

THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 12, No. 5 : The University Community's Weekly Feature Paper : Oct. 30, 1990



NOT QUITE A TUITION INCREASE NEW COSTS FOR STUDENTS

What follows is simply a list of the fees, you, as a Stony Brook student will pay during the next year. While no one person will have to pay all of them, everyone will pay some of them. There is also a list of fees which have increased for next year. These fees represent a functional tuition increase and are just the start of a trend. Can you really afford these changes, and others? Well, the time to act is now.

New Fees

Fee	Description	Amount
Campus Busing	Bus ridership.	.50 a ride \$10.00 a month \$25.00 a semester
Student Health Fee	Covers services, supplies, procedures, laboratory tests, and medicines.	\$45.00
Commencement Fee	An optional fee offered for all graduating students.	\$30.00
Reinstatement Fee	Charge to students whose eligibility to enroll is approved following dismissal from the university.	\$50.00
Graduate Special Student Application Fee	For the processing of admission form and advising, to non-matriculated graduate special students.	\$5.00
Engineering Senior Design Fee	Covers the costs of materials students.	\$115.00
TESOL Proficiency Test Fee	English language proficiency test for state education dept.	\$50.00
Music Recital Hall Fee	Use of facility for recital not part of student's degree requirements.	\$35.00
ESS & Theater Field Trips	Field trip expenses	Reasonable

Increases to Existing Fees

Fee	Description	Amount
Late Registration	assessed to students registering after final registration period.	\$20.00 to \$30.00
Late Payment	Fee to students failing to satisfy bills prior to due date	\$20.00 to \$30.00
Academic Transcript	Covers costs related to producing transcripts	\$3.00 to \$5.00
Add/Drop	Charge to change course selection/ enrollment after add/drop period.	\$10.00 to \$15.00
Teacher Certification	Cost for clearances, applications, information booklets, for teacher certification candidates	\$5.00 to \$15.00
Microscope User fee	For use of microscope in School of Medicine	\$40.00 to \$50.00 per semester

The Stony Brook Press

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

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LETTERS

A Letter to the President

From: Haitian Student Organization
To: President John Marburger
Topic: Blood Drives On Campus

We are outraged at the racist policy which the blood drives on this campus uphold. The exclusion of Haitians and Africans from donating blood is purely biased. Many, including the director of NY blood services, vice president for student affairs at SUNY Stony Brook, have denounced this racist policy.

We strongly believe that this university should not allow any racist event to take place on this campus. The uni-

continued on page 7

Saving Face

Ambassador Speaks About The Mideast Crisis

By Rob Rothenburg

The Tuesday afternoon downpour was awful. I walked into the "Staller" Fine Arts Center as the digi-chimes from the administration building toned that it was sometime before three o'clock. Soaked and without cigarettes, it was a long wait--they weren't going to open the Recital Hall until *exactly* on the hour. Meanwhile students waited in the lobby as dignified balding couples were allowed to walk in, telling the usher they were "with the Provost."

On the hour several people converged on the opened doors and scattered about the intimate little room. The stage appeared awkward with the huge, grotesquely- baroque baby-blue and painted-gold-ornate pipe-organ sulking on stage, surrounded by Old Glory and Excelsior flags. A comical little podium that looked like a cat-scratching post silently sat in front. Through the backstage door I glimpsed University President John Marburger having his picture taken.

After the room filled a bit, Andrew Policano, Dean of Social and Behavioral Sciences, came out to comment on the weather and thank everyone for attending. He rambled on about having such talks on "topical" issues and then introduced Marburger ("It's a pleasure for me to make this introduction today..."--*applause*) who was to introduce the speaker, Qatar's ambassador Hamad Al-Kawari. (Qatar is a small oil-rich country like Kuwait).

Marburger came out looking very congressional and rambled on as well, giving a brief biography of Al-Kawari, whose diplomatic experience involve many countries in the Americas, Europe the Mideast and leading roles in the United Nations. He also noted that Al-Kawari received his PhD in political science at Stony Brook, saying "I believe in the future, more of our alumni will return to relate their experiences in influential positions throughout the world." He then went on about his recent convocation address "Stony Brook in the New World", connecting the changes on campus with the changes in The Big Picture. My school spirit began to ooze...

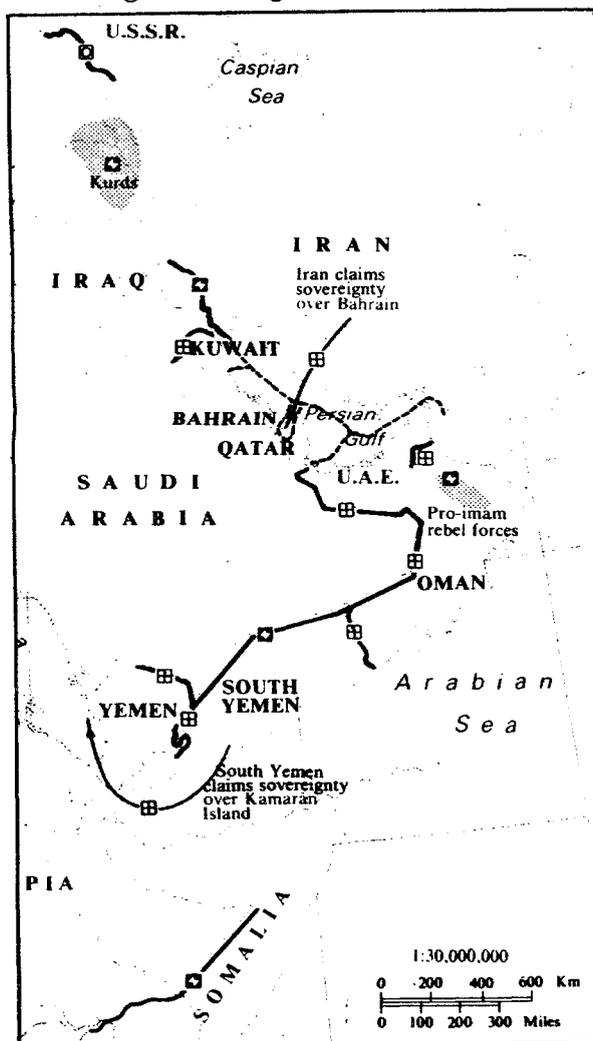
"Professor" Al-Kawari popped onstage via his front-row seat, in a suit that clashed with the pipe-organ, giving lots of very-honored-to-be-heres and began: "History will probably remember events in the last twenty years as the most significant events in the twentieth century."

Discussing the coming of a new global order, he talked briefly about drastic changes in Eastern Europe and warming superpower relations, adding "The Domino Theory has never been better vindicated." The ambassador mentioned the increased "consolidation" and "cooperation" between the US and USSR, invoking the words *Pakistan, Angola, Central America, Namibia, Cambodia and South Africa*.

About United Germany, he said "The dawn of a new world was breaking...There was talk of the forces of peace having finally prevailed..." Building the dramatic irony to its peak, he dropped a pen to the floor while shuffling pages, which made a rude crash and

knocked everyone out of their somnambulist daze.

Getting on to the nitty-gritty everyone came to hear, he spoke of Iraq's invasion and annexation of Kuwait with the dispassionate yet dramatic tone of a PBS narrator. Al-Kawari went on--the events have "pushed [us] back to the thirties...Only this time it was Kuwait, not Ethiopia or Poland." He warned the benefits of the changing world "do not mean an end of conflicts of the Cold War." The Cold War may have actually deterred the invasion, being a hot-spot of Cold War conflict, according to Al-Kawari. However, he added this was "not a call to a return to the Cold War, but a challenge to a new thinking" on international relations. With growing interdependence, we are "more than ever before a global village."



"[Saddam Hussein] now stands almost virtually alone." The Ambassador called the US "the principle architect" of the New Order, adding that America now "stands at the forefront."

"It would be wrong to assume oil is the only stake by which the US role be judged," said the ambassador, delving into a hurried and muddled discussion. He noted the many US-Arab joint ventures, invoking *substantial investment, jobs for several-million Americans and contribution to corporate America*.

Al-Kawari noted half the total US foreign aid is given to five countries (not saying which). Other countries would be asked to "help." For it's part, Qatar is forgetting debts owed to it by helping countries. He also noted a similar role by the World Bank and

International Monetary Fund. For the audiences part, the ambassador was uninformatively vague about details, but then went on to stress the need for affordable oil and market stability.

As "the worst Mideast crisis in history" which threatens to "undermine the New World Order in which so many hopes have been placed," stability in the region as well as oil-dependency countries, especially in East Europe and Africa, requires a resolution. Able to see a "silver lining" in the looming "dark cloud", the Ambassador added the crisis is facilitating the "birth" of the New Order (which he seems very excited about): "A great unity of purpose and action between two great countries of the world."

Citing the eight new resolutions and a new "animated spirit" in the Security Council, which is "finally doing what it was meant to" since its founding in the 1940s. The "underpinnings of the nascent international order" would be strengthened, and its reality would strengthen the "New International Economic Order". He commented that the resolutions condemning both Iraq and Israel were unanimously approved, neglecting that Cuba and Libya may not agree about the former. The ambassador also failed to mention that these resolutions were not passed with sparkling enthusiasm, let alone that the UN's forefront role comes as a cloak of convenience--only because Iraq is relatively isolated and oil is so important.

Al-Kawari added the crisis may actually resolve other conflicts in the region. Noting Egypt's re-emergence to its rightful place in the Arab League, and glimmerings of a resolution to the conflicts in Lebanon and Israel. "Palestinians have suffered gross violations...of human rights. Although many Palestinians are frustrated by their condition, the "gulf crisis should neither be hampered nor delayed" by "self-serving" conflicts, neglecting to mention they might have been inspired by Hussein's bringing them to the table when he first invaded Kuwait.

With closing words, the audience applauded and he picked up his pen from the floor. He then took questions. Someone mentioned criticism of US support for monarchies. The ambassador replied "Democracy cannot be imposed from the outside. Democracy must come from the people themselves," adding that Arab countries were a "different culture." A later question mentioned squashed attempts for Democracy in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. "I'm not defending any Arab country," he replied, saying one cannot deny Kuwait's anti-democratic stance. He noted that just last week the government-in-exile reinstated the '62 constitution for a democratic monarchy.

Has American media coverage been biased or made any omissions, someone asked. Al-Kawari's reply: "This is the nature of the mass media for any crisis in the world."

Fending off the sudden onset of ennui, I walked out as he said he would take no more questions. I thought I came here to learn something, but it was still raining, and I still had no cigarettes... ■

Convocation 1990



President John Marburger

by Jean Rousseau

Under the theme "Stony Brook in the New World", the president of SUNY at Stony Brook, John Marburger III, presented his vision of our university on October 18th. Back from a sabbatical of three months that he used partly to work on a book on non-linear optics, Marburger delivered a dynamic and well-thought out speech. In front of an audience of 150 people gathered at the recital hall of the Staller Center for the Arts, he laid out the challenges that Stony Brook faces.

Which world?

Sketching out the latest international news and the general economic context of the United States, Marburger tried to delineate the trends that affect Stony Brook. According to

The Chronicle of Higher Education "Almanac", Stony Brook is one of 70 "leading Research Universities" in the United States. This feat was accomplished in 33 years of existence; 10 of which were during Marburger's presidency. So Stony Brook is widely seen as having "made it".

At the same time, there has been a considerable distrust in the overall missions of research universities. This is the world Marburger spent a lot of time describing. With a scarcity of financial resources and a limited pool of applicants, universities must compete against each other. The detractors of research university claim that small non-research institutions offer the caring environment that students need.

For Marburger there are also other sources of complaints. "The press loves to see an outraged individual take on an establishment giant. To the general newspaper reading public, our institutions are no different from city hall. We appear to them as big money-hungry bureaucracy spending millions of their tax dollars so our underworked faculty can travel to European libraries to study obscure and probably obscene medieval French poetry. They should be in their classrooms teaching instead (say our detractors.) Our requirement that faculty set forth the results of their labors to the scrutiny and feedback of their peers through publications is seen as irrelevant to their function as teacher of young people..."

These claims cannot be left unchallenged. To regain the confidence of their

constituencies, Marburger wants Stony Brook to change.

The undergraduate experience

For prospective students it is not the competence of the faculty or even the coherence of the curriculum that seems to matter when it comes the time for them to choose a university, but a supportive atmosphere. This is what Marburger considers one of the big problems at Stony Brook.

To counteract this tendency he concludes "that the desirable supportive environment includes a sense of community in which visible adult authority figures such as faculty are seen to appreciate the presence and interests of students."

He mentioned a few exemplary programs that are underway. For example, the university has tried to foster small learning communities within the formal curriculum. A program such as URECA (Undergraduate Research and Creative Activities) brings students into contact with research faculty. In 1989-90, the Honors College was established. "Thirty students- all with minimum SAT scores of 1200 and highschool averages of 92- will advance to the program's sophomore class in 1990." (President's Report 1989-90)

There is also a need to improve campus facilities such as the dorm and parking areas. But this will necessitate new funds and you can be sure that there will be a tuition increase. *continued on page 6*

SKINNER'S BOX

How To Rank On Your Enemies

By Scott Skinner

In this sullied business of journalism, it is sometimes regrettably necessary to be proficient in the art of ranking on your enemies. This does not mean that you should use a newspaper as a forum for personal vendettas. Indeed, the "power of the press," like any power, can be abused if not used responsibly. However, more often than not, the enemies of the journalist are the enemies of the people. As a humanist, you may feel compelled to expose injustices and the people who cause them. As a writer, you may wish to add truth to the adage that the pen is indeed mightier than the sword. Unfortunately you may not feel that you possess those skills essential for one who wishes to engage in the art of rank. If so, then let the following serve as an example.

As an exposor of injustice, how could you use your mighty pen to scrape on, say... Polity President Dan Slepian? First, you would decide whether or not to be journalistic. If you wish to stay within the realm of truth, you would research Slepian's activities in

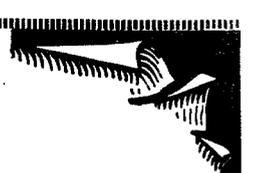
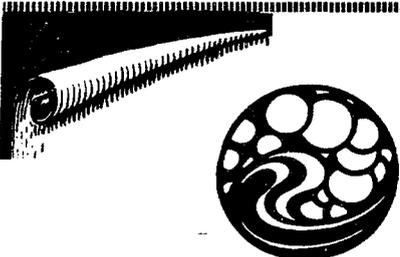
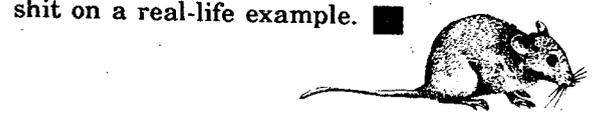
Polity and note any inconsistencies, abuses of power, or other noteworthy trivia. You might, for instance, point out that 36.1% of all Statesman issues since February 12 have Slepian's picture glossing their pages. You might compile the statistical data in the following manner:

Percentage Appearances of Slepian's Body Parts in the Statesman (Feb. 12 - Oct. 15)	
Head	36.1
Torso	27.8
Arms	16.7
Legs	8.3
Pelvis	8.3

You might use this data to make interesting comparisons. For instance, you might indicate that Slepian's pelvis receives more coverage in the Statesman than Marburger's mug. You might follow this with an ambiguous comment such as, "Leave it to Statesman to tell us what is newsworthy." Naturally, you would want to refer to the

statesman as "Slepian's photo album." You may wish to draw attention to these statistics by asking, "Why does Slepian's picture appear so often in the Statesman?" and "Could the answer have something to do with Polity politics?"

As an exposor of injustice, how could you rip on Slepian without the use of verifiable facts? In this case, you would try to be satirical. If, for instance, you wish to satirize Slepian's lust for political power, you might describe a situation in which he uses his position in Polity to gain control of the Stony Brook Pretzel Vending Service. Naturally, you would want to refer to Slepian as a powermonger, and a promise merchant. Or you may wish to try a different approach. For instance, you might write a satirical piece in the second person passive tense entitled "How To Rank On Your Enemies." You might write this article under the pretenses of providing a public good, when in reality it only appears to



Malcolm's Ex Shabazz Speaks

by Robert Gilheany

Some feel the need for change less urgently than other, was the theme of a talk given by Dr. Betty Shabazz in the Union Auditorium. Betty Shabazz is the widow of Malcolm X. She was invited to speak on campus by Malik Sigma Phi as part of Malik Week.

The theme of the talk suggested that everybody wants change, and she touched on a number of subjects from education, homelessness, women, race relations, and the need for an African Studies department. During the talk she tied the personal and the political together. She asked and answered, "Do you have a purpose? What is your mission, values, and to whom do you answer to?..answer to yourself." In addition, she advocated the responsibilities of providing for children.. "we should lead as examples for children." She asked, "How can homeless children be educated properly?"

She spoke of the importance of African Studies and the need for an African Studies department. She made the point that alot of Black achievements have gone unrecognized due to a slant of history which has perpetuated itself in education. "We need an overview of the elements of history," she said.

"We must celebrate the end of oppression," she quoted Sam Najuma. Sam Najuma is the president of Namibia, an african country that won its independence last year after years of warfare. Namibia used to be Southwest Africa. Najuma's quote on the end of oppression was to say that it is time to govern. She suggested that the message should be brought home. Also, revolutionary changes that have happened all over the world should be pointed out (i.e. the fall of Stalinism in Eastern Europe). She also commented on the liberat-

ing aspects of hydroponic farming and solar energy, though she did not comment on the political economy of these appropriate technologies.

She spoke about the relationship between women and wealth. She pointed out that women are; one-half of the population; they do two-thirds of the work; they earn one-tenth of the income; and they own less than one one-hundredth of the property. She said, "If we (women) don't start getting a better deal we ought to 'hold out on something'." That got a rise from the audience.

She spoke of her late husband: "Malcolm was human, strong, firm, and he had an agenda." She urged people to have an agenda and not just "hang out..." She spoke of Malcolm's agenda of internationalism, brotherhood, sisterhood, unity, self-reliance and self-defense. She said "the self-defense part got him in trouble with the establishment." She countered the old charges that charged Malcolm X as violent. She said, "The only act of violence he was involved in was his death."

She briefly ran down the history of Malcolm X, pointing out that Malcolm's father was a follower of Marcus Garvey - Malcolm's father was killed by Klansmen when he was six years old. He was then raised by foster parents when his mother was taken away by the psychiatric ward - Shabazz said that after he dropped out of school he "got into trouble." He was hustling in Boston and New York. He was in prison for a number of years. Then he found religion and joined the nation of Islam. After a few years of being a chief spokesperson for the Black Muslims, Malcolm X broke ties with their leader Elijah Mohammed over personal reasons as well comments made about the J.F.K. assassination.

There was a brief question and answer session after the talk. She was asked about the Blood Drive controversy regarding the exclusion of Haitians and Sub-Saharan Africans from giving blood due to AIDS risk. She said that "the first case of AIDS was spread by a white man." She was asked to comment on the struggle going on with the Autobon Ballroom. Columbia University is trying to sell the building to biotechnology firms. This act involves the demolition of the building where Malcolm X was shot. A coalition of activists are trying to preserve the building as a landmark. The activists want to turn it into a cultural and educational center as well as a living monument to Malcolm X. She said "I work at Columbia University and I knew they were going to sell the building and it didn't bother me...I could never go there. The last time I was in that building was when I was giving my husband mouth to mouth resuscitation." She said that she wasn't part of the process of organizing any demonstrations for the preservation of the building. She told the audience of a phone call she got from a woman who had asked her to host a dance in the Autobon to raise money for childcare. She explained three times that she couldn't do it. Her position on the Autobon Ballroom controversy is a personal one, and does not address the politics of the issue.

The evening concluded on a humorous note when Professor McAdoo from AFS pretended that African Studies had just become a department. Betty Shabazz then pretended to congratulate their victory.

Eyes of The World

By Walter F. Schneider

There is a strong possibility that the United States will soon be at war in The Gulf with Iraq. At this moment the polls are telling us that most Americans approve of President Bush's troop deployment in Saudi Arabia. This poses the question of whether or not the average American is well informed about the realities of the situation in The Gulf, and if not, would an informed America still find the President's actions as agreeable? This important two-fold question was the core of almost everything that was said at the Student/Faculty speak-out held on Friday, October 19th. This event was sponsored by some of the Brothers of Kappa Alpha Psi, who are also known as The Men of Achievement. The stated goal of the speak-out was, "To foster interest and awareness of international events among students, faculty, and staff."

The speak-out had two segments; the first half consisted of a four member panel (three professors and a graduate student) speaking their peace about The Gulf Crisis, the concluding half was a question and answer session where students and faculty tossed

ideas back and forth to see if they held up when scrutinized.

Professor Louisa Nunez of the Hispanic Literature Department, was the first of the panelists to speak. She helped to put the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait into a more global context than the American media usually bothers to show us. Prof. Nunez mentioned many recent conflicts throughout the world; where more people have been killed than in Kuwait, where the attackers have been at least as harsh as the Iraqis, and where no outside troops were sent. The Iraqi army did not invent or even revive the beating and raping of civilians and the pillaging of resources. These things have even been done by "civilized armies." There are many modern examples; the Vietnam War, the invasion of Afghanistan, and the mass murders and oppression of students in China. Not only has America been idle when there was an option for opposing regimes as violent as Saddam Hussein, the United States has funded many such governments and dictators (El Salvador, Argentina, Chile, South Africa, and UNITA

in Angola.)

Prof. Nunez concluded with the statement that The Gulf Crisis was brought about only by oil and that negotiations are a better solution than sending in a military presence.

Prof. Femi Vaughn of the Africana Studies Program and Charles Taber of the Political Science Dept. were in unison on the following ideas. That American foreign policy has never been based on principles and there is no indication of a new moral beginning. That if the public knew that we are there for oil only and that conflict could very likely work out as badly as Vietnam, in terms of American deaths and suffering, "mainstream America" wouldn't support the military presence in Saudi Arabia. Though both Taber and Vaughn sympathized with the Palestinians to a large degree they also agreed that Hussein would attempt to manipulate the Palestinians for his own means (to weaken Israel.) Prof. Taber added that Americans don't realize we are moving steadily towards war with Iraq. Finally,

continued on page 11

MARBURGER

Continued from page 4

Optical aberration

There was no question period at the end of the convocation. The role of the university for the Long Island community was well described, and the necessity of more independence from Albany just shows that Stony Brook has reached maturity. The main problem of this talk was the wishful and naive thought that a more caring community will provide the supportive atmosphere that is so badly needed.

The honor programs described here are great but they reach at the most 200 people. What about the other 11000 undergraduate students? In this university, it is incredible how many times students must fight when it comes to deal with the administration. Bad guidance in course selection will oblige students to complete their degree in 5 years instead of 4. Incredible mess, when it comes the time to register. There is also the absence of any pubs and any informal place like cafes (forget about the pretentious End-of-the-Bridge) where students and faculty could mingle. For a campus the size of Stony Brook, this lack is an aberration.

To create a sense of community, the leadership must come from the top. If president Marburger is serious, a lot of work needs to be done. Today students are tomorrow alumni, they deserve much more.



An optical aberration

Scoop Inc. (The Student Cooperative)

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basement or please call: 632-6485 or 632-6465.

This is the 90's, People...

By MJ XII

I was saddened at the artwork featured on the cover of the last issue of the *Press*. I know it has become artistically fashionable to degrade religion. After all religion degrades itself. It mixes itself with homoeroticism. What are the statistics on promiscuous and homosexual priests and nuns? How many churches look the other way at morally deficient laity, ignoring the bible's morality? How many of the corrupt church hierarchy have been convicted of child molestation? How often have we sadly shook our heads at vulnerable people donating huge sums of money to televangelists who end up being caught humping someone in between sermons?

Artists concern themselves with sex. Filmmakers now require a new rating, NC17, because they concern themselves with sex. Museums now showing Robert Mapplethorpe's work (which concerned itself with sex) have gone to court due to the possibility of it bordering on the obscene. We even have

gotten clearly poor works of art, like a photo of a cross in a jar of urine, or the 2 Live Crew album, protected by the first amendment. Oh, how fashionable it is to mix sex with every piece of art.

We have the freedom in this country to concern ourselves with sex. We have incorporated the dated hippie idealism of free love into mainstream life. Sadly there have been dire consequences; AIDS teenage pregnancies, sexual abuse of children, mental and social pathologies, rampant abuse of abortion, crack babies, divorce, with all the implications of broken marriages. We are free in this country, but we are paying quite a price.

This practice of mixing sex with other aspects of human life, has permeated art; and it's not new or creative. Medieval artists have given Christ an erection, long before the *Press*. The cross is an ancient phallic symbol. All those artistic monks living in such close quarters. They weren't worshipping a divinely mandated religious symbol. They were performing fellatio. The cross was

even worshipped long before Jesus was born. In fact the Israelites were released from the bondage of the Egyptians and given the command not to use graven images in their worship. What graven images did the Egyptians use in their worship? The ankh, another form of the cross.

In these pitiful times where our self-inflicted freedoms have cast the shadow of a noose, maybe we don't need art that degrades the biblical values of chastity and cleanliness. Maybe we don't need religion to constantly impale Christ on a penis, and the cover artwork of the last *Press* brought attention to everything that's wrong with art and religion. Maybe free love hippies who are old and have genital herpes and AIDS and cough at Dead shows, maybe they were wrong. Maybe sex should be less expressionist and more inhibited. Maybe it shouldn't permeate art, religion, advertising, or any other aspect of our culture. This is the 90's, people, and I'm really frightened. ■

continued from page 2

iversity must practice what it preaches. Allowing these blood drives on this campus is a two faced policy on the part of the university. Therefore, for the sake of justice and racial harmony, we are asking you not to allow blood drives on this campus unless their exclusionary practice is discontinued,

We trust that your administration will take a stand against racism by acting on our demand. Otherwise, we would have no other alternatives but to fight for justice by any means necessary!!

Respectfully yours,
Giles Charleston, President
The Haitian Student Org.

Dear Editor:

In the October 16, 1990 issue of *The Stony Brook Press*, a poem of mine was printed without my knowledge or consent. Apparently a collection of several poems from this semester's poetry workshop (EGL 286) had been accidentally left in the *Press* office, where it was mistakenly assumed that these poems had been submitted for publication. Although I am duly flattered by the choice of my poem for inclusion in the *Press*, I am naturally upset by the fact that it was included without my permission and by the following errors made by the *Press*:

1. It is explicitly stated on the copy of the poem that the *Press* worked from that the

Only Trespassers will be Prosecuted is merely a working title: in other words, the final copy of the poem is likely to bear a different title. The *Press* simply presented this as the title. Personally I find this rather silly.

2. The *Press* ignored the breaks between each of the six stanzas and pushed them all together, thereby disregarding the poetic structure (as per a recent course assignment, the poem was originally a sestina).

3. Further disrupting the structure, the *Press* decided that the last line of the fourth stanza was too long and chopped off the last word, putting it into a line of its own.

4. I am credited properly for the poem where it is printed; however, in the list of contributors to the *Press*, I have mysteriously become Jennifer C. Tracy. I have enough identity problems already, thank you very much.

To their credit, everyone whom I have dealt with at the *Press* regarding this problem has been both sympathetic and apologetic. I would like to suggest that in the future, when accepting submissions from writers who do not generally contribute to the *Press* the editors request written confirmation of permission from these writers to include their work. With such a policy, further errors of this kind can be easily avoided.

-Jennifer C. Meyer

Reply

Dear Jennifer:

Please accept my apology. I promise I will never do that again.

Yours Truly,

R. Teng

Dear Editor:

In recent letter to the editor (*Stony Brook Press*, vol. 12, no. 2), Marie Smith claims that no vaccine carries any guarantee of protection. To sustain her argument, she mentions a book by Walene James entitled: *Immunitization: the Reality Behind the Myth*. I read it recently with horrified fascination.

In his book, James describes at length the work of Pierre Bechamp done in the first quarter of the century. Bechamp was a vitalist that opposed bacteria theories. For him there is a "principle of activity" in any living organism which is an objective and figurative reality which can go through different phases called bacteria, bacillus, micrococcus, etc. These theories have been disproved, especially by Pasteur, but anti-immunization people still refer to Bechamp.

The absence of references to current, reputable, replicated research in works by writers opposed to immunization is noteworthy. The academic publications James quotes in support of Bechamp are from

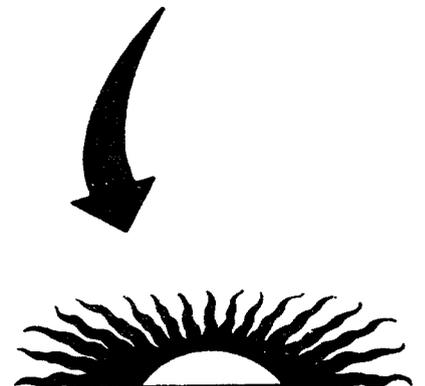
the first quarter of the century. Not a word about the genetic revolution of the last 30 years.

Perhaps the most destructive arguments made against immunization pertains to AIDS. James quotes a man named Al Battista who states that AIDS is "the final breakdown of the immune system when *Candida* (a yeast infection) gets out of control. Some yeast infection!

The idea that conditions in the victim could create a disease like AIDS, and that the antidote or preventive is to live according to the dictates of chiropractors and nutritionists. This is analogous to the righteous judgements of the wealthy about the victims of the cholera epidemics of the mid-1840s.

Walene James and Marie Smith would bring us back to that age when "vague factors" determined who would and would not be struck by disease. Don't be roped in! Seek your information about immunizations elsewhere!

Sincerely,
Marie Hoffman



MARCHING AROUND THE WORLD

October 20th: A Day to Remember



Greg Forte

By Fred Mayer

Toronto, London, Rome, Stockholm, Denmark, Finland, twenty five cities in France, five cities in Australia, and Panama City, were among the sites which, on Saturday, October 20th, saw organized protests against U.S. military intervention in the Middle East. In the United States, protests were held in 25 cities including San Francisco, Cleveland, Boston, and Atlanta. New York City saw perhaps the largest of all the gatherings, with well over 5,000 marchers congregating at Columbus Circle to hear speeches given by representatives from countless organizations, before the onset of an hour-long march to the Times Square recruiting station. The list of groups represented among the throngs of protesters is endless, including veterans, environmentalists, AIDS activists, labor unions, Palestinian organizations, and students. Also present were hundreds of police, who tightly controlled the march and completely barricaded Times Square. The weather was an absolute gift, providing clear skies and mild temperatures.

Of special significance was the announcement before the march by seven young reservists of their decisions not to participate in U.S. military actions in the Persian Gulf. The seven have either applied for conscientious objector status, or have been declared absent without leave by military authorities. They are risking jail terms of up to five years each. Through their resistance they are joining a growing number of people from various parts of the country who have declared their intentions not to participate, including Erik Larsen and Jeffrey Paterson.

"Bringing the war home" was by far the most dominant theme conveyed by speakers both before and after the march, which was

organized by the New York Coalition to Stop U.S. Intervention. Activists expressed anger directed toward a U.S. regime which sends hundreds of thousands of underclass youths to the deserts of Saudi Arabia, draining billions of dollars from an economy already sinking into recession, while millions of Americans at home suffer from a lack of housing, little or no healthcare, and a deteriorating natural environment. Some of the most memorable lines from the dozens of speeches are well worth repeating:

Casey Kassem:

"We here today are not alone. There are millions more like us around the world. And who are we? We're the disciples of Moses and Jesus and Buddha and Mohammed, we're the apostles of Thoreau and Gandhi and King. Call us liberals, progressives, or dreamers. We're all those things. We're the people who believe in ideals, and we act upon our beliefs. We remember the wars of the past, and because we remember them we today are determined to prevent wars in the future. It's time to stop finding reasons to send our young people off to die. The time has come for America to behave as the civilized leader of an evolving world, and not its paranoid policeman. Each and every one of us today believes there is a nonviolent, less costly, more humane way to achieve our goals. Our country is mighty enough, secure enough, and ought to be wise enough to use other than violent ways to resolve our conflicts."

David Kline, Vietnam Veterans Against the War:

"True patriotism is not 'my country right or wrong.' True patriotism is: my country, when its right I'll support it, when its wrong I'll change it."

Bishop Paul Moore:

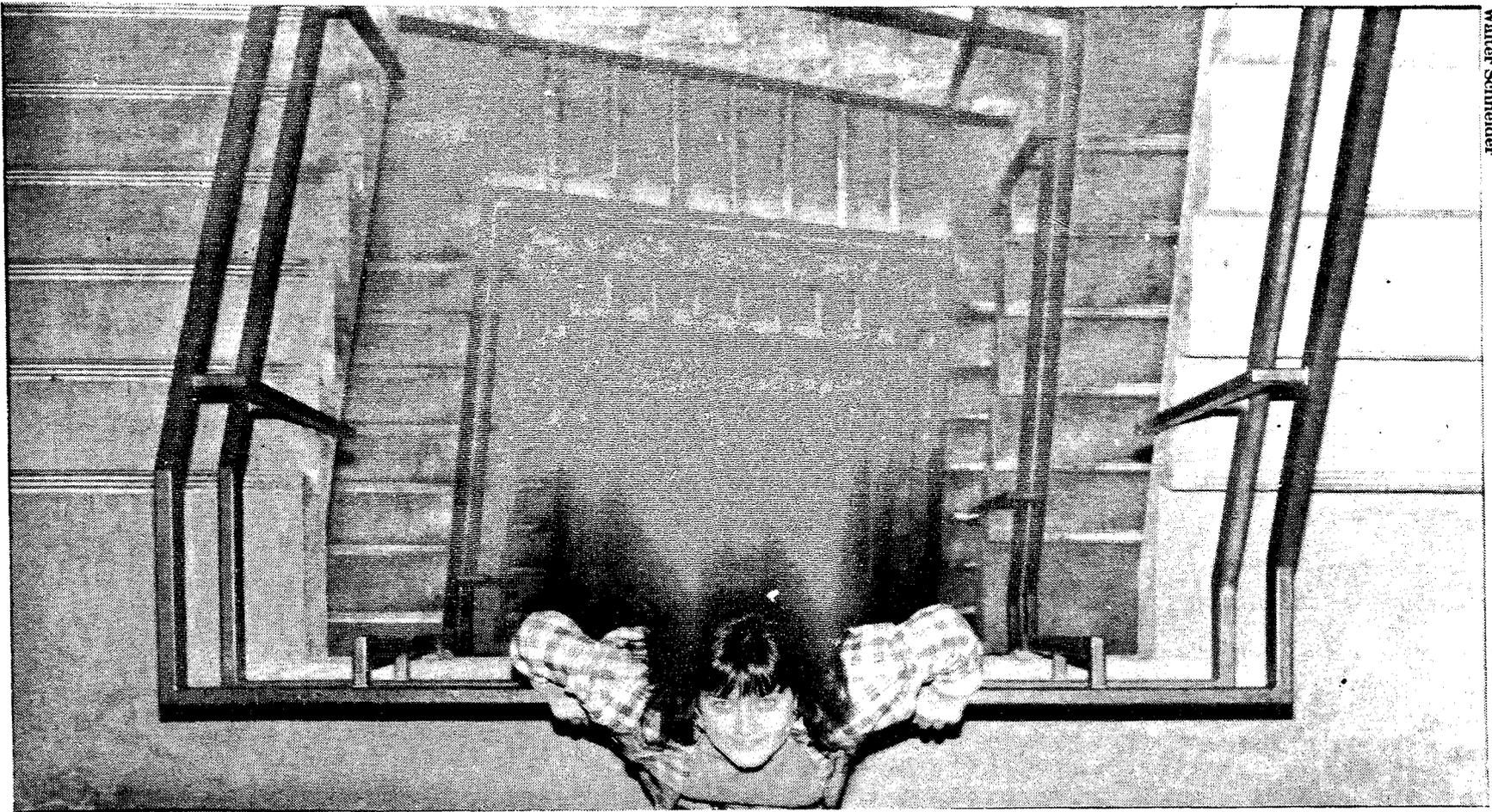
"Forty-eight years ago I was shot in Guadalcanal in World War II. I revisited the Solomon Islands last year, and the image came back to me, of my friends lying dead in the sand. The image came back to me, of hundreds of people rotting in the sun. The image came back to me, of my own violence coming from somewhere foreign within me. War is not an option. If you've ever been in a war you know it cannot be an option. I wonder whether President Bush, if someone brought a child to his doorstep, would take out a pistol and shoot the child. Would President Bush, if a thousand young men were lined up - and women, including some of his grandchildren - would he stand there with a tommy gun and mow them down? The problem is that our leaders are divorced from the reality of that tragedy and that violence. As a Bishop, I worry about the soul of America. Every problem we have we seem to want to solve by violence. If there's a crack problem, we solve it with more police, a military invasion of Panama, and building more prisons. And so it goes... This country has within it the seeds of fascism, violence, and terror - just below the surface. But, it also has the seeds of compassion and love and glory, and that is the way for our security. Bring the troops home now!"

Leslie Cagan, National Coalition:

"I don't know about you, but I am angry! I am angry that George 'CIA' Bush has brought the world to the brink of war. He says that we are in the Persian Gulf to stop naked aggression. Naked aggression! What about Panama, Grenada, and Libya? What about El Salvador and Nicaragua? What about the Dominican Republic? What about Chile? What about Southern Africa, and my friends, what about Vietnam? He says he is defending the American way of life, and the frightening thing is, he's right. He is defending a way of life based on profit and greed and racism and homophobia and violence. It is a way of life where oil companies continue to report record profits and people are wondering whether they are going to be able to pay their heating bills this winter. I'm not talking, of course, about the three million homeless people in America. There are a lot of issues in this crisis. It's not only about the price of oil, it's about control of oil. It is about the realignment of global power. The message is that there is one global power, and you know who it is... Has the United States Congress been totally stripped of any role in shaping foreign policy? Or have they just thrown the responsibility away?"

Unidentified student from the New School for Social Research:

"Throughout the world, from Panama, Salvador, South Africa, Nicaragua, to India, Korea, and the Philippines, students and youth are in vanguard of the struggle for



The Art Student

By Rick Teng

"Where were you born?" I asked Mabi, an art student here at Stony Brook. I felt like I was invading her privacy; she even seemed hesitant to reply. But I explained to her that my sincere inquiry can help me to understand her works a little better. She agreed that the question was not, after all, irrelevant (Whew!!!).

Mabi Ponce de Leon was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina. She came to the States when she was a child and lived in Miami, Florida for fourteen years. Last year, she came to Stony Brook as a graduate art student.

Mabi's father was a painter. When she was young, she frequented her father's art show receptions. She would mindlessly (and unknowingly sublimated into art) enjoyed and played within this social environment that would unmistakably draw her in. But because of friction that resulted between Mabi and her father, she turned away from art out of bitterness. Today, Mabi does not speak with her father. And yet, his life would seem to have a prime influence on his daughter's artistic development.

After her "learning period," Mabi and her mother and brother moved to Miami, Florida where they lived only three blocks away from the ocean. When she finished high school, she registered for classes at Florida International University, whereas her choice of study was Biology (she loves animals - she wanted to be a vet).

It didn't take long before Mabi switched to Fine Arts. Since this transformation was left unexplained, my wild guess is that she had probably spend numerous hours on the beach, walking through those brilliantly hued dawns and sunsets, while wondered at the sea-animals that lived free and unharmed by human hands. It was also her decision to decline from biological studies because she became questionable, and eventually hated,

the idea of dissecting (makes sense..).

Mabi's artistic concentrations in Florida were basically still lives and academic portraits. After a while a trend in her paintings developed. A "closed-in" trapped environment became a perennial setting in her works. Mabi wanted to express how people lived in cities, where the hustles and bustles reveal the pulsating circulation of modern existence. She has a love/hate relationship with city life possibly because she grew up in cities (Buenos Aires, Miami). Her paintings are apparent reflections of environmental influences. Senses such as sight (building blocks) and sound are expressed through Cubistic method. Many of these earlier works can be labeled as Cubistic and Futuristic in which movements are expressed via the shifting of images, compelling the eyes to wander. Many of them are carefully thought out (notes were taken). Waterways are constructed for her **Theater Of The Soul**. This effect also relates to claustrophobia, as the artist puts it (deep, man).

Last year she arrived at Stony Brook. Inevitably, the themes in her paintings changed. The expressive mode has acquired different feelings. It was not until here that she began using fishes to characterize people in her works. Although these sea animals are viewed as searching or swimming aimlessly in hope of escape, this idea is by no means negative or apocalyptic. Hope is a strong factor in Mabi's paintings. Ornaments of death (bathtubs that resemble coffins, concrete blocks that close in like traps and a bluish mood of the void) embellish her works. But there is also a passionate tempo of life. Mabi explained that the fishes swimming amongst the ruins of undersea cities are meant to elevate a certain feeling of a prudent and necessary coexistence between the natural and the synthetic, a balance between good and evil.

In **Arrival**, Mabi used Fighting Fishes.

These fishes are bred in labs in order to be sold. These fishes are perhaps used as subjects for personal reasons (Mabi has many pet fishes). Bright intense colors are applied, which are rightly influenced by the fishes themselves. Once again, Mabi attributes these colors with emotions; red is violent and sensuous, blue is of a peaceful spiritual state. Two fishes circle above an underwater bathtub, or coffin, like lovers, or fighters in a bleak environment. But again, there is hope. They will fight to survive within a strange place composed of synthetic matters. Or they will adapt wholeheartedly, by making the best of it, in a careless and broken world. Such is the existence of modern life ("digging for our shallow grave").

For Mabi, colors are "advocates" of personal feelings. The applications of red in her works (**One, Arrival**) punctuate the violent forces of nature; whether underwater where sea animals fight for survival, or in a city where life is exposed in reddish motion. The blues used by Mabi pertain to her feelings of peace and spirituality with nature. Other colors are mixed with these two primary colors. Perhaps the imbrications and usages of red and blue coincide with her struggle between peace and frustration.

The images in her recent paintings are based on recurrent images in dreams. The bluish-green sea-like atmosphere leads us to her "ocean" past. Moreover, building blocks and other concrete components warrant another vision of her past where she once lived in cities. And finally, the adoption of sea-animals as the subjects of choice did not appear until recently at Stony Brook. It may seem that she was thinking about (or missed) her life in Florida. Dreams, environments and the past would all have refined influences to create one surreal vision in her paintings.

GSO Senate Meeting

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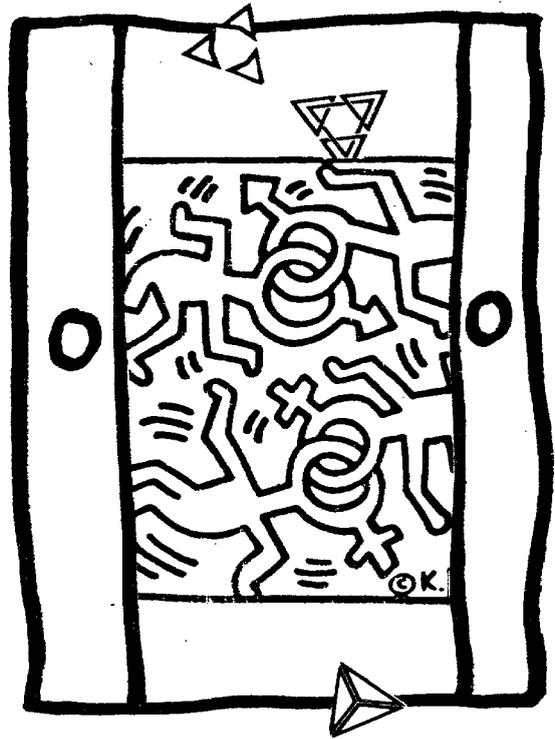
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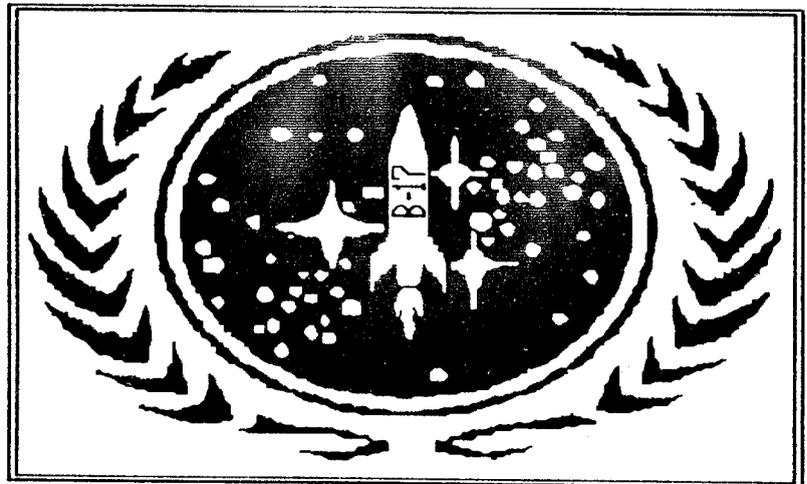
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EYES

continued from page 5

Prof. Taber stated that the current loose international union of American, European, African, and Middle Eastern countries would fall apart soon after military action started, due to culturally different ideas of what should be done.

The final panel member, Fred Mayer (a USB grad. student,) told the audience that President Bush had broken American laws and sent U.S. troops to The Gulf without following the necessary legal procedures for beginning war. He also put a heavy emphasis on the fact that the method of troop deployment had violated the United Nations Charter. Although Mr. Mayer dealt with facts, he also appeared to be concentrating too much on the legal breeches instead of centering on the moral or economic problems, which many would argue are more important. I doubt he intended this to be the impression, but by the time Mayer was finished, he seemed to be implying that America should try to return to the way it was "in the good old days". I wonder if others didn't question the factual basis of this apparently nostalgic slant.

In the question and answer section, Fred Mayer was told by a student that many young people look upon the armed forces as the only way to get out of dire financial straits. Mayer replied by saying that in this kind of situation the government was to blame for a lack of better job options, but he also said that people

should be aware that joining the military forces is now a dangerous move. Near the end of the speak-out a student claimed that the recent killing of at least 19 Palestinians was justified because Palestinians at the scene had been stoning Israelis. The panelists didn't appear to find this to be completely adequate justification for 19 violent deaths, so that discussion was still going on after the meeting ended.

This speak-out helped to clarify certain issues related to the crisis and brought up important facts that are rarely analyzed in an international context. It would be helpful to our campus if the Brothers of Kappa Alpha Psi (and other student groups) put together additional thought provoking programs to inform the students, because the truth is often in short supply here at Stony Brook. ■

MARCH

continued from page 8

liberation and social justice. And they are dying daily, as soldiers in the frontlines of the battlefield, in the war against imperialism. It's time for students in the U.S. to join them on the battlefield. Students of the U.S... Rise up! History is calling you! Your participation is long overdue, to join the international struggle against imperialism, colonialism, and racism - three fights at the same time. To fight against the exploitation that is, and to fight for the justice that isn't.

It's time to make a trade: a PhD for a hand grenade. It's time to destroy all the war toys that the Pentagon deploys in the name of the American people, but really to maintain its imperial gains, and continue to drain all the world's resources... for the gain of a few, not for me, not for you, not for anyone else, but for Exxon and George Bush. There's only one struggle, there's only one enemy, and that is the enemy of all humanity. ...it's not the time to be passive and polite, because we're engaged in a bloody fight. So let your blood boil, but don't lose it for oil. Let's take every campus and every street without a fight, and bring the war home!"

Ramsey Clark:

"Alexander the Great died in Babylon, George Bush. Better stay out of other people's territories, and face it... You can't be the policeman for the world. We've got to get the American heel off the throats of the people of the world." ■

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On a night as sweet as this,
 When all I wanna do girl is just kiss,
 Can't help thinking of all those lives,
 Where Panamania's alive,
 You know this is the Land of the Free,
 With a banker-baglady dichotomy,
 I'd give so much to be in love,
 But to be in love just ain't enough,
 To blot out all this insanity,
 In the Land of the Free.
 Well you know there ain't never enough,
 Of that crazy thing that they call love,
 When twenty thousand people die,
 An' no-one asks the NRA why,
 An' politicians pass the blame,
 To those who sell them,
 High-price cocaine,
 I never wanted very much,
 A pretty girl, a tender touch,
 But that can't hide the poverty,
 In the Land of the Free,
 The Grapes of Wrath are here again,
 As if they'd ever been away,
 An' you can have all that you want,
 A Dunkin' Donut Snack Croissant,
 Or Classic Coke with Large McFries,
 While TV gods proselytize,
 An' Jesse Helms wants to decide,
 Which flag to burn, and which to fly,
 An' men are ordered off to die,
 To keep an Arab oil supply,
 Yeah, this is the Land of the Free,
 This is the Land of the Free,
 An' you can have it,
 Yes you can have it,
 All,
 Today.

-Stuart Harrad

When you party remember to...



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 let someone else do the driving.

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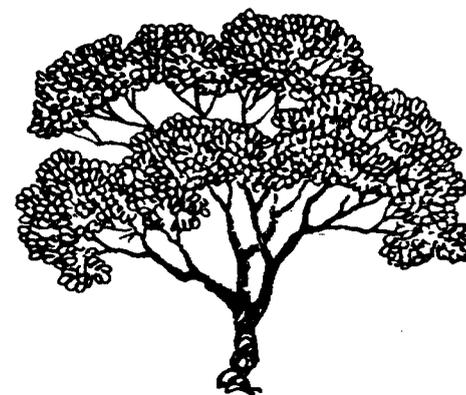
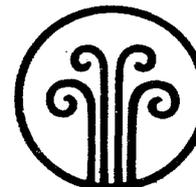
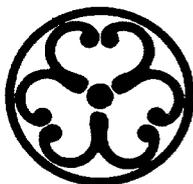
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LOVE

I'm out of Camels.
 So I pull in
 the stale smoke
 from a butt left
 in the ashtray.
 I taste
 what the last person
 who smoked it ate,
 intermingled
 with the soothing,
 crisp tendrils.
 Rushing down, down -
 into my empty spirit.
 Naturally, it's not my spirit.
 Really my lungs.
 Real? Is it?
 I pull hard.
 Reflecting deeply
 on Christ, Buddha.
 and on you, my love.
 We have been
 fighting
 so much lately.
 The cohesion of suffering
 that tears throughout
 my entire body
 is encapsulated
 in a single lump in my throat.
 It has always been there -
 it's not your fault.
 Nicotine
 rids it not.

-Lara Jacobson



Hey, Yin? 

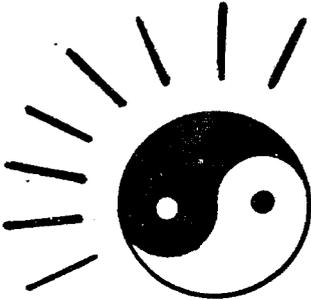
Wanna do the nasty? 

Yes, Yang? 

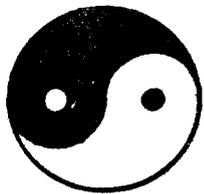
Oh, alright! 

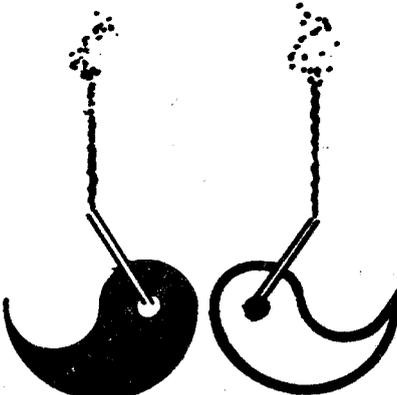
 



...Baby O Baby O Baby...



...O Yes O Yes O Yes O...



SCOTT SKINNER

Hearing it



By Andrew Fish

He had to keep it covered. He knew he had to keep his left ear covered. She might see it. In the fancy restaurant. Everyone there might see it. "Get back to work!" he heard in the familiar tiny authoritarian voice. He grabbed his left ear. No one could know about it. It had to be a secret.

He walked to his dresser and opened the top drawer. He removed and put on underwear and then proceeded to don his suit he reserved for special occasions. This certainly was special. *Le Chateau*, a bottle of wine and her. He was in love with her and planned to tell her that night. But there was the secret. Could he commit himself to her if he held the secret with him? **Hey, you! Get up.** He grabbed his left ear in the vain effort to shut out that voice. The tickling in his ear was constant. He could feel them all working in there. He pitied himself as he straightened his tie.

He tied his shoes - he liked how shiny they were - and headed out of his room. Down the hallway and down the stairs was a time of pondering how they ever got in there, and where they came from. Or did they merely evolve from his own bodily tissues? These ponderings were by no means new to him. Ever since it became evident, it had become line thought for him. Was it a disease? Was it supernatural? What was it? He headed out the door.

"Too slow. Get movin'." He heard this while on his way to pick her up. He actually pressed harder on the gas for a moment and then realized that he was not being spoken to. This error was all too common for him. He covered his left ear while he rang her doorbell and escorted her to the car and opened the door for her and closed it and walked around to his side and got in. Then he could relax. She was sitting on his right. He contemplated how lucky he was that he did not live in England.

"You look very handsome tonight," she said with that wonderful smile which he could always hear more than he could see.

"You look more beautiful tonight than you've ever looked. Every time I see you, that is what I think."

"Move your asses!" He grabbed his left ear instinctively. It was enough of an odd action to elicit an inquiry.

"is something wrong?"

"No, just an itch. Have you been enjoying your work?"

"Oh, the curating is fascinating. I love the Spanish artists. They seem so in touch with their -"

"What the hell? Is there a problem? Get goin'!" He grabbed his ear again. Possibly more forcefully than the time before. He knew he would have to explain. Could he live like this?

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"Absolutely. Why don't we listen to some music."

They arrived at *Le Chateau*. And in the most discreet fashion possible, he tried to keep his left ear covered until he had safely positioned her on his right.

They were seated near a window so they could watch the cars go by.

"Your eyes are the color of a flower I love but I don't know what its called," she said. He loved the way her words just seemed to flow like rushing water.

"I saw that. Don't let me see you do that again!" He grabbed his left ear and regretted his inability to break this habit.

"Are you sure you're alright?"

"Sure. I told you it's just an earache."

"Before, you said it was an itch." Foiled. She was perceptive, wasn't she. That was one of the reasons he loved her. Could he really live like this? Now he had to think fast.

"Well, it seems to have become a bit of an ache, but its nothing to worry about. Though, I can't tell you how much I appreciate your worrying about me. It's something that -"

"All right. Get over here. Think you can sleep on the job? Here's something'll keep you awake the next few days!" He hated this part. Why now? He grabbed his ear and cringed as he heard the whip crack.

"No," he said as quietly as he could. But she heard. And she saw him cringe.

"What's wrong? Are you in pain?"

"It's nothing."

"Don't give me that. What's wrong? This

has been bothering you all night. Do you want to go home?"

"No...I'm fine."

"What are you hiding?" He hadn't expected that. He couldn't answer a point-blank question like that with a blatant lie. If he did that, then how could he ever expect her to trust him? He loved her.

"Look," he started slowly and quietly, "I love you more deeply than I've ever loved anyone before...So, I realize I must show you." He paused, noticing that he had finally told her of his passion. He knew not what the forthcoming bad news would bring. "L-look in my left ear." She looked and gasped.

"What is that?"

"It's a plantation."

"A what?"

"A cotton plantation." She was silent. "And that's not the worst of it. It's worked by Black slaves, and run by a White overseer." What could she possibly have said? "Not only do I have a plantation in my ear, but I have major conflicts with its social system. It's becoming unbearable. But it causes me to love you no less. I do love you." She was expressionless.

Throughout her life, she had learned, as everyone has, how to react to a given situation. She knew how to deal with happiness, sadness, surprise, anger, contempt, jealousy, rage, affinity, but nothing had prepared her, or anyone else in the world, to react to this. Nothing in the human brain exists for this purpose. There is simply no need for it. Therefore, in that moment, she became the most put upon human being ever to exist. She had to invent a new emotion.

"Ner, Ner, Ner, Ner," she said, as her lips formed a pucker, her eyebrows creased, her head turned and her nostrils flared. She had done it. "I'll speak with you tomorrow. I've a lot to think about. Good night." She walked out into the evening, and he was left there, with the sound of the whip and the shout of the overseer resounding in his left ear.

"She certainly does," he said. he knew what he had just been through and wondered what revelations she would have during the night. ■



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**Letch Patrol
And Then There Was Nothing**
Passion Cramp Records

By Scott Warmuth

This cassette-only release from New York's Letch patrol can best be described as an exercise in minimalism. The five song tape features about ten seconds of tape leader on either side and nothing else. Especially poignant are the cuts *Yes Your Stereo Is Broken*, *Get That Stupid Look Off Your Face* and *Sound Of Silence*. For more information write to P.O. Box 20416/Tompkins Square, NYC 10009. ■

**Youth Gone Mad
Crime Rate 88 7**
Piggyback Records

By Scott Warmuth

Youth Gone Mad's three song 7" is an infectious slab of wax. The A-side, *Crime Rate 88* is a strange combination of trash rock and rap with one of the female members taking care of the vocal chores. The song is about bad things happening to nice people. One verse goes, "Mr. O'Grady owned a liquor store/ he didn't keep much money in the register drawer/ then in came some men with masks on their heads/ someone pulled the trigger now O'Grady's dead/ life sweet life." *Mixed Signals* is a catchy pop/punk tune with male and female vocal trade-offs. The third cut, *Energie*, features singer Ena Costabi sounding like Gibby from the Butthole Surfers. The guitars are good and grungy,

and the lead work is gloriously skewed. This is worth tracking down. Write YGM at 550 West 43rd #27B/ NY, NY 10036 ■

Bum Rap

By Kate Owen

The words **SOLD OUT** met many a hopeful concert goer on the of Friday, October 19. As it turned out, they were lucky to keep their money. **A Tribe Called Quest** gave an entirely disappointing show.

Their act lasted about nine minutes- at an estimated cost of \$1.50 per minute to each SUSB student and even more to the many off-campus audience members (I am assuming the second act, **The Funky Natives**, performed for free). They started off with *I Left My Wallet in El Segundo*, went through four more songs, got the audience swaying, launched into everyone's favorite *Bonita Applebum*, and when that was done, they were too. They sounded better on tape, and they looked a lot better in the video. As they left the stage they reminded us that " The word is not peace, but rhythm! " The word isn't "good" either.

The booing at the end of their act quickly gave way to the idea of escape from the heat and stench we all endured for a good hour while waiting, but we were called back by a surprise act, **The Funky Natives**. The crowd surged again, hoping for some added bang for their buck. **The Natives** trundled on under a blanket trying to imitate some four legged animal, threw off the blanket, stood on stage for a not so brief pause, and began. Their show was made up more of theatrics

than serious music, and included a dancer complete with polyester suit and fright-wig afro.

A partial explanation for the poor quality of the show can be found in the fact that both acts had come from performing another show. They certainly did lack freshness. However, much of the blame belongs to the band for not respecting their audience enough to really work to make them happy. The effort of **A Tribe Called Quest** was half-hearted at best. ■

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Alternate Cinema

Law Of Desire. Pedro Almodovar. 1961, Spanish with English subtitles, black and white, 90 min. X-rated soap opera from the director of *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* This highly erectile film will be shown at the Union Auditorium on Tuesday, November 6. Times are 7:00 and 9:30 PM. Ticket price is \$2.00 for general admission. Contact Marilyn Zucker for further info at 2-6107.

Desktop Publishing

The School of Continuing Education's Center for Corporate Continuing Education and Training (CCET) is offering a two-day seminar entitled **Desktop Publishing Workshop: Design and Layout Using Pagemaker** on December 6-7, 1990. Formerly these capabilities were available only to Madison Avenue type firms at great cost. The workshop is essential for designers, graphic artists, editors of magazines, newsletters and brochures, and anyone who wants to create their own publications. Create a finished publication! For more info or to register call the School at 632-7071.

On The Road

James Clifford from the University of California, Santa Cruz, has arrived to present his *Cultures of Travel* lecture for the Humanities Institute Visiting Fellows Lecture Series. It will be held on Thursday, Nov. 1, 4:30 PM at 109 Javits Lecture Center.

Poetry Reading

Two award-winning poets, Martin Espada and Maurice Kenny (a Mohawk Indian) will read. Room 239 of the Humanities Building, Wednesday, November 7, at 7:30 PM. ■



RALLY TO FEATURE CUOMO

By Craig Siegel

On Wednesday, October 31, at 12:00 noon at the Academic Mall, Governor Cuomo will be a featured speaker at a rally for the 21st Century Environmental Quality Bond Act. The rally, organized in part by the New York Public Interest Research Group Inc. (NYPIRG), will raise awareness on environmental issues and urge citizens to vote yes for the bond on Election Day.

"This is an excellent opportunity for Stony Brook students to show our concern for the environment and to demonstrate our political power," said Greg Moran, Voter Registration Intern for NYPIRG.

Also expected to attend are Suffolk County Executive Patrick Halpin and Nassau County Executive Thomas Gulotta, both supporters of the bond. If approved on Election Day the bond will provide almost \$2 billion to fund critical environmental programs, including \$300 million for recycling, \$800 million for land preservation, \$162 million for sewage treatment and \$275 million for parks. ■

FOOTNOTES



Ella quisiera preparar sus propios impuestos, pero se le hace difícil hasta agarrar un lápiz.

Sin su ayuda, quizás no pueda hacerlo.

Para ella el problema es la artritis; para otro, podría ser la vista o simplemente preparar sus impuestos. Lo cierto es que, durante el pasado año, 4 millones de personas recibieron ayuda gratis con sus impuestos a través del programa de voluntarios del IRS.

Si usted desea ayudar, y tiene conocimientos básicos de aritmética, usted también podría unirse al programa de asistencia voluntaria del IRS.

Así que, hágase voluntario llamando al 1 800 424-1040. Después de octubre 1, 1990, favor llame al 1 800 829-1040.

Y ayudará a otra persona a quitarse un peso de encima.



Ten Little Indians



“Teaching the Mudheads to Copulate”

by Fletcher Johnson

According to Pueblo tradition, mudheads are ten deformed creatures conceived through the incestuous union of a brother and sister from the underworld. Although seemingly not very bright, the mudheads possess a deep, mystical wisdom (idiot savants, if you will).

A Tale

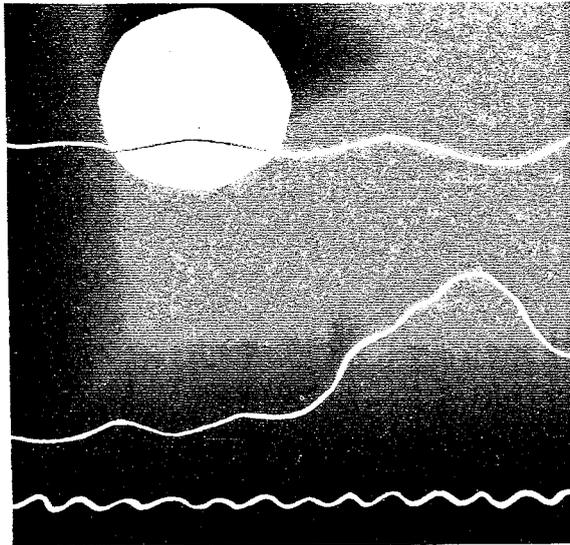
Seeing how clumsy and foolish the mudheads are, a man challenges himself to teach the mudheads to copulate. He grabs a fat woman and demonstrates the classic entry from the rear. Try as they may, the silly mudheads cannot find the correct opening and proceed to prod her armpit, the bend of her limbs, and alas, her anus. The man grows frustrated, the fat woman merely laughs.

Sexuality / Spirituality

So was the evening's lecture prefaced by the Reverend Dr. George E. Tinker, an Osage-Cherokee; “Indian on my father's side and Lutheran on my mother's side.” Dr. Tinker, a Lutheran pastor, delivered the lecture entitled, “Teaching the Mudheads to Copulate: Sex and Spirituality Among American Indian Tribes,” Friday night at the Staller Center as part of the University Distinguished Lecture Series. The lecture was also the keynote address for a conference on “Human Sexuality with a Spiritual Perspective.” The conference was a day long event that included lectures and workshops.

Wearing a ribbon-festooned western shirt, turquoise jewelry, cowboy boots, and a large buckled belt with “GEORGE” branded into it, the pony-tailed theologian raised some eyebrows as he questioned accepted history and offered illuminating insights into the close relationship of spirituality and sexuality of Native Americans.

Based on a critique of the research of various white ethnographers in the 1930s, Dr. Tinker's thesis criticizes the absolute and biased judgements of the ethnographers in their study of Indian sexual/spiritual practices. What is lacking, according to Dr. Tinker, is the notion of relativism in the judgement of other peoples' morals. The research is further criticized in its abundance of categorical errors.



Free Love

Relatively speaking, although diverse amongst themselves, American Indian tribes are more sexually open than European societies. Extra-marital sex is neither frowned upon nor a cause for violence, but rather viewed in a humorous context. Dr. Tinker related an anecdote that involved a man who realizes his wife is with another as he lies in bed in the dark commonroom. After patiently waiting for the man to finish “the work,” and after the other man leaves, he rises. The other man re-enters (the room, that is) and is confronted by the husband, who grabs his pecker and says, “You are wet.”

The man says, “Let go of my pecker,” and in turn the man latches on to the husband's

penis. The hollering wakes up the entire household of brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, etc. to behold father and son performing the penis tango. Afterwards, all is forgiven.

Not only are extra-marital affairs acceptable, mothers who bear children out of wedlock do not suffer the stigma common in European custom. “There are no bastards in Indian country,” Tinker explained. Homophobia does not exist amongst the Indians. Homosexuals, when they become aware of their sexual orientation, often in “visions” during adolescence, “come out” in tribal ceremonies and are assigned roles in the community - often as teachers. Masturbation too, is acceptable behavior as opposed to the Euro-Christian tradition of viewing it as a vile sin.

Spirituality

Sex is more liberal in the Indian tribes, but it is not all fun and games according to Dr. Tinker. Sexuality plays a large role in the religion of the Indians. Beyond mere pleasure and conception, sex is a rite of healing and regeneration.

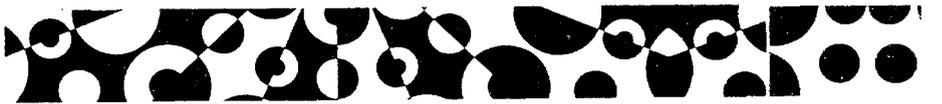
Salt being a precious commodity, the Indians possess a sexual/spiritual rite to accompany its ceremonial acquisition. One tribe conducts a ritual act of copulation involving a slab of sandstone with a slender hole in it, some cornmeal, a prayer feather, and the exclamation of a woman's name at the proper moment.

Sexuality within the tribes is all pervasive and crucial to much of the religion. When Whites concluded that certain Indian practices were immoral, they outlawed them (no freedom of religion here). The disservice is continued by academic research that attempts to compare apples and oranges in making absolute moral judgements from culturally specific practices.

Values and symbols have become confused. As Dr. Tinker stated in the lecture. “People get upset when you burn the flag, yet you can burn a cross - on any Black family's lawn.”

TUNES

Shanghai Surprise



by Lan Wo

The Shanghai Symphony Orchestra, the second Chinese orchestra to tour the United States, lighted upon the Main Stage at the Staller Center for the Arts on October 20, 1990. The nearly one-hundred member orchestra, conducted by Hou Run-Yu, performed selections by the Romantics Hector Berlioz and Sergei Rachmaninoff, as well as Chen Gang's *Concerto for Erhu and Orchestra*. Jiang Jian-Hua accompanied this piece on erhu.

Although the orchestra was by no means shadowed by it, the main focus of the evening's performance was Ms. Jiang's accompaniment of Chen Gang's concerto. An example of the nationalization of Chinese symphonic music, the 1987 arrangement is derived from the violin concerto *The Butterfly Lovers* composed by Chen and He Zhan-Hao in 1958. The concerto itself is based on a

traditional Chinese love story. Briefly; Zhu and Liang fall in love. Unfortunately, Zhu has been promised to another. Liang goes home and dies of grief. When Zhu visits Liang's burial site on her wedding day, a storm breaks, the grave splits open, and she hops inside. The storm dissipates and two butterflies appear.

Composed of three movements, the concerto was anchored by the extremely passionate performance of Ms. Jiang. The erhu is a two stringed instrument about thirty centimeters long and was brought to China by tenth century nomads. Played vertically in the lap with a bow, the instrument is similar to a violin. Decked out in an elaborate peach ballgown, contrasting sharply with the black of the orchestra, Ms. Jiang alternately drew out long maudlin notes and punched out impeccable staccato rhythms. The sentimental melodies of *Joyful School Days* and *Sad Departure*, and *Transformation into*

Butterflies sandwiched the heavily orchestrated maneuvers of rebellion and authority in *Defiance Against an Arranged Marriage*.

Founded in 1879, the orchestra is the oldest group of its kind in China. Save guest appearances, there were no Chinese players in the orchestra until three joined in 1938. Foreign musicians fled Shanghai during the formation of the People's Republic of China in 1949, and by 1955 the orchestra was entirely Chinese.

The combination of Romantic and Chinese works (and the Tsing-Tao in the lobby) presented by this unique symphonic ensemble resulted in a truly enjoyable evening of music. The relative novelty of an instrument often heard but rarely seen, and the immense energy of Ms. Jiang were the highlights of the concert. ■

The Grateful Dead In Germany

By Captain America

Grateful Dead fans have been known to travel quite a distance to see the boys in action. Germany was just another place for these "rolling stones" to go and party. Boy, what a party it was!

Outside of the small gym-like arena (capacity 10,000), Deadheads began showing up in hordes about six hours before showtime to set up their "primal stores" (selling various tie-dyes, beaded jewelry, and handbags). Most of the Americans had just come from Stockholm where the show was "just all right." The venue played in Stockholm was only half sold-out. No one was worrying about the ticket situation in Essen, either.

The police, dressed in one piece green jumpsuits, stood around watching the scene. It seemed like they were there solely for the purpose of security, not to ruin everybody's good time (unlike the Nassau County cops who go to Dead shows to take up their pent-up frustrations). The Germans walked around in awe, drinking many a warm beer.

Inside, the arena seemed only two-thirds full. The Dead came out with guest pianist Bruce Hornsby (who didn't play in Stockholm), and the crowd went wild. The *Hell In A Bucket* opener kicked us all in the ass! And, the rest of the show proved to be quite the dancing evening ("Deadercise" to be precise). In the first set, the band broke out Dylan's *Maggie's Farm*. It was a great rendition. They hadn't played this song since Madison Square Garden some years ago. *Picasso Moon* ended this smoking set, and left everyone energized and smiling. *China Cat Sunflower* > *I Know You Rider* opened the second set and from there, they wailed



intensely. However, the *Drums and Space* segment of the show seemed a bit rushed. The encore was *Knocking On Heaven's Door*. We all left the stadium looking for the pubs, and, boy did we find them!

Berlin was quite an experience. From the

outside, the ICC looked like a huge space center. From the inside, it felt like being at a peace conference at the United Nations. The seats were like air-plane seats, and we even had fold-out tables to take notes on (although the tiny lights didn't work). The 4,000 seat auditorium was fully carpeted, and once again, the security guards just minded their own business. Smoking marijuana and hashish in the arena was totally tolerated. The boys ripped it up in the second set with a sweet *Scarlet Begonias* > *Fire On The Mountain* opener. *Terrapin Station*, however, was quite a struggle for Garcia, who just couldn't spit out the correct verses.

The second night in Berlin, which was an added show, proved to be another great performance. Hornsby's piano solo at the end of *Let It Grow* was, to me, his real initiation into the greatest band in the world. From his solo, they ended the first set with a happy Phil Lesh singing *Box Of Rain*. Bobby Weir opened up the second set by saying, "We'd like to brake our code of silence and say hi to our radio audience. Hi!" An incredible *Eyes Of The World* followed. The *Dark Star*, of course, was a European highlight, to say the least. When the band broke into their encore, *One More Saturday Night*, the whole audience rocked out with an intensity that Germany had never before known.

The role of security at the German shows had much to do with the concerts' success; everybody was allowed to enjoy themselves as he or she saw fit, and most had an incredible time. If American cops could just realize that people attending concerts are going to "party," all Grateful Dead shows would run as smoothly as they did in Germany, where "security" meant "security." ■

Simon's Sainly Rhythm

by Eric Penzer

It has been over four years since Paul Simon shocked the musical world with the brilliant *Graceland* album. Recently, Simon's latest effort, *The Rhythm Of The Saints* was released on Warner Brothers Records. This album features the music of Brazil in Simon's compositions. Although it is a decent record, it does not live up to the standard Paul set with *Graceland*.

Let's face it, *Graceland* is a tough act to follow. Not only did it win Grammys two years in a row (Album of the Year in 1986, Record of the Year, for the song "Graceland", in 1987), the album also succeeded in producing hits based on a foreign style of music (a mix of Zydeco-Cajun and South African sounds). However, the type of music Simon has chosen for this project wears a little thin.

Graceland's mix of Cajun and South African music was successful because, although the same rhythms may have been repeated several times on the album, they always seemed to retain their vitality. The Brazilian music that appears throughout *Rhythm...* will fail to keep up the listener's

interest; they grow to be rhythmically and melodically boring.

Simon's method of recording *Rhythm Of The Saints* was rather unorthodox. First, he recorded the Brazilian percussion. After this was done he would assign a guitar melody, and then the lyrics. This technique often causes a disorientation between the words and the music. Simon's songs often pass through stages (introduction, verse, chorus, bridge, etc.). The non-percussion instruments and the vocals may change to suit a specific part of



the song, but the rhythm stays constant. As a result, some songs sound somewhat awkward.

At least one song on the album proves that this technique can work. On the opening track, "The Obvious Child", the words and music compliment each other. The result is one of Simon's best songs to date. The percussion drives the music and gives the lyrics a certain sense of power. Unfortunately, the rest of the album is not as brilliant as this song. It is a pleasant sounding record but the material does not hold up to a second or third listening. Other than the album's opener, the songs tend to blend together; some are almost impossible to differentiate.

If Paul Simon wishes to capture different musical cultures on his records, he must pick a type of music that can support an entire album. It is fine to base an album strictly on rhythm, but if Simon wants to add a melody line, the rhythm must complement the melody, not the other way around. For, if the melody relies strictly on the rhythmical background, the song may tend to lose the listener's interest quickly. Such is the case here. ■