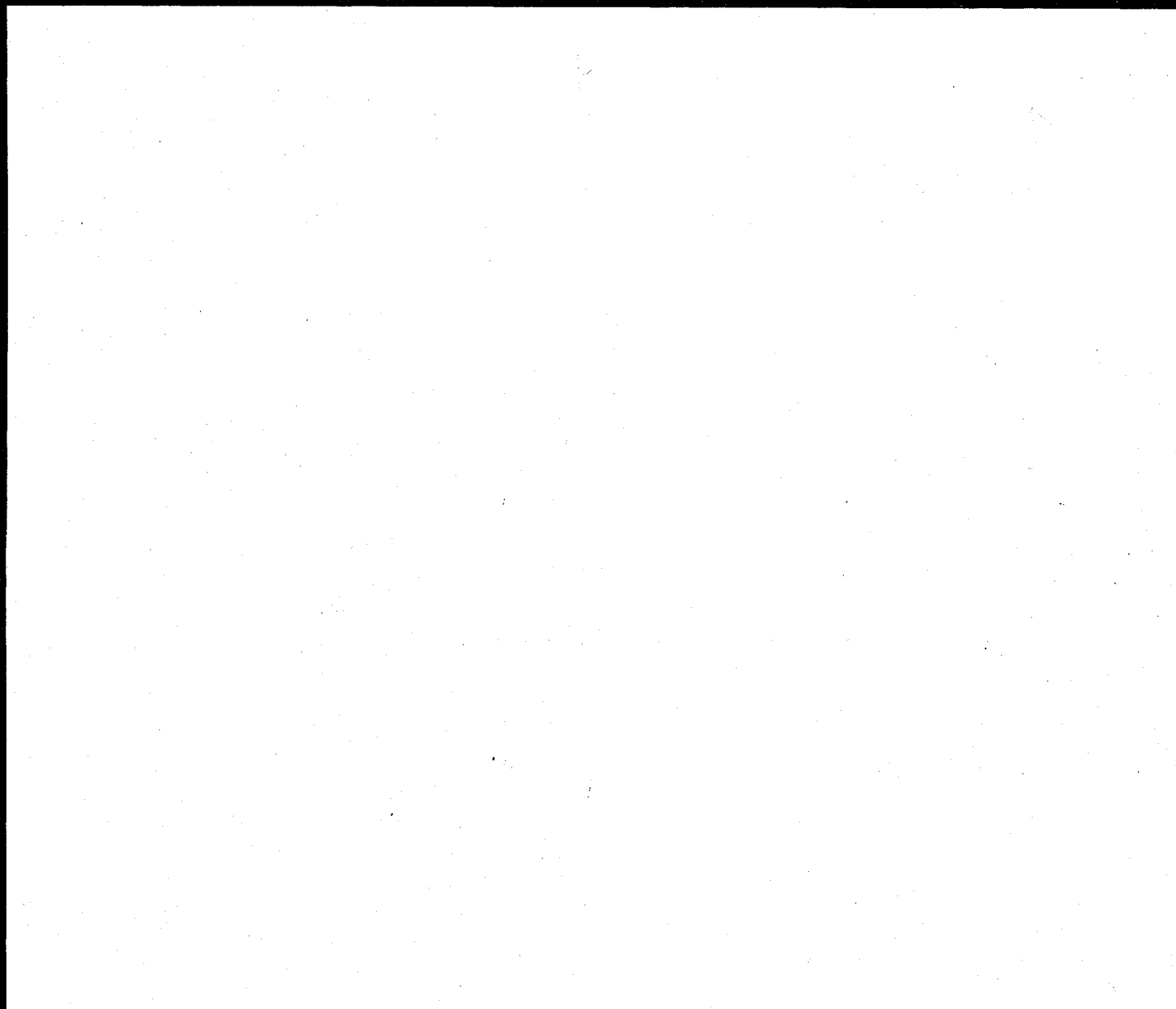


The
Stony
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PRESS

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On The Inside

Hot
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Hotter
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Hottest
Coolest

Burn Baby Burn

By John Giuffo

Campaign rhetoric, like Christmas, begins earlier every year. This especially holds true for presidential election years. Phil Gramm and Bob Dole have already started their bickering on the Senate floor and in the American political arena in their attempts to win the nomination for the Republican presidential candidate, (Which resembled nothing so much as two rapists with their eyes on Miss Liberty, arguing over who gets stuck with sloppy seconds), New Hampshire has already been courted by the three major Republican candidates, and that perennial favorite target of the right wing is once again under attack—the First Amendment.

Along with issues such as freedom of speech in electronic media, and the attack on Rap music and lyrics, comes the debate over flag burning. It is an issue that can be potentially very valuable for those that want to pose as the moral guardians of this country—if you support the constitutionally-protected right to burn the flag, then you are easily labeled Anti-American. It is a dangerous label to have attached to you, especially in the wake of the so-called "Republican Revolution". Democrats are tripping over their own feet in an attempt to out-Republican the Republicans, and right-wing political mainstays have been getting signed into law in record numbers in the Democratic Party's attempt to keep up with what they see as a change in the political climate of the country.

We have seen the debate over flag burning rage in Washington for over twenty years, except now, there is a dangerous chance that legislation will be passed outlawing the activity of burning the flag, despite what the Supreme Court says.

Last time the issue came before the court, and

they declared it constitutionally-protected free speech. This, apparently, does not sway the love-it-or-leave-it robots, because the activity is being attacked with a new fervor that carries more of a threat backed by the rabid dog that is the Republican-controlled congress.

The issue is not a simple one, and I confess I do not know whether or not I agree with the activity itself, although I support the RIGHT to burn a flag. Those who choose to do so, obviously do it as a form of protest against the government, and whether or not you agree with it, you must admit it is an effective form of protest. It gets attention. Perhaps protesting the activities of a government you don't agree with is not enough of an excuse to deface the symbol of this country, although enough crimes have been committed in the name of the country, that the symbol itself might be inherently wrong by now. I know that there are many groups of people that believe it is.

It is the same flag that was flown over the burnt and broken bodies of the Native Americans, in a young country's attempt to acquire as many riches and as much land as possible. It is the same flag that was flown on many slave ships bringing their human cargo to these shores. It is the same flag that adorns the office of many of those interested more in personal gain than protecting the ideals this country was founded on. It is a symbol, though, and symbols can be pliable. It means different things to different people, indeed, the country itself means different things to different people. Is the United States of America that David Duke believes in the same United States of America that Bill Clinton believes in? Or that you believe in? No, it isn't, and neither is the flag which represents it. Shit, I'd burn the flag that represents whatever country (or planet) it is Newt Gingrich believes he lives in. Problem is,

it's the same flag that represents the country I believe in.

I do believe in most of the principles our country was founded on, those of personal freedom and equality (however skewed these principles have become), and I do love the flag. It is no mistake that God and Country are often mentioned together; they mean very different, very personal things to each person. I believe in the United States of America that lets me think and say whatever it is I wish, or whatever it is you wish, or whatever it is David Duke wishes (as distasteful as that may seem). People express themselves in a myriad of ways, and flag burning is just one of them.

I remember being in an art class where one of the other painters in class with me decided he wanted to paint the City of New York with a three-inch border of his own shit that he had saved from the previous Thanksgiving, symbolizing, he said, the way he felt about the city. Did I like the painting? Fuck no, it smelled like shit. Would I try to get all shit-bordered paintings banned? No.

Different people interpret things differently, and the meaning of the flag is no exception. Laws that attempt to make illegal personal expression are wrong. And so are those that support such laws. Dangerous precedents are set when such attempts at limiting freedom are left unchecked. Who knows, pretty soon it may be illegal to paint a portrait of Jesse Helms enjoying a bullwhip up his ass with a three-inch border of human shit saved from the last time you had a really bad stomach virus given to you from the meat you had in that taco from Taco Bell that came from a cow that was raised free of government regulations outside a combination nuclear power plant/school gymnasium. And that would truly, truly be un-American.

U.N. United Negligence

By Heather Rosenow

So. How many of you have been paying attention when the evening news announces that another "Safe Zone" in Bosnia /Herzegovina has fallen? Not many I'd wager. I've spoken to a large number of people about this topic ranging from 18 to 70 years of age. Most are apathetic. Remember the Holocaust? I've heard countless speeches telling us that only awareness could prevent it from happening again. Well folks, I think it's safe to say that we've all heard of the Holocaust. Unfortunately for the people in Bosnia /Herzegovina, we're not watching out for a second one. It has been called "Ethnic Cleansing" by many Serbian leaders. In plain terms, it is the systematic destruction of a race of people. I've read case after case of horrors perpetrated right under our noses. By this point the people committing these war crimes have written off the U.N. peace keeping forces as little symbolic G.I. Joes, sent by the United Nations to quiet the human rights activists. Not a day goes by that I don't see a story about this situation in the *New York Times*. It practically takes up their whole International section. Yet somehow a feeling of complete apathy has managed to permeate our country. Imagine for a moment, if you will, that

you are a student in Bosnia. One moment you are leading a normal life, like many of us here, and then suddenly you find yourself dodging sniper bullets instead of worrying over next semester's grades. You don't panic immediately because there is still hope.

Surely the other countries in the world won't just sit back and watch this display of barbarian hatred. But alas, months later when no real progress in peace has been made, you realize that most people don't even know you exist. As long as your war stays off of their shores, you are out of mind and memory. People are needlessly and violently dying and no one is noticing enough to care. If we allow these atrocities to go unnoticed and do not help those being victimized, then we might as well be the vehicle of the rapes, murders, and hatred. There have been accounts of mere children being raped as a part of the "Ethnic Cleansing" campaign. A girl of 12 found crying was quoted saying "Our lives are over, we are no longer girls..." Her cousin of 14 hung herself hours later. She was also a rape victim of this "Ethnic Cleansing." People there give accounts of truck loads of young men being taken in the night by Serbian terrorists disguised as U.N. peacekeepers. The people, too terrified to stop them, could only helplessly watch. The young men

taken were later found hanging from trees or lying on the ground with their throats cut. They ranged in age from 11 to 17 years.

Matching accounts have been heard all over the countryside. There is no way of knowing how many are being killed. Tens of thousands have been reported missing already. Families are resorting to hiding their young men in desperate attempts to save them. This is all happening underneath the watchful eye of the U.N. Peacekeepers. The people in these country once looked forward to the arrival of the Peacekeepers and their help. Now they look upon them with disgust and mistrust. In my opinion, if the United Nations got a hold of its spine this problem might be solved easier. Every time the U.N. and its allies show strength and a will to follow up on their threats, the Serbs back off. Every time they cower and do nothing, the Serbs advance. I've seen way to much advancing from the wrong side haven't you? Many people I've spoken to are anxious to adopt a modern version of American Isolationism. Does anyone remember what happened last time we did that? Hitler and the Third Reich, that's what happened. We can't afford to let that happen again.

Hearing Aid

By David M. Ewalt

"Oh, Elizabeth, your justice would freeze beer!"
-Arthur Miller, *The Crucible*, 1953

"In the Halls of Justice the only justice is in the halls."
-Lenny Bruce

Chances are that sometime in the last few weeks of summer you've sat down in front of the television, anxious for a bit of mindless entertainment. "Ah, television..." you may have thought to yourself, "despite the scorching heat and the oppressive humidity, I can count on you to provide an escape... an unchallenging, pleasant world where Matlock never loses a case and superheroes wear skin-tight vinyl. Pander to me!" Unfortunately, the real world has been inexorably exerting itself into our happy TV-land in the form of slickie-boy lawyers, loaded questions and well coached witnesses.

Turn on that TV. Hmm, I wonder what's on CNN... oh, great, OJ. How about the network news... damn, are they still talking about Susan Smith? Ahh... I bet the Entertainment channel will have something good... shit, even E! is running OJ! I've got it... PBS! Despite the best efforts of Newt Gingrich and his Republican cronies, there is still one bastion of quality entertainment... public broadcasting will save me... what's this?

The Whitewater hearing? AHHHHHH! (Sound of table lamp being hurled into television set).

Somehow, America has become entranced by the trial process, to the extent that the fate of a murdering ex-football player is considered more important than the genocide in Bosnia. It's a sick, twisted trend... one we here at *The Press* are only too happy to feed. Thus, we sheepishly present this year's second TRIAL AND HEARING UPDATE.

The newest addition to the jurisprudence mish-mosh is Al D'Amato's monster, the Whitewater

hearings. D'Amato has pushed the issue of Whitewater for months, trying to discredit the Democratic administration and build his own fame, but has met with one big problem- nobody seems to care. Whitewater is a complex and essentially boring case... nowhere near the tabloid level of other Presidential scandals. Watergate had break-ins, obscenity-laden audio tapes and psychopaths like G. Gordon Liddy. Iran-Contra had lying Army colonels and buxom secretaries. Teapot Dome had a cool name. Whitewater is essentially about real estate... a subject too pedestrian for popular consumption.

Oh, sure there is a small, lunatic fringe of people (read: Republicans) who think Whitewater is the biggest scandal since Lancelot and Guinevere, but they tend to ruin their arguments with spurious allegations of murder and massive conspiracy. Rush Limbaugh is a proponent of the theory that Presidential friend/attorney Vincent Foster, who committed suicide before the scandal broke, was in fact murdered by Clinton-sponsored assassins. G. Gordon Liddy, in his new role as talk-show host, asserts that "If Vincent Foster owned a gun, he'd be alive today." Only if he aimed for the head, right Gordon?

Surpassing the Whitewater investigation in the bizarre allegations department is the Waco/ATF hearings. Initiated to find out exactly what happened during the ATF's siege of David Koresh's Branch Davidian compound, the hearings have featured the kind of flashy, emotional testimony Al D'Amato can only dream of. The proceedings got off to a roaring start with the testimony of a teenage girl who says Koresh molested her, and sustained the excitement with ATF agents' graphic descriptions of the Davidian/ATF fire fight. Unfortunately, the only people who give a rat's ass about the outcome of the hearing are half-crazed, gun-toting "Patriots", so the trial can be seen only sporadically on C-SPAN.

And then, of course, is the mother of it all... the OJ

trial. Now in its umpteenth month, *The State vs. O.J. Simpson* is hopefully nearing an end with the presentation of the defenses' case. Oddly enough, the defense seems to be hurting only itself with its spastic display of witnesses. Any defense that relies on the testimony of professional car-washers is probably in jeopardy. "Expert" witnesses brought onto the stand in an effort to clear OJ have been turned against him by prosecutor Marsha Clark: physicians testify that OJ's arthritis prohibited him from strenuous activity, but then admit under cross-examination that he could have handled a knife; blood evidence experts profess to the presence of preservatives in blood samples taken from OJ's house, insinuating that they were planted, but admit under cross that the preservatives appear in quantities too minuscule to be significant.

But the bitch of it is, OJ is still going to get off. At this point, Jesus Christ could appear in the courtroom and cast OJ directly into hell, and the jury still wouldn't convict him. How can a group of people who can't even agree on what TV shows to watch decide on a proper verdict?

In stark comparison to the OJ trial stands the trial of Susan Smith. While her crime -drowning her infant children- is undeniably more heinous than OJ's, her trial has remained quick, efficient and fair. Its no stretch to credit this to the absence of two OJ staples: TV cameras and high-priced lawyers. The Smith trial serves as a reminder to us that *The State vs. Simpson*, with all its slime, excess and bluster, is not a good example of how our judicial system works.

I am often wont to wax poetic at this point in an article, pointing out some absurdity of life or government, finishing my piece with a literary coup de gras that would have William F. Buckley questioning his piteous existence, but I haven't got time; Kenner is rereleasing all the Star Wars action figures and I have to get to Toys R Us before they're all out of Chewbaccas.

If you're a burned-out sex-starved ungrunted junkie, eternally harassed by sanctimoniously compassionate parents who harangue you with absurd notions like "Why don't you get a job and move out of this house because your 35 years old for cripes sakes!" Come lounge around at

The Press.

We've got a fleet of uneducated radicals who probably won't even notice you.

We've also got beer.

Idyll Realities

This section is dedicated to all of us hardworkers that never received a single break yet still persisted and to the others that had less than desirable jobs or classes this summer. Step back, sit down, loosen up.

Someone I knew passed away recently. It really should not have bothered me as much considering I was not friends with him and I did not even like him. Why should it bother me so much that a friend's friend passed away? Was I feeling guilty for not being tolerant when he was alive? Yes and definitely yes. I complained on and on about Teddy for months after a few encounters with him. I would not leave my boyfriend alone when he dragged me to see Teddy whenever he had a chance. Granted that makes me sound immature and petty or even something that rhymes with a witch but, I had, at least in my mind, a very good reason not to like him. Now I actually regret this. I regret the fact that I never really had the chance to see him and tell him why I acted the way I did whenever my boyfriend and I saw him. The adage "too little too late" came crashing down hard. Very hard.

Hardship brings to mind another point. This summer I was cursed by difficult jobs. I had a hard time finding one and when I finally did, it screwed me over. I really, truly would not complain if it did not involve or cost me time, effort and \$400 that was necessary to pay for my bills. (Story of everyone's life, I was and am aware that this is nothing new to me and to others.) Everyone complains how difficult things are for them, whining about this or that. (Folks, it is always greener on the other side.) Everyone always assumes that everyone else has it better. Then, the usual route leads them to blame everyone else for their circumstances. (For example: parents, professors, friends, enemies, work, little brothers, fat aunts, perverted uncles, old leches, sociopathic ex-boy/girlfriends so on

and so forth) So, they are not happy. They are not content. What is wrong with this picture? Have we become so cynical and weary that we forget everyone else but ourselves? Have we all become hedonists that we think work has to have a three hour break and if we don't have it, it is abuse and that we don't even have to show up if we don't feel like it?

I have learned this summer and for that matter, this past year that everything around me or around us (we don't want to exclude anyone) is precious and that we should savor life and try to get everything out of it while we still can because we will never know when anyone of us leaves each other's lives. Forget all the griefs that school, work or anyone else gave you. Keep going. There is more ahead of you and this ride will never end. We should all learn how to relax and to take whatever we can one day at a time and never let a beer or two pass by you. (They're very sensitive.) Take it and gulp it like it is your last one. (Careful not to drip on on your favorite shirt.) Life is and never will be sucky or shitty or what have you. Especially college students specifically in the SUNY system and more specifically in Stony Brook when the cutbacks are in effect starting this fall semester.

Maybe I am just starting to actually feel and live reality, or worse I could be going on and on about life experiences that everyone already knows about and I should just shut up. It could be worse. I could be whining.

I guess what I am trying to say here a paragraph ago, is that most people especially students take the summer for granted and maybe there are some people out there that are in danger of not being able to go to classes because of financial reasons but everyone should just take a step back and take a look at the bigger picture instead of hurrying to go from here (school) to there (a job, yeah right).

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Letters

Dear Mr. Moran:

Your article "Right Then, Wrong Now" is the biggest waste of space I have ever seen in The Press. Your obvious deification of Eddie Van Halen leads me to believe that you were one of those geeks, who for their 18th birthday received a crap load of useless guitar effect pedals and/or boxes.

It was nice that you mentioned that he "spawned a generation of shredders and made rock and roll a place for virtuosity." Is that some way of saying that the pop metal of the 80's was good? Because that is what you are saying.

If it wasn't for Mr. Van Halen all those guitar players, who went on to make it big in bands like Poison, Ratt and Twisted Sister, would still be in their parents' basements playing Deep Purple and Kiss covers to their ugly girlfriends. But because Eddie showed them the way to the spotlight these now washed-up freaks are spreading countless sexually transmitted diseases to 35-year old women who still worship the 'Hair Bands' of the 80's. (Eddie is lucky we can't blame him for Whitesnake or Kingdom Come.)

Van Halen opened the doors to these freaks of musical talent, much in the

same way that Nirvana's *Nevermind* opened the way for thousands of angst-rockers. So instead of being a yardstick against which all guitarist should be measured, Van Halen became that far off planet that the record companies told bands to shoot for. So while most of them fell back to earth in a flaming heap, those that got half as far as the multi-platinum selling Van Halen, still became crappy bands with a platinum album.

Eddie could also be blamed for Michael Jackson's claim of "King of Pop." If Mr. Van Halen wouldn't have added his solo to "Beat It" who knows if it would have been a hit at all. Therefore Michael wouldn't have sold a gazillion copies of "Thriller" and he might even be behind Jermaine in the Best Selling Jackson category.

I'm also still trying to blame Eddie for the rise of Culture Club and Kajagoogoo, but that one is a little tougher, so I'll have to get back to you on that one.

John Wesley Harding

Dear Mr. Harding

Van Halen the root of all evil? Michael Jackson riding Eddie's eddy?

Synth-Pop hair bands rules the screen at MTV and homosexuality among Eskimos at an all time high during the playing of *Balance*? Good God man take a look around you, be a guy, Van Halen is just a band! You want the evil that men do...look no further than the National Aeronautics and Space Association!

Yeah Van Halen brought out the worst in some bands, like Poison, and Brittany Fox, Night Ranger and The Bullet Boys.... But who's really to blame for that? You are, you bought the albums, you went to Merry-Go-Round and bought the clothes, you even took out the metronome and licked 'til your chops ached your hand. It's your fault, everything is man.

Eddie did nothing for Michael Jackson. That album was a bizillion seller way before Beat It.... It sold 600,000 before it hit the street! Shit, Slash (he ought to change his name to Slash Shit, it's got a nice alliteration to it) did more for Mike than Eddie ever did! Eddie hasn't helped anyone his name has been tagged to...see also Pepsi Clear.

As for me, I play guitar, I've owned four effects boxes in my life. An Electro-Harmonix Big Muff Pi (a must own for

Glockenspiel Naked

any 13 year old.) An Electro Harmonix phase shifter. An Electro-Harmonix Delay Man. And an green stomp box called a Metal, no wait, Tube, no that's not it...oh it was some green Ibanez distortion box I got when my Big Muff Pi died. All of those boxes were purchased in the vain attempt to get Eddie's sound. Then when I got into Vernon Reid and Dave Navarro I didn't care about anybody's sound but mine. For all you tweaks I run a Tube Works Real Tube preamp, and Alesis QuadraVerb (original...as in two weeks after they came out — "you can't use that thing on guitar buddy, it's for keyboards" — and a Dunlop CryBaby Wah, Jim Dunlop personally sent me.

So there, that's it and that's that. You're a homo lovin' dweeb and I rule.

Join The Press or die trying to avoid us

continued from back page totally with the actor. The comic book character is no more than a one dimensional killing machine, except that he's on the side of the law. Stallone wanted to play this part as close to the original as possible. I can respect him for that, but this doesn't come across on the screen. He seems stiff and unintentionally funny. As the movie goes on, Stallone does loosen up and this is because of his chemistry with Schneider. Schneider is a likable sidekick and he gets laughs with many side comments. He even does a very funny imitation of Stallone showing that the muscle man can laugh at himself. Assante chews plenty of scenery as the evil Rico and can hold the screen with the presence of Stallone. Diane Lane co-stars as Judge Hershey, Dredd's only ally on the force and eventually his love interest. Max von Sydow is good to see as the Chief Justice and Dredd's mentor. He is also Dredd's and Rico's father since they were cloned from his DNA.

Director Danny Cannon had only one film to his credit before this, the direct to video *The Young Americans*. This is a huge burden to put on a young director but he handles it well. The film looks as good as it possibly could. Mega-City One is shown in all it's glory and it is truly spectacular. The first shot in the film is a long decent from the rooftops of the city to the streets. This is so well done you wish it would last longer. There is also an incredible flying motorcycle chase. All in all it could be an enjoyable film if you just sit back and watch without taking any of it seriously.

The movie *Casper*, on the other hand, is a surpris-

ingly funny and touching film that is refreshing to see in a summer full of slam bang actioners.

Carrigan Crittenden (Cathy Moriarty) is a greedy heiress who has inherited a run down mansion, Whipstaff Manor. She goes, along with her crony (Monty Python's Eric Idle), to acquire a treasure that is hidden somewhere within. Upon entering we meet Casper, the friendly ghost of a 12 year old boy. This is the first time we see the loneliness of Casper. Even though he wants to make friends, the two are frightened and run from the house. They next encounter Casper's three mischievous uncles, Stretch, Stinky and Fatso. These ghosts delight in playing games with their pray. The two decide they need help in getting rid of the ghosts and after a series of clever cameos they call Dr. James Harvey (Bill Pullman), a ghost psychologist. He brings along his daughter Kat (Christina Ricci). Kat and Casper eventually form a bond that doesn't seemed forced. That's what makes the movie flow.

There are lots of funny bits while Dr. Harvey tries to help the uncles understand that they are ghosts and must cross over to the other side. Throughout all this Dr. Harvey is looking for late wife whom he believes to be a ghost too. The funniest moments come when the uncles are trying to teach Dr. Harvey to loosen up. There is a great morphing scene where the ghosts inhabit Dr. Harvey's body and change his face to some of today's biggest stars. All these actors agreed to do the cameos because of their relationships with producer Steven Spielberg. Dr. Harvey, by the way, is named after the comic book Casper was published in, Harvey Comics.

Ricci is a joy to watch as Kat. She is clearly one of the best and most natural young actresses around today. The special effects are superb and the whole movie has a great comic book feel about it. Director Brad Silberling, in his first feature film, does a fine job all around. The ending is a little sappy and could have been lightened up a bit. Otherwise *Casper* is an enjoyable romp through some childhood memories.

Have Some More Pork, Senator Helms

A flaming, marinated baby-back rib in the eye to Senator Jesse Helms for his enlightened and sensitive statements declaring AIDS "a disease transmitted by people deliberately engaging in unnatural acts." He wants to cut spending on the Ryan White Care Act of 1990 because, he says, AIDS sufferers contract the disease through "deliberate, disgusting, revolting conduct", adding, "they deserve whatever they get". Stating incorrectly, that AIDS spending accounts for more federal dollars than other diseases that kill more people, (Heart disease accounts for \$36.3 billion, while AIDS spending totals \$6 billion.) he declared his desire to spend more federal dollars on such ailments as heart disease, (Helms himself was the recipient of a quadruple bypass and valve replacement in 1992) which, of course, is a disease which has absolutely NOTHING to do with the behaviors of those afflicted with it. This leaves me with only one question: Why hasn't the evil little fuck dropped dead yet? A pox on the doctor who successfully performed his heart surgery.

Generation X Doesn't Suck

Neither Did The Bands

By Louis M. Moran

I went to Filter/Die Cheerleader at The Limelight, but that's not what this is about. It's not about Filter. It's not about Die Cheerleader (cool band, hear them.) It's not about The Limelight (cool place, go drunk.) This is about the crowd. The oddities, the amazing bodies, outfits, makeup, stockings, hangers on, fat chicks, huge guys, make out pits, mosh pits, Goth pits, rave zones and lips.

Before the show we stood on line with all the bizzaros, geeks, nons, wannabees and bouncers. They had one line, ticket holders and non ticket holders and they eventually let everyone in, in an odd chaotic fashion. A bouncer came out and announced that *he* was sick of getting summonses for public drinking, looked up in the air and asked anyone who was drinking on line to stop and he wouldn't be forced to toss us off line. He then pointed out the offenders and said this profound statement, "Everyone who has a ticket stay on line, everyone who doesn't have a ticket stay on line, everyone else get off line."

Who was everyone else? Who are the people who just stand on lines? I don't know but about six of them left. One guy ended up in the club later, I knew it was him because he was wearing stockings and had his eyes done up like a raccoon. Listen kids, I don't care what Trent is doing, men shouldn't wear any stockings! It's icky and men who don't are aiming for your lower back in the pit, trust me, I am.

Nine Inch Nails is a good starting point here. Inside the club nearly every other person had a NIN on their shirts, arms and one extremely dedicated fellow had NIN tattooed to his neck...yeah. Now I like Trent as much as the next guy, in fact, I liked Trent six years ago when Trent wasn't so cool and trendy, but I don't like him that much. The last time I liked a band as much as the NIN fanatics they were singing a song about the Battle of Britain, *Aces High*. Which is to say that I'm older than most of the patrons at the Filter show.

Yet despite this obvious faux pas we slammed, moshed, pogoed, sweated and rode together. It was pretty cool. I remember shows when I was a teen, the older guys mostly fucked with us, and tried to take our shit, pinched our girlfriends asses. They didn't care that we had something in common, we were all there for the same reason...to see so and so rock. Concerts were scarier, maybe they are now too, but mostly it didn't seem that way. I know I was cool towards the *kids*, I picked them up when they fell, I caught them when they dove. Yeah I snickered at the obvious geeks and dopes who wanted to be cool and shaved half their head (the left half) or were wearing more clothes than I do when I shovel snow, but I was cool toward them.

They were cool to me too. I was thinking

whilst in the pit, with my glasses on the whole time (until the end when my roommate broke them stage diving during the last song); whose show is this anyway? Is it the 10-20s show? Do they own the rights to Filter as a band, or can I claim rights to them too? (I don't want them.) If a kid today was to tell me he was a Van Halen fan, I could rightfully say, I saw them when they were still good, you don't know the real Van Halen. When I tell my mother that I love the Beatles she rightfully says, you don't understand the Beatles, you weren't there...you had to be there. She's right too.

Things happen to art over time. It gets deconstructed, torn down and molded into what ever the molder wants it to be. Shakespeare is a misogynist, Chaucer hater of gays, and the Devil misunderstood. Just think of what will become of the precious Trent in years to come. Although

music has a record (ha ha) of its history it isn't really enough. Knowing all the words to *Sweet Home Alabama* isn't going to let you in on the inside jokes and back biting that was going on between Lynard Skynard and Neil Young...Well I hope Neil Young will remember, a Southern Man don't need him around anyhow.

So in a sense you have to be there when the music is happening, you need to know what's going on in the world that's relevant to the music. So, having stated that I wonder if I can lay claim to the music of today...I am after all older than most of today's rock stars; do I share a common experience with them? I'm the same age as Kurt Cobain (well I'll get older), I did a lot of the same drugs, I play(ed) in a band, I write songs (rarely about indigestion); how similar am I to him? The guys in Live are younger than me, Perry Farrell is older, Dave Navarro is younger, all the guys in Van Halen are older, all the girls in Hole are younger.

Does anyone have to own the music? Do I have to lay claim to a band? Well as wonderful as *it's music for the whole world to enjoy* is, it isn't. My mother is not supposed to be in Nails. My father shouldn't get off on Pop Will Eat Itself. My Dad turned me on to Led Zep after my billionth playing of *Kiss Alive II* by tossing Led Zep I into my room yelling, I think you'll like this. Clearly he was sick of "Detroit Rock City" and figured if he shared his band with me he wouldn't have to beat the stuffing out of me for playing "God Of Thunder" (the extended live mix) at maximum volume. There are some bands we can all enjoy like that damned Hootie and the Blowfish, they sound like stuff my parents lis-

tened to, and bands we can all hate like Wilson Phillips. Over time music does become public domain though. Glenn Miller is going to be huge in twenty years the same way Bach is now.

I rode into the Limelight with two teens who are *into* current music (they could be making it) and they rattled off a swath of bands I'd never heard of and I threw an equal number back at them as we discussed music in it's various forms and finally decided that Ministry rocks. I used to find common ground in talks like this or jams with Led Zep or The Sex Pistols, yet the closest we could come was Ministry. Our base was Ministry. My common link to an actual Generation Xer's was an eight year old band (if you call an E-Mu, Mac, and Alan Jourgenson a band). Which is sort of cool. I love Ministry, I even forgive them for that wimpy Depeche Mode meets Erasure first album. I absolutely get off on Ministry, my butt twitches, my fists clench and I get angry, real fucking angry, pissed, intense, I throw myself in a pocket mosh and scream about NASA's dirty dealings with eugenics! I like Ministry plenty.

So, if Ministry is mine by virtue of having seen them play live and watching their bass player leave the stage via a chainlink fence erected to keep projectiles and stagedivers to a minimum, then is NIN as well? NIN was certainly influenced by Ministry; doesn't lineage give me a right? No, I love REM, they are great, they were influenced by the Beatles (despite anything Stipe blathers on about the Monkees), so REM is mine, but not the Beatles. And so logic follows that Ministry is mine for them to enjoy and Nails is theirs for me to enjoy.

Unlike Zep which was theirs (the oldsters to me) and they'd kick my ass at a concert if I stepped foot in one. Which makes some assertions about Gen X true, they are a lot more giving than other generations. The example/anecdote I've heard most recently was that if there was some way to get something

free or a good place to work they told each other about it they didn't horde the information. They (ick) share. So, we shared the latest Buzz Binners, Filter, who was sort of cool. Their main problem seemed to be that they didn't know you can't taunt a New York audience

and they weren't very much better than Die Cheerleader which makes the headliner look bad.

Quick Review...good show both bands were cool, the Limelight was in great shape, lots of latex, PVC, leather and other synthetics, and the crowd was really cool. They shared their stuff with me, the fifty year old man in the leather pants, the fat goth chicks, the heavy lipped women, the waifs in vinyl, the thigh-high booted bimbo I saved from certain death, the lamers with NIN hats, shirts, shorts, shoes, and necklaces and the guys in snow gear.

"I don't care what Trent is doing, men shouldn't wear stockings! It's icky..."

"I absolutely get off on Ministry, my butt twitches, my fists clench and I get angry, real fucking angry..."

Not A Real Column...

By Ted Swedalla

Since this is a summer issue and we can be lacking in our news quality. This column will be self indulgent in the same style as Mike Lupica or Larry King. So sit back and watch the bullshit fly. [Plus I couldn't come up with 700 words on one topic.]

Does everyone look for Courtney Cox's hard nipples in the Rembrandt's video, or is it just me...

Why is it that only people with limited intelligence liked the movie version of "Congo," while those of us who read the book, hated the movie...

Is it me or is this years' cast of MTV's "The Real World" the lamest ever. They knew they had uninteresting people, which is one of the reasons that they chose a foreign locale for the show. To show Americans making asses out of themselves, which will probably give them three good shows. And Mike, of this years' cast, is looking like he will strip the crown of "Biggest Asshole" from Puck, who won it last year...

Speaking of "Friends," why is so much attention being paid to Courtney Cox. She is not the best looking cast member, okay she is cute, but Jenifer Aniston is 200% better looking, she has a much better body and wears outfits that prostitutes blush at. If she was a taco, she'd be covered in hot sauce...

Why does MTV bleep out the word 'smell' in the Primus video for "Winona's Big Brown Beaver?" Is there something wrong with the word smell? You might be able to make some bizarre reference to some body odor, but come on, it is just the word smell. Is it any worse than any Salt N Pepa song they play. And why did they cut the word 'joint' out of the Tom Petty song? I thought MTV wanted to be the hip place for teenagers to be, but it seems to be bowing to the repressive right wing. I've heard harsher language on "Guiding Light..."

Speaking of TV, is it just me or do I seem to

have way too much free time that is spent by nothing except for watching TV...

How come no one listens to WUSB 90.1 FM between 3 and 6 am on Monday mornings any more. I heard it was a happening slot, but I haven't got more than 3 calls since I've been on the air...

Is the jury insane, or what? Apparently they are going to let Susan Smith spend the rest of her worthless life in prison. I know you've heard it a million times, but they should put her in a car and drive her into a lake to kill her. Not once, but hundreds of times. When she is about expire, bring her out and revive her, just so they can drive her into the lake again. I know it sounds rude, but hey, she murdered her two sons. Maybe they could even put OJ in the car with her...

It's a shame that Don Mattingly and the Yankees are finally getting to the playoffs this year, because the Cleveland Indians are going to kick everyone's asses. There hasn't been a team this dominant since the 86 Mets, (god, that seems like longer ago than it is) and the Indians are rivaling the great Yankee teams of 27 and 36 in terms of offense...

Why is it that people cringe when I tell them that I watch "The Weather Channel" for fun? During the summer I am landscaping and I would like to know if I am working, but now it has turned into an obsession with some of "The Weather Channel Girls," especially Jill and Jodi. Oh, I love it when they talk about highs, lows and oppressive humidity...

When you turn 24 do your TV viewing habits change? When I was younger I avoided dramas like week old cheese, but now I can't get enough of them. [Hell, now I even read "Brenda Starr" in the comics.] "ER," "X-Files" and "Homicide," three hours of TV that I would strangle small domesticated animals to see...

If cows and chickens weren't meant to be slaughtered and eaten by humans, then they would have found a way to evade farmers with large knives and maybe evolved with some nat-

ural defenses. Like plate armor or a real nasty taste. But until cows learn to hop corral fences and hide from the FDA in the underbelly of a suburban city, make mine well done...

Why do all the incoming freshman dress the same way? Is it part of the new New York State Curriculum? And what are they going to do with those large baggy pants in 6 months, gain weight to grow into them?...

Is it really humid, or is it just me...

If Scully and Mulder ever have sex on the "X-Files" you can kiss the show goodbye. It has to be the darkest, most sexless show ever, but if it doesn't have you thinking government conspiracy, then nothing will. Not even stories from our Copy Editor about NASA, LILCO and sheep genes...

Who said that the USA is going to hell in a handbasket has surely never watched "Singled Out" on MTV. [Irony folks.]...

Why is it that foreign sports like Irish Hurling and Australian Rules Football are 10 times better than our sports. Just once I'd like to watch a sporting event where the only timeouts are for injuries...

Maybe Alains Morissette and Ed (Live's lead singer) should get together and have really steamy grinding sex. That way they wouldn't be pissed off all the time...

Why do the residents of Greenwich, Conn. pronounce it Gren-itch, when it is obviously Green-witch? Could it be that they are all stuck up assholes with no intelligence...

In the "Who I Wish I Was" for this month, it's Jimmy Buffet. I'd hang out in Key West, make albums on my own label and drink and have sex with tanned, bikini-wearing chicks. No wonder he's never written a depressing song. He's never had a chance to...

If you liked or hated what you just read call our office 632-6451 and say so on the machine. You can even use obscenities if you want, I'll run the results in the next issue.

Top Ten Reasons Why It Is So Humid

10. A curse from the Republicans
9. The Jet Stream is refusing to work until it gets a new contract
8. We are actually in New Orleans
7. Because it snowed too much this winter
6. Gypsy moth caterpillars
5. NASA, NASA, NASA
4. It's Bruce's fault (our old Ass. Ed.)
3. Because it's not hot enough to destroy the molecular bonds holding the hydrogen and oxygen together, yet
2. Because I work outside and not in an office
1. Dr. Fistfuck

"We Bring Good Things To Death"

A recent television ad for General electric shows all the touching, life-enrichening things one might expect from the multi-national that brings "Good Things To Life". Included were teary-eyed images of loved ones carried aloft by GE engined airplanes to visit other loved ones, parents and children talking on telecommunication equipment designed by GE, and other sorted benign product shots. Missing were the images of the weapon guidance systems and nuclear weapon triggering mechanisms that are a cornerstone of GE's financial empire. I guess that would've contradicted the assertions of their famous slogan. Thermonuclear detonations rarely "Bring Good Things To Life"

Let's Keep Them Stupid and Republican

Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich recently commented on his reasons for wanting to cut higher education funds from the federal budget. He asked reporters why Republicans should fund places of higher learning which he felt created a "cultural elite" whose beliefs ran contrary to those of the Republican party. He also said that such institutions were run by, and produced more such anti-Republicans. So an education enables a person to see through the cloud of rhetoric and lies that is the Republican party platform? Hmmm... and I never thought I'd have any opinions in common with him. (Too bad it's not true)

**The Staff of The
Stony Brook
Press does not
hold their weekly
meeting during
the summer, but
anyone interest-
ed in joining our
staff can leave a
message at 632-
6451 or by
e-mailing us at
SBPRESS@IC.
SUNYSB.EDU**

**Those who will
be here for the
fall semester will
be able to join us
for our staff
meetings every
Wednesday at
1 PM in room 080
of the Student
Union.**

Summer's Not Hot Enough

By Chris Cartusciello

Unfortunately the second batch of summer movies didn't quite live up to the expectations set by the earlier releases. Out of the three films reviewed here, *Batman Forever*, *Judge Dredd* and *Casper*, only one was thoroughly enjoyable. And it's probably not the one you would think. Coincidentally, all three films had their origins in the comics.

I am a huge fan of Batman, from the comics, through television and right up to the films. With this in mind it is no surprise to think that I was going to love this movie right from the start. A gleeful smile came over my face as the theater grew dark, the curtain rose and the first image came on the screen. "A Tim Burton Production." I've been a fan of Burton's films for along time. He has a visual style that is unmatched by any director working today. His list of films (*Pee Wee's Big Adventure*, *Edward Scissorhands*, *Beetlejuice*, *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, *Batman* and *Batman Returns*) is a string of critical and box-office successes. Yes, now I was ready to see the Batman I love so much. Sadly, that was the best part of the movie. Imagine my disappointment when instead of the "Dark Night" I got "Batman Light". Maybe Budweiser should market this film.

The plot was so thin it was anorexic. The Riddler, barely played by Jim Carrey, has invented a interactive television device which everyone buys. He can now collect their brainwaves and gain all their knowledge. What? If the Riddler was smart enough to invent this device, and has all the other gadgets that he does, what knowledge could he possibly gain? With all the stupid people in the world he would surely end up dumber than when he started. The plot also has the bad guys wanting to kill Batman, but that's standard hero stuff.

There are subplots galore too. There is Nicole Kidman as Dr. Chase Meridian, criminal psychologist and chief love interest of Batman and Bruce Wayne. She also analyzes Bruce Wayne's dreams and we must relive the murder of his parents and their funeral. There is some contrived plot point

about a red book of his fathers' which is never fully explained. This film also introduces us to Robin. Chris O'Donnell is excellent in the role of the "Boy Wonder" and one only hopes the next film will have more of him. The Riddler's spartner in crime is Harvey "Two-Face" Dent, played by the greatly over-exposed Tommy Lee Jones. The character is not very interesting and Jones is wasted in the role. The same goes for Drew Barrymore and Debi Mazar as his two girlfriends, Sugar and Spice. Jim Carrey is good in the role of the Riddler but doesn't reach the heights he ought to. He should have achieved the same level of insanity as Jack Nicholson's over the top, but perfect, Joker. Carrey also just wasn't funny enough. This part cried for Robin Williams' manic actions and sardonic wit. Since Williams was supposed to have the part originally, it is a huge let down. Carrey has the look but not the personality. The cast is rounded out by Val Kilmer in the title role. Kilmer was better than I expected him to be but he can't fill Michael Keaton's cowl. He seems to wander through the role giving double-takes to everything he sees. He doesn't exude the confidence needed in this character.

Joel Schumacher is a competent director with some solid movies behind him (*Flatliners*, *The Lost Boys*, *Falling Down*, *The Client*) but he fails to bring this movie to life. Schumacher should stop watching so much MTV because he directs this movie like a music video. There are too many quick cuts which blur the action and all the fight scenes were in the dark. Schumacher, a former costume designer (*Sleeper*), knows how to use color and his Gotham City is straight out of the comics. Not since *Dick Tracy* has a set been so vibrant. The stunts were also unbelievable, a little too unbelievable. Many were done with the computer, not using real people at all. I have a problem using so much CG in a movie. We are not talking about *Jurassic Park* dinosaurs here, these are human beings. Realizing that this is a movie, and a fantasy one at that, you can expect things to be unreal. I'm all for suspension of disbelief but I need some grounds of reality to start off from, and this movie

gave me none of that. And speaking of disbelief, what's with the Riddler's hair? In one scene it is short, spiked and bright orange and in the next it is neatly groomed and brown. Since when did the Riddler get a stylist?

I realize that this is a harsh review and most people liked the film. This is the same way I felt about *Batman Returns* the first time I saw it. I didn't enjoy it but it did intrigue me. There was something deeply and darkly psychological about that film. After all, that is what Batman is all about. The dark brooding hero with the scarred psyche. I decided to give it another shot and upon a second viewing I found that I had missed the point the first time around. I could now understand and enjoy the nuances of Tim Burton's Caped Crusader. *Batman Forever* did not do this to me. It left me with no desire to see this film again. *Batman Forever*? I hope so, just not like this.

Going into the movie *Judge Dredd* I had high hopes. I had read a lot about it and what kind of work went into the making of it. I had seen the previews and the enthusiastic response of the audience in the theater. I am a huge fan of Sylvester Stallone and his work. I am also one of his biggest critics. I won't say that I was totally let down but I can't say I fully enjoyed it either. The plot concerns the world in the 22nd century. America is divided into three huge cities, Mega-City One, Mega-City Two and Texas City. The areas outside these cities is uninhabitable and called the Cursed Earth. Crime is rampant and the police force has been replaced by an elite force of lawmen called judges. Judge Dredd (Stallone) is considered to be the best of the lot. Dredd's DNA cloned brother, Rico (Armand Assante) is a criminal mastermind who frames Dredd for murder in his bid to take over Mega-City One. In trying to prove his innocence Dredd is teamed with a cheap criminal named Fergie (Rob Schneider).

This is a film that definitely gets better as it goes along. If the first half was as good as the second it would be a great movie. Dredd is a rigid and unemotional man and Stallone plays him that way to the hilt. The fault with the characterization does not lie totally with the actor.

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Psychoholic Psuckfest

By Lowell Yaeger

White Zombie with special guests Reverend Horton Heat, Babes In Toyland, and Kyuss, 7/13, Nassau Coliseum

I have to give a great deal of credit to Rob Zombie. I've never quite seen somebody take decent songs and mangle them so efficiently that they are actually physically painful to listen to. It wasn't a show, it was a shattering traumatic experience on the level of finding out your priest/rabbi is a child molester.

White Zombie's newest, *Astro Creep 2000*, (Geffen) is easily one of the best albums of the year, mixing metal and industrial and coming out with something that isn't either one. Heavy thrash guitar blends with twisted, warped samples, all of which provide an adequate background to Rob Zombie's artificially-twisted Al-Jourgensen-esque vocals. And, best of all, not a single song has meaningful, emotional lyrics.

Most of this became absolutely useless in concert. The computer backing on Zombie's vocals was missing, and his true inability to sing became horribly apparent the first few minutes into the show's opening song, "Electric Head Pt. 1 (The Agony)."

With some work, I'm sure his voice could be all right, but all of the shouting, howling, and dancing around took its toll on his ability to sing without interrupting words to gasp for air. Enormously disruptive pyrotechnics were set to go off with various drum-beats, but there was a time lag somewhere, and as a result, the fireworks went off at very inappropriate times — including a few cued to explode on a song's last note, only to go off a few seconds later, while the band milled about on-stage, tuning their instruments.

Or pretending to tune their instruments. I haven't seen too many live shows, but I'm pretty sure that taking off your guitar during an improvisational solo causes the music to stop, right? Well, either even the in-between-songs tuning was recorded, or J., White Zombie's guitarist, is telekinetic and kept the guitar going while a roadie carried it off-stage. Wrap this mockery of live music up with Rob Zombie's attitude, which alternated from self-deprecation ("turn the lights on so we can see how few people came to see us") to mugging ("watch David Letterman tomorrow night... 'cause we'll be on it"), and you've got a perfect disaster.

The evening was not a total disaster, however. Zombie may be a shitty singer, but he can pick up some decent opening acts. Babes In Toyland is an

extremely good all-girl rock band whose sound doesn't fit any of the usual slots most all-girl bands are forced to contend with: foxcore, riot grrrrl, big-hair-metal, etc. Opening with the blistering "Bruise Violet" (the song whose video aired on *Beavis & Butthead* and thereby caused the majority of their album sales), they continued through most of the tunes off of their new album, *Nemesisters* (Reprise), closing with a faithful rendition of Sister Sledge's "We Are Family."

Following in their footsteps wasn't easy, but the Reverend Horton Heat managed quite nicely, releasing a barrage of industrial-laced rockabilly music to a crowd of unbriefed suburban metal-heads. And, shockingly enough, the crowd responded, kicking up the best mosh pit of the evening. While not quite worth the \$18 ticket price, the Reverend and his two disciples prevented the evening from being a total disaster.

Kyuss, however, was not quite as good, opening the evening with 30 minutes of aggravating psychedelic guitar rock. Avoid this band at all costs, they will bring you nothing but grief.