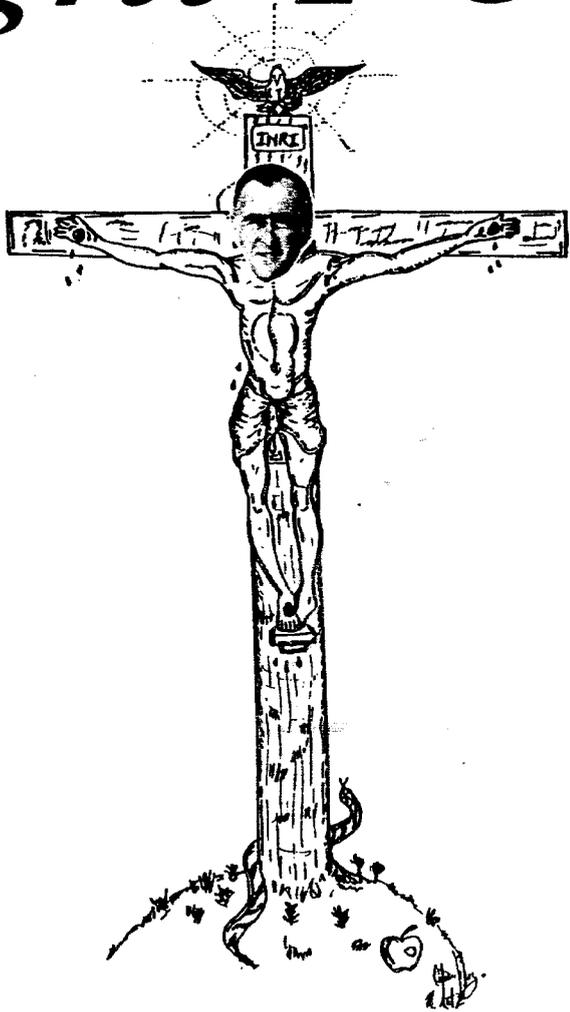


THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

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Fight For Change



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DEBBIE EUDENE

Aids Quilt

Remembering those who died HIV positive

by Dean D. Markadakis

The phrase "3-year old died of AIDS from a blood transfusion," has been badgering me since I read it almost three days ago on a panel of the Names Project AIDS Memorial Quilt which was on display last week in the Sports Complex. It never dawned on me that there would be any need to justify the cause of infection to the Long Islanders who came to see the quilt, most not knowing what to expect. The panel was clearly saying, "look, I died not because I was a promiscuous gay man between 24 and 45 years of age, not because I was an over ecstatic junkie, not because I didn't practice safe sex, not because I "deserved it," not because I "was asking for it," but rather, because of a mistake on someone else's part — a very big mistake at that. A sigh of relief by two onlookers came next. "So innocent," I heard the older woman say. "Yeah, I know," replied the one with the bad dye job and wrong lipstick for her complexion. What did it mean? Were the ones who contracted it by risky behavior "guilty?"

Right next to this panel was one of a 70 year old man. This time, we don't know what caused it. We aren't told what happened; we don't know the whole story.. There's no inscription to enlighten us. People are getting nervous. They feel uneasy. They want to know. Images of grandfathers, Santa Claus, and Wilford Brimley run rampant through my poor excuse for a brain. What can possibly give AIDS to a 70 year old man? After finally giving up on the question, I stopped and looked around me. Quilt panels were everywhere — on the walls, hanging from the ceiling, covering the floor, in boxes. These two people from very different generations were not alone. There were a lot more 70 year old men and 3 year old

children who had died of AIDS.

Boxes of Kleenex were at every corner. As I reached down for one I was almost knocked over by two young boys, about 3 or 4, chasing each other, trampling the panel of the 3-year old. "You're it," said the taller one as he grabbed the other by the hair and pulled out about a handful. "Mo-o-o-mmy-y-y," wailed the short one, and that was it. One of the volunteers, dressed in white, came over and scolded the two boys. The mother/volunteer grabbed them by the arms and dragged them away leaving only a footprinted, wrinkled quilt panel of a child that was once, most likely, as alive and full of energy as

the two that had just pranced over him. I knelt down, straightened the cloth, then headed to the next section of panels.

The Quilt is many different things to many different people. The San Francisco based Names Project Foundation displays the quilt to encourage people to learn about and actively respond to the AIDS epidemic. The quilt also provides a positive means of expression for those grieving the death of a loved one. The quilt consists of 15,000 panels, each of which memorializes the life of someone who has died of AIDS, which represent all 50 U.S. states as well as 26 other countries. The display in the Sports Complex March 31st to April 2nd boasted 1,364 of these 3-foot by 6-foot panels (the size of a grave cover). The panels are the work of friends, family, and loved ones. Sadly, this display represented only

approximately 10% of the total quilt which represents only 12% of all U.S. deaths and 3% of all AIDS deaths worldwide. There are over 1.5 million people currently infected with HIV (the virus that causes

White, Douglas Lowery, Simon Guzman, Bob Greenwood, Gary Barnhill, Marvin Feldman, etc., etc...

The opening ceremony was at 10:30 a.m. Tuesday. Some volunteers read the names of those represented by the panels while others unfolded the various sections of the quilt. The 64 panels of the Long Island quilt were presented first and the rest followed, each name bringing another tear to another persons eyes. After the reading, the public was admitted onto the gymnasium floor to get a closer look at the panels. Names were read throughout the three days by whoever wanted to read them — children, parents, grandparents. At the closing ceremony, the names from the Long Island panels were read again, this time with each friend or family member lighting a candle in remembrance of their loved one.

In the lobby of the gymnasium, there were various counselors, representatives from community groups, parishioners, and volunteers merchandising, raising money to give to various organizations on Long Island. There were even representatives from Catholic Charities of the Diocese of Rockville Center, which was refreshing considering I went to a Catholic high school where the mere mention of the term AIDS was adequate grounds for "detention." We were not allowed to discuss the topic, not even in "health" class. Unfortunately, this is the attitude most Americans have when it comes to sensitive issues such as the AIDS epidemic. We've been conditioned by people like Pat Buchanan and Jesse Helms to close our eyes to AIDS education and sex education while it's clear their mentality has led, and will continue to lead, to the deaths of hundreds of thousands of mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, lovers, etc.



AIDS) and Long Island has more people with HIV than any other suburban area in America. The Quilt has raised \$1 million for services for P.W.A.'s (People With AIDS) since its inception in 1987. Considering the government spent 1,000 times that in one day in the Persian Gulf, it's unfortunately an insignificant amount compared to how much money we spend killing people in foreign countries.

Some people feel that the quilt is just propaganda which masks the real issues and blinds people to the million-and-a-half people who are living with AIDS. I think the Quilt is just the opposite — it gives names to the epidemic. It puts a value on each and every life that has been lost. It personifies the disease and makes people realize that AIDS is not simply Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome, but Ryan

ABORTION MARCH—FIRST STEP IN CHANGING THE SYSTEM

by Danielle Glasner

Approximately 750 thousand protesters marched Sunday, April 5th to defend the right to have an abortion, and reproductive freedom.

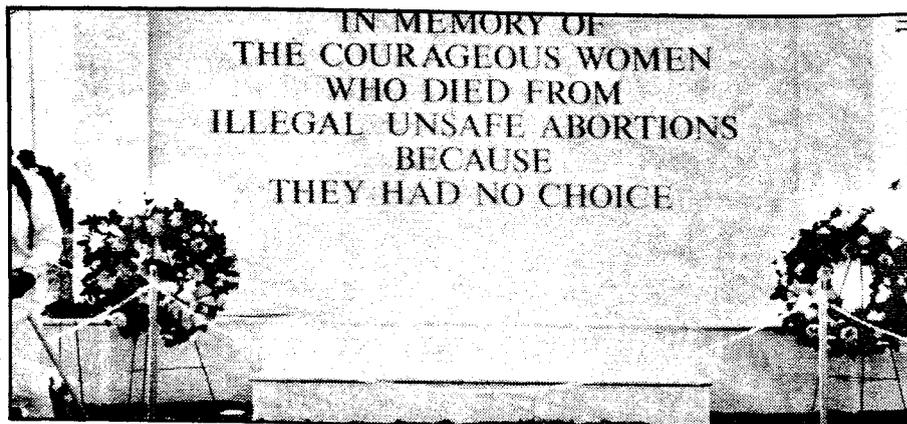
Women of diverse backgrounds were here to rally against the present political structure, and to forge a new political order. Young women and old women, women of racial and ethnic diversity, middle class women and welfare recipients, women who work at home and those who work in the office, on the assembly line and the checkout line, women struggling to pay the rent and the mortgage and women who have no homes at all, and even some men, were all in attendance to mark the beginning of a much higher visibility for abortion rights in the 1992 elections, and to send a message to the people in power.

The message was that these women were tired of being at the system's mercy, and having to beg men for basic rights. The National Organization for Women (NOW) would like to see women elected to office, people who will protect the right of all women to freedom and self-determination. There has been an obvious trend of voter's disgust with powers that be, and NOW would like to take advantage of that and change the balance of power in Congress and state legislatures across the country.

The strong turnout may have been a result of the

growing fear among women that their rights are in jeopardy. This fear is due to a number of media predictions that the constitutional right of women to have an abortion may not have a great future. Facts seem to uphold these estimations. 44 million women have already lost the right to have an abortion on the same basis as any other procedure. These women include those dependent on the federal government for health care or health insurance, women in the U.S. military (which does not pay for abortions), the Native American women dependent on the Indian Health service, poor women on Medicaid, women in federal prison and many state prisons, and the women working for the federal government, or whose spouses and fathers work for Uncle Sam.

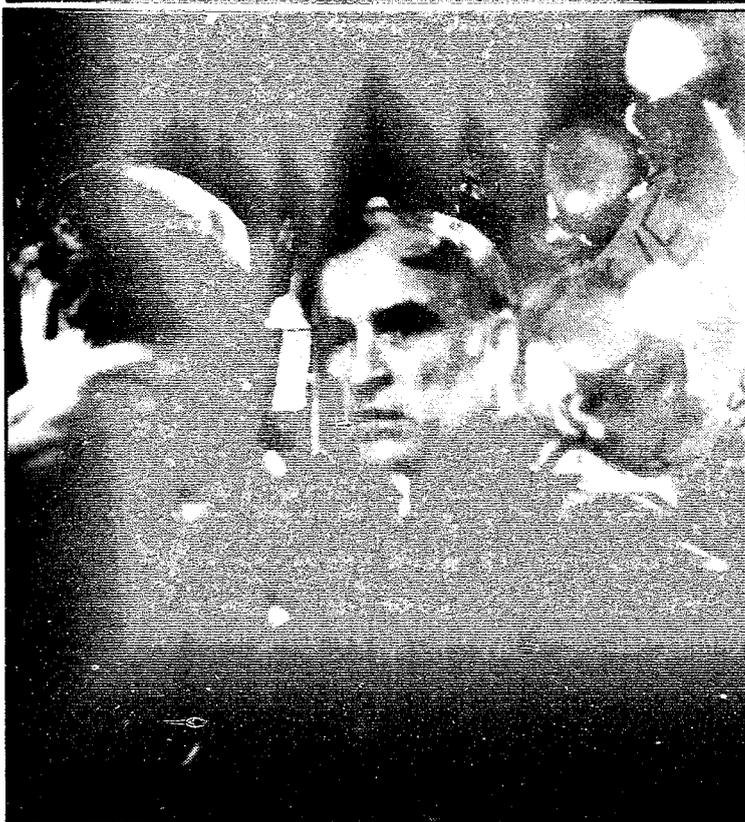
Before July, the Supreme Court will decide whether women will be denied their rights by Pennsylvania's strict anti-abortion law. This spring, the right for all women to have an abortion free of arbitrary state interference may be



overturned. Although the the Reagan-Bush Supreme Court may be too political to explicitly overturn Roe vs. Wade in the Pennsylvania case, the Louisiana, Utah and Guam cases will give them the opportunity to do so after the Presidential election. The people who attended this rally are hoping that they are the first among millions who will help to build a movement that will be the end of politics as we know it, and the beginning of an era of equality and justice and decency toward all human beings. □

BROWN BRINGS MESSAGE TO BROOK

THOUSANDS GATHER TO HEAR PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL SPEAK



Jerry Brown at Fine Arts Plaza BEEONE

by Josh Gazes, Robert V. Gilheany, & Joe Distefano

Twenty five hundred people jammed into the Fine Arts Plaza to hear presidential hopeful Jerry Brown speak on Thursday April 3rd. The event was sponsored by the Graduate Student Employees Union (GSEU), who are in the midst of a 13 year battle to get there union recognized. GSEU leader Dominic Chen told Brown that the union is up against a powerful elite that has been denying its members the right to vote, the same kind of power structures Brown has been pointing out and criticizing in his campaign.

The rally which proceeded Brown's speech, featured graduate student speakers and economics professor Michael Zweig. Zweig talked about the budget crisis and its adverse effect on the students. He said: "The state is kicking the students because the budgets have been cut by the federal government, which has been mismanaged by 'robber barons for the last twelve years.'" "The poor are getting poorer and the rich are getting way richer", Zweig added, and then a black cloud that has been looming over the United States of America eclipsed the fair weather that the crowd had been enjoying. The heavens opened up and the crowd was met with cold wind and light flurries, and then...

Jerry Brown showed up, and took the stage before an enthusiastic crowd that was chanting "Jer—ee, Jer—ee." The snow stopped and the crowd silenced awaiting Brown's first words. "What winter soldiers we have out here," a reference to the revolutionary soldiers who were fighting alongside George Washington during the bleak period before the Battle of Trenton (a turning point in that war), and a term of endearment he uses to describe the volunteers working on his campaign.

"I hope they hear you up in Albany," Brown said, and then he made it clear that

maintains will bring us out of the mess that we as a nation are presently in. Brown reminded the crowd that when he went to UCLA, tuition was only \$125 a semester. He criticized the use of federal funding for the S&L bailout saying that the money could have been used for education. "The few are ripping off the many," Brown said, and among those few he included Bill Clinton, stating that Arkansas has a terrible record in regard to civil rights. "Yeah, he's been there eleven years, so what?" said Brown, who referred to Clinton as a member of "...an elite out of touch with the kind of humanity this country represents."

At one point a person from ACT-UP (AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power) who situated themselves above the stage on the balcony of the Fine Arts plaza, yelled out: "what about AIDS?" Brown glanced up and said: "I'll get to that, my talk is moderately-organized," and he did. Brown said that the fight against AIDS is a priority that includes safe sex education. "It's about condoms and clean needles, this plague is happening and the President kept quiet about it year after year in the 1980's, and alot of people died because of it." Brown said, it's time we had a president who will bring about a national health care system based on the Canadian system "health care is not a commodity to be played with for profit, it's the right of all Americans just for being born."

Brown also spoke out against the whole

he was against tuition increases: "I know that to get the best return on your investments, you have to invest wisely, what is a better investment than the human mind? Let's stop putting all of our students in debt." These are the fundamental principles, the building of education and the development of the human mind, that

Brown

nature of the presidential campaign process, a big bucks system of personal patronage: "...the essence of this campaign is an artificial process that's more like a gong show than a democratic participation." He explained how the process works. The insiders start massing 1000 dollar checks and are followed by rising polls and media coverage that generates more 1000 dollar donations, that gets you elected to do nothing. That's what has been going on for the past ten years. Brown then asked "who here has ever given 1000 dollars to a politician? When no one raised their hands Brown said: "then you don't count." He then said that his campaign doesn't accept contributions over 100 dollars and has set up a donations number 1-800-426-1112. The Brown campaign has been successful in raising lots of small donations.

Brown tied the issues of the environment and jobs together. He said the waste in this country represents lost wealth. He talked about the paper that is wasted in packaging and how it is filling up landfills and adding to the toxics problem. Brown said that he is going to create jobs by saving energy, by retrofitting buildings, double paned windows, making more fuel efficient motors to cut down the waste in energy. Brown said after 15 years the program would save \$350 Billion yearly. Brown said when he stopped Nuclear power in California, they said it would cause "Brown-Out." That didn't happen. California went on to become the leader in alternative energy. Now solar, wind power, and geo-thermal energy provide power for 4 million people, ...that is a multi billion dollar industry."

Jerry Brown trashed Clinton's record as governor of Arkansas. He pointed out that Arkansas is one of only two states that doesn't have any civil rights laws, a right to work state (a state that outlaws closed union shops) the low wages, It has the

worst workers safety record, and is at the bottom in the area of education. Brown talked about the relationship between the Tyson Poultry company and the Clinton administration, and "270 miles of river that is polluted with chicken fecal matter, it stinks for fish and it stinks for people"

"This campaign is a campaign against 1000 dollar contributions, the complacency, the arrogance of power, the insensitive elite leadership, my opponent is the personification of that failed system."

Jerry Brown said that you have to set goals, "we can get a train that can go from here to Manhattan in 20 minutes if we wanted to do it. We could also end world hunger, and to stop the world from

becoming a stinking junk heap. This is your country and your planet- take it back" Brown proclaimed.

Brown's words were not falling on deaf ears. Although a good time was

had by all, people there came down because they are concerned with the people who rule this country, and are seeking alternatives. People are aware of problems in the nation that are beginning to hit home. Before Brown showed up, members of the Philosophy department were on stage talking about the defunding of the Humanities on this campus, and the restructuring plans that this University has. Things are scary, people want change, and on Thursday April 3rd, they let others know by showing up to support a dark horse candidate who has drummed up support from this growing dissatisfaction.



BEEONE

Cocaine: Ball and Chain

Cocaine has this annoying habit of becoming more than just a pleasant recreational drug. In fact, whether you live in the Andes and chew coca leaves until you feel no pain and work yourself into spinal curvature, or snort blow up your nose in quantities that threaten your life, coke is a burden. It makes you feel great for a short time, and costs a lot, in money and in friends, loved ones, family, and in respect.

It snowballs, no pun intended. A casual snort becomes a gibbering monkey, a frenzy for more, and all your life revolves around how to score the next line, who is holding, and what effort of manipulation is sufficient to toot up that next bit of physical euphoria, that next freeze. People, very honest and bright people, caring and sensitive, intelligent and perceptive people become liabilities, users, liars, thieves, and worse: dealers. All to feed the NOSE. And, you know, your nose, for all that rock and flake, pays you back by bleeding, by reeking of raw meat (its own), by spewing out bits of cartilage with flayed mucous membrane. Poor thing, it really just wants to filter your air, smell for you, tell you about the exquisite beauty of fresh-cut grass, of strawberries, of peanut butter, of hot tarmac, of a spring under a lazy summer sun. And it bleeds. Trying to tell you that it can't take it. You alienate your friends and family, use your lover, make the Universe revolve around your hungry nose. God forbid you come down without some Valium handy- PARANOIA eats into your soul, blasts you into a wracking panic, an eye-twitching, chain-smoking, cheek-

chewing, nail-biting itch of Paranoiac Frenzy. This usually sets on after you have no assets left, and you finally realize that your dealer is not your best buddy, but the person who now owns your car and your house, and is thinking about turning your girl on the streets for the balance you owe... Cocaine...yeah, she's a cruel mistress. Unforgiving as hell, built like a brick shithouse with all the right curves, and hotter n' hell for the sack. Yeah, everyone's done the dirty with Miss Snowdrop, played SuperStud, and believed in immortality. And sure, everyone's felt like the sky is ripping open, men with white-hot poker are excavating brain-



tissue, smashing into the pain centers and dredging your soul for dear life with barbed hooks.

Erythroxyton coca, your exhilaration, your euphoria, your rush of a sense of well-being and confidence is so close to perfection that you are the perfect crutch and replacement for a person in need. Psychological dependence? Sure. And it keeps your weight down, drastically. If you want, you can perforate your nasal septum, bore a hole straight through with a lot of

convulsions occur terminally. Day to day, irritability and lassitude are your due after the hour of coke passes, and you're into another "feeding frenzy," gaining you a reputation for aggressive behavior, and really eating into your money.

OK, enough of the gruesome stuff, you deserve a rest. The thing I'm trying to communicate is that although Cocaine is not physically addictive, psychologically it is really uncontrollable. Anyone with a personality suffering in the slightest from

self-doubt gets what feels like a miracle cure. The only down side is that it just seems that way, until it burns its way out of your system. Then the problems you avoided for awhile return, annoying in their insistence, and you either straighten up your act and drag your ass down to Narcotics Anonymous, treat your Jones, and admit to the problems' existence and attempt to deal with them, or you can shoot the moon, snowball yourself into the living hell of physical and monetary side-effects of Lady Cocaine. And, yes, for all you aficionados of esoterica out there, Coca-Cola did in fact have cocaine in it until the early years of this century, and Sherlock Holms did inject it into his veins when bored. Eeeeeeh! So the call is a personal one, one of quality of life, of facing and living without a temporary stimulant and the sympathomimetic effects akin to amphetamines. Of bank accounts and of futures, of quality interactive sex instead of artificially enhanced and extended friction. Did you know that monkeys, given unlimited access to cocaine, have killed themselves by voluntary injections? "So What?" you say, you have a "handle" on your usage. Sell that to someone else; too many good people have screwed up their lives on coke for me to listen to that noise. And, yeah, we all have problems, by our very definition. Human means exactly that: fallible. So don't try it alone, don't bear your burden in silence. Get help. Before it's too late.

DIGIT

The Prince or the Pauper

By Dave Turner

With more than a little trepidation we catapult ourselves into the future of education in Stony Brook with, hopefully, the effects of mellowing, resonating, and burnishing our characters. S.U.N.Y. @ Stony Brook has aspirations to become a Division I Sports University. Oh, my!

So, the State mandates budget cuts "across the board," and spews out the over-used "we'll all have to tighten our belts" tripe that translates roughly into "We're going to decimate the Faculties that have merit unconnected to Corporate America (read: Social and Behavioral Sciences, especially Philosophy and English), and we're going to inundate this State University with Sports!" Who needs Leibnitz when a good ole' American institution like football can pacify the masses? Why ponder the meaning of existence when one can slurp suds, scarf 'dogs, and let fly a banshee wail for the Alma Mater? Interesting, isn't it, that there is all that money out there to transform Stony Brook into a #1 Jock Strap Factory...yet a 20% TA line cut has been mandated to the English Department, and the misery is being spread to all who are not funded by Business. Finally, the State has come clean, and bared its true intentions: marketability of industrial skills geared to the Technological Industry will the Education of the '90s, and to hell with an education in the finer, less capitalistic human skills. Hey, read the Education President's lips as he lets loose a

Bronx Cheer of endearment at our gullibility, our naivete, our entrenched, conditioned silence.

After gloomily meditating on this progression of events, I stepped back from myself, and asked a root question. Why DO we pay income tax? Wasn't it declared Un-Constitutional by the Supreme Court in 1894? Wasn't the 13th Amendment created in 1913 to redistribute wealth (1%-7% for those making over \$3000 a year) for social reforms in an equitable fashion? Doesn't a "Capital Gains Incentive" do exactly the opposite? Doesn't Federal withdrawal of State subsidies negate the very purpose of Income Tax? And why wasn't it repealed during the post-WWII years of prosperity? Did it become an easy source of income for the Department of Defense? A meal-ticket for all the vested-interest groups in D.C. with their mega-bucks stuffed in campaign-coffers? [Money for Nothing? Checks for Free?]

It is taken for granted that we pay Income Tax nowadays, but WHY? We have to ask ourselves if our money is paying for our interests, or for someone else's. We have to question whether we are getting our money's worth- where is our money going? If the Government, in slicing Federal subsidies of State programs (including Education) during the Reagan/Bush Dynasty has altered our way of life, do we have to apathetically accept it? Change our educational priorities? Our sense of worth? Our literacy? Our Identity? DID we agree? WERE we asked? ...[The Mandarins are getting pretty cocky in D.C. with public money, it seems.]

"We" (a "Democracy") invite

Hussein to invade Kuwait, then (what a coincidence, Oh, my!) "we" land 50,000 troops on Saudi soil (a "Kingdom," like Kuwait, if you've all forgotten), censor/screen the technological use of "hardware" that the D.O.D. had ordered from its clients, then leave Hussein in power so that Iraq can be conveniently used another day as an excuse for a Bush Campaign Push. Bleeding for the Divine Right of Kingpins...Interestingly enough, our guys and gals are STILL in Saudi Arabia. And Saudi Arabia is buying military hardware like mad! Gee, isn't it just great to be an American! Pimping for the arms manufacturers, turning tricks for the oil-lobby's interests of pipeline control, and in short, putting the income tax to the best of all possible uses. Oh, my!

If we can simultaneously keep interest in Iraq going, and maybe even Libya (flight 103, kept alive on the back burner for another *causus bellum*), then maybe, just maybe the American public won't notice that the U.S.S.R. is defunct. That George Bush's son's S&L got \$1.6 billion of the taxpayers' money. That all our "enemies" have gone home to the abject poverty of their hovels. "Cut the Defense Budget," you say? Hell, no! We have to keep a militaristic stance in case the starving ex-Soviets nuke us in desperation...or something akin to the Armageddon-scenarios played out every day in the Pentagon. "Redistribute the Peace Dividend into Education and Social Programs," you scream. What for? Give the American Public sports and they won't notice the difference. Hell, they're all glued to their

TVs, reading my lips, connecting the dots on the thousand points of light from Glittering Pebbles, slaving over the paternalistic ring of a New World Order: they believe me! They're followers, they're apathetic, and my PR men can package them into another four years for Barb and the family. Whatever I do, whomever I run with, no matter how I screw 'em, my telegenic image, my scripted hand signals will make up for my John Bircher VP, and my sins. Hey- I got an idea! Let's cut the taxes on my super-rich neighbors, neglect the inner-cities, and ream the middle class out of existence! Let's call it "Trickle-down" economics! And let's pack the Supreme Court with reactionary conservatives, impose Thomas's "Natural Law" into the next century- no-one will notice.

So, boys and girls, can you say, "Pied Piper?" Good, now let's go into the locker rooms and gear up for our education. Literacy? Philosophic Enquiry? Sorry, folks, that stuff just don't sell. What you need is what the corporate market demands, kids, so forget about the big questions, leave that to George and the DC posse. Dig deep into your pockets, 'cause you're going to finance Big Business' wars, and your tuition increases will pay for the Cruex and BenGay of University Education! You came here for an EDUCATION? What? Get serious! Live large, chew your bread and cheer the circuses, 'cause that's all you'll have left. And if one day you feel something viscous trickling down YOUR leg, check it out- it may be contagious.

I-CON'T BELIEVE IT

by John Shackleford

Financially, I-CON-XI was a success. For the first time since my sources can remember, I-CON actually made a significant profit. However, was this I-CON a success? That is highly dependent on who you ask.

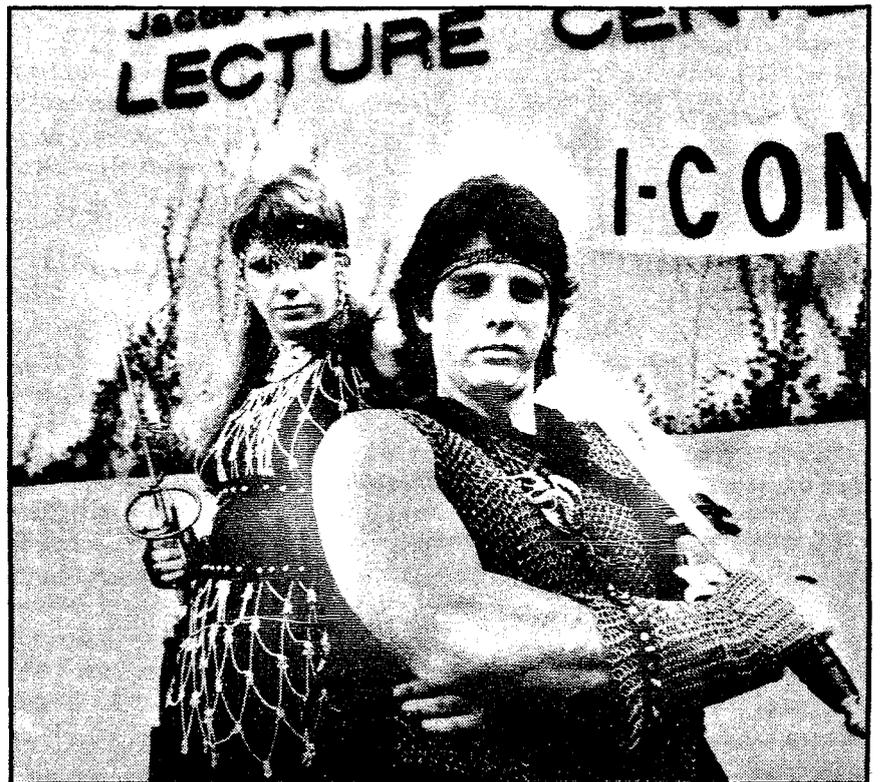
If you ask Roger Zalazny, I-CON's guest of honor, he believes so. He thought the convention was run quite well and everything to him appeared to have gone smoothly. If you ask John Drury, game consultant, comic book artist and another guest of I-CON, he would say that he had a great time, and believes he can speak for the other comics and gaming guests similarly.

However, if you were to speak to the people, the "science fiction junkies," as well as the miscellaneous others that attend I-CON on an annual basis, I don't think you would get quite the same reaction. Virtually fifty percent of the people with whom I talked to stated that they were very disappointed with this year's I-CON; they even went so far as to say they would not be returning next year.

As Nick Mamaths stated, "this year's I-CON was just cheesy." He went on to say that the biggest disappointment about this year's I-CON was the Japanimation, which simply refers to "Japanese cartoons," typically subtitled and shown at I-CON. From what I understand, Japanimation has quite a large following. According to Mr.

Mamaths, the Japanimation movies were shown in large rooms on VHS tapes that were second or third generation, with quality so poor, it was difficult to discern what was happening in the movie. According to Ivy Assegg, of Brooklyn, New York, this year's I-CON was dismal. She stated that she has been coming to I-CON since 1987, and that last year's was the best she's ever been to, and this year's was certainly the worst. She continued to say that it cost her a fair amount of money to come to this I-CON, that she had rented a room in the Ramada Inn, had to deal with expensive food, taking a shuttle back and forth to the convention, and what appeared to be complete disorganization of the structure of the convention. She said that she doubted she would come to next year's convention.

Her sentiment was stronger than most, but not far from typical. Of course, there were those attendants who enjoyed the convention; however, none of them cared to give me their names. I myself did not enjoy the convention but do believe that if I had to pay the price of admission, I don't know how much enjoyment I would have



truly found at I-CON.

I talked to several of the organizers of the convention. Lisa Perrulli, the comic book guest coordinator, would not furnish me with an interview. I did get the distinct impression from her that she was at the very least disappointed with the way her guests had been treated and the way the convention was being run. Guy Comstock, a staff member of I-CON, stated sarcastically that he believed "an excellent job was done under the circumstances." When I asked him what circumstances he was referring to, he said that most of the people associated with I-CON quit halfway through the planning process, and that even those who remained aboard didn't really care about I-CON this year.

Trying to find out just why most of the I-CON staff simply didn't care about the convention, or at least not as much as they should have in Guy Comstock's opinion, I interviewed several staff members. I

discovered that the fault might lie with I-CON's chairman, Lou Scarpatti. According to Sean McCauliff, "Lou is a power monger; he is abrasive."

Last year, according to the I-CON regular attendees, was the best I-CON they had seen yet. Incidentally, I-CON lost over \$76,000 that year. Ironically, this year's I-CON turned a profit, although not nearly as much as that debt.

The bottom line of I-CON is: I enjoyed it, but I got in for free. Virtually everyone who paid, 7 out of 10, though it wasn't worth the money. Somewhere in here is a lesson. I just don't know what it is.

more I-CON on page 11

Y A H O O U H U R A

by Robert V. Gilheany

Nichelle Nicholls, the actress who played Lieutenant Uhura on the "original" *Star Trek*, spoke of her role in T.V. history and the importance of Lt. Uhura.

Gene Rodenberry (the suits) did not was praised by Ms. Nicholls as a visionary who broke ground in the television industry. She spoke of the battles Gene Rodenberry fought with the network and Paramount Pictures over the issues of equality and using roles in the show to break down stereotypes. Lt. Uhura was not in the two pilot episodes of the show, and Rodenberry told the executives at the network that he would "add some color to the bridge command." They

(the suits) did not figure that he was going to put a black woman in a command position. Nicholls said she did not know about this dispute between Rodenberry and the suits. Rodenberry had originally wanted a woman to be second in command on the *Enterprise*, he lost that battle. It should be noted that there was a lot of sexism in the original *Star Trek* series and great strides have been taken to remove them in the *Next Generation*. The actress/singer/chore

ographer Nichelle Nicholls did not intend for her career to be flying through space as Uhura and informed Rodenberry of her plan to leave the show after the second season. Gene Rodenberry pleaded with her to stay and told her she was a very important part of what he was trying to do. Attending an NAACP conference in 1968, Nicholls was informed that a *Star Trek* fan would like to see her. It was Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. She told him of her plans to leave the show. He said:

"You Can't!" and explained that she had broken ground and as a black woman in that role, it sends a message to people that men and women of all races can work in harmony and master incredible technology. With her special role outlined by the leader of the civil rights movement, she determined to stay on the show.

Equal opportunity in the civilian space program became a mission for Nicholls. She became a spokesperson for the recruitment of minorities and

women for the astronaut corp of NASA. In 1978 she expanded the inquiries of qualified scientific astronauts for civilian space missions from practically nothing to thousands of applicants coming forward. When asked about NASA getting taken over by the Department of Defense and how we can make sure that the money doesn't go to Star Wars or shooting Plutonium around the planet she reiterated that people have to agitate for a civilian space

program "I want a future of star treks, not wars," she said.

She spoke of T.V.'s first interracial kiss between Uhura and Captain Kirk. "We had more fan mail about that than anything else" she said. Originally Spock and her were supposed to kiss, but Kirk (William Shatner) said not as long as he lives will Spock kiss Uhura. Ms. Nicholls said that she and Shatner were very professional about it though, 38 takes.



Brown-out

An Education at Staller Center from Jerry Brown

For those of you who didn't hear or didn't think it was true, Jerry Brown, a potential candidate for the office of President for the United States spoke at Stony Brook campus last Thursday evening...and what an evening it was.

Sponsored by the Graduate Student Employees Union, Jerry Brown spoke to a packed Fine Arts Plaza. If you didn't get a chance to see him...shame on you. And those "die hards" that stuck around, snow and all... good job.

The reason why you may not know about Jerry Brown is because many of the prime sources of media today fail to seriously recognize his potential. A chance to see the candidate first hand is the best way without all the media hand me down crap.

Two months ago, you may have never heard of the man. Why? Two months ago the media did not take his candidacy seriously. Now, for the Democratic nomination, we stand with only two die hards left. Well, that easily could change. These days, anyone could get on the ticket. All you need is a million dollars, a pretty face, and no record of your early childhood. Maybe so, but that's not what Jerry Brown is about.

So why does the media not like Jerry Brown? They don't like him because he's different. Americans today are afraid to take responsibility for themselves for fear of what others might think. No, he is not married. He has an 800 number, and he went out

with Linda Rondstat. What many don't realize is that Jerry Brown does not have a lot of money.

During his speech, he asked the crowd "How many of you ever made a contribution of \$1000?" Nobody raised their hand. Why, because Jerry Brown believes that it's the top 1% of this country's leading corporations that gives these contributions. It's this same 1% of the population that President Bush vetoed to raise taxes on. Any connection? Jerry Brown's campaign accepts no money or contributions over \$100.

We also don't like Jerry because what he is saying is so different from what were so use to hearing. What is this 13% tax plan and national health care? Is he saying that your have the right to be healthy? He believes that nuclear power is a poor source of energy, and favors alternative non-polluting natural sources. He really is different. He is right too. This planet is turning into a trash can.

There is a reason why our tuition is going up. There is a reason why the numbers of faculty at this university are diminishing around us. It is called a lack of money. Nobody has any money. Not the students, graduate students, or faculty. Why? Somebody is spending it all, and that someone is the U.S. Government. It's not just George Bush, he is only one person. However, he does contribute to it a hell of a lot. No matter who you like,

something should tell you that it is time for a change. Running to be president is like trying to get awarded the MVP of politics. But their comes a point where, just like on any good sports team, you have to clean house, and start from scratch.

Jerry Brown may not immediately get rid of the bad morale Americans seem to be experiencing. It seems like half the world has Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, a type of disease that until now was only common among the residents of Stony Brook. It has spread to the rest of the U.S. It is that people don't care, or that they're just sick of eating the same crap served a different way.

Jerry Brown did some bashing. Clinton does the same thing. During the speech, Brown supporters distributed leaflets of his own accomplishments, and on the back did some Clinton bashing of their own. Or was it Clinton on the front, and Jerry Brown on the back?

Sooner or later, you're going to have to choose someone. It's like going to your doctor, you don't want to go, but you can't refuse it. This election, educate yourself and take some time to listen to the candidates.

be caged, eaten or otherwise harassed by irresponsible people like herself.

The reason why SACA did not mention this in their flyers was because they felt that rather than pat themselves on the back we should inform people of the main issue which is the continued exploitation of non-humyn animals. Although through SACA's intervention these two rooster's were "saved", their presence in the playstill serves to enforce the false belief that non-human animals are ours to do with as we please. If Fiona had the understanding of "chicken" that she claims, I think she would find little concern from the roosters for a play that they were forced to perform in.

Kurt Brondo

To the editor,

I would like to comment on Shari Nezami's article "Peace in the Middle East" in your March 11th issue, in which she reports on a lecture by Uriel Savir, the council general of Israel. About Mr. Savir, Ms. Nezami writes that "If you've ever seen him speak on any of the numerous news programs on which he has made guest appearances, you will know that this man is anything but nice." Since when is being "nice" a criterion for holding a government position? Yes, it would be nice

(there's that word again) if all politicians were as sweet as apple pie, but it seems a bit more important that they be intelligent, capable, have integrity, etc..., no? But that is a minor point. It is clear that Ms. Nezami came to hear Mr. Savir with her mind already made about him and about the kind of witty, fashionable article she would write for the Press. Unfortunately, the article is composed more of her point of view than of quality journalistic reporting.

Ms. Nezami, do you honestly believe that "the usual" stories about Jewish persecution that you've heard are, as you say, "misconceptions"? Does your conscience not bother you that you could belittle what the Jews have suffered throughout their history at the hands of, to name just a few, the Germans, the Russians, and— what, could it be true—even the Arabs???

As far as comparing Israel to South Africa, this is a comparison which many people realize is completely invalid. The whites of South Africa originate from countries like Holland and England. They came to the tip of Africa and have exercised Apartheid to subjugate the black majority to their laws, customs and government, and separate them from the white minority. Israel on the other hand is the Jew's historic homeland. It is where all Jews all over the world originate from and it is their right to have their country as their

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LETTERS

To the editor,

Until reading Fiona MacLead's review of "Rooster's" I thought that responsible journalism meant getting reliable sources for an article that will represent the truth. If Fiona wanted to follow her interest in responsible journalism mabe she should have based her article on stronger grounds that an interview with a rooster before attacking the actions of a group.

In her review, Fiona said that the two roosters used in this play were saved from a slaughterhouse and that after the play they would be set free. She stated that spending two weeks in a milkcrate was worth their freedom. She also pointed out that "those animal rights types" didn't mention this in the flyers they handed out implying that they were not saved from a slaughterhouse, they were purchased from a farm supply store. The farm where they were supposed to be "set to pasture" is a poultry farm. A poultry farm is not this mythical place where chickens run around free to live the happy life of a chicken that Fiona seems to believe. Poultry farms are places where chickens are contained and then killed. It was those "animal rights types" handing out flyers at the door who were responsible for those roosters not going to this poultry farm. The roosters were taken by members of SACA (Student Action Coalition for Animals) to Farm Sanctuary near Ithaca where they will not

home. Furthermore, unlike South Africa, there is no system of Apartheid. The Arabs who are citizens of Israel can study in any of Israel's universities, vote in Israel's elections and enjoy other rights as Israeli citizens. Most Palestinians, however, choose to keep their Jordanian passports. What has King Hussein done for them?

Finally, regarding Israel and southern Lebanon, Nezami states that "While it is true that Hezbollah is a terrorist organization, most of my Lebanese friends even hate them, this does not give Israel the right to attack and kill people in Lebanon, this is clearly a violation of international law." First, how virtuous and progressive are your Lebanese friends? But secondly and more important, true, no country has the right to "attack and kill people", unless its security is threatened. I believe that terrorist attacks on a country's border and Katyusha rocket attacks on its northern towns constitutes a sufficient threat to the security of a country and its people. Americans have little concept of this, sharing a border with Canada and Mexico.

When Israel is accepted by the Arab world and terrorists stop their attacks on its borders and citizens, that is when the prospects for peace in the Middle East will really have a chance to become a reality.

S. Grossman

ALONG THE COLOR LINE...**Mike Tyson v. the Morals of our Movement**

by Dr. Manning Marable

One of the central tenets of the struggle for freedom in African-American history was the idea that what was politically necessary also had to be morally uplifting. From Frederick Douglass to Malcolm X, the ends never justified the means. Ethical behavior toward each other was an important feature of the African-American community. The violence of Black vs. Black crime and the peddling of drugs to innocent children were denounced as socially destructive behaviors which have to be expelled from the Black Community, if it is to survive.

However, during the recent rape trial of former heavyweight champion Mike Tyson, disturbing trends developed within the national African-American community. Some compared Tyson's prosecution unfavorably to the acquittal of William Kennedy Smith in last year's controversial rape trial. Others complained that the behavior and motives of Tyson's victim were "highly questionable". Why would Desiree Washington, an intelligent woman who had been crudely propositioned by Tyson earlier in the day, willingly go back to his hotel in middle of the night? Black Baptist ministers clustered and prayed for the Black pugilist in his hour of need.

With Tyson's conviction, some of these sentiments assumed ugly dimensions. A Black newspaper in New York City declared that the young woman raped by Tyson "willingly went to his hotel room to win his fame and fortune, but realized that a one-night stand

would not be enough." Tyson's conviction was "a grave injustice to the whole Black community," because the "loss of another Black role model means the imprisonment and death of many of our Black youth."

At some Black radio stations, telephone calls ran at least five to one in favor of Tyson and against the woman that he had raped. Many of the callers supporting Tyson were Black women. Some argued that the women's decision to enter a man's bedroom voided any right she had to claim that she had been sexually violated. The same attitude can be observed on the streets. In Los Angeles several days ago, I witnessed several Black young adults, male and female alike, wearing sweatshirts which protested the Tyson rape and conviction in bold letters. In vulgar, sexist language, the shirts proclaimed: "The b——set me up!"

Enough is enough. On this issue, we must draw a line. To stand with Mike Tyson, is to stand for everything the Black struggle has been against.

No man has the right to rape any woman, no matter what the situation or context. When people argue that the woman shouldn't have gone to his hotel room, our response must be "So what?" People who use poor judgment deserve to be raped? There are no excuses for criminal behavior and the evidence indicates that Tyson was indeed guilty of rape.

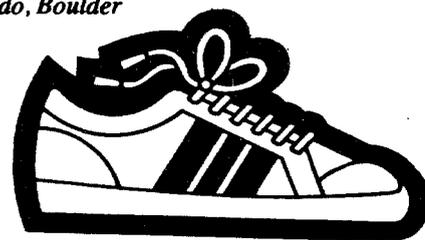
Within the African-American community, we need to discuss the social destructiveness against the Black male within society. Our young men are bombarded by values and images of violence, vulgarity and self-hatred within the popular culture. In rap music, Black women

are routinely described as "bitches" and "ho's". On NWA albums, there are titles such as "Findum, F—um, and Flee". Given this social conditioning and sexism, its surprising that too many young males make the connection between violence and sexuality?

We must challenge the glamorization of male brutality, the concept that males with status, money and power of whatever race can act in ways which are destructive to women. By placing Tyson on a pedestal, by ignoring the evidence and accepting his brutality against one of our sisters, we are embracing that same violence against our daughters, mothers and ourselves. Instead of projecting a vision of humanity which enriches the spirit, we devalue and degrade ourselves.

No doubt, Black men suffer disproportionately from the violence and discrimination of the political and criminal justice system. Racism is alive and well, limiting Black male's economic opportunities. But the pain of oppression doesn't justify violence against another person. Tyson is guilty, and for the sake of our own humanity, we must draw the line.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of Political Science and History, University, University of Colorado, Boulder



Viewpoint

When the Budget Ax Swings*Who decides what gets hacked*

by Jeff Lacher

The budget cuts that New York State will impose on SUNY has university administrators frantically issuing radical proposals of where cuts will be made. Department Chairs, eager to keep their departments untouched, individually lobby their Deans. The deans eager to prevent blame for the cuts falling on them, request University wide cuts from the Provost and President. The President looks to SUNY Central administration to place the bulk of the cuts on the four year colleges, by eliminating programs or, possibly, by eliminating one of the four year schools altogether.

The whole situation would be make a great setting for a cheap daytime drama — but it reads more like a Greek tragedy. With each Department Chair, Dean, Provost, and college and university President pleading to keep the piece of the pie for which they are responsible, there is no one complaining that it's the whole pie that's not big enough! The situation has made us argue amongst ourselves over who will absorb the cuts, instead of uniting us in a fight against cuts in general. It seems we've been content to accept the cuts as a fact. It is precisely this kind of thinking that will lead to the worst possible combination of outcomes.

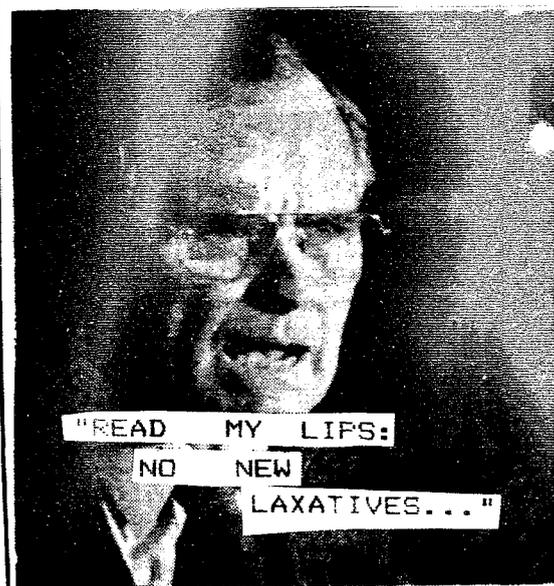
The Provost has already mandated a one year moratorium on state-funded teaching assistant and graduate assistant budget lines going to incoming graduate students in several departments. This can not only lead to a lower quality incoming class, but will lead to the inclusion of fewer international students, and lower income students — who would not be able to afford to enter these programs. In addition to the direct impact on these graduate students, is the harsh indirect impact on undergraduates. Undergraduates would be forced into even larger classes, due to a decrease in TA's in their departments. Larger class size also means a heavier burden on faculty who will be forced to lecture to more people, and now may be responsible for grading all their classes papers and tests. A decrease in GA lines means an increased burden on departments' clerical staff. Is there any reason to believe that the Provost's moratorium will actually be lifted in one year?

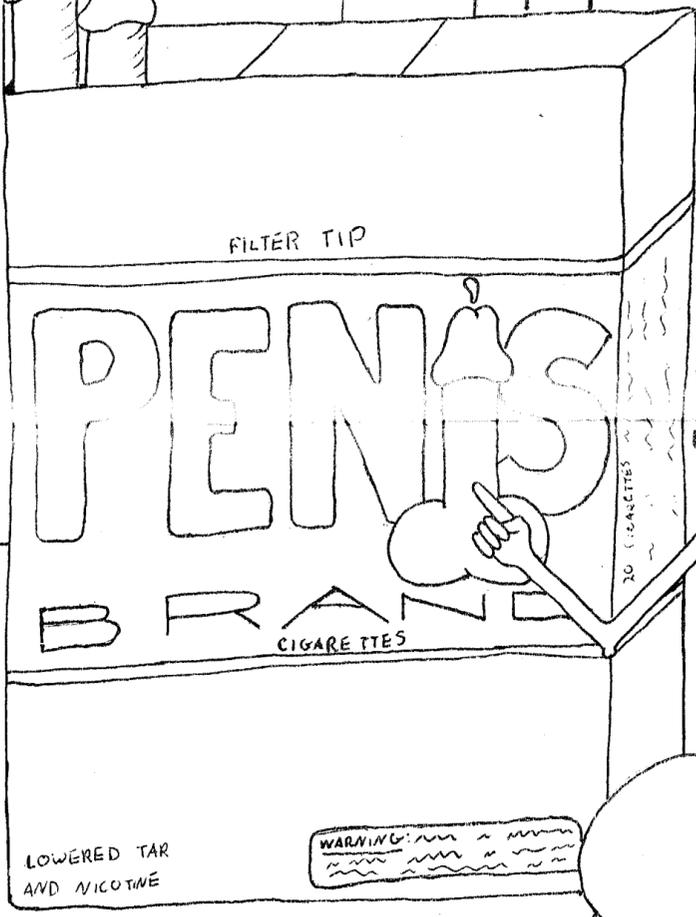
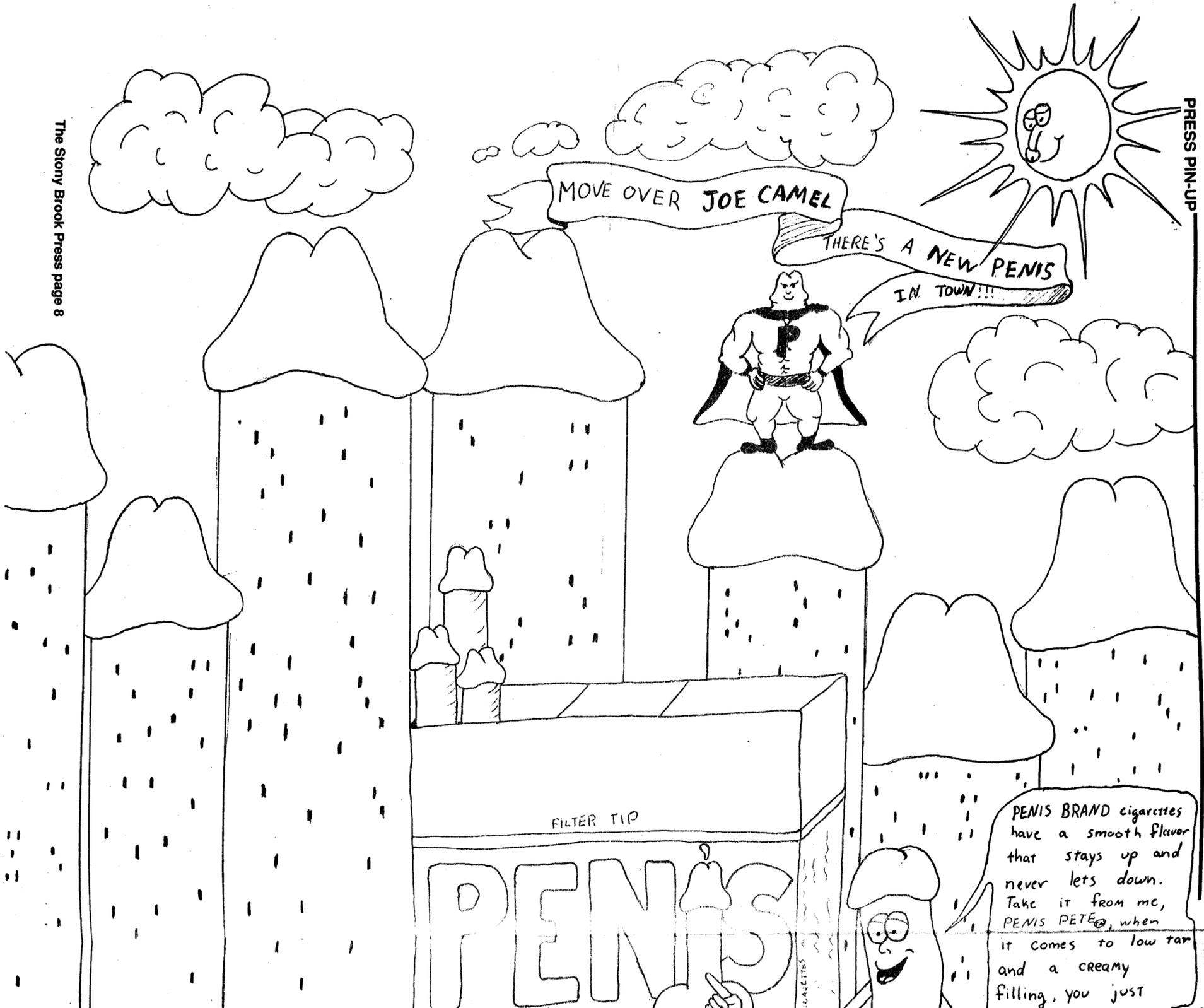
Other administrators have jumped on the bandwagon trying to prove that they are capable of making "the tough decisions" (the way administrators say, "I'm cool"). The Dean of the Humanities division has been all over the place with ridiculous proposals. From merging a half dozen departments together to eliminating dozens of TA/GA line in his

division alone. We can be sure to hear and read many more of these ideas from all levels—that is, all of the administrative levels. It appears that some Department Chairs actually have the quality and integrity of their departments in mind, and are willing to unite with their faculty and students in opposing the way the decisions are being made.

The un-unionized workers on campus (TA's, GA's, RA's) are the easiest to hit, and their decreasing number is likely to cause the largest long term negative impact on the University's reputation and the value of the degrees it confers. It is not too late for the faculty and staff and staff unions United University Professors, Civil Service Employees Association, and DEF, Graduate Student Employees Union, and the GSO and Student Polity to unite and confront our administration. In fact, we have to.

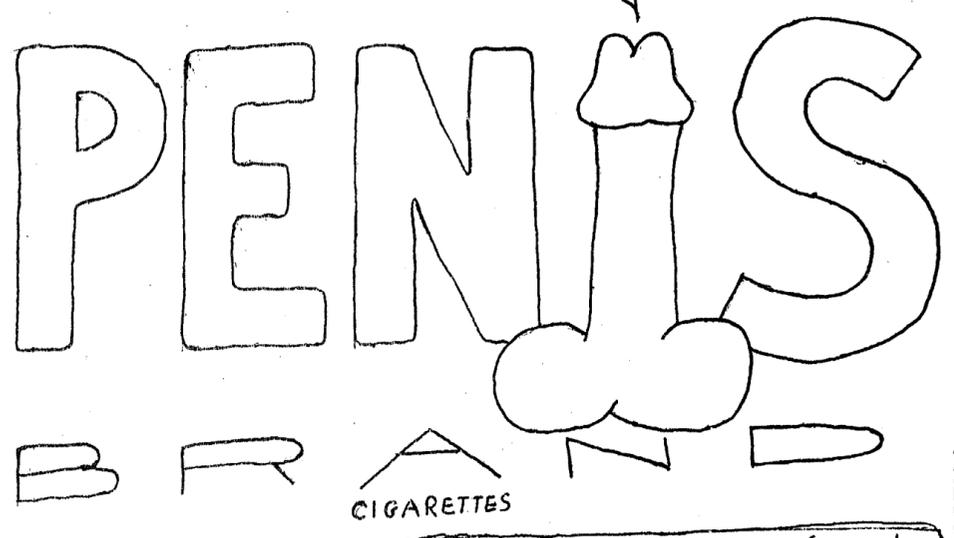
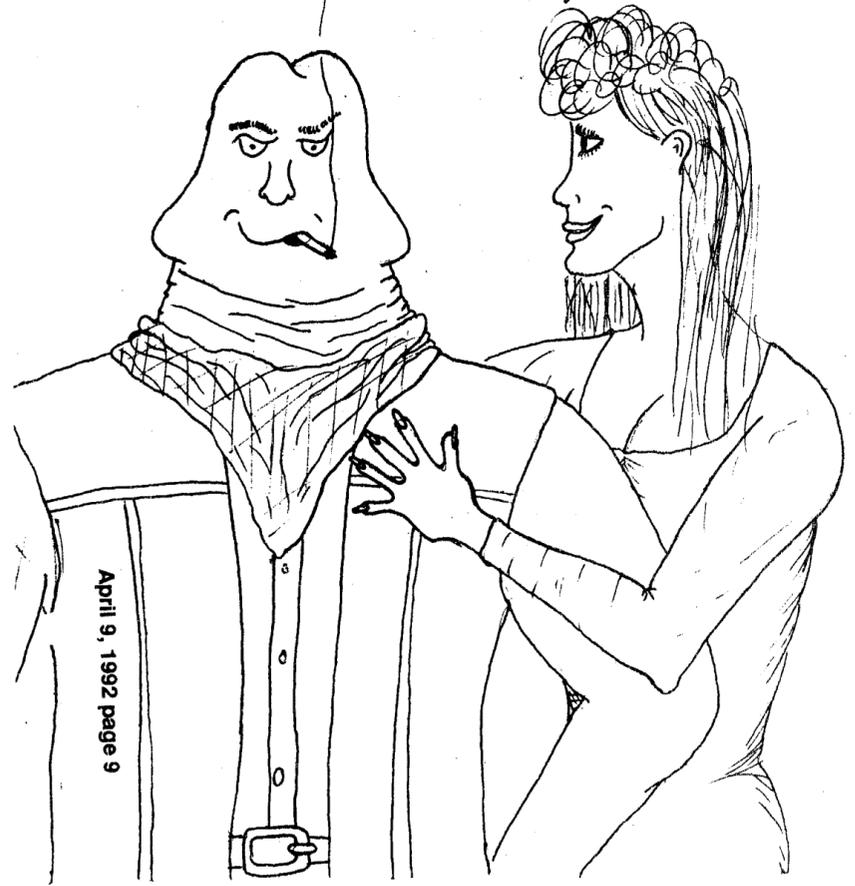
ITEM:
THE WASHINGTON POST (4 APRIL 1992) REPORTS OF THE "OPERATIONAL CONSTIPATION" OF WHITE HOUSE STAFF UNABLE TO CARRY OUT PRESIDENTIAL POLICIES...





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Alex Tappin

Pop the Weasals

College Republicans = Slime

By Fiona MacLeod

Commuter College Senator Ron Nehring has made a lot of noise recently about how he wants Polity to "clean up its act" in regards to election procedures. Nehring - who also heads the College Republicans - seems to still be upset that his little Common Sense party got its head handed to it last year, and for some reason he blames that minor fiasco on a supposed bias in the Polity hierarchy rather than on the fact that most of the Common Sense candidates were about as charismatic and electable as a decomposed fish.

But if Mr. Nehring is really serious about ferreting out electoral sliminess, he should start looking a bit closer to home: Within the Commuter College itself. Forty-Seven percent of the Stony Brook undergraduate student body commutes, which comes out to a little over 5,000 students. Guess how many of them voted in last year's commuter election. Sixty-Two. How well were these elections publicized?

"Elections? What elections?" said Maureen Langan, a Setauket commuter. "I didn't hear about any elections."

Ms. Langan isn't alone. I've been asking commuters this question all week; not a single one of them heard a mumbling word about an election. Granted, Stony Brook students are not particularly noted for their

interest in student government- but sixty-two voting for 5,000 is indefensible.

This helps to explain why every Commuter College senator is either a current or former member of the College Republicans, or at least is of a strong Republican persuasion. And according to a certain disaffected College Republican - the only one of whom I can respect - who has had occasion to observe the workings of the Commuter College first-hand, the powers that be in the Commuter College aren't all that interested in tipping off the other 4,938 commuters that they do indeed have the authority to fairly determine whom they would like to represent their interests in the Polity Senate - the most powerful organization within the Polity structure. The CRs can therefore pursue their private agendas despite the fact that they almost completely lack a constituency. Their interminable arguing during Senate meetings benefits nobody but themselves.

"The Commuter College is run by a clique," claims my source, who chooses to remain anonymous and whom I will hereafter refer to as "Raoul." Any individual who holds an elected position in the Commuter College belongs to this clique. Raoul says: "Commuter elections are decided long before they happen. Last year, we decided that Richard Cole and Vinny Bruzzese would be elected Senators. And that's what happened." The number of

persons voting is so small that the outcome can be easily swayed: "We just get all our friends out to vote."

When an outsider is so bold as to assert their right to take part in what is theoretically a democratic process, they are quickly disposed of. Raoul told me what happened to Joanne Moriboto: "We called her 007, because we knew she was a spy for (Polity president Dan) Slepian...(The CRs have an exaggerated sense of the interest which others take in their actions.) So we shut her out." Keith Hering, former Common Sense Presidential candidate and the eventual winner of the Commuter College election in question, wasn't even on the ballot; he was a write-in. Since it looked like Ms. Moriboto had half a chance at coming out on top, "we did something about it." The Commuter College printed "a few hundred" flyers, which were supposed to advertise the election, and handed them out in the Union. Mr. Hering's name appeared on the flyers even though he wasn't even officially running. Ms. Moriboto's did not. Anyone seeing the flyers would have had no idea that she even existed, unless they knew her personally, and that doesn't amount to much as a power bloc. It certainly didn't amount to much in the election. "We swamped her," said Raoul. "We had a lot of people there who weren't about to vote for her." How many people voted? "About fifty-odd. I dunno." Was

Ms. Moriboto deliberately shut out? "Oh, absolutely."

It doesn't stop there, of course. "We already know who we'll elect next year. We already know who'll rule the Commuter College. It won't be too hard to manage." I asked Raoul who these people were. He laughed. "I can't tell you that, not if you're going to print this. But we have it all set up."

Raoul was quick to point out that nobody was doing anything actually illegal, which is kind of true; Polity has no rule about how many friends you can persuade to vote for you. But the Commuter College bylaws are loosely constructed and easily lead to abuse of power. If Commuter College elections aren't illegal, they at least qualify as thoroughly unethical- which makes Ron "Polity elections are unfair" Nehring a hypocrite of the highest order. He would like to portray the Common Sense party as the underdog victim of "the system," but he has a neat little system of his own; a system which offers him what credibility he has and affords him a nice little platform from which to mouth off. The same holds true for every other Commuter Senator. The Commuter College is a disgrace; if they cannot persuade at least one fifth of their electorate to vote in the next election, they ought to quit pretending to represent anyone other than themselves.

(Thank you, Raoul.)

Viewpoint

Church From Hell

By Steven J. Forster

When I was growing up, as a member of the Catholic religion, I learned that people had the freedom of choice. We have the God given right to choose whether we want to sin or not. Nowadays this God given right has been abolished, and some of the Christian religions feel it is their moral duty to stop sin in it's tracks.

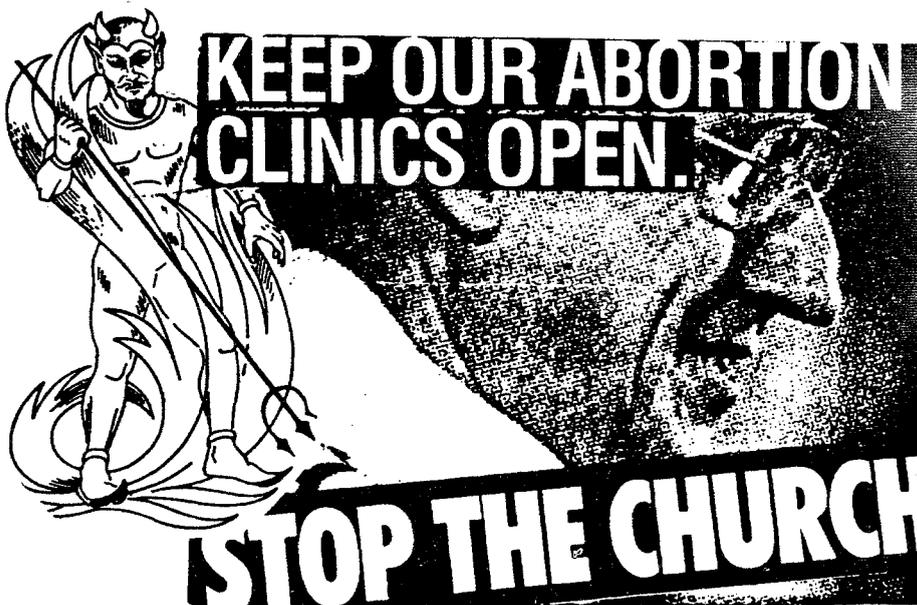
First let us view the sex issue: the Catholic church says that sex is a bad thing, and it will not condone the use of condoms. Does that mean I, as a married man, can't use condoms either? Well, the church has no idea how to counsel me on my sex life, when they don't even know what it is like to raise two kids, and they have never had sex to begin with. Yes, I believe that the safest sex is abstinence, but I feel there is no way that anyone is going to abstain from something as enjoyable as sex.

So you condemn those who have premarital sex? Big deal, like that is going to stop it. This is not the dark ages when the church tried to control the lives of the serfs, while some leaders of the church would go out and have sex themselves. Does the church also condemn people to hell when they do have sex, get the AIDS virus and are on their death beds?

Let us look into another important issue: abortion. I don't necessarily agree with abortion, but I don't blow-up abortion

clinics to stop it from happening. I do firmly believe that a woman has the right to choose whether or not she wants to have a baby, or abort it; simple as that.

I had the pleasure of being held up in traffic one Saturday afternoon, because of an anti-abortion rally on Nesconset



Highway. The funny thing about this rally was that the majority of the people who attended this rally were kids twelve and under, who were probably dragged there by their church or parents, and senior citizens.

Now correct me if I'm wrong, but the kids aren't getting any yet. So, I'm sure it is safe to say that they only have one opinion on this issue, the one opinion they were taught. The senior citizens on the other hand were probably uptight assholes who weren't getting any sex either, and

they feel it is their moral obligation to stop everybody from getting any sex.

When this great country of ours was formed, it was finally agreed upon a separation of church and state, however that seems to not be the case. With such

influences by the church, the supreme court has overturned Roe v. Wade and restricted abortion in certain ways available to the people.

Do we now go back to the stone age years when abortions took place in a dirty back street office? When abortions weren't performed by doctors, but by butchers looking to make even more money. How about the ever popular woman in her room dead, because she tried to use a coat hanger to perform an abortion on herself. Those were the good ol' days.

I don't subscribe to that point of view, and I don't expect someone to subscribe to mine. What I do expect is courtesy for the a person's right to choose whether or not to sin as well as a person's right to privacy. So what is to be done about the churches problem of not keeping their noses out of people's crotches and bedrooms? Write to your political leaders voicing your opinions. Let's make sex safe. Wear a condom, and fuck the church.



Tea With Roger Zalancy

Science Fiction Author and this years guest of honor at I-Con XI

by John Shackelford

This year's I-CON guest of honor was the science fiction author Roger Zalancy. He has won several Hugo and Nebula awards for his writing. Mr. Zalancy has been writing science fiction for about thirty years, and has been working science fiction conventions for roughly the same amount of time. He believed this year's I-CON was a smash, and for him, a very good time.

Roger Zalancy has written best selling novels, short stories, for television (*Amazing Stories* and *Twilight Zone*), and has written screenplay outlines for movies. He describes his career as a mixture of aromas, the first being roses, which a fan sent to him long ago. He claims this aroma has stayed with him throughout his career. He also says that at times, the sweet aroma of those roses fades, and is replaced by something that smells not quite as sweet, that he once stepped in while following a lady as she walked her way dog through New York City. He describes his career as a sort of Ying-Yang balance between these two aromas.

During my interview with Mr. Zalancy, he spoke primarily of infringements on copyright, although he certainly didn't seem to be a miser. I did get the impression that this infringement was a major concern of his. He also stated that when one has written as many science fiction short stories, novels, plays, and the like, it's

relatively easy for people to steal from you and not get caught. His first year of writing, twenty years ago, he turned out twenty short stories alone.

I asked Mr. Zalancy what got him into writing science fiction. He simply said it was the money. He had decided early on he wanted a career as a writer and that writing science fiction came easy to him. Believing it was the easiest way to gain employment, he started writing science fiction.

Mr. Zalancy, when asked who his favorite contemporary writers are, stated that they change from week to week. He said that the writers that most motivated him into becoming a writer were Henry Cutter, Stanley Winnbulm, and of course, Robert Heinlein. He was quick to say that the book he feels is the greatest work he has ever read was Will Durant's "History of Civilization" - all eleven volumes.

Asking what he currently has coming out, Mr. Zalancy replied, "Come Back to the Killing Grounds" for *Amazing Stories Magazine*, a hard-core science fiction novel which should come out in September, and that the Amber audio tapes and Amber graphic novels should be ready in time for WorldCon or by this time next year the latest. He also has a book called "If at Foust You Don't Succeed" which should come out in December, along with some children's books coming out this summer. He has a hobby book called "Cultered Glass", soon to be released, and a

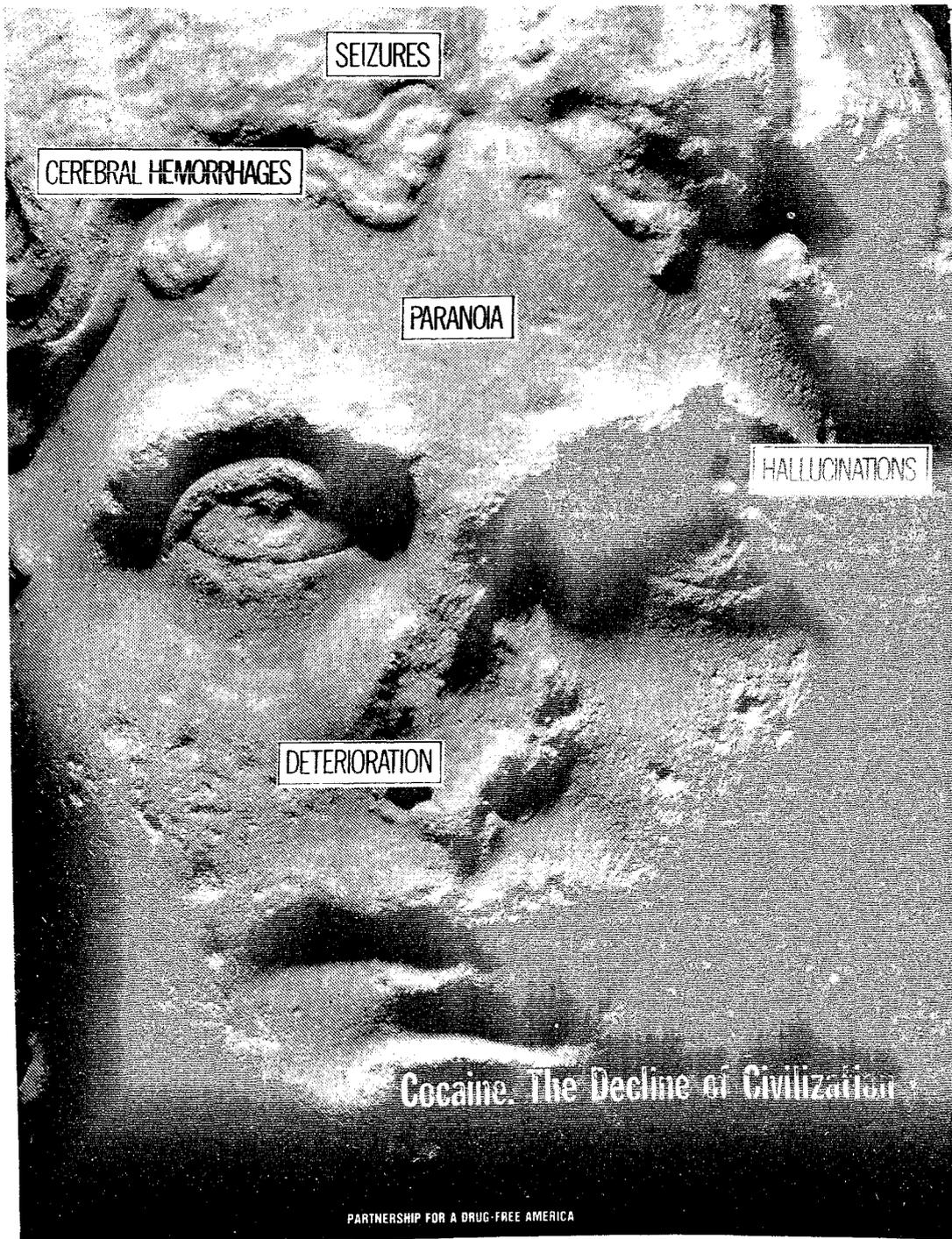
historical fiction novel, still being written, set in the nineteenth century American west (a Lewis and Clark type situation).

He is currently in the rewrite stage of book thirteen in the Wild Card series (in this book, Freud will be the protagonist). He expects to write one or more two Amber novels which should be released in five or six years, and is currently discussing with an unnamed source, film options for the Amber novel series.

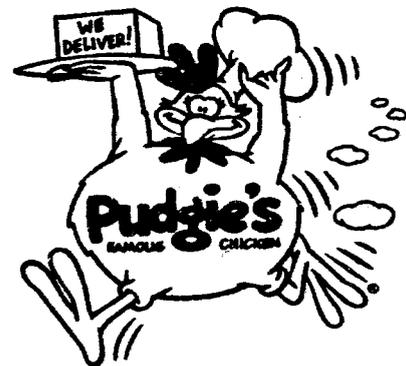
I took this opportunity to discuss the Amber role-playing game. Zalancy says he likes the Amber role-playing system and although he didn't actually write it himself, he says he was consulted constantly while it was written. His favorite works that he has written are "Lord of Light", "Eye of Cat", "Doorway in the Sand", and his very favorite, "This Immortal."

He also mentioned that he's been approached several times about doing another "Jack of Shadows" novel, but simply won't do it. Not that he dislikes the character or the book; he likes how the story ends, and would like to leave it at that. Zalancy said that he enjoys collaborating with other writers, that the exchange of ideas is often rewarding.

Zalancy does say, however, that after he finishes all projects that are currently on the table, he wants to "take his mind and dump it" to get new ideas and write fresh stories and put new aromas in his life.



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 "PREPARATION GUIDE"
 *APPLIED FOR GRADUATION BY FEBRUARY 12(SEE ACADEMIC CALENDER)
 *CLIP OUT AND RETURN "CEREMONY ATTENDANCE FORM" (AS PER
 INSTRUCTIONS)
 *CEREMONY ATTENDANCE FORM MUST BE RETURNED NO LATER THAN APRIL
 20th.
 *TWO GUEST TICKETS TO THE COMMENCEMENT CEREMONY WILL BE
 DISTRIBUTED TO THOSE CANDIDATES WHOSE CEREMONY ATTENDANCE FORM IS
 ON FILE.
 *TICKETS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED BY THE DEPARTMENTS AND SCHOOLS
 BETWEEN MAY 4th-MAY 11th.
 *A REQUEST LIST FOR AN EXTRA TICKET WILL BE TAKEN BY THE OFFICE OF
 CONFERENCES AND SPECIAL EVENTS BEGINNING MAY 4, ON A FIRST COME,
 FIRST SERVE BASIS.
 *TICKETS THAT WERE NOT DISTRIBUTED BY THE SCHOOLS/DEPARTMENTS WILL
 THEN BECOME UNDISTRIBUTED TICKETS AND WILL BE GIVEN OUT BY THE
 OFFICE OF CONFERENCES AND SPECIAL EVENTS ACCORDING TO THE LIST.
 *TO THE EXTENT AVAILABLE, ONE TICKET WILL BE HELD FOR ALL WHOSE
 NAMES APPEAR ON THE LIST
 *REVIEW "PREPARATION GUIDE" FOR SPECIFIC INFORMATION

A MEDIEVAL TIME FOR ALL

by Andrew Haggerty

M

ot a lot of people can say this, but I once had the extreme honor of crucifying Christ. Last year I was "Torturer #1" in "The Crucifixion", a medieval English mystery play—and yeah, I got to nail Our Savior onto a two-by-four, which can be a lot more fun than it sounds.

All this was part of one of the few traditions Stony Brook can call its own. Professor Stephen Spector of the English Department has had his Medieval Lit students put on medieval plays since 1975. "It's a terrific success every year," he says. "What happens is that the students learn more from the play than I could teach them. They learn an awful lot." This year the students, mostly upper-division English majors, will be presenting



"Everyman" and "The Slaughter of The Innocents" at Christ Church Episcopal on Barnum Avenue in Port Jefferson on Thursday, April 9 at 7:00 P.M.

Students are responsible for every aspect of the production, from the costumes to the sets to the refreshments, which are taken from actual medieval recipes and use actual medieval ingredients. "Last year they did a fantastic job with the food, with the set-up and everything," Spector says. I can personally attest to this, since I ate too much of it. And everything is guaranteed to be as authentic as possible; unavoidable anachronisms are strictly forbidden, except in cases of artistic licence.



Medieval plays pretty much fall into three categories: Mystery plays, which are dramatizations of Biblical or Apocryphal episodes; Miracle plays, or dramatizations of the lives of the saints; and Morality plays, which are sort of like the medieval equivalent of "Thinner Thighs in Thirty Minutes," except they'd be more like "Ten Easy Steps to Certain Salvation." Morality plays were meant to teach their audiences how to lead upright lives. Gluttony, Envy, Greed, etc. were out; Piety and Faith were medievally hip. "The Slaughter of the Innocents" is a mystery play; "Everyman" is a morality play about one man's adventures with a walking, talking assortment of Deadly Sins and Cardinal Virtues.

But, like I said, the plays are more fun than they sound in these decadent times. Spector makes sure to emphasize the medieval spirit of amateurism.

Although the plays were written by the clergy, they were presented by "Guilds"—a sort of a combination between a trade union and a social club. They were, then, blue-collar affairs and extremely popular for their entertainment value; a great deal of

drinking apparently occurred, and in some cases audiences were forbidden to bring any sort of a weapon to the show because



of an alarming tendency for playgoers to engage in the occasional knife-fight.

This is not to say that if you decide to attend the performance on Thursday you ought to come armed or expect violence. You can, however, expect a good time introducing yourself to the intricacies of the medieval moral universe, and you can expect to do so with a certain amount of humor and a certain amount of intelligence. You can expect to hear some authentic medieval music and eat some authentic medieval cuisine. A good time has been had by all at Stony Brook since 1975, and, in a wider sense, a good time has been had by all since the Middle Ages.



**Don't Miss the Production of *Everyman* and
The Slaughter of the Innocents
The Show Starts at 7:00 P.M. on Thursday, April 9**

Admission: Students and Senior Citizens \$1.00, everyone else \$2.00

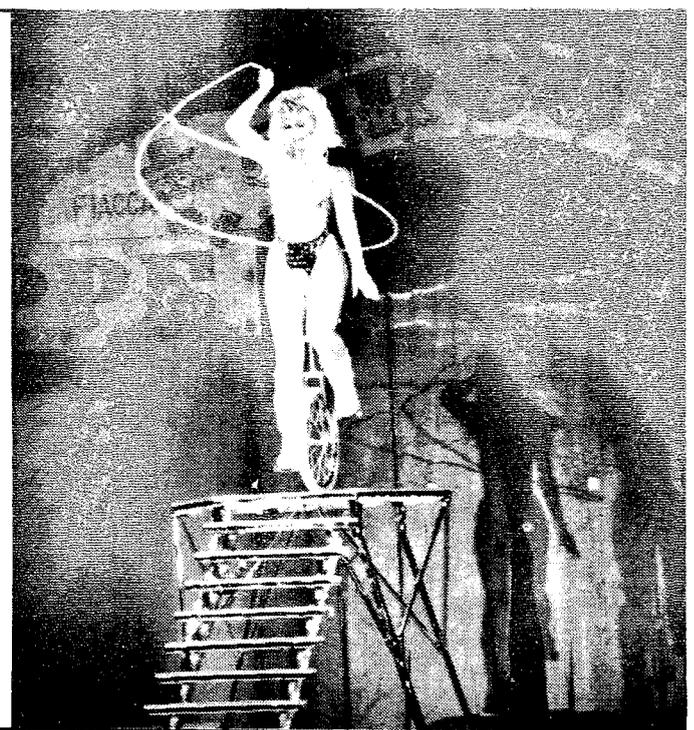
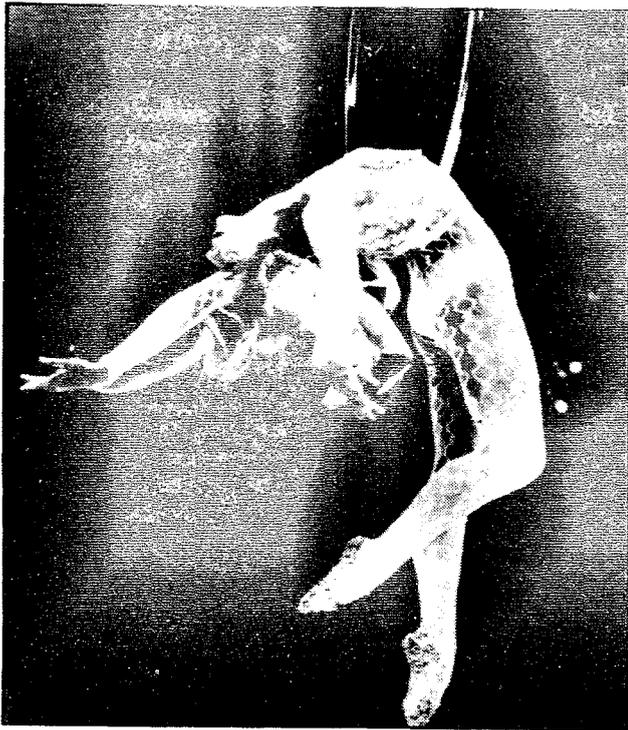
Staller Center hosts the Zoppe Circus

David I.G.Terner

Notwithstanding the attempts of the Animal Rights Activists to turn kids away from the circus by passing out candy with leaflets purporting to prove that animal training is cruel and inhumane, the Staller Center hosted the Zoppe Circus this past Saturday for two showings. I attended the second, and must admit that I was overwhelmed by Kathy Day's pleasant demeanor, her positive attitude towards the whole show, her sensitivity towards the subject of Animal Rights Activists, and her steadfast support for an age-old form of entertainment that has brought magic and the unusual to children across the globe.

Although we presume that negative reinforcement techniques are used in the training of circus animals, and videotapes have caught sadistic acts perpetrated against caged and helpless animals, we should be wary of blanket condemnation, and keeps our minds open to each case at hand. The Zoppe Circus had a baby elephant, a lonely tiger, a snake and a horse. To my mind, the Ringling Bros., and Barnum & Bailey Circus, or the Moscow Circus with their bevy of bears would seem to be more fitting recipients of this type of criticism, at least numerically. And now for the critique:

Giovanni Zoppe, billed as "the youngest superstar in the circus world today," suffered from a repeated inability to jump from his stance on the sole horse, and land upon it forthwith. Seemingly, "practice makes perfect," and Giovanni certainly can use some. The "Flying Wallendas," conspicuously absent, left their genes in the Zoppe clan, the result being two rather portly (zaftig) maidens. This stimulated the rather singular entertainment of waiting with baited breath not for astounding feats of the high-wire, but for the amazingly agile feats of concentration that brought beads of perspiration to their hirsute upper lips.



In short, to quote a knowledgeable source, the Zoppe Extravaganza was fittingly "provincial." I suppose, though, for children who have never seen a three-ring-circus, this was a great treat. The magic and juggling acts were performed with aplomb, and although a number of knives missed their marks, they failed to puncture the delectable and scantily-clad girl of luscious proportions affixed to the spinning target...Oh, well, you can't always get what you want...I should note, however, that Nioka, a Danish gymnast, impressed me with both her physique and her carriage. The Roumanian Troupe of acrobats were beginners, but everyone has to start sometime...There was a dearth of clowns, with Nino the sole practitioner of this venerable profession. Ach, why am I criticizing the

Zoppe? Well, I suppose that only by comparison can only truly feel the BigTop, the carny geeks and Bearded Women, the sawdust and the greasepaint, the odors and tastes, the tension of fifteen members of the Wallendas (prior to the demise of a number of their kind, years ago) simultaneously on the "wire," with handstands on mouth-grips of riders of unicycles, et al. Hey, for Suffolk County, this was a first! To complain that I've seen better is to needlessly denigrate what has been a possibly enchanting time for kids. So why do it? Just don't forget that CLOWNS are coming to Staller July 22-26, at 8:00pm. That should be something- they're Russian, and probably Gypsy into the bargain...and they're coming!

cont. from back page

the relationship is not all sex, it's a relationship where the needs of both are fulfilled, both are nurtured and listened to, something all of us need in whatever relationship we are in. This song made me smile like I might after a long passionate kiss, or maybe after a hug from a friend. In "cover" we see the most influence from Robyn Guthrie who produced the album and who is also the main musical force behind the Cocteau Twins, the knolls of guitar chords ring out over a mesmerizing pasture of breath and vocal. "ocean" and "for love" mimic the throes of love as the music and lyrics flow over us as waves like orgasms. The artwork on the cover highlights this undersea of feeling as emotion is represented as anemone-like elements swimming in bubbles and saltwater, the brine of creation, the original openings of humanity. "for love" is a little more storm as "pouring from her lips," Miki sighs contemplatively about the control and manipulation and even deceit of lovers.

In concert at the Ritz Lush managed to reproduce the tides in a bath of light and music especially during "superblast" and one of the crowds favorites "sweetness and light" off of *Gala*, the light show was practically drowning the slamdancing crowd in wave after wave of pink, blue and green, an ecstasy -trip into love and sensuality. Lush faithfully reproduced most of the new album and included a lot of their earlier work, but I wished they were on for longer, I loved them so much and so did a vast majority of the audience present, but we had to endure two pretty mediocre opening bands and two long intermissions one of which included bad WDRE music and a bad WDRE personality. I was so disappointed when the show ended. But any Lush is still pretty much more than anyone can hope for or even deserves and the band did a great job of pleasing all who were there.

If you missed the show pick up the new Warner Bros./Reprise release and see if as you're listening to it a

series of tiny smiles don't cross your lips.

thanks to John and Chris at Music Den and Michele at Reprise for their help with this article and also Emma for putting up with another prodding Arts Editor... you know who you are-I want my Gala tape back!!!

mj 12

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The Ninja Tattoo

I began as a Duck, black glossy feathers,
 smoking a cigar in Chicago, Sweet Home Chicago.
 I take my Working Papers down to Libra at the Label Shop;
 she shows me where I've marked the Papers wrong:
 my Age must exceed Sixteen, or I must Go To School.
 In Libra's hair, the sun rides Spears of Dust through the Window.

He Walked the curve around the sunlit lake, where the
 rocks lay strewn about the shore by the pier.
 He Merged with a Ritual Mourning Procession, and
 Proceeded to Fit Right In with his Beard.
 He Followed the Slow Stream away from the lake, and
 Continuing on through the attic,
 he Stopped by a Mixing Board under the rafters,
 on a small hill covered with moss and static;
 he Found two Foam-Organic Pictures of Life there, strung
 one inch thick from the ceiling rods;
 he Crumbled Up the One, and Put the Other in his pocket
 as two Small Boys tormented Him.
 HE WAS A MAN OF RARE CHARACTER, A GRAND UNIFIER:
 HE IS A MARTYR TO THE VISION.

The space-age woman Would Not Permit my gloating;
 she burst from The Persona of Spielberg's plastic wife
 bicycling, that everybody down by the lakeside house
 Knew I slept with now.
 So I Walked away on the dry lake bed around the rim,
 I Picked Up the paper that the boy had delivered,
 Spielberg caught up to me, and we walked.

THE FIRE SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE COMPLEX:
 FROM THE MAFIA'S BUSY BOX ASSEMBLY ROOM
 TO THE CHEAP HOUSE, AND TO THE JUDGE'S;
 he and his mistress, a texan, got lost in the smoke

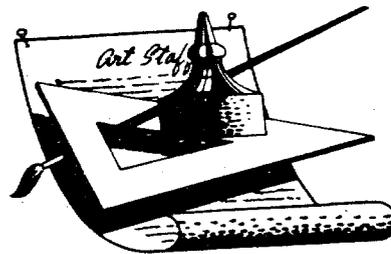
Robert T. Elkin



Senseless Constellations and 40
 haze In a Restless and Brooding Sky

In the aging whispers of secrets
 overtold.
 In the desperate embrace of a thousand
 grieving widows.
 In the stale breath of hope,
 lost.
 In the pink eye of the gluehorse.
 In the sour echo of dustdrawers or
 the elephant harmonies that sweep
 coffeed ceilings.
 In the mirror,
 the light bulb,
 the assassin's bullet.
 Trapped.
 With nothing but the rain
 to ease
 this
 distance.

Philip Cameron



A Poetic Moment

Her asshole	flew out of
tasted	her ass;
both bitter	a crow?
and sweet; we	a nightingale?
fucked	It was so dark.
till the Romance	I just couldn't
wore off; a bird	see.

Robert T. Elkin

STEVEN J. FORSTER

*I saw a child's pacifier on the ground
 Now lying among grease filled puddles;
 Complete with old cigarettes
 and other pollution.*

*Now some kid is pissed and has aquaphobia,
 Because his pacifier is stuck in a much filled rain puddle.*

*That must suck.
 Now the world is in terrible shape.
 Because Joe couldn't get laid, tonight.*

I smoke another hit and I go to la-la land.

*It is about 10:00 p.m.
 Dead in the head.
 Just pounding out beats
 In a brain of eggs, bacon and
 Home fries.*

*"Beep! Beep!" went the Road Racer,
 While racing from ol' Wife E.
 I AM RESIGNED.*

Dysfunctional Fables:
 A Sav' Story (dedicated to this guy, you know?)

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

Once upon a time in the land of flowers
 and fuzzies a stranger appeared. He was a
 tall, mysterious traveler on a quest for the
 answer to the Big Cosmic Joke, and had
 gotten lost. Taking his map from his
 backpack, the traveler sat on a rock and
 munched on a stale White Castle burger to
 regain his bearings.

"Pinkyland," he muttered. "How
 lovely."

He did not know much about Pinkyland,
 other than the legend about the Lady of the
 Forest who skipped around with a huge
 bowl of Hershey's kisses and a fairy wand
 turning unwary peoples into the cute and
 fuzzy animals of her choice. "Naah,
 couldn't happen," he said to himself as a
 piece of gristle nearly choked him. "Urghh,
 this needs tobasco sauce."

He reached into his backpack and
 fumbled around only to realize that he had
 left it behind in the World of Really Big
 Swords, and the traveler broke into tears.
 "Oww, woe is me," he bawled. "I can't
 wander through life without my tobasco
 sauce!"

Suddenly there was tinkly music, and a
 little girl dressed in a potato sack tunic

skipped out of the trees. When she saw the
 burly traveler sobbing so pitifully-well, it
 didn't phase her. "Pardon me, do you have
 any Grey Poupon?" she asked with merry
 eyes.

He looked up and tearfully told her his
 story, causing her to burst out in fairy
 laughter. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"
 she asked. "I always carry a bottle in my
 back pocket!"

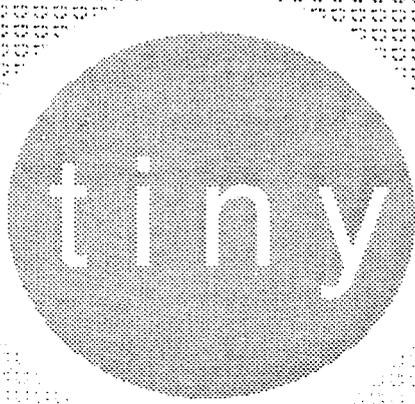
"You mean-you carry tobasco sauce
 too?"

"Yes, of course! Doesn't everyone?"

His nose began to twitch uncontrollably,
 and a warm feeling enshrouded him like a
 cloak. Perhaps he needed to walk no farther
 to find the answer to the Big Cosmic Joke.
 Life as a cute fuzzy bunny in Pinkyland
 suited him just fine.

MORAL: Chemical substances are a poor
 substitute-love adds the most spice to life.





A cigarette girl with dark eyes and a very classic Las Vegas lamé costume wove through a crowd that was half-bored, half-slam-dancing to a heavy-metal Jane's Addiction-type band that had a great drummer. The cigarette girl displayed her wares that included above all else, Raspberry-flavored Charms Blow Pops. Immediately, I sensed the great value of this new product of the Charms Company, and in anticipation of Lush's 'Spooky' concert at the Ritz I gleefully sucked on the radioactive-blue confection and endured Babes in Toyland...

If all of a sudden there was a bunch of noisy industrial bands out that called themselves "Really Hungry Doggie," "Ready to Dine Canine," "Slightly Underweight Mongrel," people wouldn't call it a "Scene That Celebrates Itself." They would call it a series of Skinny Puppy rip-offs and certainly would not lump it all together and call it a genre. Yet Lush seems to have on a consistent basis been grouped together with 'Ride,' 'Curve,' 'Blur,' 'Live,' 'Sperm,' 'Spork,' 'Dumb, LaLa' .., by journalists who pride themselves on having a certain hipness about things.

Even way before WDRE finally caught on to the beauty of Lush, the college stations were playing the first couple of E.P.'s, innovative and certainly moody enough to please even the most gothic of Ministry-babies and Bauhaus-bunnies, a great population of which attended Lush's performance March 27th at the Ritz in Manhattan. I found a considerable cultural cornucopia there that embraced poppish 'DRE "Alternative" heads, a Punk crowd, a sort

of flopsider Nirvana bunch and also a few Ravers. I was happy to note that most of the crowd did not seem to be trendies who just wet their ears with Lush but were longtime fans who had copies of the 4AD imports long before Dave Kendall (MTV's 120 very long dry minutes) sprouted pubic hair on his head and played Cocteau Twins videos.

The fact that Lush appeals to such a wide audience is not all that surprising, their music is influenced by everything from hardcore punk to Manchester style hip-house, and lyrically they appeal to the emotional being in all of us. Instead of the saturation of political rhetoric that many listeners of alternative music have been getting for so long, Lush reaches way deeper.

To briefly regurgitate their biography; Lush is Emma Anderson, Miki Berenyi, Christopher Acland, and new member Phil King who does not appear on the new album but does reproduce Lush live quite well. The main song writing is done by



Miki and Emma, who met as teenagers in 1980 when they were both 14 and after a few stints over the years as fanzine editors and what-not they finally got their first EP signed to 4AD in 1989. After two more EP's and the US debut compilation *Gala* they have released their first full length album *Spooky*.

I didn't get too much else as I sort of made this point of not asking typical journalistic gibberish typical of on-air personalities like the dj from DRE who told Miki and Paul that he wouldn't ask the same old questions and then proceeded to whine, "So what are your musical interests, and do you listen to Nirvana and Curve and Blur Nyah Nyah Nyah... like our 92.7 WDRE listener audience why DON'Tyou say Hi to them..." But I did talk to Emma about the choking rave scene in England which she participated in when it was a bit more underground and the cops still didn't have a clue.

The new album is an introspective peering into the mechanics of relationships, especially those between females and friends, "stray" "haunts us with one of our own past lovers as Miki chants "Do you still see me...do you still feel me...Do you still need me..." And "nothing natural" speaks out to the lover "...and don't you know you're beautiful..." and she sings of the relationship a woman has with her lover, the moments when she gets the attention she needs in little activities like combing her hair. The lyrics in "tiny smiles", hide my kisses in your hair...do you feel ashamed...you're not to blame...it's just a game...I'm just the same ...all built the same...our lips are sealed" talks of a sensual/sexual relationship between two

