

The
Stony
Brook

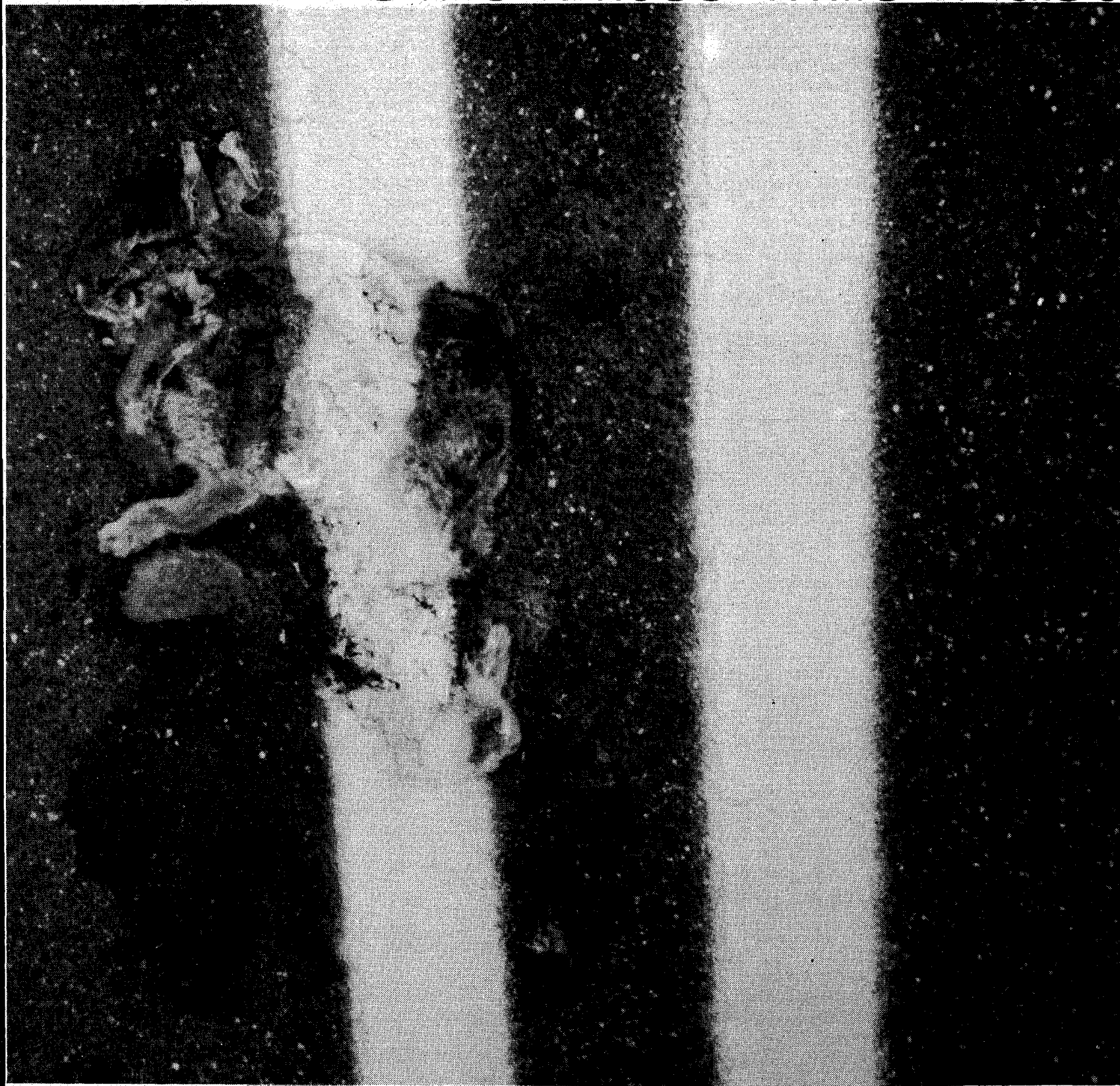
PRESS

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The University Community's Feature Paper

December 7, 1993

Another One Bites The Dust



Photograph by Catherine Krupski

Special

Literary

Issue

Polity Achievements (and other oxymorons)

by John Schneider

One of the most interesting questions on my mind is exactly what Jerry Canada will say in his State of the Student Government Report. What has Polity achieved this semester? Obviously he can point to the clubs and organizations which Polity sponsors, and, within Polity, committees have sponsored events such as the Blood Drive and Homecoming activities. But any answer about the Polity Senate's accomplishments is going to be a bit vague. After all, the Judiciary is still in the process of going through everything that has been passed this semester. In the first of Judiciary's rulings to excite Polity Senators, an amendment to limit the absences of members to two per semester (with provisions for excusing those with good cause) was not simply overturned, but in the ruling it was made clear that in order to pass legislation the Senate must have a majority vote in favor. A majority in this semester's Senate would constitute at least twenty-four votes. This ruling apparently would not affect the many resolutions passed by the body, but then again, resolutions don't really do much other than state intentions which Polity will, given power, execute. If this ruling is applied to other previous decisions, the results could compromise much of the legislation passed this semester, reducing many meetings to a waste of time,

whether Senators attended or not.

In response to this ruling, Vincent Bruzzese proposed a resolution to advise the Judiciary to reevaluate its decision to take into account the way Polity actually works. Rarely have all forty-seven senators attended, and even the proposed attendance guidelines would do nothing to stop members from leaving during meetings. This very meeting was adjourned after a majority of the body had left and the quorum was lost. According to Bruzzese and others, the effect of this ruling will be to stop legislation from passing, and hamper the ability of the Senate to get any work done.

Ken Dowd objected to the resolution, saying that its claims were, "Way off base...As long as we have quorum, we can pass legislation." He further argued that the resolution questioned the capabilities of the Judiciary, making it a vote of no confidence in the capabilities of the recently appointed Judiciary Board. Despite these arguments, the resolution was passed.

Speaking of resolutions. Members of the Campus Life Committee attended the December third meeting to get senators' opinions on (surprise!) campus life. Not to confuse this with a mere social call, the Committee came to propose that the nearly two hours of Campus Life Time be moved from Wednesday to time periods on Tuesday and Thursday of an hour and ten minutes each. This time has already been

opened by Administration in scheduling to synchronize evening classes. Moving Campus Life Time would allow professors to schedule more classes on Monday and Wednesday. Jerry Canada summed up the majority opinion that the shorter time periods would not allow adequate time for events, adding that Campus Life Time was the, "Busiest time for clubs to meet people active in the University." Not only did Polity not like the proposal, but passed a resolution on the spur of the moment supporting campus Life Time's current time period, reflecting the views of their constituents.

Colours is almost sure to be mentioned in Jerry's speech though. the Polity sponsored venue has reduced its estimate of the costs of renovating and equipping the former Rainy Night House Café to a shade over \$19,000, but even this reduced figure may be raised if asbestos removal is required. Colours has the ability to be an asset to the University, giving the under twenty-one crowd a place of their own on campus and giving business internships to students. Unfortunately, it must face a location which pits it against the Bridge and other Union food services, as well as being underground, away from students passing through the Union. Furthermore, the other services offer the convenience of accepting meal cards. No matter where the yo-yo-ing estimates stop, Colours has several strikes against it to overcome.



Open
the
doors
of
perception
Join
the
Press

Women are Evil

By Dionysus Lestat

special thanks to the Z-man

"Slim, 23, student, likes beer and rock music, seeks self-centered, materialistic, manic depressive SWF to empty bank account, inflict deep emotional scars, and sleep with my friends."

Although I have never placed a personal ad, judging from my last few experiences, that would be the ad the girls that I met responded to. I know that I'm no prize, but are there any decent prospects out there? It seems to me that building a relationship today is like trying to build a sand castle in a hurricane. You can't just throw it together, because it will never stand up. On the other hand, why waste all that time and energy on an impossible task? It's a game that you can't win, especially if you don't know the rules.

This may offend a few women, but tough shit. I have to look at things from a male perspective—that is all I have to work with. I think that Danny Vermin said it best in "Johnny Dangerously" when he said "Dames are put on this earth to weaken us, drain our energy, and laugh at us when they see us naked." (I bet you never thought "Johnny Dangerously" was that deep.) To a certain extent, that's true. You see it all the time. Any guy with a girlfriend has been weakened. He has lost

two vital things—his freedom and his mind. These two things are deeply intertwined. He has lost his mind because he is thinking with the wrong head. If you think I am wrong, ask any guy with a girlfriend to go out for a beer on a weekend and then wait for him to find out if he can.

It all goes back to a theory postulated by a wise, albeit bitter man who saw the light years ago. He proposed that the Bible was wrong, God did not create women, he only created man. Just sit back and listen before you scream blasphemy. God created man in his image, but women are aliens from another planet. They were sent down to earth to take advantage of men, to weaken them, and ultimately take over the planet. For a woman to survive, she must feed off of the brain of a man. She derives all of her nutrients by chipping away at his mind, until he can no longer function on his own. She then has complete control over him. Luckily for man, the alien women were superficial and materialistic. They only craved the best looking men, the ones with the great body, the expensive car, and the biggest lump in his pants from his wallet. The average male was safe. The average male could see through the disguise because women are not interested in the average male.

But all is not lost for the average male. He is in luck. There comes a point in the life of the alien woman

when she abandons the ways of her home planet. There comes a point when she realizes that there is more to life than brain-drained Neanderthals. A point when she looks beyond money and beauty, and sees that she can still find happiness. This point seems to come with experience. The younger alien women are only interested in looks, in cash, and conquering more men. The older women are only interested in finding the average male, raising 2.2 children, and having a dog named Spot. Where is the happy medium?

It seems that men and women came into the world ill-prepared. Men are born with a penis and a map to the world. We claim to be experts with both. We're not. Women are born with PMS rights and entirely too many options with shoes. None of these are very useful in handling everyday life. What we really could have used is a rule book to inform us about the opposite gender. Guys really need to know why women go to the bathroom in pairs, and why when they say "Nothing is wrong," we really screwed up. Women really need to know why guys think lesbianism is so cool, why we can't put the toilet seat down, and why we are more devoted to our cars than to our women. Maybe I sound pessimistic, or maybe I sound bitter. Maybe I'm just an asshole. But I can't help it, that Y-chromosome keeps blocking the blood flow to my brain.

Go Emus!

By Ted Swedalla and Scott Lusby

So we're getting a new team name when we got to Division I. That makes sense. Who's picking the name? Some New York City firm. That doesn't make sense. What can this huge firm, whose only job is to create new names, know about a university like Stony Brook? Only what they have read or seen in pictures. What could that tell them, only the most basic, background information available.

What we should do is allow the student body chose the new moniker for Stony Brook. Where else would you get a name with a real Stony Brook feel, except from the people who live, study and occasionally party at the school. The average student knows enough about the surrounding area, which issues are important, from the media, to make an educated choice. Having to deal with parking on campus should merit reward, and renaming the team would be just the thing.

So I'll give my choice for new moniker, bypassing all the easy Long Island references (Ducks, Waves, 495'ers, Lolitas, and Joeys) to introduce you to your 1994 Stony Brook Swashbuckling Blue Emus.

The Swashbuckling Blue Emus? No, I'm not kidding, and here are the pros and cons.

pro—blue is a non-biological color and therefore under no pressure from racial groups (i.e., Atlanta Braves).

con—would be protested by the Three Musketeers and the Andorians (of Star Trek fame; they are blue)

pro—the emus once roamed Long Island in great unstoppable flocks millions of years ago.

con—Long Island is only 15-20,000 years old.

pro—"blue" and "emu" can easily be

rhymed in a fight song.

con—only profane words rhyme with "swashbuckling."

pro—think of the enormous commercial possibilities.

con—think of the alumni.

pro—"swashbuckling" celebrates the pirating history of the North Shore.

con—none, that is true.

pro—the buses would have to be painted.

con—they'd still be the same old buses.

pro—the mascot would look cool.

con—what is an emu? (an Australian flightless bird, second in size to the ostrich.)

pro—rivalries with other "pirate" or "flightless bird" teams.

con—Seton Hall, that's it.

pro—could start new trend in naming teams with weird names.

con—same as pro.

pro—initial media frenzy created by odd name would overshadow any embarrassment about the name.

con—in 20 years, they'd still be the Lady Emus.

Most likely this name would be rejected, although the idea is still good. How much time would the university lose if it tried this, two weeks? a month? They could even go along with this charade, of letting the students choose a new name, and then use the firm's choice. (Chances are that one

person in the student body will choose the same name anyway.)

This would raise school spirit about the team, a togetherness we are going to need if we are to succeed in Division I. Not many people considered themselves "Patriots." I know I did not. It doesn't have the uniqueness of any of the other more recognizable college teams—Tar Heels, Cornhuskers, Hurricanes,

Active Ski Vacations White Mountain Ski Shop

Ski The East

Ski: Gore-Killington

Stay: Comfort Inn, Lake George, N.Y.

Ski: Snow Ridge

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Gamble: Turning Stone Casino

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Orangemen, Hoosiers, Wolverines or even the Screaming Eagles of Minnesota State (as seen on "Coach"). I'd be proud to be a Swashbuckling Blue Emu. Can't you see the games now... Thousands of people wearing blue shirts, triangular hats and eye patches, screaming "Aarrggghhh!" (that pirate yell), in their best emu voice (I've heard its very annoying).

Self-Enrichment

The end of the semester is here, and with it, our semi-annual ??? literary supplement, highlighting the extra-curricular creativity and industry of the student body. We had a bumper crop of submissions this time around, which speaks well of the student body here at USB, compared with years past. Our most sincere thanks go out to all of you who took the time to contribute. Even so, considering Stony Brook's twenty thousand students and faculty, the amount of work we received is almost negligible. Sure, school work is difficult and time-consuming, but to imagine that only fifteen people have the energy and inclination to employ themselves creatively (and send their work to us) is saddening.

How many of us spend our "down time" in front of the tube, in bars, or engaged in other idle pursuits? It seems that many of us take no interest in developing in ourselves anything other than our job skills, and spend the rest of our time passively, being bottle-fed our entertainment by

the media, intoxicants, or the meaningless chit-chat of daily existence. We know these activities get us nowhere, and are just means of marking time between the "important" things in life, and yet we do nothing to change our routines. While many people take the time to exercise to preserve and develop themselves physically, only a small minority put forth any effort to enrich themselves mentally and creatively.

Most of us have the opinion that good books are hard to read, and that they are not worth the effort required to get anything from them. If there is something which captures our interests, we doubt our own abilities to master it without official instruction and documentation. We are deathly afraid of writing something creative or individual for fear that others will laugh; many shield themselves from this perceived eventuality by writing in secret and hiding their manuscripts. Too often in the arena of public affairs, though we (correctly) call governmental officials stupid, partisan,

and venal, we defer to their judgement and actions in opposition to our own ideas. Without the womb-like protection of preestablished bureaucracies and systems, we feel too naked to advance our potential contributions to society. This is precisely why we are so easily controlled.

In our cookie-cutter society, we are increasingly subject to the homogenizing influences of our electronic culture [sic] and the employment track that force us to fit roles imposed upon us by others and make us, at least superficially, indistinguishable from one another. Our own impulses we lay at the feet of the herd's caprice, to degenerate and fester. We strive to make ourselves attractive and respected in the eyes of others, all the while suppressing our feelings, imagination, and personality, the things that contribute most to our sense of fascination and wonder—the things that make life worth living.

Stop sucking in their poison, and, if nothing else, make your own.

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PRESS

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Study Naked

Something for Everyone ...

Wouldn't it be nice if everyone could get what they really wanted for Christmas? Not what they say they want, or even what they think they want, but the things the deepest recesses of their subconscious cry out for. Well, that won't ever happen, so we figured it would be nice to imagine if it did for some of the people nearest and dearest to all our hearts.

John Marburger — The peace and serenity of subsistence-farming in Ethiopia. A dorm named after him.

Greg Economou — A job in which he could contribute to the advancement of humankind. An etch-a-sketch.

Dallas Bauman — A coma.

Doug Little — Something to kill the pain...a submachinegun, maybe?

Jerry Canada — A bunch of *mature* five-year-olds to preside over, students who give a damn, and the Jerry Canada Memorial Boondoggle, uh, er, *Colours*.

Crystal Plati — A paid visit to the Richard Gere

Memorial Clinic, a 2.3 GPA.

David Shashoua — A date with Crystal Plati.

Corey Williams — Princess Di boxer shorts.

Vincent "Campus Tapeworm" Bruzzese — An original idea.

Adam Turner — a competent surgeon who can disconnect his ass from Vincent Bruzzese's elbow.

Richard Cole — A drive-thru glory hole in his bedroom, an autographed naked photo of J. Edgar Hoover.

Ary "No Rhythm" Rosenbaum — A date with Steven Tyler.

Andrea Rubin — A second crack at Newswriting I.

ARA — A contract that grants them the first-born son of every USB student, which they can then raise to include the second-born the following semester.

FSA — a real sense of dedication to improve the lives of students through better services at fair prices, and a shovel to dish it out.

David Yaseen — A chance to write the words "New World Order" just one more time.

The Traffic Department — Horses.

College Republicans — A civil war, President Buchanan.

CSA — A Defense Department.

Commuters — To see John Marburger's car booted and towed.

The Bridge — A kitchen.

Patriot Sport Signal — Funding.

Catherine Krupski — The mercy of those mentioned in this article.

Here's hoping all *your* wishes come true...

1993 PRESS WINTER LITERARY supplement

the grinch!

HEH

HEH

HEH

HEH

HEH

HEH

HEH

HEH

I'll stuff
your stockin'
with okra!

I'll kill your
gingerbread
boys!

COLOR ME!

RSW

First Stage Call

You know if you sit and think for a while you begin to take notice of a lot of things. Now I mean you really have to think. You have to isolate yourself. I am not talking about the type of thinking you do when you are driving your car. You know what I am talking about. You are going down a lone stretch of highway and you're really not paying attention to the road, you're thinking about what you are going to do for the weeking or how you would love to tell the boss to go fuck himself. I am talking about the type of thinking that Einstein must have done. Find yourself a nice place to sit where you won't be bothered. That may be hard for you but for me it is easy, nobody wants to bother with me, nobody ever gives me a second thought. They will, I promise you that. But let's say you find a nice quiet spot to think without distraction. You will start to notice things. Little things. Like people are always in a hurry, too busy to stop and say hello. Even little kids, they are no better. Watch the little shits in the store with their mommies. "Mommy, when are we going... Mommy, I want to go home," and "Mommy, I'm tired." Like they really have someplace better to be. I lay you 10-to-1 odds that when they get home all they do is watch TV. What a waste of a person. I, on the other hand, spend my time wisely, I think. It is the little things you will notice, I, on the other hand, think big things. Things so complicated I doubt in all honesty you could even begin to comprehend what I am talking about. Maybe I will tell you later. After all, you do have a right to know, now, don't you? It does concern you in a way.

Take, for instance, dogs. They seem harmless enough. I hate them. If you're in your right mind, you do too, or maybe you just don't know better. After all, how could I expect you to understand? I will tell you anyway. Dogs are snoops, spies, peeping toms—you don't understand, do you? Let me explain. You ever see a dog that is running loose? They are sniffing everywhere. If you walk past them they run at you, bark and sniff. What they are really doing is looking. If you watch them, they go everywhere and thus look everywhere. They can see everything; who would expect a dog? But now, you know better, so don't trust dogs. Cat's aren't any better either. The only problem, what are they looking for, and whose spies are they? I don't know, but I keep them away anyway. I have killed two in the past week. I found them snooping around my

My tears seem invisible in the rain.
My feet pound a rhythm that can't be matched.
I keep running.
I can't stop.
If I do, I will cry for you.
You made me cry so many times.
You've stopped my crying, too. Twice.
You're almost gone.
Away from the world.
The pain you suffer
some would say you deserve it.
I never thought you did.
I never knew you like they did. Not at all.
They say you were a new man when I came around.
I had the "kinder, gentler" man
who carried me if I fell.
My tears are for this man, not the old.
I know you didn't want me.
You told me once.
I was your regret. I couldn't believe you.
There was no love;
only hatred between us.
I love you now, please don't leave me
There's so much I don't know
and one more war story won't kill me.
How I wish I could hear them again.
I'm sorry I pretended to scratch my eye
when I was really looking at the TV.
I'm sorry I laughed at your middle name
and cursed your hereditary nose.
And I'm sorry I dreaded every Tuesday since childhood.
I want to be with you again.
Working in the garden.
Remember?
You rototilled the aisles as I held back the plants.
Or the time we made my playhouse.
Just you and me.
We weren't such a bad team.
Please don't leave me alone.
It's not fair. Everyone else had you for so long.
Except for me.

—Catherine Krupski

yard—they will never tell what they found. I dumped the bodies on their driveway. Their little kid, I think his name is Billy, was heartbroken when they found them. Too bad, but all that little kid does is whine anyway, what a waste of a life. Just like his parents, that will be taken care of. I will make things right. After all, it is my job.

Let me tell you how it all started. About three months ago I was fooling around in the yard with a can of gasoline. I was pouring it over dead branches and lighting them. It was amazing, the fire seemed to be trying to leap from the dead limbs. Vibrant yellows and deep reds danced with mystical delight up and down the branch that was their stage. I had never seen a show that was as exciting and I was the director and choreographer. The gasoline was my stage call. Wherever I poured, my actors went. But I got greedy and impatient. I started to pour the gasoline in excess, the ground soaked it up and before I knew it my actors had turned on me. I found myself in a swamp of gasoline and the world turned orange as I was engulfed in a hell-like fury of fire. The hair quickly burned from my body, and the putrid odor of my burnt flesh clawed at my nose. I sunk to my knees and screamed, then I started to cry, but it was then that I realized why. I didn't cry because of my pain but because the one thing that I truly loved had turned on me and I no longer had control. My actors had betrayed me and I cried.

I spent weeks in the hospital recovering from my burns. My nights were filled with horrifying dreams, where the pain would suffocate me. I promised myself that my actors would never turn on me again. I would learn to control them and make them do all that I asked of them. That would make people remember me.

Gasoline does not burn in itself, only it's fumes. Therefore when it dries it does not burn. If I was to soak a piece of wood in kerosene and let it dry it still burns but you could smell the kerosene. I was able to find an industrial cleaner that was highly flammable but did not smell. It was important that it didn't smell or else people might find out about it.

Now that I had my actors trained they needed a stage. And a grand stage they would need for a grand performance. They would need a one-time audience of hundreds. But where could I find so many people at one time? Then it hit me, the grandest stage of them all, a place of the highest theatrical merit. The Golden Theater Movie House in the middle of town, what a place for a debut! It was built in the late eighteen-hundreds as a theater and was later renovated to accomodate the big screen. And within days a major movie was going to debut. Two debuts in one. A show no one would forget. That is what I promised myself, and oh what a grand show it would be. The night before the movie opened up I broke into the moviehouse. I lined the walls and under the seats with my industrial cleaner; I worked it into the fabric of the rug and into the seat cushions. I took whatever I had left over and spread it out over the old stage the screen was mounted over (it was left over from when the movie house was an actual theater). And, just before I left, I blocked off all the fire exits in the back of the theater, only one way in and one way out.

It was a beautiful night and people were lined up for the movie a few hours in advance. The papers and TV shows were already calling it the summer blockbuster of the year, and it was by far one of the most awaited movies. I went early to check on the fire exits—they were still out of order—no one had noticed them, and then I grabbed one of the last seats in the back and I waited. I wrapped my hands around the flare gun that was hid in my jacket and watched the people pile in; it was a full house and I could hardly wait. But wait I did; I wanted to make sure that everybody who was going was there.

After about a half an hour I pulled the flare gun out of my jacket. I could wait no longer. I fired it at the screen, the flare arched over the seated people and it landed on the stage. I watched momentarily as my actors did their graceful dance, as they spread throughout the movie theater. I ran out and watched the theater burn from the street. I could hear the people screaming as the fire engulfed them. I stood in the street and watched and then I laughed the hardest and most sincere laugh I have ever laughed.

"Screw you. Screw you all!" I yelled from the street. "Try and ignore me now. Can't, can you?"

I ran from the theater after the roof fell in and the police and fire department arrived. I ran to my house, fell down in my yard and laughed some more. And that is how the police found me the next morning laughing uncontrollably in my front yard—someone had seen me run from the theater and told the police. I still laugh about it today, 138 people died and another 46 were injured, only 26 people escaped unharmed. Most ran to the fire exits and were trapped there when they found them jammed shut. Only those few in the back of the theater escaped unharmed.

I was brought to the trial and found unfit to stand trial. I was sent here shortly thereafter. My doctor tells me that if I get better I will be able to leave soon. He says I am showing significant progress. I can't wait until I get to leave. It's funny everybody knows about the fire that happened in the movie theater, but no one knows my name still. They will. I promise you, they will.

—M. E. Schaefer

Confucius' Disciple

Teachers were gods
in Taiwan. I was designated the teacher's
personal maid in first grade,
to bring him hot tea and a bucket of water for him
to wash his feet every morning.

Children were envious of me.

They put candles in my drawers and told
me I was their bestfriend.

Girls walked to the bathroom with me
during the 10-minute recess between classes
and gave me floral bathroom tissue.

But I was a poor servant, missing
the cleaning period every morning and misplacing
the bucket and the teapot.

I did 100 frog jumps and ran 20 laps
around the sport field every Saturday
for punishment.

In second grade, I couldn't
memorize the multiplication table
and was told to hold the chair
on my head until the numbers
became as familiar as cheap pencils.
for two hours the chair rested
on my head, the numbers just got
hazier. Friends tried to teach me $3 \times 9 = 27$
between classes while they chewed
on dry instant noodles.

But I believed $3 \times 9 = 29$.

The teacher gave up and told
me to clean the girl's bathroom.

Captain Toilet.

I flushed 20 toilets a day and once
flushed my shoe down.

My teacher made me the honor student
that year for keeping the toilets as white
as her teeth.

I represented the school in third grade
in a speech competition for being
the only non-native Taiwanese in class
who spoke Mandarin without an accent.

The 20-page speech stuffed my brain
like pollution in L.A.,
no character was clear.

I came in second.

No lunch for a week.

In fourth grade, I was told I was Confucius'
disciple, a paper doll for gods.

Confucius did not like girls, too many
sanitary napkins in the garbage cans, too
many panties hung on sticks in his backyard.

I saw my mother hiding her bras,
too dirty for the men in the family,
bad luck, dirty sight, women's

clothes could not be washed in the same
washer with men's.

In America, teachers in jeans laughed like
the kids sitting in front of them.

First day in the English class, my bearded
teacher gave me a big red apple,
the one Snow White would definitely die for.

Pictures of his 3-month old baby boy
and his beautiful redheaded wife
smiled at me like sales reps.

When a classmate cursed him during a verbal
fight, he only told him to shut up,
no frog jump, no laps around the city, no empty stomach.
he had not learned the trick.

When he couldn't pronounce Chien-Hui, I
gave up my Chinese
name and called myself
God's loving mercy.

—Grace Lee

ORBIT

effort wasted, circle, obsess
hurting, clinging, crushing
effort wasted, circle, obsess

hating, running, dying
effort wasted, circle, obsess

—John Schindler

sunset streams to th'window
a rectant'lar beam downthru
smoke-swirls
turbulent arabesques
shapes of a dream
becomes a walkway
t'ward the sun
'nd with a twist of the earth
as quickly vanishes.

—Robert Walking-Owl

at the cornerhouse—
look'ng back at me
suburban icon
white-marble
virgin-mary
or is it je-sus?
or lot's-wife
pillar of salt
waxing nostalgia

—Robert Walking-Owl

Lost Love

Eyes with a burning fire..
the touch with a truthful desire
or was your love a harmful fire...

Promise of eternity with that
embracement of serenity....
or was your love a sign
of false security...

Your warm smile that tempered my
emotions
was it really for me or
was I just another
victim of your seduction...?

—Fozia Zafar

The records-keeper sits
atop his office of the moment
calling out figures, statistics,
meticulously attending to
the angle of his throat
and shape of his mouth.
All of the echoes must be precise...
the resonance off of the hood of
that car will momentarily store every
important factor in the constitution
of every living thing; walking by
I am unaware of all this, and just
look up at the crow and the rakish
angle of his head, limbs
a-swagger and eyes full of
cold honesty, wondering at
the scope of his mischief.

—Sensate Mass

one line for somewhere

one can go over old feelings,
behind some fixed spot, a tree left
in the green bottle of memory, tinted
and protected from the sun.
old feelings, like the quietness
that entered through the nose
before the storm began, and quieted
even more. blocking the
world in, and exploding
so violently, it could have
been a dragonfly's wing.
then the lake and the sun ruptured,
and, pushing on us, yet then there
was no "us," it pushed and held on to me,
before being was what i think it is today,
captured in so many things,
directed in and out, and any other way,
till i figure it is everywhere but within.
how cold,
it can be here, next to the water within a gentle
breeze, the only thing saving
you from becoming dust once again

recall those chestnuts, like
polished tables, dark and wooden,
where something remained, frozen
and more whole than any one thing.

the car hums on some highway, towards a
place
i cannot, now, stop dreaming of. but even now
it is not whole, returning as it does, it sings
in my sleep, something with eagles and dirt,
but it is not gentle in its mysticism, for
ruthlessly it opens the skull, softly,
quietly, like the hum of tires, as the eyes
close and the head sinks into the car's
back seat.

back and forth, memories are not made
of time, for time cannot but will always
last. and our moments are held in the aging
hand of the mind, constructed in form by
only what faint sounds it hears from the past.

—Michael Kudela

MISSIONARY LOVES COMPANY (get the flock outta here)

The other day, a man came forth to my
humble abode. Full of himself, and the delu-
sion that he and his flock alone, had knowl-
edge of and access to the singular pathway to
the one and only omniscient, ubiquitous, pres-
ence of perfection. He then insisted that all
people who lay down their lives to his wrathful
supreme being are granted immortality. And
that if I were repentant enough, I too could
have my wretched existence demystified and
guided by a predetermined social script based
on an archaic book promising supposed salva-
tion.

To this offer I merely stated that I was
the ordained priest, Father Shameless Pink, of
the parish known as "Our Lady of Perpetual
Orgasm," and made the counter-proposal, that
he kneel down and receive my sacrament.

—But not in so many words!

—John Schindler

THE CEREMONY

He has been hiding that wooden box for two weeks.

My husband takes out our black formals, lays
them flat on the sheeted white bed. My balled-up
abdomen cannot be flattened

like the freshly pasted purple floral

wallpaper on the walls. Mother-

in-Law chants like a dripping faucet:

"We'll do it tonight. We'll do it

tonight." The old clock, with its tarnished hands,

moves like a cripple;

its movement is dictated by an aged mind.

Our babygirl sleeps in bed

like a rose petal on the cement floor.

My husband and I will wash out tall slender red
dripping waxy blood the the way we did on our wedding night.

The sealed room. My body scrunched

against the bare wall, the head

placed perfectly in the corner. My calloused hand

touched my husband's powerful hand, his body. My body bled.

The stained towel lies still in my trunk; a proof to you. Mother-

in-Law cries out: "The little ghost is crying again."

Before the ritual, we feast.

The fish, with eyes protruding, staring colorless,

mouth opened, teeth showing, lies

on the ceramic plate, speechless. I put

ginger slices, garlic pieces and chopped onions around his body;

it keeps away the evil spirits.

Mother-in-Law kills a chicken,

breaks its neck and bleeds its head,

bakes it in the oven, airless.

My husband smiles. He eats what we make,

as trusting as a puppy. After everything,

bones and skins, we change.

The walk is long.

The incense, matches, and Buddha's words, black
ink on yellow papers, all bundled in a plastic bag.

Mother-in-Law says: "We will do it." We will

do it tonight, my husband and I,

will burn the white virgins, offer them

to the darkness. Hell's gate will open, all

the homeless souls will see

the truth—it is loud and heavy, floats

in the spaces between our bodies.

I see my bed, in the gray mist,

a pillow, a blanket, and a pacifier, marked

with sucking, my future son's little mouth

round, powder-fresh.

My daughter, I have broken that core-connection

for the fifth time. Little Ones,

the pebbles are cracking beneath

your mother's role as your father's wife,

his mother's daughter-in-law. The path

is leading us toward the end. The hills,

bloated and then flattened, whisper

behind coverless trees, Can you

do it, Mother? The icy wind,

howling like an excutioner, stings

my cheeks. My daughter is cold.

She shivers and wails. The little casket

on my husband's back watches me.

Can you do it?

The smell of incense

seduces me like the virgins:

Their bodies, dissolved, drip wax.

I catch teardrops in my palms. Hot wax

turns cold, turns hard. Mother-

in-Law puts my daughter in

the little casket. My daughter calls

for my bosom, my rocking, *NoNo!*

My husband lights the virgins and prays: "Dear Buddha,

tonight we will do it. Give us a son, a healthy son."

The white virgins catch my sleeves

as I jump in and take my daughter

We are free.

We are on fire.

—Grace Lee

EX-CATHOLICS IN ANGUISH

TIME, MUST NOW STUTTER, FOR THIS CEREBRAL NON-ENTITY

I FEEL HIS HANDS REACH OUT, AND—

TREMBLE

ACROSS MY LOVE HANDLES

(that I love even if nobody else does)

HE'S HAD TO PUT HIMSELF

INTO A HASH OIL STUPOR

(with the TV blasting)

JUST TO GET NAKED

"GUILT", "GUILT"

THE NEON SIGN

OF SOCIALIZATION

GOES ON AND OFF

IN BETWEEN HIS EARS

I SEE HIS EYEBROWS KNIT—

the first sign of dysrhythmia,

that could become a full-blown catholic attack—

I WANT TO DIFFUSE THE SITUATION WITH HUMOR BY SAYING

"This is exactly as I pictured it would be.

You, me

and the television (although I was hoping for CNN)"

BUT IT WOULDN'T HELP!

I CAN TELL THAT THE DREADED QUESTION

IS ABOUT TO BE UTTERED

(I just have to wait for him to say it)

ALL I HEAR HOWEVER

IS THE BLARING TV

WHICH FINALLY DISTRACTS MY ATTENTION

/I GLANCE AT THE THREE FIGURES ON THE SCREEN,

M.C. HAMMER

IS BEING INTERVIEWED,

SITTING BETWEEN

HOWARD STERN AND

RICHARD SIMMONS

I'M STILL LOOKING AT THE IDIOT BOX

WHEN MY GUILT-RIDDEN COMPANION

UTTERS THE INEVITABLE CLICHE/

(I knew I'd have to deal with it eventually)

"Do you ever wonder

if we're gonna go to Hell for this?"

JUST AS HE SAYS THAT

I REALIZE SOMETHING,

MY HEAD SWINGS BACK

TO LOOK HIM IN THE EYE

AND SAY WITH SHEER CONFIDENCE,

"Don't worry, I've just seen hell,

and you weren't there!"

—John Schindler

Trivialities

A familiar sounding stranger is saying hello—

he asks you how you are and you answer hesitantly.

You chat a few minutes until finally you recognize his voice

but you pretend that you knew who it was all along.

A month ago he'd said he would call Wednesday,

by Friday you were sure you'd never hear from him again

by Saturday you hated him

by Monday forgotten him.

But now you're hearing him and you're realizing that he's

not so forgotten, not so hated.

"Sounds great," you hear yourself saying. "Sure, Saturday's fine."

You stay on the phone talking about not-so-important things—

Call Waiting beeps and he says he'll hold.

It's Gina and you tell her Bill is on the other line.

"Bill who?" she asks.

"Exactly," you say and she laughs.

You click back to Bill, "I look forward to Saturday,

but I've got to go because my mother's on the other line."

You gossip with Gina about more unimportant events

going on in the lives of people you'll never meet.

Finally you fake the doorbell ringing and are able to escape from the
call—

free at last you walk over to your closet.

"Five days," you say aloud. "I've got five days to fit into that red dress..."

—Lauri McKain

The Interview

dedicated to Dave Bynum, Undergraduate Pre-Med Advisor, SUNY@S.B.

(scene: interior of an office room. Dave Knoll, the interviewer, sits behind a desk which is neat and polished. Fred, a med school candidate, bursts in without knocking.)

FRED (A young man of about 26. He is wearing a suit and a loud tie, hair is tousled and unkempt): Oh, hi. Sorry I'm late. The, uh, bus wasn't running on schedule. (stares at DAVE briefly) Uh, your secretary just said to come in...

DAVE (with raised eyebrows): OK, uhm, why don't you just have a seat and we'll begin. (continues, as FRED sits down) I'd like to start by saying that your being twenty minutes late is definitely not the right way to begin an interview. Use that as you will.

FRED (unruffled; apologizes with the smooth amiability of a car salesman): Hey, look—sorry. Those buses—they really oughta get some real, competent people instead of those assholes. You know what I'm saying?

DAVE (opens a file before FRED): Fred...Bazzio. Is that right?

FRED: Yeah, that's the name they gave me.

DAVE: First of all, I notice that you've taken a two-year break after the fall semester of your sophomore year in Hadeston College. Why did you decide to leave school and what did you do for those two years?

FRED: Well, I just was all studied out, man. Needed a break. You know what I'm saying? Man! (Grips neck with his hand in a choking gesture, grimaces, sticks tongue out) I just had to go through a real killer semester of chemistry. Organic. Blew me away. I had to drink at least a six pack a night to get me through the semester. (laughs and brings hand down hard on armrest, self-consciously)

DAVE (His eyes opening wide in shock): Yes, I can see here that your grade in Organic Chemistry was an "F". Were you planning on retaking Organic, since there is no chance in hell you're going to get into this or most any other med school with these kinds of grades? (he is a bit excited and flustered)

FRED (with a cool, serious tone): Uh, yeah. I repeated the class, as you can see, in the fall of '92. I managed to bring it up to a "D". I figure I'll take it again and I'm definitely shooting for the big time—I'm going for the big "B". Hell, maybe even a "B+". (he laughs, pleased with himself)

DAVE (Squinting at the papers, then up at Fred with apparent disbelief): Mmmhmm. (brief pause): Ah, Fred, if you don't mind my asking, just what is it that made you want to become a doctor?

FRED (Frowning, he relaxes into a trance): It was my Dad. He always gave me the drive and showed me how much pleasure you can get out of helping people.

DAVE: Your father was a doctor?

FRED (raises eyebrows matter-of-factly): Oh no. He was a plumber. Best damn plumber in New England, too. But he always said to me, "son, I want you to be better than I was. I want you to get an education. I want you to succeed, son. (voice has risen slightly) Who wants to spend their day up to their fucking knees in cesspool water, son?"

DAVE (Rubs temple incredulously, his face flushed red): I see. What, uhm, was your favorite subject so far in your three years of college, and why?

FRED (Stops to think, rubbing chin again): Um, that would definitely have to be a toss up between 'Diversity of American Culture in the 1960's' and 'Dance and Music Rituals of Primitive Peoples'. Either that, or 'Intro to Yoga'. Now that was a cool class. Man, I was stoned as a bone in that class. Lot of cuter chicks, too. (whistles through teeth and smacks fist into palm)

DAVE (unable to conceal his blustering displeasure): And I don't suppose you have any research interests or extracurricular careers?

FRED (brightly): Oh no! I actually am quite interested in the isolation of pentose phosphate shunt metabolism members and the fatty acid metabolism of certain anaerobic bacteria, and I studied anaplerotic reactions in clostridial organisms, as well as the molecular action and biology of botulism—causing toxin, and its application as a research tool in Parkinson's Disease patients.

DAVE (shifts in his chair, pleasantly surprised): You don't say! Tell me more about it!

FRED: Well, I pretty much want to study anaerobic bacteria because there's a lot you can learn about energy conservation in biological processes, since they don't undergo oxidative biological phosphorylation mostly, and they have to use different means to generate their ATP. And my mom had Parkinson's—real bad. Paralysis and everything.

DAVE: Who, if anyone, did you work with? A professor? A job?

FRED: Oh no, it was just my own research. I haven't been in a lab, really. Just kinda read stuff.

DAVE: Uh huh. And do you have any interests outside of academics?

FRED: Well, I play the guitar.

DAVE: Oh, do you.

FRED: Yeah.

(There is a pause)

DAVE: Well, Fred, I'm sorry, but you really have to work on the grades and get more serious about your goals if you want to pursue a career in medicine.

FRED (shocked, sputters): You mean I can't get into this school? How? How can that be possible? (tears well up in his eyes) Oh shit! Shit!

DAVE (gets halfway out of his chair; consoles Fred:) Now I can understand you might've had a few emotional problems and you seem like a bright guy, Mr. Bazzio, but I'm afraid there's absolutely nothing I can do for you. (pauses to reconsider) Unless...of course, you want to go through our Medical Assistant and Paramedics Program. (enthusiastically) Unless...of course, you want to go through our Medical Assistant and Paramedics Program. You can get an associate's degree in three years!

FRED (amidst sobs): What am I gonna tell my dad? What am I gonna do? (reproachfully) I thought the interview was the most crucial aspect of the acceptance process! I managed to cultivate and develop my interests and even have conducted preliminary research on specialized topics—all on my own! Doesn't that count for anything? (wipes his nose on his sleeve) Half the kids that come walking through this door, fresh out of college, don't know their ass from their eyelids, and had to lock themselves up and probably lost a significant number of brain cells studying for those classes which I always attended but just didn't drive myself to madness studying for! I like to study what interests me—is that wrong? I'm well-rounded! Play guitar! I like to read! How many students can claim to have anything more than a cursory interest in reading classical literature? How many students can play 'Sonata in G' by Sor or Tarrega? Please, sir! Pay attention to what counts!

DAVE (sternly): Son, believe me, I've the capacity to appreciate all this and you are indeed a special case in terms of the applicant pool for Fall of '94. But you've got to work. You need discipline and blood, sweat and tears in order to make it. Everyone's got to give up something they like. You have to decide what it is you want. There's no way you're ever going to make it through medical school with your attitude. But I'll review your application more carefully and speak to the Dean of Admissions, and see what kinds of suggestions he has for you. Expect a letter from us in a few weeks. We here at Baylor Medical College consider our applicants without discrimination. (offers hand to FRED, signalling end of interview)

FRED (regains composure; shakes Dave's hand): Oh thanks, sir. Gosh, I'm excited.

DAVE (smiling): Good boy. Now go run home to your mom.

(FRED turns and runs for the door, not shutting it on the way out.)

—Ahmet Bikmen

In 1914

Young men as soldiers in 1914,
fighting against countries they'd never seen.
Told they were adults and handed a gun,
Even before their adulthood had begun.

Generals and colonels, safe behind lines,
history's making seen through cognac and wine.
Flags for the parents, flowers for the graves,
no one speaking of the young lives betrayed.

The events transpired didn't happen by chance,
arrogance has boys dying in Belgium and France.
No one had told them you never really win a war,
it's a myth we all don't believe anymore.

But the lost generation now cannot be saved,
they charged through the wire, were cut down in waves.
The children of Europe face down in bloodied sand,
giving their lives for a few feet of land.

— Joseph-Peter Savitski

Winter

Trees decided to give their spread
ground is covered with colorful shed.

Rushing water began to slow,
tearing sky is turning to snow...

Geese have spread their wings,
their journey now begins...

Winds rush and roar,
they sing a song,
calling winter to come along...

Souls circle in the sky,
Angels greet the ones
that were wise...

Travelers have said their goodbyes,
Broken hearts are left aside...
Winter has now arrived.

—Fozia Zafar

Specs of reality flicker in my eye.
Colors embracing all, yet so indistinct.
Are they yellows, blue and green?
Or those not yet discovered by the naked eye.

The pattern of the universe
Showing glimpses of its underlying reality.
How to hold this intangible
For more than a moment
Is our life's quest and our dream.

More or less
To know more
Do you fathom less of its intricate simplicity?
To know less
Are we further from the answer?

A catch-22 of a sort
But more of a circularity
An ever growing search
For the beginning or its end.
Aren't they really the same?

How do you put a word to it
Such as God or the like?
It is without sound or touch or taste
Or any other sense imaginable.
But in order for it to be tangible
One must place sensory
To the discription of the infinite.

The mind is the closest thing to it,
Encompassing all that we know.
Tap into it
And the universe will merely
Become your amusement park.
Truth without its memory.

Projected images brought forth from the mind
To satisfy our curiosity.
We are children in search of fun.
And man is a plastic toy that can be played out
Until it is run into the ground.
The next toy will then take its place.
Who is to know what that will be?
The answer is locked into our memory
That which can tap into the other reality.

The wondering is what entertains our existence.
Our existence entertains the scriptwriter.
Players in a play always perform
Throughout time and space.

Memories as a child of another place,
A warm darkness
Comfort as a womb.
Let me find that warmth again,
Encompassing all that I am,
All that I know.
And realize it is everythying
And nothing at all.

—Jessica Fernow

The Press would like

to thank everyone
who helped make this
literary supplement a
success with their
contributions. This is our
last issue of the
semester. Good luck to
everyone on finals.
We hope to see you all
next semester.
Happy Holidays!

Special Thanks to poet
Michael Kudela
for granting us permission
to print his work.

death.

where the river falls into
visual disrepair, and the
beginnings of clouds become the color of
trees and the solid green of the water.
in this state everything converging
is the statement of where we go.
if people were to follow this,
moving towards this uncolored haze,
they would see the water and the trees
arive out of the blind distance,
and into their sight, their limited gaze.

—Michael Kudela

Prague in the Spring

The small risings
of your chest; like breathing,
the same, just as natural,
just as important. Something
happens to me, and oh, I
love you. Spread your posessions
on my table, make a long list...
How much did you pay for
that radiator of yours; there
is so much warmth, and you
are a hot shower, a down
comforter, hot sand after a swim.
The dictionary used to tell me
that romance was the making
of fire hydrants into fountains;
it said I was always decorating.
I haven't bought anything recently...
only when you stop trying
only when you don't care
only when you kiss me
only when you smile,
the cover comes off and
the wind rushes in,
right through my heart.
It was never meant to be
a unit, closed, itself, mine,
only a vessel in which I carry
you.

—Sensate Mass

before a summer storm

there is more than these disquieted minds.
trees bend and i wait for
the slow storm to register
and appear.
the perpetual wind holds us
in its current, lilac
and its quiet beauties
are this river's balancing
congruities.
something, the unlikely
essence bent to me in
this collapsing summer,
has quieted this mind,
disturbing something more.

—Michael Kudela

appointments i don't care for &
phonecalls i don't return
assort'd projects
left in their usual unfinish'd states

all these accumulate like dirty laundry
strewn 'round th'floor
on chairs
in closets &
left hang'ng from open draw'rs
'nd misplaced calendars 'nd phonebooks
seem illusory

listen'ng to the rain outside
the window
drum the mud rythmic'ly

—robert walking-owl



By Ascher Baer

Food for the Gods:

The Alternative Cinema presents *Like Water for Chocolate*

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum

The Stony Brook Alternative Cinema has a long tradition of showing foreign and offbeat films to the campus community. On November 23rd the Alternative Cinema offered a late showing of the Mexican film *Like Water for Chocolate* (o en espanol *Como Agua para Chocolate*), based on the novel by Laura Esquivel. The Union Theater was so packed that people had to squat in their chairs in order to read the subtitles—that is, if they could not understand Spanish. Even without the subtitles, however, anyone could appreciate this story about a Mexican matriarchy whose lives revolve around food, men and love.

The movie begins in a contemporary Mexican kitchen. A woman with tearing eyes is chopping onions, which reminds her of great-aunt Tita who also cried when she chopped onions. The narrator weaves a tale about the life of her great-Aunt Tita, the youngest daughter in a house of landowning Mexican women. It almost sounds like a fairy tale, complete with evil widow Doña Elena who condemns Tita to a life without marriage, carrying on an ancient family tradition of forbidding the youngest daughter to marry so she could take care of the mother when she grew old.

To compensate for a life without men Doña Elena introduces young Tita to the culinary arts with the help of a lovable old Indian kitchen maid, Nacha, who teaches the girl about love and secret ingredients. She learns how to prepare the most delicious, memorable dishes that anyone could remember. During this time she also becomes very beautiful, catching the eye of Pedro, a

neighboring landowner's son. Tita and Pedro fall in love, much to Doña Elena's dismay, and promise to marry when the time is right.

When Pedro comes-a-courting, Doña Elena tells him that he can have Tita's older sister Rosaura instead. She also forces Tita to prepare all the wedding invitations and food for the celebration, forbidding her to shed a single tear. She cries into the wedding cake batter, however, causing everyone at the wedding party to weep so hard they have to throw up over the bride. This is where Tita discovers her magic talent—to express feelings which she cannot have into whatever she cooks. This way she can project her emotions through others and allow them to experience what she felt at the same time.

After Pedro marries Rosaura, he becomes part of the family. One evening Rosaura wants to cook for everyone in order to impress her new husband, but she had never learned how. After her culinary disaster Tita decides to make something that Pedro will remember for the rest of his life. She prepares quail in rose petal sauce for Pedro, Rosaura, her oldest sister Gertrudis and Doña Elena. The young people enjoy cosmically simulated sex at the dinner table which drives Doña Elena insane with rage. She forces Pedro and Rosaura to move to San Antonio, which elevates Tita's hatred toward her mother. At the same time, Gertrudis becomes a sensual woman and exudes the strong scent of roses. Her fragrance is so overpowering that a sergeant from Pancho Villa's army can smell it. They meet after the ranch bathhouse mysteriously catches fire, sending Gertrudis running naked through the Mexican wilderness on to the horse of a sergeant, who carries her away. Now Tita is alone at the

ranch with Doña Elena...but fortunately the movie has a happy ending.

Some people have called *Like Water for Chocolate* "a Latin American *Fried Green Tomatoes*" because of its themes of food, female companionship and love. It is both funny and sad, but always touching. Best of all, you can almost *taste* the food. Alfonso Arau brings to the United States a face of Mexico that North Americans rarely see or think about, and it is refreshing.



Bye-Bye Grunge

By Ted Swedalla

It's time for the end of the year lists. So here is a list of the Top 10 Albums of 1993. It is not The List of 1993, as every music magazine will also print one—this is just an alternative. A gift list for those friends that you just can't seem to buy for. Everything on this list can be called rock, including the new category of URock (Un-Radio rock), which is self-explanatory. These URock albums never got airplay for a variety of reasons (no money from their record company, no true singles, lack of famous friends, etc.).

1. *Exile In Guyville* - Liz Phair

Easily the best of the year, Phair has been compared to the Rolling Stones' *Exile on Main Street* in more than just name. Guyville refers to the area in Chicago all the musicians live in, and with Urge Overkill and Smashing Pumpkins also from the Windy City, this is the new hotbed of music. She not only rocks, but she blows doors off with this collection. The 18 songs, adding up to just under an hour, with lyrics that'll curl your toes, overflow with sex (i.e. "Flower"). Other standouts include "Never Said," "6'1"," "Fuck and Run," and "Divorce Song." Bye-bye grunge, hello guyville.

2. *Sand Rubies* - Sand Rubies

Pure URock and roll. Witty lyrics with Crazy Horse jams, it slams ahead like a train out of control, summed up in "Hit the Brakes (At the Pearly Gates)." It sounds like Tom Petty's drug-crazed younger brother—this album was made for WBAB. Unfortunately, they don't have it (I asked). So pick it up now and impress your friends five years down the road when "Black Eyes and Broken Noses" is on some soundtrack and the album finally sells (i.e. *The Proclaimers*).

3. *Only* - Sun 60

Quirky pop song from the future pop duo. Another miss by the radio stations. "Mary XMess" and "Water 3X" are radio-friendly, but bypassed by program directors waiting for the new Meat Loaf. Joan and David are a cross between Hall and Oates and Timbuk 3, with a dash of REM. Just waiting for that break from URock status.

4. *Siamese Dream* - Smashing Pumpkins

You were waiting for me to get to a band you've heard of, weren't you? This is the best of the "alternative" scene. Much more radio-friendly than *Gish* (I heard "Disarm" on Z-100 and almost drove off the road). This might drive some hardcore fans away, claiming they sold out. Too bad. You can already hear bones snapping in the mosh pit on "Cherub Rock," "Silverfuck," and "Geek U.S.A."

5. *In Utero* - Nirvana

However you pronounce it, it is the best from the west (Seattle), this over-milked scene died with Andrew Wood of Mother Love Bone. Sorry, Pearl Jam. A cross between *Bleach* and *Nevermind*, they work that overproduced-underproduced sound to perfection. MTV missed out on "Rape Me" (the album's best), when they didn't allow it on the 1992 Music Awards, but they will get "All Apologies," a song built for the airwaves. "Father Francis..." and "Dumb" also stand out. Kurt is not the Dylan of the '90s, but he is their Jagger/Richards.

6. *McLarenFurnaceRoom* - The Watchmen

The classic example of URock, this is what happens when you work at a music store. Another great album, with the standard rock attack: drums, bass, guitar, singer with harmonica. The lyrics also are standard rock: songs about love (lost and found), with the exception of "Anything But That," a wife-abuse song. In the vein of The Smithereens, this is flat-out foot-tapping,

lyric-humming rock.

7. *Rid Of Me* - PJ Harvey

This year's media darling, how this tiny woman can produce so much noise is beyond me. More explicit than Liz Phair, punkier than Nirvana, she rocks throughout. The best Dylan cover since Hendrix, "Highway 61 Revisited" fits perfectly among "Yuri-G," "Dry," and "Man Sized." It starts hard and ends harder; she sings 'till she's raw, full of passion and power.

8. *Everybody Else is Doing It, So Why Can't We* - The Cranberries

When I first heard this album 5 months ago, I knew "Linger" was the best song. The rest of the album isn't far behind. A beautiful album, nothing heavy, enough ballads for the 9 other albums on the list. A perfect CD to try to bring your parents into the '90s and away from Barbara Streisand.

9. *Star* - Belly

After years of playing George Harrison to Kristin Hersh's Lennon/McCartney, Tany Donnelly broke out on her own. This outstanding disc is full of college beat poetry and frenzied guitar, showcased on "Feed The Tree," "Gepetto," "Slow Dog," and the wilting "Untogether." I'll always be sad she left Throwing Muses, but if she continues to put out CDs like this, I'll get over it. Plus, she is the Rock Babe of the Year.

10. *Stain* - Living Colour

You forgot they did an album this year, didn't you? Well, lack of a radio hit will do that to you. It's a sorry world, isn't it? This album roars, heavier than the latest piece of Metallica crap—they live up to their billing as a heavy metal band. They are even more socially conscious than Metallica. The album never captures the power it starts with in "Go Away," "Ignorance Is Bliss," and "Bi," but it tries.

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

Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Dear Azazel,

I have been going out with the same person for almost two years. We have a great relationship and while I love him with all my heart, there is something about him that terribly upsets me. You see, he is extremely verbally abusive. Anything I do seems to elicit some kind of derogatory remark from him. This abuse is constant and although I've been putting up with it since day one, I think I've about had it. I've decided to do one of four things:

- 1) Leave him and find someone less abusive
- 2) Stay with him and hope he'll change
- 3) Kill myself
- 4) Kill him

Now, I am stuck with these choices and not a clue as to which action I should take. Please help!

-Abused and Confused

A.&C.;

I am especially pleased to answer this letter, and in celebration of this I am including two quotes in my response. The first is from actor Dan Akroide on the old "Saturday Night Live" television program, and it sums up perfectly my initial response to your query: "Jane you ignorant slut!" It is weak willed, hyper-sensitive peons like yourself that really make my stomachs churn. Maybe you're right, maybe you should go find a lad whose

testicles shrivel up at the thought of raising his voice in anger. Perhaps you just can't handle the man you're with. I'm actually surprised he has let you cower around him this long; you must have some positive attributes which you haven't exposed to me.

You say you love him with all your heart; if I had one it would surely bleed for you. If however, you actually mean what you say, then by leaving him you deserve whatever pain and misery you

might reap. Regarding your latter options, I sense from the weak and meager tone of your letter that you don't have the backbone to execute either, which is unfortunate as human genetics would probably heave a great sigh of relief if you got out of the pool. So finally: Yes, you should stay with him, but if you're too much of a spineless, jelly-like amoeba to deal with a few harsh words now and again, how do you ever expect to bend him to your will? I think the one who could really benefit from a change is you. Stop pitying yourself and your sorry state of affairs. Get off your pampered ass and take a stand! In the words of a long time friend and client, Friedrich Nietzsche, "I have often laughed at the weaklings who thought themselves good because they had no claws."

-Azazel

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The Recipe

By Lauri McKain

It all started with the pecans...

You see, I used to live in Los Angeles, and as politically incorrect as it sounds, I worked for a lumber wholesaler. And around this time each year one of our suppliers from Alabama would send us a huge tin of fresh pecans. My co-workers and I would start talking about them in September, and around November first, we would start staring out of our office windows to watch the U.P.S. man unload our packages. The day they arrived, we'd put on a fresh batch of gourmet coffee and eat them like popcorn. But by 4 p.m. I would begin to slap the hands that entered the tin...for I was to bring them home and return with PIES!

It was my present to them. I was the only woman in a ten person office so it was hard for me to not be motherly at times. It sounds worse than I mean it to—they in no way expected this yearly chore from me, and I can honestly say that they never (unless in a jokingly manner) imposed The Stereotype on me. They knew better.

So as I said, it all started with the pecans. After four years and countless pies I have perfected my recipe, and the pecans must be fresh. So this past weekend, after seeing the Miro exhibit at MOMA, I traipsed up Fifth Avenue to a nut wholesaler and bought my pecans (no more job = no more free

pecans).

Later, I walked in the house from the train station to hear: "What are those?"

"Pecans, Ma. I told you what I was making for Thanksgiving."

"I already bought your stuff, and there are two bags of pecans in the cabinet left over from last time."

I looked in the freezer and saw two pre-made pie crusts which I used to like until I began to make my own—now I would never go back to frozen.

Thanksgiving morning as I'm rolling my crust, Mom is telling my sister how I always waste my time, but what they don't understand is that to me, it's not a waste. This is how I like to do things. Mom had her pecan pie recipe out for me and watched disapprovingly as I altered it: one teaspoon instead of two, four eggs instead of three...

Then all of a sudden I'm hit with this profound realization. Hasn't my entire life been spent altering the recipes that I've been handed and was expected to follow? I say if we like coconut in the chocolate chip cookies we should add it, but there's always somebody out there eager to warn us of an impending doom if we don't adhere to the plan. Our parents, our teachers, our siblings, our bosses, our neighbors, The Militants, The Conformists, The Structuralists...everyone has the right way to do it.

Here's my message, guys: Fuck The Recipe! It doesn't work for me! Let me find my own shortcuts

and great innovations—let me be creative—let me ruin a few batches in pursuit of the perfect combination! Sure I'll make mistakes, sure I'll burn a batch or two, but they'll be my mistakes and my messes to clean up. What I'm saying is if we, as a society, are not ready to clone ourselves biologically, then why do we try to do it emotionally? How many times have we all heard (and used) the words "just be yourself"?—comforting words they always seemed, but just as often didn't we hear "learn how to play the game," "my way or the highway," "if you don't like it you can leave?"

Listen to what I'm saying boys and girls: FUCK THE RECIPE! And if you listen to me isn't it just as bad? No, because I'm asking you to wake up from this nightmare called conformity. So just look at it as me doing you a favor, I am no longer expecting you to be something that you can't be. So in return, don't expect it of me.

And as we were all sitting around the table moaning of how we ate even more than last year, desert began to be passed. Mom picked at the apple pie, poured herself a coffee and took a small piece of my pecan pie. I couldn't help but watch her as she tasted the first bite. She avoided eye contact, but finally looked at me and smiled coldly.

"Great crust," she said, "but pecan pie's pecan pie."

And I laughed, knowing she was wrong.

Dysfunctional Fables

THE BEES AND THE PORCUPINE

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum

for the cats who will electrocute themselves on Christmas lights or singe their whiskers on Hannukah candles during the holiday season

Many forest creatures must work hard to gather a sufficient food supply to last through the winter. Those who cannot store food either hibernate, eat bark and twigs, hunt other animals or die of starvation. None of the animals have a car, so a run to the border is completely out of the question...

Due to the lack of flowers in the snow, bees usually hibernate during the winter. If they are disturbed they will think about food, fly out of their hives to find something to eat and freeze to death in the process. Most animals try to respect the beehives during the cold season because of this. As they do not expect to get any honey anyway, the bigger, clumsier animals usually leave the hives alone.

Other forest denizens, however, think more highly of themselves...

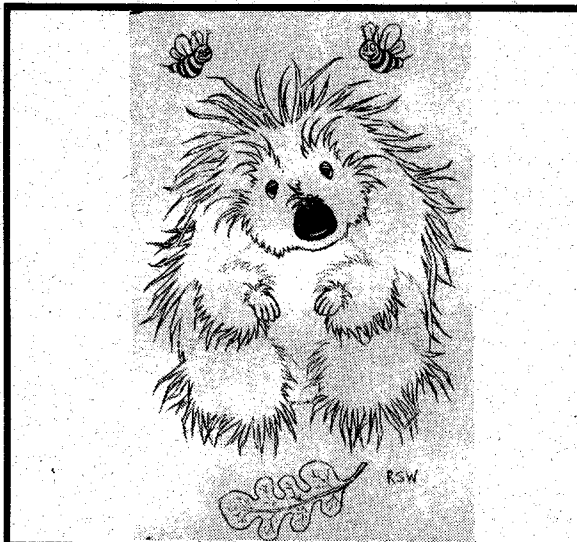
Porcupines do not hibernate during the winter. They can survive on bark, twigs, and anything else they find on the way. It is never hard to convince someone to share when your quills serve as a search warrant. Wolves have been known to leave their kill if Porcupine shows interest in it, and even Bear will think twice about arguing with his prickly neighbor over a few scraps.

One day Porcupine found a decaying hollow tree, and he rubbed his stomach in anticipation of all the good things he would find inside. Rotting bark meant grubs, fungus, and insect eggs for extra flavor. Licking his nose Porcupine began to climb the tree, nibbling here and there like a gourmet sampling different kinds of chocolate.

He always started from the top of the tree and

worked his way down. That way there would be no accidents. He watched too many beavers kill themselves by taking down a tree the fast, easy way. No deadline was worth risking one's life for, Porcupine thought as he noticed some leftover autumn leaves.

As he went out on a limb to get those leaves Porcupine felt something large looming over him.



He looked up, and noticed an enormous yellow beehive covered in more crackly old leaves. They had that wonderful salty taste which all porcupines crave, and he had to have them. Balancing on his stumpy hind legs Porcupine carefully tore off the leaves and moaned in ecstasy.

Meanwhile, inside the beehive Queen Beatrice began to feel cold. Even though her chamber was in the center of the hive, she had royal sensitivities and ordered her drones to insulate the hive with two layers of leaves. Queen Beatrice could feel an enemy stripping her leaves away, and she began to feel naked! Reluctantly she woke up and screamed

for her royal guards to survey the borders of her empire.

Sleepily the imperial guards went to investigate, carefully stepping over the Queen's subjects so not to wake them up. It did not take long for them to hear the monstrous chewing of Porcupine breaking into Her Majesty's fortress! At first they felt angry and were about to fly out of the hive and punish the barbarian invader when all of a sudden..."Gee, George, all dat crunchin' is makin' me hungry."

"Come on, Lenny—we have a job to do for our Queen and Country. You can't let your hunger get to you now."

"But George, I'm hungry..."

"Lenny, you can eat—HIM!"

"Yeah, EAT HIM! Let's get 'um, George!"

The guards flew outside and found Porcupine all-a-prickly crunching sleepily on their home. "Aim for the nose!" shouted George to Lenny. "Aim for the stomach!"

The rumbling outside stirred the bees inside, and soon Porcupine was surrounded by a raging mob. They didn't bother him in the slightest, for how could they penetrate his forest of quills? In fact, he began to feel sleepy...

Lazily he began to climb up to the top of the hollow tree, where he tumbled in and impaled himself on his own quills.

MORAL: Re-enacting past experiences is not the way to learn from them.

MORE IMPORTANTLY: Those who think they are invulnerable suffer the worst defeat.

H o t R o d

By John Kapp

Lead vocalist, guitarist, and songwriter, Paula Kelly is the high-octane that fuels Hot Rod. Leaving Boston's critically-acclaimed Drop Nineteens, Paula sought a medium to express herself in a way the Nineteens would not allow. The answer was meeting up with old friends Eric Paull (drums), John Dragonetti (guitar), and Matt Flint (bass) to form Hot Rod. This band has all the power of Drop Nineteens, but is more focused. Where the latter played beautiful, grand storms of thickly-layered guitar that could fill a room with light, Hot Rod directs this light and can be as subtle as a night-lite or as powerful and brilliant as a laser.

Paula fills her songs with the teen angst commonly found in diaries, while having the talent to accurately pair the emotions in the words to music. In one of the best songs on the album, "Soaking," the music, along with Paula's story of doubt, starts very lightly and simply, then proceeds to introduce pulsating, distorted guitar and distant vocals, which give way to the music itself, which carries both the melody and the feeling for the rest of

the song.

One common comparison of Hot Rod's style that is just as abused as it is undeniable, is the band's similarity to the Juliana Hatfield Three, or more pre-



cisely, Hatfield's previous band, Blake Babies. The Blake Babies were acclaimed for their combination of adolescent vocals that told stories of the common

teen through the medium of pop music. The easiest (and the laziest) comparison can be made between Hot Rod's "Waiting Forever," and Blake Babies' "Forever Baby." These two songs deal with the same subject matter (unrequited love) and use the same musical medium. The similarities between the two bands, and others, such as Tanya Donnelly's outfit, Belly, end in Hot Rod's unique ability to become just as, if not more, powerful and dark than the teen life it recounts.

The best songs on the album are "Liar's Liar," "Perplexed," "Soaking," and "Firewalker." All of them are very dynamic and climactic, most with blatant tempo changes from slow, soft, and delicate to jarring, driving beats that at times push Hot Rod's music off the road and onto new and exciting terrains. "Perplexed" in particular contains very passionate undertones without being overtly dirty, and, like many other songs on the album, this one builds to a pinnacle that is strikingly proportional to its subliminal subject matter.

Hot Rod is great, and can be listened to when you are in need of understanding, be it out of depression or rage. *Speed Danger Death* can pump you up to fury or calm you down to relaxation.

A Whole New Meaning

Transplanted Christmas Stories at Staller

By Michelle Bussé

If one has been unable to sense the slightest glimpse of Christmas spirit in their lives, I suggest you take the opportunity to view *The Second Shepherds' Play* and *Why the Lord Came to Sand Mountain*. Nonetheless, if you think you will merely view two plays concerning the Christmas Nativity story, you are in for a surprise. The plays were both examples of "slap-stick" comedy at its best.

The Second Shepherds' Play was written by the Wakefield Master in the 15th century, however this particular production has been translated to 1850's Appalachian culture set on Sand Mountain. The act opens with a three member folk band belting out what I felt to be a weak attempt at harmony, but soon realized that the song foreshadowed the future mood of the evening. The Sand Picker, played by Amy Budd, put on an emotional and convincing performance as the off-scene narrator; although later on the characters actually entice her participation. For her, the play can also be called *The Three Shepherds and the Stolen Sheep*.

The First Shepherd, Coll, represents the "experienced" man of society. He complains of the hampering weather, taxes, and oppression he suffers under agents of the land. Although I tried to convince myself that I was viewing a shepherd, I could not help feeling that the Civil War garb was not convincing. The second shepherd, Gib, complains about the entrapment a wife bestows upon a young man such as himself. I should say that his costume was so stylish that I could not help feeling that he had just stepped out of a Gap store. The third shepherd, Daw, represents the apprehensions of young adults in our society today. He worries about the the basic comforts of everyday life—food, clothing, shelter—as each carrot be provided for on the whim of each person's constant needs.

I found their accents completely convincing, although at some moments Shepherd #2 (Eugene Daniels) upset the flow. Shepherd #3 (Mark Wilson) was brilliant at his comical antics and undertaking of a young man's apprehensiveness towards his elders was both realistic and amusing. Nonetheless, it is his realism that allows the shepherds to convince themselves that they have been wronged by the manipulative character of Mak (Jonathan Webb). Mak, the sheep-stealer, contrives a plan for just that by acquiring the shepherds's confidence before they are set to fall asleep. The shepherds, though they sympathize with Mak (dressed in an impressive Sherlock Holme's costume) in his domestic situation of a groaning post-natal wife and numerous children, allow Mak to sleep

in between them (so as to keep an eye on him). The comical nature of the scene as Mak tries to weasel his way from the three snoring shepherds was commendable. Afterwards, Mak runs to his home where his wife, Gil (played by Debra A. Guinther), shuts him out. While he stuffed sheep under his arms (accompanied by a truly realistic "baah" from a member of the folk band), Mak tells her of his plan. The swaddling sheep is to become Gil's newly born sex, in an attempt to fool the soon-to-be awakened shepherds. In a sense, the sheep in the cradle, horned like the Devil, is ironically balanced by the Christ Child of the touching

thought her to resemble Pakahantin, the angel (Kim Roiy) delivered a convincing hymn of gloriousness. The first act ends with a nativity scene that differs in a subtle manner: the gifts to the Christ Child. Get this: a bottle of cherries, a stuffed animal and a ball—very interesting! One can assimilate Mak and Gil as Christ's parents, as in reality, they are! And so this story, as well as that of the second act, sketch out a hypothetical story as early Christians often exhibited a curiosity about what kind of a person Jesus must have been.

Act II sets out to demonstrate *Why the Lord Come to Sand Mountain*. The act is opened with the same folk song as Act I, making anyone's problems seem belittled. In this performance the rustic set centers within the home of Jack, Jean and their 14 children on Sand Mountain in the 1950's. This play immediately brought to mind the motif of "Highway to Heaven" as the Lord (Daniels) and St. Peter (Webb) travel through Prosper Valley to seek a meaning that only the Lord seems to have knowledge of.

They come upon a cabin, despite the protestations of a witty Prosper Valley insident (Roiy), and are taken within the home of drunkards Jack and Jean (Roth and Guinther). As they doubt the company they have taken in, they become convinced by the appearance of halo's. The acting of Wilson as he sets out to demonstrate the antics of 14 children at a kitchen table was the most credible performance next to Daniel's monologue later on in the act; that would convince anyone to consider conversion. Nonetheless, the parents, the Lord, and St. Peter set out to exchange stories (bewildering to me) and drink—eventually resulting in Peter's passing out. It is now that the audience views the story of Joseph and Mary in yet another manner. Joseph is in his 90's and Mary not beyond her teenage years. She becomes mysteriously pregnant while he was out of town. Joseph senses that she has given in to the "hot boys."

In due time, Joseph learns to accept the rebellious Jesus as his son. And Jesus (Wilson) is definitely a brat! His parents are convinced that he is out of control as Jesus was seen creating sparrows out of mud and recanting stories to other children. Believe me when I say that you have

to see the play for the suspenseful end, but the answer to the title of the play rests within the conclusion of the story of the Christ Child.

This presentation at the Staller Center was beyond what I once perceived as the "one true Nativity story." Allow yourself the opportunity to see this feature, as comedy pre-figures immensely. The acting definitely improved as time went on and Wilson's and Budd's performances were something to cherish as authentic, as both maintained concentration throughout the plays entirety. The band and set design provided the edge of a performance that should be viewed this Christmas season as a change from the norm.

Why the Lord Come to Sand Mountain and The Second Shepherds' Play

by Romulus Linney

by The Wakefield Master

Directed by Matt Roth



Dept. of Theatre Arts SUNY at Stony Brook

Dec. 2-4, 9-11, at 8pm

Dec. 5, at 2pm

Tickets: \$8 general

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Theatre One
Staller Center

nativity finale.

Nonetheless, the three shepherds awake to realize that they have been wronged and confront their suspects within his home. Despite the sheep's noises and the physical appearance of his ears noted by the shepherds, all three still do not recognize the sheep. Finally, due to Daw's small amount of intelligence, Mak prevails over the others. The sheep is recognized. Gil and Mak protest, owing the "boy's appearance" to elf mischief, but to no avail. The next five minutes involve a chase around the set for the sheep, with the shepherds prevailing. And so it ends...not! The shepherds sleep, and an angel appears. Although at first I