

The
Stony
Brook

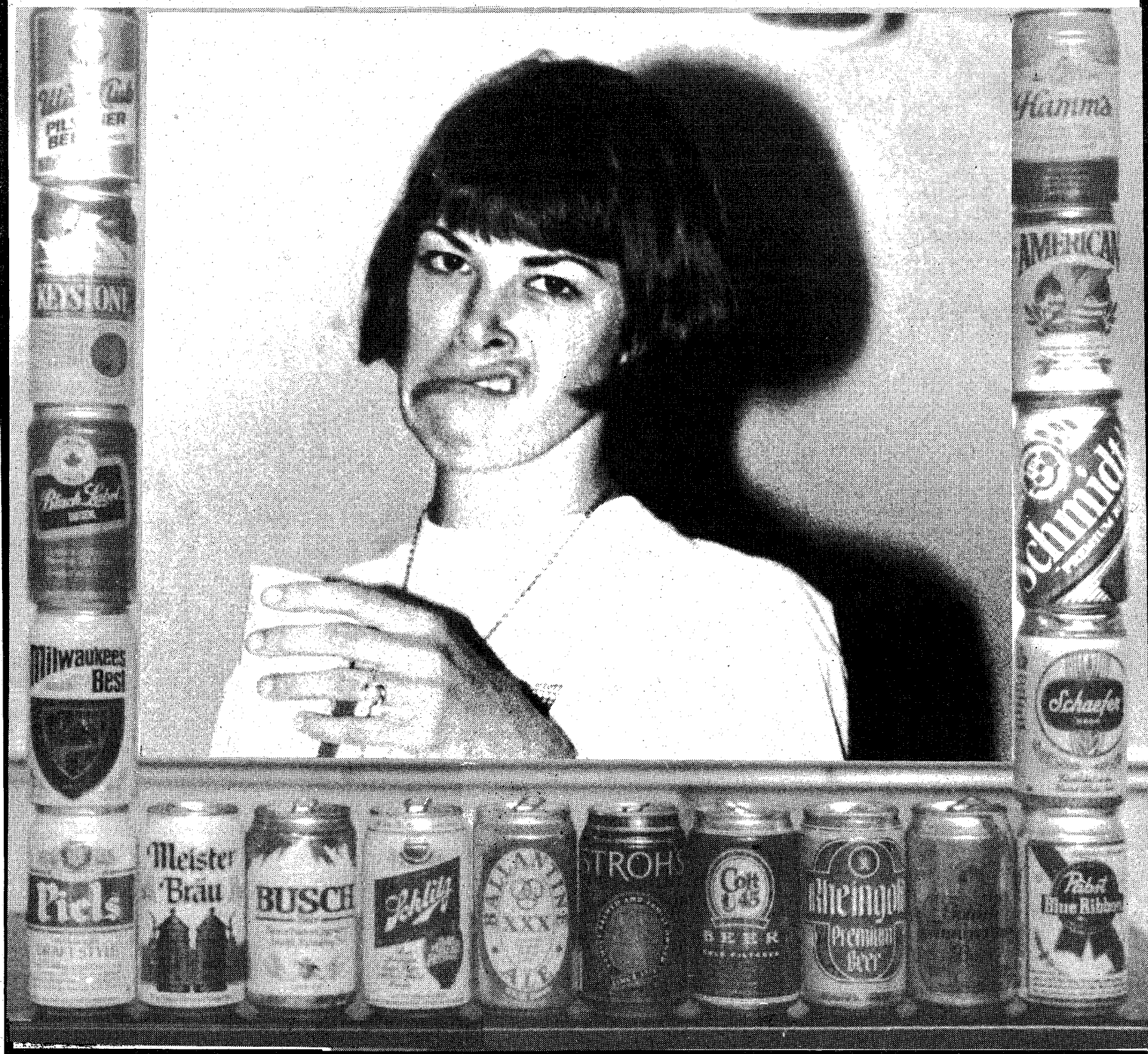
PRESS

Vol. XV, No. II

The University Community's Feature Paper

September 28, 1993

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Open House: LGBTQA Stands Tall

By Molly A. Murphy

Within the walls of a pale brown building at USB is a room that tends to go unnoticed, and within this room gathered many people of similar interests who also tend to go unnoticed by the general student populace. The Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Alliance held its annual Open House in the Fanny Brice Theatre on September 14, attracting liberals from across the campus and surrounding community. The small black theatre room was decorated with scattered tables, dimly lit by multi-colored track lighting, giving the appearance of a very intellectual/beatnik atmosphere. Tracy Chapman's revolutionary voice crept through the chattering of an acquaintance, introductions, and supportive ease. Upon the far wall were bold letters spelling "Pride—We Are Family."

This was the understood preface here: acceptance for those searching and struggling for what they have trouble finding on campus. This group of accepting individuals came together to express their wishes and rights and just

have a good time. Elba Demarquez obtains a position on the coordinator panel. As a heterosexual, she signifies an important unification between gays, lesbians, and straights. Her ideal is to "educate and inform, proving that it is possible for everyone to get along and accept."

Her concept is something our community needs to obtain with an open-minded and eager spirit, especially considering that, as the LGBTQA has found through research, "One out of every seven students is gay, lesbian, or bisexual."

Yet, there are many uneducated individuals who fear homosexuality. The problem lies within themselves, not in the gay individuals themselves.

Is homophobia a problem at USB? Absolutely; it is a problem where our

society has condemned a natural expression and proved to the ignorant that the unfamiliar is something to fear. And how else would our brainwashed, dominated society act in a case of threatened ego, other than to be violent? As

Michael Coppa, LGBTQA

Secretary, has been a victim of this discrimination, he stands up for his honest rights. He says, "I will do my share to help the community; violence, I will not tolerate" (nor should he have to). "I represent the gay community. If you don't like me because I'm gay, don't use violence against me. I will stand up for who I am."

With threatening graffiti slandered across his door in the O'Neill dormitory, he faces, as do many others, the sad torment of prejudice. Michael, with his friendly smile, and quick wit,

declares that, "we are all in this together. We pay the same amount of money for this schooling. We all need to support each other against racism, sexism, and homophobia."

As the new school year begins, hopes are keen and feelings deep. Only the broadening of minds can further insure the safety of a battling minority, which is an objective for the treasurer, Scott Mitchell. "Open House is to let everyone know we're here. Homosexuals and bisexuals need to know there's a safe place for them to be themselves. We also want to educate heterosexuals to rid them of homophobia." With National Coming Out Day on October 11th and Pride and Awareness the first two weeks of November, LGBTQA will be speaking out proudly this semester. For those who are interested in joining in alliance with a fabulous group of people, don't hesitate to attend meetings Thursdays at 9 p.m. in the Union, room 023, or call the LGBTQA at 632-6469 between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

This is the day and age where we can all come together and walk hand in hand. We just have to make it happen.



This Year's Model

By John Schneider

Hundreds applauded on September eighteenth as Miss South Carolina was crowned Miss America 1993. Hosted by Cathie Lee Gifford and a well-preserved Regis Philbin (who may have a career opening if Bob Hope kicks the bucket),



the show was a bizarre and cheery trip into the surreal world of television pseudoreality. The pageant is a twisted bit of Americana skillfully combining elements of advertising and entertainment in one glorious capitalistic pig-out.

The Pageant has a wimpy apologetic tone. Over the years it has tried to change, creating a new version of Miss America for the nineties. Want to be Miss America? You don't have to be a white, and you can be a bit more homely than in past years. You still can't be large or overweight (anorexics and

bulimics are welcome only if recovering), display eye-blinding teeth, a perky disposition bordering on the psychotic and be young and not pregnant. Oh, and now you must do your own hair and makeup.

Miss America promotes stereotypes of women which, while not negative, have a pervasive effect. They create a goal which for many is unattainable. Under ever more vehement criticism, the pageant seems to say, "Look! We still objectify women, but now we have other criteria." As if to say, "Miss America isn't just a pretty face, now she's a little uglier so aren't you happy yet? Go spit on some fur coats already."

It seems that the average person is capable of understanding the difference between a person and an image. However there is a dark side to all this. As much as we assume that we don't fall prey to accepting images for reality, the show has become a platform for advertising which preys on our failures to live up to this ideal. Finding fault with the pageant is as easy as waiting for the next commercial announcement. Want to look younger? Dye your hair with Nice n Easy. Lost that wedding picture figure? Ultra Slim Fast will do the trick, and try Special K for breakfast its healthy and tastes great. Kind of ironic

that there were no ads for feminine hygiene products which have invaded almost every other type of television programming.

But before we trash the entire media event, let's look at the pageant's positive aspects. After all, it's not just women strutting about in bikinis and evening dresses. T&A may be enough credentials for Miss Hawaiian Tropic Tan Lotion, but its a far cry from the coveted title of Miss America. There's a high cul-



ture talent competition with people singing Puccini arias and stuff. Things the average viewer of Regis and Cathie Lee don't get to see everyday.



'Tis time to celebrate
(or denigrate)
the all-American holiday.
Is it blessed
or is it cursed,
October 12, Columbus Day?
THE OLD WORLD MET THE NEW,
AND THE NEW WORLD BEGAN TO STEW...
SEND US YOUR DEEP PERSONAL VIEWS
ON THE MAN WHO SAILED THE OCEAN BLUE,
OR ALL OF THE PROBLEMS HE MADE FOR YOU!
we'll take poetry, stories, drama, essays, photos and artwork for the
**1993 COLUMBUS DAY
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deadline is October 8, 1993—please send all work to:

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MAYBE YOU CAN BE THE NEXT PABLO NERUDA
(OR EVEN WALT WHITMAN...)

**Tired of
being
kicked
around?
Join the
PRESS.**



L'Chaim

Clinton's Health Care Plan and You

The long-awaited grand unveiling of the President's plan to renovate America's failing health-care system occurred last Wednesday, to a predictable mix of acclaim and criticism. The Republicans used a characteristic tactic, getting air time immediately following Clinton's address to point up their side of the issue. In this tactic, they seem to have taken a page from Clinton's own play book, which states "Immediately and forcefully counter your opponent's claim." The only difference was that, while the latter instigated this policy as a form of damage control in response to Republican attacks, it is now used to attack any form of productive initiative on the part of the White House. Shrewd and petty.

The currently proposed revamping of the health-care system is a completely different animal from anything attempted by the Executive Branch of the government since Franklin D. Roosevelt. The former initiatives were both small in scope and had ample precedent in U.S. domestic policy. The health-care plan, on the other hand, is something the like of which hasn't been enacted since the advent of Social Security, and which undertakes to completely redesign one of America's biggest industries, and thwart a host of vested interests. Another difference between the health care plan and other Clinton proposals is that it is intended to save money in the short term. Finally, there is a large amount of public support for health care reform, from a wide spectrum of contingencies. Everyone seems to think that prescriptions cost too much, that doctors make too much, that health insurance is prohibitively expensive, and that waste and greed are largely

responsible for this country's wildly escalating health care costs.

The Republican response was one built upon fear. It played to the very fear which the Clinton plan was designed to remove: that, under the plan, people would not be able to receive adequate health care. While the stated aim of much of the Republican leadership is to sabotage and derail as much of Clinton's presidency as possible, this is an issue dear to the hearts (figuratively and literally) of a wide swath of the American populace, and was unsuited to the usual mean-spirited, petty and small-minded attack. All three of the speakers spent time commending the President for his initiative in this issue, turning soon to the idea that, while his intentions are good, he is more or less hopelessly incapable of bringing it to a successful fruition. One of them even had the gall to say that health-care reform was a Republican idea, but one which hadn't gotten off the ground due to Democratic resistance.

Repeatedly, the three hacks asked rhetorically if we would be comfortable with a "one size fits all" system of health care. Part of the implication was that different people need or deserve different kinds of, and amounts of care. The implicit question was "do you (typically well-to-do republicans) want to give up your advantage over the great unwashed?" The Clinton plan does not prohibit those with money from getting care over and above that provided by the government's. But the idea was that, with everyone in the country, including all of the doctors, working within the plan, everyone would have access to the high-quality care currently available in this country, but for a

lower price.

It is obvious that doctors in this country are making too much money—though they are being "crushed" by malpractice insurance, and the costs of buying equipment and hiring staff—they are still the ones who drive the fancy cars, play altogether too much golf, and live in the best houses. That is, if they don't condescend to treat poor people. What the Clinton plan proposes is that costs be shared according to the same rationale used for taxation: those who have more than enough should be made to sacrifice for those who do not, with all receiving the same benefits in return.

Also, the plan's "managed competition," ideally, at least, is supposed to do two important things: the first is to insure that timely and appropriate care is given to all; the second is to insure that costs are kept as low as possible. The first provision includes such innovations as peer review for doctors, which, at times when major decisions are being made about someone's treatment, is equivalent to having several "second opinions" for free. The pooling of knowledge and experience that peer review would bring into the workings of medicine would be immeasurably beneficial. The latter provision would encourage the practicing of preventative medicine, which, while reducing costs on a large scale, would also drastically reduce the amount of needless suffering which people undergo before they are treated. Currently, the system encourages people to get sick before going in for treatment because there is a greater profit margin in heart-bypass surgery, for example, than in handing out and supervising low-cholesterol diets.

There is a considerable prece-

dent adhering to the idea that large governmental programs are inefficient, impersonal, and impossible to control properly, and considerations such as these should certainly moderate its implementation. However, compared to the free-market system of health care now in place in this country, in which the best treatment goes to those with the most money (and all of the greed that goes along with it), a little regulation might be just what the doctor ordered.

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SANDBLAST NAKED

Letters

DON'T ALWAYS BLAME THE GUY IN CHARGE!

I got to Stony Brook way back in 1986—way back in the Era of Ronald Reagan, Bill Cosby, and Family Ties, and I remember, even back then, that many people considered Dr. John Marburger to be the source of every imaginable problem on campus—they thought that since he was THE GUY IN CHARGE, that he must, naturally, be personally responsible for anything and everything that went wrong. People were pretty quick to make him the official SUNY scapegoat, and to blame him on everything from tuition hikes, asbestos in dorms, on campus shootings, the meal plan, and an almost infinite list of other BAD THINGS that THE GUY IN CHARGE must logically, have had a lead role in institutionalizing and promoting. Some people I knew even thought that he must have brought in outside specialists in order to make sure that he messed things up *real* good.

People blamed such problems as not doing well in school on Dr.

John Marburger "and his evil Administrative Cronies," who obviously had gone out of their way to make the university "cold, impersonal, and unresponsive to student needs." They blamed the *dreaded* (and, even I thought, sometimes *dreadful*) meal plan on him. They blamed having poor social lives on the evil astrological vibes that Dr. John gave off. And then once a lot of people I knew graduated they blamed the fact that they couldn't find jobs on the infamous Mr. M.

Such thinking has always got me really annoyed: I mean no one person, even if he were the One-True-Incarnation-of-Murphy's-Law-on-Earth, could even dream of wreaking anything even approaching that much havoc. Any person who could leave such a wide and all encompassing swath of destruction in his path would not only be scary enough to rival the boogey man in giving children nightmares, but also would never have been allowed to become president of one of the finest universities of the Northeast...

What I think, in other words, is that people should try to give Dr. John Marburger a break. He's retiring from his post soon, and has not only made some real improvements in campus operations, but has also dealt with some serious crises while he's been in office. And not only that, but the only people who are so disgruntled with the job that Dr. Marburger's doing are the kind of people who are so disgruntled with their own lives that no longer how good their experience is at the University level that they will absolutely refuse to be happy with it.

SO DON'T ALWAYS BLAME THE GUY IN CHARGE!
Stony Brook is one of the finest universities in NY state, and he's been the president for 13 years!

He must be doing something right!

Sincerely yours,
Donald Blake,
Returning student

Along the Color Line: March on Washington, D.C.--An Assessment

Part one of a Two-Part Series.
By Manning Marable

The national mobilization which culminated in the August 28, 1993 March on Washington represented a transitional moment in the history of black America. Perhaps as many as one hundred thousand Americans had pilgrimaged to the steps of the Lincoln Memorial under the protest banner of "Jobs, Justice and Peace." But the forces which gathered for this demonstration represented a wide variety of political and social interests, with conflicts in some instances simmering just below the surface.

The genesis of this march occurred last winter, in a series of informal discussions between members of what could be termed the "Civil Rights Establishment"—Southern Christian Leadership Council (SCLC) president Joseph Lowery, former SCLC organizer and Congressional Delegate Walter E. Fauntroy, Urban League Director John E. Jacob, and Coretta Scott King. As veteran leaders of any social movement approach the twilight of their public careers, there is a tendency to reflect nostalgically about one's contributions to the historical record, and the great events in which one participated. For this generation, the August 28, 1963 March on Washington was the seminal political event of their lives.

But a public exercise in collective nostalgia would not justify such a major endeavor. A second factor commanded the attention of the black leadership: the recognition that millions of African Americans under the age of thirty-five no longer actively supported civil rights organizations. Political apathy towards the older liberal

integrationist leadership runs deep, and not only among the "hip-hop" generation which turns to Public Enemy rather than Jesse Jackson for its political analysis.

Thousands of black urban professionals—"buppies"—who ironically have achieved their successes in the job market precisely because of affirmative action programs and the enforcement of civil rights legislation, refuse to join or donate to the NAACP, the SCLC, or Operation PUSH. They feel that these traditional liberal formations really don't speak to their needs or their generational concerns. This becomes strikingly apparent when one considers that the newly-appointed national secretary of the NAACP, forty-five-year-old Benjamin Chavis, is widely described as a "youth leader" by the older set of civil rights bureaucrats. The veterans thus projected the 1993 March as a unique opportunity to "pass the torch" to the eager hands of a fresh generation of black activists.

There was one additional factor which motivated thousands to come to Washington, D.C.; general disappointment with the centrist policies of the Clinton administration. Clinton's inability to push through Congress a jobs bill last Spring meant several hundred thousand additional unemployed young people in America's ghettos this summer. The President's refusal to endorse a comprehensive, single-payer national health care system like Canada's would mean that millions of blacks, Latinos, and low-income people will not have adequate health coverage. Clinton's failure to increase the minimum wage permits thousands of black families to dwell in poverty. His retreat from the nominations of a series of African-American progressives from positions within his administration,

notably the refusals to appoint Spelman College president Johnetta Cole as Secretary of Education and law professor Lani Guinier as U.S. Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, infuriated and outraged the black community.

Lowery complained sharply that he was deeply "disappointed" when the president "abandoned" Guinier, because it raised "questions about his commitment to the Voting Rights Act." Something had to be done to place the Clinton administration on notice that it could not simply take the black community for granted, ignoring its policy demands and urgent socio-economic needs. Lowery favored some distancing between the civil rights agenda and the Democratic Party; "We ought to have permanent political principles—not permanent political loyalties...The [Democratic Party] often puts us on the expendable list, because we don't put them on the accountability list."

Clinton had to be reminded that 15.3 of his total electoral support in last November's election had come solely from black Americans. The majority of white Americans favored Bush over Clinton. By mobilizing the civil rights movement once again, the Democrats would be placed on notice that any erosion of black support could spell disaster for these same politicians tomorrow.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Political Science, and Director of the African-American Studies Institute, at Columbia University, New York City. "Along the Color Line" is featured in over 250 publications and on 75 radio stations internationally.

The Next "Evil Empire?"

By David Yaseen

The "New World Order" is here, and a greater misnomer has, perhaps, never been inflicted upon the conceptual vocabulary of the world: everywhere the forces of cohesion and coherence have broken down, to the effect that we now have new countries by the score, and claimants to the title by the hundreds, nearly all of which having axes to grind with their neighbors. Even in the United States, fragmentation along political, racial, and gender lines is threatening to tear us apart. There is no significant force in the world that tends toward a greater degree of organization, right?

Wrong. There is one such powerful force, and it goes by the name of Pan-Islamic Fundamentalism. All over the Muslim world, and especially in Arab countries, the legacy of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini is gathering force and bending the will of hundreds of millions of people in its direction. Last year, the Algerian national elections were held, and fundamentalists won the majority of seats in the legislature, only to be suppressed by the standing (secular) government. Sudan, now known as the source of the World Trade Center bombing plot, is, perhaps, the most vociferously fundamentalist country on the globe. Egypt, so central a pillar of stability and U.S. interest in the Middle East, is now a gunshot away from becoming a much more powerful and dangerous example of the same thing.

Their leaders' aims, beyond a simple power-grab and dreams of imperialism, are unknown to most of us in the U.S., being cloaked in the mystico-religious babble characteristic in this country of the leaders of our "Christian" movements, but they are certainly our enemies, in view of both their actions and rhetoric. This is nothing new, in light of the seemingly endless world history of conquerors and conquered, all with meaninglessly complex and rationalized justifications for their actions.

The fire in the bellies of rank-and-file fundamentalists is artificial, having been fanned through artificial pride in themselves, their religion and destiny in contrast with "western devils" and their richer (non-fundamentalist) neighbors in oil-rich countries. What this movement needs to make it work is blindly devoted adherents, and in this endeavor fundamentalist leaders have been wildly successful. However, to the Western mind, the mechanisms by which this has been (and continues to be) accomplished are a mystery.

The more astute intellectuals among the citizens of these countries are aware that the direction in which this movement is going is anathema to the interests of their fellow-citizens. Their countries only emerged from being rural backwaters with the discovery of oil, and economic exposure to the more technologically-advanced industrial world. However, the tenets of fundamentalism are aimed squarely at keeping the people mired in cumbersome traditions and values that

have not changed in hundreds of years. The greatest achievement to which a fundamentalist male can aspire is to die for his religion or god; the greatest achievement to which a woman in such a culture can aspire is to have many children to fight in God's name. It is not for them to have secure existences or personally meaningful lives, and certainly not to have a voice in government.

Perhaps the life which the common man in the fundamentalist world lives is truly the most fulfilling and satisfying which he could hope to achieve. Perhaps, presented with the opportunity to be master of his own fate, he would immediately run back to the guidance and protection of his religious leaders. That is unknown. Their leaders are sowing the seeds of discord and strife, both in their own countries, through the persecution of minorities, and in the rest of the world, through terrorism and arms-dealing. The obvious megalomania of these people, who lead not for the sake of the betterment of their people, but rather for their own personal agendas, is and will continue to cause untold suffering, not only for their own citizens, but for the world in general.

One thing is more or less obvious: this movement intends to consolidate the control of the Muslim world, and gain control of the region's oil wealth, that it may become a powerful player in world affairs. Once it has done so, it will have the ability to bring the United States and other countries to an economic standstill through reducing the flow or raising the

price of oil. In typical U.S. fashion, we would probably respond to such actions with aggression, under the pretext that we can take the oil more cheaply in the long run from conquered nations than from "uppity" ones. What we, as a country, went through during Desert Shield/Storm was nothing—we walked all over a single disorganized country—the prospect of doing the same in the face of a unified fundamentalist front of many countries would be staggeringly more difficult.

Whatever the reasons behind the powerful ascendancy of the Pan-Islamic Fundamentalist movement, it is certainly going to spell trouble for the United States and other oil-dependent industrial countries. Their use of terrorism, combined with the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction (nuclear, biological, chemical, etc.) makes all the military might in the world captive to their interests.

The United States is, as a country, far from blameless in its vulnerability to the actions of the fundamentalists. Big Oil, whose interests are nearly one with those of U.S. foreign policy, resists any and all initiatives aimed at reducing the nation's dependence upon it, and, through this dependence, is seemingly willing to force this country into war after war so that its market may be maintained. With our country being so completely dependent upon oil, these wars may be a better choice than the alternative, which is to cease all forms of production almost entirely.

The Worst of The Not-So-Great

By Sensate Mass

OK college students: Your parents have lost their jobs. You've lost your jobs. You face a world in which all the education in the world will never land you a decent job. The economy is down, the deficit is up, and the world is tumbling ever-faster into chaos. So what do you *drink*? Cheap beer. While all the yuppies are drinking straight from the tap at some pretentious micro-brewery and farting congenially, yours is the decision as to which mass-produced embalming fluid you would prefer to smell like when you go careening into that big telephone pole in the sky.

Extreme poverty does not mean that you must give up every semblance of class or taste—heaven forbid—it means simply that you must pick and choose carefully when it comes to your choice of 24 cans of ambrosia for under \$12 (tax and deposit included). Don't be too worried though; if you make the wrong choice, you'll never be at a loss for weed killer.

Of course taste is a factor (albeit a mitigated one), but there are other variables to be taken into account as well. For example, it would be wise to avoid "light" beers of any description—we're talking bang for the buck, here—it doesn't do you any good to begin right off the bat shooting yourself in the foot. And while Malt Liquors may seem at first glance to involve low liquid volume and promote the severe lack of motor skills we're looking for, they tend to be dangerously flammable and don't really fit in the spirit of our purist perspective. Besides, after downing a few quarts of '800,' the next thing you know you could find yourself washing windshields by the Lincoln Tunnel. There are also hangovers to consider, and on this front we have nothing to envy in our richer friends. Their rich, sweet, hoppy beers will give them fits in the morning, provided they aren't as wimpy as they look and drink more than two apiece. Finally, one must be sure to choose a beer which interferes only minimally with the workings of one's gastrointestinal

tract. Failing to take this into account will result in the unseemly affliction indelicately known as "the shits," and detract from the enjoyment of an otherwise mediocre experience.

Since few people have the time and money to conduct a truly scientific experiment as to which is the best cheap beer (and the constitutions to withstand testing bad ones), we have assembled a group of experts with wide experience of this genre of beverage, and procured one can each of every beer (except generic) available locally which meets the price criterion. Special thanks go out to Hank and Butch at Village Beverage for all their help, to our judges, Moon Dog, Zits, Pinko, and Larry, and especially to our lovely and talented assistant (she poured) Cathy.

Thus was born the Not-So-Great American Beer Festival, a night of painful debauchery and enormous self-sacrifice in the pursuit of truth so central to the life of each and every college student.

In the taste test, each of our panel of judges received opaque plastic cups numbered 1 through 18. Clear cups were rejected in the interest of fairness; these beers were to be judged upon flavor and body, not complexion. Each contained about three ounces of beer. The entrants were judged according to bite, burn, and aftertaste on a scale of -1 to -10. Each variety was then given an all-around score on the same scale. To allay any concerns you, the readers, may have regarding the objectivity of our results, a few words are in order. Though we attempted to compensate for the inevitability of the oral residue of previous entrants interfering with later attempts at applied connoisseurship with palate cleanser (pretzels), we still worried that the corrosive effects of the entrants might make our judgements progressively more kind. These fears were allayed by the fact that the last entrant, #18, was judged by all to be far and away the worst.

During the pre-festival calisthenics, all present expressed high levels of enthusiasm at the prospect of performing such a valuable service to the students of Stony Brook and to humankind in general. The philanthropic spirit and general altruism of the moment was not destined to last for long; as the fetid aroma of the first batch of cups wafted into the testing laboratory, the tension and apprehension became palpable. An air of doom hung over all.

There being no sense in prolonging this awkward situation, we got down to business. Having prepared our ballots, and with representatives of the accounting firm Lipshitz, Lipshitz, Lipshitz, Lipshitz, and Smith scrutinizing every move, the tasting began. Beaming in the spirit of the quintessential German beer hall wench, Cathy



strode into the room bearing her precious liquid cargo. In a very professional manner, we sniffed, tasted, and assiduously noted down our responses. By the third trial, however, our dispassionate demeanor deserted us. Committed as we were to the task we had been appointed, the tasting pressed onwards.

By the end of the evening, one thing had become clear: none of these beverages was really worth the effort, but some were indeed more tolerable than others. Utica Club Pilsener won first prize, narrowly defeating Hamm's by an average of just less than .5 point. Overall, the two beers were judged to be equal, with scores of -3.75. Keystone finished third, with a -4.25 score.

We had plenty of losers, too (actually, they all were—some just didn't lose as badly), with Ballentine's Ale far and away the worst, receiving perfect -10s in three of four categories. It was variously described as "Putrid Rage," "Terpentine," and "Instant reform for alcoholics." Less illustrious losers included Stroh's (-9.25 overall), Colt 45 beer (-8.5), and Schlitz (-8.0). Surprisingly, Pils did not make the cut. All of the judges were agreed in that they would not go so far as to say that they would ever purchase it anyway, just on general principle, and disgustingly consistent experience.

Well, there you have it, folks, a nearly exhaustive guide to the worst of the worst of beers. This article is by no means intended to advocate the actual drinking of its subject matter. If you have the money, drink something else. But if you don't, perhaps it can save you some headaches down the line. Cheers!

[Editor's note: The participants in the Not-So-Great American Beer Festival were all trained and board-certified professionals. Do not try this at home.]



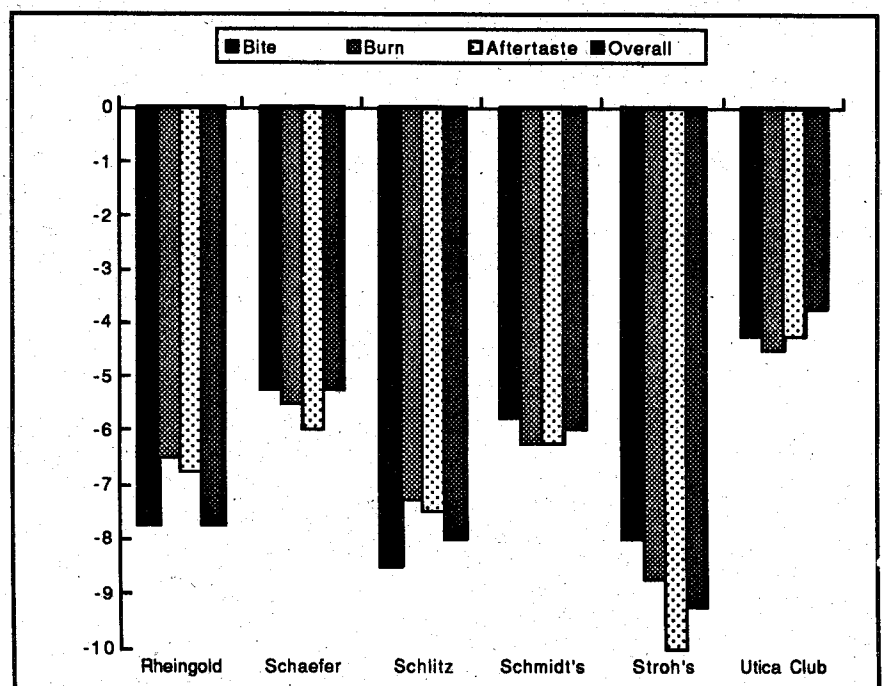
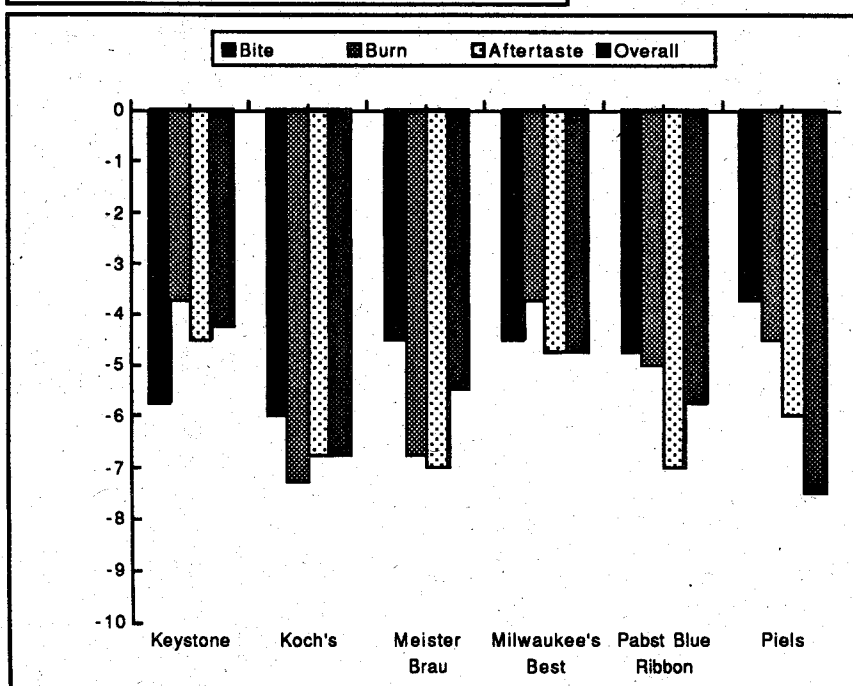
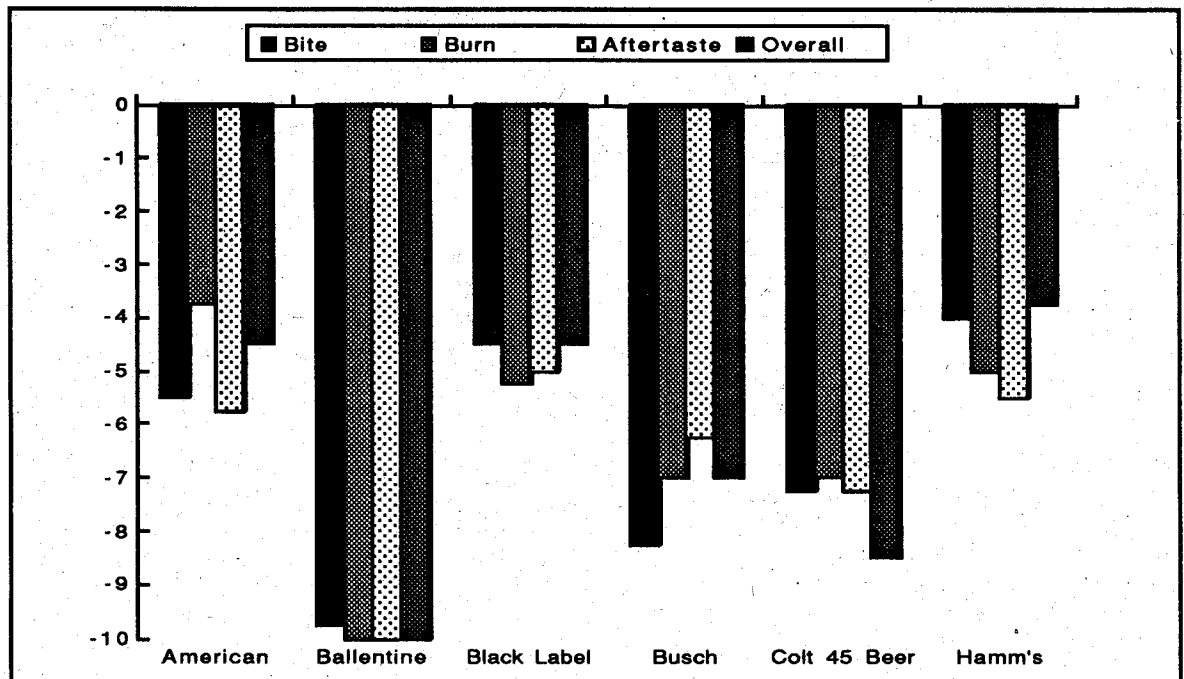
the Worst:

American Beer Festival

The Results:

All scores are negative (i.e. -1 to -10), reflecting the generally disgusting nature of these beverages. Rankings (pun intended) are based upon overall scores. Ties were broken by averaging together all of the individual scores (bite, burn, aftertaste).

1. Utica Club	-3.75
2. Hamm's	-3.75
3. Keystone	-4.25
4. American	-4.5
5. Black Label	-4.5
6. Milwaukee's Best	-4.75
7. Schafer	-5.25
8. Meister Brau	-5.5
9. Pabst	-5.75
10. Schmidt's	-6.0
11. Koch's	-6.75
12. Busch	-7.0
13. Piels	-7.75
14. Rheingold	-7.75
15. Schlitz	-8.0
16. Colt 45 Beer	-8.5
17. Stroh's	-9.25
18. Ballentine	-10.0



Rape: Closer Than You Think

By Molly Murphy

I am the voice of a woman, and I'd like to turn your attention to something larger than you may understand. The facts say that one of every three women will be raped at some time during her lifetime. This means that either your sister, your mother, or your girlfriend will be the victim of a life-shattering crime, if they haven't been already. The other statistic is that four out of five men have said that they would rape if they thought they could get away with it. But how accurate are these conclusions?

My friend and I were discussing this one evening after a Women's Concerns meeting. As we debated how many women had fallen prey to this maliciousness, we realized that the stakes were much higher. If anyone has ever known a rape victim, he or she knows there are certain very unhealthy symptoms that separate these victims from "normal society."

First of all, more than usual, they are in denial that the event even took place. Yet, unconsciously, their behavior is more closed, frightened. Their dressing patterns change. Their clothes may become baggier and darker; feeling attractiveness is a tease and potential danger. They may have trouble sharing intimacy with a trusted individual. For why should they trust, since more than

half of the alleged rapists are people they know? Hostility may burn in their veins after such an experience, causing strange mood swings and very low self-esteem. Yet, the ironic part is that those who are aware may not have told a single soul.

Why do these women seem to protect the men who have raped them? Well, the human mind has this amazing survival device that allows us to disconnect ourselves from situations in order to go on living. Those who do remember may have either disassociated themselves so far from the situation that it was like a bad movie, or become strangled by fear. Fear not only of the wretched man, but of the shame that she must face, in relations with her parents and friends. Why should a woman be ashamed of an event that was forced upon her? A violation of the body is a violation of the mind. She feels anger and pain, but also severe disgust with the body in which she must continue to live. She may feel it was her fault, for the patriarchal society in which we survive tells women that sex is wrong and that females are second-class, subservient citizens. We, as educated humans, should know full well that women are equal and powerful within our society. Yet, even the most ardent believer of the feminist viewpoint may have been a victim and never reported it.

My own theory, knowing many women who have been

raped or harassed and who feel violation and torment, is that the statistics may be as high as nine out of ten. Whether it is date rape, molestation, or an attack by a stranger, it is never sex. It is violence. Rape has broken the walls of innocence within the female bond, causing the nurturers and healers of our society to become ticking time bombs. What has happened to our society when we can no longer run our mothers for peace?

Men, use compassion. Think with your minds. Your penis is a tool for procreation, not a weapon.

Women, you don't have to live in fear any longer. It is a crime that we must stop and the only way we can save our bodies is to use our minds. Take the time to protect yourselves and others. Report rape, so it will not happen to another and voice your anger. You have a right to be angry. We women have clung to our souls with all our might. Now we will fight for our bodies.

For support or expression, the Womyn's Concerns Center meets weekly on campus. Their office number is 632-2000. A few other helpful numbers are: Public Safety Emergency: 246-3333 (off campus) or 333 (on campus); University Hospital Emergency Room: 444-2465; Walk Service: 632-6337; Victims Information Hotline (24 hours): 360-3606; University Counseling Center: 632-6720; Office for Women: 853-3760; Long Island Women's Coalition: 666-8833.

Brazil Child

By Kenneth Churchill

On the streets of Brazil rejected,
children dying, starving, homeless, neglected,
bloodthirsty storeowner, humanity infected.

Never to love, laugh, yell or shout.
Never to grow, and find a way out,
of turbulent poverty, crawling about.

Tomorrow's days will never unfold.
They will never cry again, they will never grow old.
The storeowner grins, his money is sold,
to police and the death squad, they do it for gold.

On the streets of Brazil rejected,
children dying, starving, homeless, neglected,
bloodthirsty storeowner, humanity infected.

Murder by murder, the killing repeats,
splashing the children's brains on the streets.
The death squad is winning, the homeless delete,
the dead children's blood, soaks in the concrete

On the streets of Brazil rejected,
children dying, starving, homeless, neglected,
bloodthirsty storeowner, humanity infected.

The Federative Republic of Brazil has sent a message to the world, saying, "Kill your homeless." Letters can be mailed to the U.N. Secretariat, U.N. Headquarters, New York, NY 10017-0000, requesting that peacekeeping troops be placed in Brazil's cities to protect the thousands of homeless children who are massacred every year.

You can be
Depressed,
You can be
Oppressed,
You can be
Repressed,
You can be
Suppressed,
Or...

You can be ex^p_r^e_s^sed.
Join The PRESS.
(We would be
Imp^r_e^ssed.)

From the darkest reaches
of the infernal abyss,
The Stony Brook Press
presents...

Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolical origin)

Greetings impetuous mortals. Although I do not have any letters from you irritably apathetic readers as of yet, I thought I still might share some extra-planar wisdom with you. To begin with, as we all well know, school is back in session. I too am enrolled in classes and I find that in deboting my time to unholy acts of unspeakable pleasure, I have little time for job responsibilities and academia. I imagine that many of you are in similar straits and could benefit from my infinite wisdom.

The first step is to properly budget your time. In this fashion, you can easily distinguish between what there is time for and what there is not. The second step is to decide just how badly you want that which seemingly cannot be had. What are you willing to part with, to give freely and without duress in exchange for your desire, dream, or wish...

The final step is magic; the last step is always magic. Depending on how you have dealt with step two, there are a number of paths step three can take you down. For instance, you might simply wish that you had more time. This approach is straightforward and relatively free from risk; unfortunately only an idiot would actually give credence to it

! A more serious-minded person might appeal to the local spirits, perhaps even making a small sacrificial offering to



sweeten his request. This approach works best for you weak-willed and spineless mortals too

tortured to wield real power.

By far the most practical method of getting things done is to force them. Whether you beg, borrow, or steal your magic is unimportant. Use it. Arcane secrets can bend the will of others to your will; if you feel you are not yet strong enough for this you can summon the powers of darkness who may also do you bidding (and I don't mean 1-900-555-EVIL). Whatever method you choose, I encourage you to be successful. If you have any questions or comments, write to me. If you are having difficulty in your magic research, write to me. If you are having personal difficulties and you think a powerful immortal from the infernal realms might be able to help, write to me dammit! Even if you are just bored and wish to tempt fate, write to me.

- Azazel

Please send all correspondence to:

Arcane Answers
The Stony Brook Press
Room 060, Student Union
Thank you.

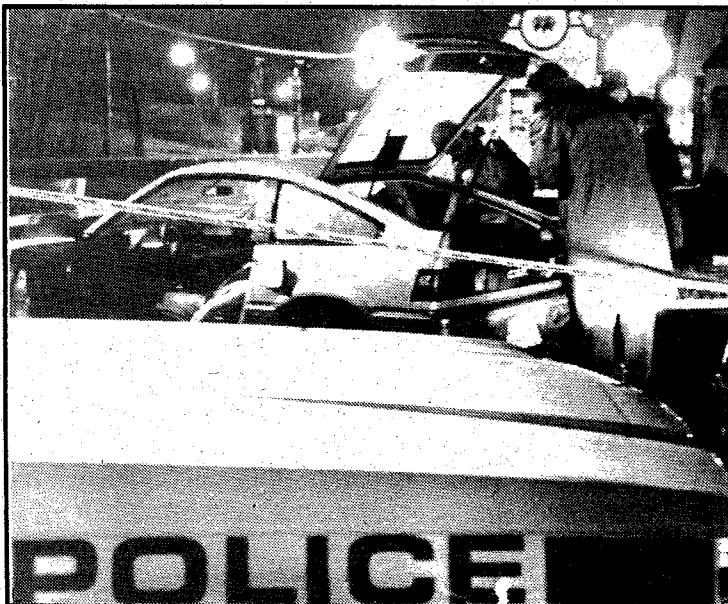
THANK YOU SIR. MAY I HAVE ANOTHER?

By Dionysus Lestat

What could be better? I get up bright and early to add a class and the Administration Building is packed. They couldn't fit more people in with a blender. I wait on line for six or seven hours and the lady behind the counter says "You're blocked. Go to Student Accounts." Oh, joy of joys, another line. So I wait again. When the 400 people get out of my way, a bright, smiling face says, "You're blocked by traffic. You have to go down there for your bill." Yup, you guessed it, another line. No problems here, though. Only about half of the people in front of me are going to need a translator. After what seems like a week, I get my printout. Now it's back upstairs to another fucking line. At this point, I'm so happy I could shit. Just one more line and I get to stand on the Registrar's line again. I am now starting to rationalize that it is completely necessary to have one person to tell me that I'm blocked, another to tell where the block is, still another to print out a bill, and yet one more to receive the money, just so that I can wait on that monster line for the Registrar to find out the one class I need to graduate closed out in the five hours it took me to pay a \$20 parking ticket. But look at the bright side, I think it's offered again in 1995.

It gets even better. Now I get to sit in class for 80 minutes listening to monotone professor give a dry lecture on phrenology, the study of lumps in the skull. Walt Whitman was on acid. Phrenology is bogus and stupid, not to mention outdated. The only thing more boring than the lumps in the skull are the lumps in my oatmeal. Is this really where my tuition dollars go?

After taking my 1 question short essay quiz that



ended up being a 10 question compare and contrast exam, my day is finally over.... Or so I thought. The day from Hell turns into the night from Hell. My car gets booted for failure to pay the ticket that I spent all morning paying. They even waited four hours after I paid the ticket to put the boot on. It's a good thing we have computers. I shouldn't be so critical, I guess all those little buttons could get intimidating, especially for the bonehead cave dweller in the traffic office.

Public safety was so helpful. They met me at my car and said, "Oops... I guess we messed up." I guess so ass-munch. Now, I'm no engineer, but I didn't realize it took three power hungry Neo-Nazis to take off a boot. And we're giving these guys guns? It probably would have been easier just to shoot me, but then again, it might be more paperwork. Maybe it was a slow night, but three guys to remove a boot? C'mon was 7-11 out of donuts? And where were they when my car got broken into? I think the whole staff was writing a ticket for someone who parked in front of a dumpster. All in all, it wasn't bad, it only took three of the Hitler Youth an hour to liberate my car. Not bad, we pay three state employees for an hour each, with night differential for a \$20 parking ticket that was already paid. Welcome to Stony Brook!

WHAT DO I DO???

By Catherine Krupski
for Sari Paikoff far, far away...

My wildest dreams came true! I can't believe it!!! A man actually told me he "really loves" me! And I know that he won't ever cheat on me and absolutely adores me—can you believe it?

I finally found some one who really loves me, doesn't do drugs and doesn't just want to have sex. He lives and is going to school in Czechoslovakia. Oh, did I mention he is going to be a doctor? It's too good to be true. BUT like every perfect plan, there is a loophole. He's a straight-laced pencil-pushing Mormon who only listens to classical music. WHERE IS THE HAPPY MEDIUM??? and if it really exists, why can't I find it??

Not to knock Mormons, I have nothing against them personally, I just don't agree with all of their beliefs. We could never go out for a cup of coffee, to a pub to "have a drink."

While I did like him two years ago, I feel that our lives have taken two different paths. He continued with his religion kick and I went the other way.... Now I know how Mary Magdalene felt shooting the breeze with Christ.

Obviously, I am NOT the type of person who should be a significant other in the life of a Mormon. Besides, if he had feelings for me then, and tells me about them now, he should have fast-forwarded to "now" two years ago. We have been programmed in this country to act on spontaneity and we must have everything right away. Microwaves are a good example.

Anyway, we started out the right way - as friends - and worked from there. We have kept in touch through letters for this long, but writing and verbally communicating are two different things.

He writes, "since that time, you had a special place in my heart (no, we didn't have sex, you perverts!!) And when I saw you walking with your mom, I felt as if I were losing you forever." Oh, yeah? Well, who had the girlfriend at the end of the summer ??? He goes on in that broken English I adored so much, "Now you know why I haven't written for a long time - *Bcacuse all of this was going through my mind and I didn't know what to do about it.*" So, he was confused?? And, like the typical male, he was "confused and didn't know what to do." At least he didn't try to resolve his dilemma by sleeping with a flurry of women, like this guy - excuse me- these guys that I know.

Of course, I have to write the "Dear John" letter and feel really horrible. I know what it's like to be on his end—you allow yourself to become vulnerable just once, and BOOM! The feelings aren't reciprocated. Like the Wizard told the Tin Man, "Hearts will never be made practical until they can be made unbreakable." So the cycle continues.

Meanwhile, as I lifeguard, I have a forty-something married guy hitting on me and a 12 year-old who "keeps me company" until I close the pool. Again I have to question the presence of the alleged "Happy Medium."

What happened to the good old days when I could just say "hi" to a guy in the library, on the stairs and watch him tremble with fear and basically tumble to the second floor landing? or the "involuntarily celibate" friend who thought I was a witch, like my friend Sue, and had some amazing power to make his car tires go flat?

Maybe I am asking for too much - a guy I can trust, have some things in common with, and have fun.

Women are getting a bad deal - it's not just American guys with the consistent, pathetic state of confusion, it's worldwide.

PARENTAL GUIDANCE

By Steven J. Forster

When it's time to go back to work or school, you might be thinking of some sort of daycare for your child. You may think maybe a baby-sitter, a group type baby-sitter or preschool. All three types of daycare have their advantages and their disadvantages, all which have to be weighed by you and your spouse. A list of some of these pros and cons are supplied here for you.

Baby-sitters can give your child individual attention, due to the one on one basis. You may also find a sitter who would be willing to travel to your house and take care of your child in the comfort of your own home. An individual child care giver however, may not have the skills to deal with problems that may come up with a child, as a trained, certified professional care-giver or teacher may possibly have.

A baby-sitter may also not be skilled to prepare your child for elementary school. A great deal of children know how to read, recite and recognize the alphabet, and similar tasks that you and I learned in kindergarten. In order to give your daughter a competitive edge on the general school level five year-olds, she will need these skills by her fifth birthday.

Group baby-sitting is also available. This is when a mother baby-sits a group of children at one time. On many occasions these womyn are teachers staying home to care for their new born who decide to make money doing it. If so you get the learning skills you're looking for to start your son in elementary school.. The teacher also has the skills to deal with child problems.

Your child loses personal attention in a group setting (sometimes these womyn

take as much as six or more children). The teacher may easily get distracted because of accidents or other reasons, and your child may be left somewhat unattended.

Then there is the growing population of pre-schools. Pre-schools have the advantage of giving your child an education with the attention she needs. A great deal of these schools have small classes with aides to help the teacher bring the student/adult ratio to approximately three to one.

Some of these schools offer at least a social worker or psychologist who'll be able to give you assistance with many problems either at home or work to find programs you may be able to use to help you care for your daughter. Summer classes are also worth looking into. The prices for these schools may be rather high, and may only have a limited summer schedule.

Another group of criteria you may wish to look for in obtaining daycare for your son, concerning such areas as logistics, financial status, and convenience are important aspects to consider, perhaps first off.

You may wish to choose a care facility close to home, because the child doesn't have to travel far and get restless during a long ride on the expressway. You may, however, wish for a school closer to you in case anything happens to the child or the child care facilitator. So you can rush down there in a hurry.

Consider your financial capabilities: how much are you able to pay for your child's daycare? Often students live on very limited incomes; you may wish to consult a social worker, a great source of information about social programs to help you finance daycare.

Always ask for references, and (if applicable) accident report records. References can give you recommendations on the care giver. Accident records tell you how careful the facility is.

When the time comes for you to move on with your personal life, you ultimately make the choice. The thing to remember is choose what you and your child feels comfortable with.

Happy parenting.



Grafix by James Blonde

Dysfunctional Fables

THE WREN AND THE CUCKOOS

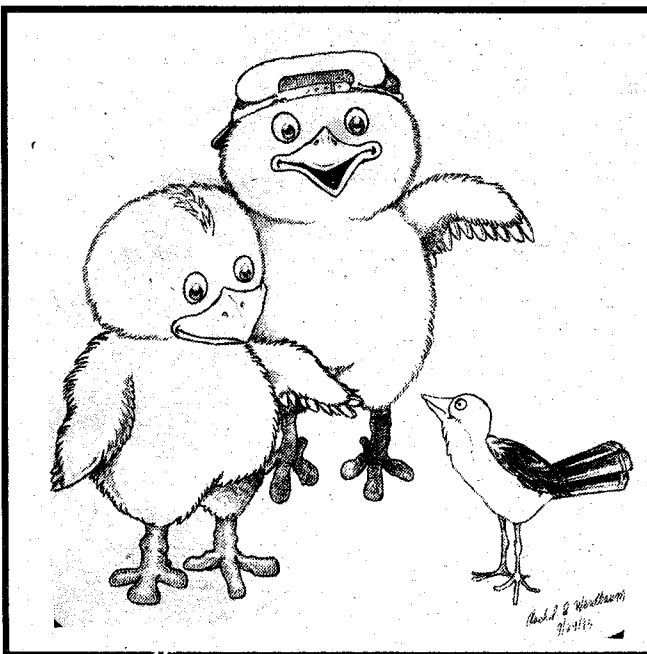
By Rachel S. Wexelbaum

The cuckoo bird is not a friendly inhabitant of wooden clocks made in Bavaria. In reality, it is a very nasty creature who eats the children of other birds. Mama Cuckoo, too lazy to build her own nest, will find the nest of a wren in which to lay her giant egg. When the baby cuckoo hatches, it will immediately push the wren's eggs out of the nest and Mama Wren will feed it until it is all grown up. Some naturalists believe that Mama Wren will do this out of instinct, or that she cannot tell the difference between the cuckoo baby and her own—as long as it has a red mouth.

Well, Mama Wren is not stupid. The baby cuckoo, when half grown, is at least twice her size. It is loud, obnoxious and always hungry—as are most children—but nevertheless Mama Wren feels that it is her duty as a mother to care for any child in need. Without protest she flies back and forth, day and night, to bring food to her little one. She caters to her child's every whim, even when it wants to invite friends over.

One day Mama Wren was trying to teach her cuckoo baby how to fly. It wasn't long until three of the cuckoo baby's cuckoo friends appeared on the scene, and they began to talk among themselves about

things which had nothing to do with flying at all. They even used bad language and insulted Mama



Wren in ventriloquist's whispers to confuse and torment her. They began to say a lot of strange things in cuckoo language, as if she could not understand. However, Mama Wren had to finish a flying lesson each day with her foster child, because otherwise he

would not be ready to fly south for the winter.

The cuckoo baby and his cuckoo friends spent countless hours of valuable flying time poking fun at Mother Wren's pronunciation of certain cuckoo words. They wallowed in self-importance and thought themselves young gods because of their enormous size, and as a result Mother Wren could no longer control the cuckoo babies.

However, the little mother was persistent and refused to stop teaching. Up until the first day of November she coaxed and cajoled her cuckoo baby to flap his wings and fly, but he insisted on following the lead of his peers instead. Finally, when the time came to fly south, Mother Wren shrugged her shoulders and left the cuckoos to their own devices.

Perhaps they are the ones imprisoned in your cuckoo clocks, or the ones which make your cat smile.

MORAL: Short-term fun is not a long-term investment.

MORE IMPORTANTLY: THE MEEK HAVE ONE OVER YOU!

Friend Or Foe?

By John Schneider

In life, it is often beneficial to know the difference between your friends and your enemies. Many recent movies, such as *Fatal Attraction*, *Basic Instinct*, and *JFK*, have focused on characters who would have benefited from knowing who their enemies were. Enemies wish you harm, and conspire against you to bring great personal grief, angst, pain and remorse as well as financial harm and social ruin. In comparison, friends cause great personal grief, angst, pain and remorse as well as financial harm and social ruin. The difference being that friends do not intend overtly to harm you, and as you know, it is the thought that counts.

One of the simplest methods of detecting a foe for the novice is the presence of a weapon and/or object being held or used in a way which could be deemed "menacing," or "life threatening." Try this example: A man approaches you and you feel the presence of a knife or sharp object against your throat, particularly in contact with the jugular vein or the trachea (windpipe). If you said this person was a foe, you're probably right. But let's take a slightly different approach to this example. Supposing, in the same incident, the individual holding the knife demanded your meal card. This is where judgement is important. If the person holding the knife wishes to stop you from suffering the consequences of another ARA meal he might be your friend. However if this person looks like he may try to use your meal card, he is extremely dangerous and in need of psychiatric attention. His behavior could endanger your very life even more than campus dining services. He should be dealt with as a foe.

Since the dawn of time, enemies have hurled objects at people they don't like in order to harm them, from the simple slingshot used by David to fell Goliath, to the modern day AK-47s used by disgruntled postal workers across the nation to hurt just about anyone who ticks them off. Some examples of the typical projectile weapons which may be

used by a foe to harm you are small rocks, handguns, rifles, machine guns, really big rocks, howitzers, mortars, and ICBMs. Any small weapons fire within ten yards of an individual is an excellent indication that someone may wish to hurt, maim, or mortally wound said individual. Don't assume that just because you can't see the foe, he isn't there. With larger arms such as a howitzer or an ICBM, it becomes necessary to always be alert to what is going on around you, particularly if your foe has bad aim. If houses in your neigh-



borhood are being destroyed by large-bore artillery, take a map and try plotting their dispersal. A close cluster of damage surrounding your house could indicate that it is a target. Likewise keep track of the detonation of thermonuclear devices in your geographical region. If cities near you are being vaporized, you may have some dangerous foes.

While weapons of the sort mentioned before are obvious in their ability to maim and kill, keep an eye open for less obvious weapons. Be suspicious of people swinging axes or chain saws when you are indoors, or in unforested areas. Always

remember, "When in doubt, ask." People are usually very open and honest about their hostility when confronted before committing acts of violence and brutality. Open violence toward you is an almost certain indication that a person is a foe and not a friend.

Unfortunately, while this is the most positive way to identify a foe, sadly in many cases, the individual does not live long after discovering his or her foe. Consequently, much of the research on identifying foes has concentrated on identifying them as soon as possible, and providing this knowledge in advance of any impending violence a foe will seek to inflict.

The knowledge that there are individuals unknown to you who not only hope you have a bad day, but will actively make sure it is your last could cause shock and lead to extreme paranoia. There are two ways in which to help deal with this stress. Firstly, stay awake as much as possible. Coffee is indispensable, I prefer granulated instant Folgers, since it can double as food or liquid depending on dietary needs. Never let a foe catch you with your guard down.

Secondly, always be heavily armed, and don't make the mistake that Reagan did when dealing with the Russkies. Unilaterally Assured Deterrence isn't really effective. Unless you commit senseless acts of violence. For beginners, try shooting people in the kneecap for no particular reason. Sure it will hurt them, but they'll live. The important thing is your peace of mind. Nothing deters would-be foes more than a stay in a hospital or prison; or just become a lawyer. Foes will think twice if they realize that they will suffer years of costly legal litigation from the results of their actions. It's just as effective if the sight of blood makes you squeamish.

Foes and enemies present a constant threat to your well being, but with the proper precautions, can be dealt with and you may live a long productive life provided you are aware of the risks. That is until the government tries to take away your right to bear arms.

THE SOUNDTRACK LESS TRAVELED: SHORT CUTS

By Catherine Krupski

*I been in love so bad, I thought that I would die.
I could have been a waterbed with all the tears I cried.
To Hell with love.*

I've been there.

These lyrics are from "To Hell With Love," a song on the soundtrack to "Short Cuts," a film directed by Robert Altman due out in early October. Altman is well-known for his other movies, "M*A*S*H," "Nashville," and "The Player" (for which he received an Oscar nomination), to name a few.

The film is based on eight short stories and a poem by Raymond Carver, who died in 1988 of cancer. According to the New York Times, "he depicted a bleak world of blue-collar desperation and tenderness in the Pacific Northwest." Although the original plot takes place in the Northwest, Altman moved it to Los Angeles. Of course there were character additions and re-arrangements. The three-hour-plus film is about several families whose lives are connected in unusually twisted ways. The all-star cast includes Robert Downey Jr., Jennifer Jason Leigh, Tim Robbins (also of "The Player"), Madeleine Stowe, and Lily Tomlin.

The soundtrack, put out by Imago, features mainly the vocals of Annie Ross and the instrumentals of Lori Singer. Although Ross is noted for her contributions to the jazz world, she has appeared in other movies prior to "Short Cuts" ("Pump Up the Volume" and "The Player"), plus appearances on stage. Lori Singer



("Footloose" and TV's "Fame"), a graduate of Julliard, playing the cello, has performed with orchestras around the country. The two are cast as mother and daughter in the film.

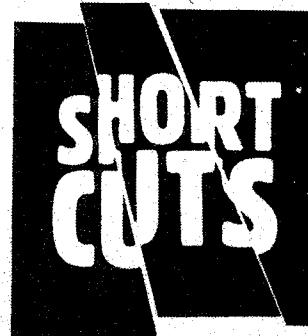
Many different songwriters contributed to the soundtrack. Bono and The Edge had written "Conversation on a Barstool" for Marianne Faithfull, though she has never recorded it. Both U2 and Faithfull condoned the use of it for the movie. You can almost imagine Bono singing it just by the emphasis Ross puts on certain words. The way Ross can set the scene with the tone of her voice is amazing. She can make you feel her exhaustion and then hear the sorrow in her life. It makes you kind of sad and you realize - "Hey, I've been there..." This is the first song on the soundtrack - a helicopter sound effect precedes it and fades just as the first piano notes appear.

"To Hell With Love," written by Doc Pomus and Dr. John is one of the best songs on the soundtrack. The lyrics alone are awesome. I guess this upbeat tune about independence is appropriate after the preceding tear-jerker. "Punishing Kiss" was written specifically by Elvis Costello and Cait O'Riordan for Ross to perform in the movie. The lyrics are interesting because it's about a woman watching soap operas.

"Evil California" was written by Terry Adams and Iggy Pop. It stands out amidst the jazz and classical songs because of its beat. This is The Best Song on the album. The beat, the lyrics, they *make* you want to snap your fingers and not just walk to the beat, but strut.

Michael Stipe also does a duet with Ross. "Full Moon" was recorded in Georgia in the same recording studio as REM uses. It doesn't really sound like Stipe; his voice is much lower. The song is great.

There are the classical pieces featuring Singer on the cello. They were originally written for performance by large orchestras, but were adapted for a



quintet for the film. "Cello Concerto in B Minor" by Antonin Dvorak, "Cello Concerto No. 2 Opus 30 - First Movement," by Victor Herbert and "Berceuse" from "The Firebird Suite" by Stravinsky are great and show off Singer's considerable talent, especially in Dvorak's piece where there are sudden changes of tempo and sound. Singer also performs a jazz song with Ross, "I Don't Know You," which also displays versatility.

The songs performed by Ross were recorded and filmed live on a soundstage. Many of the songs sound like a lounge act of an aging singer past her time. After one of those songs (thankfully there are only a couple), a powerful classical piece changes everything.

These pieces are good and give a change of pace to the jazz, which can become a blur after a while. I think that explains their placement on the soundtrack—they were strategically planted to break up the monotony, but even that gets boring.

Hal Willner produced the soundtrack and added comments after listing each of the songs which explain their history and/or relevance to the film. Overall, you will be amazed by these songs solely due to the incredible list of songwriters, but will be *absolutely* content if you have a programmable CD player.



Review

Violent Femmes: Tame and Butchy.

By Sam Chu

"You just can't fuck with this band!" screams an extremely effeminate voice to start off the Violent Femmes new CD. *Add It Up (1981-1993)*, the latest Slash Records release from the Violent Femmes is intended to be a musical history of the Milwaukee-based band. About a third of the songs on the CD are previously-released Violent Femmes classics. The other two-thirds is devoted to live songs and titles that were either never released in the United States or were B-sides.

The "greatest hits" portion includes such favorites as "Blister in the Sun," "Gone Daddy Gone," "American Music," "Old Mother Reagan," and "Country Death Song." Most of the releases come from *Violent Femmes* or *Hallowed Ground*. If you're only into the new recordings just skip to track 10 because all of the cuts before that are old songs.

All of the new releases are at least decent. It is surprising that none of these songs made it onto any of their albums, considering most of them were recorded pre-1988. "Waiting For the Bus" is the first song on the CD and the only new song in the entire first half or so; it is very upbeat and sim-

ple. "36-24-36" is a mindless, but very good, song that was recorded as a demo for the title track of a movie that was never made. "I Hate The TV" doesn't make sense, but is entertaining. "America Is" is the

most message-oriented song on the CD; it speaks out against racism and the genocide of the American Indian. "Dance, Mother Fuqua, Dance!" just plain fun.

The live portion of the CD includes recordings of "Add It Up," "Vancouver," "Lies," and "Johnny." These are all good songs and the quality of the recordings is better than anything I ever recorded at a Violent Femmes concert. The version of "Add It Up" is also considerably longer than the original.

Add It Up (1981-1993) is a good collection of Violent Femmes songs but lacks a fair amount of new stuff. It does have the "I think I'll kill myself, but wait, there goes a very pretty girl..." tone of the original Violent Femmes album, but that's because half of that album is on this one as well. It is hard to believe that \$16 worth of work went into this CD—the Violent Femmes themselves probably had little to do with it and it could have been released as an EP for less money. If you are a hardcore Violent Femmes fan you have probably already bought the CD, but if you haven't, don't, borrow it from your friend. If you like the Violent Femmes and were thinking of buying this album, just go out and buy the first album, it's better.

