

THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 13, No. 6 : The University Community's Feature Paper : December 3, 1991

“Let the Nation be supplied
with good newspapers
and sound schoolmasters.”

— Thomas Jefferson



Sorry, Wrong Number, Try Again

New Directory Is Only Half Right

By Argyle Thompson

For those of you who are wondering why you are getting this for an answer when you thought you had the right number, you probably dialed right. The new Stony Brook phone directory for the Fall/Spring of this year is a mess.

Although most of the faculty/staff listings are correctly updated, students numbers are the same as those from last year. You may notice some of your friends from last semester still living on campus even though they graduated. Incoming freshman were also not included this year. Also not updated were any room changes from last fall. Although most office listings are correct, corrections that were supposed to be made last year weren't completed. As a result, the same mistakes were made again. There has been no word yet from the administration as to whether the book will be reprinted.

Said one undergrad student, "This is ridiculous! The only thing that improved on it was the cover." Although many stu-

dents were upset, most agreed that the new cover was an improvement from previous issues.

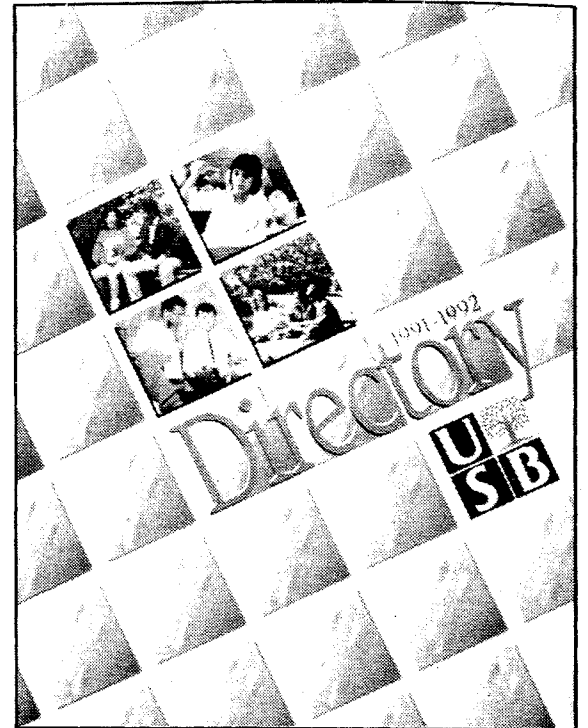
The issue was brought before the Undergraduate Student Senate in the last meeting and is to be investigated further. Said one commuter senator, "We have several dozens of books just sitting there because nobody wants them." Also, poor distribution has prevented some students from receiving their edition yet. (Not that anybody is flocking in mass numbers to get one.) Several buildings in Roth Quad remain empty while other buildings such as G & H Quad have too many. Is it a coincidence that the books are delivered to Residence Life, and that maybe the people that distributed the book just didn't feel like walking all the way across campus? The answer is probably yes.

Another student said, "they'll probably reprint the book and include a book fee for next semester." Many students fear that the mistake will reflect in the form of a fee for next semester. At a time of serious budget cuts, and a mid-year cut on its way,

little word has been said about where the money will come from to get the book reprinted.

Although I could not reach Rich Koch, who is a supervisor at Graphic Support Services, his secretary was quick to respond and said: "we know there's a mistake, and it's being taken care of." I responded "a mistake, how about over 5,000 mistakes!"

In the meantime, students will have to put up with a few more wrong numbers in next few months. It could be worse. Be thankful that we're not getting charged for the wrong numbers. But I could be wrong, maybe they already are.



The "New" Directory:
Notice the snazzy new cover

This will be the last issue of the Press this year, so before we forget, we wish you:
a Happy New Year, Merry Christmas, Happy Chanukah, Good Luck On Finals, Happy Winter Solstices, Have A Good Break, See You Next Year...and all that sort of jazz.

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AMERICRIMES[®] Inc.



U.S. War Crimes Public Hearing

Greg Forte

Despite thousands of lies told to the American public by our "free press", a group of people dedicated to truth and humanity formed the International War Crimes Tribunal last year in order to collect and dispense accurate, unbiased, information about United States military action during the Gulf War. The Tribunal held numerous commissions of inquiry around

the world, making one of its stops here at SUNY Stony Brook on November 13th. The Tribunal featured a panel of experts including medical doctors, activists, and, of course, former Attorney General Ramsey Clark. The panel members had all been to Iraq during the Gulf War and reported on what they saw. The Tribunal began with a videotaped speech of former Attorney General Ramsey Clark. After the video tape was shown, the panel, which consisted of Adeeb Abed and Gavreil J'imma, Phillip Berrigan, Dr. Michael Viola, and Sr. Ann Montgomery spoke of their personal experiences in Iraq during the Gulf War.

The panel members spoke about the destruction of life in Iraq. They spoke of the thousands of civilians who are dying in Iraq of dysentery, cholera, dehydration, and thousands of other diseases carried in unclean drinking water, a direct result of the war. Ramsey Clark stated that "there was no war; you might remember what General Kelly said before the so-called ground war started, when asked about the number of casualties we might have, he said 'well, very few 'cause there's not many of them left alive to fight.' And now we hear about the burial of 8,000 alive in 17 minutes. We heard a few months ago about fuel-air explosives dropped on mechanized divisions 48 hours AFTER the cease fire, which was a direct order of General Schwartzkopf, 75 miles from the Kuwaiti border, heading towards Baghdad. They thought there was a cease fire, they were going home." He went on to say that we slaughtered between 75,000 and 150,000 soldiers this way, commenting that "just because you have a uniform on doesn't mean you can be slaughtered like that."

Members of the panel also spoke about the use of illegal fire arms during the war. They informed the audience that we used super bombs, we used scatter bombs that can cover whole acres cutting to shreds anything living.

According to the United Nations Charter's preamble the principle purpose of

the United Nations is to end war, however Mr. Clark noted that "in the Fall of 1990, we saw the United States government by criminal acts called bribery, extortion, coercion, and corruption make the United Nations an instrumentality of war... We know what we did to Yemen who had the courage to say no, our Ambassador Pickering said 'that is the most expensive vote you will ever cast...' and that same day all U.S. aid, approximately \$130 million, was immediately cancelled and the Saudi Arabian government ordered all Yemeni citizens out, nearly 900,000 of them, including 300 who were literally taken out of hospital beds and sent back." Clark ended by saying that "the cost of integrity was enormous because of the lawlessness of the United States and we, the people here have an obligation to stand up and require accountability." Adeeb Abed commented on the plight of Palestinians during the war. He commented that after the war, thousands of Palestinians who were living in Kuwait were tortured, imprisoned, and murdered for no other reason than the supposed support of the PLO for Iraq. However, the official stance of the PLO was merely that "this is an Arab matter that should be solved by Arabs." So why were they murdered, under the supervision of the U.S.? Good question.

More Dining Disappointments

Campus Food Review Continued from Last Issue

by Fiona MacLeod

"Let's put the dining back into eating."- The Descendents
"I'm never eating at any dining hall ever again."- Richard Roseo, Graduate

First off, let me just thank the Statesman for their brilliant review of the campus dining facilities in their last issue- using, of course, the same format as my review of the campus dining facilities, which appeared in this space a week earlier. This made me happy. Thank you, Statesman, for once again demonstrating your refreshingly original reporting style and your audacious willingness to strike out into unexplored territory; to, indeed, boldly go where no one has gone before. Except, of course, for the Press, which was there a week ago. Bravo, Statesman!

Now that I'm done being bitchy, let's talk food. Campus food. And let's just assume that it sucks, and that the only reason anyone eats it is because that they have to eat it or risk starvation, and that sometimes the choice between eating on campus and starving on campus isn't much of a choice at all. It's sort of like choosing between strychnine and arsenic, or like The Prince of Darkness politely inquiring as to whether you'd care to enjoy your eternal reward on either the third or the sixth level of Hell.

I'll begin with the Kelly Cafeteria, because I just got back from there and the bile is still bubbling up in my gullet.

KELLY CAFETERIA

Man-o-Manachevitz, do I just adore the crap out of the Kelly Cafeteria. The embracing ambience of old Europe, the soft glow of the candlelight, the impeccable grooming and dress of the clientele, the friendly competence of the ever-courteous staff... ah, nuts, for a second there I thought I'd just gotten back from the Russian Tearoom. Obviously, they've been marinating the mystery fish in phosphorus again and it's causing me to hallucinate. I'd been dreaming

there for a while that I'd just had a quality dining experience. Not quite.

You know you're in for a treat from the fine folks at Kelly when you can detect the delicate fragrance of baked fish drifting across the quad as you approach the cafeteria in the balmy early November evening. Your mouth waters like Pavlov's dog at the scent, since you know that all the food that night will somehow taste like fish, from the stuffed shells to the chipped beef (which they'll describe, amusingly enough, as the "Steak Special.") Ha! Even my salad tonight tasted like fish. And I hate fish. Fish deserve to live happily in the ocean and should not be cruelly caught and baked by rapacious, insensitive humankind. I had about four ounces of French dressing on my salad and it still tasted like fish. Yecch. I had a plate of stuffed shells, which I made disappear in five minutes; then, I ran back to my room and brushed my teeth about forty times over in rapid succession so I could get the taste of fish out of my mouth.

But let's listen to what people who'd know because they have to eat there on a regular basis- have to say about Kelly. Good eating, or what?

"Are you kidding?" says Kim Richard, a Sophomore. "It's gross."

"I avoid it as much as possible," says Anna Marchini, also a Sophomore. "I'm a vegetarian, and the vegetarian entrees there aren't anything filling or edible. I mean, they have something there like a little croissant stuffed with vegetables. I want dinner, and they're giving me pastry. It was such a travesty." Ms. Marchini went on to describe the pastry in question, and how its excessive flakiness made dignified consumption of the foodstuff a practical impossibility.

"I was disgusted," she says. "The only thing I like is when they have the baked potatoes. I love potatoes, especially with lots of sour cream and melted cheddar cheese."

Continued on Page 5

For a Special Friend

NO JOB IS
TOO BIG
—OR—
TOO SMALL

FOR MIKE OR JOHN
AS LONG AS THEY DON'T
HAVE TO DO THEM

I TRY TO IMAGINE
them IN THIS SAME
JOB ONE YEAR
FROM NOW...

Microwave Madness

g o o g o o g a j o o b

with **Bob Beakman** **Nugatory Nuking**

by Bob Beakman

The first time we packed for school, we were uneducated, believing that, clothing, typewriters, and mom's phone number were all we needed. Soon, we learned the hard cold truth: the one with the most appliances wins. It wasn't long before you found yourself trying to explain to your mother that although she was paying \$186,786 for meal plan, you desperately needed a microwave, refrigerator, and flatware for eight. It wasn't the fact that school food tasted like moist newspaper but more, a necessity to use as many octopus plugs as possible. In fact, defying the safety inspection was a sort of an art form. Moreover, having all these appliances at your convenience led to a broadening of your learning experience.

In a day where man can send probes to Venus, smashes the sub atomic particles, and reveres the Simpsons as the crown jewel of American entertainment, one would assume that most everything were microwaveable. In a research paper found (or acquired if you know what I mean), alert student Milo "Frank" Greenjeans, who asked to remain anonymous in fear of becoming well liked, lists

some creative approaches toward the nuke box. According to Milo:

1. Cockroaches are nukeable for upwards of 30 seconds.
2. Though Dominoes pizza is nukeable, it must be consumed within 30 seconds of the nuke-beep or it flashes the name "Spalding" across the cheese and develops the consistency of a rubber band.
3. Beepers are not nukeable.
4. Aluminum foil sparks like a mother.
5. Rodents don't take well to the heat.
6. Even x-rays don't help DAKA (These findings are obviously dated, yet everything that we know about science leads us to believe that the results will be exactly the same for ARA food, though this might not be true if tested with gamma-rays).

These facts, though come as no surprise to many of you bored individuals, are real and in no way fictitious. Speaking of fact, microwave manufacturers are being pressured in to posting new warning signs on their products. This pressure comes as a result of recent dangerous happenings involving the microwave. According to a letter sent in by alert reader LeRoy Goldfarb, a woman in Billings, Montana sustained third degree burns in an

attempt to hard boil eggs in her microwave. It seems that in a sudden explosion flaming hot egg chunks came blowing through the nukebox door, searing the flesh on the woman's left buttock. Doctors report she's in stable condition. In a separate but related incident, my ex-roommate tried nuking grapes...BAD MOVE. It happens, grapes explode into a seething goob of green reeking magma, that instantaneously hardens to form stalagmites in the microwave.

Next time you kick back in your room, evaluating the current appliances situation, keep in mind a few simple hints:

1. Never stick mammals or parts of mammals (including your own sexual organs) in or near electrical outlets or cooking devices for that matter.
2. For the sake of free electricity, make sure all appliances are simultaneously running (this too causes the greatest possibility of conflagration - always a party favorite).
3. Be sure to have an ample supply of body armor to protect both yourself and your guests from flying errant food-stuffs.

The Long and Winding Road

by Josh Gazes

As I come to the end of the long and winding road-no, not South Drive, but the college experience- I ask myself: what do I want to be when I grow up? An astronaut would be cool if they didn't make you drink Tang; sanitary engineers make good money and often find wonderful little trinkets to put on the mantle (though of course, I don't own a mantle), and politicians usually get lots-o-babes.

But am I properly trained for any of these positions? Let us examine my credentials. I will have a bachelor of arts degree, experience stocking shelves in the local dairy-mart for the last five summers, and I will have consumed enough beer to make my liver turn a whiter shade of pale....

Needless to say NASA is not knocking on my door. I can't help but feel that touching other people's garbage is beneath me (call me vain if you like), and I probably have not smoked enough pot in my lifetime to be a politician, although I have probably had enough to cause slight brain damage and early hair loss.

Since I can not decide what I want to do, I will consider what it is I do not want to do (or more accurately what I refuse to do since I do not want to work at all. Call me lazy if you want). Without a doubt, the occupation I least desire is that of a toll booth clerk or collector or whatever it is society labels this most degrading and terrifying of human activities. As a child I often had nightmares of toll clerks who lost their arms to drivers that were a little over anxious with slamming down the gas

pedal. The images of one armed, blue suited money collectors spewing blood out of the gaping wound in the left side of their body was enough for me to close my eyes every time my parents took me through a tunnel. Once inside the tunnel I saw the second worst job that God ever created and that Adam forgot to name, the guy (who I think is related to the police department) that sits in those narrow glass cages and watches the cars go by. This guy obviously must have slept with his captain's daughter to be stuck in this living hell. Now that I consider this predicament, any job where you are confined in some sort of little booth would be a horror. The only thing a person should do in such confinement is go to the bathroom; and once that individual is going to the bathroom, they should not be forced to watch cars go by, or develop film like those Fotomat guys, or give out subway tokens, or collect tolls and run the risk of losing their left arm. There should also be no such thing as a bathroom attendant. Bathrooms are for going to the bathroom, not standing around in; watching, smelling, and hearing other people go to the bathroom, and then offering them a cologne or shoe shine.

I also definitely do not want to be a railroad conductor. Subway conductors are completely out of the question, because the NYC mass transit system is really just a big toilet with trains and murderers, and you know how I feel about bathrooms. But I would not even want to work for the LIRR because I fear catching my thumb in a hole puncher. Besides, professions that involve travelling do not make any sense to

me. The problem is that once you reach your destination you turn around and go back. There is no in-between. It is like spending your whole life on line, except when you get to the front, the entire line does an about face and you're at the back again. Airplane travel might not be that bad, though, because one can never have enough free macadamia nuts. Yummy!

The other day, while pondering similar thoughts, I encountered an old acquaintance who had abandoned college with only nine credits left to follow the Grateful Dead around the country.

"But how do you sustain a living?" I asked.

"I sell shirts and stuff." He replied.

"Do you mean drugs?" I said, shocked with horror.

"No, fluff and stuff, why you got some stuff?"

"Fluff and Stuff, do you mean like the store?"

"You know, pieces of cloth, beads, cotton balls, crumbs, stuff!"

"What do people do with pieces of cloth?" I asked, my curiosity piqued.

"They sell it," he said condescendingly, as if I should know.

"Yeah, but what do you do when you buy it?" I said, convinced that I had him against the ropes.

"I don't understand, man," he said.

Abandoning the current conversation, I decided to ask him where he lived.

"On the road, man, on the road," he said with a romantic gleam in his eye, and a certain lean that made him look like the modern day cowboy.

"Ah yes," I said, "on the road. Is that the high road or the low road?"

"Definitely the high road, man."

"What do you eat?"

"Food."

"Whose food?"

"Whomever it belongs too."

I failed to understand him, although the inherent simplicity in what this person said did have some value. Perhaps it was a bit existential, but it did not matter (nothing existential ever does). The important thing was that he didn't care, and he didn't worry. I could never do this, of course, I worry too much (demonstrated by my many questions concerning the fundamental necessities of life) but at least I can be confident that there is a road out there somewhere, and hopefully at the end there is plenty of cloth.

At this point I feel an uncontrollable urge to sing....

The Long and Winding Road (dum dum)

*That leads, to your door,
da da da (I forget the words)
disappear,
I've seen that road before or
The wild and windy night (dum dum)*

*da da da, da da da
da da da, da do de
da de do, do diddy dum*

Beerology 101

Lesson 2: The Brewing Industry

by John Dunn

This week we're going to look at the brewing industry and examine who's producing what. Given all the mergers and takeovers in the past decade, many familiar brands have either disappeared or are now brewed by a different owner.

The U.S. market is dominated by six major companies with Anheiser-Busch by far the dominant brewer. Here's the top six with market shares in parentheses: Anheiser-Busch (44.8%), Miller (22.5), Coors (9.9), Stroh (8.3), Heilman (6.4), and Pabst (3.3).

Not only does Anheiser-Busch dominate, but its market share keeps increasing every year, almost twenty points during the 1980's. Budweiser alone accounts for close to 25% of all beer sold in America. Besides being number one in the U.S., Anheiser-Busch is the largest brewer in the world, producing twice as much a runner-up Miller. Heineken is third.

During the past thirty years, the top six brewers have seen their market grow at the expense of regional companies which have either merged, been taken over, or have closed down. In 1963, the top six brewers accounted for just over 42% of the market. Today, they control over 95% of the market; the remaining 150+ brewing companies in the U.S. account for the rest.

Not every brewer enjoyed success in the '80's. Pabst saw its market share decline by half and was forced to sell some assets. Stroh's takeover of Schlitz in the early '80's has come back to haunt the company financially as it has been forced to close its Van Nuys, CA brewery and sold its Memphis one to Coors. Heilman's debt due to takeovers is close to \$1 billion.

Many familiar brands are still produced, albeit under new owners, due to takeovers and mergers. Here's just a few examples of who's brewing what: Stroh: Pils, Schlitz, Schaefer; Heilman: Blatz, Schmidt's, Champale; Pabst: Hamm's, Olympia; Falstaff: Ballantine, Narragansett.

America's regional breweries are slowly becoming a thing of the

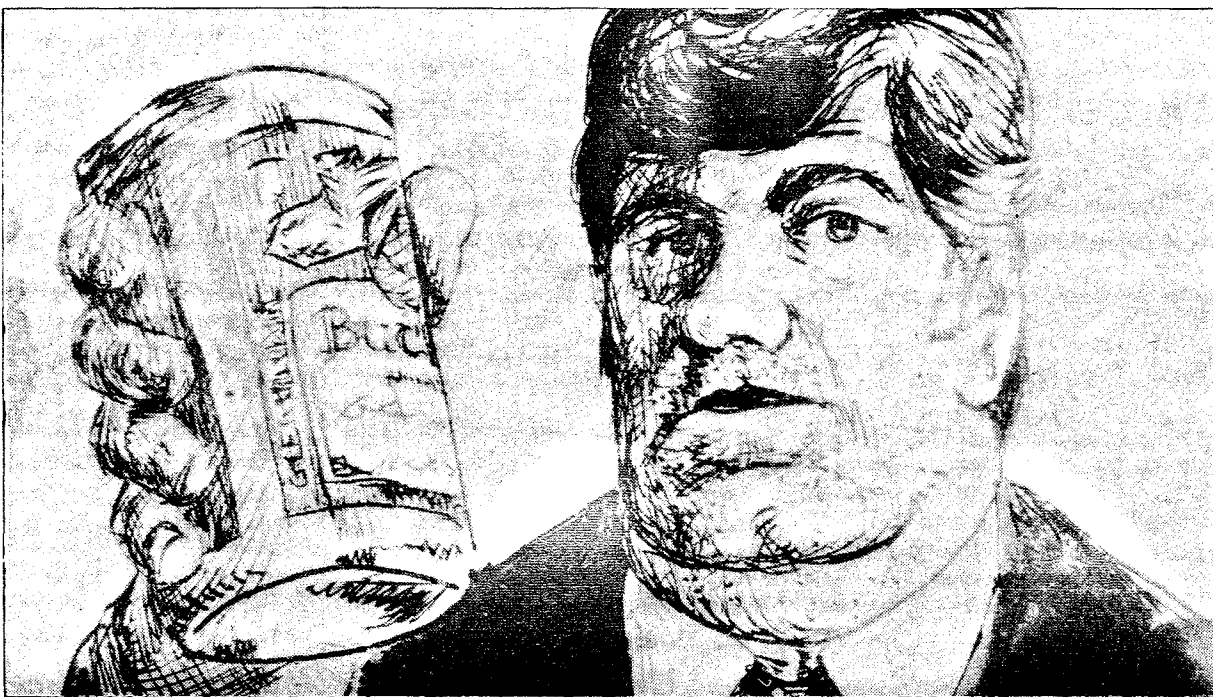
past due either to extinction or takeovers. Nevertheless, regional brewers develop a devoted following among their fans. They have had to come up with new marketing techniques and products or perish.

Regionals include such college favorites as Genesee and Latrobe in the East to Stevens Point in Wisconsin and Redhook in Seattle. There are only eighteen breweries left that could be considered regional and that includes a few microbreweries that have grown.

While the regionals are declining in number, "microbreweries" are growing in number. Microbreweries come in a variety of sizes from a suburban basement to actual breweries. Generally a microbrewery is considered such if it produces less than 10,000 barrels (31 gallons) per year. They can generally be divided into three categories: micros, contracts, and home-brew pubs.

Micros have their own brewing facilities and generally have some sort of distribution. Contracts lack brewing facilities and have their brand-names produced by another brewery. There are several companies that dominate the contract brewing business, most notably F.X. Matt of Utica, NY. Home-brew pubs produce for consumption on the premises, often in conjunction with an on-site restaurant.

In the New York area, the Manhattan Brewing Company is the only one brewing on the premises and is a home-town pub. New Amsterdam, Brooklyn, and Montauk Light are all contract brewed. New Amsterdam did attempt to brew its own products on the premises, in Manhattan, but lost several hundred thousand dollars in only a few months. Its products are now produced by F.X. Matt.



Anyone and everyone likes beer

Regionals in Review

This week's regional is the Hudepohl-Schoeling Brewing Co. of Cincinnati. Cincinnati had 36 breweries at one time; now one remains. Hudepohl dates back to 1855, while

Schoeling started after Prohibition in 1934. The two merged in 1986 in the face of economic troubles. Operations for the new company are based in the old Schoeling brewery.

Today Hudepohl-Schoeling is the tenth largest brewer in the country, producing 515,000 barrels in 1990. It controls 0.27% of the U.S. market.

The company produces two flagship pilsners, Hudepohl and Schoeling, formerly produced separately. Little King's Cream Ale, a local favorite, has won several awards at the Great American Beer Festival in the cream ale category. Expansion of Little King's, and other products, throughout the East should occur within the next few years.

Pace Pilsner was one of the first low alcohol beers introduced, but has had the same lack of success that other low-alcohol beers have enjoyed. Other H-S products include Hudy Special and Burger, the flagship brand of the extinct Burger Brewery in Cincinnati.

The company's premier products are produced under the Christian Moerlein label. The name comes from an early brewer and brewing company in Cincinnati founded around the same time as Hudepohl. Christian Moerlein Select was the first American beer to pass Germany's restrictive Rheinsbott (purity) law. Also produced under the Moerlein label are a doppel dark and an annual seasonal bock.

All three Moerlein products deserve their reputations and are worth seeking out. They are excellent beers and relatively inexpensive, when compared to imports and microbrewery offerings. Moerlein is the only regional beer offered on flights from Cincinnati to Germany.

Dining Review con't from page 3

The "only thing I like" syndrome seems to be a common phenomenon among Kelly cafeteriagers:

"The only thing I really like that's different than last year is the frozen yogurt machine," says Todd Goldstein, a Senior. "I don't like the frozen yogurt, but the machine is really cool-looking."

"I like the rice and steamed vegetables bar," asserts Liam Mahoney, Sophomore. "But that's only because I'm such a health nut."

Several mysteries also demand to be solved:

"How come different cereals are always in the same cereal bin?" Ms. Richard wants to know. "How come Frosted Flakes are mixed in with my Cheerios? I don't want to eat Frosted Flakes with my Cheerios. I mean, please."

"Why doesn't the food ever have any sort of solidity to it? Why is it always a big goopy mess? And when they make macaroni and cheese, how come the cheese always solidifies into a kind of plastic sheet on top of the macaroni, which means you either eat a ton of dry pasta or a ton of dry cheese, but never the two together? Why does that sign say 'Take only the fruit you can eat in the cafeteria please?' Why can't I take an apple back to my suite and eat it there? I mean, I'll steal it anyway, but it's the principle of the thing," declaims an impassioned Mr. Goldstein.


And there is always the entertaining spectacle of some rube trying to get two entrees at the same time—like broiled chicken with, say, noodles—and being informed by the unfortunate waitron behind the counter: "I just can't do that...." Nobody understands why this policy of "no chicken with noodles" or "no lasagna with Vegetable Jambalaya" should be so, but it is, and to the suits who run Campus Dining, this policy is equally as immutable as the Law of Gravity.

But then, nobody ever claimed that anything about Campus Dining has ever made any sort of sense at all. This explains why, at Kelly Cafeteria, a careful observer will count at least two clipboard-toting shabungas in suits for every employee actually involved in some sort of productive work. One can hardly escape the conclusion that ARA is managed by dopes and chuckleheads.

"Absolutely nothing is different than last year," says Mr. Goldstein. "Except the frozen yogurt machine. ARA is no different than DAKA. I wasn't expecting anything, so I wasn't too surprised when we got nothing."


One final note: I was glad to see that they were apparently lying about redesigning the conveyor-belt tray-removal system, which tries to make rectangular trays negotiate a 90-degree turn—something that rectangular trays are not naturally predisposed to do. Every time I see this nimrod contraption it reminds me, in case I forgot, that Stony Brook is a school founded on the creed: Poor

SAB
T U D E N T
C T I V I T Y
O A R D



The Student Activity Board (SAB) is a programming club, funded by the Student Polity Association. Open To everyone. SAB programs a wide variety of events, activities and concerts for the USB community.

MPB
STONY BROOK COMEDY



SAB ACTIVITIES

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CAMPUS NOTICES

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ATTENTION freshmen, sophomores and juniors! Want to study for a semester or a year at another U.S. college or university and graduate from USB? Attend information sessions about the National Student Exchange during Campus Life Time on Wednesday, December 11 from 12:40 - 2:10 p.m. in the Student Union Room 237.

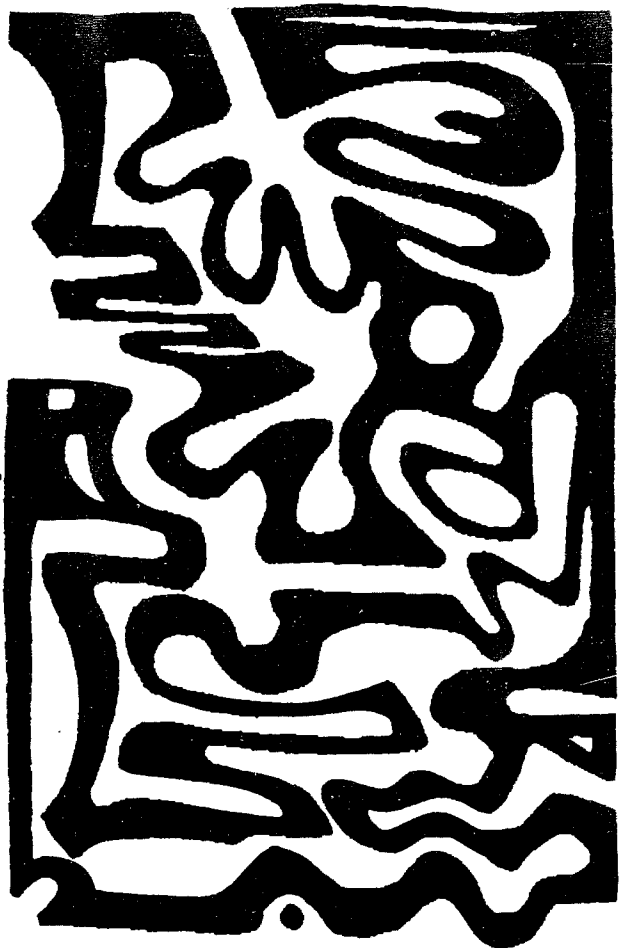
HELP WANTED: The Stony Brook Telefund is looking for a part-time clerical student to work 15-20 hours/week. Light typing and other general clerical duties as assigned. Please call Nancy at 632-6303.

WRITER'S CLUB MEETING Every Monday at 2 PM at the Poetry Center, Room 239, Humanities Building. The Writers' Club is a newly-formed organization to promote the writing arts. Anyone interested in writing or bringing writers to campus is welcome! Stop into Humanities room 195 and see Suk-hang Chin, Monday and Wednesday from 2 to 5 PM, or call her at 632-0596 for more information.

UNIVERSITY AT STONY BROOK

THE MESSAGE

STONY BROOK, N.Y.



AFRICAN STUDIES DEPT.

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DECEMBER 7th, 1991
MALIK SIGMA PSI
 Fraternity Inc. Presents
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 Talent Show & Party

Talent Show starts at 5 p.m. Party will follow with Guest D.J.
Direct from us
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 N.M.C. Presents **ROCKERS - HOUSE** talent
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When: DECEMBER 7th, 1991
 Talent Show Doors open at 5 p.m. Show starts at 6 p.m.
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 Place: SUNG ST. STONY BROOK, UNION BALLROOM

Donations:	Stony Brook Students	Non-Students
Talent show	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
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Concessions	\$ 7.00	\$ 10.00

TO ADVERTISE ON THE POLITY PAGE, CALL DAVID GREENE AT 632-6460

The Lesbian, Gay & Bisexual Alliance

at SUNY Stony Brook presents

A Benefit for the National March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay & Bisexual Civil Rights.



*Friday, December 6th
Fannie Brice Theatre
Roosevelt Quad
Doors Open at 9:00p.m.
\$3 w/SUSB i.d. - \$4 w/o*

**Music, Dancing, Refreshments
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L.G.B.A., SUNY Stony Brook Student Union, Room 045A
For More Information Call (516) 632-6469

**Every 18-20 seconds a WOMAN is
BATTERED!!!**

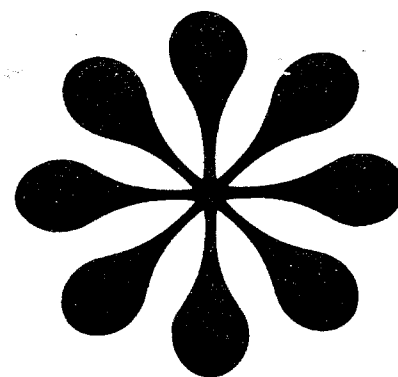
**Every 6 minutes a RAPE is
REPORTED!!!**

**Every 22 minutes a WOMAN is
KILLED by VIOLENCE!!!**

On Wednesday, December 4th at 1 PM in the Union Bi-Level, The Center for Women's Concerns in conjunction with the Student Association of the the State University (SASU), will be having its OPENING CEREMONY of SUNY'S ADDITION OF THE CLOTHESLINE PROJECT, which graphically illustrates the magnitude of violence perpetrated against WOMEN.

Distinguished speakers and representatives of different organizations will be speaking about the violence perpetrated against women. Refreshments will be served.

For more information on what color T-shirt to decorate depending on the particular act of violence, call The Center at 632-2000.



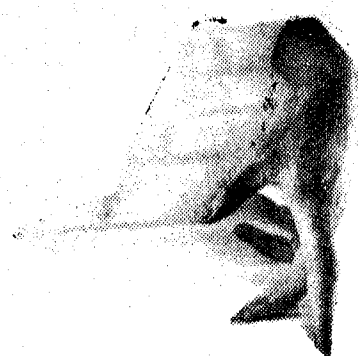
DON'T MISS THE 1992 SPECULA YEARBOOK EARLYBIRD SPECIAL!!!

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The Marburger Family



coming to a campus near you

BEAUTIFY THE STUDENTS

The administration deserves a pat on the back for all the time and money spent trying to make this campus look better. What they fail to do, however, is try to make this place FEEL better, make the students feel they are a part of the community. Stony Brook should be a place where the administrators care about students as human beings, not as contributors to their pay checks. What makes Stony Brook beautiful should be the people, not the campus. If Marburger and the rest of his cronies showed half as much enthusiasm about student activities as they do about research

activities, then maybe students wouldn't walk around feeling like shit and hating them and the school as much as they do. The Administration has shown absolutely no concern and has planned nothing for the future to improve on this situation. Students find it amusing and bitterly ironic when they see roads being paved and at the same time their professors are being laid off. The administration at Stony Brook is just fulfilling its tradition of keeping up an appearance of beauty while neglecting the important non cosmetic issues which are central to any university. I would not

mind sitting at a desk that's falling apart if I had a decent professor to teach me there.

Some suggest that the students compromise their rights by giving in to administrative bureaucratic bullshit. Each year that goes by, administration has gradually taken away a part of this campus that once made S.B. great. Students have actively expressed their opinions on this campus and are constantly brushed aside and not taken seriously. Although the Polity Senate, GSO Senate, and University Senate have all clearly expressed their disapproval with military

recruitment on campus, Marburger has not lifted a finger to change his initial position favoring recruitment. How is it that the military has more rights on our campus than the students and faculty alike do? Hey Jack: Get out of the movie business and start playing the part of a President. Listen to what your students are saying! It is unfortunate that you place more importance upon appearances, let your New Year's Resolution this year be to consider and maybe learn from those who are trying to learn down here. Stop trying to make getting an education tougher than it already is.

The Stony Brook Press

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The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the Academic year and intermittently during the summer session by The Stony Brook Press Inc., a student run and student funded not-for-profit corporation. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy.

(516) 632-6451
Suite 205, Central Hall
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794

LETTERS

THE PRESS RULES!

Dear Editor,

I'm a transfer student at Stony Brook this semester and, despite that fact, I honestly (rare adverb, these days) think that "The Press" is the most original paper on the Stony Brook campus. I have a few comments about recent issues:

- 1) It was courageous of you to publish the pictorial "Aftermath of the Storm" in your September, 12, 1991 issue. I just wish you had printed more pictures.
- 2) According to "Statesman" (Vol.35 no.15), a Polity senator made a motion to discontinue the Polity funding for "The Press". I feel kind of sorry (for the other campus newspapers) to admit that you cover (well in most cases) subjects that other local press organs would not have dared to approach. You have to be aware that certain fascists, enemies of Freedom and Democracy (in the true meanings of these two concepts, not the trashy interpretations given by the American and foreign media), don't and will never feel comfortable by certain issues brought up by "The Press". Those miserable worms (and there are so many) just wait for superficial facts such as "offensive wording" to try to shut

up this form of journalism. We just can't let people keep on treating the Constitution (particularly the First Amendment) like regular toilet paper. And to paraphrase the editorial in that same issue of "Statesman" (ref.above): "Students shouldn't think they have the power to terminate a publication because they don't like what's in its pages. A simple solution? Don't read it."

3) Your October 4, 1991 issue was a "Knock-out": I enjoyed 10 out of 15 opinions/articles; even the letters were good! Particularly noteworthy were "The American Holocaust" (editorial), "Special Faculty Commentary" by Pr. Carlson, "Inventing America" by Shari Nezami and "Savage Inequalities" by MJ XII. I want more!...

4) About your most recent issue (Vol.13 No.4): it would be very challenging to keep an eye (i.e. a regular section) on "The Monsters of Stony Brook" (p.15). Special mention (again...) to "Learning to Make a Difference" by Shari Nezami. You guys (and girls) at "The Press" now have some very competitive opponents: yourselves.

5) Also in your last issue was published a short (uncredited) article "The Agony and the Ecstasy Make An Informed Choice." Very interesting stuff but one line was (definitely) dangerous: "By far the positive effects outweigh the perceived (??) negative risks." WRONG: a diagram in "Le Nouvel Observateur" (French equivalent to "Newsweek"), in their August 15-21, 1991 issue, No.1397, p.54 (available in the Library) lists "ECSTASY" as very dangerous, just like "POPPER" and "CAN-THARIDES", two other sexual and/or intellectual "stimulants"...

The first line of the 8th paragraph says: "So it appears that for people with no severe heart problems, hypertension, ...,etc.,

MDMA ("ECSTASY") has very little risk of serious short term effects." There seems to be some misunderstanding here: the same diagram describes hypertension, cardiac stimulation and cerebral lesions AS secondary effects generated through absorption of "ECSTASY". Overdose occurs when 200 mg. are absorbed in one dose. Since 1985, MDMA ("ECSTASY") has been listed as one of the USA's most dangerous drugs. (source: "Le Nouvel Observateur".)

Meanwhile: Keep up the good work!

Sincerely yours,
Kyss Junior Jean-Mary

MILITARY REIGNS TERROR IN HAITI

This letter was sent to the Press by the Haitian Student Organization in response to a meeting of the Federation of Students that was disrupted by the military for no apparent reason. Shots were fired and several students were arrested.

We, the Haitian students at the State University at Stony Brook, are outraged by the events that have been taking place in the past few weeks in Haiti. Distinctly, we are indignant vis-avis the flagrant violation of the inalienable rights of more than 150 students that fell victim on the day of November 12, 1991 and their subsequent wrongful incarceration. In the wake of this blatant affront to JUSTICE, we condemn

the criminal acts of the Haitian military. Furthermore, we hold in contempt all those who congratulate themselves on representing virtually no interests in Haiti but their own selfish needs; those who thrive on greed, corruption, and the stature conferred on whomever occupies the presidential palace.

To alleviate the terror and agony inflicted upon those students and their relatives we demand their immediate and unconditional release with all indemnities and compensation.

Lastly, upon reckoning that anyone of us could have been in the shoes of any of the victims, we exhort students all over to acknowledge that we, in any way we know how, must offer a healthy infusion of support and reinforcement to those students in Haiti. To the victims and all proponents of JUSTICE, we continue to shoulder you with honor, pride, and dignity.

William Nerestant, President
On behalf of the Haitian Student Organization
For more info on what YOU can do, call William at 632-3694.

ALL YOU NEED IS ----

PLAYING THE RACE CARD

Last month's gubernatorial election in Louisiana highlighted once again the "race" is still the most decisive element in American politics. African-American voters in record numbers came to the polls to defeat neo-Nazi and former Klu Klux Klan leader David Duke, who had campaigned on a thinly-veiled racist platform.

But if blacks had stayed home, Louisiana's white voters would have placed Duke in their governor's mansion. According to voter surveys, about 55 percent of all whites supported Duke over three-term Governor Edwin Edwards. Duke's greatest concentration of support was registered among whites who had suffered most in the state's economic recession. Sixty-eight percent of all whites with a high school education or less voted for Duke; 69 percent of the white "born-again Christians" and 63 percent of all whites with family incomes between \$15,000 to \$30,000 favored Duke. Conversely, only 30 percent of white who earn more than \$75,000 annually voted for the former Klansman. This illustrates that race can be highly effective in mobilizing white working class discontent.

Both the Democrats and the Republicans are aware that race will be the crucial factor in determining the 1992 presidential race. The Democratic candidates go into the election as distinct long-shots for several reasons. First, despite Bush's decline in popularity, incumbent presidents of either party rarely lose. The only incumbent presidents who were defeated seeking reelection since World War I were Herbert Hoover, Gerald Ford, and Jimmy Carter, who were the victims of the Great Depression, Watergate scandal, and hostage crisis, respectively.

Second, Republicans have received a majority of white's votes in every presidential election except one since 1948.

No matter who the Democrats nominate for the presidency, any candidate will have the same difficult task: pulling together northern white ethnics and many white workers from the South while courting African-American and Latino voters. The only recent Democratic candidate who achieved such a coalition was Jimmy Carter back in 1976. But even Carter failed to gain a majority of the white vote nationally.

The Republican and Bush have already begun to respond by playing the "race card", the deliberate manipulation of racial prejudices for partisan political purposes.

By first vetoing and then signing a weakened Civil Rights bill, Bush postured in the shadow of Duke. Bush's council, C. Boyden Gray, attempted to force the president to sign a policy statement which would have ended the use of racial preferences in federal government hiring policies. Although Gray's statement was repudiated, the controversy it provoked among civil rights and Congressional leaders illustrated once again that Bush has absolutely no principles or commitment to the fight against discrimination.

Bush knows that if two-thirds of all white Americans support him in 1992 - exactly the same percentage of whites who backed Reagan eight years before - that he would win the White House without a single black or Chicano vote. By pandering to white racism, Bush solidifies his support among fearful, frustrated whites. Millions of jobless, discouraged whites are searching for simplistic answers to explain their poverty and economic marginality. Although by playing this "race card", an environment is created in which thousands of minorities may lose their jobs, or fall victim to racist harassment. But Bush couldn't care less.

Bush's only worry about the "race card" is his competition from the far right, within his own party. By threatening to run for president, reactionary journalist Patrick Buchanan pressured Bush to assume more conservative policy positions. Duke has even suggested that he and Buchanan run as a conservative "tag team" to challenge Bush.

But all speculation concerning the demise of Duke as a national presence due to his recent electoral loss in Louisiana is highly exaggerated. Duke flourishes because Bush has prepared the ideological and cultural terrain by his own pandering to racism. In political terms, Duke is Bush's illegitimate son and heir. Duke is the child whom the president desperately desires to disown, but his political features of hatred and hostility to civil rights bear too striking a resemblance to those of his father.

The "race card" will continue to be decisive in American politics, so long as white Americans vote according to their perceived racial interests, and not in concert with their basic material interests. Millions of white Americans are unemployed, just like Latino and African-Americans. Millions of white women do not receive equal pay for equal work, and experience discrimination on the job like minorities. If a Democratic presidential candidate had the courage and vision to attack the lies behind the race card, and carried an aggressive message of social justice, the Republicans could be defeated next year.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of Political Science and History at the University of Colorado, Boulder. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 200 newspapers internationally, and is broadcast over radio stations throughout the U.S.

LETTERS

Are You Getting Ripped?

To The Editor:

Consumers are being ripped off in Suffolk County. This often happens to people who don't know about the legal system and the ways they can use it to prevent this from happening to them.

The Small Claims Court is an effective and accessible forum for the resolution of consumer disputes. In this court, individuals can use the legal system to settle claims of up to \$2,000 without a lawyer.

The Small Claims Court Action Center has been set up to help those that don't know how to use the court systems. We advise clients on court procedures and or refer them to other agencies or organizations that can help them. People interested in finding out how to use the Small Claims Court system should call NYPIRG's Small Claims Court Action Center at (516)-632-6458.

Lewis Howard
Small Claims Court
Action Center

ONE MORE TIME FROM CROATIA... Appeal To Our Jewish Brothers and Sisters

We, members of the Council of the Jewish Community in Zagreb, representatives of this two hundred years old Jewish Community and in the name of another eight Jewish Communities in Croatia-Osijek, Rijeka, Split, Dubrovnik, Virvitica, Cakovec, Slavonski Brod and Daruvar that have existed here for centuries;

note with sadness, dismay and indignation: that the Republic of Croatia, whose citizens we are, is attacked by brutal military forces led by the Yugoslav National Army of the Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia;

that innocent civilians are being indiscriminately killed by the armed forces from the ground, air and sea and that by October 3, 1991 at least 700 civilians were killed and at least 2000 wounded;

that over two hundred thousand refugees had left their homes and everything they had achieved in their lives;

that severe physical, psychological and economic sufferings have been imposed on all the citizens of Republic of Croatia regardless of their nationality, race, color, creed or political belief;

that, contrary to international humanitarian laws, these military forces are indiscriminately destroying hospitals, kindergartens, old age homes, schools and other social care institutions;

that hundreds of cultural and historical monuments of highest category, including churches, mosques, monasteries, libraries, cemeteries and Jewish monuments of culture are being damaged or completely destroyed regardless of local or international laws and protection - the latest example is the city of Dubrovnik where the second oldest European synagogue stands;

that the Jews in Croatia and their institutions, their communal and private property are equally suffering from the same threats;

Furthermore, we record with appreciation:

that the Jewish Community in Zagreb, after the terrorist attack on its Community Center and cemetery on August 19, 1991, received a wide public support and expressions of compassion and outrage as well as all needed practical and financial support and protection, from parties, public institutions, the Town Hall of Zagreb and of the Government of Croatia;

that the Government of Croatia publicly denounced and condemned all neo-fascist and extremist ideologies and organizations that threaten the democratic system in Croatia and its citizens and decided to undertake all necessary legal steps to prevent the spread of such dangers;

We express our fullest support to the efforts and declared policy of the Government of the Republic of Croatia of building a new and democratic society in which human, political, civil, national and religious rights of every citizen and group will be protected;

We note with great sorrow that, due to the ongoing war, all our practical connections with our Jewish brothers and sisters in other Republics in Yugoslavia are broken and we express our deepest concern for

their security and survival and we express our full solidarity with them as well;

We specially call upon all our fraternal Jewish organizations and individuals around the world and the general public abroad to impress upon their governments and international organizations for a just and immediate peace in Croatia based on protection of human life;

We will never forget how our Jewish people was exterminated in the Second World War in front of the eyes of the whole world which observed our tragedy in silence and indifference. We don't want to repeat this tragic lesson of history.

For the Council of the
Jewish Community in Zagreb,
Mr. Nenad Borges, President

**ALL
HAND
WRITTEN
LETTERS
WILL
BE
BURNED**

Politically Incorrect

by W. W. Pecker

As you are walking along the newly paved campus roads, or as you sit in your overcrowded classrooms, beware. Beware of falling prey to the all-consuming "assumption" that is infecting the student body. What is this malignant manifestation that dares to make an "ass" out of "u" and "me?" Well, according to Polity Senator Richard Cole of the Commuter Student Association, the assumption is that the Stony Brook administration is out to get the students. That's right, Mr. Cole is here to enlighten us with the news that the administration is our friend. Well isn't that nice. Mr. Cole should know. After all, he has had many opportunities to speak with President Marburger this semester. In fact, Cole was invited to Marburger's house for a dinner party earlier this semester. Did you receive an invite too? Mine must have been lost in the mail; you know how unreliable the Stony Brook mail is.

But that's o.k. because now I can sleep at night, knowing that I have a friend in administration. I can sleep knowing that when I wake up, my car will be broken into; there will be a parking ticket under my windshield wiper; there will not be any classes that I need for graduation offered next semester; no matter what the Polity Senate decides concerning military recruitment on campus, Marburger has already made up his mind on the issue; and of course that the school will spend big bucks on four or five guys who will stand around and watch another guy dig a hole with some sort of heavy and expensive machinery while everybody in Kelly Quad was waiting patiently for their water to be turned back on. It doesn't matter because administration likes me. Yippee!

If we at the Press have in any way made the administration sound like the enemy, then we are sorry. We're sorry that we have made the administration sound like the enemy in only one way, and not in every way possible. Do not trust these guys. They have money; they have jobs; and they wear ties. Administration jobs are created by bureaucracy to control the money of others because these others are deemed too unfit to control it themselves. As the Student Leader News Service noted, "It's a responsibility of the administration to consult students on important matters, but students often have to claim that right. Are students being consulted, or just 'updated'—or are they being

completely ignored?" Mr. Cole made his "friendly" statements in an "article" in the Statesman, vol. 35, No. 22. In the very same article where he said that the administrators are here to help us, he whined that the polity senate President had too much authority. It's a good thing the administration doesn't have too much authority, huh, Richard?

And now, back to reality.

"What ever happened to the first Amendment?" asks Nat Hentoff, columnist for the Village Voice. In his article in the October 22, 1991 issue of the Voice, Hentoff asserts that to speak against what is deemed politically correct on college campuses can now mean big trouble. Hentoff believes that for the first Amendment to be considered to read correctly today, it would have to say: "There shall be no law abridging freedom of speech that is racist, homophobic, sexist, anti-semitic, anti-catholic, un-patriotic, and politically incorrect (the latter definition to be determined by each neighborhood)."

The point is that to speak out for civil liberty and fight for it, yet deny it to some one else because that individual is a racist, bigoted, uneducated, close-minded, moron is unfair. Richard Cole has recently posted flyers indicating that he is like this, that he is a victim of such a denial of rights by those individuals who are politically correct on this campus. According to Cole, he has been found guilty of the crime of: "speaking as if 1st Amendment rights were meant for non-minorities and non-liberals." Cole claims that he is merely speaking the truth. But even if what Hentoff states is true for other college campuses, it does not necessarily apply at Stony Brook. Cole does not have a valid complaint. At Stony Brook, the most widely read campus newspaper (or at least the most widely looked at paper) is the Statesman. In the Statesman, the politically-very-incorrect have had more than ample opportunities for voicing their opinions. Cole's own "article" is testament to this.

If political correctness had overtaken Stony Brook, then there would have been more than just 200 students at the tuition hike rally last year; there would have been supporters protesting the treatment of Haitian students; and the commuter college senators would not continually get away with childish stunts to make politically conservative points at polity senate meetings.

Another of these senators, Vincent Bruzzese, made a motion in a past Polity meeting to suspend the funding for the Press. Bruzzese defended his action (also in a Statesman article) by stating that he was just trying to make a point and to try to scare the Press. We at the Press were shaking in our boots, and we understood Bruzzese's point, too. The point is that Bruzzese has far too much power, and that the so-called politically correct do not even remotely monopolize campus views; that, in fact, there are conservative people on this campus with power to put motions on the Polity Senate floor to take away the privileges of others and to deny minorities and interest groups who are not necessarily in the mainstream to read about events that concern them. Thanks Vin. Point well taken.

Such attacks on the press, and growing conservatism in the media has caused groups such as FAIR (Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting) to be established. FAIR points out that in recent years, well financed, right-wing groups have harassed certain journalists for being "too liberal," targeting those who uncover truths about poverty, inequality, government corruption, or U.S. military and nuclear policy. Also, FAIR seeks to invigorate the first amendment by advocating for greater representation of public interest spokespersons in media forms. At Stony Brook, this representation was nearly taken away, and students would have been subjected to not much else besides the opinions of Ron Nehring (another senator from commuter college as well as president of the College Republicans) on the cover of every Statesman. Besides these articles by the College Republicans that are appearing in Statesman and the flyers by Richard "Africanas Mcfuck" Cole (which have appeared a little early for this campaign, something the Common Sense Party- A.K.A. The Republicans- were found guilty of doing last year) they also suggest that Nat Hentoff was right; the 1st Amendment is in danger. The difference is that it is not the fault of the politically correct; at least not here at Stony Brook where the politically correct are the victims. As Hentoff states: "If you don't have the 1st Amendment, civil liberty to assemble, speak, write, and lobby for civil rights legislation, you don't get much civil rights."

WAKE UP, there are political prisoners in the U.S.A.

By Robert V. Gilheany

There are well over 100 political prisoners in the United States. The official word of the government is that there are no political prisoners in the U.S.A. The U.S. keeps up a facade of being a completely humane society that tolerates all types of expression. But in fact, people who have been in struggle for Black liberation, Puerto Rican independence and members of the American Indian Movement (A.I.M.) are some of the longest held political prisoners in the world.

You can't help but notice the people who are the victims of this repression are members of liberation movements, and racism is a component to this problem. Particularly hard hit are Black activists. In fact, of the military resisters to the Gulf War who claimed Conscientious Objector status, Black resisters, particularly Moslems, were dealt with the most harshly. They received the longest terms of all the resisters.

The political repression of the Black liberation movement and the political imprisonment of its leaders is brought to light in the case of Geronimo Pratt. He was a target of the F.B.I. counter intelligent program (COINTELPRO), a program designed to destroy political action groups the government did not like. Some of the targets of COINTELPRO were S.D.S., The Black Panthers, Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, to name a few. The tactics used by COINTELPRO included false correspondence, psychological warfare and the use of agent provocateurs (people who lead groups into violent acts for the purpose of discrediting those groups and busting their leaders. COINTELPRO's self described purpose was to "Disrupt, Misdirect, Discredit, or otherwise neutralize" political action groups. Pratt was targeted. In 1971 he was framed on a murder charged in California and it came to light that a key Government witness

was in the pay of the police. The Government had spies infiltrating his defense team. The police conveniently lost pages of evidence that proved his innocence. Geronimo Pratt has been in jail for 20 years.

The movement for Puerto Rican independence has also been a target of U.S. police repression. According to Freedom Now there are 14 political prisoners in the U.S. because of their activities in the struggle for Puerto Rican National Independence. These people consider themselves prisoners of war and are guaranteed certain rights by international law. The 6th amendment to the Constitution ties U.S. courts to international treaties, but the 6th amendment is ignored by U.S. judges in political cases.

Puerto Rican community and church activist Alejandrina Torres was arrested in Chicago in 1983 for her role in the Puerto Rican nationalist struggle. She was sent to prison for 35 years for "conspiring to overthrow the Government." She was sent to a torture chamber that was known as the "Lexington control unit," a special political prison for women who were chained in their cells for days on end and were subjected to sensory deprivation and sexual assaults by the guards. The Lexington control unit was closed after pressure was applied internationally and by religious groups.

Joseph Doherty is another prisoner of war being held in the United States. Joe Doherty is an Irishman who was involved in the I.R.A. struggle against the partition of 6 of the 9 counties of the Ulster province of Northern Ireland. He was involved in a military conflict between the I.R.A. and the British, which resulted in the death of a British cop. Joe Doherty escaped to America but was picked up on the docks of New York City by the F.B.I. He has been held for 8 years in the New York City tombs before being transferred to a Pennsylvania prison. His case for political asylum has been delayed by the corrupt

Reagan and Bush Administrations.

A white American woman, Susan Rosenberg was active in freedom struggles such as Puerto Rican independence, and Black & women liberation. She and her co-defendant Tim Blunk were convicted for possession of weapons and explosives and false I.D. and received 58 year sentences (they did not use the weapons), the longest term ever handed down for this offense. The typical sentence for this charge is 4 to 7 years. A year ago, at a conference, I heard of a testimony whereas an undercover F.B.I. agent took part in an actual bombing of a civil rights church but got four years and was out in one. Susan Rosenberg suffered 2 years of psychological torture in the Lexington control unit before it was forced to close.

The most well known political prisoner in America is Leonard Peltier. Leonard Peltier is a leader in the American Indian Movement (A.I.M.). Hundreds of federal agents invaded the Pine Ridge Reservation. Leonard Peltier was wrongly convicted of murdering two F.B.I. agents. The F.B.I. withheld documents to frame him. His appeals to justice have been supported by 75 members of Congress, Desmond Tutu The Reverend Jesse Jackson and country music artist Willie Nelson.

Now that the myth of no political prisoner in the U.S. has been blown out of the water, what is there to do about it? Uncle Sam has gotten away with this for so long because they have been able to keep these abuses hidden from the public. There is an organisation spreading across the nation called "Freedom Now" that calls for amnesty and human rights for political prisoners in the United States. This fine organisation is devoted to getting information out to every community in the country. Their N.Y. office is located at 1560 Broadway, Suite 807 New York, N.Y. 10036.

continued from "Dining" page 5

forgot, that Stony Brook is a school founded on the creed: Poor Planning plus Poor Execution equals Disaster and Unnecessary Expense. I love Stony Brook.

THE BLEACHER CLUB

A riddle:
Q: "Do you know why they call it the Bleacher Club?"

A: "Because all the food tastes like bleach!"
No, no, no.... now, what would ever make me say an awful thing like that? There must be something wrong with me... Besides, it just isn't true. The food doesn't taste like bleach. It tastes like grease. Good Lord, the fry pit there- where they have the chicken, the fries, the nuggets, the deep-battered fish, everything but the lard balls- they must have worked out some sort of deal with Jiffy-Lube on the side, because there is absolutely no reason on God's green Earth why chicken should leak. That's what it does. It leaks. I bit into a piece of chicken and it squirted out about nine gallons of hot liquid grease, splattering the stuff all over the table and the inside front cover of my Linguistics textbook. How repulsive was that? A lot, a lot, a lot. Why all the grease? Who knows? All I know is that I went to my Linguistics class dripping with slime. Anyone with arteriosclerosis should not approach within a quarter mile of the Bleacher Club, at the risk of instantaneous heart failure.

"Ewww," said Kathy Dylong, Senior, when informed of the Leaking Chicken Incident. "You're right. That place is really greasy."

The hot food at the counter seems to be okay, even though you don't get all that much for the price, which averages about four dollars a dish. I recommend the manicotti. When properly mashed in a mortar and mixed with sawdust it makes a fine spackle.

I don't understand why they have a deli bar, what with the Union Deli within spitting distance and all.

"No, I don't understand that either," said Josh Gazes, Senior English Major. "Maybe so I can get a roast beef sandwich with my greasy chick-

en. Why I would want to do that, I don't know, but maybe a lot of people do that and I just don't know about it."

The employees seem like nice enough folks, I suppose. They don't snarl and seldom bite, and sometimes even exchange sparkling little witticisms with the clientele. I can't remember any of these witticisms at the moment, but gosh, I know that the friendly staff at the Bleacher Club has brightened many a dark day for me personally.

Oh, and the salad bar. How could I forget the salad bar? Well, I don't think I'll ever be able to forget the salad bar- not since that fateful day when I dug into the bucket of beets and released a small cloud of those bizarre little fruit-bugs that have been plaguing the Eastern seaboard for the past eight months. I haven't been the same since. Yecch.

THE END OF THE O'BRIEN'S, or, THE EDDIE O'BRIDGE

"Eddie O'Brien's"? What the hell? Why would they want to call it "Eddie O'Brien's"? Who is Eddie O'Brien? Did he buy the End of the Bridge when nobody was looking? I am perplexed. The End of the Bridge at least makes sense, because, well, you could walk across a bridge and when you get to the end of the bridge, well, there you are, at the End of the Bridge. Get it? But I guarantee that there is nobody named Eddie O'Brien involved in any way whatsoever with the daily operation of the confusingly-named restaurantish thing in question. I'm inclined to think that the "O'Brien's" moniker is merely a subtle and pernicious incidence of the pervading atmosphere of anti-Irish prejudice that is, cancer-like, gnawing away at the very heart and soul of the American Dream. Do we need these hateful stereotypes at Stony Brook? No! Fight the power!

Or maybe not. Can we just call it the Bridge and get on with our lives?

So the Bridge now has alcohol. Great. But I'm here to talk about its incarnation as a restaurant. It isn't much of a restaurant, but it doesn't do a half-bad job of pretending. A real restaurant has

more than fifteen items on its menu- but then, very few real restaurants accept declining balance, so, so, so what? I'll just ignore the "real restaurant" comparison, because it really isn't germane to the issue at hand: campus food. And when you compare eating at the Bridge to eating at any of the cafeterias- it's better. It isn't light years better, but it's better, especially if you have an active imagination, and you can make believe that you're in a real restaurant.

The best part about the place is that you can always usually run into someone you know there. The night we went, I counted no less than four other groups whom I would count as either friends or acquaintances, and even one group whom I would consider my enemies. What fun.

It didn't take too long to be seated, but when we met two friends of ours inside it took forever to convince the staff to bring over an extra table. Our request seemed to confuse them. But that was okay, considering that everything else seemed pretty confusing as well- and the most confusing thing of all was the ZippyVision.

ZippyVision, you ask? Yeah, ZippyVision. I don't know how the hell to describe the Zippyvision. It's like a big tree with huge stereo speakers and flashing lights and video screens embedded in it, and apparently what you do is to stick your credit card in it and it plays videos or songs or something at a ridiculously high volume. Nonstop. Why anyone would want to stick their credit card in the ZippyVision to make it sing is beyond me, but someone did and it couldn't be shut off.

"The ZippyVision... is most annoying," remarked Jennifer Grigas, Senior English Major. "It interferes with my digestion."

"I concur," replied Keith MacCormack, Senior. "Can we turn the damn thing off now?"

Sorry, Mr. MacCormack. Once the ZippyVision gets started it can't be stopped. At least that's what our waiter told us when we asked him about it- because some fool had already paid for it. Kids today... give 'em a credit card and they'll just go nuts.

The food isn't bad, although the menu is extremely limited. The mozzarella sticks were alright- very good if you count the fact that now the Bridge is the only campus source for mozzarella sticks. The chicken fingers come highly recommended:

"I can eat these chicken fingers all day if I have to," said Ms. Grigas. "They are delicious."

There was a minor snafu with a salad. Our vegetarian friend (if I call her my "vegetarian" friend, is she really my friend?) Anna Marchini, ordered three appetizers: a baked potato, mozzarella sticks and a salad- and for some bizarre reason that our waiter failed to adequately explain, this delayed the delivery of her salad to no end. Everyone else had ordered a main course, and everyone else had had their salads delivered pronto, which left poor Ms. Marchini sitting forlorn and saladless in the corner.

"I want my salad and I want it now," said Ms. Marchini. "Is that too much to ask?"

The main courses arrived about ten minutes after the appetizers, which wasn't bad. The food itself was okay. Kind of bland. I had asked for my chicken marsala to be put on a toasted bun with melted Swiss cheese, but that was apparently too much to ask for, since it arrived with the bun untoasted, sans cheese. Oh well. Ms. Grigas, who ordered the linguine, pronounced it a "tad undercooked" and "slightly off." Mr. MacCormack described his "Eddie O'Brien Burger" with the immortal phrase: "It's okay, not bad. I like the fries."

The service was friendly, if somewhat absent-minded. Ms. Marchini, for example, did not get her salad until after the arrival of her potato.

"What can I say," she offered. "At least it's a mighty tasty potato."

And that's about it for the Bridge, except to say that eight to ten dollars a person for dinner is a bit much, and that the ZippyVision is pretty damn obnoxious. But what the hey? It didn't make me nauseous, which means it was the best meal I've had since September.

continued from "Fish" on page 15

"Why do you think it was out of control? I mean, I've seen Fishbone at the Ritz and at other places, and I've never seen anything like this. They've even played here (in the Union Ballroom) before and it was nothing like this."

"How much of a capacity does the Ritz have? We had 2,500 people here. We can't watch all those people. We can't stop them from hurting each other if that's what they want to do. Look at all the space we have to cover here. And if there's something going on in the pit, we can't exactly get there in time to stop it."

"Do you think this concert would have gone off better if it had been held in the Ballroom? Where you could have watched over things more closely?"

He stared at me, extremely exasperated.

"We can't have any concerts in the Ballroom. Remember the riot last year?"

"Oh, yeah..."

Then I went home. It was the worst Fishbone show I've ever seen, albeit one of the most interesting.

What conclusions can we draw from the night?

Hell if I know. But try these on for size: first, that people got hurt mostly because of a young, dangerous crowd comprised mostly of schmuckbags who didn't know how to attend a Fishbone show without causing injury. Second, that security could have been tighter. Despite the official line about how well SAB Security is trained and all the stuff they go through in order to earn their five bucks an hour, they didn't seem to completely have their act together.

"Tell you the truth? We could have been much better trained," one security worker who asked to remain unidentified told me later.

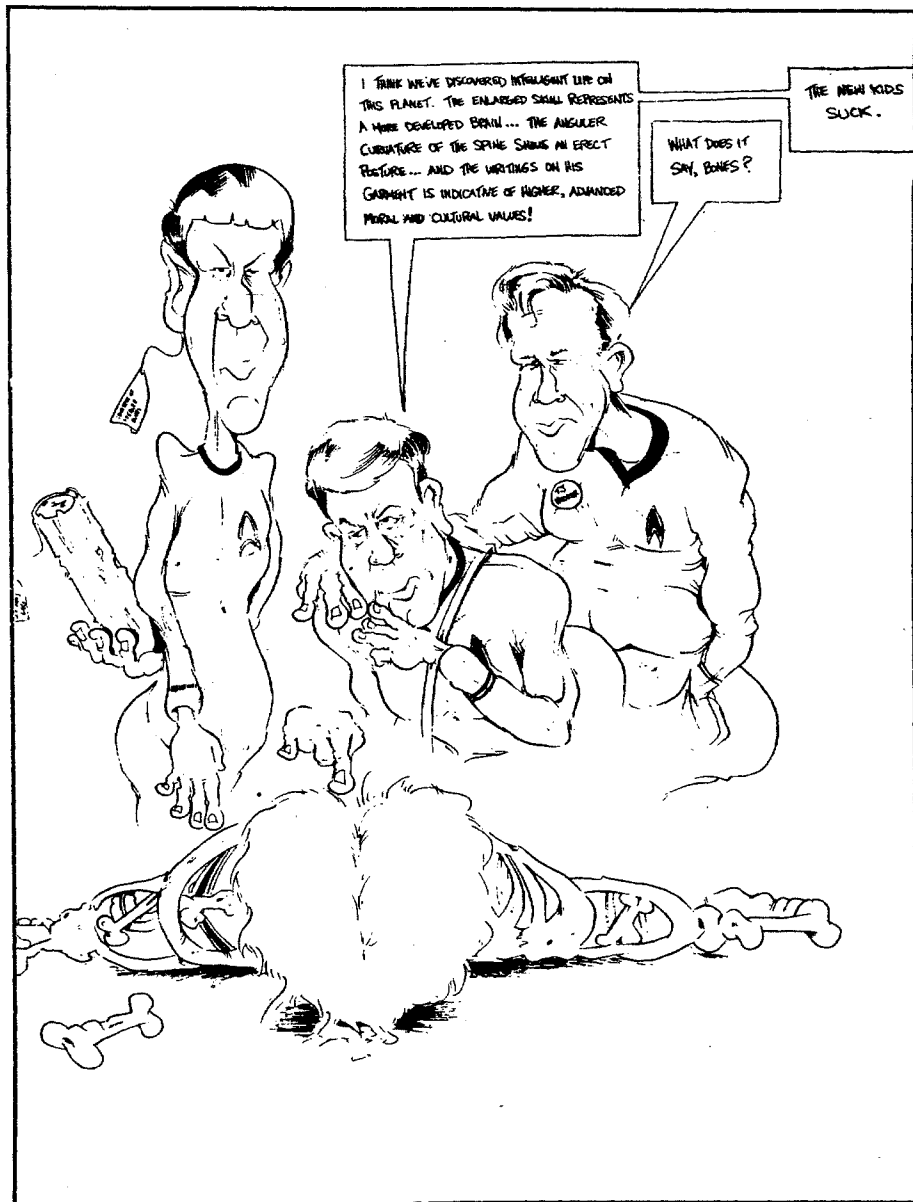
"Hell," laughed another, once assured that we were off the record. "I didn't know what was going on. I've never seen anything like this before. Neither did a lot of people."

So it seems safe to say that although the crowd was a bad one, the security staff was not ready to deal with a gymnasium filled with more than two thousand pubescent moshers. They did the best they could with what they had, and I suppose that if they didn't there would have been a lot more casualties.

But the fact is that Fishbone shows go on all the time and don't need the use of an ambulance. Why did things go wrong here, and what can be done at the next Fishboneish show to ensure that things won't go wrong again? And whose fault was it that things went wrong this time around?

Let's again hear the words of Angelo Moore: "The fuckin' Administrators!" It's all Fred Preston's fault. Maybe Fishbone has become too big to play the Ballroom anymore, but the gym is a rotten place to see them. It's big, it's ugly, and it can't be adequately secured. It sucks. If Fishbone could have been shoehorned into the Ballroom it would have been a lot safer- because it could have been more easily staffed, and because Fishbone really belongs in a smaller venue, where they can exert more control over the crowd. I didn't see them having any problems at the Academy or at Spit this summer. So hey, Fred Preston! Your concert policy sucks! You don't know what you're doing! Stony Brook needs a smaller place to have bands than the gymnasium! It's your fault that these people got hurt, and if you deny this then you admit you don't know shit about throwing a concert! Resign, now!

PRESSTOON



SHOWER WITH
A FRIEND

FISH IN THE

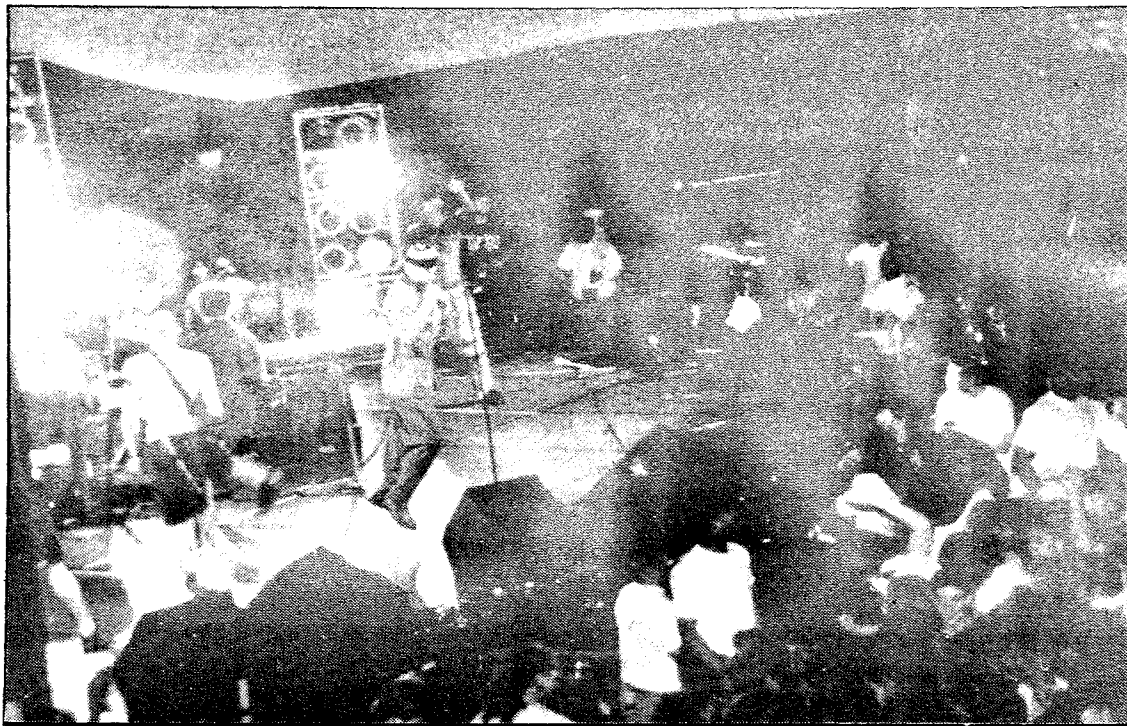
by Andrew Haggerty

What can I say about Fishbone? Fishbone was "alternative" long before "alternative" became the standard tag used to describe semi-underground rock for the middle class; they've been funk-ing it up with their punkish ska for years, ever since their early days in the mid '80s when "Party at Ground Zero" was the hip tune to skank to and the "Fishbone sez don't drink and drive" spots on old U68 were easily the most bizarre public service messages to ever hit the airwaves. They were fun then and they're fun now.... but (and this is a big 'ol 'but') their live shows have slowly but surely taken a subtle turn for the worse. It isn't that Fishbone has changed. Their audience has. Fishbone shows have always been wild, but in the early days they were never violent. You could cut loose and go wild and watch Angelo Moore ride around on the top of the crowd and watch him climb up the walls to some ridiculous height, like on a speaker stack or a balcony, and then you'd watch him dive down into the crowd from said ridiculous height into the sea of the crowd, only to emerge on stage again moments later, as healthy and as demented as ever. Fishbone never had a problem with stagedivers; they called them "flying fish" and let them loose. You weren't there to fight, you weren't there to step on anyone's head if they fell or to drop them if they were on top of you. You were there to have a good time, period.

Not anymore, apparently. Anyone who doubts this didn't make the scene at the Fishbone/ Primus show at the Sports Complex this past Friday, where some sort of hell broke loose all over the place. As near as I could make out, a young and rather stupid crowd collided headlong with Stony Brook's dim-bulb concert policy and a somewhat inexperienced concert staff. Not a dumb concert staff, not an irresponsible concert staff, not a disorganized concert staff: an inexperienced concert staff. The result? A great deal of confusion when the crowd was being admitted to the building, a tediously long break between acts, a forty-five minute set with no encore by a group that averages about two hours and two encores a performance- which left most of the 2,500 concert goers who'd shelled out the fifteen bucks apiece for their tickets feeling somewhat cheated, to say the least- and, worst of all, ten people injured, some of them so seriously that they had to be carried out of the arena on stretchers.

This is not what a Fishbone show is supposed to be all about.

Let's break it down and see what happened: I kind of figured there would be trouble when I first saw the crowd massed up outside the Sports Complex before the show, where, apparently, the entire student body of Ward Melville High School had spontaneously decided to hold an enormous "alternative" T-shirt and funky hair-



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cut convention all along Center Drive. I wasn't the only one who figured something funny was up. Senior Jennifer Grigas happened to be returning back to her room from the Bridge when she noticed the Gathering:

"What was that?" she asked me later. "Why were two thousand high school students hanging outside the gym tonight?"

Even a non-regular concert goer could sense impending disaster: I got a clearer idea of what the night would be like when a kid behind me in a Samhain T-Shirt- who couldn't have been more than fifteen- began to proudly boast out loud to no one in particular that he could "beat the shit out of anyone here. I want to fight everyone here." What fun.

I conservatively estimated that at least three-fourths of the crowd were under nineteen, and nearly everyone I talked to later on seemed to agree that this was indeed the case. Now, I have nothing against the kids usually, but at a Fishbone show, I felt cause for alarm. Why? Well, this has something to do with the nature of what it has come to be popular to refer to as "alternative" music, a rather broad catchall term that basically means "anything non-mainstream", or, better, "anything new which claims to some sort of social or artistic progressiveness." This includes everything and everyone from the Rollins Band to Ice-T to Siouxsie and the Banshees to Jane's Addiction (to choose a few names completely at random). Fishbone fits beneath this umbrella. Which is cool, and part of why I like Fishbone.

But there's a catch. A few years ago, Punk Rock met Funk, and a whole new wonderful world of musical possibilities opened up to the world. Bands like Fishbone and the Red Hot Chili Peppers began eating away at Rock's ossified musical genre boundaries like Drano dissolves hairballs. Unfortunately, as good an idea as this seemed at the time, it also gave rise to one of the more obnoxious characters on the "alternative" scene: The Dumb Guy. The super-cool band Fondoom refers to

this individual in their hit single "Dumb Guy Stomp": "You're big and mean and too dumb to live". These are the truck-sized palookas who crash their way through the pit with all the grace and sense of fun as a Sherman Tank, who mistake what seems like violence; i.e., the pit at a Fishbone show- with the real thing. Witness: the 15-year-old shithead in the Samhain T-Shirt. Most of the Dumb Guys are either young or new to the scene, because violence was never a part of the original deal. These Dumb Guys like Fishbone because the music is fast and loud and funky, and they couldn't give two damns about what Fishbone has to say when they're not funk-ing it up. Like: "If you're a racist, you're fucked up!" or "If you see someone on the ground, pick the guy up! Don't step on his head, mother-fucker!"

I was also worried about the age of the crowd because younger kids just don't know how to keep themselves and the people around them from getting hurt while they're moshing. I was once in high school, and I know. When you're in high school, you frequently act like a moron. (Don't worry, chilluns. As soon as you hit college you suddenly become incredibly intelligent.)

After checking out the crowd, then, my first instinct was to find out exactly what security measures Stony Brook had implemented to keep the kiddies in line. Well, at first, that's exactly what they did: they kept them in line. For a long time, from what I heard:

"We were out on that line in the cold for more than an hour," said Anna Marchini, a Sophomore. "Nobody told us anything. We just stood out there for more than an hour. And, finally, when they started letting us in, they let us in only a few at a time. It took forever."

All concertgoers had to pass through metal detectors and all possibly dangerous items were confiscated. After the show I was told by the workers in the confiscation booth that these items had amounted to

"one or two switchblades, a keyring that could have also been a set of brass knuckles, and a few more things like that." They estimated that no more than "twenty-seven" items in all were confiscated. But weapons weren't the issue that night.

I was on the other end of the line, up front, where things were only a little bit better. After I went in on the guest list I had enough time to buy a reasonably overpriced Coke at the concession stand before I saw that the entire audience would have to walk through one narrow entrance in order to enter the gym itself; right then we were all out in the lobby. This created a sort of bottleneck at the entrance to the gym and was, in my opinion, a pretty stupid idea, since when the doors finally opened the highly predictable occurred: everyone

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ran forward at once in a rush, while the helpless security staff stood around saying completely useless things like: "Hey, you, slow down" and "One at a time." Right. One or two staff members at this point decided that if they stood out in front their bodies might be able to halt the charge, which was another none-too-bright idea. The danger passed quickly, but someone could have easily been trampled. Do it different next time around, folks.

I tracked down a security Supervisor and asked her about the preparations for the show:

"Well, we have 87 people working the show tonight," she told me. "Tomorrow night for Nice & Smooth we'll have 117."

How come more for tomorrow?

"Because tonight's crowd, a crowd like tonight can get kind of rowdy. We think 87 is enough for tonight, because we have people at every entrance and exit, every door, and everywhere we think trouble might be breaking out. Tomorrow night we just don't know what to expect. Because I'm sure you know what's happened at rap shows here in the past."

Well, yeah, I do, and 87 people does sound like enough muscle for any show, but: (a) Fishbone was sold out and Nice & Smooth wasn't, and (b), the Fishbone crowd was a lot rowdier than the Nice & Smooth crowd. People don't usually mosh at rap shows. I'm not saying that the security staff didn't do their best at either show, but there was a prejudgment here that could have led to trouble: namely, that "rap concert" is a synonym for "blood-bath." I realize that I have the benefit of hindsight, but doesn't it look like, in retrospect, the Fishbone show should have merited more preparation against violent behavior? A great deal of off-campus tickets were sold, the crowd was larger, and anyone who has even heard a little bit about Fishbone would have known that the audience would engage in anti-social behavior (read: slam-dancing).

The security staff was sure as hell positioned wherever they thought trouble might

E B R O O K

break out: namely, everywhere. They had two platforms set up towards the front, which formed a square with the front of the stage. Three workers stood atop each of these platforms. Workers were strung out along all the walls and next to every door.

And it wasn't enough. After a long wait, the lights went down and Primus came out to the nifty little chant "Primus sucks." They don't really suck, but then, they're not that great either. Play that funky bass guitar! Then play it some more! Then some more. Play it till we're sick of it, guys. I can get into "Jerry was a Race Car Driver" but that's about it. They get pretty boring after a while, and the miserable acoustics in the Sports Complex didn't help matters much. It was like listening to someone pound at the lid of your coffin with a jackhammer.

The real bit of excitement during their set didn't come till later, when I decided to go get myself some ice cream from the concession stand. I noticed two things as I was standing out there in the lobby: one, that there were more people standing outside than were standing inside, which seemed to confirm my suspicions about how well Primus was going over, and two, that a trail of blood had been dripped on the floor which led from the door by the women's bathroom in an arc all the way across the front of the concession stand to the men's room. I following it, I eventually saw that one of the men's room sinks was filled with toilet paper, blood, water and human teeth.

As I stepped out of the men's room I saw the Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps rolling in, on their way to the first of their ten customers that night. On Saturday I spoke to John O'Brien, an Ambulance Corps volunteer who was on duty at the concert:

"It was insane," he said. "We had seven teams ready for emergencies. At one point, all seven teams were occupied with patients. We had one kid who had been smoking pot laced with angel dust who had gotten himself hurt somehow. He refused medical attention, went nuts, and went after a Public Safety officer. He was fifteen years old. We had two other patients refuse medical attention, even though one of them was hurt pretty bad- he had a long lateral laceration over his eye. Blood was flying everywhere. (Later on, when I spoke to a security worker who had witnessed the incident, I found out that this individual received his wound

after someone accidentally dropped him on someone else's teeth. I'm not kidding.) We had one woman approach us telling us that she thought she was hurt- when we touched her back she began screaming out in incredible pain, so we knew she had done something to her spine. We had a couple of other spinal patients whom we had to transport over to the hospital as well."

He went on to explain that these spinal injuries were probably the result of the crowd "swimming" (funny, I never heard it called "swimming" before, but that appears to be the name officialdom has bestowed upon the practice of traveling atop the heads of the crowd by means of rapid hand passing. Cool.). Apparently, the crowd would just drop the "swimmers" onto their necks, where the poor soul would be just left to fend for him- or herself while absolutely nobody tried to help them to their feet. This is a perfect example of irresponsible moshing.

I knew it was bad when I saw Mr. Angelo Moore of Fishbone suddenly appear out of nowhere directly in front of me during Primus' set: he was breathing hard and looked tired, confused and bewildered- like he'd just been through hell.

But anyway, there was an incredibly long delay after Primus left the stage and Fishbone came on. All the lights came up, and except for the pounding rap music, the general atmosphere was like waiting around in the Administration building to register for classes. No announcements of any kind were made. Nobody tried to calm down the crowd in any way; nobody came

on to explain the reason for the wait. This made people somewhat angry, especially since most people seemed to have some idea about what was holding things up. I asked one of the security supervisors if the

"It was insane. We had seven teams ready for emergencies. At one point, all seven teams were occupied with patients."

fact that some people were obviously badly injured had anything to do with Primus going off after only one very brief encore.

"Nah," he said. "Primus left because they were done. Fishbone ain't on because they ain't ready yet." I promptly filed this response under "bullshit" and went on my merry way.

He began Fishbone's set by imploring the crowd to "please help your brother or sister up when they fall." Further evidence that the crowd just didn't know how to move came during "Subliminal Fascism", when the band urged the crowd to run in a circle, and they just didn't get it: "Run in a circle! Run in a circle!....In a circle, motherfuckers. That isn't a motherfucking circle, motherfuckers..." Bad news.

Fishbone put on a pretty good show, all things considered. The band can hardly be blamed for the injuries, since they slowed it down every time it looked like things were getting out of hand. They had no way of knowing just how bad it had gotten. All their songs were off Truth and Soul and

The Reality of My Surroundings, which was a drag, since I have a sentimental attachment to their older stuff. I guess that was alright, though, since the gym's acoustics would have butchered the horns any-

way. They did the "Fishbone Family" business, they mentioned how they'd like to shoot David Duke ("that motherfucker") and George Bush (same expletive), they called the school adminis-

tration "fuckin' assholes" for refusing to allow Schooly D to play last year (They dedicated "Behavior Control Technicians" to Administration), and Mr. Moore explained exactly what he thought of the school's decision not to allow him to "go down and party with you all down there"; i.e., they wouldn't let him into the crowd. "I've been going down there for years, man, and now they tell me I can't? What the fuck is that? Man, how old are these Administrators? Fifty, sixty fuckin' years old? And they're trying to tell me they know how to have a concert and Fishbone doesn't? Man, fuck that! Fuck them!" Sorry, Mr. Preston, but that's what he said. Honest.

After a scant forty-five minutes they left the stage. The crowd, naturally enough, went nowhere. Forty-five minutes for Fishbone, after all, is unheard of. But the lights went up again, and, after a long time, the recorded music came on. As the crowd slowly began to file out a pervading sense of extreme puzzlement and irritation filled the atmosphere. Again, there was no announcement: no nothing.

"What the hell," said an irate Cara Ciullo, a recent graduate who summed up the prevailing mood. "I didn't pay fifteen dollars for a forty-five minute show and a three hour wait. I'm pissed."

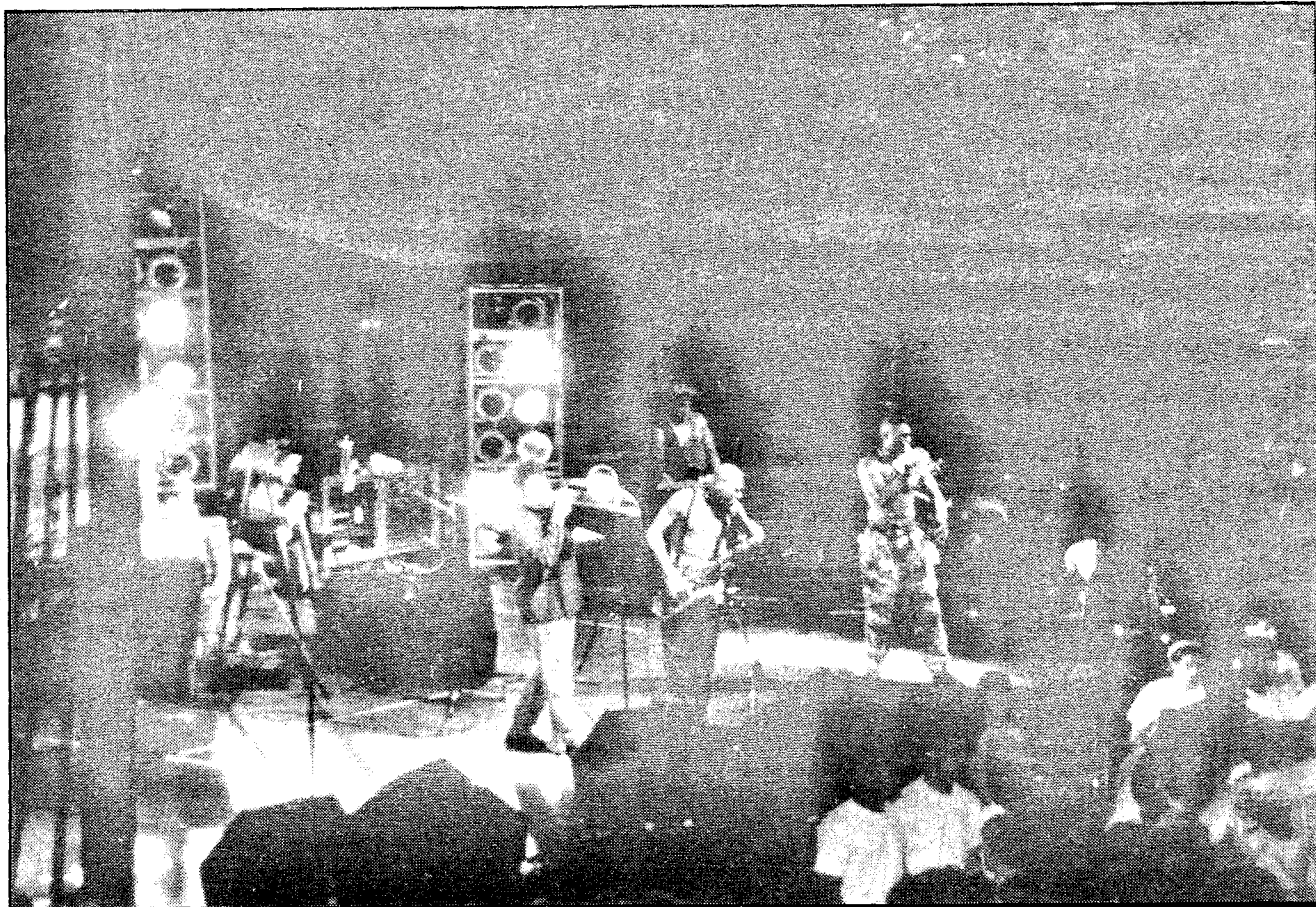
I spotted SAB Chair Scott Levine sitting atop one of the platforms off to the side, looking extremely harassed. I approached him and the following (edited) dialogue took place:

"Why only a forty-five minute show?"

"It was out of control. There were a lot of people getting hurt- it was out of control. We didn't think it would be safe to continue, so we cut it short."

"Whose decision was it to cut it short? Was it yours, or was it Public Safety's or anybody like that?"

"It was ours."



FISHBONE AND FRIENDS

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U2

Achtung Baby

Yes, the new U2 CD came out and like the last two, I'm sure it will sell another million or so copies. U2's *Achtung Baby* (which means *Attention Baby* for you illiterates who haven't figured it out yet), at times sounds like the U2 I'm used to, and at other times sounds like a cross between INXS and Jimi Hendrix. It opens with a guitar rhapsody by the Edge that for a minute sounds something that would be off of *Electric Ladyland*. Then comes Bono's electrically charged voice that will kill any cheap speaker. If you're going to get the album, get the CD, tapes and records don't do it justice. And if you don't own a CD player, buy one, it's worth the investment!

"Even Better Than the Real Thing" and "One", slow down the pace, and sound more like something off *The Unforgettable*



Fire. *Achtung Baby* is a change from the group's past. U2 fans may feel mixed emotions about the direction U2 has been following lately. Some of you may like the older stuff like *Boy* and *War*, while most yuppies like the sound of *The Joshua Tree* or *Rattle and Hum*. Actors they are not, U2's last two albums were kick ass.

What you've probably been hearing the past two weeks over the airwaves was either "The Fly" or *Mysterious Ways*. These songs have been flooding the air waves for the past two weeks and they are definitely slamming! U2's new sound is catching on the charts as quick as ever. When I heard them, I had to make sure I still had the right CD in. This album has a lot of intros which are definitely a little bit more on the wild side than U2's older stuff. Unlike the old U2, which was borderline depressing at times and not nearly as cranking, the new sound is more hard-core and is up to date with a lot other albums that have been coming out this year. It has a more underground sound while still keeping lyrics premier and never using guitar solos as a substitute, something which has been consistent through out all of their albums. U2 also uses a lot of a lot of bells and congos on *Achtung*, instruments which usually get lost underneath all the other crap, and they really give the album a unique feeling in this day and age of electronic bullshit.

This is by far the most on the edge sound that we've ever heard from U2. Both *Zoo Stations* and *The Fly* open up with a single guitar strut that sounds intense, to say the least. *Zoo Station* has a pumping bass line and the drums are definitely kicking. "even BETTER than the REAL THING", has a more traditional U2 sound but reminds me a little of INXS, especially when it comes to the vocals. Again, the guitar and bass are kickin' and the drums play a mellow but sharp back beat. It has a sort of exotic feel to it and really makes you want to shake your ass. The lyrics, in U2 fashion, are incredible when Bono sings "take me higher", you actually feel like you're getting higher, the music definitely is. "One" opens up with a mellow instrumental and reminds me of Dylan a little bit, (Bono groans a lot in that good old Dylan fashion) but obviously has a really strong message, as does most of U2's stuff. The more of this album you listen too the more you want to listen to it, it's just that good. Lines like "have you come here to raise the dead, have you come here to play Jesus," are just too good to be true. U2 is slamming, slamming, slamming, SLAMMING! "One" is one of those few songs that makes you actually think there's hope for this sick world, a message that's not always propagated by U2. And wait till you hear the intro to "until the END of the WORLD"! It is incredible, starting off with a heavy electric guitar solo that no U2 fan has ever heard before, and moves into some heavy congo drums that make you feel like you're in some jungle, however the rest of the song is kind of a let down. Bono's voice sounds really dead and at this point the album is starting to drag (or maybe it's because it's 3 AM and I'm starting to drag). But wait a minute, just when I feel like committing suicide here comes "who's gonna RIDE your WILD HORSES" and it starts off pretty interesting to say the least. The electric guitar is distorted and you hear a few bells and beating drums underneath it along with Bono's voice and all of a sudden you're transported to some other world and your head is spinning. This



album can only be heard at maximum volume, (otherwise it sounds like shit, but who cares loud music is good music after all). The song has some catchy hooks, lines like "will you turn around" and "whose gonna ride your wild horses", are ones you'll probably hear every body and their grandmother humming for the next year or so. "So Cruel" is a more sober song with those played out she-left-me type lyrics. The only thing that makes this song better than the rest of them is the really intense way Bono's voice moans through out the whole thing, it's actually pretty erotic. "The Fly" sounds a lot more like U2, just a little funkier, but you still can't understand what the hell Bono is saying, but that is more than made up for by the waves of wailing guitar that ride over the funky backbeat. By now every one has heard "Mysterious" at least a billion times (unless you don't listen to the radio like my friend Joe) but it's good, so who cares. The beginning has a really nasty lick, but the rest of the song gets kind of repetitive. But

what do you want their not the Chili Peppers. "Tryin' to Throw Your Arms Around The World" is my favorite song on the album. It's really mellow with an erie sound that actually pretty (if you can call a U2 song pretty). But, even though it's repetitive it's not boring and you never even ask yourself "how many times can you sing gonna run to you".

Achtung Baby may seem a presumptuous title for the new U2 release, as if to say we're here listen to this we've made it already, you're compelled to hear this. In fact when and if you do listen to *Achtung Baby* you will find it hard not to pay attention to the band's use of beats other than the straight ahead rock and roll of their earlier albums. Sure U2 may be overpopularized and overplayed, and yeah they have their own magazine, but *Achtung Baby* breaks new ground for the band is worth a listen if not the denero for a CD.

