

THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 11, No. 7 • University Community's Feature Paper • December 14, 1989



Who Cares

We often hear that as students at Stony Brook we are lucky because our university ranks high upon the roster of the nation's better colleges. One wonders in what respects other than research and physical sciences Stony Brook excels. Perhaps it's our high levels of apathy and the landscapers' per capita use of wood chips.

There isn't a student here who hasn't done his or her share of belly aching about the university. Whether it's the meal plan, the abysmal quality of dorm living, or just any one of a number of problems which are indicative of the university's attitude towards undergraduates. But sadly most have resigned themselves to their fate and view the university administration as an immovable entity which they are powerless to influence. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is the students who give the administrators their power and it is they who can lobby effectively for students' rights. The effectiveness of student protests and focused outrage instead of just moaning and griping was proven this semester when Polity and residents of Kelly Quad pressured USB and SUNY Central to quicken their sluggish response to the flooding there. It is unfortunate that it takes a disaster of such proportions to shock the students out of their apathetic stupor. If students do not realize that they have a voice and the choice, the obligation to raise it

loudly when they are being mistreated, then they will soon suffer from a case of indifferent laryngitis.

This semester has seen more activism on the part of the undergraduate student body concerning national and international issues and student issues, such as the budget cuts made to the SUNY system last semester. A number of political issues have sparked student activism this semester. It is encouraging to see students who are politically conscious band together to protest, and voice their opinions about animal rights, apartheid, and the U.S. intervention in El Salvador. But it seems like it's always the same small groups of students who get involved.

The tendency is for other non activist students, those who don't know or don't care (or both) to look down their noses at activist groups. This campus' political close mindedness is rivalled only by its apathy. Some students were outraged by the recent Peace March which protested U.S. intervention in El Salvador. Sure, their classes were interrupted but sometimes it's necessary to startle people, to rouse them from their apolitical slumbers.

On a campus where a student concern for world campus issues is almost nonexistent it is important to employ tactics which will gain and maintain student support. The recent Peace

March through campus was one such effective political statement. It may have upset some, but it probably drove the point home to just as many others. The vandalism of Coca Cola machines on campus over the past week is by no means an effective political statement and is at best a harmful and immature prank.

Regardless of whether the perpetrators support Rightfully Opposed to Apartheid and Racism (ROAR) or other campus groups, such as Red Balloon which want to ban Coke from campus because it indirectly supports the South African government, they only discredit their cause in the student's eyes. It may very well be that these

enlightened vandals feel that their ends justify their means. However not all of the students who will be voting on the Coca Cola referendum in the spring share the views of these vandals who have taken it upon themselves to choose for the rest of the Coke products should be sold on campus. The students should be allowed to make their decision instead of having any one group just decide to vandalize, or for that matter ban Coke machines.

Letters

Cut That Out

To the editor:

Coke machines are being vandalized on this campus. Wires are being cut. People are unable to purchase Coca-Cola products.

If this is being done in support of R.O.A.R.'s (Rightfully Opposed to Apartheid and Racism) quest for a student boycott of Coke, please stop. The boycott is meant to be done through the process of education on apartheid and a referendum in the spring. Educated students are to make educated choices at the ballot box. Dismantling vending machines is an approach that will only anger students and create a desire for Coke. This is the last thing R.O.A.R. wants. Instead of focusing anger at the Coca-Cola corporation for its activities in South Africa, students will be angry because they are deprived of their Coke.

R.O.A.R. believes that if the individual takes the time to educate him or herself about economic sanctions and the effects of multinational corporations, the individual will join us in our fight for sanctions and will discontinue drinking Coke by *personal choice*.

Despite this unexpected incident, we are encouraged that people are dedicated to their beliefs and are willing to take action in ways that they believe will be most effective.

Student apathy on campus has been an issue of concern for quite some time now. Perhaps the sparks that start a fire are being created and this fire will have enough heat to convince groups such as multinational corporations that the student voice is one which they must not only hear but also listen to.

Theresa White
R.O.A.R.

Rampant Apathy

Dear Editor:

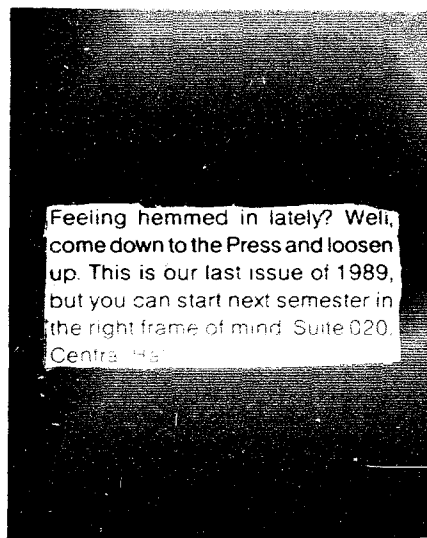
I was sitting in my class today going over important review material, when a group of people burst into my class and paraded across the stage. The first in line was wearing a gas mask (if I were doing what he was I wouldn't want to be identified either). The next two carried a sign with a message to the effect of, "Stony Brook University Doesn't want U.S. Funds in El Salvador". There was someone bringing up the rear who was doing nothing and two more were carrying a black coffin that had a sign with the number of civilians killed in El Salvador. Luckily there were several cries of "get off the stage" and "get of here". I completely agree with these outcries.

Having and voicing your own political opinion is one thing, but interrupting classes in Javits to tell them about something they already know about or don't know and don't care about is just plain

wrong. And to parade around with a sign that says all of the students at Stony Brook doesn't want U.S. money in El Salvador is about as untrue as saying that the Pope is Jewish.

I really don't like the idea of someone trying to force their political views on me, and when they interrupt my class to do this I get really mad. Anyone who thinks like me is not going to go over to their cause, and anyone who doesn't think like me is probably already with the cause. So why do they choose to this in the first place.

Jesse Flint



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The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly on Thursdays during the academic year and summer session by The Stony Brook Press Inc., a student run and student funded not-for-profit corporation. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising call at 632-6451.

Staff meetings are held weekly in The Press offices on Monday nights at approximately 8:00 pm.

The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of our staff.

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Downey Speaks at USB

by Lowell Thomas

Recently, on December 1, Suffolk county congressman Thomas Downey came to Stony Brook. He delivered an address in the Alliance Room on the topic of Long Island's future. The meeting was very well attended, with members from the faculty, students, and residents of Suffolk County all making for an impressive show.

Andrew Policano, Dean of Social and Behavioral Sciences, upon introducing the speaker commented that in the twenty five years since such forums have been taking place, he couldn't remember a time when the attendance was "even one quarter" of what it was that afternoon. What was the reason for this great turnout? Was it simply a reflection of the immense popularity of this very talented young democratic representative, who back in '71 when he was only twenty two started off an illustrious political career by running for state legislature almost fresh out of college and only barely meeting the legal age requirement? Or is it that any significant political figure, regardless of his or her popularity, who comes to offer solutions to Long Island's numerous problems is simply bound to attract a large audience.

Obviously both the congressman's reputation and the intrinsic significance of his discussion was responsible for the large turnout. Indeed Downey is a very popular politician. This is due in large part to the aggressive role he took in the successful effort to save the F-14 Tomcat in the latter part of the Reagan administration. Since the contractor for the F-14 was Long Island's own Grumman corporation, this is not too surprising. The congressman is also a very shrewd man. This fact was clearly born out by one of his earlier statements, "I want to talk about the future — our Nation's and our Island's. The F-14 victory gives Long Island and the Grumman corporation a short respite from the immediate challenges they both face."

As far as the substance of the talk the

congressman went on to spend a full two thirds of his time on the question of the United States' future as a nation. The focus of his discussion was largely on economics. He started by talking about some of the nation's ills. Among other things he pointed out the astonishing fact that the United States is presently the world's largest debtor nation. He said, "During the last eight years, we have almost tripled our national debt and now pay nearly \$500 million dollars a day in interest to our creditors." He went on to link the success of the world's two other principal economic players, namely the Japanese and the West Germans, to the failure of the United States to maintain the level of economic power it enjoyed during the glory days following the Second World War. According to Downey, "We were more than one half of the world's economy. Today we are twenty per cent." He continued saying, "I am not blaming our competitors for our plight. I am less concerned with blame than I am with solutions to the problems."

The solutions the congressman went on to offer all centered around national debt. His program to reduce the debt is to be realized by way of the following initiatives: increasing economic growth, reducing government spending, and raising revenue. The ways he suggested to stimulate economic growth are 1) by decreasing the savings rate, 2) cutting back on military spending, and 3) increasing the amount of spending on research and development which would enhance competitiveness. To accomplish the goal of raising revenue, the congressman was bold in invoking the "T-word".

He justified his decision to raise taxes by saying, "We spend approximately 22% of the GNP on the national government...the hitch is we are raising only about 19.5% of GNP through taxes." He added, "We've been borrowing the rest from whomever will lend it; and that 'whomever' has increasingly been the Japanese and the Europeans."

He went on to suggest a few areas where he believed increased taxes would be beneficial not just in an economic sense but in, as he put it, "curtailing detrimental behavior". Examples of this include the cigarette excise tax which he proposes to double, increasing taxes on beer and wine, as well as levying other taxes such as a "gas guzzlers" tax on cars that have poor fuel efficiency which in his opinion would, "...help deal with the problems of the atmosphere and raise money."

The congressman discussed the issue by addressing the first "social" question on his agenda, namely education. He does this, however, from a distinctly economic vantage point. For example when pointing to the high school dropout rate, he said, "With a dropout rate of nearly 30%, cutting back on education doesn't make much sense." adding, "We spend more in total, and per child, in educating our youth than any other nation. The result is poor performance in science, math, and reading skills which are below most of the industrialized world. here the goal should be getting more bang for the buck." In the same vein he went on to talk about the thirteen million poor children in this country as if they were economic commodities; regarding them with such terms as, "human capital" and referring to their "productivity".

Finally congressman Downey returned to the specific problems facing Long Island. The focus was on housing. Taxes are the main issue — this time property taxes. The problem? They're too damn high. The solution you guessed it, lower them.

Congressman Downey went on to correlate the high property taxes on Long Island (among the nation's highest) to the fact that the federal government has been slacking off on its local responsibilities. Here again he talks in "social" terms (this time more genuinely) saying that, "Federally assisted housing funds have been reduced by 75% since 1981 — from \$33 billion to \$8 billion — while the homeless

population has increased dramatically." He also pointed to environmental and social service programs as other areas where federal funding is all too meager.

Downey wrapped up his address with a grand proposal. He suggested that a bi-partisan, bi-county commission be formed consisting of local and state officials, as well as members from the private sector. They would convene for a full year and produce recommendations on the various economic concerns facing the island, ranging from questions of local taxation to issues such as school district consolidation, government overlap, and other issues relating in general to economic competitiveness.

And so ends Congressman Downey's talk on the economic future of Long Island. The floor was then opened up for questions. The first came swiftly from Stony Brook senior Todd Weisse, who asked, "What kind of leading role do you plan on taking in regards to El Salvador?"

The congressman's response was that not enough information was out then for him to make a firm indictment of either the U.S. backed Christiani government or the FMLN rebels, but that he would instead support the two sides, "coming to the table together", to try and hash out their differences. Immediately another student sprang up to ask the Downey what he felt about the thirteen million dollars in U.S. aid that went towards the "violent death of the nine nuns" and thousands of other innocent victims.

The congressman responded blankly, "The thirteen million dollars does not go towards any violence or death in El Salvador."

More questions followed. Soon afterwards, however, when it became quite clear to everyone present that the students were not going to stop their persistent questioning on the "moral" not economic dimension of Downey's address (as well as the U.S.'s extensive role in world affairs), the afternoon's forum was drawn to a close.

USB Alternate Press Conference

by Robert V. Gheany

An alternative student press conference hit Stony Brook last Saturday. NASP (Network of Alternative Student Press) was represented by people from Vermont, Boston, N.Y.C., and one group of representatives from Berkeley's **Slingshot** who drove all the way from California to New York in three days.

The N.A.S.P. conference was sponsored by the Red Balloon collective and **Blackworld**. People who spoke at the event represented such groups as D.C.-SCAR (D.C. Students against Apartheid and racism, Pacifica News, Fair (Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting), ACT-UP (AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power), and many other alternative presses. There were many speakers, and workshops were run throughout the course of the day.

Bob Lederer of ACT-UP led the first workshop, which was on the AIDS issue. The talk focused on the politics of treatment developments, media coverage, and alternatives. He told the people at the workshop that in the U.S. we have a medical industrial complex, and told how this complex determines treatment strategies.

He pointed out four components of the medical industrial complex as being the pharmaceutical companies, the American Medical Association, the insurance companies, and the national health services.

Lederer said that "this is not an organized conspiracy", but that all four components serve each other's interests and focus on a single cause of AIDS instead of subscribing to the cofactor theory — i.e., the theory that many factors have either detrimental or beneficial effects on one's health. This school of thought takes into account all factors that weaken the immune system. Diet, stress, nuclear radiation, and past diseases are looked into — especially syphilis (a majority of people with AIDS have been victims of syphilis).

"This perspective on the AIDS crisis is a wholistic view, and American medical history has been consistently biased against wholistic medicine."

Lederer went on to talk about the attitude of the media of seeing only the medical establishment as being legitimate, and alternate methods of medical treatment as having no importance. The result is a one sided slant from the media.

Lederer invited people to take part in the next day's demonstration at St. Patrick's Cathedral protesting the stand of the Catholic church on homosexuality, abortion, contraceptives. The church's recent statements concerning AIDS and sex education can be seen as adding to homophobia, and adding to the ignorance that causes the spread of AIDS and other venereal diseases.

The two producers of WBAI's (99.5 FM's) award winning news program Undercurrents (formerly Contra-gate). Robert Knight and Dennis Bernstein also spoke at the convention. Their program started off as a daily show that covered the Iran Contra scandal and dug deep into the questions that were left unanswered by the Congressional committee and the mainstream press.

Robert Knight ran a workshop on drugs and on U.S. foreign policy. Knight quoted George Bush as saying that, "Drugs are not a problem for foreign policy." Knight said "He's right, it's a solution." He went on to talk about the contra cocaine drug money, which funds a weapons pipeline that was set up by the CIA Airline: Southern Transport.

This airline flew weapons to Northern Costa Rica where American millionaire John Hall's ranches are located. The planes then fly back to the U.S. with cocaine. All of these activities were set up to start a southern front with the contras.

Knight talked about Costa Rican officials arresting contras who were caught moving across Costa Rica for a possible Northern front against Panama (of Noriega fame). Knight said that "they bumped off a grocery store."

He also pointed out that John Hall had been charged by Costa Rican officials for drug smuggling. He said "Costa Rica has been held up as the one democracy in Central America that works...and they charge contra suppliers with drug smuggling." One wonders why this story did not make front page in all the newspapers.

Other speakers included Jeff Cohen of Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting (FAIR), publisher of **Extra** which is a paper that critiques newspapers and T.V. news. He spoke of a recent survey of nightline guests and found a white male conservative bias. He said "the four most frequent guests are Henry Kissinger, James Baker, Al Haig, and

continued on page 5

We're Sick of Your Smoke Trails Ban On Campus Smoking... Pleeease

by Alan C. Olsen

Why is it that smoking is so popular? There is nothing attractive about it. I would not enjoy inhaling carcinogenic fumes, nor would I want the person next to me to be forced to.

Yet millions of people a day inhale these fumes without care for themselves or others. Why is this? In answering this question I will support the proposition that there should be a campus wide ban on smoking.

For this question, I believe we need to briefly cover the history of smoking as passtime, habit, religious ritual, cultural norm, or symbol of status and fashion.

Going as far back as possible, we find that smoking of tobacco was primarily used for religious ceremony and beliefs. People did not arbitrarily smoke and, more importantly, were not allowed to.

However, as culture gradually became more sophisticated, smoking began to become more popular. Pipes and cigars were used by the wealthy and educated mostly as a sign of their status in society, because the poor were still not able to afford this privilege.

As culture and tradition progressed further, and as industry became more efficient and productive, the price of tobacco lessened and was consequently made more readily available to all people.

Now, available to anyone with two dollars, smoking has become an international pass time. It has become too accepted and therefore I believe the smoker has begun to abuse not only the substance itself but the places where he may smoke. It seems as though smoking has no bounds—no limits. Anyone and everyone can smoke wherever and whenever they want to. With the few exceptions of hospitals, schools, and natural gas plants, smokers in this country enjoy a privilege—a freedom they do not deserve.

The ironical aspect of this situation, however, is that the American people have failed to see the incredible damage smokers do to themselves and, more importantly, to us: the non smokers.

It is as if the smokers enjoy the right to legally poison us. What is worse is that they have quickly become a majority. There are bars and restaurants where the smokers are so numerous, they exercise an aura of intimidation. I challenge anyone who thinks they could ask a room of 30 smokers to put their cigarettes out because it bothers you!!! A campus wide ban would prevent this majority from becoming a reality on campus.

"There are bars and restaraunts where the smokers are so numerous...I challenge anyone who thinks they could ask a room of 30 smokers to put their cigarettes out because it bothers you!!!"

This leads into my next point. Smokers have taken for granted the very privilege they have unknowingly been given. Most do not bother to ask themselves the question, 'am I infringing on the rights of others?' They possess the delusion that smoking has been a 'given' right since the beginning of time. Should they not feel intense guilt about what they do? Yet, most do not.

They tell us, "I'm only hurting myself," as the smoke

lessly drifts into every direction seeking new victims. Most smokers do not realize that even though the smoke may not be so visible, it's toxic agents are still floating about just as harmful to you and me. How ridiculous the divisions of smoker and non-smoker in restaurants and public places are; ask if those signs keep the smoke from dissipating into everyone's air.

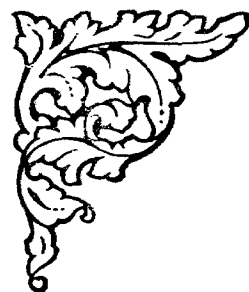
It is time, I think, to reverse our situation. A campus wide ban on smoking would institute one of the best ways to accomplish this reversal. Far from making them realize the debilitating habit they engage in, it would free them to be inconvenienced; to do without. A ban on smoking through the university would be the only way to prevent the smokers from doing harm to us.

It also might be the seed in starting a state or nationwide ban on smoking. Stony Brook could serve as the model for schools and businesses to follow. In any case, it is a step in the direction towards reclaiming our inalienable rights to the cleanest air possible. And it is an effort to reduce this habit to the level it belongs to: the level the drugs belong to. After all, nicotine is a drug, and if those who smoke marijuana are confined and labelled illegal, so should the smokers. And if this can not be accomplished, then smoking should be sounded to areas that will prevent the innocent from being harmed by their smoke.

One last point I would like to make is one that I think will startle most people. The U.S. government currently subsidizes the tobacco industry in order to protect the interests of several states down south. If the government were to stop the subsidization, cigarette prices would jump considerably, and perhaps lessen the number of smokers, although I doubt it.

And my further question is why our government would subsidize a product that has been proven to cause fatal diseases along with birth defects— not to mention a sight common to most cities— the despicable sight of cigarette butts strewn everywhere!

—Footnotes—



Women Directors?!

A new Humanities Institute Film Series begins after winter break — the opening reception and lecture for North American Women Directors is January 29 at 8 pm. Only three dollars at Theatre Three in Port Jefferson at 492 Main Street.

Root for the Home Team

Get issue 5 of the **Press**, learn how to cheer your lungs out, and then go to Saturday the 16th's basketball game vs. Mt. St. Vincent in the gym at 2:05 pm. It'll be an experience you (and the Patriots) will never forget.



Learn a Trade

Offered at the Union Craft Center next semester will be photography, wine appreciation, bartending, wood carving, floor loom weaving, women's self defense, karate, pottery II and III, auto mechanics, watercolor, scuba diving, and amateur radio.

City Stuff

Don't forget museums over the break. Christmas spirit runs rampant among the museum set, so go and see Alexander T. Davis' exhibit at Federal Hall on Wallstreet to examine fun and exciting architecture from the 1820's. All college students have been invited and admission is free. Hours are from 11am to 3pm from Monday till Friday.



P.J. Twins

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PRESS LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The Test

Phillip R. Geller

One more test should prove my long years of research to be worth it all. "Come now Herman, my poor test mouse." He is such a simple creature but if J.M.'s notes are accurate, his mind should be leaving his body intact. I take a syringe filled with my special serum forcing some to spurt out. I don't want to damage the mouse's body with air bubbles in the blood. I inject the poison into its small body, causing it to go into convulsions. Then it goes limp. "Perfect".

Now its time to take control over the subject by a mind transfer. Slowly I set myself into a deep trance like I have practiced many times before. Then it happens, the euphoric feeling of drifting in air. I must remain in control, guide my mind to the animal. Ouch, the serum is not fully out yet. It worked. I am in control of the poor thing. Each appendage is under my control as if it were my very own. Wait, what was that thud? My body? I must relax and let my mind flow again, this time back to my feeble human body.

"My revenge shall come sharp and swift; no longer will I be Eugene the science nerd." I'm back. My psychic powers are finally ready. Who shall I be or, rather, who shall I become?

The thought raced through my mind millions of times that night. Finally the solution came to me: T.J., the captain of the football team. "Why not?" I thought out loud with a huge grin. "Why can't I be perfect in body and mind?"

The next day came after hours of planning the night before. If only I could keep calm. There he is in the locker room. Casually I walked over to him. "Rough day at practice?" I asked sincerely. "Yeah, what's it to you nerd? You better have done my homework in science. You know I need to pass to stay on the team!" he replied in his all too vulgar manner. "I'll give it to you in the lab," I told him calmly, leaving without giving him an inkling of thought to his demise.

The door is thrown open and footsteps approach. Heavy footsteps of a well built body. "Hey nerd, where's my homework?" asked T.J. I casually offered him a drink and like a fool he accepted.

It took time before I was in control. Oh, how easy it was! I had such a grand time watching him squirm like a mouse. What could I do with his body now? I ran to the gym faster than I ever did before. Weights would be the ultimate test. One hundred— no too light— two hundred pounds...I benched it! Then again doing three sets of ten. It felt so good to be so handsome and strong.

What's this feeling in my chest? A throbbing pain, now its increasing: becoming unbearable. Its so hard to breathe. There's something in my pocket— its a bottle of pills. Must escape the body, but I can't concentrate...

The pills— they must be for heart attack victims!

Off-Broadway Death

by Rachel Hart Neuhaus

No flags lowered to half-mast
no state officials dressed in black
no 21 gun salute
a brown paper bag sheaths an empty booze bottle
a stench of urine fills the atmosphere
piles of crumpled rags breath in shadowed corners
a squater spits on a car windshield
trying to clear the glass
the bag smears his blood tainted saliva
the windows close
the cars disappear from the Bowery
leaving two hands to tremble from withdrawal

Refections Upon a Cake

by James A. Barna

First off, keep in mind,
This cake you see before you,
May very well be the last cake you'll ever have,
So eat it as you've never done before.

The cake may be dark chocolate,
It may be sweet French vanilla,
You won't know until you have the first taste,
But taste well, for this cake is the only one.

If the frosting is too sweet,
Or the flavor too rich,
If it is dry, or if the mix was sour,
Eat it, finish it, relish in its flavor,
Lick your lips and thank the gods,
Who knows when you'll eat again.

However, if by chance you get to start anew,
and another cake sits before you,
Think not of the flavor still lingering in your mouth,
Eat this miraculous thing,
Devour it with your heart, your mind, your soul,
For you have your cake and must eat it too.

A Giving Flame

In Memory of Marion Nietsch
by Alan Nazer

The world is a dark room, and people are like the small flame of a candle. Each flame sheds its own little light— adds its own meager portion to the whole.

Every now and then, one burns a little brighter, a little warmer. It gives fully of its light taking only a touch in return. Its gentle glow helps to nurture weak and wavering flames, and helps them to grow. All who are touched by it, no matter how briefly, blaze and shine.

Sadly, a Giving Flame often dies before its time. However, its warmth and light shall live on. For unlike all the consuming fire, a Giving flame is returned to the world by those it helped; by those it loved; by those it taught to be a Giving Flame.

Morning Star

by Andrew Cupit

Though yet unborn
Can ye still feel the sun?
The warmth of light
In all its majesty
Clothes ye in golden silk
Sit a while and dream
feel the warmth
And dream of the day when
You at last see the Morning Star
Rising in the sky.



Centereach

by Curtiss Leung

The contamination of ground continues.
My sojourn beside a river
Flowing north
Was the first mistake.
"Live by such water once,
And you must always there return!"
I'm now celebrating my sixth year
As a fugitive.
Wherever I move
The same moldy demons
From that blighted water
Follow me and breed in the ground.
Certain earth they could not abide;
Bensonhurst, for one,
And the arid, rational ground beneath the university.
But the soil in Centereach is so fertile
They've become bold,
Eating the cookies I bought at 7-11,
Hiding my toothbrush,
Shuffling the tarot cards
I haven't bought yet.
An air sprite
Documents my confusion
In the photographs I take of her,
As the subject becomes object
And the corporeal becomes object
And corporeal becomes spectral
Laughing into the etherous void.

Bruno's Refusal

And then welded their hernias to Clement VIII's furnace
in the midst of so much wealth.

There seems to be nothing but ruin.
One sees not you but chimneys,
flaming. And pictures of things falling on them
in the palace.

A lawn rake, a deaf citizen
and a profligate bride

Nobody went them wrong through swords and art,
fling guts, unconcerned with autumn sunlight
in Charlotte Square --

the provisional fantasy of herring
clogging the air.

Untitled

by Barbara Cohen

the light has gone out

I sit in indecision's darkness.

putting my cool hands to my burning face
I find semblance of solace.

only x number of tears
my eyes are dried out
redness blocks clear vision.

the floor pushes up on my feet
with a force equal to that which I exert upon it.
I exert a force and it pushes me back.

my burning ears detect the mockery which this force blurts
but the bell rings in the distance
and I concentrate on
the melody
the harmony
the repeated clear major tones
continuing, washing
bringing to me strength.
I look up
and see before me
a vision of force that does not mock
it brings memories of joyousness
it brings a voice of hope to my future.

Your Decision (is mine?)

by Billy Capozzi

an armless poet
does the hand-jive

a legless poet
does the jig

a heartless poet
doesn't exist

Puritanism

by Paul Agostino

Puritanism lives
But not where you'd expect

Take for instance, yonder liberal
He/she/their personship
hates religious "preaching"
("One group should not attempt to impose its beliefs
on another group; religion is a very private thing...")
despises "judgementalism."

But
Hates the President as though he were the devil,
Hates conservatives as though they were
Hell's own hoard,
love's liberal doctrine,
defends its infallibility,
demonstrates for its truth,
and, God help us, "discusses" issues.

Or

Witness that earnest crusader for justice,
the journalist.

Waving off thank-yous with a "I just report,"
forgive him if a smile slips past
his dutiful countenance;
for he has orchestrated
(with petty implications and manipulated facts)
the fall of the "high-minded."
Forgive him too his look of pride
as he strikes the stocks
(lovingly made with his own hands)
and shines his bright torch-light
on the naked penitents held in his grasp.
(Should he not rejoice at the judgement
of the ungodly?)

A chameleon is still
a forked-tounge lizard
relative to the snake.

Frosting With Footnotes

by Paul Agostino

Cakes were never meant to be eaten
They were baked
to be disassembled
dissected on lab tables.

To what school of cake criticism do you belong?
Write down your findings
Send them to cake criticism journals
Go to cake critics' conventions

What beautiful buttoned-down brawls!
The frosting is brown
is dark tan
is cocoa-colored
is watered down black

But what I want to know is:
How many significant cake critics
can be fit on the head of a pin?

Untitled

by James F. Barna

She lays sleeping, her head upon my lap,
Her legs stretched out along the couch.
How comfortable she, so at ease with life,
A gentle flower rocking complacently
on the quiet flow of time.

I look away and the storm comes,
A thousand questions all at once.
Can I be that person she most desires?
How can we be as one, yet so apart?
Time is against us, why are we together?
This place is against us, why are we together?
Even our dreams are against us, why are we together?

She shifts a little in her sleep,
As a reed, still green and alive, shifts in the wind.
The storm it is past, nearly forgotten,
Like the phantom memory of a child's fear.
In it's place is a thought, carved in my mind.
Why are we together?
Because...

I love her.

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Jesus, Mary and Me

by Renee Valdez

and this picture — this
nonexisting
holy picture
on my
existing
wall began glowing —
The frame — like a
neon sign
Lit up the night,
and I saw
Jesus — and Mary,
a photograph —
a real painting of a
photo
in this frame
on the wall
And Jesus
was alive
and he came toward me—
strangling me,
killing me—
while Mary grinned
like a statue—
unmoving.
and someone—
someone far away
yelled "Shut Up! I'm
trying
to sleep!"—
(well so I was!)
and I couldn't
shut up
and I couldn't
sleep
while Jesus had his
hands
around
my neck.
and I continued
to choke
and reach for
life
before I finally
Awoke.

-Dionysus-

by Celeste Benjamin

One drink from my chalice
And you are completely mine
See there on the rock by the shore
See the women laughing?
See the girls dancing?
They, too, drank from my chalice
Though it is wine that you drink
It is not the potency of the grape
But it is my eyes that take you;
Consume your mind and vision
And liberate your soul.
I want to watch you laugh!
I want to watch you dance!
So, drink just once, but beware—
The night no longer loves you.



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Image: Tracy Raniolo

Untitled

by Eric Coppolino

Where do I begin...reeling in the storms of justice
churned free, blasted through the barrels of infinity,
hot, sweet and smiling—blinded by my own vision of
right, deaf to all but whispers and screams, groping for
my way in supreme daylight into mists of memory and
desire...I was there listening to His sweet thunder at dusk.

None of us should have the curse of prophesy.
Ingenuity or blind faith will draw us forward, coax
destiny from the recesses of mourning, coax ecstasy
from the weighted dream, suggesting in the clouds
purple, red, and green

It turns again. It turns always, we mark it in the stars,
by the spots on the sun, by the stations of the heart.
There is a place for morality and there is a place where
it does not belong. "Truth" is taboo...the heart always
knows...this is my vision.



Image: Tracy Raniolo



Stalin

by Cuttiss Leung

Comrade Stalin's moustasche
And dark eyes
Would drive women
Into paroxysms of desire.

The American lady photographer
Was not immune
To his charms.

His grimace
Quickened her pulse.
"I photographed your mother, comrade,"
She began, but his eyes
Were as distant
As the front.

A tremor in her shoulder caused
Her bag to fall,
Scattering flashbulbs across the floor.
The photographer cried out

And Comrade Stalin
Was stirred.
He now understood
There was
Soft flesh beneath her skirt,
A passionate breast
Under her mannish tunic.

He laughed
And she rose to take the shot
Just as the smile
Faded from his face.

The Siren's Loneliness

Paul Agostino

Extremist
you are alarmingly loud and shrill
and have to be

Most of us are such dead sleepers

The Dawn

by Rachel Hart Neuhaus

As the dawn awakens
visions in my soul
my heart must let go
of twilight dreams.

Flesh rise out of the abyss
into the horizon
Phoenix fly.
Cherokee gypsy child
let your spirit dance
let the spring rain
fall
warm
against your womb
never forgetting—
the taste of life—
the feel of fire—
the song of the spheres—
the seduction of the harvest moon—
the call of creation—
the dawn.

Aesthetics

by Curtiss Leung

Light scans suburban streets
 Quiet and cold in the afternoon,
 Seeking the greatest distance between point A and point A
 Until nobody crossing the road is safe
 And children laugh in the lengthening shadows
 As her labyrinth of line and volume
 Transforms and consumes itself,
 Leaving only the aluminum siding and tar paper shingles
 Of an infinity of tract houses.
 I close my eyes against her song
 -Blue at noon, gliding to gold at sunset-
 But can't escape the sound that-if she were flesh-
 Between warm thighs would beat
 A desire to shear, rotate and transpose
 Geography until it became uninhabitable
 And, the rose of first lust's satisfaction bright on her skin,
 Turn color into kalidescope
 Finally silencing the noxious urchins
 And changing pathology into poetry.

Untitled

by Barbara Cohen

there are voices outside
 they do not disturb me
 they will not disturb me

I am expecting, waiting
 it is coming

there are voices inside
 these disturb me

peace will not come to me
 the voices become a blur
 faster louder beat beat
 chanting, taunting
 a growing awareness oozes over my mind
 a growing awareness of
 disembodiment

I rise above the outside
 I rise into a deeper consciousness
 sub being
 sub awareness
 sub consciousness

conscious of myself
 conscious of that beyond myself
 conscious brings me the beginnings of

silence blocking the voices
 peace with what I need
 stillness reigns.

Until, Death

by Billy Capozzi

I heard the bomb go off
 moments only passed but slightly
 as the radio man
 gave us the news
 in a shaky voice
 we were to end

"I pledge allegiance..."

on and on he went
 without muttering a listened to word
 worthless garb
 that now meant nothing

we kissed in silence
 wrapped in blankets

our thoughts colliding
 tears
 hush, hushes
 and gentle strokes

we always wanted to die this way

in each other we rocked
 until death

Foreplay

by Kris A. Bienkowski

Slowly descending upon the contours like snow clinging to the
 Earth's crust
 Taking time to feel every muscle arched in anticipation
 Fingers slowly sliding along, arrows tipped in flaming ecstasy flying
 Reaching a valley of the promised land, fingers firmly take hold
 High above a gentle whisper of breath-like wind causes cascades
 of hair to sway lightly
 Lips, like the wings of a dove, brush past the hollow safety of a
 soft scented neck
 Slowly, ever so slowly, they leave a trail of moist caresses along
 the shoulder's path
 Once again the fingers begin to move
 This time massaging the skin as farmers till a new uncharted land
 No longer can this painful pleasure be accepted without reciprocation
 The mind turns to thoughts of deeper darker deeds
 Thus the land, a slave, once virgin is conquered by the master's
 hand.

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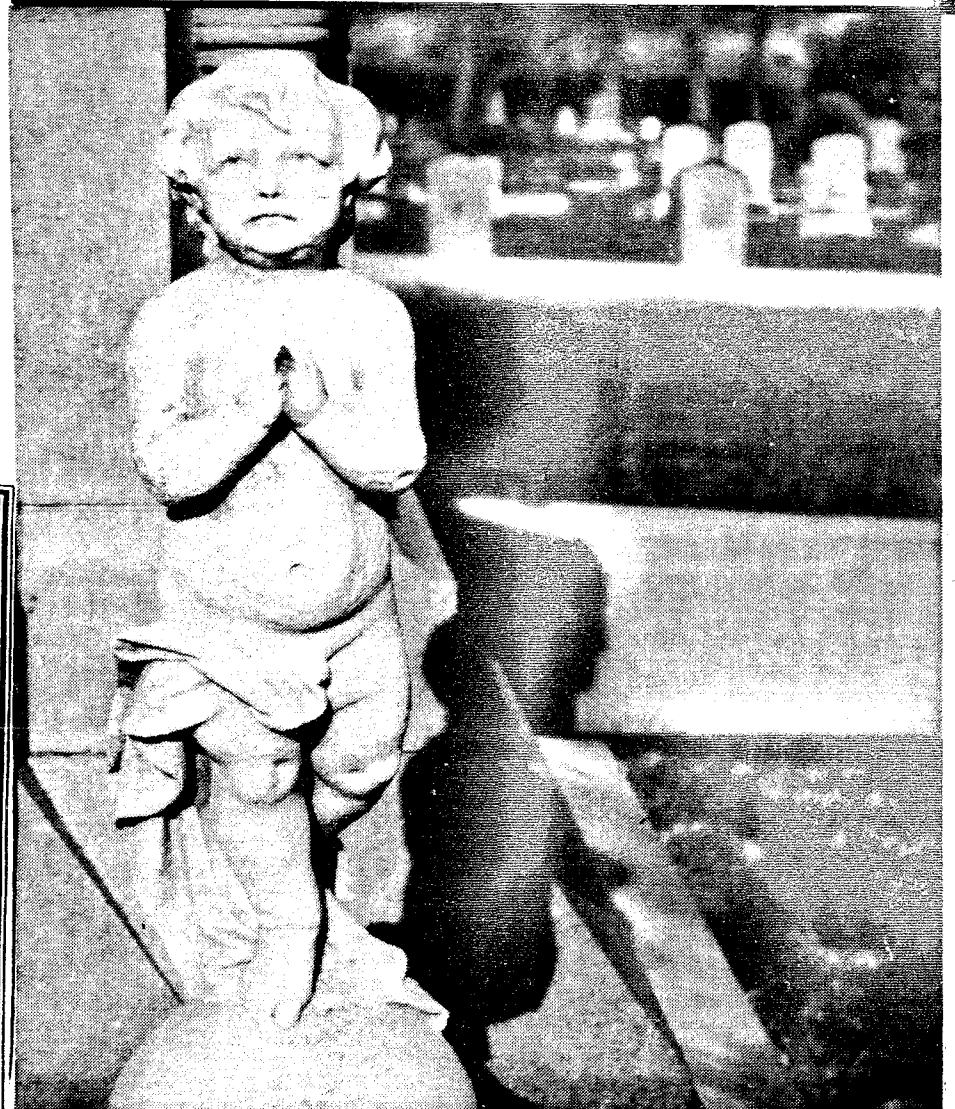
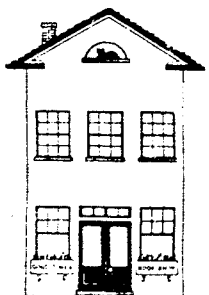


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Cardinal Errors

by Todd Weisse

As Chris and I turned down Fifth Avenue, we were greeted by an unusually large police force, their cars, and a few paddy wagons. This was all for ACT-UP (AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power) and a new direct action group in New York City, WHAM (Women's Health Action Mobilization). These people had come to demonstrate during Cardinal O'Connor's Mass. Rounding the Corner of 47th and 5th, there were even more cops and more cars.

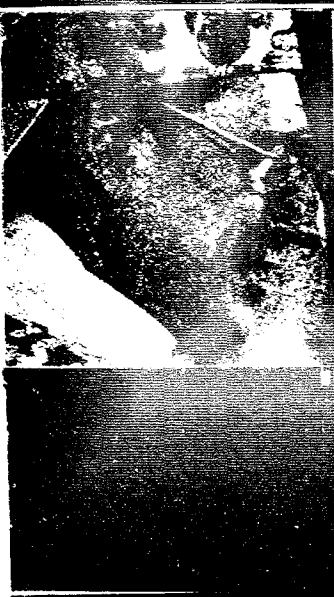
At 9:15 AM, the fun started. ACT-UP is always hyped, always prepared, and always dynamic. Over 6,000 men and women crammed the sidewalk, and later the street, across from St. Patrick's Cathedral with the sign that reads, "Know Your Scumbags," with a picture of an unrolled condom, and, next to it, a photo of the man we were there to see—Cardinal O'Connor. One scumbag, we learned, protected us from AIDS. The other may kill us.

Chants ranged from "Keep your rosaries off my ovaries," to "The cardinals morals are a mess— he's a NAZI in a dress."

Shoving gay men and lesbians back into the closet has always been something the Church has condoned. Cardinal O'Connor is notoriously right-wing, and is endangering people's lives with his misinformation. He discourages safe-sex education, saying that it instead "promotes promiscuity" and "is not an effective or good way to help stop the spread of AIDS." The cardinal would rather have teenagers "forget" about sex. And if they don't, and acquire AIDS and die he will show the same apathy.

In recent months the Cardinal has flaunted his misogyny in stating that he wishes to join "Operation Rescue" (read: oppress you) and terrorize women who seek abortions. Women who die from botched abortions are not the Cardinal's concern either.

This demonstration was one of ACT-UP's best— after all, the Cardinal had it coming. Part theatre, part fiasco, WHAM! clowns blocked traffic; men in nun costumes chant-



— he's a
Nazi in
a
dress.

ed and sang, "They say don't fuck, we say fuck you;" there were even Popes with sex expert signs. A giant condom filled with blow up balloons was brought along too. On it was painted the words "Cardinal O'Condom."

The antics notwithstanding, the anger was focused, the typical sense of urgency in every ACT-UP demo was there. The sense of fighting for your life on the streets for gay men coupled with the horrifying degeneration of the state of reproductive rights made for a loud, wild, and sometimes hilarious action.

For more info please contact: ACT-UP 496-A Hudson Street Suite G4, N.Y.C. 10014, or call at (212) 989-1114.

Fiber Art

by Joyce Oliva

Something *free* on the Stony Brook campus!? Even though DAKA may charge .10¢ for a paper cup in the Union, the University Art Gallery in the Staller Center held an open art show entitled "Fiber Explorations: New Works in Fiber Art". Needless to say, I was not enthused with the title. At the opening of the exhibit, though, not only was the artwork surprisingly original, but the artists were eager to talk about their works as well.

Telephone wires and linen were the two ingredients of Barbara Kay Casper's art work. Not only was the wire coated with colorful plastic tubing, but the linen surrounding the wires was made on a loom. The piece entitled "Undulation Module" had a woven midsection at one end with telephone wire tied into what looked like a pony tail at the opposite end. It seemed as though the telephone wire exploded with vivacity. These works obviously required long hours of work weaving at the loom, and such an incorporation of art and industry in Casper's work is very rewarding.

Stationed near the front of the exhibit were pieces by Sheila Fox. These works had an American Indian appearance with their bright colors and overuse of braids. One of Fox's pieces looked as though it belonged on a children's playground because of its large size and obscure shape. This reviewer had the urge to climb on top of this monstrous tan mountain and slide down its side— but this was an art show, not Playland.

After several hours of trying to figure out what Kiyomi Iwata's purpose in creating "Sea Creature Box" which shared the appearance of an exploded cream puff, it was obvious that the piece was one of a kind. Iwata's other piece "Metallic Fungus" is about as close to a frozen underwater sea creature that any land dweller will be able to see. Her works are a combination of metal and fiber with just enough room for imagination. While talking to Iwata, she tried to convince me that there was a surprise inside each of her pieces, but all I saw was cloth.

This art show was more than just the use of fiber in art, but it was the marriage of art with industry. Weaving on a loom and the mixture of metal and fiber is the basis of a society: steel being a product of industry and fiber being a basis for tradition. Fiber art may be a new concept, but it has a very long, ancient heritage.

Alternative Media

continued from page 3

Jerry Falwell." He went on to say that, "There is no woman in the top twenty and the first woman on the list is Jean Kirkpatrick. Cohen went on to say that only 1% of the people are from the activist community.

Ray Davies from D.C.-SCAR, a multi-racial coalition for social justice based in Washington D.C., talked of racial relations and announced the national days against racism which will be held from February first through the third. He talked of racial incidents that happened at Virginia Beach, as people became aware of the group's paper, SCAR News.

Mitch Cohen of the Red Balloon Collective, who sponsored the event along with Blackworld, gave a lecture about organizing. He emphasized a direct action approach to getting things done as opposed to lobbying and appealing to administrative decision makers. He talked about last year's action of closing down Administration. He said "How about opening things up? Instead of lobbying Congress to cut off aid to El Salvador, how about getting dock workers not to load ships going to El Salvador?"

Representatives of a number of papers also held a meeting to plan the future of the network. Stony Brook was proposed as the site for the Network's clearing house for articles and newspapers. The network also discussed setting up an electronic news service that can let people communicate with one another from all across the country.

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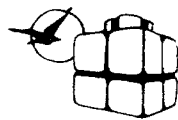
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Handling Stress

Workshop Looks For Ways to Deal With Tension

by Alex Fear

Jon Connelly, a licensed and certified clinical social worker and hypnotherapist, gave a seminar last Wednesday evening sponsored by NYPIRG. The seminar was publicized as a seminar for people to come and learn methods they could use them reduce stress while studying and taking exams and to make the time they spend studying more productive and efficient. The methods taught involved learning more about the way a body and mind works and self hypnosis.

After a cup of coffee, the speaker, dressed very casually in jeans and a Gotcha sweat-shirt, felt it was necessary to begin a seminar on self hypnosis by dispelling the many common myths about the subject. After explaining to the audience of 30 to 40 students that hypnosis was not a state in which the person could be forced to expose his/her innermost secrets or to partake in activities chosen by the hypnotist without any control, he went on to explain what hypnosis is. Hypnosis is a state where the hypnotised person is very relaxed and very responsive to suggestions made by the hypnotist.

Following this explanation, Mr. Connelly taught us about our 'selves'. Our 'selves', he stated, don't understand the use of negatives. He illustrated this by saying, 'I just had a fight with my girlfriend and I'm going to go home tonight and not think about her. I'm not going to think about how beautiful she is and I'm not going to think about how well she treats me.' This doesn't work. You have to tell yourself what you will do, not what you won't.

After laying some more of the groundwork about our 'selves', Mr. Connelly helped our 'selves' to relax. "Particularly, in this process, put no effort in trying to relax," he stated more than once. He knew that by telling our 'selves' not to do something, that we almost had to do it.

Being a student is the hardest occupation ever invented, Connelly went on to state, because everything one does is done for the sole purpose of being criticized; students are often evaluated two or three times a week; and, in fact, we pay to do this work while most people get paid to do a job. This analogy was created to show how far off the reward was for. This problem coupled with

the two voices battling in your head: the one saying that if you don't study forever you'll fail and the other saying you should stop studying right now and call your friend can be overcome with an easy three or four second task. First decide when you will stop studying before you start. Either choose a time (9:45) or a place (chapter 7) but choose something that you can achieve and, when you do achieve it, stop studying. The success, however small, will build your confidence in your ability to study intently and, by stopping you will have kept your deal with your 'self' and, it will cooperate by keeping those voices at bay."

After offering a new perspective on the studying process, Mr. Connelly took us into a deeper state of relaxation. After a minute or so, he told us to come out, take a deep breath and, as a diver who is now trying to dive deeper into the ocean on his second attempt, to go back down into an incredibly deep state of relaxation. This state, he said would be aligned around what you intend to do when you come out. He said that we now had travelled down the path to self relaxation four or five times and that, as if it were a

path in the woods, we should all be able to travel it on our own. This path, he went on to say, could with practice, be travelled even while standing in a moving subway car although it should probably be practiced at first where it is easiest for the traveler.

He wrapped up his seminar with a summary of the three important points: 1) Decide when you will stop before you start; 2) Visualize your future goal in life followed by goals you must achieve between then and now ending with the goal or task at hand; 3) Finally, follow the path to self relaxation and align yourself around what you intend to do when you come out.

One student, Steven Forster, said, "It was a definite good trip. I learned a great deal about myself." Jon Connelly, who stated that he is addicted to public speaking, is very much looking forward to coming back. He also does seminars on managing the fear of public speaking and many other topics. It is very likely he will return in the Spring.

—Vinyl—

We Didn't Start the Fire

by Eric Penzer

In 1988, Billy Joel announced to the media that he had begun work on a new project, using an almost completely different set of musicians from his old band. This must come as quite a shock to the band who (in one form or another) had backed Joel since the early 1970's. The resulting album is the Columbia release *Stormfront*. And it comes as no surprise that this album is quite different than anything else Mr. Joel has ever done. But is this good or bad?

"All in all, I feel that this album is decent. But 'decent' is relatively poor compared to Joel's past efforts."

As early as the first song, "That's Not Her Style", a change in Joel's style can be heard. At first listening, the only thing that seems to be the same is the solid drumming of Liberty Devitto (one of only two former band members used on this record). This particular song only differs from past Billy Joel efforts in its production techniques. Joel has found a new sound in collaborating with producer Mick Jones. This "new" sound is present on the entire album. Every bug has been worked out and the performance is flawless; almost too flawless for a Joel release. I, for one, have enjoyed the fact that, when listening to a Billy Joel album, I can almost imagine that these songs were being played in my living room. Although

Joel's last album, *The Bridge*, strayed from this live sound slightly, it was not nearly as "clean" as this record.

This release does have some redeeming values, however. The latest single from the album, "We Didn't Start the Fire", is, lyrically, very interesting, giving a history of the world through the eyes of a common man. It does not fit the mold of any past Joel song, and, in this case, that is good. The song "Shameless" is also excellent, remnant of some of the better songs on Joel's 1980 album *Glass Houses*. However, it features a heavy guitar solo that is uncharacteristic of Joel's past works, and that really doesn't work in the song.

The album's closer, "And So It Goes" is one of the most beautiful ballads Joel has ever written (comparable to "She's Got A Way"). The music on this song is relatively simple, utilizing only vocals and keyboards. This song's beauty lies with its simplicity. It is, however, interesting to note that this song was written in 1983. Perhaps the main weakness on this album is Joel's recent writing, which I feel has gone downhill since *The Nylon Curtain*.

Joel does push his lyrics past the limits in "The Downeaster Alexa". Although I find this song musically pleasant, its lyrics are rather silly. Being from Long Island, I do care about the problems facing L.I. fishermen, but does Mr. Joel really think that the rest of the world shares my concern? Ok Billy, sob sob sob.

Another song that's lyrics are relatively unimpressive is "Leningrad". Here, Joel tries to summarize the effects of the Cold War on Russian and American children. Sounds like a good idea, right? However, Joel's point is lost. And unlike "The Downeaster Alexa", this song is also musically boring.

All in all, I feel that this album is decent. But "decent" is relatively poor compared to Joel's past efforts. There is not one other Joel album that can be termed "mediocre", as I would term *Stormfront*. So, I would advise Joel fans who haven't bought this

record yet not to do so. For, the songs that will probably get radio airplay are the album's few good songs. Just enjoy Joel's good records (1976's *Turnstiles*, for

example) and hope that when it comes time to record his next album, Joel will concentrate on making better music, rather than selling more records.

The Sound of Grunge

by John Bua

Yoo hoo, people are you out there? Can you hear me? Are you as bored with the so called music scene as I am? Are you eagerly awaiting the next 'big thing'? Well, in case you might care, the next big thing is stepping right on the back of your heels. Open your eyes and ears and point them to the West, because from the land that spawned Jimi Hendrix comes **Grunge Rock**— noise inspired metal for those who hate metal.

The Seattle based Subpop Records has been busy dishing out noise under names like Soundgarden, the Fluid, Mudhoney, and Nirvana for years, bands that are now starting to get the attention that is being hogged up by aging Rock Farts from across the sea!

Come on now, where is the spirit that rock stands for? Do you really believe that Pete Townsend would rather die before he gets old? It's up to you to put the nails in his coffin and grab your youth while you still can. Yeah, I love the Stones, the Doors, and the Who as much as anybody else, but come on, it's now almost 1990, that stuff is thirty years old now, older than me, and older than most of you. Do you really want to be the generation that copied the sixties?

The 80's gave so much more to music than probably any other decade in the 1900's, but what do we have to show for it? MTV's Cheese Metal, Countdowns every week, or Grateful Dead Revivals. Come on now. Enough is enough. Where is the rebelliousness that rock stands for? where is the spunk? the anger? All the great rockers had one

thing in common— and that was that they themselves were common. They were ordinary people: angry kids screaming to be heard. That is what makes rock so special to me. I can identify with my rock idols. I don't know about you, but I for one can not identify with Billy Joel and his mansions, cars, and model wife— but I can identify with SNFU whose tour Volkswagon breaks down, and who often have to seek food and shelter from hospitable fans. I'm talking about ordinary people who need the fans not only to buy their records, but to live. Do you think Jerry Garcia needs you as his limo drops him off at one of his retro sixties yawn fests?

I'm not saying all the old stuff is bad— far from it, without Jimi Hendrix and Led Zepelin we wouldn't have 3/4 of what we have out today, but like I said, there is other music to be heard. There is a veritable explosion of small record labels that need your support. Atlantic and Columbia can go to hell! Look for labels like Alternate Tentacles, Subpop, Homestead, Placebo, SST, TAANG, and Piscord: labels that are not afraid to challenge and offend. (Yes, offend. All of the great rockers were offensive.)

We (the American Youth) have grown stagnant and so has our music. We need to be blasted with ice water and blasted and shaken until we wipe the crust from our eyes, and demand excitement again. I was too young to join the underground punk movement of the late seventies/ early eighties. Please tell me you're not too old to join the Grunge Rock movement of the nineties.

Club Calendar

Saturday, December 16

● Ramones/GBH/Warzone
at the New Ritz

Dave Mason
at Sundance

Blues Traveller
at NYU

Monday, December 18

● Bobby Radcliff
at the Lone Star

Tuesday, December 19

● B-52's
Richard Marx
Neneh Cherry
Lenny Kravitz
Young MC (Free concert)
at the Palladium

Sugar Minot
at SOB's

Wednesday, December 20

● Terrance Trent D'Arby
at the World
George Clinton
P-funk All Stars
at the New Ritz

Sugar Minot
at SOB's

Saturday, December 23

● Ludichrist
Gothic Slam
Toxic Shock
Malicious Onslaught
at Sundance

Wednesday, December 27

● Kix
Danger Danger
Tyketto
at the New Ritz

Friday, December 29

● Richard Nadar's Doo-Wop
Extravaganza
at the Westbury
Music Fair
Johnny Winter
Bobby Radcliff
at the New Ritz

Circus of Power
at Sundance

Sunday, December 31

● Bob Mould
at Maxwell's
Urban Blight
at Baystreet

Stevie Ray Vaughn
at the New Ritz

Saturday, January 6

● Loudon Wainwright
at IMAC

Thursday, January 11

● Ministry
KMFDM
Controlled Bleeding
at the New Ritz

Saturday, January 13

● Southside Johnny and the Asbury
Jukes
at the New Ritz

Culture
at IMAC

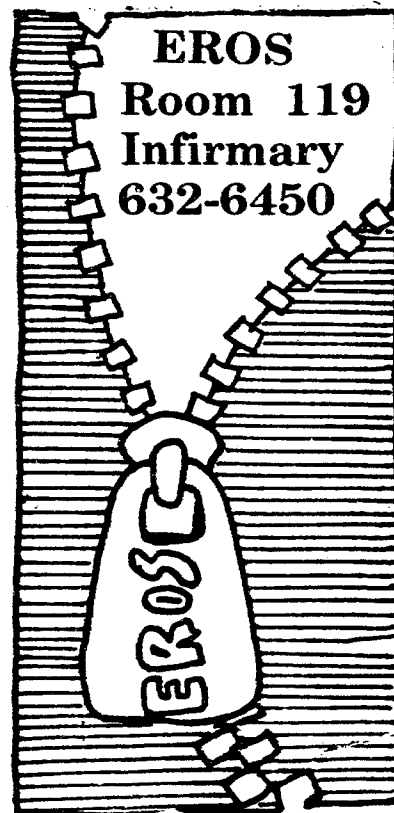
Monday, January 15

● Aeorsmith
Skid Row
at the Nassau Colliseum

Saturday, January 20

● Mighty Lemon Drops
Ocean Blue
John Wesley Harding
at the New Ritz

Alex De Grassi
at IMAC



EROS
Room 119
Infirmiry
632-6450

Dear EROS:

I am nineteen years old and I have not been to a gynecologist yet. Should I have an exam?

-Wondering

Dear Wondering:

Yes. A woman should have her first gyn exam when she turns eighteen or becomes sexually active. You can see a practitioner in the infirmiry or a private physician. An exam by a private physician costs between \$50 and \$100 dollars. If you go to a family planning clinic they usually charge according to your income.

-EROS

Dear EROS: Are there any risks to women who use birth control pills?

Concerned

Dear Concerned:

As with the use of any drug, there is a risk to some women who take the pill. Chances of problems developing are greater for women over thirty five, particularly if they have other risk factors such as smoking, obesity, diabetes or high blood pressure. Also if a woman has, or has had blood clots, liver disease, cancer or heart disease the pill may not be prescribed. Make sure your doctor knows your full medical history before going on the pill.

-EROS

Venue Information

□Angry Squire (212) 242-9066

216 7th Ave

□Automatic Slim's (212) 691-2272

151 Bank St.

□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

57 St. & 7th Ave.

□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.

□IMAC (516) 549-9666

370 New York Ave., Huntington

□Irving Plaza (212) 279-1984

17 Irving Plaza @ E. 15th St.

□Knitting Factory (212) 219-3055

47 E. Houston

□Lone Star Roadhouse (212) 245-2950

240 W. 52nd St.

□McGovern's (212) 627-5037

305 Spring St.

□The Meadowlands (201) 778-2888

East Rutherford, NJ

□The "New" Ritz (212) 956-3731

254 54th St.

□The Palladium (212) 307-7171

126 E. 14th St.

□The Puck Building (212) 431-0987

299 Lafayette

□The Pyramid (212) 420-1590

101 Ave. A (Across from Tompkin's Sq.)

□Radio City Music Hall (212) 757-3100

□RAPP Arts Center (212) 529-6160

220 E. 4th St.

□Rock-n-Roll Cafe (212) 677-7630

149 Bleecker St.

□Roseland (212) 247-0200

239 W. 52nd St.

□Roxy (212) 645-5156

515 W. 18 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.

□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

□Wetlands (212) 966-4225

161 Hudson

□The World (212) 947-5850

254 E. 2nd Street

WU2B 90.1FM

TOP 35

- Galaxy 500
- Jesus and Mary Chain
- Seven Seconds
- Primitives
- Voivod
- Nine Inch Nails
- Poi Dog Pondering
- Queen Latifah
- Wonder Stuff
- Screaming Blue Messiahs
- Cold Cut
- Mudhoney
- Mekons
- John Lee Hooker
- Sinister Attraction
- Smithereens
- Alien Sex Fiend
- Tinklers
- Gang Green
- Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry
- Katie Webster
- Spacemen 3
- Front 242
- The The
- The Hour
- Kate Bush
- Animal Logic
- Shawn Colvin
- Georgia Satellites
- House of Freaks
- Eric Clapton
- Map of the World
- Pastels
- Ian McCullough
- Einstrangende Neubausten

They Might Be Giants

by Otto Partz

But Maybe Not

Well you could call it They Might Be Giants, but I'd rather call it "They Might Be Teeny Moshers." From the moment I entered the crowded Union building on Friday I was assaulted, harassed, and forced to feel like I was someone who shouldn't have been there.

The crowd, although young, was one of the biggest draws that the Union Ballroom has had in some time. It was hard to believe that this was They Might Be Giants and not the Sunday matinee at CBGB's.

Now let's start in with the opening band—what's their name? "Otis Ball and the Chain"? My experience with hardcore bands has been that when they're good, they're really good, but when they're bad, they're awful. Unfortunately, Otis Ball and the Chain fall into this latter category. Their music, however, was repetitive enough to throw the youthful crowd into a frenzy of self abuse.

Now don't, don't, don't let me start in on our main attraction, but it seems I'm heading that way. They Might Be Giants, as I found out that night, is definitely a dance



band, but certainly *not* a hardcore, smash yourself into oblivion kind of scene.

It seemed everyone at the show was more concerned being there because it was "cool" rather than for the music. You have to feel sorry for John and John of They Might Be Giants for having to put up with such an ungrateful crowd. One thing that has to be said about them is that they do put on a good show. Their music was also repetitive, but there is something about it that makes it pretty danceable. And what was the dancing genre of the evening? You got it—super mosh slam dancing from hell.

With those things put aside I have to admit that the show was good. With songs like "(She was a) Hotel Detective", and "Don't Let's Start" they played to a semi-receptive crowd that enjoyed, it, even if they didn't know how to dance. But the height of the evening was when they played "She's an angel". There was something

about it that just seemed to turn the evening for the better, but it was too late, it was the last song. So taking the good with the bad and the ugly (the crowd that is) They Might Have Been Worse.

Comics

