoidance of Choice

How to Live the Good Life

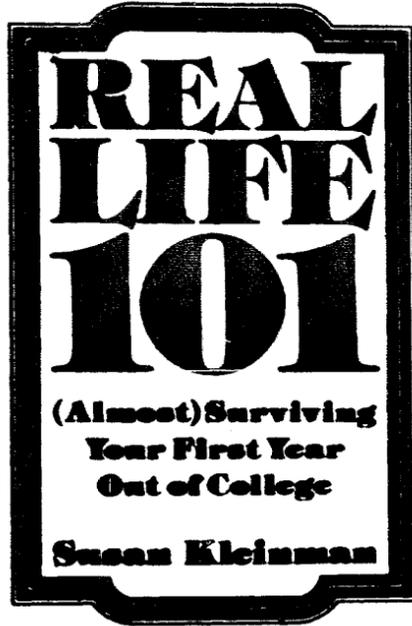
by Karin Falcone

So, you've been told what to do all your life and now that you're about to graduate and forced out on your own, you need some quick answers. Easy answers. Perhaps a how-to book can provide some help. Like maybe *Real Life 101, (Almost) Surviving Your First Year Out of College*.

I have a problem with how-to books. Not books that tell you how to build a bookshelf, or how to cook Chicken Kiev, but books that attempt to dictate How to Live Your Life. "Qualified specialists" saying "Let me tell you the right way to eat, make love, be a man, get a promotion, etc., etc." But a look at the best seller list is testament to their lucrative success.

In *Real Life 101*, author Susan Kleinman takes a stab at giving you diploma-bearing lost souls a hand, with better intentions than your average novelty how-to sleaze pulp. She really wants to help you through your transition from Yuppie-to-be to Yuppie proper. (Though Yuppie is a stale expression from a staler trend, it is exactly what she is writing about here.)

Not every graduating senior is a Yuppie-



to-be, but Kleinman does not acknowledge much variation in collegiate existence. Oppressively subjective, even if you take a liking to her over-animated first-person

style, Sue never sees far beyond a life of the 9 to 5, the office, the business suit, city rents, and bars on the windows—made all worthwhile by good friends and family. Speaking of which, she relies on this small circle of acquaintances for much of her research, which consists of opinions by everyone (and no one) from her Aunt Ruthe, to "a couples therapist."

Kleinman begins Chapter 1 ("Hi Ho, Hi Ho, It's Off to Work We Go...—Getting Off to a Good Start at the Office") by saying, "This book won't tell you how to find a job...because I refuse to write about job hunting." Instead, she talks about dressing for success with qualified specialist Marcy Syms, president of Syms clothing stores, who urges readers to (of course) buy quality brand names, just like on the TV commercial. In the chapter "You Must Tell Me Who Your Decorator Isn't," she speaks to the director of communications for the Furniture Information Council, who urges readers to (guess what?) buy furniture they like today, and then buy more furniture when they're sure of their tastes tomorrow. Such naive and just plain shoddy interviewing, tainted with commercial punchlines, can't

be ignored.

But then again, maybe there's a statement being made that even the author isn't intentionally selling. Maybe if you wish to move up in the business and professional world, you *have* to accept commerciality, you have to wear designer suits and own new furniture, you have to listen to your Aunt Ruthe. Ah ha.

The value of this book, which certainly doesn't lie in its empirical research, is its insider's view on Yuppie life (minus drugs, alcohol and insider trading). By narrowing the research sample to people of her own ilk, and just being herself throughout, with corny clever verbosity, Kleinman portrays the ideal young white upwardly mobile middle class situation vividly. How can I make my new apartment homey? How can I have an office romance? How am I going to lose those ten pounds?

Real Life 101 can help you answer those pressing questions. As long as there are people who believe there are easy answers to life's toughest questions, there will be people who capitalize on it. It's just good business.

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The Fourth Estate: Commentary

University Lore

by John Dunn

Modern society has sprouted a brand of folklore known as urban legends. These stories prey upon the anxieties of people while at the same time providing entertainment. Though the bulk of the stories occur in suburbs and cities, college campuses have their own variations. Since colleges are their own little communities, they too are breeding grounds for fanciful tales.

Campus legends are a combination of fact and fiction. There is a grain of truth in them; they seemingly could have happened, which is why they are somewhat believable or, at least, popular. No one knows exactly where or to whom the story first took place, as they generally happen to a friend of a friend of a friend. As they are retold, changes are made to enliven them or to adapt the stories to a particular campus. Class titles, professors' names and other details may differ, but the same basic story concerning term paper grading can be found on almost any campus. Other stories may be unique to a given campus at a given time. At the University of Delaware last year, a popular story was that Debbie Gibson was going to attend, and even the dorm she was assigned was a part of some tellings. (This was somewhat believable since a lot of Long Island students attend Delaware.) On the other hand, most people couldn't have cared less if Debbie went to UD, so the story died a quick death.

Campus legends involving classes, exams and professors are the most popular ones told. The classic story is that if your roommate dies or commits suicide, you get a 4.0 for the year. Here are some other gems out there:

A philosophy exam consists of one word: "Why?" The professor gives the lone A to the student who wrote "Why not." Another version involves a metaphysics class in which the professor places a chair in front of the room and announces, "Prove this chair exists." A student receives an A by answering: "What chair?"

A diplomacy exam asked a question involving fishery rights. A student, knowing nothing on the subject, answered, "This issue has been discussed from the American and Japanese points of view, but has anyone considered the viewpoints of the fish?" The student received an appropriate C.

A civil engineering professor announced an open-book final in which students could use anything they could carry into the exam room. One bright student carried in a grad-

uate student to take the exam for him.

A fraternity member handed in a term paper from the house files to his professor, who gave him an A saying, "When I wrote that paper twenty years ago I knew it deserved an A, and I think it still does." A similar story involves a paper and a very tough grading professor. Word got around campus that it received a B-minus, the highest ever. It got sold to the highest bidder who turned it into the same professor and received a B. The paper was used the next year and received a B-plus. The students were starting to wonder when it got handed in the next semester and received an A. The professor's comment on the paper was, "I've read this paper four times now, and I like it better each time."

Another tough professor demanded that if a student failed to stop writing when time was called, the student failed. One student kept writing a few seconds after time

"He smells the burning meat, thinks it's his arm and dies of fright."

was called one day. As he went to hand in the exam the professor informed him of the rule. The student asked, "Do you know who I am?" The professor responded, "No," so the student stuck his exam in the middle of the test pile. The professor got even by handing back the exams individually.

Occasionally things can be true and eventually become a part of campus legends. Here's an example of a legend to be:

Two years ago at the University of Delaware, a sociology professor announced that if no one in the class attended the final, the class would receive an A for the final exam since the class would learn how to organize and implement a boycott. Students stayed outside the exam room overnight to insure no one got in, since if one person did, those not attending would fail. The students used a successful boycott and received their A's.

Professors' grading of exams draws stories too. One

professor throws the exams in the air, giving those that stick to the ceiling an A, those remaining in the air B's, those flat on the floor C's and those standing on edge F's. The classic story involves the throwing of exams down a flight of stairs with A's going to those landing at the top and F's to those at the foot. Another professor spreads his exams on the floor, dips his cat's paw in ink and lets the cat walk on the exams, with the ones with the most paw prints receiving the better grades. Other professors are known for posting final grades outside the final exam room while students are still taking the tests.

Professors' behavior in class is another source of stories. A professor noticed a student sleeping in class, so he stopped lecturing and asked another student to wake him. The student refused, saying, "You put him to sleep, you wake him." Another professor, possibly from Stony Brook, gave up trying to lecture over the noise of a construction crew outside the classroom. The professor dismissed the class saying, "I can't even hear my own lecture." A student responded, "Don't worry, you haven't missed a thing." Fed up with a student's lack of attention, a professor said, "You in the back row stand up," upon which command, six students stood up.

Then there's the football recruit who failed the math portion of the entrance exam by answering 7 plus 6 equals 11. The coach pleaded with the examiners, saying, "Give him a break, he only missed by one."

Fraternity pledging turns up its assortment of stories. In one story, a pledge is to be singed with a hot poker. The poker is applied to a piece of meat next to the blindfolded pledge at the same time a piece of dry ice is placed on his skin. He smells the burning meat, thinks it's his arm and dies of fright. In another story, the pledge is required to chug a bottle of whiskey, kill a polar bear and have sex with an Eskimo woman. After a few days, he returns all bloody and asks, "Where is the Eskimo woman I'm supposed to kill?"

There's hundreds more that could be told, but I'd like to hear some from this campus. Stony Brook seems to lack the storytelling mystique involved with campus legends. Perhaps it's because the reality here would be fiction on most other campuses or merely because people don't have the time to create them. If you have a favorite campus legend heard either at Stony Brook or even somewhere else, send it to *The Press* and we'll try to get them in the next issue.

CLUB CALENDAR

Thursday, Apr. 27

Graham Parker
Pierce Turner
at Town Hall

Surfin Safari
(Dictators
Circus of Power
Holly Beth Vincent
Dick Manitoba)
at the Cat Club

Wayne Horvitz
at the Knitting Factory
—and Apr. 28

Friday, Apr. 28

Doggy Style
Skeletal Ambitions
Seizure
at Anthrax

Hot Tuna
at the Lone Roadhouse
—thru Apr. 30

Johnny Thunders
Pandoras
Pilgrim Souls
at Downtown

Miracle Legion
Thin White Rope
at Maxwell's

Red Hot Chili Peppers
Murphy's Law
24-7 SPYZ
In Your Face
at Sundance

Roches
SOLD OUT
at IMAC

Saturday, Apr. 29

Gorilla Biscuits
Outburst
Badtrip
at Anthrax

Killing Joke
at the New Ritz

Lazy Lester
at Stephen's Talkhouse

Maureen Tucker
at Maxwell's

Morton Downey, Jr.
at Westbury Music Fair

Raw Youth
Cucumbers
at the Pyramid

Tower of Power
Chris Rush
at Showcase

Sunday, Apr. 30

Ink Spots
at Queens College

Wailers
Third World
at Westbury Music Fair

Tuesday, May 2

Culture
at SOB's
—and May 3

Thursday, May 4

Bunny Wailer
at Radio City

Judy Tenuta
at the Palladium
—and May 5

Friday, May 5

Al DiMeola
at the Metropolitan

Anthrax
Helloween
Exodus
at the Felt Forum
—and May 6

Stanley Jordan
at the Blue Note

Saturday, May 6

The Bobs
at Symphony Space

Cowboy Junkies
at Town Hall

Front 242
at the Palladium

Judy Mowatt
Culture
at Baystreet

Underdog
American Standard
Collapse
at Anthrax

Tuesday, May 9

Carl Perkins
at the Bottom Line

Youssou N'Dour
at the New Ritz

Compiled from the WUSB Concert Billboard

TOP 35

WUSB 90.1FM

1. De La Soul
2. Pixies
3. Robyn Hitchcock
4. Indigo Girls
5. Gravediggers
6. Keith LeBlanc
7. Flaming Lips
8. XTC
9. Dirty Dozen
10. Loop
11. Neville Brothers
12. Jimi Hendrix (Radio x2)
13. Yo La Tengo
14. Fairport
15. Guadalcanal Diary
16. Rhythms Chatham
17. Connels
18. Elvis Costello
19. Bonnie Raitt
20. Klaus Fluoride
21. New Model Army
22. Ben & Jerry's Newport Folkfest
23. Grisly Fiction
24. Blood Circus (ep)
25. Green on Red
26. Also Used and Recommended by
27. Burning Spear
28. Urge Overkill
29. Tackhead (12")
30. firehose
31. Lard (12")
32. Graham Parker
33. Run Westy Run
34. Throwing Muses
35. Yo Bus the Move (comp)

AS OF APR. 24

Information

- Bay Street..... (516) 725-2297
Long Wharf, Sag Harbor
- Beacon Theatre..... (212) 496-7070
74th & Broadway
- The Blue Note..... (212) 475-8592
181 W. 3rd Street
- The Bottom Line..... (212) 228-7880
15 W. 4th & Mercer
- Bradley's..... (212) 473-9700
70 University Pl.
- Carnegie Hall..... (212) 247-7800
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- Cat Club..... (212) 505-0090
76 E. 13th St.
- CBGB's..... (212) 982-4052
315 Bowery & Bleecker
- Eagle Tavern..... (212) 924-0275
355 W. 14th St.
- Fat Tuesday's..... (212) 533-7902
190 3rd Ave.
- Felt Forum..... (212) 563-8300
@ Penn Station
- IMAC..... (516) 549-9666
370 New York Ave.
- Irving Plaza..... (212) 279-1984
17 Irving Plaza @ E. 15th St.
- Knitting Factory..... (212) 219-3055
47 E. Houston
- Lone Star Cafe..... (212) 242-1664
5th Ave. & 13th St.
- Lone Star Roadhouse... (212) 245-2950
240 W. 52nd St.

- The Meadowlands..... (201) 778-2888
East Rutherford, NJ
- The Palladium..... (212) 307-7171
126 E. 14th St.
- The Puck Building..... (212) 431-0987
299 Lafayette
- The Ritz..... (212) 529-5295
11th St. between 3rd & 4th Ave.
- Radio City Music Hall... (212) 757-3100
- Rock-n-Roll Cafe..... (212) 677-7630
149 Bleecker St.
- Roseland..... (212) 247-0200
239 W. 52nd St.
- SOB's..... (212) 243-4940
204 Varick St.
- Sundance..... (516) 665-2121
217 E. Main St., Bayshore
- Sweet Basil..... (212) 242-1785
88 7th Ave. South
- Town Hall..... (212) 840-2824
217 E. Main St., Bayshore
- Tramps..... (212) 777-5077
125 E. 15th St.
- U.S. Blues..... (212) 777-5000
666 Broadway
- Village Gate..... (212) 982-9292
Bleecker & Thompson
- Village Vanguard..... (212) 349-8400
7th Ave. South
- Westbury Music Fair... (516) 333-0533
Brush Hollow Road, Westbury
- West End..... (212) 666-9160
2911 Broadway

Dear EROS

Dear EROS,

My boyfriend and I have been dating a year and have been having sexual relations for the past eight months. Lately, I've had a lot of itching around my genitals. There is no pain, but the itching is very uncomfortable. Do you think I have VD and maybe caught it from him?

Itching and Scared

Dear I&S,

The possibility of catching a Sexually Transmitted Disease from your boyfriend is there. It is possible that he has had no symptoms and passed it on to you. This is why condoms are very important.

It is also possible that you have a vaginal yeast infection, a type of vaginitis. Yeast infections can be caused from stress, poor diet, tight clothing, from the use of oral contraceptives, and from the use of antibiotics.

Whatever the cause of the itching is, it is important to see a gynecologist to be diagnosed and treated properly. Do not douche; you may push the infection up into the uterus. Douching may clear up the symptoms for a while, but not the cause, and it may make a diagnosis difficult. Abstain from sex until you have finished treatment. Discuss with your doctor treatment for your partner. If your doctor does prescribe treatment for your partner, abstain from sex until both of you have finished treatment.

For more information, contact EROS. EROS is a confidential peer counseling organization located in room 119 Infirmery (632-6450). Letters to DEAREROS can be dropped off or sent through interoffice mail to 119 Infirmery, or placed in our mail box in the Polity Suite in the Union.

“Hey Ho, Let’s Go!”

The Ramones Deliver in the Gym

by Lee Gundel

On Saturday, April the 15th, at approximately 10:45PM the Ramones came to the USB gym to deliver a night of frenzied, fast-paced rock and roll. And that’s exactly what they *did* deliver—a night of down and dirty bare-to-the-bone punk rock with the rare opportunity for you and your friends to mosh each other into oblivion.

All in all, it was some pretty impressive stuff.

After an opening show by 247-SPYZ, which I pretty much missed, the band was heralded in the usual way—they stood around shrouded by some ominous-looking (and well-lit) stage mist, while the crowd rushed down closer to the action, trying to figure out if the four shadowy figures on stage were really the Ramones.

They obviously were.

The concert opened up with Joey Ramone telling the audience that, “It’s really



Image: Joe Sterinbach

great to be here in Stony Brook,” and then, after things had reached a certain level of intensity, he yelled, “ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” and the show began. The band soon launched off into one of its favorite tunes, “Psycho Therapy.” The crowd cheered enthusiastically, and up by the stage, where only the brave and the stupid dared go, a large healthy outbreak of slam dancing started up.

As the show continued, the Ramones covered all of their more famous songs, i.e. “I Wanna be Sedated,” “Rockaway Beach,” “Rock and Roll High School,” and at least forty (no joke) other two- to three-minute songs, all of which were performed with an equal amount of pizzazz.

Probably the best part of the show was when the band played its anthem, “Blitzkrieg Bop.” Everybody knew the song and you could feel a strong surge of emotion passing through the crowd as people who had been relatively uninvolved plunged into

the heart of the dance floor to be moshed into submission.

The show had other high points, as well, two of them being the band’s rendition of the 1950s classic “Surfing Bird,” and their touching anti-child abuse song, “Beat on the Brat with the Baseball Bat.”

The eager fans called back the Ramones for two encores by chanting out the “Blitzkrieg Bop’s” battle cry, “Hey Ho Let’s go!” and the band finished things off respectfully with some energetic and capably-done closing numbers. After finishing, the Ramones thanked us, the audience, for coming, and then left us to drift back off into the dark and rainy night, taking our official Ramones concert memorabilia with us, and hoping to get back to our dorms before catching pneumonia. But they left us with something more than official memorabilia—they left us with the memory of a *real* rock concert, one where the music is simple, direct, unpretentious, and *loud*.

Free Fall

by Diane Schutz

Are you burned out from studying? Sick of getting beer spilled on you at the Bridge every weekend? I was, until I discovered the thrill of jumping out of an airplane, and now my life will never be the same.

This past Saturday I joined the ranks of the parachuting club to make my first skydiving jump. Despite protests from friends (“You’re crazy! I could never do that!”), I was determined and excited to do something that would test the daredevil in me.

We met in front of the Union at 6:00AM, and waited until 6:30 for two people who ended up not showing up. By the time we got to the skydiving center in Hazleton, Pennsylvania it was nearly 10:00. The reason for the excursion to this particular site is that it is “one of the oldest, safest, and least expensive in the area,” according to the sheet handed to me at a parachuting club meeting. At the meeting (held Tuesdays at 9:00, Union room 223, for anyone interested) a video was shown in which skydivers, both expert and amateur, are shown jumping and describing their experiences. One scene that ultimately made my decision to go was that of a woman after her first jump, gushing, “It was wonderful, when can I go again?” Expert jumpers were shown creating formations during freefall with such grace and precision one would have thought they were simply floating amongst the clouds.

At the site, I watched as expert jumpers boarded the plane, jumped, and landed with the same difficulty that they would have brushing their teeth.

I finally boarded the plane at 2:20, the delay due to waiting for the temperature to rise. When it reached a high of 50 degrees on the ground, it was 5 degrees 10,000 feet above the ground, which is the height from which we would jump. On the ride up I was extremely nervous with anticipation, thinking to myself, “Am I *really* going to do this? My friends were right, I must be demented!” I watched my altimeter rise, until we

reached 10,000 feet. As I neared the door with my “pilot” (the first jump is made in a tandem parachute built for two—the beginner and a professional) my heart rate sped up. As instructed on the ground, I faced the doorway, and under the cue, “Head back!” we departed out the door into the large expanse of the stratosphere.

Before opening the parachute, there was a period of 30 seconds of freefalling. The feeling is almost indescribable, nothing like any amusement park ride I had ever been on—there was no sinking of the stomach; it’s more like floating, with a lot of cold air rushing around you. I had hired someone to take pictures during freefall, so as she “floated” in front of me, camera attached to her helmet, the feeling of stillness was increased.

After 30 seconds of falling about one mile (or whatever the exact rate of falling is, you physics majors can figure that out), the pilot opened the chute and suddenly we were just drifting along with the breeze. My pilot, Don, made several references to our height and speed: “Right now we’re twice as high as the Empire State Building” “See that car down there? (We were drifting parallel to it.) It’s going about 60 miles an hour, and so are we.” This I found unbelievable.

As we neared the ground, he instructed me how to use the brakes to slow ourselves down. We landed with ease, with no more pressure than one would have jumping off a chair. (No, you *don’t* land in a tree, to all those who have asked.) The rest of the Dragon Riders (as the parachuting club is also known) greeted me with congratulations at completing my first jump, and president Michael Murphy assured me, “You’ll have that smile on your face for at least a week!”

I’m still smiling, and I am eagerly awaiting the time for my next jump. I strongly encourage anyone with even the slightest sense of adventure to try this amazing, fascinating sport.

continued from page 3

Named as defendants in the case are President John Marburger, former Director of Public Safety, Gary Barnes; Young, Public Safety Assistant Directors Krajewski, John Delames and Susan Riseling; Director of Audit and Control, Carl Singler, and Manager of Labor Relations, Alan Entine.

Because of departmental policies concerning litigation, those who could be reached yesterday would not comment on the case. Marburger, however, on the accusation that he was “personally responsible” for revoking peace officer status, said, “I take these...actions on the recommendation of the direct supervisors, based on information that they make available to me, and I see to it that the...process has been adequately followed and that there seems to be good reason for the action, and I generally support the recommendation. In this case, as I recall, the action did appear to be justified.”

A suit Paukner filed in February 1988 against Barnes on behalf of the University is believed to be part of the reason for his “harrassment.” He alleged that Barnes claimed 51 days on his timesheet (worth over \$11,000) that he did not work.

According to Paukner, state managerial employees are paid set wages, and are not paid for overtime. When they are forced to work overtime, they make up the time by not working during the day, even though it is on their timesheets. (This, he explained, is a common way around New York State’s inflexible attendance rules). Barnes allegedly claimed time for major emergencies (such as shootings, rapes, fires, etc.). When his presence might be expected, but never appeared for more than “two minutes,” if at all. “We can clearly document any time a major event went down he was never there,” Paukner said.

Also named as defendants in that case are Marburger (“...it will be shown...that he was made aware of the fact that Mr. Barnes

was stealing money from the State and did nothing about it,” said Gagliardo) and Robert Francis, former Vice President of Campus Operations, who approved Barnes’s timesheet. Barnes resigned his directorship effective September 30, 1988.

According to the lawsuit, part of Director Young’s alleged role in the harassment is that he, along with Riseling, interfered with paperwork of an arrest by Paukner and Lever of three men involved with stealing campus property. The arrest was in good order, according to Gagliardo and Paukner, yet Young, with the assistance of Riseling (who at the time, said Gagliardo, was neither trained nor experienced with such paperwork) took the papers from Paukner and intentionally destroyed documents for two of the youths to “unarrest” them. One of the parties was the son of Suffolk County Homicide Detective Laghezza, and Young, according to Gagliardo and Paukner, reportedly said, “We don’t arrest our own.”

Delames and Entine were both allegedly involved with the recommendation to remove or the actual removal of the officers’ peace officer status. Singler was allegedly told Barnes was “stealing,” but, said Gagliardo, he “sat on his butt and didn’t do any investigation.” He was also said to have “interfered” with Paukner’s outside work in the Poquott Village Police Department.

The defendants are being sued in their capacities as employees at the University, as well as on an individual basis. The Public Officer’s Law, section 17, provides that when a public employee is sued as an employee, he or she will receive defense and indemnification by the State (counseled by the Attorney General’s office). The Attorney General’s office was unable to comment on the case, as it “just came in.”

“It’s costing me a lot of money to hire this attorney [Gagliardo] and to pull apart this spider’s web that the current administration has spun,” Lever said, “but I’m just tired of it all. Enough is enough.”

Whistleblowers

A Second Chance for Trash

continued from page 5

recycled paper," Newton said.

Schubel urged people to "be courageous and buy recycled paper. In order to lower its price, we have to create a demand. Presently, Stony Brook invests in recycled paper towels, toilet tissue and paper. Other people, too, should buy recycled products and know that by doing so, not only are they aiding in the reduction of pollution, but they are also helping to purify Long Island's drinking water."

"Recycled products have just as much quality as virgin paper," Schubel said. "Once our society begins to favor recycling, their presently high prices will considerably lower."

Newton said that although Stony Brook is helping to decrease the high price of recycled products by buying recycled hygiene items—thus, increasing demand—it still has not been able to create a high demand for recycled paper-stationary. "Apparently, the demand for recycled stationary paper at Stony Brook is low," said Newton. Hence, recycled paper's prices will remain high until a steady, greater demand for it is created.

All recycled products must bear a label identifying them as such. Newton said this is done because some environmentally conscious people only buy recycled products, while others specifically avoid them.

Each ton of collected and recycled paper saves between 17-20 trees. Spruce and Poplar trees are used most in making paper. Fehling said if "everyone participates in the recycling, Stony Brook will be able to save 10,000 trees. Last year, Stony Brook recycled 167 tons of white paper, thus, saving 3,500 trees," Fisher said. "And we saved all those trees without any student participation."

If all residential Stony Brook students were to participate in paper recycling, many more trees can be saved. Additionally, hauling costs of \$10,000 per year would also be saved, Fehling's data showed.

Fisher took a survey which revealed that, if asked, 73% of Stony Brook students, would participate in paper recycling. Since January of 1989, testing at Schick College in Kelly Quad proved student participation in paper-recycling to be fairly successful.

In Schick, students were given a paper bag per dormitory room and asked to deposit their clean waste paper. After each bag was filled, students were then told to place the bags in a designated recycling box located in the hallway. "These students," Fehling said, "who are good citizens and who properly dispose of their garbage will probably participate in recycling. Those students who usually throw their garbage all over their rooms and hall will probably be the deadbeats who do not participate." Schubel said he believes students will participate because "we have good, educated students who would like to save refuse costs and help preserve their environment."

Schubel and Fisher both emphasized that they would like to see profits from recycling used to make living in the Residence Halls more enjoyable. Fisher said he is presently legislating to put all student-recycling profits into a special fund that would be utilized solely for and by students. "Students can reap the same rewards by participating in paper recycling that they do with the aluminum redemption machines in Schick and Hand Colleges, which give them back nickels." He also said he plans to work

on the installation of beer redemption machines in dormitories.

Schick Resident Alan Stannish said he "definitely participate[s]" in his building's paper collecting. "I heard about it from my RA, and if it's an environmentally motivated project, I'm for it, and I think it's great." Stannish's dormitory room's recycling bag has been filled once this semester, he said. Another Schick Resident, Adam Wiener, said he was never informed of any recycling project. However, Wiener said, "I would participate. I don't know if I'd think of it all the time, but if it was in my head, I'd do it."

At the start of April, all residence halls were equipped with recycling boxes.

Fehling explained that Stony Brook's

decision to recycle paper was not prompted by USB's severe budget cuts. "Our concern for Long Island's garbage problems," Schubel said, "began six or seven years ago. Administrators knew garbage would be a problem and we just began to think of new ways to handle it. The recycling is not in response to Stony Brook's budget cut, but in response to a real environmental issue. However, we have offset our garbage expenditures, and any saving of squandered money helps."

"The administrative portion of the university's decision to help was prompted only by our wish to help combat the garbage crisis. Stony Brook ought to be a model for society on how to deal with our environment. As a group of well-educated people

living together in a community which consists of hotels (dorm rooms), pharmacies, a hospital, and stores, we have a significant waste problem that must be dealt with now, before it's too late."

"As a group," Schubel concluded, "we have a commitment to try to deal successfully with this problem, and show the rest of the Island just how successful Stony Brook can be in recycling, source-reduction, non-littering and preserving our environment."

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Violated

continued from back page

terly: Hughie firmly maintains control of the ship, demands that they be "friends," comments (jokingly, citing an art school background) on her attractive bone structure, and tells her, very seriously, to forget about her husband. The anticipated false seduction scene does, in fact, take place, with Rae pretending to succumb to Hughie's caresses so she can load and use the shotgun on a "trip to the bathroom," but bad timing forces her to leave the weapon behind and return to him, where she is, shockingly, violated by an enemy who is completely deluded into thinking her a willing partner.

The sex scene is extremely unnerving, and typical of how *Dead Calm* plays up to audience expectations only to follow through in an entirely unexpected way. By American suspense film conventions, the tactic of confusing an enemy with sexual overtures never fails, never backfires—the woman or man is always able to conceal a dagger or slip poison into the pre-sex champagne glasses, thus ensuring permanent *coitus interruptus*. But not here. The next scene in the cabin reveals Rae sitting on the edge of the bed and Hughie dressing behind her. The most desperate gamble has failed and the enemy is still standing. The preservation of normalcy is no longer possible, for though Rae has not been raped, she has most certainly been violated, and can no longer hope to escape from her ordeal unscathed.

Perhaps the most twisted aspect of the film is Billy Zane's astounding performance as Hughie. His smooth, articulate delivery of self-consciously clever dialogue—as if

played to an invisible crowd of admirers—serves as a disorienting counterpoint to his bursts of violent rage and babbling illogic like *Psycho*'s Norman Bates, the guy really seems like he'd be all right if only he didn't go around killing people. Zane's attractive leading-man presence, in fact, distorts his character even more, particularly when he "seduces" Rae—this could be an actual seduction scene from a straight film, except that we know he's crazy and she wants to blow his head off; on a strictly visual level, however, there's almost no difference, which throws things even further out of whack.

The only sour note in *Dead Calm* (or, rather, the only unintentionally sour note) is the completely cliched killer-who-would-not-die "twist ending," which is the film's only significant concession to post-Halloween genre norms. It's implausible, manipulative in the most transparent way, and pretty damn gratuitous. The film is based on a novel, so maybe screenwriter/co-producer Terry Hayes was just sticking to the plot, but here a little discretionary editing would have done wonders.

Ignoring the disappointing conclusion, *Dead Calm* is a startlingly impressive work. Director Phillip Noyce maintains an excellent sense of gloomy isolation on the mainly cheery and sunlit waves—with impassive bird's-eye views of the tiny vessels—and does a superlative job of keeping the action moving in what is basically a claustrophobic, two-location film. Graeme Revell's electronic score is moody and evocative, and both Neill and Kidman—as well as Zane—offer fine performances. This Australian import is one to check out.

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I don't think we should see each other anymore. click.

Beep: Arnold? This is your Brother Donald. I want you to come to my office tomorrow. I think I have a Job for you... click.

TAMARA: the Fat Lady at the Circus SQUEEGEE worked AT.

CONT. NEXT ISSUE

Special thanks to Marina Weiper of the SUNY Stony Brook Craft Center and Sarah Jackson for the free copies.



Image: Rachel Elkind

Sweating It Out

The Return of Fishbone

by Joe DiStefano

Fishbone is red hot, Fishbone is red hot," chanted band members to the audience Friday night, April 14, and Fishbone was not the only thing overheated that night. The interior of the Union Ballroom took on a tropical atmosphere as the windows began to steam up and the crowd danced in the sweltering heat. All the while, USB natives and townies alike were reminded of the upcoming Activity Fee referendum by huge placards that read: "This show is brought to you by the Student Activity Fee, vote yes on the referendum."

The night's opener, The Breaking Bantus—I mean, Slamming Watusis—ground out a set of undifferentiated death twaddle. Standard arena schlock save for a sax player and especially tormented vocals.

Fishbone, a tasty seafood treat washed in by waves of r&b, funk, punk, blues, and jazz, came to shore around 10 o'clock. The band's three-piece brass section carried it through tunes of fierce intensity as well as mellower jazzy and soul numbers. Fishbone is not unique in their use of brass as the driving force in their brand of hardcore, but they are singular in their choice of quotes for their concert t-shirts. From glimpses of thrashing bodies, I was able to piece it together: "If a man has the truth he does not

hide it in his pocket, he hangs it out on a shingle for all the world to see.—Swope"

Indeed, Fishbone had something that night and they certainly weren't hiding it in their pockets, but proudly strutting it for a largely manic audience. The lead bonehead, who wore his hair bleached in a two-strand, dready mohawk, made a self-fulfilling prophecy as he chanted, "Nah Nah Nah, gonna have a good time," and led the crowd in the chorus of that soul classic. He waxed paternal when he warned the audience, "What are you thinking about? [*Fishbone!*] Well then, act like it!" For the most part, the audience was charged and probably would have moshed to a third-rate garage band playing old Def Leppard tunes.

Once again, the band expressed a surprising literary interest through a hilarious free-form prose poem on the physical and metaphysical qualities of the human ass. The rap acted as a prelude to the band's crowd-pleaser "Charley." Also played was the catchy lament, "I Wish I Had a Date."

Although Fishbone put on an excellent show, something was missing. The unrelenting heat and my expectations (inflated, perhaps, by fish stories about the last show) left me still with a hearty appetite. Perhaps the Student Activity Fee should provide fans at the next concert or set up a garment check at the door, because hardcore and the greenhouse effect just don't mix.

Celluloid

Strange Waters

DEAD CALM

by Kyle Silfer

Dead Calm is a stylish and effective Australian thriller that plays havoc with the conventions of the suspense film. In other words, it's warped. It will fuck you up. Audience expectations based on six decades of genre filmmaking are insidiously subverted here: you expect one thing and you get another and by the time you catch on that maybe that's the whole point, you're too punch-drunk to do anything about it. This film may hurt your brain.

From the opening sequence, *Dead Calm* offers no grounding in predictable reality. Naval officer John Ingram (Sam Neill) returns home from abroad to find his wife Rae (Nicole Kidman) in the hospital and his child dead, both tragedies the result of a head-on auto collision. In the next disorienting scene, the Ingrams have taken to the ocean in their windjammer to escape it all and pull themselves back together. That's our introduction to the protagonists—the destruction of their family life and their subsequent immersion in total isolation. Before the plotline even begins, the comfortable world of civilization is completely

absent; there is only John and Rae, their boat, and the endless blue sea.

Even this non-threatening solitude, however, is soon broken. The Ingrams encounter another ship, an apparently abandoned sailing vessel christened (ominously) *The Orpheus*, but before they can even consider investigating, a dinghy drops into the water from the other craft and a figure inside begins rowing frantically towards them. This, we immediately realize, is the beginning of something weird. The stranger is a clean-cut young American named Hughie Warriner (Billy Zane) who climbs, panting, on board and, without a word, scrambles below deck. Confronted by John and Rae, he dazedly relates that *The Orpheus* is taking on water and his fellow crew members have suffered death by food poisoning. Then, exhausted, he collapses in a bedroom cabin where he is locked up by the cautious Ingrams.

John Ingram, experienced naval officer that he is, doesn't buy the story, and insists on exploring the other vessel before Hughie wakes up. Over Rae's protests, he takes the dinghy and instructs his wife to load the shotgun and keep it handy in case their guest stirs too early. Here begins the basic

predicament of the film: husband separated from wife, wife alone with strange man. Keep this in mind.

The Orpheus, we discover, is a slovenly den of garbage, camera equipment, and lewd paraphernalia. Something unpleasant happened here, and suspense creeps up seductively as Ingram makes his way through the waterlogged lower decks, uncovering more and more evidence to confirm his suspicions of foul play. Back on the boat, of course, Hughie does wake up, and Rae, foolishly optimistic about her situation, neglects to load the shotgun. Now, the aforementioned basic predicament becomes more aggravated. Two separate dramas are taking place, keeping husband and wife apart. Rae fires up the engines of the boat; John makes a final, horrible discovery; Hughie breaks out of his cabin; hearing

The remainder of the film is divided into two narratives, each one related to, but distinct from, the other, and each one riddled with perversions of traditionally anticipated action. John's narrative, for instance, is that of the rugged, intelligent military male who must use his guts and know-how to rig a foundering vessel and pursue his enemy. In a more formulaic film, his efforts would come to fruition and some ass would definitely get kicked, but, in *Dead Calm*, Ingram has a tough enough time just staying alive. His fleeting success in getting the generator operating and the engines turning is followed by disaster as he ends up locking himself in a lower berth rapidly filling with water. John, we realize belatedly, won't be rescuing anybody.

Similarly, Rae's narrative—the larger one—is that of the resourceful woman who



the motor, John rows madly back to the oncoming ship; Hughie wrests the controls from Rae, slugs her into unconsciousness; and John's desperate leap from the dinghy onto the passing ship fails as he misses by inches and drops ignominiously into the sea. As the commandeered vessel becomes more and more distant, it becomes obvious that the predicament is no longer merely basic—it has advanced quite acutely into something far more complex.

must outwit a dangerous savage, using her wiles and her body to confuse him. Hughie, a strong, charming, and almost sympathetic lunatic (ostensibly more interested in keeping good tunes cranked on his portable stereo than in killing anybody), offers an active threat only when directly contradicted or foiled, so Rae's task seems feasible. But from the first moment that these two characters are alone, fear of rape looms sinis-

continued on page 11