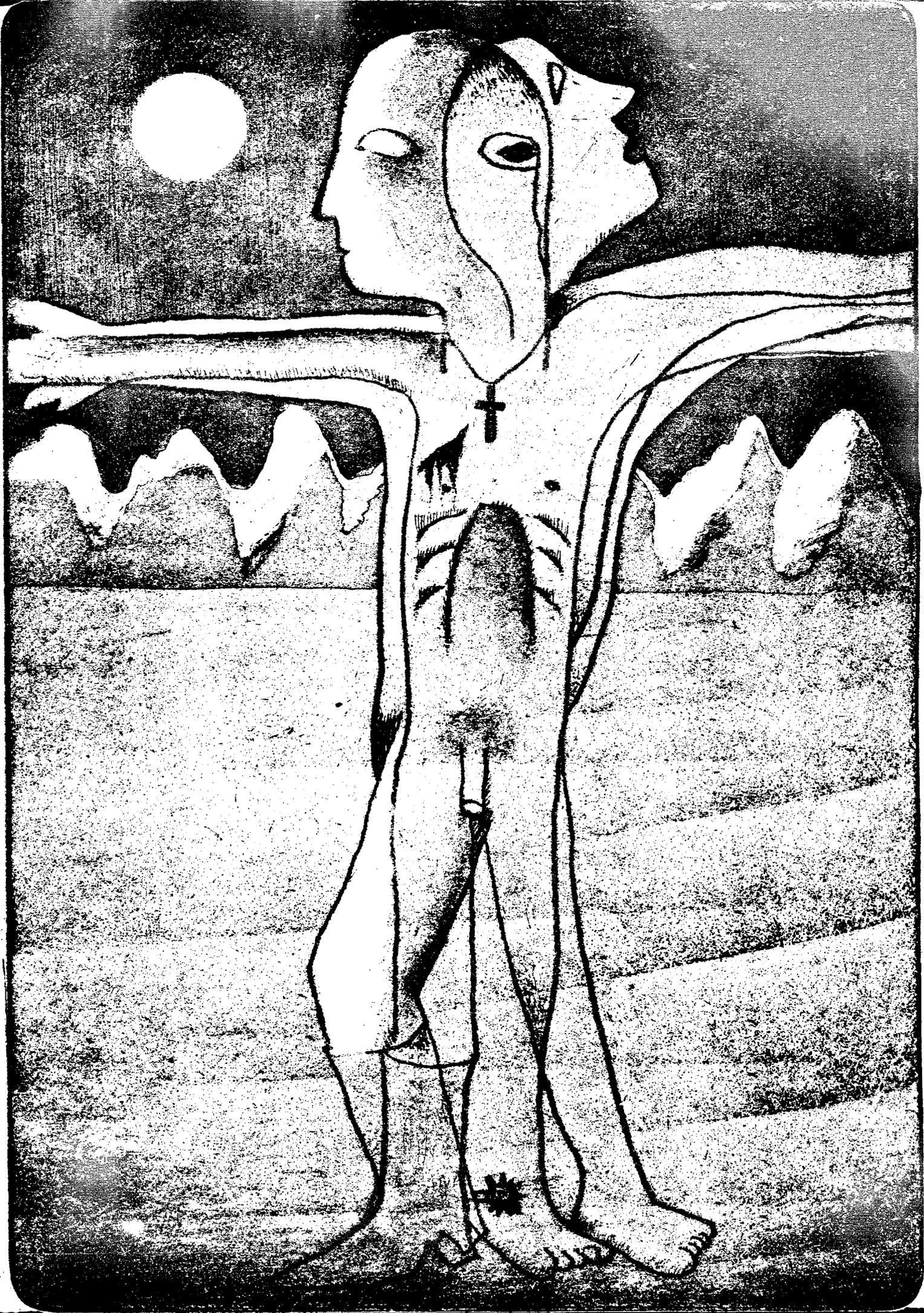


THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 12, No. 4: The University Community's Bi-Weekly Feature Paper: Oct. 16, 1990



The Party's Over...

Homecoming is one of the few times the average student looks around the University, after finishing the 5K run, or eating free food at the Union, or leaving the **George Carlin** or **BDP** Concert, and says "Hey, this place really ain't so bad." Well if you had such thoughts during Homecoming, let this be a wake-up call.

Some wonderful changes have occurred on campus so far this year. First, on a visionary note, the University Senate overwhelmingly approved a resolution that would bar **ROTC** from recruiting on campus. This is because the Military discriminates on the basis of sexual orientation. USB President John Marburger, however, has expressed reluctance to acting quickly, and will probably stall the issue for as long as possible.

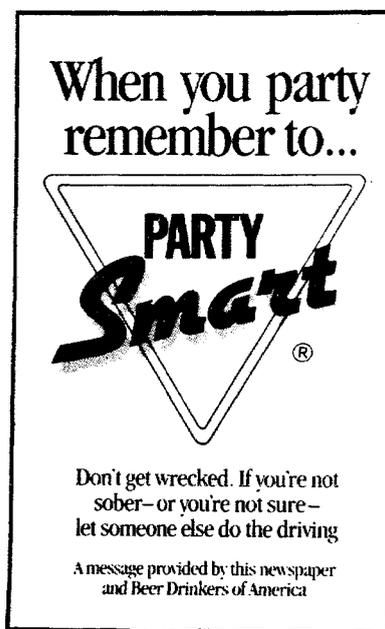
Then there are the fees. So far we have a **Health Fee** which will soon become mandatory, bleeding students out of money; a **Bus Fee** which may take any of several frightening forms; and finally, a fee which hasn't even been assessed yet, the **Cable T.V. Fee**.

Speaking of Cable T.V., where is it? Why hasn't there been a projected cost announced for students? Also, the *Free* semester of service has become a *Pro-rated* semester. This means we won't have to pay until we get service. Oh, thank you most beneficent vice provost!

Such are the great and helpful changes for students so far this semester. But let's not forget, a tuition

hike is just around the corner. The state can now justify the increase by pointing to the recession looming over our heads. It may not come this semester, but it is coming.

**Awake yet?
Good. Now, get to class!**



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LETTERS

Dear Editor:

After reading your editorial on the **Worst Public University in America** along with the accompanying statistics (?), I can only say that if you are a graduate student and if I were your statistics professor, you wouldn't be a graduate student. The article is an abomination on the use of statistics and statistical analyses. You need mathematical help at the least.

Very truly yours,
Harry P. Snoreck

Harry Snoreck is Vice President for Campus Operations.

Dear Editor:

Thank you for Scott Skinner's article **Christ Crispies**. It allows an open discussion of the role of Intravarsity Christian Fellowship and

Christianity in general on Stony Brook's campus.

Intravarsity is comprised of students from various Christian denominations: Baptist, Catholic, Episcopalian, Evangelical, Presbyterian etc. What ties us together is our faith in Jesus Christ.

More specifically, we are united in the belief of a God of such love for each and every individual that he came down as a human being to pay the price for the forgiveness of sin. He paid that price by dying on a cross. He then rose from the dead, showing God's own acceptance of this sacrifice.

Many of us heard this message before, being born into Christian homes, whether Catholic or Protestant, yet maybe never understood it on a personal level. If you were the only human being that ever existed, God still would have died on a cross so that you

would no longer be separated from him. His love is that great.

Intravarsity, as with any Christian fellowship, does not have a monopoly on the gospel. We have only a responsibility to be honest witnesses to it. If you are interested in what Intravarsity has to offer, please more than welcome to join us on Thursday nights at 7:30 in the Student Union, room 226.

—Andy McHugh
Intravarsity
Christian Fellowship

Editor:

Regarding Scott Skinner's article in your October 1, 1990 issue: one of the reasons the Dalai Lama is so revered is the depth of not only his learning but his understanding of cultures different from his own.

I doubt he would have approved of the spirit of Mr. Skinner's article, which was loosely based on investigating Intravarsity Christian Fellowship, but which was in the main a vehicle for the writer's prejudices.

It's ironic such an unfair article was positioned directly opposite such a careful and gracious article on the Dalai Lama. If you realise that Knee-jerk it's foreign, it's wrong reactions to this religious leader and his cause must be counteracted with unbiased information, then you must realise as well that other religious organisations, even if they are culturally "familiar" with them, deserve the same respect and fairness in print.

Not only did Mr. Skinner's article give no information about ICF of which I am not a member; in

Protest Against Residence Life

By Scott Skinner

On Tuesday, October 2, several angry students attempted to stage a sit-in at the Division of Campus Residence office in O'Neil College. The students protested a Residence Life policy forcing single occupants in double rooms to either find a roommate, pay extra money for a double-single, or face relocation by Residence Life. Resident-student Dave Rubin organized the sit-in, which began at 4:15 PM and lasted two hours. Anticipating a large turnout, Campus Residences locked their doors early to prevent student-access, and sent out two spokespersons to meet with Dave Rubin and the scant ten students. Al DeVries of Campus Residences handed out a leaflet on double-single occupancy, which prompted an informal meeting in the lobby of O'Neil. The spokespersons listened to the students, and answered their questions concerning Resident Life policy. Residence Life informed students that the very policy they were protesting had been enacted by student-residents via a democratic process the previous year. It became increasingly

evident that the sit-in had been hastily planned by its leader, Dave Rubin, who had not taken the time to find out this information beforehand. The policy was created by the Residence Hall Room Rate Review Committee, which is comprised of eight resident-students; six representing each of the six quads, and two representing the Resident Hall Association Council.

Speaking in behalf of the students, Dave Rubin protested that the policy was nevertheless "unfair," and that future sit-ins would be planned unless immediate action was taken to change the policy. Spokeswoman Darylenn Bachman calmly replied, "Time might be better spent attending the Room Rate Review Committee." Spokesman Al DeVries explained that the policy was adopted as a "revenue-raising measure," in order to cut losses due to decreased occupancy. At present, Campus Residences offers students the option of renting a double-single for 1.5 times the regular room rate. The policy has generated approximately 300 applications from students who wish to rent a double-single. According to DeVries, the problem is that only 12 empty rooms exist, while approximately 300 students

are enjoying the luxury of a double-single without paying the extra cost. It is these students who must either find a roommate, pay up, or move out to make room for those students who are willing to pay.

It isn't often that the Administration performs in a manner that would seem to serve the student body. Indeed, recent Administrative actions (i.e. slashed library hours, loss of student parking, actions taken to prevent Pit Hockey) appear to confirm the Administration's apathetic attitude toward the needs of the the students. Ideally, the Administration should serve the student body, which means working with students through a democratic process that allows for student representation. However, the Administration certainly cannot be blamed for the lack of student participation in issues that allow for student representation. The double-single policy was one adopted by the students themselves through their elected RHA and Room Rate Review Committee representatives. Those who wish to change such a policy had best try to work within the system, or at least take the time to find out that such a system exists. □

Make Love Not War Military Recruitment On Campus

By Robert Gilheany

In the past demonstrators have opposed military recruitment on campus because of peace and anti-imperialism issues. This year the move against military recruitment has taken a twist. Activists protest discrimination by the military against Lesbians, Gays and Bisexuals and want to ban military recruitment on campus, as well as usage of any university facility by the military or any group that violates the state university's anti-discrimination policy.

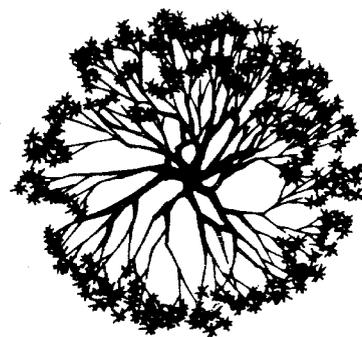
State University Regulations prohibit discrimination in all matters of education and employment on the basis of race, gender, age, sexual orientation, religion, disability, national origin, marital status, or Vietnam-Era veteran status. Health Science Center Professor Robert Hawkins brought the issue to the Faculty Senate last December. The Senate recently passed the recommendations. Hawkins said, "I got the idea after the James Holobaugh Case." Holobaugh was a ROTC cadet who "came out" and the military moved against him by discarding him and trying to make him pay back \$25,000 in scholarship money. Hawkins said, "He was in the top part of his class and a leader in every way they measure leadership." Holobaugh was two months away from graduation. Hawkins was asked if he was trying to get the military off campus, or just trying to make it easier for Gays, Lesbian and Bisexuals to join the military. He said, "I just want them to stop discriminating."

University Senate has voted that the military's explicit discrimination against Lesbians, Gays and Bisexuals violates the Anti-Discrimination Rule of the University and has recommended to President Marburger the denial to access of University facilities to groups that discriminate. The Senate also opposed ROTC units or any adjunct military unit on campus for the purpose of academic credit for the same reason.

University Senate President Norman Goodman said "The Military was asked not to recruit on campus." They came anyhow and tabled in the Union on Tuesday and Thursday. On Thursday they had a table set up next to the Red Balloon. The Balloon was distributing informations about the Persian Gulf crises, the connections between big oil companies and the lack of alternate energy sources such as solar, wind, hydrogen powered cars and the treatment of chemical warfare in the Mid-east. A few passersby apparently didn't like what they saw and called the Red Ballooners commies resulting in a minor argument and a damaged door that the objectors slammed on their way out.

On Thursday, the Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Alliance tabled next to the marines in the Union with no incidents. LGBA had a sign that read **The Marines hate Gays, Lesbians and Bisexuals.** Thursday just happened to be *National Coming Out Day*, a national day that encourages non-straight to come out of the closet.

President Marburger has indicated that he is not going to make a decision on the matter until after Thanksgiving, if at all. He also said that he may seek public opinion on the issue. By not explicitly accepting the Faculty Senate's recommendation, Marburger's non-action is in effect a pocket veto because the military has not been kicked off campus grounds until he accepts the recommendation. □



"It's A Cultural Thing..."

Which is Better, Eurocentrism or Afrocentrism?

By Fletcher Johnson

Ideally, a community should contain elements of many cultures which are in turn promoted and shared by all. Distinct cultures need not be promoted over one another, nor need be mixed into one bland and homogeneous mixture. True diversity is not to be found in the mere representation of various ethnic groups, but in the actual interaction of such groups.

Centrism, independent of other influences, does not benefit society. However, racial pride serves a purpose. Pride in one's culture plays a role in an individual's self-worth.

This is particularly critical when an individual's heritage is one which has been historically denigrated.

Self-pride plays a part in the preservation of culture and the degree of pride prerequisite to the displaying of the treasures of one's cultural heritage. The pride element of centrism is in fact a necessary component of a culturally rich society.

Pride in one's culture, however, can be a thinly veiled form of centrism. Centrism is an odious concept for several reasons. A centric viewpoint leads to closed thinking and closed splintered groups within a community. A centric culture that is closed upon itself is 1) not receptive to

the value of other cultures and 2) unwilling to share its cultural heritage with others. Centrism is racism.

Don't cut me out of your society if I lack blond hair and blue eyes; don't cut me out if "it's a black thing..." because maybe I can understand. Fear is bred by the unknown. Don't conceal a culture. Don't flaunt it. **Share it.**

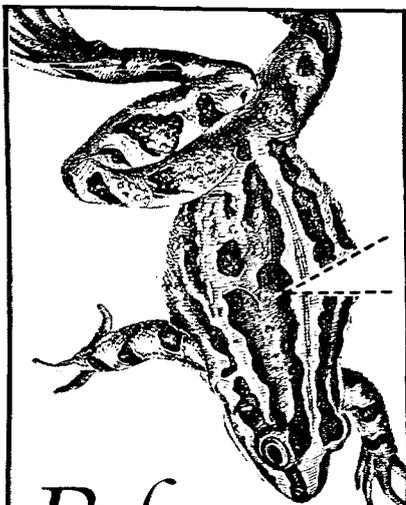
The media is playing an increasingly greater role in society. By its very nature it simplifies issues and builds hype. In these sensitive times, the media is playing with an explosive issue. Individuals must, with great care, not let the media make decisions for them. □

LETTERS

continued from page 2

fact, I had hoped to finally find out what this organisation does through your article), it gave no reason on earth for anyone to look into it. I doubt the ICF is any more "cultic" than Tibetan Buddhism, and religious tolerance must be universal if it is to have any meaning. At least wait to attack until you have some solid reason to. Thank you.

- L. Rogers



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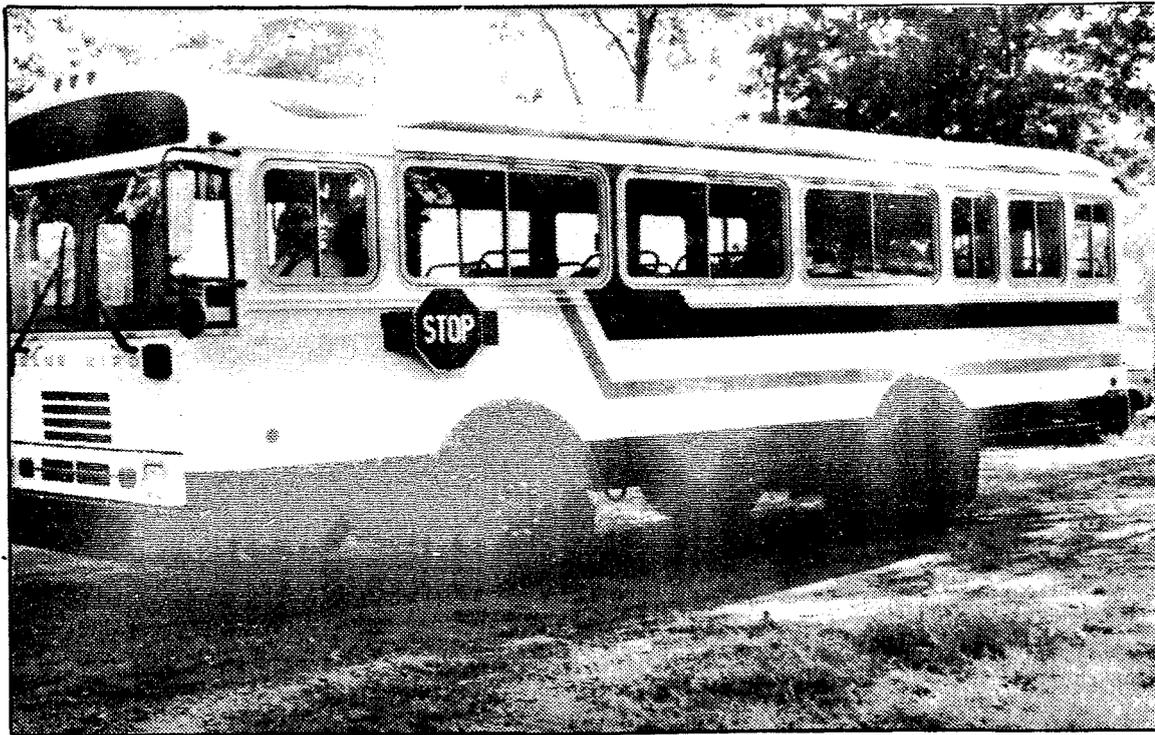


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Mandatory Bus Fee



By Michele Neumeier

Beginning Spring semester 1991 Stony Brook students will be paying a bus fee at the rate of \$25 per semester, \$10 per month or \$.50 per ride if a student chooses to pay piecemeal rather than bulk rate discount. As of October 16 1990 the first bus of a 12 bus fleet will arrive beginning the slow replacement of the dated and obsolete models currently dashing about the campus at lightning speed and efficiency. The Stony Brook Department of Transportation and Parking plans to have all 12 of the brand new buses operating by the end of the academic year 1990/1991.

Stony Brook's buses average between 16 and 28 years old. According to Hugh Mulligan, Director of Parking and Transportation at Stony Brook, "A bus should be replaced after 12 years of use maximum." The budget for transportation for 1990/1991 is \$600,000, and 80% of it pays for personnel costs such as mechanics and bus driver wages. Mulligan

says that 20% of the budget will not cover the cost of the necessary bus repairs. "The system was going to crash and we desperately needed to do something about it."

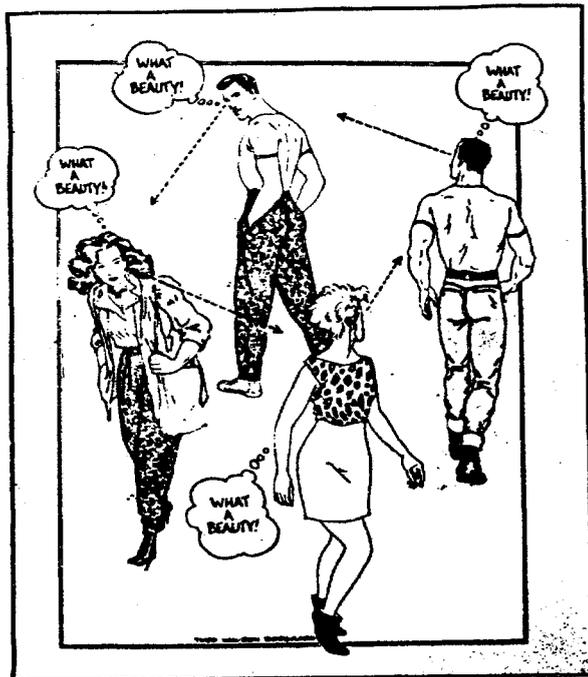
The State of New York claims that parking and transportation are local problems and it is not responsible to pay for improvements or changes. Most SUNY schools are currently paying for their own transportation by raising mandatory or elective fees, meaning if you elect to use the bus you have to pay for it. By September 1991 the State University of New York at Stony Brook plans to install a \$25 mandatory transportation fee for all attending students regardless of whether they ride the on-campus buses or not. According to Mr. Mulligan, "Every cent will go back to the students either through salaries, improvements or parking lots." He says that the excess revenue raised by the fee is not for profit. In the future it will be used for larger space allocation for parking lots in South P Lot and perhaps a cafeteria in South P Lot as

well. Does Mr. Mulligan think that students may not be able to curb their hunger and perhaps begin knowing on the newly apolstered seats while riding to main campus? If you ask me, we need that cafeteria like a hole in the head or at least as much as we need that new sports complex juxtaposed in Post-Modern fashion next to the decrepid brick-faced gym.

The new buses will be outfitted with red and white trimming, be heated in the winter and air-conditioned in the summer. Hours of operation will double from 300 to 600 hours per week which means that they will run every 7.5 minutes instead of every 15 minutes. The first 6 buses are smaller and more efficient but only accommodate 23 passengers. The second batch of six will be larger, accommodating 46 passengers. The larger buses will be used for the Engineering Loop because of heavy thoroughfare.

According to Hugh Mulligan bus replacement is a priority. Besides incurring a mandatory fee on students the only other option was to hire a private company. The difference is that a private company would aim at maximizing profit at the students' expense. Excess revenue would go into the pockets of the few instead of into the parking lots of the many. To further decrease costs student drivers will be taking the helm. Presently Stony Brook has 9 full-time, non-student drivers. Wages for these drivers are significantly higher than student wages (\$6 per hour) because of union demands. In June flyers were passed out at the Student Employment Office asking for applicants. Over the summer 25 students were trained and 22 passed the DMV test to receive their class two license. The course consists of 20 hours classroom time and 20-25 hours of on the road training. The program has been such a success that the DMV decided to send their instructors over to Stony Brook for a quick refresher course. At present SEO is processing 200 applications to fill 50-80 openings.

Gay 'Toons



By Lara Jacobson

The 1990 Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Awareness Week was from October 5th - 12th and was ushered in by a host of events at Stony Brook. FTLL (Freedom To Live and Love) week was presented to the campus community by The Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Alliance. Included in the events were keynote speakers, workshops, and panels. National Coming Out Day was celebrated on October 11.

Also included in the events was *The Cartoon Show - Comic Art drawn from Lesbian and Gay Life*. The show was on display in the Union Art Gallery and was formerly installed in The Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center's National Museum of Lesbian and Gay History. These cartoons ranged from the hysterical humor of "coming out" to the somber seriousness of the AIDS dilemma. There were many extremely

sexually explicit cartoons, and it seems that the subject content of these illustrations created fear and revulsion within some of the less open-minded psyches. Several people were reported to have been drawn into the gallery, and when told what the exhibit was, left in near-terror. However, fear and revulsion is nothing new in gay history. Many of these cartoons satirically make light of even the most violent of sexual prejudice. Included in the exhibition is a brief, informative history on each of the artists and cartoonists. For more information on this eye-opening show, contact the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center at 208 W. 13th St. in New York City. □

BUDGET MANIA

By Fred Mayer

When the stock markets crashed on October 19, 1987, a remarkable backlash to the ensuing news coverage developed among some in the middle class. More than once did I hear the question, "So where did all the money go anyway?" or the assertion that, "It doesn't really mean anything; it's just a game for the rich." Yet a small number of observers at that time correctly pointed out the real meaning behind the '87 crash: Living standards are going to fall well below our expectations. The delusions of grandeur to which we have become so accustomed over the last ten years will crumble, and a vicious dog-fight will develop as the reality testing sets in.

The first signs of this dog-fight can be found in the halls of the federal government, where the tragicomedy referred to as "the budget process" has been playing itself out for well over four months. As of this writing, the federal government is teetering on the brink of shutdown. For years we were taught - and we learned - that "deficits don't matter." Until this year, it is probable that many Americans didn't even know what a deficit is. Let's not forget: the deficit constitutes the **RATE** at which we are racing into debt. You Calc students know that to arrive at the proper debt figure (excluding interest), you integrate the deficit curve over time. So who cares if the debt just grows monotonically forever? Well, the problem is that every time our government increases the debt limit, the total amount which must be paid per year in interest goes up - and those payments cannot be delayed, otherwise the government goes into default, i.e., you can do anything you want, but you can't miss your payments to the bank. At the present time, more than a fifth of the federal budget goes toward paying interest on the federal debt (notice, I said interest, not principal). After a certain amount of time, these increasing interest payments could

completely consume government revenues. To put it in more human terms, it will be as if **ALL** of your income went to just paying the required monthly interest payments on your credit cards. Not a hopeful situation.

But there is another important question to answer: Why now? Why didn't all this panicky stuff happen a trillion dollars ago? The answer can be found in the limited capacity of the global economic machine. Nearly one year ago (see *Statesman*, November 9, 1989, *US to Enter Economic Black Hole*) I wrote: "The next major crisis will occur when our debt relationship with creditor countries such as Japan, South Korea and the Federal Republic of Germany matches the current relationship between the U.S. and the third world. We are not making many new loans to the third world because we are already sitting on top of a huge pile of mostly worthless I.O.U.'s. In psychological terms, one can say that our cognitions of debt-worthiness go down as the quantity of accumulated I.O.U.s we are sitting on goes up. The exact same situation will be reached soon by the foreigners who have been lending hundreds of billions to us. We will discover in a very painful way that the world-wide liquidity pool is finite and therefore exhaustible."

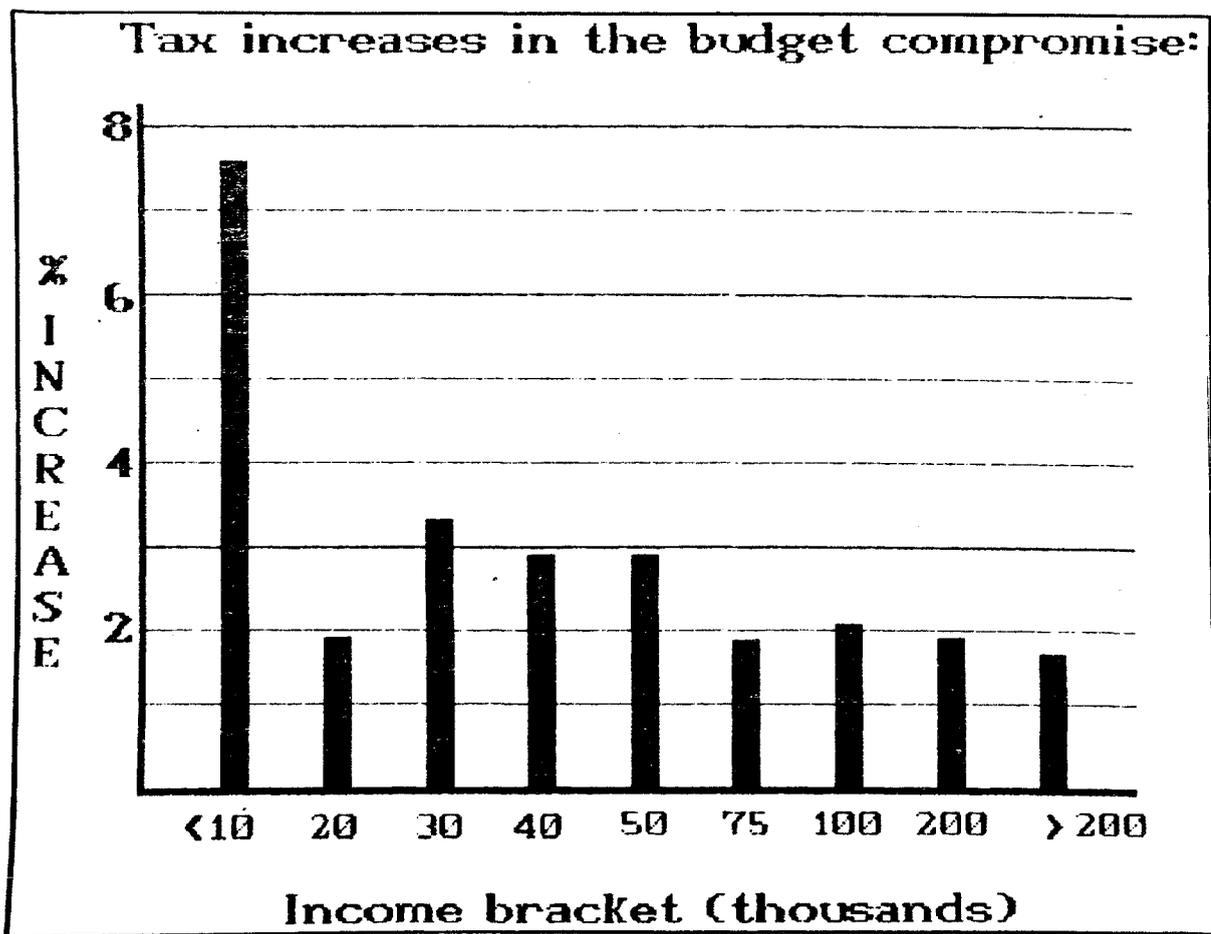
This calamitous situation is now on our doorstep. Everywhere there are signs that our economic destiny is no longer in our hands. For instance, consider interest rates, which reflect supply and demand for capital. The decontextualized view we have been fed for many years holds that interest rates move up or down in response to inflationary pressures in the U.S. economy. If the economy "heats up" then interest rates also move up, in order to prevent an unhealthy rise in prices. Presumably, if inflation is low, then interest rates should fall. All the available evidence contradicts this idea. While the rate of inflation has been rather low (until the recent

oil shock induced by the Gulf crisis) we have not seen declining interest rates. The reason for this lies - again - in our indebtedness. If we lower interest rates, then who the hell in our global economy is going to buy the I.O.U.'s which keep our government (and many of our businesses) afloat? Therefore, our Federal Reserve is very wary of lowering interest rates. The situation is worsened by the fact that the foreign supply of cash is shrinking due - in part - to Japan's crumbling stock market, as well as Germany's unification.

But let's look at this from another angle. We have big banks - banks which occupy gigantic skyscrapers, and can afford to make commercials about "succeeding, rather than just surviving." Citibank has about \$115 billion in deposits. Not bad, except that \$71.5 billion of that is owned by foreigners. How about Chase Manhattan? They have about \$63 billion in deposits, with \$35.4 billion owned by foreigners. Moving closer to home, the Bank of New York has about \$33 billion in deposits, with \$13.7 billion owned by foreigners. The only way those huge amounts of money can be kept from leaving is to maintain interest rates which are competitive in a global market. This is the real "new international order."

We shall see in due course that the result of the current "budget process" in Washington will amount to little more than pissing in the wind. This fact was spelled out in part by Senator Ernest Hollings in an essay which appeared recently in the *New York Times* (Oct. 5, *Deceit, Danger and the Deficit*). In it, he talked about the budget compromise reached by the bipartisan committee, which will not be greatly different from the final budget. He made several points, including: 1) The General Accounting Office concluded in September that to balance the budget (i.e., to lower the rate at which the government goes into debt to zero) by 1995 would require \$1 trillion (\$1,000,000,000,000) in deficit reductions, while the budget compromise only reduces deficits by half that amount. 2) The agreement "borrows" no less than \$169 billion from the Social Security Trust Fund. 3) All payments for the savings and loan bailouts are not counted in computing the deficit. (In fact, the total planned deficit reduction for the upcoming year is **LESS** than the estimated cost of the S&L bailout for the current year.) 4) The cost of operation "Desert Shield" will not count against the (twice revised) Gramm-Rudman-Hollings spending limits. It seems clear that the "battle" in Washington over the budget is more about placing blame, running for cover, and protecting the rich than it is about reducing the rate at which we are going into debt.

The real pain in all this will manifest itself in unemployment rates, as well as median income levels. Already the (official) unemployment rate is crossing over the six percent level, and things have only just begun. While we argue about whether or not we are in an economic slide, countries like Australia and Canada are experiencing full-blown recessions (i.e., negative GNP growth and negative job-growth). The social ramifications of all this, as I indicated last year, will be quite severe... but more on that later. Next, the "D-word" that no one is talking about-yet. □





The Masters Talk

By Scott Warmuth

Last year it looked like we would never hear from Masters Of Reality again. Their self-titled debut LP, released on Rick Rubin's Def American label, had failed to make an impact on the record buying public despite critical praise. The band broke up and it looked like the end. A reprieve came from Mike Ross and Matt Dike, owners of the Delicious Vinyl label, who bought the rights to the album and re-released it with the Masters adding two new cuts.

Vocalist/guitarist Chris Goss, and bassist Googe have reformed the band with legendary rock drummer Ginger Baker (of Cream fame) filling the vacant drum stool. Daniel Rey is the Masters' new lead guitar player. Rey has recorded with Circus Of Power and Manitoba's Wild Kingdom. He also produced The Ramones' *Halfway To Sanity* LP, White Zombie's latest record, and Dee Dee Ramone's lamentable solo outing. I interviewed the band two members at a time before their show in the Stony Brook Union Ballroom on October 1. First I talked with Ginger and Chris in their dressing room, and later I caught up with Daniel and Googe on The Master's tour bus.

SBP: I read a quote that said the new album is going to make Black Sabbath sound like Abba. Is it going to be that heavy?

Ginger: No!

Chris: (laughs) I actually said about ten different things like that. What were some of them? I don't know, something stupid.

SBP: Well, it made for a good quote.

Chris: Yeah it did. It's always the stupid things that they pick out to quote, you know what I mean?

Ginger: Trying to stylize the band.

Chris: Yes, exactly.

Ginger: They're trying to put it in a bag and say it's heavy metal where it's really not bagable. It's non-bagable.

SBP: People always want to put things in slots or categorize them.

Chris: But they never will do that, ever, with this band.

Ginger: Oh, they will, don't you worry about it, they will.

SBP: They just won't be accurate.

Chris: Yeah, exactly. They'll be wrong, we'll be right, all the way along.

"I think everybody should mind their own fucking business."

SBP: Ginger, when you toured with Jack Bruce last year, your guitar player, Blues Saraceno, was only 17 years old. Do you find a difference playing with younger players?

Ginger: It depends on the musician, it doesn't really matter how old they are. I mean, I've got kids of my own. Two of them play. In fact, my son is the drummer. He's the only one I've heard of the young ones that has impressed me.

Chris: On that point, to me, and I think I can say this safely for Ginger: rock music, good rock music, has a lot of subtleties and particulars to get into, and that's what you look for in people you're playing with. That's it, period, people who understand subtleties.

SBP: How did you get hooked up with Ginger Baker?

Googe: Well, we met him at a party through our manager Marty Schwartz. They're polo buddies. Ginger is an avid, avid polo fan. Marty suggested, "Hey Ginger, why don't you jam with the Masters. Now Ginger hadn't heard of us at the time, and he says he was thinking, "Oh, fuck, bloody hell, another band to jam with." But we had a great jam. We sat down, plugged in and played for five hours straight, and it was like the best shit I've heard

in years, and then Ginger contacted us later and wanted to join the Masters. We were like, "No, no no." (laughs) The rest is history.

Daniel: We also liked the record that he did.

Googe: yeah, I love his new record.

Daniel: And he was eager to do it so here we are.

SBP: Did you see him last year with Jack Bruce?

Googe: No, I missed those shows.

SBP: So the album is out again on Delicious Vinyl. Are you worried that you're going to be suing them like Young MC is now?

Googe: Oh, yeah. Then we'll find another independent label in Japan and we'll go to them. We're just going to keep re-releasing this album for eternity. Me and Chris kind of traded our souls a long time ago.

Daniel: 1995, brand new Masters Of Reality!

Googe: We'll keep putting extra tracks on it. We know what we're doing.

SBP: You spent six months working on the last album?

Googe: Easy.

SBP: Hopefully, it'll be shorter next time?

Googe: Yes. We're gonna spend six months in a cabin and then fifty minutes of doing the album.

SBP: What do you think about the trouble that 2 Live Crew have been having?

Googe: I think everybody should mind their own fucking business.

Daniel: If it's really offensive to people then they shouldn't buy it or they should get up off their fat asses and change the channel like I do when I hear Debbie Boone or that Nelsons shit. That should be banned, not 2 Live Crew.

□

SKINNER'S BOX



Shuttles The Chevrolet Way

By Scott Skinner

NASA officials claim to have discovered the reason for the numerous leaks that have plagued space shuttle Columbia in recent months. Apparently, a shipment of leaky pipes that were meant to be used in USB dorms were switched with a shipment of pipes slated for use on the shuttle. The aftermath of the mix-up is that the shuttle now has the cheapest factory-reconditioned pipes that USB could buy, while USB has hydrogen leak-proof toilets. According to analysts, the mix-up appears to be both beneficial and baneful. Although the astronauts will have to get used to

frequent leaks and no hot water, at least the students will no longer live in fear of a septic-system melt-down. As one student put it, "We finally have toilets that can hold up to Thursday-night parties and DAKA food." In an unprecedented effort to alleviate the suffering of future shuttle astronauts, USB has offered to train them in university plumbing survival skills, providing that they pay a small fee of course. USB president Marburger explained, "We basically have a situation in which shuttle astronauts will be experiencing conditions similar to those that the students are accustomed to. It will take some time before the astronauts will feel comfortable

with the leaks and corrosion." NASA officials could not be reached for comment, although sources in engineering report that an investigation is underway regarding the process USB uses to recondition its pipes. Said one engineer, "Stonybrook has to realize that a fresh coat of paint will only go so far when it comes to upholding the structural integrity of the pipes." The plumbing problem has prompted renewed domestic criticism, the latest insult coming from a Chrysler Corporation spokesman, who publicly referred to the shuttle as "another American-made lemon." □

The Dead Girl

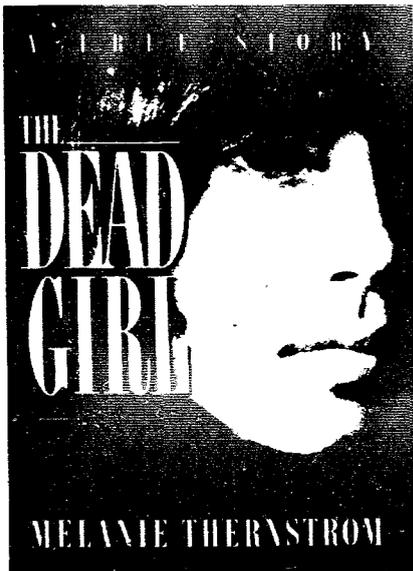
A Pocket Books Hardcover \$ 19.95 0-671-66332-1

By Steven Kreps

The *Dead Girl* is Melanie Thernstrom's first novel. The novel is about a dead girl, Miss Thernstrom's best friend from high school, Roberta Lee, who was a student at UC/Berkeley. One day this girl goes running with her lover, Bradley Page, and he comes back without her. For five weeks she is missing, until her body is found. Brad then confesses to the murder, and later recants his confession, and two lengthy trials ensue.

The novel, pretty much a work of nonfiction, is written in the first person. Most of the names have not been changed, and there are pictures of many of the subjects as well as copies of actual newspaper articles concerning the incident, so the book takes on a very personal feel. To her credit, the author relates the facts of the story objectively, saving the subjective writing for how she was affected by all that happened.

The *Dead Girl* is all about the difficulty Melanie has separating reality from fiction. She cannot figure out how she is supposed to feel, and she has all these literary cliches and ideals which she can make the experience live up to. But this is real. Her friend's death is the only real thing that has happened to her which compares in dramatic depth to the great



novels she had been reading as a Harvard undergraduate. Finally, after months of confusion, Melanie is able to get in touch with her feelings and begins to understand the true meaning of her loss. She sees that not all things are a metaphor for another experience; some things are just plain real. A dead girl is certainly one of those things.

The *Dead Girl* shows how sometimes we can lose ourselves in a literary world where every detail is symbolic of something, where everything becomes definitive and explained. The author is telling us that real life is not like this. We should see real life as it is, not try to scope it down to the size of a novel before we make sense of it.

Melanie Thernstrom is a poet first, and it shows. The writing is lyrical and evokes a visual and emotional response. On a real level, this novel is scary. There is a point where Melanie becomes paranoid, and overly aware of danger which she is in when she encounters strangers alone. She graphically describes the terror which a woman, or anyone for that matter, has to experience in this world, which is so deadly and violent.

The *Dead Girl* is a really fine first novel. It is complex and polished well. There are many subtle aspects of the novel which build towards the main theme, and add to the depth and scope of our perception of that theme. Seen as a whole, the novel hits very hard. I read it all in one day, and that was a pretty bleak day. It is ironic and beautiful that a novel which is about the differences between reality and fiction can evoke a feeling which is quite deep and real. □

POETRY

Only Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted

Roots burrow under the earth.
The earth has hold of the moon.
The moon is tugging the tide.
The sea is salting my blood,
is drawing me north,
with incredible strength.
It will take all my strength
to pull my roots from the earth
and plant them north.
I must be wild as the moon,
hanging low and colored like blood
at spring tide.
During flood tide,
when I am gaining strength,
I would give all my blood
to turn the earth
and watch the moon
from up north.
If I go north,
I will not have time for the tide;
I will have to sleep away the moon.
I will have to devote my strength
to remaining on this earth:
keeping food in my belly and heat in my
blood.
But I like to think that when I am high in blood
and finally north,
some nights I will nearly leave the earth,
standing on the coast of Maine to greet the tide
and gathering my strength
to howl at the moon.
Because we change like the moon,
because we endure the loss of blood,
women are said to have strength.
If I go north,
I will have to be stronger than the tide:
Strong enough to move the earth.

--Jennifer C. Meyer

Purpose

In every pulsation - I am.
Snowflakes and roses
don't redeem
what heaven has occupied
for so long.

Splintered-mirror
reflections,
eddies of eons
of self-consternation.
The measure
is never accurate
without
the decay and stench
of rotting moss
festering
embedded eternally
in young cerebellum.

Yet! Ten-thousand years -
Snap!
All gone.
Forever a memory
In the blink the eyelash.
Youth embraced
would have served
a much better purpose.

Stagnation
attempts not at morals.
Nor ten-thousand years.
Moss rots
purposelessly.
Yet!
Count the revolutions - I am.

-Lara Jacobson

Pools

Lonely, the small droplet of sweat drips
Down the flesh. On its journey it finds
Other even smaller droplets travelling
On the same trail. As it meets these
Miniscule pools of salted solution, it
Gathers them, takes them into its abode,
Becoming larger with every addition.
As it comes to rest upon a single hair
Follicle, the flesh moves.

His brow creases, showing the concern on
His mind. His part was done; it was over.
He was sweating. Why? Why was he
Sweating? He asks himself. He shouldn't
Worry. He looks down at her. The hurt
Look, but somehow serene look on her face
Bothers him. She's watching him. The
Deep blue of her eyes won't let him out of
Their sight. Those swirling pools of blue.

Lonely, the small droplet of blood drips
Down the flesh. On its journey it finds
Other even smaller droplets travelling
On the same trail. As it meets these
Miniscule pools of the deep-red sweetness,
It gathers them, takes them into its abode,
Becoming larger with every addition.
As it comes to rest upon the stark white
Sheet, it creates a pool of its own.

--Lisa J. Tracy





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WUSB

WUSB Top 35

1. Soup Dragons
2. Clockhammer
3. Jane's Addiction
4. Boredoms
5. Marc Ribot
6. LARD
7. Anthrax
8. Alice In Chains
9. Chainsaw Kittens
10. Flaming Lips
11. Die Kruezen
12. Living Colour
13. Frequency
14. Cocteau Twins
15. Pump Up The Volume
16. Soundgarden
17. Lemonheads
18. Dwarves
19. Dead Can Dance
20. Darkside
21. Crystalized Movements
22. Silverfish
23. Lilac Time
24. Replacements
25. Soul Asylum
26. Jesus Jones
27. John Hiatt
28. Primus
29. Hiit
30. Bob Geldof
31. Glove
32. A Split Second
33. Charlatans
34. Neville Bros.
35. Thee Hypnotics

Mother, It Is You

**Norman Bates and the Showerheads/
Norman bates and the Showerheads
Desperate Records**

By Scott Warmuth

This is one of the best records that I have heard in years. **The Showerheads** are usually described as a cross between **The Ramones** and **Motorhead**, but there is much more than that. The boys, from Queens Village, are superb songwriters. Their tunes stick in your head and the lyrics, mostly about everyday problems, are peppered with great lines. Guitarist Jim Starace and bass player, J.



Garino, share the vocals, often trading lines (as in the song *Desperate*), and they play off of each other very well. Standout tracks include *A Salesmen of Death* (which is about working at Rickels), and *Hellminded*, a ripping number with very effective tempo changes. *Marlboro Man* is a blues number, and *Woody Wood*, featuring Rob Schiff on vocals, is about the idiocy of smoking angel dust. The production here is superb and features great crunch guitar. **Norman Bates and the Showerheads** will be playing The Queens Theatre on October 26. For more information write to N.B.S.H. at P.O. Box 402, Glen Oaks, N.Y. 11004. □

Yuppicial

**Yuppicide/Yuppicide
Evacuate Records**

By Rudy Babel

I went to see Yuppicide at the WUSB Benefit last Saturday, but couldn't understand what they were playing because of the muddled acoustics in the bi-level. I did get a copy of their single, *Yuppicide*, from a young woman associated with the band.

The disc is standard New York hardcore and thrash, with the usual cliché punk lyrics that could have been written several years ago. It contains generic materials such as *Fistfull of Credit Cards* ("One thing we know/your philosophy has got to go/ we're here for the overthrow"-BIG revolution-aries!) *Be a man (and slam)* - which ranked on the 16



year old men moshing to the live version at the show, and *Jesse Helms* - an anti-censorship ditty. At least the words are intelligible (the only way to differentiate the five songs).

Funkier things have dribbled down New York's streets than this, but if you're one of the sheeps, fresh out of high school, who still thinks punk is cool, or if you're old enough to remember when it was cool, *Yuppicide* is worth the three dollars. □

Write: Evacuate Records, P.O. box 2176
Times Square Station, New York 10108

Mother, Is That You?



By Rick Teng

At the USB show, a few kids came up to me and asked if I could get tickets for them. After I was kind enough to do so, one of the kids grabbed the tickets and the change out of my hand and ran off. I was naturally upset and felt like killing them but I channeled my frustration into another focus of tension, which was the WUSB Benefit Concert featuring Norman Bates and the Showerheads. There were a number of scattered teenagers hanging around the Union and the thunder of raw punk music was vibrating the floor. I went into the fireside lounge to get away from the commotion.

After some time wandering around the Union looking for a photographer, whom I was waiting for patiently, I walked into the show and descended into the basement where the music was set up. It was semi-dark and the concrete surroundings provided a solid basement ambience. A number of high school kids hung around and circled the area, dressed in complete military punk outfits. Everyone looked like skinhead-deadheads and psycho adolescent-runaway-delinquents. I propped myself against the wall looking rather bored and distant. For some reason, I wasn't into the show at all and was prepared to exit even before it started.

When the first band began to play (I think it was Big Nurse or Norman Bates and the Showerheads), I walked around and spotted a few recognizable faces. They were looking twice as bored and seriously depressed. I kind of ignored them and went straight to the front of the scene to get a better look at the band. They looked like a teenage rock band at a teenage punk's birthday bash. They were playing loudly and poorly. All of the sudden, a few people threw themselves into the middle of the audience and slamdanced. It wasn't that hard-core, so I stood near the swingin' and the beatin'. The band was just loud and throaty, and the riffs were slightly damaged by the bass' continuous banging. The shirtless drummer was working very hard, but the sound dwindled into the background as both singer and guitarist thrashed out their lungs and livers, only to successfully drive the audience away from the main floor.

People (or should I say kids?) nestled in corners and walls (some even left the basement). I stood and stared at the "noise." I was also thinking about shooting those kids I had met earlier.

The music sucked. I couldn't believe that 99.99% of the audience was composed of high school kids. By the time I had stopped reflecting on such important matters, the basement was almost empty. It was over before it was over.

The second band, Yuppicide, was somewhat better (or at least older) than the first "garage band." The singer had tattoos all over his taut, wired and pale body. He shouted and gestured like an ugly, demented Billy Idol. The drummer was pretty good; he paved the way for the audience to return to the basement and join in on the seemingly zero-gravity cage-like slam-dancing routine. The body-slammng got a little exciting as peaceful-looking "hippie chicks" turned into zonked-out violent femmes on the roll.

Unfortunately I was still uninspired with the show and left before the third act came out. The main attraction was the slam dancers, who were obviously having a jolly good time. It was good-natured fun for the teenagers, anyway.

I went out out of the Union, chasing my shadow all the way back, muttering "kids, kids, kids," beneath the twilight. At the same time, I made some momentary glances at my silent images in the windows of buildings; *what the fuck was I doing there?..shit! I missed the Showerheads!*

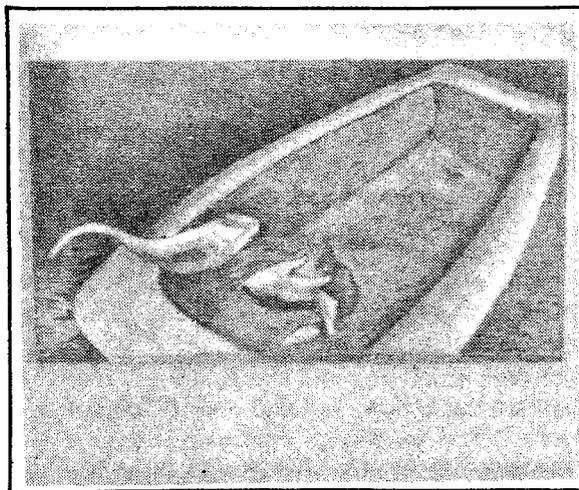
ART

Mabi's World

by Rudy Babel

Nestled in the main library's often forgotten art gallery is a show called Closet Paintings by Mabi Ponce de Leon. DeLeon also painted the mural in the main lobby of Wagner in Roosevelt Quad (Stage XII).

The show features several surrealistic works of art which are sensual, and yet simple. The theme are water elemental aquatic images, with smooth organic curves, swim among sharp and alien Lovecraftian forms. The colors are very basic and alive: reds, blues, and yellows. Primordial fish sharks and seabirds whirl in the haze of undersea bathtubs and cities.



Closet Paintings is very much like a Robyn Hitchcock song; it makes you want to turn into Lao Tzu and ooze into the painting. There is a warm and natural spirit in the show. You can feel like a part of de Leon. Her personal statement, posted on the wall, reads, "I paint because I have to."

The exhibit runs through October 19, so experience it for yourself (especially if you seek shelter on a rainy day). The gallery is between current periodicals and the reference room on the first floor of the main library. It is open from noon to four, weekdays.

VIDEOS

The Audio-Visual department of the Main Library maintains a collection of nearly 1400 videos which students may borrow for three days. Including documentaries, educational films, as well as feature films, the collection has something to suit every taste. The AV department is located near the computer room and is open from 9:30 am - 3:30 pm, weekdays.

Selected Titles:

River's Edge. 1987. #1258. A serious look at Modern Teenage consciousness. Our old buddy Dennis Hopper plays a creepy ex-biker who likes to play with things...

Clockwork Orange. 1971. #223. An elite cult classic.

Brazil. A brilliant Sci-Fi trip.

Last Temptation of Christ. 1988. #1189. The controversial and extremely imaginative version of the Gospel, according to Martin Scorsese and Co. See it.

Aldous Huxley Interview. Author of *Doors of Perception* in a candid interview.

Last Tango In Paris. #585. Sex, Lies and Marlon Brando.

Reefer Madness. A comical but sometimes serious study of the effects of reefer on deranged men and women. Take a hit, sit back, and watch.

Sartre by Himself: Part I & II. An unpretentious and enigmatic, yet simple portrayal of the virtuoso French writer/thinker. Rent this one.

Voices And Visions. #433. Selections of poetic works including masters such as Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, Walt Whitman, etc. Poetry through film may not be as enjoyable as those live open readings, but the visual aspects of it can be startling.

Amadeus. Peter Schaffer. Life and time of one Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Hollywood style. Academy Award for Best Picture.

Dr. Strangelove. Stanley Kubrick. An outrageous black comedy that is not so funny.

GEORGE AT THE GYM

By Steven Kreps

George Carlin came to Stony Brook Saturday night to spin his web of words. The crowd's spirit was pretty high, and overall they seemed to enjoy the show. Opening act, comedian Dennis Blair, provided a catalyst for everyone to loosen up and feel happy (and dry off). His act was upbeat, containing parodies of many famous musicians. But basically, he got the crowd ready for Carlin.

George is definitely starting to show his age. The first thing which came into my mind when George took the stage was, "This motherfucker is getting OLD!" His voice was raspy, and it lacked the dramatic effect that it usually has in getting his jokes across.

Carlin used quite a bit of old material to "beef up the set." It was nice to hear some of the routines again; we all want to hear George do a classic piece like 'Baseball and Football.' Even if that piece dates back to a time when you could get a Carlin show on an eight track tape, it certainly warrants a repeat performance. However, George also repeated a good deal of the HBO special that aired about a year ago, not so much because those routines are classic, but because he didn't have enough new material on hand. I didn't appreciate this much.

Comedians are not musicians. While it is nice to hear an occasional old piece, it's not good for a comedian to rely too heavily on his old material to get him through what should be a new show. When you hear a comedian's jokes for the first time, the impression is that

he has just thought of them a minute ago. Compared to this spontaneous experience, the second time can sound so awful and stale that you wish you had never heard it to begin with.

The only other problem with George's performance was that he really didn't interact with the audience much. When somebody groaned in response to one of his "distasteful"



jokes, his rebuttal was one of the few spontaneous moments of his performance. It may be his style to not interact with the audience, but when he lectures to the crowd, and it's material that we've all heard before, the performance seems all the more stale.

These days, George Carlin's material has become a lot more cynical and a lot less irreverent. Carlin has become more of a humorous lecturer than a comedian. This is not completely bad. George made some good points, which gave us something to think about. Instead of an indirect reference to the uses of language and how we show ourselves to be hypocritical concerning them (as in "The seven dirty words you can't say on

television"), George has gone further into the source of all this hypocrisy and is attacking it mercilessly. His bit about feminists going overboard by wanting a "manhole" to become a "personhole," for instance, was both funny and relevant. But George has *always* spoken these ideas. Now he's just stating them in a style which I find to be obvious and banal. "The seven dirty words" made a lot of similar points about the hypocrisy of our use of language, but did so in a more humorous and artistic way.

Anger propels comedy. Without anger, there can be no absurdity, and without absurdities, humor is pretty difficult to come by. Many humorists past and present, from Mark Twain to P.J. O'Rourke, started out with humor that was driven by some sort of anger but which in and of itself was not angry. Later in life these people found themselves turning into cynical old men, who were too pissed off to be funny. Of course, the anger does have to be there, but it can't completely infect the comedy. Otherwise, the comedy evolves from humor to satire to soapboxing, and eventually winds up nothing more than mere incoherent grumbling.

For the most part, Carlin was funny. His brand of humor has always been entertaining and at the same time esoteric. It was great to finally see him in person. I admire his work and can really see the evolution of his ideas. It just seems that he is starting to become a grumpy old man, and his act, while still funny, is suffering because of it. □

BDP Teaches a Lesson

by Kate Owen

They Said We Were "Animals"

Friday night of Homecoming weekend Public Safety officers, in bullet-proof vests paced up and down Center Drive as 1500 people queued for the long awaited and hard fought for Boogie Down Productions concert.

Last year, a BDP concert was cancelled ostensibly due to a financial conflict; the band wanted more money for production than SUSB was willing to give. 1500 people, upon passing the safety precautions, received a flyer which stated, in part:

"Certain individuals (In high positions) Didn't want us to have the BDP concert? They said we were 'Animals' (Direct quote). They felt since it's a rap concert we'll go 'wild ing'?"

STEREOTYPED ONCE AGAIN

This sharp rallying cry promoted a lot of positive energy from a negative experience. The BDP concert became a prime example of how people may out think the oppressor and change others fear and ignorance into cultural pride which is strong enough to teach.

Too Hot

Sweat rolled down many a back during the long wait for BDP. DJ Quick put together a nice time killer. There was a real short opening act, but none of it stopped the ladies from using the flyers as fans or anyone from

gazing hopefully at the ceiling praying for another blast of cold air. Once BDP hit the stage though, everyone's mind got so fired up we all forgot (but not quite) how hot the our bodies were, too.

The Teacher Teaches

KRS-One calls himself the teacher, "the manifestation of study, not the manifestation of money." His teachings are revolutionary. His teachings are broad. He ranges from the uses and dangers of drugs in beef products in *Meat*, safe sex in *Jimmy is Wearing a Hat*. He tells us that "Jesus was a black man", that "The Devil isn't a red man, the Devil isn't an Indian, the Devil is a European." This statement made me squirm, particularly since I have both Indian and European blood (the European is again dominant). I might ignorantly have called KRS- One a racist. However, in an earlier song, *The Racist*, he states that "You can't blame the whole white race for slavery". Like Malcom X, KRS-One judges individuals by their actions.

Anti-racist, anti-ignorance, anti-establishment, he says "The American flag is worse than the Swastika." The point here being that while the Swastika is now the symbol of death across the world, the American government, under the American Flag, has killed over 200,000,000 people of African descent. Every morning as school children salute the flag, the white-lead government continues it's mis-information

of the people, and more people are killed.

Love's Gonna Get Cha (Material Love) warns against loving things rather than ideas. All the songs preformed, such as *The Homeless*, and *100 Guns*, point to the inherent difficulties present in the life of anyone of African descent. The ideas of KRS-One are worth loving. Like any great ideas they are either liberating, or deathly dangerous.

All seven Dee Jays of BDP were present. D-Nice did a mock-competition with KRS-One, and although it was a bit hard for me to decipher the word, there was plenty of competition for the two albums he tossed into the crowd. Rebekah Foster had the crowd worked up, and Jamal-ski had me awed with his quick tongue. DJ Kenny Parker was in top form, and D-Square led the men in the crowd into a little competition with the ladies, which I believe he and the men won.

The School Learns

The BDP concert was *Edutainment* for all present. It was a triumph for the group, for MPB and SAB who had to fight so hard for this class to commence in this institute of "higher" education, and particularly for all the intelligent people in the audience who not only taught the "higher-ups" a lesson without speaking a word, but came away stronger, prouder, and wiser. □