

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVII No. 12

We Fear No Beer

March 25, 1996



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Polity Elections

By Heather Rosenow

Election time, Stony Brook style. Welcome friends and foes to the Stony Brook POLITY Presidential Elections. Our candidates this year are Kedar Dasai and Keren Zolotov. I interviewed both of the lovely politicians-to-be and got some interesting results. Initially they were wary of me, representative of the demon press that I am, but eventually both came to realize that I'm relatively harmless. First to be interviewed was Kedar Dasai, a newcomer to the student government scene. The mainstay of his presidential platform is based on the fact that he is not part of the established governmental system. He feels he would bring a fresh perspective to the somewhat stagnate ranks of POLITY, Stony Brook's student government organization. He says, "The thing is, if you're set in POLITY, always having been an officer with them, you tend to side with them because then you'll get their support. But once you get into office you don't get to change much because you've always stayed with the status quo; this is where an outsider's view comes in handy."

Another of his major campaign issues is the lack of communication between the commuters and residents within the Stony Brook community. He feels that it is necessary to build a "Communication Bridge" between these two groups on campus if anything else is to be accomplished. His experience in the past includes being a senator for POLITY in his freshman year (though he mentioned he didn't like attending meetings; too dull perhaps), President of Hendrix and Cordozo colleges his freshman and sophomore years respectively, and 3 year representative of the Honors College. Presently he is an RA in Hand College and sits in a senior chair in his Fraternity.

Keren Zolotov happens to be exactly the opposite of

Kedar in that she is very much a part of POLITY and its workings. She has been Secretary of POLITY for over a semester, is sitting on the Board of Directors for USSA, and is Chair of the Board of Directors of SASU. She has held the title of President of The Center for Womyn's Concerns, and a member of the swimming team. Her campaign platform is broken up into two major halves; Student Services and Advocacy. The advocacy half involves fighting budget cuts (which she ranks as very important). When speaking of this she said "It is important for me to make a presentation and show how the budget cuts are going to affect people." The Student Services area of her campaign centers around her desire to found a committee which would serve as a bridge between the various organizations on campus and POLITY.

Both candidates were asked the same questions and were informed that the interview was on the record. The following are the questions I asked, and the answers I received.

Q: What do you feel you can specially bring to POLITY as president?

Kedar: "I would try a new approach to things because it's not like everyone in POLITY is my pal. Everybody has to watch their backs because what [we're] dealing with is student finances. The students are the ones paying, and they're the ones who should be getting served the most. Instead of just saying 'If you support me now, I'll support you later,'...I'd like to break away from that trend. All the committees seem to be running that way now. Opinions should be stressed more; student leaders like RA's and SASU should be given more leeway to solicit student information."

Keren: "My biggest strength is my grass roots connections on campus. I've been in really good contact with

athletic teams, cultural organizations, fraternities, and sororities. I feel that this contact will help me once I start working on different issues within POLITY. I'll be able to get a larger turnout of people for different events and rallies."

Q: Name the issues both on and off campus that you feel are most pressing for POLITY to deal with?

Kedar: "Bridging the community...if you don't have a strong bond as far as all the students on campus go, you can't really get important issues [brought up] because a lot of people feel [that] they're not being represented. An improved communication between faculty, commuters, and residents is needed. After the bridge is accomplished, everything else will come from that."

Keren: "The budget cuts on both state and federal levels...and financial aid, which is essential. Campus safety, more unified wide spread events in terms of a lot more club sponsorships from many organizations and not just two or three. Get the word out, a lot of people don't know what POLITY is all about. In terms of the LEG's, [they] need to come together more often in some sort of forum and start working, not just as individual buildings or constituencies, but all together."

Q: How do you plan on accessing the generally apathetic consciousness of the average Stony Brook student?

Kedar: "It's really hard to do as far as you can only try so much and put so many flyers out there...a lot of these things get ignored so we'd have to start at a really basic level such as residential systems, RHD's, and LEG's. But that's something really hard to promise. You can't really change people over the course of a semester of even over the course of a year. That's something I can't give a definite answer to."

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Pataki! You Liar! We'll Set Your Ass on Fire!

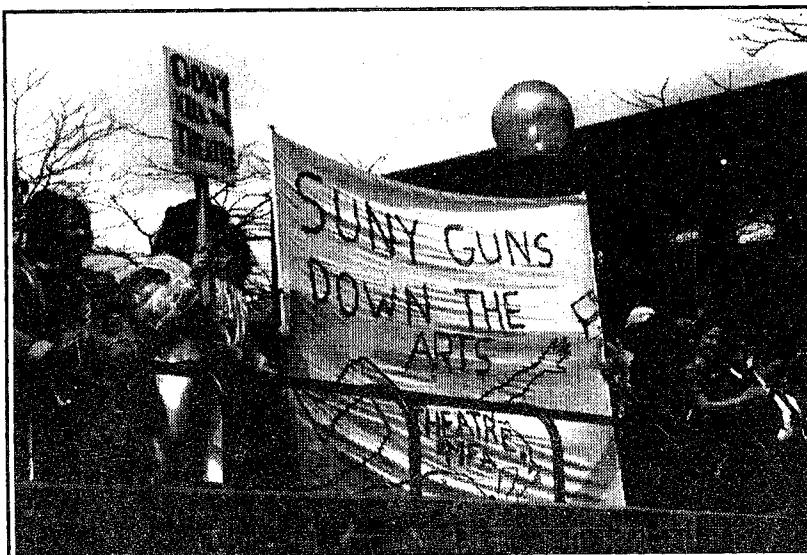
By Joanna Wegielnik

This past Thursday I was witness to what one of my editors called "a typical USB student body turnout." The event in question was the Teach Out-Rally, protesting Governor Pataki's latest assault on SUNY and education in the state of New York. Although a small energetic group of students and host of speakers did their best to interest curious onlookers and a generally unresponsive crowd, attendance dwindled to perhaps 200-300 people out of 19,000. This is rather disturbing, considering what's at stake; your own education and the future of this university.

Governor Pataki's 1996-97 proposed budget continues what is the worst attack on education, health care, and social programs New York has seen in the last twenty years. The budget closes a projected gap of 3.9 billion dollars. Incidentally, 97.4% of this \$3.9 billion deficit is due to tax cuts, tax cuts that primarily benefit the wealthiest New Yorkers. 40% of the savings in this budget will go to the 5% of taxpayers whose annual incomes exceed \$100,000, continuing a trend which in the last twenty years, has made the poorest 20% of New Yorkers 10% poorer, while the richest 1% have become 105% richer.

While what is taking place in New York is alarming, it's far from unique. This country is in the midst of this type of revolution, a revolution of privilege which poses under the guise of fiscal responsibility. While the Bull Market is doing extra-

ordinarily, well, per capita gross domestic product climbs every year, the obscene stratification of wealth continues, middle and low income families continue to see their standard of living and wages decline, and our tuition steadily increases from semester to semester outpacing the inflation rate.



Last year's Theatre students at the Staller Pit

\$750 tuition hike was devastating to many students and was partly responsible for a combined enrollment drop of 16,000 students in both the CUNY and SUNY systems. Many of you who survived the last round of cuts might have to drop out this time around if Pataki's budget is ratified.

Under the proposed state budget, SUNY faces a \$102 million cut (with Stony Brook absorbing about 12% of the total reduction), CUNY \$57 million, and

elementary, junior and senior high schools across the state a \$490 million reduction in state aid, making what is already a dire situation in many classrooms worse. Also, every college, in both the state and city system, faces substantial faculty layoffs.

Not only is tuition being hiked again, from \$250 in most SUNY schools to \$700 at some city colleges, financial aid is being cut drastically, with a \$119 million cut to the Tuition Assistance Program (TAP), state aid which makes higher education accessible to many lower income students. And it is these students, the ones who can least afford a college education, who will be hit hardest by this budget. Aid will be cut by as much as \$1,170 per person for the state's 144,000 poorest students. The cut also includes a plan which would stop the disbursement of TAP awards to students from families with incomes that exceed \$38,000, making it more difficult for middle income families to send their kids to college. Also included in the proposed budget, is a new TAP formula which would reduce TAP awards to SUNY students by 50% of their PELL award, which means that 50% of a student's PELL award will now go towards paying tuition. Currently, PELL awards can be used to pay other incurred expenses such as room, board, meal plans, books, car insurance, transportation, etc. By applying 50% of PELL towards the payment of tuition, many students, again especially lower income, will no longer be able to afford the \$10,755 cost of attending a SUNY school.

On campus, several departments face serious cutbacks, including Earth and Space Sciences,

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BIGGER THAN JESUS

By David M. Ewalt

Who spends your money?

Every year, each student at Stony Brook pays a large student activity fee to support student government and activities. The total monetary intake for Student Polity is over a million dollars annually. That's a lot of money... and you probably don't even know who is in charge of spending it.

Raoul Duke wants to be that person. He's running as a write-in candidate for the office of Student Polity treasurer.

Chances are that you've never heard of Raoul before. Until now, he's stayed out of the spotlight, preferring privacy to the scrutiny of public office. Don't take obscurity for lack of involvement, though... Raoul has been pulling strings in Polity and administration since he first arrived on campus two years ago.

Raoul Duke was born twenty years ago in a two-room hospital in Tovar, Venezuela. His father, a florist, had emigrated from Germany in the mid 1940's. His mother, a native Venezuelan, was only seventeen years old at the time of his birth. From the beginning, his capacity for leadership was obvious; as a child, Raoul delighted in organizing the local children into "armies" and organizing mock battles.

Shortly after his eighth birthday, Raoul's father died. His mother took her only child north to America, where she hoped to provide a better life for him. The two had only reached the southern border of Mexico when she contracted malaria, and died within a matter of days. Raoul was left orphaned and alone in a strange country.

Enter Thomas and Kitty Hunter. Thomas Hunter was visiting Mexico on a business trip. His wife Kitty was a licensed nurse, and while Thomas went about his business meetings, she visited the local hospitals. It was in one of these hospitals where she became aware of Raoul's plight. Touched by his story, she and Thomas adopted Raoul, and brought him back to the United States.

Twelve years later, Raoul is a U.S. citizen and an outstanding member of his community. He's majoring in Political Science here at Stony Brook, and his 3.9 GPA is a testament to his achievement in that field. More relevantly, he's tired of the "graft and incompetence" in Polity, and he wants a chance to fix it. To do so, he's launched a write-in campaign for the office of Polity treasurer.

I recently had the opportunity to interview Raoul for The Press. I began by asking him about his campaign:

Question: Let's start by talking about your bid for the office of Polity treasurer. You aren't on the ballot as a candidate... instead, you're asking people to write in your name. Why are you taking this approach?

Duke: I wasn't a candidate at all until a week before the elections. I happened to see a copy of the candidates for office... and I noticed that nobody

was running for treasurer. I couldn't believe it! There's fifteen thousand students here, and not one of them could be bothered to get off their butts and serve their school! I decided at that point to seize power and fix some of the problems I see here at USB. I want everyone to write my name onto their ballots so that I can take office and fix this school.

Q: Why do you want to be treasurer? What can be achieved in that position?

D: The treasurer is the real power behind Polity, not the President. It's like Mussolini used to say... "the power of government lies in control of the purse-strings." As treasurer, I would not only have a voice in stu-

Q: What qualifications do you have to hold elected office?

D: Well, I was President of my high school's chapter of the John Birch society, and I'm currently the chairman of PRIDE, a committee dedicated to investigating the most outrageous sources of waste on campus. Beyond that, I've been involved in a non-elected capacity in Polity since my first semester.

"The secret of the demagogue is to make himself as stupid as his audience so that they believe they are as clever as he."

-Karl Krause

Q: To what extent?

D: When I first arrived at USB, I started advising campus officials in my free time... basically writing them letters, having meetings, and so on to let them know how the student body felt. A lot of my ideas have been implemented in the time since. My first semester, completely on my recommendation, [Former Polity President] Crystal Plati hired a consulting group, NIA, to analyze the campus TV station. More recently, I've helped to set the concert policy on campus, and I've had security beefed up at concerts to protect the student body.

Q: One of the big issues in this year's Polity elections has been commuter life and the lack of adequate parking on campus. How do you stand on commuter issues?

D: I say, screw 'em. Life's tough, guys. When you get out in the real world you're not going to be guaranteed parking wherever you go. Get used to it.

Q: The other big issue this year is the threat of massive cuts in the budget of the SUNY system. If you could set spending for the entire school, how would you deal with these monetary problems?

D: The way I see it, we're spending our money in all the wrong places. The administration is planning to cut programs we need in favor of extraneous classes. If I were in charge, the first thing I'd do is kill the quasi-academic departments on campus, like Women's Studies. I'd rather see that haven of PC bullshit go than kill the Philosophy department. I mean, come on, where would we be without philosophy? My life changed so much the first time I read Man and Superman and Thus Spoke Zarathustra. The coming of the ubermensch... that's me, baby.

Q: Do you have any political ambitions beyond Polity treasurer?

D: Oh, absolutely. In my senior year, I'll probably be president of Polity, and from there it's on to law school. Eventually I'll run for U.S. Senate... and from there, who can say? All I know is, I'm gonna be huge. I'm gonna be bigger than Jesus.

Q: Is there any concluding statement you'd like to make to the Stony Brook community?

D: Just to get out there and write my name in for treasurer. I can't do it without the little people.



Raoul Duke's Campaign Poster. Photo by John Giuffo.

dent government, but I would have control over the way our student activity fee is spent.

Q: How would you spend it?

D: For starters, I'd get rid of a lot of the unnecessary activities we're funding, like the Center For Womyn's concerns. I say, if they can't even spell their name right, they don't deserve our money. I'd also like to cut out a lot of those cultural organizations... they're just divisive. We're all Americans, we don't need to have "cultural identities" and all that stuff. If people want to have a "Club America," fine, but I don't want my dollars funding the Indians or the Saudis or whoever the hell else thinks they need a buck.

"Vote for the man who promises least; he'll be the least disappointing."

-Bernard Baruch

They Shot Their Aerosol Loads

If you walked around campus this week, you couldn't help but notice the destruction caused by some persons. They decided that it would be a good idea to spray paint things like "Pataki's Cutting Our Throat" and "750 + 250 = Too Much" all over campus. Granted they wanted to spread the word that there was going to be a rally this Thursday to fight against the proposed cuts, but they went about it in the wrong way.

Even in theory, unlike communism, this was an asinine idea, worse than our idea of drawing all over campus with chalk - which is **not** permanent - no good could have possibly come from this display of spray painting idiocy.

Let's see, these geniuses are complaining about how the state is going to raise tuition, which may cause students not to return to Stony Brook. They are also protesting the fact that we don't have the money to have more sections in the English department, so what do they do?

They force the school to spend almost \$3,000 dollars to clean up their mess. Brilliant. What could have been going through these people's minds (or lack thereof)...

*"We know the school is running on a tight budget, and that it might have to close several departments, let's see what can we do to be counterproductive... I know, we'll make the school spend **more** money on something that doesn't help the students."*

Not only did the school lose money by cleaning up the paint, but what do you think perspective students visiting the campus

thought about seeing the Fine Arts Plaza covered in spray paint? Just think of the impact on visitor perspective. Whatever potential students were thinking it probably wasn't 'Hey, look you can speak your mind on this campus. Stony Brook is the Berkeley of the east, I'm coming here,' more likely it was 'Boy, what a dump, I think it's time to think about another school.' That's the reason why I chose not to go to New Paltz, it was covered with graffiti.

Good job. Now even less money is available for the current students. All because you had to shoot your aerosol load all over campus. It took 5 man days to clean up what probably took a little less than an hour to accomplish.

Didn't you think about making fliers and hanging them up all over campus? 1000 copies costs \$30, how much did all the spray paint cost, 3 bucks a can? Why force the school to spend money that they don't have when you didn't have to? What mentality are you working on?

Even people who actively supported the rally and were incensed that there were only 200 people at the rally, thought the graffiti was ridiculous and oxymoronic.

The Press, which usually likes to stir things up and go against the rules (sometimes) found the destruction of the campus equivalent to shooting yourself in both feet. If we caught the people that did this injustice to the campus, maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea if we shot them in the head.

The Stony Brook PRESS

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The Stony Brook Press is published bi-weekly during the academic year and twice during the summer intersession by The Stony Brook Press Inc., a student run and student funded non-profit corporation. The opinions expressed in letters and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of the staff. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (516) 632-6451.

Staff meetings are held Wednesdays promptly at 1:00 pm.

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Rock the Vote Naked

earth and you pledged to fight any and all attempts to inflict further suffering on the poor and the weak either at home or abroad.

There wasn't a dry eye in the house as you selflessly renounced ties to and funding from the National Rifle Association and vowed to oppose government-funded pro-death policies such as capital punishment, military buildup and economic structures that exacerbate poor environmental and health conditions anywhere in the world.

For a rousing finale, you spoke of the pressing need to combat the moral and spiritual anti-life forces of bigotry, intolerance and materialism.

As the last crumbs of strudel and marzi-

Letters

Chris,

I really enjoyed your story on the Oscars in the March 11 issue ("Oscar Picks.") I'm a bit of a movie award show freak myself and agreed with almost every word you wrote. Almost! There are two points I wanted to throw my opinion in on. Please don't take this letter as an insult, I just wanted to toss in my two cents. *The Usual Suspects* was one of the best movies I saw in the past few years. If you don't care, I won't bother explaining it, but I assure you it really does make sense. If you do care, please write back and I'll be glad to explain it. The other thing is...SHARON STONE!!! Maybe I can't see it because I never thought she was anything more than an untalented-soft-core-porn-wanna-be actress, but I think anyone else nominated deserves the award. Again, please don't take this as an insult, I just thought I'd throw in my opinion. Take care!

D. Favilla

Surfing Through the Sea of Bullshit During a New York Wintry Evening

It's one of those times when it would be convenient to sleep through the weekend, pull a mini-Rip Van Winkle, wake up just in time to punch the clock on Monday. I can't help but find myself mired in a Holden Caulfield-like state of mind, thinking everybody sucks and lamenting that no one can truly relate to me. There's

only a few voices that can almost reach me in this state, such as the lyrics of Mr. Jimi Hendrix or the voice of a trumpet, courtesy of Mr. Miles Davis... Men who knew what it was like to be kind of blue...

Everybody sucks, but so do I, so where does that leave things? Hearing myself sound off like a bratty little bastard makes me ill, but I do gain slight pleasure from expressing myself during brief periods of discontent. It's easily mistaken for a lousy disposition, or dismissed as Generation X whiny self-important introspection, but I would rather attribute it to a elongated Winter on that hideous island that extends east of New York City. But at least the bagels are good...

So my options are few, now that I've run out of beers and realize that even Jimi and Miles can't do it for me tonight. I wonder if I should submit myself to pure torture, and browse through the horrific television selections that are available on a Friday eve. I wonder if I should wax domestic and make the dish I refer to as "Funky Schoepflin," which consists of chicken, pasta, broccoli, sauteed mushrooms, eggplant, and tabasco sauce. It's actually not as funky as it is painful. These are things that can pass the time...

Or I could just get over myself and go hang out.

Todd Schoepflin

AN OPEN LETTER TO REPRESENTATIVE MICHAEL FORBES, FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

Dear Representative Forbes:

We were not able to attend the fundraiser given for you by Henry Hyde at the Bavarian Inn in Lake Ronkonkoma on March 17. However, being informed by the invitation that you are resolutely "pro-life", we assume that the evening proceeded something like this:

It being St. Patrick's Day, you began your remarks by remembering the millions of victims of Ireland's Great Famine, a period of starvation caused by the British government's free trade and anti-welfare policies. You acknowledged that too often, hunger and poverty result not from natural forces, but from the greed and indifference of those in power.

From there, you went on to condemn the murderous sanctions against the people of Iraq, which have killed around 500,000 children since 1991, something anyone who holds life sacred must denounce. You also expressed your revulsion for the unilateral US embargo of Cuba, which has subjected the children, the elderly and the sick of that nation to hunger and lack of proper medical care, a clear violation of both international law and the pro life ethic.

You also spoke of the shameful situation right here in the US, in which 20% of all American children experience poverty in the richest country on

AIDS Quilt Comes To Stony Brook

By M. Chemas

AIDS first entered my realm of consciousness in the form of Ryan White. I mourned the death of a young man whose life was extinguished just as it was beginning. I remember shedding a hysterical river of tears, dimly aware that I cried not just for him, but for others like him who would be robbed of life by a retrovirus that deferred to no one. Two years later I lost a close friend to AIDS, and along with the period of mourning came the realization that very few people cared about AIDS victims. Indeed AIDS' scourge had been documented for more than a decade before any serious attention was paid to the issue.

The AIDS quilt is currently on display in the gym, its presence a testament to the many lives sacrificed because of an ineffectual fight against discrimination and ignorance.

To be faced with the AIDS quilt is to be faced with the reality of mortality and a beauty that at times ameliorates the blow of a drawn out death. To see a quilt emblazoned with the names of the casualties of a war that has not been properly fought is strangely analogous to standing in front of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, it is to

feel very insignificant in the light of a reality that profoundly affects us.

When I walked out of the gym I felt as if very little mattered. It's that feeling you get when you know that something is just so much bigger than you may ever be able to comprehend. The self-chastisement that comes along when you realize that way too much of your time is spent dwelling on the banalities of every day life. The guilty knowledge that other people do not have such time to waste.

The NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt began as a neighborhood project in 1987 and has since become a national memorial to the hundreds of thousands of people who have died of AIDS in the United States and around the world. The quilt should not be viewed as a depressing piece of art, rather it should be taken as an assertion of hope and a call to awareness. Its mission is to "illustrate the enormity of the AIDS epidemic by showing the humanity behind the statistics." The project certainly achieves its goal, and fills those who see with a yearning for the day when the Quilt will be part of the history of a long defeated epidemic.

Letters Continued

pan were cleared away, and the crowd filed out into the night, a fresh, clean breeze of coming spring blew off the lake and seemed to portend a thaw in our collective consciousness, a warmer, more humane and civilized view of, and respect for, all forms of life.

It's our wish that all our leaders and lawmakers adopt this pro-life philosophy and put it into practice with all possible speed. Sincerely,

Chris Sorochin & Bill McNulty

Letter to The Editor:

On Tuesday, March 26 and Wednesday, March 27, when students vote on your candidates for office in Polity for the 1996-97 school year, you will also be voting on a referendum to fund the United States Student Association. The United States Student Association is a national grass roots student organization dedicated to insuring access, quality, and affordability in education.

Students in New York have been battling the New York State Legislature and the Governor for almost two years now. What they are battling about is their right to an accessible, quality, and affordable education. A similar battle is being waged across the country in the halls of power in Washington, DC.

If you've read *Rolling Stone*, *Link*, or the *New York Times*, you know that the US Congress and the federal government has been very busy trying to slash funding for student loans and federal financial aid. Students from California to New York, from Florida to Alaska have been involved in a grass roots struggle to insure fuller funding to higher education.

We just recently won a huge victory when the Senate voted to restore all of the cuts to higher education, including to the Perkins Loan Program, and the State Student Incentive Grants, both of which the House of Representatives wants to eliminate. Throughout this past year USSA and students across the country have been able to protect higher education programs:

- After months of grass roots pressure, USSA helped to write and pass a bi-partisan amendment to the Senate Budget Resolution that restored \$9.4 billion to student aid.

- USSA worked with labor unions, civil rights organizations, and the higher education community to convince President Clinton to veto the whole reconciliation package which would have delivered billions in cuts to the student loan programs and which would have capped the efficient and borrower-friendly Direct Lending Program.

- USSA's Emergency Student Lobby Day this past fall resulted in a leadership amendment to the Reconciliation Package which restored \$4.9 billion, saved subsidized loans, and the six-month grace period!

- USSA and our affiliate the National People of Color Student Coalition were able to convince President Clinton to veto the Welfare Reform Bill, due to its detrimental effects on low income people, women, and students.

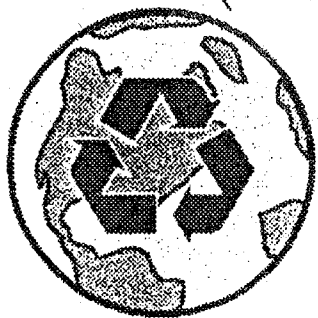
And the victories can continue if students and USSA work together. So next week, when you are confronted with the choice, we urge you:

Vote YES for USSA!!!


Annette Hicks, Polity President
M. Kazim Ali, USSA Vice President

EARTH ACTION BOARD

General meetings are Mon. @ 8PM
Union rm 079 (basement)



Join us and help make a
difference in the preservation of
the USB environment and the
surrounding world. Have fun while
making a positive impact on our
Planet.



To the Editor:

Bravo for Juan Gomez' biting overview "Good Old Devil" (Feb. 26). Does anyone with a brain not see that this most recent provocation against Cuba has "CIA" written all over it?

Now that they have an emotional excuse to pass the Helms-Burton bill to continue their attempt to starve the Cuban people into submission. The bill is designed to penalize any country that trades with Cuba. The US is currently the only country pursuing the embargo. Wouldn't it be great if all the other countries stood up and bellowed a resounding "Fuck you" to the last Evil Empire? Rumor has it that the European Union may haul our sorry asses before the World Court for restricting free trade. But don't forget what happened when that august judicial body found us guilty of violating international law in Reagan's mining of Nicaragua's harbors: nada. Just to make sure, why not write your Congressional prostitute today?

Also excellent was Joanna Wegielnik's informative piece on Nigeria — a country whose people are treated far worse than Cuba's, but where's the outrage? Where's the embargo? Wegielnik should have mentioned, however, that Mitchel Cohen, author of the *Z Magazine* article, was a long-time fixture of Stony Brook radical politics.

Another very important point brought out by Cohen in his article has to do with Nigeria's students. The Nigerian government policy is to discourage higher education because it only raises expectations among young people that can't be fulfilled without major changes in the economic structure. It also opens their eyes

and politicizes them. We also hear similar cries of alarm over "too much education" from European policy makers. I wonder if this is the motive behind the assault on education we're seeing in New York State and nationwide.

I think everyone has heard Jesse Jackson's dictum that it costs 6 times as much to incarcerate an individual as it does to send him/her to an Ivy League school. Why then don't they do it?

A recent radio speech by journalist and death-row inmate Mumia Abu-Jamal made me aware that statistically, prisoners most likely to be subject to disciplinary actions are those that have been educating themselves. Across the country, there is a move to deny prisoners (and many others) educational opportunities.

Maybe "Keep 'em stupid" is the watchword for the New World Order.

Sincerely,

Efraim Csuwoj

Please send all letters to:
The Stony Brook Press
Room 060
Student Union

Pataki's Bloodlust Tramples Your Rights

By John Giuffo

Last Thursday, Governor George E. Pataki removed Bronx District Attorney Robert T. Johnson from the murder case against an ex-convict accused of killing a police officer. In doing so, Governor Pataki exercised a rarely used executive power in an unprecedented way.

At issue is Mr. Johnson's refusal to commit to a decision on whether he would pursue the death penalty should the accused be found guilty. Johnson, the District Attorney for Bronx County, has stated in the past that he is against the death penalty, but did not rule out the death penalty as an option in this case. "[I] have left the door ajar, however slight, to exercise this option in the Bronx," Johnson said, about his refusal to make a decision on the case.

Under New York State Law, Johnson has 120 days after an arraignment following a grand jury indictment to decide whether or not he wants to pursue the death penalty in a murder case. Since there was no indictment in the case yet, Johnson had plenty of time to decide whether or not the circumstances of the case warranted a pursuit of the death penalty. This apparently, did not matter to Governor Pataki, who removed Johnson from the case solely on the basis of his stated convictions.

"The law of New York State makes absolutely clear that the death penalty is not mandatory and that a district attorney has the discretion to seek life imprisonment without parole instead of death. Knowledge of the criminal justice system makes equally clear that the death penalty raises many concerns. Its imposition in any given case is uncertain. The process is lengthy, costly and complex. The penalty has not been shown to be a deterrent in states where it exists, and of course it is irre-

versible despite the possibility of mistake," said Mr. Johnson at a news conference last Thursday. Johnson has to take into account the above mentioned practical considerations as well his own closely-held convictions about the nature of the death penalty when prosecuting a case in which



the death penalty D.A. Johnson and Gov. Pataki can be called for.

At no time did Johnson rule out pursuit of the death penalty as an option, yet Pataki saw fit to remove him. Pataki's move is a clear gesture of political posturing, as well as a legally questionable instance of muscle-flexing.

It would appear that there is no room for a difference of opinion in Herr Pataki's regime, no matter how well-founded in common sense or evidence of ineffectiveness that difference of opinion may be.

Johnson was elected Bronx D.A. partly on a platform of an opposition to the death penalty. In weighing the severity of each case on its individual merits and deciding accordingly, Johnson is representing his constituency as well as acting within the letter and spirit of the law.

Pataki, in his virulent bloodthirst, is not comfortable with anything other than total and utter dedica-

tion to the pursuit of death in each and every eligible murder case that comes before a state judge. Is it any surprise that the man who wants to cripple New York's poor and disenfranchised as well as make it impossible for anyone other than rich white boys to get an education, would want death to come to those his programs would all but force into a life of crime? And seeing as how over 90 percent of men on death row are black, and how the people most affected by Pataki's destruction of New York State's social programs are people of color, is it a stretch to consider the man the ideological equal of a Himmler or a Goebbels? In the blatant class war that Pataki has escalated, a solid and unwavering application of the death penalty is a valuable and useful tool to do away with those Pataki sees as undesirable.

Replacing Johnson as prosecutor of the murder case is State Attorney General Dennis C. Vacco. Vacco is a man who is on record as being a huge fan of state-sponsored death. In swinging his legislative dick low and wide, Pataki has not only acted in a legally questionable way, but also disenfranchised all the Bronx voters who elected Johnson as the man they want to make decisions on such matters. Even from a death-penalty supporting point-of-view, Pataki has screwed up. By replacing Johnson, Pataki provides some very real and influential issues for the defendant to raise in an appeal. Even if convicted, the decision could be found unconstitutional and overturned.

Pataki is a whiny, petulant little child with a huge fucking howitzer to swing around, and it's the people of New York State who have been getting hit by a blind, bigoted, ignorant little runt of a man. And we still have 2 1/2 years of his shit to endure. Maybe next time, we'll learn our lesson and actually pay attention to a gubernatorial election. As an age group, we are collectively bending over and greasing our asses for an easy entry into our personal freedoms by the man with the biggest dick in New York State. Smile kids, it's our blood trickling down his thighs: isn't rape fun?

Inhumanity In Humanities

By Gerri Garcya

Everyday we go through our lives and classes with the hopeful idea that if anything were to happen to us, someone would come and help us. We have this dream that someone would be sympathetic and caring enough to call an ambulance, our parents, or a loved one, if we needed one..

On Tuesday, March 14, 1996, an incident occurred in the Humanities Cafe, that showed me and those who were with me, just how shallow and conceited someone can be who has even a little power.

It all started out like any other Tuesday for Bill (His name has been changed for his own privacy). Bill was not feeling too well, due to his diabetes. If anyone knows anything about diabetes, then you know how debilitating it can be if you take too much insulin. Bill had been sleeping in class shortly before the incident in question. He knew that he would be in trouble soon and needed to get some food; more important some sugar into his diet. He knew the consequences could be bad.

Bill wandered into the Humanities Cafe, tired and not feeling straight. As he waded slowly through the lines for sandwiches and pizza, Bill started to black-out. "I had no idea what I was doing, I can't even remember grabbing a donut."

After getting by the Tuesday crowd at the Humanities Cafe, Bill stood in front of the donut cabinet and began to search for his favorite kind of donut. After grabbing a cream filled donut, Bill began to eat (Keep in mind that he was blacked out at this moment). After the first donut, Bill began to

search for another. According to what the manager told him, he then began to throw the donuts.

As soon as the manger spotted Bill, he grabbed him and told him that Public Safety had just been called and he was going to have to sit in the manager's office until they came. Bill who had just become aware of what was happening, started to explain to the manager that he was a diabetic and that he would pay for the donuts. He also asked for some orange juice, because he felt weak. The manager told him that they didn't have any, and that he would just have to wait until Public Safety came.

When Public Safety came, the manager told them what had happened. Public Safety took one look and knew that something was wrong with him. [But they had to escort him out anyway, because of the manager.] Once escorted outside, Bill was handcuffed and thrown in the back of the Public Safety car.

When they took him to the Public Safety building, they began to question him. What was his name? Did he have any identification? Bill explained to them that he took the train and all he had was his train ticket. After all that, Bill began to tell them the whole story. Public Safety felt bad for him, but said that there was nothing they could do until the manager came.

When the manager finally came down, Public Safety told them that Bill really was a diabetic. Then the manager made a really discriminatory comment.

According to Bill, the manager told Public Safety that he had worked with diabetics before, and he never saw anyone ever act that way.

How could this manager be so dense to think that because he knew other diabetics that all diabetics are the same? I'm sure Mary Tyler Moore is different then Bill, and I'm sure Bill is different then my grandmother who has diabetes. Not all diabetics are the same and not all diabetès is the same. Because one person has one bad day or one good day, does not mean that all diabetics have good or bad days at the same time.

Even though the manager did not press charges, he did make Bill pay four dollars for the donut. Four dollars for something that costs maybe \$0.25 to make. But what makes this story a farce is that fact that this manager was discriminatory towards an illness. Is he so dense that he couldn't see that Bill was physically not well? Bill's teacher and friends saw it, why is it a person who's job it is to deal with the public is not trained to recognize when someone is ill?

What makes this story also poignant is that it is happening around the time when the school is accepting new food bids for service on campus. Is this the kind of service that we as students should find acceptable? I don't think so.

There is an update to this story. A few days ago, Bill got a summons to appear in front of some judiciary board for disrupting the peace at Humanities Cafe. Bill has decided to counter-act the charges and bring up a petition of his own against the manager and Humanities Cafe. I'm not sure of the details, but wish him luck in his endeavor. As for the rest of you who frequent the Humanities Cafe, take this as a warning to never get sick there.

Stony Brook Holds Rally To Protest State Budget

By Haniel Chen

"You lied to us!" The words of Kazim Ali echoed through the crowds. "Who is being taken care of in New York State today, and who is being ignored?"

On Thursday of last week, Stony Brook students convened in the Staller Pit to show support for their university for Teach Out, Stony Brook's Day of Action. The March 21st rally was organized as a joint effort by the Student Association of the State University (SASU), The United States Student Association (USSA), the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG), and the Graduate Student Employee Union (GSEU). On this day, SUNY and CUNY campuses all over the state took part in a mass protest, to fight Pataki's budget cuts and encourage people to speak out for higher education. Originally set to take place from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M., the rally ended early at around 2 o'clock due to inclement weather. Still, despite the freezing rain and bitter cold, Stony Brook students withstood the elements and proved to the New York State Legislature that we won't give up that easily.

The demonstration began with a march through the pit by the members of the Department of Theatre Arts, who were protesting the proposed elimination of the Master of Fine Arts (MFA) program at Stony Brook. A caravan of costume-clad protesters walked around campus and showed the university exactly what they have got to lose. Members of the performance, Africa Atunbi, came out to dance in the pit, as did the Gospel Choir. These performances were geared to explic-

itly show exactly what would be missing from our university, should the budget actually be passed.

Major speakers at the rally included Polity President Annette Hicks, Polity Secretary Keren Zolotov, Vice President of USSA Kazim Ali, and

University President Shirley Strum Kenny. Also present were numerous members and friends of the Stony Brook faculty and staff. Hicks and Zolotov stressed the importance of student solidarity, and informed the masses as to what the cuts were and how they were to

affect USB students as individuals. "It's bad you guys, we all need to get out there, register to vote, sign the postcards, write letters to your legislators. This is no joke," said Zolotov. NYPIRG had voter registration tables set up in the pit, as well as numerous students walking around with clipboards, collecting voter registrations from rally participants. President Kenny discussed the importance of getting "a budget that will support what we

want to do on this campus." But perhaps the most influential speaker of the entire rally was Kazim Ali. Concentrating on the significance of past SUNY tuition rates and how absurd the current proposals really are, Kazim was able to get the crowd screaming and shouting more than anyone else. "We are

out here for a reason. We are not out here to rally and go home and go back to our classes. We are here because we have a chance between now and when the budget is passed, both in Washington DC and in Albany, New York, to make a difference and impact the process," said Ali. The infuriated speaker declared



MFA marches in force

1996 to be the time to "sweep the trash" and "get even." It was only appropriate for the USSA vice president to close the rally with a humorous chant, "Pataki! You liar! We'll set your ass on fire!"

Student participation wasn't bad considering the weather, but there was still something left to be desired. Annette Hicks was clearly not fully satisfied by student

continued on page 17

Pataki! You Liar! We'll Set Your Ass on Fire!

continued from page 2

Economics, Engineering, History, French and Italian, German and Slavic Languages, Comparative Studies, Philosophy, Psychology, Sociology, and Theatre Arts. A proposal to merge the English, French and Italian, German and Slavic, and Comparative Studies Departments into one Linguistic and Literature Unit has outraged, rightfully so, many professors and graduate students, who argue that this radical step would seriously undermine the respective academic programs, while pitting department against department in a scramble for continually decreasing funds and resources. Graduate students are also in danger of losing their TA positions, as the proposed budget would allow the University to hire adjuncts in many departments, replacing TA's at lower wages and no health coverage.

The SUNY and CUNY systems created fifty years ago were designed to provide affordable and quality higher education to the people of New York State. For years, that's exactly what the system did, awarding thousands of degrees to undergraduates and graduates, opening doors of limitless opportunity and possibilities. So why is New York's arguably most valuable asset under such savage attack? Why is investment in education, the only sure fire way to battle complex social dilemmas such as crime, unemployment, violence, racism, homophobia constantly reduced and cut back? Honestly, what good can come out of all this?

You can almost be sure that Pataki will continue plundering the state of New York in order to finance tax cuts for the rich, that the SUNY board of trustees, all of whom have been appointed by the governor, will not protest on your behalf, that your tuition will continue to sky-rocket while financial aid decreases, classes become bigger, and even more scarce. All this will continue on indefinitely

unless you raise your voice in protest. After all, the legislators currently in office were elected by the people of this state, and they can subsequently be voted out of office if they no longer serve the interests of the people.

Remember that our actions are paramount and the only real impetus for change comes from the bottom up, when people voice their outrage, stand up to hypocrisy and refuse to swallow the shit that's been forced down their throats for years. I strongly urge all of you to stand up and fight.

DEMAND THAT OUR LEGISLATORS MAKE RESTORATIONS TO THE SUNY BUDGET

Speaker Sheldon Silver
270 Broadway, Suite 1800, NY, NY 10007
(212)385-6680 (518)455-3791

Senator Joseph Bruno, Senate Majority Leader
368 Broadway, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866
(518)583-1001 (513)455-3191

Senator James Lack, 3B42 NYS Office Bldg.
Veterans Memorial Hwy., Hauppauge, NY
11788 (516)360-0490 (518)455-2071

Senator Kenneth LaValle, Chair of the Senate Higher Education Committee
325 Middle Country Rd, Ste 4, Selden, NY
11784 (516)696-6900 (518)455-3121

Assemblyman Edward Sullivan, Chair of the

Assembly Higher Education Committee
245 West 104th Street, NY, NY 10025
(212)866-3970 (518)455-5603

WRITE THE GOVERNOR PROTESTING HIS LUDICROUS BUDGET OR WHATEVER YOU LIKE

Gov. George E. Pataki
2 World Trade Center, 57th floor, NY, NY
10047

GET IN TOUCH WITH THE FOLLOWING ORGANIZATIONS

SASU (Student Association of the State of NY)
300 Lark St. Albany NY 12210 (518)465-2406

USSA (United States Student Association)
1612 K Street NW, suite 510, Washington DC
20006
(202)347-USSA ussa essential.org

NYPIRG (New York Public Interest Research Group)
SUNY Stony Brook, Union-Rm 079 632-6457

GSEU, SUNY Stony Brook, SBS-N404 632-7729
Citizen Action of New York, 90 Pennsylvania Ave.
Massapequa, NY 11758 (516)541-1006

Castro's Wicked Regime

By Justin Uliano

"Man's need is his fundamental right over all others."
"And if they ask you for the moon?"
"If someone asked me for the moon, it would be because someone needed it."
"They have the courage to understand their suffering and to demand that it be ended. In short, they are men."

--Fidel Castro to Jean-Paul Sartre from Sartre on Cuba 1961

On February 24, 1996, two Cuban MIG fighter jets shot down two civilian aircraft carrying anti-Castro activists.

The prevailing political standpoint in the United States on Cuba since 1959's revolution has been forked: one camp maintains that only through draconian sanctions can the U.S. raze Castro's administration and establish a working capitalistic democracy; the other contends that only by lifting sanctions and opening Cuba to the American model can democratic reform occur. The former has been the hardline stance of every U.S. president since 1962.

There is, however, an alternate angle from which to understand Cuba that U.S. politicians have resolutely asphyxiated with incidents such as the recent downing of civilian planes: Cuban development without interference from the United States. This may seem outrageous, but, sadly, that is only because Washington wants it that way; Cuba's success is no good for exploitive American business. The February 24th confrontation is a terrific illustration of how the Cuban government has been set up.

The two downed Cessnas were chartered by Brothers to the Rescue, an anti-Castro activist group comprised mostly of conservative Cuban-Americans whose stated mission is to search for Cuban refugees crossing the Straits of Florida. The group's leader, José Basulto, works with the CIA and the group operates closely with the U.S. State department, although the government denies Basulto being "on the payroll." He was involved in the Bay of Pigs invasion and worked as a U.S.-backed terrorist in Havana. Effectively, Brothers to the Rescue is working for U.S. officials and operating as an arm of the U.S. government.

In past years and recently as well, the group has invaded Cuban airspace and flown over Havana, dispersing leaflets that urged the overthrow of Castro's government; apparently these humanitarians wield an unspoken political agenda. These incursions are blatant provocations that Cuba has protested, petitioning the U.S. government under American and international accords. The U.S. has given Brothers to the Rescue a mild warning, "for their own sake."

The bottom line is that the Cessnas violated Cuban airspace, although the U.S. hotly contests this point on minor technicalities. Even if the planes were over international waters, their previous incursions coupled with disregarded warnings and a defiantly clear flight path give Cuba just cause; Cuba has as much right to its sovereignty as any nation. Our noble politicians decry this as brutal, even in the face of a 1988 incident in which a U.S. warship downed an Iranian passenger plane without provocation. This might appear to be an inhumane treatment of the issue, but, as will be shown, is in fact most humane.

Cuba is an anomaly in the world, even among Communist nations. For 37 years it has recognized the savage condition democratic capitalism relegates people to: unfulfilled automatons in a self-perpetuating machine. Castro, an avowed Marxist-Leninist, has struggled incessantly against this machine to deliver basic human necessities which he fiercely believes all people deserve. Some of his policies may

be flawed and some may need updating, but he has kept a disciplined eye on the ideals that fueled a revolution. The obstacles he has encountered would seem insurmountable.

Being a small island, Cuba's resources are limited to begin with; sugar is its major export. However, it would be the United States that created the first crises on the island. Part of Castro's ideal-

provide for its poor in times of prosperity.

Since capitalistic exploitation is such an ugly term, U.S. policy makers have told the public that sanctions on Cuba are in place to protect the ubiquitously underprivileged there. How astonished they will be to learn that this "failed" communist relic surpasses the civilized United States in many areas of basic human welfare.

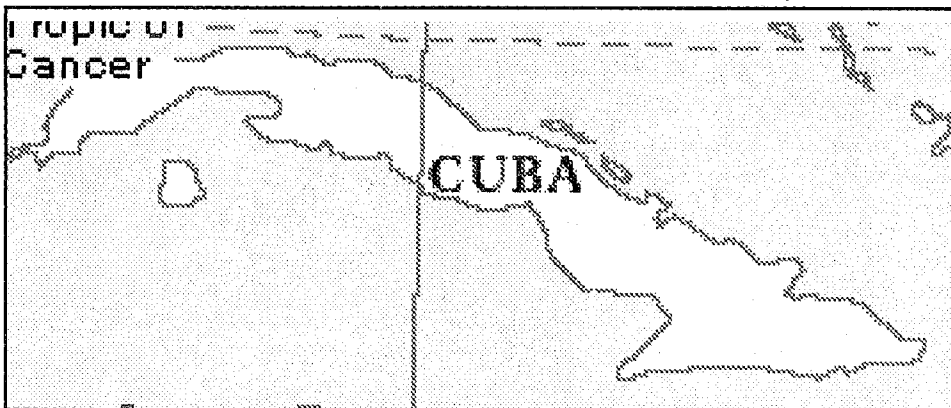


Castro, shortly after the revolution.

ism was the tenet that foreign investment must not rule political relations in the new Cuba, a belief that locked horns with the U.S.'s capitalistic enterprises (no new markets, no capitalism). Castro was open to foreign investment, but only on his terms. When this was made obvious, Washington began stewing plans to oust Castro. 1960 brought the sinking of La Coubre and its weapons load in Havana Harbor. Months later, U.S. planes bombed several Cuban airfields.

Castro's attempt at a revolutionary government would be challenged again in 1961-1962. An Eisenhower/Kennedy plan to use "Cuban exiles" (read: bilingual U.S. special forces) landed troops in

vein, education became accessible to all Cubans (attendance was nearly flawless by the mid 1960s) and literacy rose from almost none to a 9th grade level in just over a decade. In addition, the 1970s' scholarship programs put Cuba among the top of agro-based societies for post-primary education. Cuba's guaranteed health care reached the isolated country towns of the island by the end of the 1960s; as a result, Cuban life expectancy is higher than all other Latin American nations since 1959. There is no greater testimony to this commitment to health care than the Baby Boom of the early 1960s, which occurred during a recession. The net effect has



created equal footing for every Cuban, going a long way toward egalitarianism.

Cuba's success has been so profound that it not only kept a revolutionary agenda within its borders, but has spread significant support to

the prophetically named Bay of Pigs. American forces were promptly cut down in two days and prisoners were ransomed back to the U.S. for medical supplies (oh, awful tyrant!). The ensuing Cuban Missile Crisis was defused by an American pledge to end all attempts to expel Castro. Since then, all attempts have been decidedly clandestine.

The American onslaught continued in other ways. Cuban resistance to the path of capitalist progress led to scornful reductions in the U.S. sugar quota, which regulates how much sugar the U.S. would buy from Cuba. Following the missile crisis, an embarrassed Kennedy put a choke on Castro's vision by imposing full economic sanctions. Other hemispheric nations were pressured to comply to these sanctions, but observance was unwilling and brief. Without U.S. trade, though, Cuba had to rely a great deal on commerce with the Soviet Union. Remarkably, Cuba has managed to deliver services, albeit scaled back, in the wake of the USSR's dissolution; the U.S. cannot

groups in Africa and Latin America. It is paramount to remember this is all while Cuba is being subjected to sanctions and political pressure. Clearly, the February 24th incident was not aggression, but rather a defense of a expressly humane political structure.

On February 29, Congress pushed the Helms-Burton Act through Washington, making existing sanctions policies on Cuba into law, and adding tighter travel restrictions. No other country follows these infantile sanctions. This is NOT a reaction to downed planes in the service of the U.S. government. It is a bully tactic against a nation resolute in its autonomy. And this is NOT a salvo directed at a repressive, wicked empire. It is the entombment of an alternative that makes America look shameful.

Nighttime in America

By Boyd B. McCamish

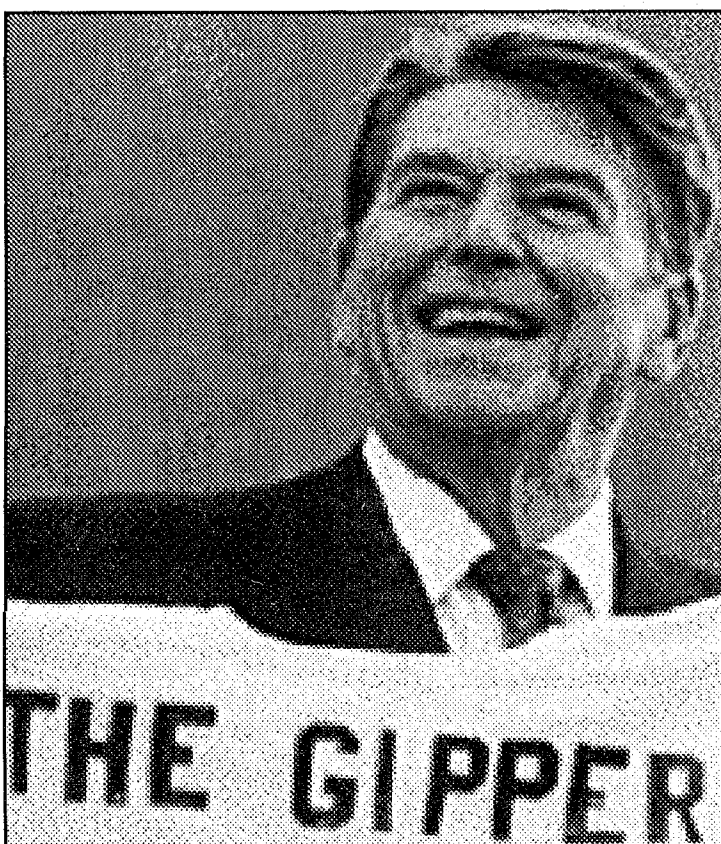
So much can be said today in regard to the transformation of the American workplace and the subsequent deflation of the average wage that many people are much happier to explain it as a latent effect of a free market economy. The roots of this transformation can be traced back a few short years ago when Ronald Reagan was in the White House. A time when unbeknownst to most people Reagan laid down the groundwork for a morally conservative America, coupled with a supply-side economic agenda never before seen outside of a textbook. The hurried and non-negotiable marriage of the two ideologies has forever changed the way Americans feel about their government and the financial elite who preside over your life with little or no concern for the well-being of the "masses." I was originally hesitant to use the said term, however when unveiling the economic inequalities of this nation I cannot help but refer to myself and many of you simply as a large group of unconcerned and indifferent people who systematically allow themselves to be slaughtered and denied moral consideration, well after we have paid dearly for it.

When Reagan fired striking Air Traffic Controllers in the mid eighties he consequently watered down labors ability to negotiate. This signaled the beginning of a "no holds barred" attitude towards labor that made the usually effective idea of strikes almost useless. To further appease his supply-side friends Reagan increased the level of government spending to record heights. The federal deficit went from \$74 billion in 1980 to \$212 billion in 1985. The opium used

to smooth this over was the apparent fact that real wages were rising in every category of our society, save those without a high school education, it worked. The real truth to it was that although the raw statistics proved the assertion, the "average" was being artificially inflated by the astounding good fortune of a small share of families at the very top of the income scale. So says Congressman David Obey (D Wisconsin) in his report for The Center for National Policy, released 11 March, 1996. The truth is that real wages for the average American have gone from \$12.85 in 1978 to \$11.46

now as think tanks and provide dissertation after dissertation on the benefits of supply side economics. How deeply ingrained are these institutes in the minds of politicians? Last year, the Heritage Foundation, the crown jewel of conservative thought, spent \$25 million. That is more than

"In the words of Congressman Obey, this has presented a kind of 'new feudalism in disguise'... the next time someone tells you that welfare is to blame, think of the savings and loan bailout which cost us a minimum \$500 billion."



Ronald Reagan in 1980

today.

Of course none of this would have been possible without a massive amount of preplanning. A great deal of long term effort and sizable investments have been made for the last twenty five years to change the opinions of Americans and its coming to fruition. James Smith, in his book "the idea brokers," states; "In the early 70's, executives and a handful of traditionally

conservative foundations redefined their programs with the aim of shaping the public policy agenda and constructing a network of conservative institutions and scholars." These institutions are known

the total contributions of the top 50 political action committees over the last two election cycles. In 1980, when Ronald Reagan was elected president, he was handed a 3,000 page document with over 2,000 policy recommendations. From their own mouths Heritage claim that over two-thirds of it was implemented by Reagan. Rush Limbaugh gets his checks signed by the Coors foundation and his small minded hollow arguments are the ideology of choice for America's conservative henchmen.

In the words of Congressman Obey this has presented a kind of "new feudalism in disguise." So the next time someone tells you that welfare is to blame for our problems, think of the Savings And Loan bailout, which cost us a minimum \$500 billion. The next time someone tells you that the problem with this country is black people or the Mexicans running across the border think, of the Mexican stock market bailout, which cost \$21 billion. But most importantly, the next time a person tells you that anything but corporate greed and conservative propaganda is to blame for the crisis we face, think of this quote by the father of supply-side economics.

"Our merchants and master manufacturers complain much of the bad effects of high wages in the raising of the price, and thereby lessening the sale of their goods both at home and abroad. They say nothing of the bad effects of their own gains. They complain only of those of other people." - Adam Smith

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Keren: "I don't think people are apathetic, I just think people just don't know the issues and are not educated enough about how things are going to affect them. Once people are educated, they will rile up and show their support. This has been my experience in the past."

Q: What changes, if any, will you bring to Stony Brook's concert policies? There have been accusations of certain forms of music receiving preferential treatment over others. What do you think of this?

Kedar: "I think as far as the people who bring concerts onto campus, their demographic is very concentrated and that is why they don't try to get other concerts on campus. The other demographics should be more represented. Definitely more diversity [is needed] and people should also take more interest in these things."

Keren: "This year we made an attempt to have SAB be more inclusive of different kinds of music. I myself listen to hard-core music and went to a few of the concerts held here on campus and was upset by security's treatment of students. I think we need sensitivity training for security and need to diversify the force that works behind the concert organizations. A suggestion forum, much like the one used by COCA to choose movies for

campus, could be used to choose concerts."

Q: Parking has become quite the issue on campus. Both commuters and residents have their gripes. It has been brought up that the resident parking lots should be opened to both residents and commuters. What do you propose to solve this problem?

Kedar: "I don't know. I think Stony Brook should just bring more parking lots to campus. I know that if they turn over residential parking lots to commuters, there will too many problems, and too much of a general outcry."

Keren: "Right now I don't see much of an option, but in terms of new parking lots, I'm going to urge administrators to write a proposal for an operational construction budget to do something about the parking problem on this campus. But to be realistic, I don't want to promise anything, a proposal of that sort just seems most realistic."

Q: Rumors and paranoia are growing over departmental cuts and closings. What's left to convince students that Stony Brook's the place to be?

Kedar: "Well, the Physics department here is among the top ten in the country, but budget cuts left untouched will change that. Departmental closings are very sad

and I can't just tell people to deal with it, but I guess we can just hope for the best that someday people will find the money [to keep these departments open]. It is a great school I have to say."

Keren: "Well I do think first of all that it is scary, and the Provosts proposal which I have read, basically means things are going to be cut down, and we are going to get less qualified professors on campus, etc. But I have to say that I am not a pessimist, I am an optimist and I would say that we still have a really good quality education at this school for the money that we pay, and it is still one of the best buys. We do still have many departments and professors which are nationally recognized. And I think the social atmosphere on this campus is a good one and there are many opportunities for students to get involved."

All in all, my interviewees were very cooperative and open. I encourage all my readers to do their own research before voting, and to make sure that they do in fact VOTE. Without the majority's voice, the minority in power are meaningless. Make sure your representatives are representing your interests and concerns. Politics is politics. Remind them you're watching.

T A K E T H E R A P

Racist America Covers Its Tracks

By Chris Sorochin

The gorgeous drawing of the "Antichrist" first-strike nuclear sub t666), which adorned my March 11 article "If I Had a Hammer," was the work of Erin Sieber, one of the Plowshares defendants. I apologize for not giving him credit at the time. By the way, the Plowshares trial has been postponed indefinitely, yet another example of the mysterious way in which the wheels of justice turn. So much for the right to "a speedy and public trial," as guaranteed in the Sixth Amendment.

In related news, on January 26, four activists in England, the first all-female action, caused, I'm thrilled to report, millions of pounds worth of damage to the radar and missile guidance system of a Hawk jet. Britain sells these jets to Indonesia, who uses them in its continuing slaughter in East Timor. Smashing, ladies.

And while we're on the subject of illustrations, I recently came across a fascinating bit of recording-industry trivia. For some time, rap music has been under fire for its reputed negative effect on listeners. Take your pick, rap is always being blamed for glorifying gang warfare, cop killing, degradation of women, anti-Semitism, anti-Korean racism, drug use and claiming that the ancestors of white folks mated with animals in the cave of Europe, (Mine did, but that's privileged family information.) Next thing you know, Tipper Gore will be screaming that those needle-scratching sound effects punch holes in the ozone layer.

Now here's a new twist. The cover of a recent release called *Killing U...For Fun* by Wise Intelligent of *Poor Righteous Teachers* drew threats by national chains, including Tower Records, not to stock the album.

The cover in question contains no dead cops, no naked "hos", no gangstas, not even the Fruit of Islam torching the state capitol of Arizona.

The cover is a photo taken in 1911 showing a white lynch mob in Pennsylvania burning a black man alive. Even reduced, as the picture was in the February 27 *Village Voice*, it's chilling and unforgettable.

It's difficult to say which component of the scene is more disturbing, the body of a human being nearly reduced to ash, his arms tied behind him, crucifixion style, his face being eaten by flames, or the crowd that committed this unspeakably inhuman act: a bunch of men and boys grinning broadly for the camera, ever so pleased with themselves, looking for all the world like a family album portrait of grandpa and his Men's Club cronies whooping it up at the annual ice-cream social.

Another, more infamous, lynching photo shows an extrajudicial (although, as usual, local police participated) hanging in Indiana (notice that Pennsylvania and Indiana aren't Southern states, incidentally). This one was a Saturday night bring-your best-girl affair with young couples having a high old time as three black men swing in the breeze. One survived, claiming to have been saved by the Virgin

Mary. Yes, things were so much more innocent and wholesome back in those days.

Some 4500-5000 people are estimated to have been victims of racially-motivated lynchings from the post-Civil War "Reconstruction" era to the 1950s. The victims were largely, though not exclusively, black. Lynchings were also perpetrated against Native Americans, Mexicans, Asians, Irish, Italians and Jews. Several

German-Americans were killed by mobs during the pro-paganda-induced hysteria of World War I.

The "crimes" said to have been committed by the lynchees range from murder down to petty

theft and offenses against the grand tradition of racial separation, usually imagined sexual offenses, such as looking at or speaking to white women. In one of the most infamous cases, 14-year-old Emmett Till was brutally murdered and mutilated for whistling at a white woman.

Marcus Baram's article reports that according to Wise Intelligent, the victim represents not only lynching victims, but Rodney King, Yusuf Hawkins, Malcolm X and Jesus. And the smug, self-satisfied faces in the background? "Newt Gingrich and Bob Dole, proud for wanting to

"This one was a Saturday night bring-your best-girl affair with young couples having a high old time as three black men swing in the breeze."

cut affirmative action."

In response to the outcry, Intelligent has agreed to put the controversial photo on the back (in miniature) and a picture of his face on the front.

Baram's article doesn't state the reasons given by retailers for balking at the proposed cover, but I'll bet they have little to do with scruples about using actual human suffering to make sales.

No, this picture evokes one of the purely evil moments of white American history, just as those piles of emaciated bodies at Auschwitz are an everlasting scar on the histories of Germany and Poland. And we, in the US, aren't fortunate enough to have someone force us to look at our own dirty laundry. We'd rather look at someone else's so we can feel not-so-bad. Kind of like killing someone and taking comfort in the fact that at least you're not Jack the Ripper.

On that subject, I'm the last person in this Year of Pat Buchanan, to suggest that the Nazi Holocaust is overrated as a symbol of evil. In fact, it's generally underrated: the number "six million" is tossed around, but in reality closer

to twelve million lives were snuffed by the Nazis and their allies in death camps in various corners of Europe.

I don't think Hitler pervades so much of our airwaves, stage and literature mainly because people want to stop it from happening again. Look no further than Central America to put that idea to rest. Nor is it primarily to justify many of the less savory aspects of Israel, although it has been remarkably useful along those lines. (The Serbs are trying the same dodge, with considerably less success). It's not even that many people find some allure in the Nazi mystique, even though there are more modern-day admirers than anyone likes to think about I've even read of an ultra-ultra-right-wing group in Israel that thinks the only bad thing about der Fuehrer was that he didn't like Jews!

After all, total hatred and mob psychology are so easy, to free of responsibility and decision-making and all those other moral drags. You just go with the flow and you're part of something bigger and stronger and more exciting than you could ever be by yourself, whether you're leading a life of frustration in a Middle European industrial city or in a Middle American farm town.

That's why it's so important to confront images of our own historical evil and come to the difficult but necessary realization that it's not only Other People that do horrible things. European fascism and its Japanese counterpart did in twelve high-tech nightmare years what other nations, like ours, did at a more

leisurely pace; genocide, slavery, territorial expansion and doctrines of racial superiority are part and parcel of Western Civilization, not alien to it. Hitler was the quintessential Mr. Hyde lurking within the West's Dr. Jekyll view of itself.

I'd like to propose a one-year moratorium on harping on Other People's Evil and replace it with some critical self examination of our own conscience as a nation. The hollow hyp-

ocrites in government and the media that hide behind the false religion of state-worship will, of course, oppose this as they opposed the suggested National History Standards because they weren't ecstatic enough about the centrality of rich white Males to life on this here earth.

For the past two years, teachers in the Lake Country School District in Florida have been officially required to impart to their students that the culture of the US is superior to that of all other societies, past and present. So, put on your swastika armband and goose-step on down to the school board meeting. It'll be held in a cow-pasture at midnight and illuminated by huge burning crosses.

One last morsel of food for thought: the 1992 Encyclopedia Americana entry I consulted informed me that laws against lynching are not on the books in the US. It seems they keep getting held up in the Senate. Could it be that some of our legislators have outfits fashioned from bedsheets, too?

NYPIRG UPDATE

NYPIRG, the New York Public Interest Research Group, has worked for years to protect the rights of students and to help the campus community. Here is a sample of some of their past accomplishments.

Environmental Preservation:

NYPIRG has fought against incinerators, wasteful packaging, and toxic chemical hazards such as lead poisoning. They have supported the Lead Poisoning Prevention Act (1992) which calls for universal lead-poisoning screenings, the Englebright-Tully bill to publicize information on pesticides, and the DiNapoli-Goodman bill which would require power plants to report a database on the use, release and storage of toxic chemicals. NYPIRG has also committed itself to finding new recycling methods and commuting alternatives.

Education Reforms:

NYPIRG sponsors an Education Watch Program to reform race and gender biased testing procedures and advocates scholarships and evaluation based on academic performance. The MORE program, MOVement to Reinvest in Education, continues to work for affordable education.

Consumer Protection:

NYPIRG has made significant progress in consumer rights such as the Generic Drug Law, the Lemon Law, and the Citizens Utility Board. They train students to advise contenders in Small Claims Court, and saves consumers money through the

Fuel Buyers Group.

Healthcare Reform:

NYPIRG advocates reform in healthcare insurance, patient's rights, maternity information, and reduction in teenage tobacco use.

Government:

NYPIRG monitors the activities of the New York State Legislature and the New York City Council and publishes the Council Watch newsletter. The organization also promotes teenage voter registration and works to reform campaign finance laws.

Mass Transit:

The NYPIRG offshoot, the Straphangers Campaign, fights for safer, more reliable public transportation in New York City. They work for more environmentally-conscious transportation methods to alleviate air pollution and is attempting to find better funding for mass transit through the Surface Transportation Efficiency Act, and favors new mass transit systems over new road construction.

Letter-Writing Campaigns

NYPIRG has sponsored many letter-writing campaigns, for fighting hunger and homelessness in New York and for political action campaigns.

NYPIRG accepts interns and volunteers. For more information, call 632-6457, or visit room 079 in the Student Union. Get involved. Get things done.

WAITING FOR PEROT, ONCE AGAIN

By M.J. Molloy

The Presidential race is heating up once again. It was safe to assume just a two man race between President Clinton and Senator Dole along comes a third possibility from Texas, one that seriously impacted the 1992 battle for the White House.

The name of this third candidate? H. Ross Perot, of course.

The organizers of a new third party, the Reform Party quietly announced that Mr. Perot has granted them permission to try to put his name on the November ballot in Texas and Florida. Perot's followers are floating petitions in the two states in an attempt to gain the necessary signatures to gain a spot on the ballot.

Ross Perot, who garnished a respectable 19% of the electorate and 20 million votes in the '92 campaign, is planning on either stepping aside for whomever the Reform Party nominates at its high-tech convention to be held late in the summer or, to be the party nominee himself.

However, reports indicate that if Perot is indeed serious about running, at least for the purpose of Florida's ballot petition, he has named a running mate. Carl Owenby Jr., a Florida businessman active in Perot's political organizations for the past several years. Perot's name is being used only in those states where the Reform Party faces difficulties in gaining a spot on the November ballot. Perot isn't limited in the amount of money he can give to the campaign, which would be limited in the case if another nominee's name was on the ballot. No names have been forthcoming from Perot or the Reform Party as to who the possible candidates for the party nomination are, although he has indicated he has "six or seven just incredible people in mind."

Perot has stated recently on Larry King Live on CNN that the two-party system has still not taken care of America's problems, which is the principle reason why Perot and his party have decided on another gambit for the leadership of this nation.

The machinations of how Perot would "run"

for office are convoluted. If the Reform Party nominates some other person Perot has said that he would then step aside and have the party nominee inserted on the "Perot" ballot, a move that for Presidential election politics, is absolutely unprecedented. There does exist the chance that once Perot's name is on the ballot, litigation might be necessary to switch the name on the ballot to the Reformer's nominee. While such challenges have been successful for lower order elections, they have never been attempted at the level of a Presidential race. If it turns out that Perot cannot remove his name from the ballot in certain states, he would then release his electors to vote for the Reform Party's nominee.

Yet through all these political maneuverings designed to put the Party nominee in the Oval Office, the question remains: Will Ross Perot be that nominee? According to political analysts the answer is a resounding yes. Professor of Government Anthony J. Sabato of the University of Virginia, who has studied Perot in the past looked at how Perot was bankrolling the entire project and explained that Perot is "spending millions of dollars of his own money to buy the newest, shiniest fire engine. And can anyone imagine anyone else in the cab other than Ross Perot."

It is possible that with his announcement of his "candidacy" Perot hopes to gain enough of support from the vast legion of voters who are either dissatisfied with the choice of either Clinton or Dole, which to those people would be a vote for "politics as usual", or have been previously apathetic to the election process. Why wouldn't he then promote his party's line rather than put forth his own name as a candidate? By the time the Reform Party's convention takes place in September, many voters will already have made up their minds, and only then will the Reformer's nominee be known. Unless that candidate has been bandied about since mid-March. Thus far, the only name that has been given is Ross Perot's.

Like an ominous spectre, we stand waiting for Perot.

Broder On Washington

By David S. Broder

Special to the Stony Brook Press

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.—It was here this week that Bob Dole's political life came full circle.

Eight years and three weeks ago, during the run-up to Super Tuesday, a beaten Bob Dole, his hopes shattered by Republican voters in New Hampshire and South Carolina, dumped two of the top officials of his Republican presidential nomination campaign—left them literally stranded at the airport here—and then, implausibly, went on to an amusement park construction site near Orlando where he was photographed with characters costumed as Woody Woodpecker, Mae West, Charlie Chaplin and Frankenstein's monster.

The whole bizarre incident was symptomatic of his star-crossed effort. But this year, he was welcomed back as the conquering hero of the GOP, the man now certain to carry the party banner against President Clinton in the general election.

It is always good to see history make amends to those it has previously victimized—especially when the fall guy is also a good guy like Bob Dole. It was particularly appropriate that the symbol of the turnabout, if not the cause, came in the form of praise from the family that had denied him the prize in 1988—former President Bush, Texas Gov. George W. Bush and his kid brother, Jeb, the favorite son of Florida Republicans after his almost-successful race for governor in 1994.

But Dole has managed to keep his own sense of satisfaction well-disguised this week, perhaps because he

realizes how close he came to another disaster and perhaps because he understands how stiff a challenge still awaits him before he can claim the White House for himself and his party.

A matter of 10,475 votes in two key contests spelled the difference between triumph and calamity for Dole this year.

In the Feb. 12 Iowa caucuses, where he had virtually every advantage over the others in the field—as the senator from neighboring Kansas, backed by a popular governor and senator, and where he had won impressively in 1988—he beat Pat Buchanan by only 2,866 votes. If 7,179 anti-abortion activists had not voted for Buchanan's challenger on the right, Alan Keyes, Dole might have suffered a debilitating defeat.

In New Hampshire, eight days later, where Dole did lose to Buchanan, despite all the support Gov. Steve Merrill, Sen. Judd Gregg and Rep. Bill Zeliff could muster, Dole's margin over the third-place finisher, Lamar Alexander, was only 7,609 votes.

Alexander had finished third in Iowa, and had he been able to climb past a twice-beaten Dole in New Hampshire, it is likely that mainstream Republican contributors and politicians, panicked by the thought of Buchanan as their nominee, would have moved millions of dollars and much of their support to the former Tennessee governor.

But all that is behind him now. Still, the man cannot relax. When asked on Sunday aboard his campaign plane to reflect on the turn in his fortunes, he demurred. "Let's wait until the exit polls come in" on the next round of

primaries, he said.

Dole has earned the right to be as cautious as he chooses, and in this case caution is merited. Buchanan has signaled in interviews in the last few days that he will be at least as hard to deal with as he was in 1992, when he bedeviled the Bush campaign unmercifully before agreeing to endorse the runaway winner of the primaries in a controversial convention speech.

Bush campaign veterans I interviewed last week were unanimous in advising Dole not to spend the spring and summer "kowtowing" to Buchanan. But that advice is easier to give than to adopt, because Buchanan has built more of a bond with his hard-right constituency than he had four years ago, and he knows how to inflame their passions.

Even if Buchanan goes to the San Diego convention with fewer than 10 percent of the delegates, as seems likely, a fractious convention is something that Dole can ill-afford. As Vin Weber, the former Minnesota representative and national co-chairman of the Dole campaign pointed out, the lateness of the GOP convention (Aug. 12-15) "allows almost no time for putting things back-together before you have to face Clinton."

And maybe not just Clinton. The Democrats will meet in Chicago starting Aug. 26, with nothing on their minds but exploiting any differences the GOP has displayed in San Diego. And the weekend they finish, Ross Perot says he will gather his followers to select a third-party candidate—unless Dole can persuade him to abandon that idea.

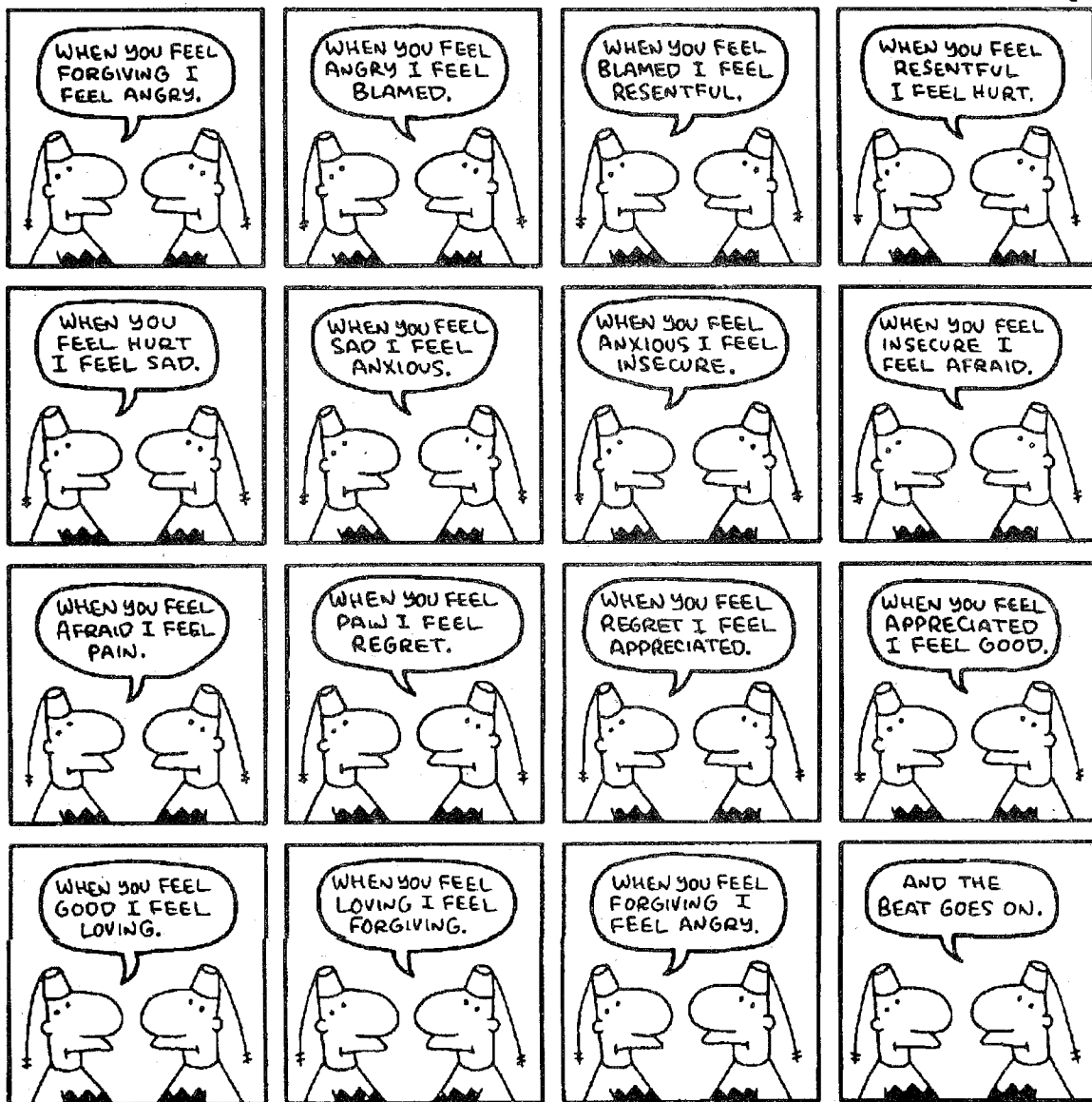
No wonder Bob Dole isn't smiling too much yet.

(c) 1996, Washington Post Writers Group

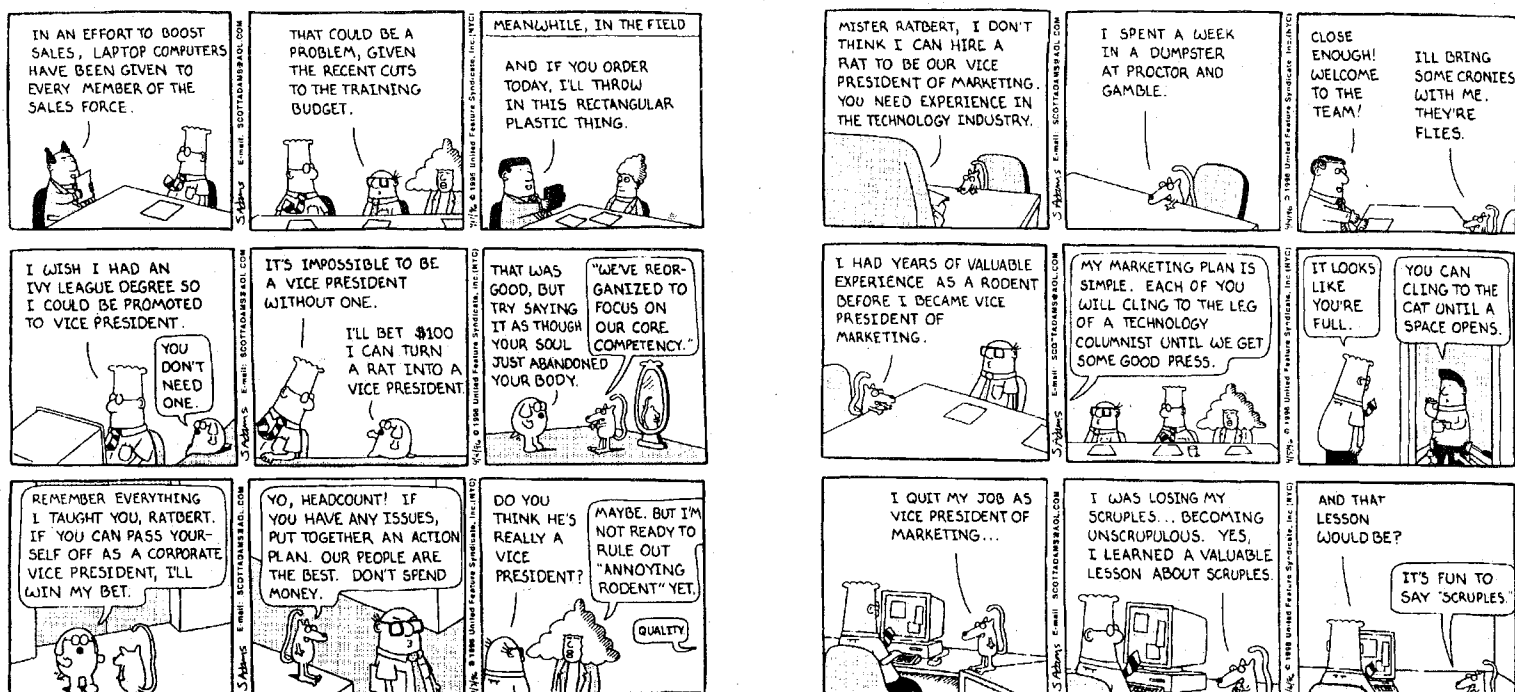
COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

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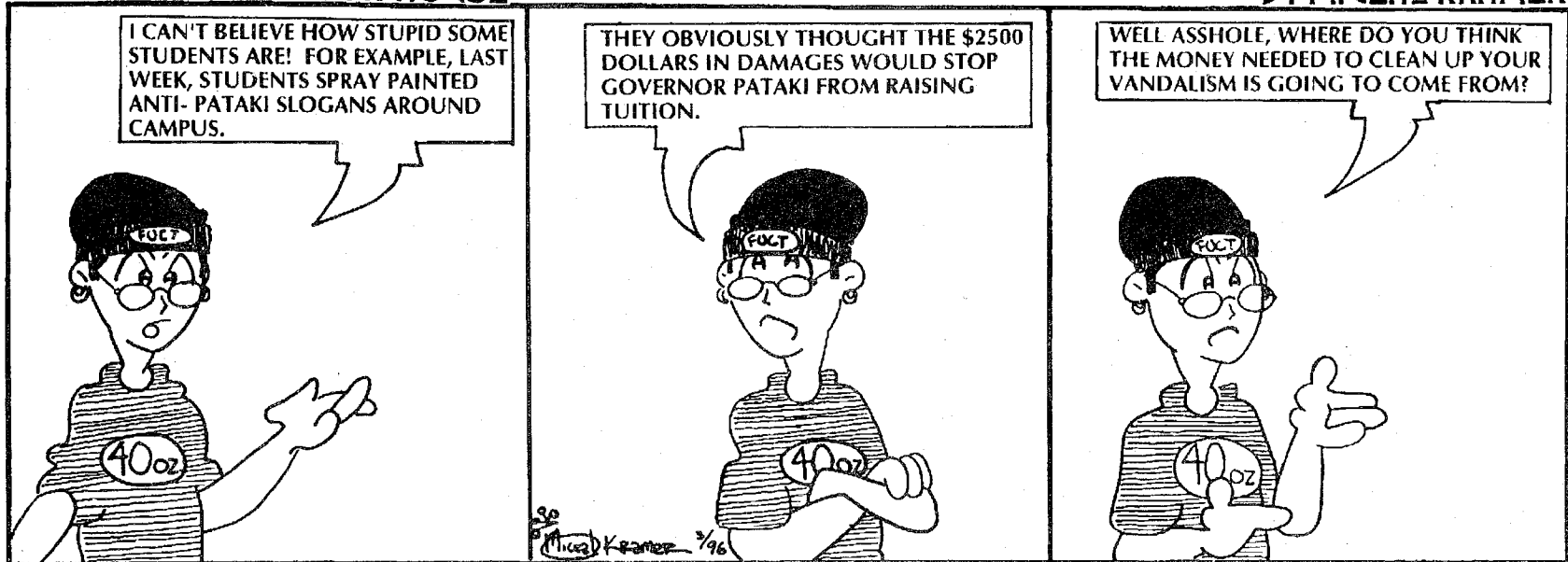


Dilbert ® by Scott Adams



SHADES OF THE PRISON-HOUSE

BY MICEAL KRAMER



Hey, Kids, play the *Press*' spot the difference game! Just find the 26 differences between these two pictures, and win a quarter of a page in our next issue! This fabulous prize retails for \$75, but can be yours free if you find and circle all the differences and send them to our office, in Room 060 of the Student Union. Have fun!

The Press also wishes to heartily welcome our newest contributor, Mike Kramer, formerly of The Statesman! Welcome, Mike!

SHADES OF THE PRISON-HOUSE

BY MICEAL CREAMER



Top Ten Reasons Why The French Suck

10. Because Brie causes foot odor
9. They don't like Eurodisney
8. Female armpit hair
7. Jordi, the baby rapper
6. Those fucking berets
5. Because they tried to take credit for the tongue kiss
4. Their Prime Minister, Jacques Chirac, has a name that sounds like a *Mortal Kombat* character
3. You can only eat so much cheese before you bind up
2. That World War II thing
1. Just try and find a non-French person who doesn't think they suck

THE 1996 STONY BROOK

By P. Milaré Ovis

Iquaci (e•qua•key) - lat.. adj. 1. to have an indescribable taste, quality or texture that churns the taste buds. 2. to have a really really spiffy smell. v. 1. to be made in a secret undersea cave. 2. to be created by a race of tiny beings with magical powers. n. a basaltic rock formation caused by the crossing of fey lines

Before I tell you about The Press' Second Annual Beer Fest, I had to give you a definition of a word that will become paramount in the story: iquaci. A cute word with tons of meaning, and it even sounds cool when you say it.

Now on with our story...

This year the Press chose to **The Worst** taste imported beers in our journey to find the world's greatest beer with the finest iquaci. (Last years' beer fest consisted of ales and lagers.) We all trudged off to a secret location (Heather's Den O' Sin) to wander our way down the hops highway. Along the way to barley nirvana there were a few accidents; people spewing their last meal, gravity playing nasty tricks on people, and, of course, the drunken Violent Femmes sing-alongs.

Fourteen people took part in this year's fest, although one had to be disqualified because they did not fill out their Special Beer Fest Sheet correctly (the asshole lost the sheet). We tried 10 foreign beers; Paulaner, Hacker-Pschorr, Beck's Dark, Dos Equis, Guinness [which was the odds on favorite to win], Delerium Tremens, Murphy's, Watney's Red Barrel, Fullers Pale and Fullers Bitter.

The test was completely blind (some of the participants ended up that way too, and then some for others) and the proctor of the test was

Beers were rated on a scale of 0-10 in the following categories: Bite, Aftertaste, Flavour (I'm gonna spell in the English way, because some of these beers are from the UK, and plus it's a lot cooler to spell it this way) and Iquaci (I love this word). Due to the inexact nature of the testing, people couldn't figure out if a pleasant aftertaste should be a 10 or a 0. I still don't know how people rated these things, so don't shoot the messenger.

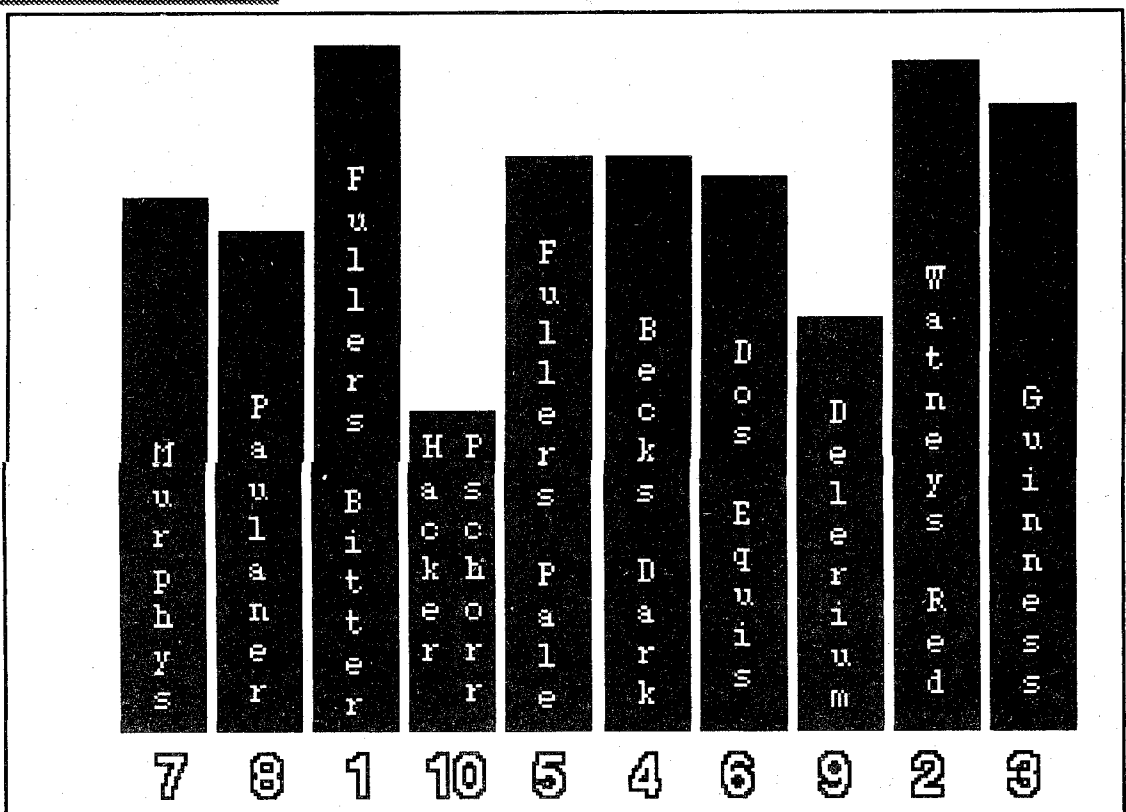
Without any further adieu, the winner of the Second Annual Stony Brook Press Beer Fest... was Fuller's Bitter, a

Pschorr.

Guinness was by far the oddest of all the beers. The comments of the Irish wonder ranged from "I am now fully erect," "best on earth" and "smoky, clean and thick... thumbs up" to the complete other end of the spectrum; "crap," "I hated it (all zeroes!)" and, of course, "remember when Ozzy used to pass that cup around and people would spit in it, and he'd drink it? So do I."

Fuller's Bitter did not receive many bad comments, it had constantly high iquaci scores and was among the top beers on everyone's list, getting comments like "mellow, fuzzy, I like" and "pretty good" on more than one form. Nothing really bad was said about this beer, except one rebellious taster called it "human bile."

Fuller's Bitter outright won in the Bite and Iquaci categories, while Guinness won in Aftertaste and Watney's Red took the Flavour crown. As I said before, Hacker-Pschorr fin-



ished last in every category, while Delerium finished 9th in all but Bite, finishing a less than respectable sixth. Paulaner was the beer that finished 9th in the Bite race.

Some people who took the test had more fun with their comments than they did drinking their beer. One staff member (Steve) had comments like "like drinking warm piss, except it ain't warm nor

the only one not participating in the tasting of the imported quaffs. (Wrapping your car around an iquaci at 2:20 am usually informs you that you must stop drinking.)

A member of The Press hard at work on our next fest. The Snow Tasting Fest 1996!

remarkable little English number. This was surprising considering half the people on staff swore they can pick out Guinness in their sleep. In second place was Watney's Red, third was Guinness, and the unquestionable loser, finishing last in every single category, was Hacker-

piss" for Murphy's and "with its bubblegum taste it left me wondering 'did this cost 5 cents too?'" for Delerium. Staff member Anne "The human sponge" apparently has a fixation with 'shit,' as she described no less than four beers with that lovely word.

PRESS BEER FEST



played games, trying to guess which country, or hemisphere, the beer was from in her comments.

But the king of the comments was Lowell, whose comment for Mexican brew Dos Equis opined that "the inalienable right to lick



a concentration camp. Until a run in with a funny weed put him out of commission for the rest of the night. The staff

Dave called Fuller's

Look it's the human mop! This is what happens when you mix amaretto and whiskey.

Fred Astaire's asshole is more appetizing."

If anyone needs me, I'll be taking a nap. (You should have seen where he was before.)

can't wait until the

Pale "a big cup of Lowell's sputum" and Paulaner was "post nasal drip." Katherine

Like always, a good time was had by all, including the proctor, who in his nazi-like way was very anal about the beer fest, and ran it like

Third Annual Stony Brook Press Beer Fest in the spring of 1997. If we live that long.

Showing This March Only On 3TV

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
3TV Don't Forget To Tune In Next Month For More Blockbuster Hits!				1 6 pm Sanjuro 7:30 Video Debris 8:00 Quick & The Dead 10:00 Bad Boys 12:00 Die Hard With A Vengeance
4 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 Clueless 10:00 T.B.A. 12:00 Dumb & Dumber	5 6 pm Forget Paris 8:00 Virtuosity 10:00 Tales From The Hood 12:00 First Knight	6 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 Tommy Boy 10:00 The Net 12:00 Naked	7 6 pm Clueless 8:00 Dumb & Dumber 10:00 Forget Paris 12:00 Virtuosity	8 6 pm First Knight 8:30 Tommy Boy 10:00 The Net 12:00 Tales From The Hood
11 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 Charles Chaplin Vol I & II 10:05 Virtuosity 12:00 First Knight	12 6 pm Tommy Boy 8:00 The Green Wall 10:00 Forget Paris 12:00 Naked	13 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 The Net 10:00 Clueless 12:00 The Seven Samurai	14 6 pm Dumb & Dumber 8:00 Fellini's 8 1/2 10:30 Virtuosity 12:30 Tales From The Hood	15 6 pm First Knight 8:15 Tommy Boy 10:00 Forget Paris 12:00 T.B.A.
18 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 The Net 10:00 Clueless 12:00 Plan 9 From Outer Space	19 6 pm Dumb & Dumber 8:00 Virtuosity 10:00 Tales From The Hood 12:00 Naked	20 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 9:00 First Knight 11:30 Tommy Boy 1:15 Charles Chaplin #3	21 6 pm Cyrano DeBergerac 8:00 Forget Paris 10:00 The Net 12:00 Clueless	22 6 pm Dumb & Dumber 8:00 Virtuosity 10:00 Tales From The Hood 12:00 First Knight
25 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 Tommy Boy 10:00 Forget Paris 12:00 Naked	26 6 pm The Net 8:00 Clueless 10:00 Dumb & Dumber 12:00 Fellini's 8 1/2	27 6 pm Burley Bear 7:00 T.B.A. 8:00 Virtuosity 10:00 Tales From The Hood 12:00 First Knight	28 6 pm Tommy Boy 8:00 Forget Paris 10:00 The Net 12:00 Clueless	29 6 pm Dumb & Dumber 8:00 Naked 10:00 Virtuosity 12:00 T.B.A.

Design By Johnny Lee

The 3TV Guide was brought to you by the Programming Department of 3TV

The End Of The World Is Coming

By Katherine Zafiris

On January 30, 1996, a young photoengraver from Japan saw a faint smug of light through his telescope. The next day, the International Astronomical Union informed the world of a new comet. This was Yuji Hyakutake's second comet in two months. Within in a week it became apparent that the world would be privy to the best comet since 1976. Comet Hyakutake is now rapidly approaching Earth and Stony Brook Astronomy majors are following it in a massive and unending project.

Comets are an ephemeral phenomena. Comets are essentially giant rocky snowballs, which when they reach near the Sun will melt and fall apart. The inner parts of them are a maelstrom of gas and dust which streams off the surface to form the tail.

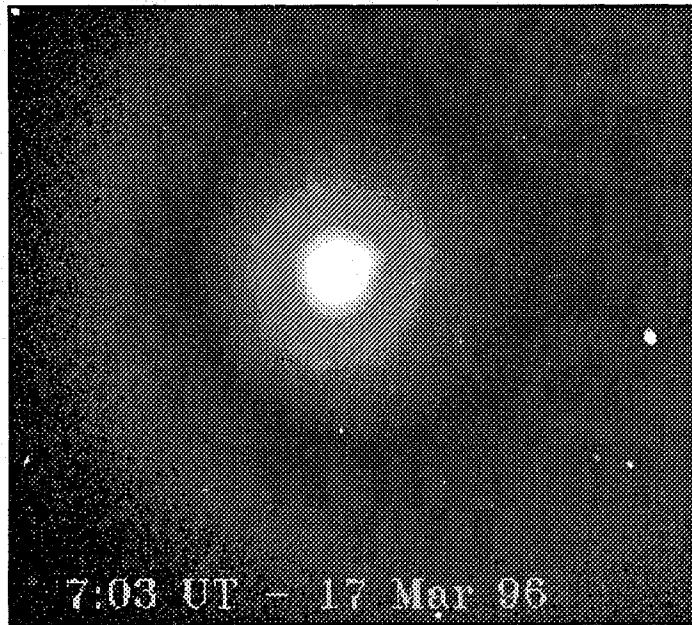
The students of the Astronomy department have spent endless days and nights tracking this comet and digitally taking pictures of it. Of the fifteen students in the Astronomy major, ten are following it, along with two high school students. This project is part of an on going project about star formation. The first image captured of the comet was taken by three undergraduate students; Josh Faber, George Leussis, and Jennifer Thomas, with a CCD camera.

The process of following a comet is very complex. First, you must find it topically through a telescope. For monitoring this particular comet, the observers are using the Earth and Space Science Department's 14" telescope, which is located on the roof of the ESS building. Then, the observers find a star and its quadrants.

Once the quadrants are found, the participants of the project have to follow the comet and take pictures of it with a digital camera. The camera used is

a CCD: Charge Couple Device. The problem with following a comet is that the camera must always be moved, because the comet is always moving.

Within the next two weeks, the comet will be at its brightest. As it moves closer to Earth, the comet will become twice as big as the moon. At three times the distance of the Earth from the Moon, this



Picture taken by undergraduate students tracking the comet

comet will be very visible by the naked eye. It will look like a full moon, with its tail reaching down to the Big Dipper. On Wednesday, March 27, 1996, Comet Hyakutake will be its largest. It will not return for another 16,000 years.

The most fascinating thing about this comet is that

undergraduates at this University in spite of budget cuts and layoffs, are able to keep working on this project. Everyday the participants of the project spend endless hours monitoring the comet and its voyage. Once the students collect enough data and information about Comet Hyakutake, the participants of the project will spend the summer analyzing and studying the evolution of the tails of comets and the inner coma of the comet.

The observers who are working on this project are Hakan Alton, Josh Faber, Arthur Hervias, John Janis, George Leussis, Jeanette Mallozzi, Jim Petreshock, Mike Phillips, Carlos Tello, and Jennifer Thomas. Included are also two high school students from Ward Melville High School: Jordan Adler and Damien Yambo. They all work under the observation of graduate student Scott Wolk and observatory director Nancy Adams. The Project is overseen by Fredrick M. Walter, Associate Professor of Astronomy.

On Wednesday, March 27, 1996 and Friday, March 29, 1996, the Astronomy Department will be holding an Open Night of lectures and viewing sessions of the comet at the ESS building. They will meet in the Main lobby of the Earth and Space Science Building on Wednesday for lectures. On Friday, the lectures will be held at ESS, room 001. All students at Stony Brook are encouraged to attend and take part in this extraordinary experience.

For e-mail notification of any lectures, send requests to dpeterson@astro.sunysb.edu. There is also a web sight to connect to for further information: <http://sbast3.ess.sunysb.edu/astro/home.html>.

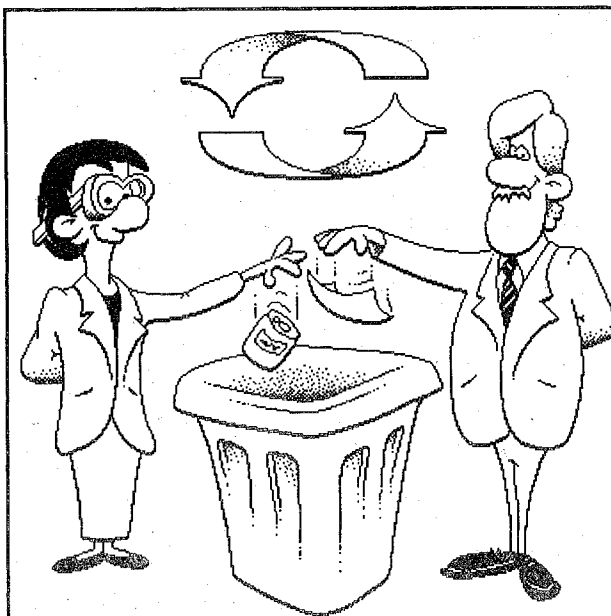
The Recycling Scandal

By Keith Doell

I thought that the title to my article would catch your eye. For the use of the word recycling by itself unfortunately has not become an important issue to some Stony Brook community members. What is the Stony Brook recycling scandal? Well it takes place in two areas. First, with the people who are in charge of the recycling effort at Stony Brook. Yes, the state government actually pays somebody to make sure that Stony Brook University becomes a shining example of a community of educated individuals that are concerned about their environment. But upon reading this you might find as you pass by our garbage cans that they are filled with all sorts of recyclable items. How many times have we finished using a product that can be recycled and find ourselves not knowing where to put it? Let me ask you another question. Have you ever seen the recycling igloos at the Union or at the Javits center? Did you know that the Stony Brook campus has an estimated fifteen recycling igloos? You might admit that you have seen one of them, but my guess is that you, like myself, would say that you never have seen anything close to fifteen. With a highly trained eye these igloos pop out of the most absurd places. Most of all of the recycling igloos are located in places that are not easily accessible to students. A person does not have to be a genius to figure out that this is a major reason why our recycling community effort seems to be failing. But the people in charge of recycling tend to look over this fact and instead blame the Stony Brook community for not making a legitimate recycling effort. Furthermore, that we as individuals, that are educating ourselves and care about our impact on the environment, to say in more gentle words, just don't give a damn! So here we are again. Big brother pointing fingers at

everybody else except themselves.

If the recycling igloos don't get you stirred up, let's talk about those designated recycling rooms for the students that live on campus. Most of all the dormitories on campus have rooms that are designated for recycling. Thus me and my fellow residents at Roosevelt quad have been making our own contribution to the recycling effort, but recently I've been informed that the janitors have been gathering these recyclable items such as glass, plastic, aluminum, and paper products and are throwing them directly in the garbage! Yes, my friends it sounds outrageous and senseless, but this has been occurring all semester long. One fellow campus resident staff member says this has been happening, to the best of his knowledge, since last year. Thousands of pounds of good recyclable items have been thrown in a landfill that is more than forty stories higher than any house we will ever own. This only can leave us wondering where the other recyclable items from canisters located in other dormitories and buildings are going. One janitor in our quad told me that it was not his fault the recyclable items were getting thrown away in the garbage because there are sim-



ply no places to store or dispose of them. He said that there use to be a recycling dumpster outside the buildings, but that it was always overflowing with recyclable items and now they have mysteriously disappeared.

Remember that this recycling scandal has two parts. The second part deals with ourselves. I don't believe that Stony Brook students want to indulge themselves in just the same old game of pointing fingers. We, too, must take responsibility for this sinful crime on mother nature. We have been asleep too long and the older generation are doing things and making laws that are crippling our future. They take their wasteful ways and make our world a dirtier place; not only for us but for our families as well. We as the future generation of Americans must wake up and take action. We must become more of a community and let people know that we are alive and that we care! My fellow Stony Brook colleagues, the alarm clock is ringing at our bedsides, let's turn them off and take some heads.

-Call and complain to: President Kenny's office at 2-6265 or

-Russ Cannova, Recycling supervisor at 2-6297

•Come to NYPIRG Environmental preservation meetings on Wednesdays 1:30 PM

Magnificence In Virtuosity

By M.J. Molloy

While many of my fellow music lovers look forward to seeing groups that are a little out of the mainstream such as Jawbox, occasionally and without fanfare there comes along a group of musicians further out of the mainstream who make the most impossible pieces of music look absolutely simple in their hands. Such was the case on Wednesday, March 13 when The String Trio Of New York along with pianist and composer Anthony Davis played the recital hall at Staller Center.

Introducing the show was Davis who said a few gracious words of thanks before turning the reigns over to STNY. The Trio immediately launched into "Jump Start" followed up by "Cobalt Blue", two compositions penned by guitarist James Emery. Both pieces clocked in at over ten minutes, but neither pieces ever bored or disappointed the audience as they exhibited stellar musicianship. "Jumpstart" was a quick paced number that had Emery playing both chords and individual notes at blinding speeds on his acoustic. Having seen a few good guitarists in my time I was blown away until I saw Emery play the same portion of the song in perfect timing and harmony with upright bassist John Lindberg and violinist Mark Feldman, who was filling in for Regina Carter, who was did not perform for personal reasons. On "Jumpstart" the chamber jazz group set up the audience for frequent sections of three-part harmonics with accuracy and blistering speed during the performance. "Cobalt Blue" was a far more morose tune that put the audience in a subdued mood.

Showing their true improvisational side, the third

piece, "Seven Vice" featured the Trio employing sticks to tap on their instruments to gain as many odd sounds as they could use in the mid-tempo composition by the group. At the end of "Vice" Lindberg even joked about the band needing to re-tune after the song is played.

After the tune-up Anthony Davis emerged from the stage right door. Along with being a composer, Davis is a Professor of Music at Harvard University. Davis sat down at the grand piano and the foursome launched



String Trio of New York

into what Davis called "Happy Valley Blues", part of Davis' work, "Sounds Without Nouns." This piece by far was the most melodic played to that point. And this song gave us a taste of four-part harmonics.

After a brief intermission the audience really started to enjoy the show. Davis played a solo-penned piece, the full band played an unusual but very enjoyable version of Duke Ellington's "Caravan." The backbeat still floats through my mind. Two pieces by Thelonius Monk were up next. "Evidence" and "Ruby, My Dear" put violinist Feldman squarely in the spotlight. He used a

technique not dissimilar to finger-tapping a la Eddie Van Halen and also rubbed his hand on the back of his instrument to get squeaks that were abundantly used in the songs. If Feldman was only filling in for the absent Ms. Carter, I can only imagine what talent she would exhibit.

The regular set closed with two tunes penned by Trio members. "The Pursuit Of Happiness" and "Belly-Achin' Blues" by James Emery And John Lindberg respectively, "Happiness" featured Emery's exceptional fingerwork, which included finger slides all the way to the bridge of the guitar that evoked squeals and peals of applause from the audience. Lindberg's basswork early in "Blues" was actually reminiscent of a stomach growling.

The encore of an evening of rather lengthy pieces was an outstanding rendition of Ellington's "Heaven". This slower, more emotive piece highlighted perfect interplay between Davis and Feldman.

The New York String Trio was formed in 1977 as a composers collective. They use an experimental, improvisational style that brings new life to older pieces as well as redefining more contemporary tunes with different arrangements. The Trio plays a brand of jazz that doesn't rely on traditional definitions of melody. Most of their versions of songs are never going to appear on the

Billboard Top 40. Bassist Lindberg explains "There seems to be a very narrow definition of what jazz can be, whereas our definition of jazz allows for constantly evolving, extending, and stretching the music. "Extending and stretching certainly apply as the Trio played a night of music that one New York Times reviewer described as being "beyond category."



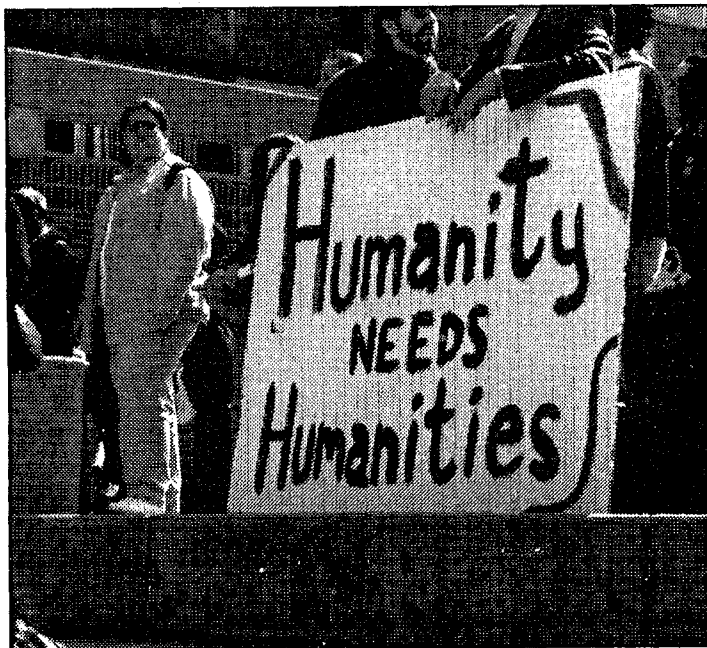
composer Anthony Davis

Stony Brook Holds Rally To Protest State Budget

continued from page 7

involvement. "Students at Stony Brook need to wake the hell up," the Polity President said. "We definitely could have had a stronger turnout, but I think it's a good place to start." Kazim Ali had a different opinion however. "I think it's really clear that students at Stony Brook are really concerned about the budgetary situation. As the semester progresses, I'm sure that more and more students will spread the word to their friends and continue to get more and more involved. The next time we do a rally like this, the crowd will probably be twice as big," said Ali. When I asked him what he thought about the semi-apathetic students sitting quietly on the Staller steps, he said, "they're not making as much noise as they ought to make, but they've been sitting there, and they're listening and learning, so it's okay because students need to learn about the issues first and then get angry about them." Kelvin Innocent, our Freshman

Representative said, "If the students don't go out and voice their opinions, then there's no way for the people in power to know how we



Protesters at the rally Photo by John Giuffo

feel. It's up to the students." And undergraduate

sophomore Sabu Simon put his opinion on the matter more bluntly: "Pataki is the bloody anti-Christ!"

Some students felt that the demonstration should not have focused so much on graduate departments at the beginning, but Scott West from the GSEU had an insight into the matter which many undergrads may be missing. "If you cut graduate studies, classes grow, and professors are dissatisfied, their workload is increased." He went on to explain how these conditions would lead to the deterioration of the undergraduate experience as a whole, and how there really is a reason for undergrads to protest the graduate cuts as well.

Was the rally a success? Different people will say different things. But one thing is for sure: Teach-Out sent a clear message to the state legislators that the university community at Stony Brook is not happy with the proposed budget and recent cuts, and we are in the middle of doing something about it. We as the students, faculty, staff, and friends of Stony Brook have power in the vote, and WE are the ones who shall decide on the state budget. To quote Kazim Ali, "We sent you there, we can send you home!"

Mission Aborted

By Louis Moran

I was seventeen years old making \$7.75 an hour as a Majors Department Manager at Caldor's...I was certain it was the last job I'd ever hold. I had reached the pinnacle of my existence right there on the sales floor. I could go no further as a human being. Why, just a month before I was washing dishes! Now I was wearing the vest. Imagine me in the vest.

I had long forgotten that feeling from ten years ago. I had forgotten its significance. Ten years. I remembered it in a flash, though when I read a soft blue, bookmark of index card thickness given to me by an old professor. She is not old in the chronological sense, she's old in the I was under her tutelage once sense. She's only two years older than I am, so we saw a lot of the same things at the same level of awareness.

The card had printed on it, in some happy font, *AN AMERICAN CHILDHOOD*, by Annie Dillard, a favorite of my professor. I knew Dillard by name, but probably wouldn't recognize her if I ran her down with my car. I read the first few lines, foolishly decided it wasn't for me and put it down waiting to hear my professor speak about John Lennon, one of my heroes too.

She started of her piece by quoting Dillard:

"I woke in bits, like all children, piecemeal over the years. I discovered myself and the world, and forgot them, and discovered them again. I woke at intervals until...the intervals of waking tipped the scales, and I was more awake than not. I noticed this process of waking, and predicted with terrifying logic that one of these years not far away I would be awake continuously and never slip back, and never be free from myself again."

I remember frantically searching my DayRunner for that soft blue bookmark to read right after she did. I knew exactly what that meant. I understood that I had that point in my life. I am fully awake. I understand that the things I do are the things I do because I do them and I am wholly accountable for them. I say things my father said to me, and I know why he was right. I am totally aware of myself. Like a sore muscle, it hurts. Not enough to stop action but enough to be aware of that muscle. That muscle abused into soreness. Into reminding you it exists.

I spent hours delving into my psyche after the reading trying to decide if when my professor's awakening happened, if mine coincided. John Lennon's murder did leave me with a very deep impression. Not a scar, like it had on my Mother, who loved the smart Beatle from when he was fresh from Liverpool. My mother's own awakening happened at Shea Stadium, screaming, "I love John," until she was horse. Mine really wasn't. I probably became more cynical, and I certainly found Holden Caulfield to leave a bad taste in my mouth.

I woke up eternally ten years ago, in the best job I'd held to that point, in the Majors Department, in front of twenty color TV's, two with the sound on. It was early, about eleven...I don't remember exactly, but the event is so famous that I could get the exact time.

NASA is like that. They keep meticulous records. Their highly trained staff of professionals is famous for just that sort of thing. Krista McCauliff was not a highly trained professional. She was a school teacher who'd won the opportunity to go into orbit in the Space Shuttle Challenger. The one that blew up. My

generation has stated emphatically that we don't care where you were when JFK got shot. We remember where we were when the Space Shuttle blew up though. I suppose it's my assassination.

The space program has had many tragedies. So many rockets in the sixties blew up. Right off the launch pad! Gus Grissom, an American Hero, died in an Apollo mission. TV wasn't as pervasive yet. The world read about it. Besides this was different...this was on live TV. His claim to fame is he's alive because he just wasn't good enough. Lucky him.

Krista McCauliff probably had no business going up there in the first place. Space is no place for civilians. Astronauts, and near astronauts, are Air Force Captains, Army men, College boys, Navy fliers... career Military men. Krista McCauliff wasn't any of those things. She was a smiling publicity stunt. Not too beautiful, not too smart, just in the middle enough for the public to adore and NASA to fawn over. But not to die. No one could have predicted, after a dozen or so uneventful take offs in the

disengage and veer off wildly? They never had before. I heard the NASA man say, "Mission aborted." It was aborted because they were dead. Ionized. God I hoped they died instantly. The talk for days afterwards was; did they die immediately? I told everyone they had to have. I was the expert. I had all the books, some from the Smithsonian. I understood things that flew under mechanical power, in the way only a teenaged boy could.

I felt sick for days. Not the kind of sick that makes you slow down, the kind of sick that reminds you how numbing feeling well is. The kind of sick that makes you aware of yourself, all of yourself. Each part silently, slowly dying. A little bit at a time.

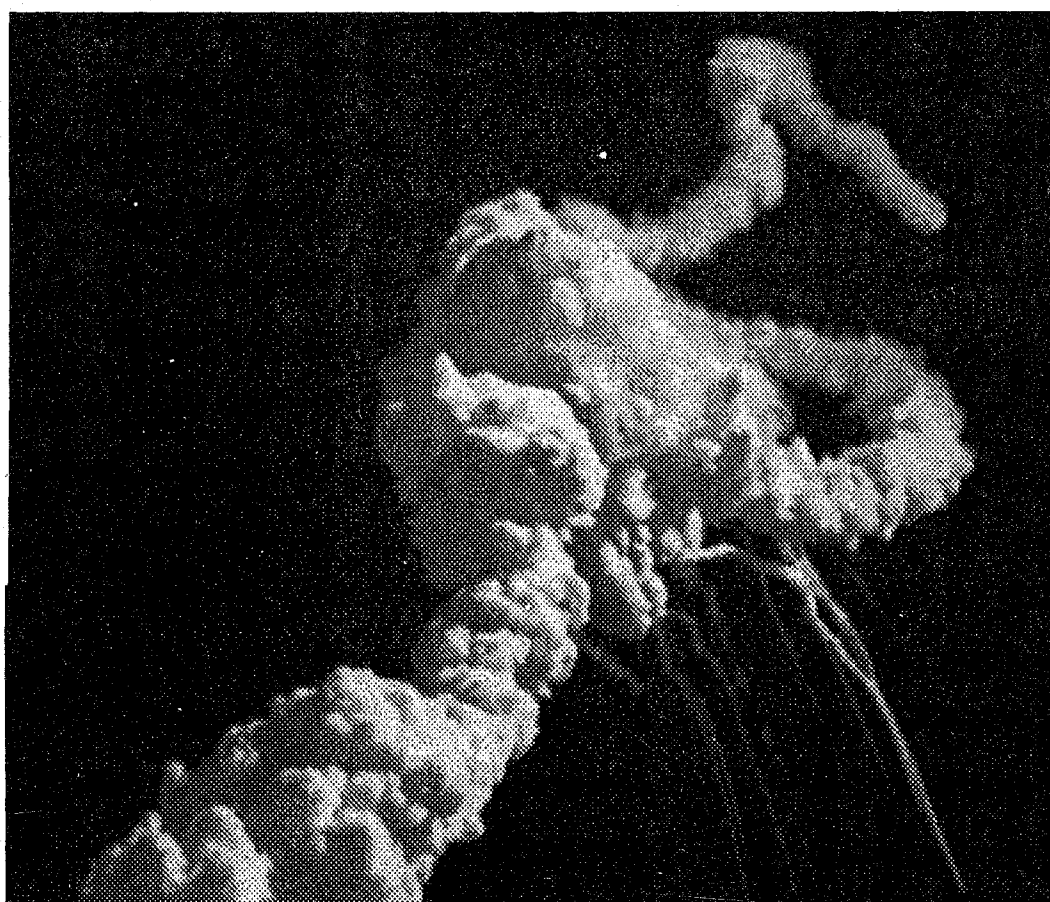
The part that woke me up wasn't the deaths. I think. Death has always affected me differently than others. My mother told me this when my grandfather died. He died on my seventh birthday. I was sad. Everyone was crying. I wasn't. I felt glad for him. He'd gone to bed and never woken up. At seven I knew how I wanted to die.

When my other grandfather, one of those awful tags only children can get away with putting on people, died I did not cry. I would not go see the body. I thought that was sick. I knew how I wanted to die, and that I wanted to be cremated. I didn't want to be looked at when I was dead.

The crew of the Challenger were gone. There was nothing to bury. That isn't what made me sad. What kept me sick. It was the failure. The mistake. The feeling that this didn't have to happen but it did, The feeling that we are not in control of everything that happens to us. Krista McCauliff was in control up to the point that she got selected, but then she wasn't. I knew then and there that I was ultimately in control of my life, but not really.

I awoke at about eleven in the morning on front of twenty TV's. What better place for a kid from my generation to have the biggest revelation of his life, but in front of the TV. The thing that made me culturally literate. Made me aware. Shaped my life as much as my parents. Left me a channel surfing entity, aware of everything.

A person in touch with the world right up to minute. Instant Karma was here and I was in it. I saw the failure of my country live. Just me a four billion other Americans who saw that ghastly explosion over and over again. Like Joe Thiesman's leg snapping under the weight of Lawrence Taylor's body slam on Monday Night Football. Over and over and over and over. On the replays they turned off the calming midwest pilot voice saying, "Mission aborted," like he was ordering a steak he'd ordered everyday with his eggs. They eat steak and eggs in the midwest. We don't really do that in the North east. We put catsup on our eggs in New York. A New Yorker would've been more excited about the explosion. Probably saying, "Oh, the humanity," before breaking off into tears. The faceless, toneless, calming pilot's voice from the midwest just said of the greatest failure, disaster I'd ever seen, "...mission aborted...."



The space shuttle Challenger explodes 73 seconds into its flight from Cape Canaveral Florida January 1986 killing all aboard

giant 747, the disaster. Perhaps we could have predicted it. Maybe it was coming. NASA was always so cautious, always delaying launches for a cloud three thousand miles away from the Cape. America was ready for a disaster, but not with a civilian, a woman, a high school teacher on board.

I was born in 1967. I was alive when America went to the moon. "One small step..." I was eight before I found out no one else had ever gone to the moon. I knew it was great event, but it's magnitude was lost on me. This was my moon shot. My Mars lander. My memory for my grandkids.

Of course I had to have recyclable memories. They shot the shuttle's up all the time. And when the big 747's were done, they shot them right back up. Not like a moon lander that burned up piece by piece, leaving space junk to orbit the Earth.

The Challenger left pieces all over the planet, hunks of shuttle as far as Australia. The split was so unnatural. So wrong. I knew what it was supposed to look like when the shuttle went up. I'd seen it all before. Seen one shuttle....

I said, my thoughts leaking to my mouth, "That's wrong...it blew up." The people standing around me disagreed. "No, no, it's supposed to do that," they said.

I knew better though. Why else would the rockets

KNEE HIGH SUZY

By John Paul Carillo

I would usually visit Ned for a while on my lunch break on Fridays. I'd bring a little dope and he'd always manage to scrape up some lunch for us—usually leftovers from fast food his mom brought home the night before.

"Ned, what's up?" I said as I walked in.

"Pizza. My mom got pizza last night."

"Yes."

I handed Ned the same dime bag we smoked from the Friday before and I threw my slices in the oven. Ned was eating his cold and packing his bat with my weed.

"You know," said Ned, "I wrote another good song this week."

"Hey man, you know all this time off—you've been writing a lot of good stuff. When you were at the warehouse you weren't writing much."

I met Ned when we worked together at the warehouse. We'd goof off together—bullshit about music, smoke a little dope on our breaks. He was pretty good and stoned the day he fell off the lift and hurt his back.

"I could put out a double album," said Ned. "I'll call it Songs While Sitting Around Doing Nothing Waiting for Disability to Come Through."

I laughed—maybe at the titles accuracy. Ned had four more months to go before he'd find out if he was going to get his disability check.

Ned handed me the hat. I took a half and gave him back his paraphernalia and got my slices out of the oven.

"Hey Ned, show me your new song."

"I'll play you a tape. I taped it. I'm tired of playing it. It's all I've been doing for the past four days. Playing my new god damn song and watching VH-1. It's a special Rolling Stones week man."

I looked at the T.V. A Hell's Angel was stabbing somebody in a crowd—it was footage from the free Stones show at Altimont in '69.

"This is the Gimme Shelter movie," said Ned. "I've seen it three times already this week." Ned took another hit. "Hey man, this is good weed man. You know, I'm really glad you've been coming over. I really enjoy hanging out."

Ned said this with a smile that showed that he was really happy to have me there, but also unhappy that he was so happy. Ned looked down for a couple of seconds and then he suddenly brightened up. "Hey man, I've also been doing a little farming. Let me show you—in the back yard."

I put down my slice, took another hit while Ned put his back brace on and I followed Ned outside. Besides rehab once a week, the backyard was the farthest Ned made it out of his house nowadays. With his back still hurting and with absolutely no money, the couch was Ned's favorite place.

We went into the woods behind his house and he pointed to a little bush almost knee high.

"She's on her way," Ned said, gently brushing the leaves of the little marijuana plant. "I want to pay you back for all that dope you've been bringing over. So just in case disability doesn't come through, at least I've got Suzy for us," said Ned, pointing to his little marijuana plant he apparently named Suzy.

"I'm a little nervous disability won't come through." He looked at me worried, almost paranoid, and then looked back at Suzy and smiled.

"Ah, don't worry Ned, disability will come through. It will definitely come through."

I didn't know if it would come through or not—I'd been at the warehouse a while and I'd seen guys with injuries just as bad end up with nothing—but if it did, it sure would be nice to be friends with somebody with a 6000 dollar check.

Reading Bathroom Epiphanies

By Seth Klein

I ran into the Social and Behavioral Sciences bathroom (4th floor, mens) and wrapped the cold ceramic seat with a tree worth of cheap "I will tear your asshole open" toilet-paper until it was completely covered. The gas pains from a Bacon Cheeseburger Burrito I had eaten at Taco Bell shot through my large intestine and made me cringe with pain. I plopped down on the seat and attended to the business at hand (I shall spare you the complete description of my defecation). I started rustling through my bookbag for my walkman and after getting out appropriate reading material (and no I would never masturbate in a public place), I looked over to the piss stained wall on my right. I saw this cute little tune scribbled artfully on the paint: "Take out the papers and the hash... there goes all your spending cash, smoke that cocaine from the bowl, then you fuck that pussy hole... yack-a-tee-yack smoke that crack." At that moment in time it occurred to me that the intelligence level of Stony Brook's student population is equivalent to a gnats'.

I am surprised that in such a diversified campus there are a lot of closet homophobes, nazis, and others imbeciles. The Physics first floor bathroom is filled with racist cartoons. Each stall is decorated (defaced) with a white guy in a superman uniform that has a swastika instead of an "S." He holds a decapitated black man's head in his head. On the black man's head it is written "Black Death." Gay bashers are also a common site with slurs such as "Save the planet, cut every faggots dick and balls off."

This is truly disgraceful. But what is one to do. The first thought that came to my mind was "toilet cops." They would monitor the bathrooms for deviant stall goers. But how would they act without violating someone's privacy. I could see the scandal now: I would be reading a book while I take care of business and I get out a pen to make a note about something I find interesting. At that exact moment a pottypig would barge in the bathroom. The secret camera's were watching me!!! The cop would say "Drop that pen we have you surrounded!!!" I would be told to drop the pen on the floor and kick it out of the stall. The door gets kicked in and I get my innocent head stuffed in a toilet bowl, left to choke on my own shit. At the same time the toilet stall deviants have started an underground society: Toilet Stall Wall Defacers of America (a club for idiots of all kinds). Their plan is to take over and deface all public restrooms. Sects of the original group would form and there would be Toilet gangs fighting for particular stalls. Bathrooms throughout the country would become unsafe to use late at night. Toilet cops would be outnumbered. Their jobs would become impossible. The innocent would be unjustly harassed and the terrorists would go free.

Of course this would never be. The toilet scribblers are probably only a small group, but they should seriously think about getting a life. They must feel really tough and like real men being able to repeatedly misspell words on a bathroom wall. I can feel the testosterone running through their veins as they scratch out another ignorant comment.

The McDonaldland Mayoral Race

By Steven Tornello, special political correspondent to the Press

After three weeks on the campaign trail, the incumbent Mayor McCheese and mayoral candidate Grimace finally met for a face-to-face debate in the esteemed Ronald McDonald House. Only certain members of the McDonaldland media were allowed to attend, including Birdie from Happy Meal Gazette and myself, among others.

The debate started with both competitors exchanging warm greetings and handshakes as they posed for photographers. However, things became nasty as they began to open their mouths.

Grimace led with his opening comments. "I promise to the people of McDonaldland a fresh approach to the way politics are manifested in this great country of ours. We have been treading along for twenty years under the same sort of political quicksand that will get us nowhere. It is time, I implore you, my fellow citizens, to make a change for what is righteous and morally acceptable."

"How dare you impinge upon my moral well-being, you slug!" retorted the incensed Mayor. "First off, my leadership has been influential in the realization of McDonaldland becoming the finest hamburgertown in this great world of ours. My leadership has never ever been questioned, either publicly or privately. Secondly, this is Grimace. Do you really want Grimace to run your nation? I think not. I'm sure that he's done some morally unacceptable things in his past, except I do not have a sidekick to set him up!"

"You ignorant slut! How dare you imply that I am morally unacceptable, and how dare you imply that I set you up!" Grimace was enraged. "I was not the one who was found with his pants down porking Wendy, was I? I wasn't the one whose weenie was overactive and needed to find some Wendy-lovin', was I? Think before you screw, you jerk!"

McCheese answered, "As I've stated before, that wasn't my ass! I was set up. Here you go, dick-head, here's a closer look." McCheese then did the unthinkable. He mooned Grimace! "As far as All Beef Patty, I will find out who you are and I will have my vengeance. Grimace, this is not over."

"Screw yourself, prick!" yelled Grimace as he was escorted out by a number of Fry Guys. McCheese was seen giving Grimace the finger as he was left alone on the podium.

What were the repercussions of this highly entertaining episode? The public believes in the photos, but they also are not sold on Grimace's self-implied ability to lead. They are comfortable with McCheese, but not with his supposed sexual exploits. The debates left the public viewing Grimace as an instigator and McCheese as cracking under the scrutiny. A recent poll had Grimace holding a 1% lead (35% to 34%), with 21% confused.

Please urge the editors of The Press to raise my stipend so I can give the public the very best report possible on the travails of the McDonaldland mayoral race. The 75 cents they give me a week is not enough. Write to your editors and they will listen. I need the money.

Oasis, Paramount, 3/13/96

By Jeanne Nolan

So what's all this hype about the "Brit-pop sensation," Oasis? Do they really claim to be the next Beatles? These questions rang through my mind as I stood on the floor of the Paramount on March 13, waiting for them to take the stage. The impatient crowd's chanting of "We want Oasis," overpowered the opening band, they sucked anyway. The husky-voiced female lead flailed her arms in a Mallory Knox fashion, yet their songs were so bland they wouldn't motivate a crowd of five year olds strung out on Pixy Stixs.

Noel Gallagher, the lead singer of Oasis, came out to introduce the next opening act. Between his heavy English accent and the screams from the audience, it was impossible to understand what he was saying. As Gallagher left the stage, the crowd became hostile. After that last band, no one had any intentions of sitting through another no name, no talent group. Upon the appearance of a lanky, scruffy looking guy wearing jeans and a faded Rolling Stones t-shirt, the crowd had no inhibitions about showing their discontent. This lone character was not the slightest bit affected, he sat center stage and began strumming a guitar. His sensuous pout hovered over the microphone as his crisp vocals offered us lyrics of love and drugs and love of drugs. This nameless fellow settled the edgy crowd; I was fully captivated by his intensity. I am positive that he will not remain nameless for long, we will undoubtedly be

hearing from him again.

Finally these five British lads clad in wide collar polyester shirts and hip-huggers took the stage. The lead singer played the role of the typical rock star as he swaggered forward with his hair perfectly styled in disarray. As obsessive fans fought their way to the front I took a few steps back to observe these



icons of MTV. My pessimism began fading as I found myself mouthing the words to "Supersonic," from their debut album, "Definitely,

Maybe." Vibrations of the floor ripped through me and I succumbed to the contagious vibe in the air, bouncing along to their snappy tunes. (I swear I'm not the pogoing type!) Completely invigorated by "Hello" and "Roll With It," I was forced to admit that there was something to these British guys. Noel Gallagher began taunting the crowd as he slowly sipped his pint with a pompous smirk; his inflated ego only seduced us more.

The last chords of "Cigarettes and Alcohol" melted away, a drum roll tore through the audience as we were blinded by flood lights. Liam Gallagher, brother of lead singer Noel, appeared center stage, seated modestly upon a stool wielding only an acoustic guitar. His soothing vocals were a refreshing contrast to the more abrasive (and arrogant) Noel. "Free" and his cover of The Beatles' irresistibly up-beat "Octopus' Garden," were highlights of the show. Everyone sang along with a "Wonderwall," (never heard that song before), as the lights faded.

Oasis reunited with Noel on vocals for "Champagne Supernova," the repeated line, "Where were you when we were getting high?" was clearly answered by the cloud of smoke rising up from the crowd. The evening wrapped up on a low-point, a cover of "I Am The Walrus," dragged out to an unimpressive twelve minutes. Noel Gallagher—The Walrus, far from it. Oasis may put on a damn good show, but their quirky lyrics and pop tunes are a long way from the genius of The Beatles.

AC/DC, Meadowlands, 3/17/96

By Paul Eide

AC/DC returned to the United States this weekend in support of their recent album Ballbreaker. After Friday's show at Madison Square Garden, known by some as "The Mecca," they rocked the house at the Continental Airlines Arena (formerly known as the Brendan Byrne Arena).

Despite the valiant effort of the blue jacket clad security force, the evening started typically for an AC/DC show. Tailgate parties and loud music accompanied the enthusiastic alcohol consumption of the fans. Fortunately, these blue troopers could not confiscate nearly as much as we could consume (a word to the wise: be discreet in any of the parking lots of the Meadowlands). This was obvious by my participation, as well as the small yellow rivers flowing below the multitude of parked vehicles.

The show was not a sellout, although the noise coming from the crowd did, at times, drown out the music. This is a sure sign of the intensity with which these fans appreciated the band they came to see. AC/DC is considered to have one of the elite sound systems in arena rock, with their perfect blend of almost ear-splitting volume and near-perfect clarity. If it were not for the intensity of these fans, the show could have been considered average.

Apparently Brian Johnson, their lead singer, had used his raspy voice a bit too hard at Friday's show. On Sunday, after the opening song "Back in Black", his voice tended to give out during the chorus of their songs. This was gratefully compensated for by the screaming hard-core fans, who were just looking for an excuse to sing along that much louder. The crowd was mostly male and from what I could see, ages ranged from nine to fifty, although I would not be surprised if I were underestimating the wide range of fans. Even though Brian's voice

was not at its peak, all there were not to be disappointed. Angus took this opportunity to steal the show with his outrageous guitar antics. He was his usual hyper active self, eventually stripping off his trademark schoolboy's attire to his bloomers. The entire arena got to see the American flag on his ass and those fans in front of the stage got to see his crack (not the smoking kind, although some women beg to differ).

At mid-show, during "Let There Be Rock," Angus played his solo on a security guard's shoulders who then wandered through the audience. After a lengthy, yet enjoyable lap around the floor, the bouncer ended up backstage. Without missing a beat in his solo, Angus dismounted the bouncer and found a new set of shoulders to be carried on, namely Brian Johnson's. It was quite ironic that Angus was carried by Brian on stage, before he was the one who carried the show (Brian's voice was not getting any better as the night progressed).

Three new songs were played throughout the evening: "Hard As A Rock", "Ballbreaker" and "Boogie Man". The remaining fifteen songs were classics. Before singing "The Girl's Got Rhythm", Brian Johnson stated "This Song is About a Girl That You Want to UNHNNH!!!" as he thrusts his pelvis with a devilish ear grin. Suffice it to say, the crowd went berserk.

Every song played was a crowd pleaser, spanning their career from their rookie stuff "She's Got the Jack" (the dirty little concert version), to recent smashes "Thunderstruck". Of course they played the essentials, "Highway to Hell" (Angus looks a little bit too evil with his fingers simulating horns), "Dirty Deeds", "TNT", "A Whole Lotta Rosy", etc. The older songs were kind of special on this tour, due to the fact that Phil Rudd, their original drummer was playing with the band on this tour after a twelve year hiatus.

Props were used throughout the show, beginning with a giant wrecking ball hanging twenty feet over the stage. This wrecking ball was used not only to demolish a simulated face of a building, but also something for Brian Johnson to sit upon during their most album's titled track. An oversized bell dropped in for "Hell's Bells" with a noose-like rope for Mr. Johnson to get his foot into and hang as if he were an orangutan. There were also eight cannons that fire sporadically during "For Those About to Rock", until they simultaneously fired the last shot of the night, thus rendering the fans deaf as well as enabling AC/DC to leave the arena with a bang.

The show was terrific, and well worth the price of admission. Because they come to our area about once every five years, the fans valued this show. It is recommended by this author that any fan of the concert experience should see this band before they get too old to rock. They're fun.

If this paper is late it's because a few members of our staff were stuck on Stony Brook Road behind a silver Volkswagen Beetle with the word "KENDREACE!" written across the windshield... we saw this because the car was driving in reverse at 5 mph. This guy is a dick.

Join The Press

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

Quick week here, so let's get right down to brass tacks.

One of the more interesting discoveries I made this week was a local band known as Skyfish. Hailing from Bay Shore, this trio self-publishes their work and then leaves copies lying in local record stores in the cassette section, under S. My friend Jessica stumbled across it while looking for Skinny Puppy, and it's a keeper. The album, recorded on a Maxell blank tape, is everything you could want from a local demo tape and more -- goofy pictures on the side, a full tape of tunes, and "the Musical Mushroom Seal of Approval." The name of this particular tape was "Aluminum Zeus," and it opens with a hilarious skit of an elderly man calling a dentist to complain about his Aluminum Zeus -- not a filling, not a crown, but "driving me crazy" nonetheless. From there on in, it's Primus-like tunes all the way. These guys are pretty decent musicians, mixing melodic bass with the occasional driving beat. Mark Rios, the lead singer, also plays drums, which is quite a feat since I don't know how anyone could have the energy to play the drums and belt out music like this at the same time. The lyrics are wacky, the way Primus used to be before they got all sophisticated on us with "Tales From the Punchbowl" (yeah, I know, "Wynona's Big Brown Beaver" was a cheesy tune, but believe me, the funny stuff on their new album ends there). Rios and his bandmates (Brian McGovern on bass and Mark Burkhardt on guitar) make an excellent team, even when playing on songs whose lyrical depth goes no farther than an

ode to Taco Bell ("Maximum Tortilla Knowledge").

Anyway, you can't exactly pick these tapes up in the store, so as a special service to anyone who would like to sample a bit of a decent local band (and there aren't too many), come down to the office in the basement of the Student Union (room 060), and pick up a copy of their catalogue. We'll have them until a little while after the vacation.

The new Rage Against the Machine album is due out on April 16, and it's about fucking time. It's called "Evil Empire," and hopefully I'll be able to review it in the next issue.

Remember Tripmaster Monkey? Sure you do, I fustigated their last album with my literary cudgel in the previous issue. Anyway, I insulted them so fiercely that I landed an interview with them. So in attempt to walk the line between downright hostility and meek, sarcastic comments, I asked them the strangest questions I could think of. These guys may be bad musicians, but boy, can they do an interview. I think it's possible that one of the members was clairvoyant and sensed the questions beforehand, because these guys responded with lightning speed. Anyway, there's not enough room to transcribe the entire interview here, but I will post some of the more interesting moments. (The interviewed party is known as Chris Bernat -- I don't know what he does in the band.)

Q: What was working with Buttercup Fishcoons like? (A completely fictional name.)

A: Excellent. He can really play the xylophone.

Q: How do you reconcile touring with Buckwheat Zydeco and your having strong ties to the Australian industrial scene? (Once again, this makes no sense.)

A: We're trying to branch out and do different things...the justification's really not important.

Q: Do you think drug references in band names is a tired and overused convention?

A: Yes.

Q: Back in the '60s, bands use to give drugs and money to writers in return for good reviews, did you know that?

A: Yeah, those were the good old days.

Q: Has your sphincter ever itched on-stage?

A: You just sent our soundman into convulsions, I hope you know that.

Q: Genitalia helicopter, yay or nay?

A: Yay!

Q: Have you ever had a crush on your mother?

A: Once, when I was very young.

Q: Have you embraced the glory of Jesus? Don't you understand that the baby Jesus is your only way to salvation?

A: No, but we did a Christmas show on-stage last year.

Q: What was working with Perry Farrel like?

A: I don't remember.

Q: Darius of Hootie and the Blowfish has been known to say "Gosh, I really wanna fuck the guys of Tripmaster Monkey up the ass." How does that make you feel?

A: I don't know, I've never been fucked up the ass.

Q: What's the derivative of x-squared-plus-one?

A: 2.

Anyway, they were wrong, it's 2x, but they were close enough. Next issue: Rage Against the Machine, hopefully, and a live Ministry review.

Corner O' Cheese

By Ted Swedalla

You may call it silly, or you may call it indie-pop trash, but to me it's all good. Pop is king, and its king is Elvis Costello, not Michael Jackson (he's a child molesting squirrel humper.) What has this got to do with the latest album I'm reviewing, not much. All About Chad does not sound like either of the aforementioned artists, they don't cover any songs from them, although I not sure about the squirrel humping.

Down In Front is the latest release from this Brooklyn foursome who shout out mad props to their bass player (Chad), as the band and two songs on the album are about him.

Singer/ songwriter Ben Reiser used to be in Traci Lord's Ex-Lovers, but now he belts it out for All About Chad. (He is also responsible for writing "We're Not Gonna Make It" on The Presidents Of The United States album.)

Many of the songs on *Down In Front* lyrically are just like that song. Oddball, strict rhyme schemes that allow you to guess the next line in the song.

This is not to say that he can't write a good pop song, he can. "Embarrassing Moments,"

the lead single, which the band describes as their "Pump It Up," (see I told you I could Elvis into the story), is a wonder at under three minutes. "Chad's Got An Earring," "I Can't Sleep" and "Kristin," in which he swipes a line from *West Side Story*, are all pop masterpieces in progress.

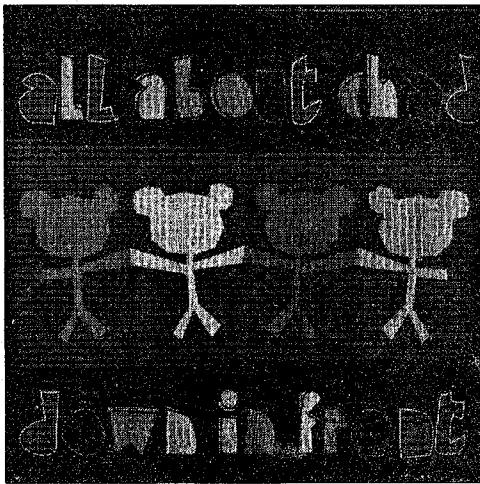
But the highlight of the album has to be "That Would Be Ducky." Songs can't get much better than this. One; they use the word 'ducky' in a song and pull it off, overcoming any foolishness that usually

occurs in songs with titles like this, and two; it's about sex.

All About Chad sounds like the Smithereens colliding with Pavement at very high speeds, which causes the lead singer to gain a raspy, whiny mousey voice.

The album is available on Big Pop Records (which is exactly

how it sounds.)
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Have You Seen A Movie In A Real Theater Lately?

By Chris Cartusciello

If you came face to face with a Tyrannosaurus Rex you probably wouldn't sit there staring in amazement, but that is exactly what a theater full of moviegoers did last July at a screening of the Steven Spielberg film *Jurassic Park* at the Staller Center for the Arts' new state-of-the-art movie theater.

"It was incredible," said nave Kim, 20, a junior at SUNY Stony Brook. "I saw it at a regular theater, but here it took on a whole new meaning."

Kim is referring to the new theater equipment installed in the main stage at Stony Brook's Staller Center. With a 25-foot by 40-foot screen, Dolby sound and a 1,000-seat arena, the Staller Center has become one of the premiere movie theaters on Long Island. Its opening last July was kicked off with a week-long festival featuring *Jurassic Park* plus seven other films directed by Spielberg.

"I don't consider it a festival," said Alan Inkles, managing director of the Staller Center. "It was more of a testing ground to see what we could do and what people's reactions would be."

Reaction seemed to be good, according to Inkles, with sold-out viewings and, for the most part, favorable audience response cards. But even with positive feedback, and a clamor for more, the slate of upcoming films is sparse.

"We have 300 other shows a year," said Inkles, referring to the live performances that are shown on the main stage, such as the Paul Taylor Dance Company and Broadway star Ben Vereen. "The screen lowers hydraulically so that's no problem, but we have four tons of equipment, including speakers and amplifiers, to put into place for a film. It takes four to six people about three to four hours to set up. Sure, we would like to show more films, but we have a commitment to our live shows." Inkles said that the center will try to have more summer film festivals, like last year's, when there are not so many live performances.

After such an auspicious start for the theater, showing blockbuster hits by one of today's best known

directors, the center has re-arranged its original plan.

"Our expectations changed," Inkles explained. "Instead of big films that people can go to the local multiplex to see, we decided to bring in films that Long Islanders don't get to see often, or can't see in other places."

These include such films as the art house flick, *Murial's Wedding*, which attracted an audience of 700 people a few weeks ago. Later this semester the center will be showing *Kicking And Screaming*, a coming-of age film about college graduates entering the real world.

"We've shown some mainstream films lately," Inkles said. "During the winter break we had *Apollo 13* and a couple of weeks ago *Babe* drew 1,000 people." *Babe* is a sleeper hit from last autumn about a talking pig who wants to be a sheepdog. "We are also talking with C.O.C.A. about showing some films in conjunction with them." Inkles is referring to the Committee On Cinematic Arts, a student organization that shows recent films on a regular schedule throughout the semester. "Right now we are planning on one Wednesday night a month. We will probably have *Toy Story* in March and *Jumanji* in April."

Inkles said that the center is also considering showing local premieres of major films and then having the movie continue its theatrical run at one of the area movie houses. "We are trying to let people know who we are," Inkles said. "We are going to independent film distributors, like Miramax, and seeing about opening their films here"

The theater's screen, projection booth and projector cost \$200,000 plus a private contribution from Irwin Staller. The center is named after Staller's parents.

The theater has been in the works since 1979, and was almost completed in 1993 but a water main break flooded the basement, ruining all of the equipment. It was finally ready in May, 1995, and the final steps ran right down to the wire. The Cinema-scope lens, which was needed to preview *Jurassic Park*, arrived at the center the day before the

festival was to open. *Jurassic Park* was filmed in Cinema-scope and could therefore only be viewed with the correct lens.

The large screen, which is twice to three times the size of an average multiplex theater screen, and sound system impressed many people, but Inkles saw room for improvement.

"The older films, especially the early *Indiana Jones* films, looked grainy. They didn't preserve film stock then, the way they do today, so the picture deteriorates," Inkles explained. "A screen this size magnifies the problem." Inkles said one area that was especially a problem was when the film reels changed. As the ends of the film feed through the projector they tend to get worn and it takes several seconds to get past this point.

Inkles feels that to get people in to see older films is going to take something extra. "We would like to get actors or directors from these films to come and discuss the movie with the audience," Inkles said. "For example, if we get the film *On The Waterfront* maybe we could get Rod Steiger to come out and talk."

Another problem that Inkles and some movie patrons noticed was a significant glare coming off of the stage. The motorized screen lowers down and the bottom just about rests on the rear of the stage. The high-gloss performance floor acts like a mirror in which the film can be watched in reverse. "We've already discussed this problem and we will probably be laying a flat black dance floor on the stage to reduce any unwanted light inside the theater," Inkles said.

Even with all of this new, expensive equipment, the price to see a film at the Staller Center is half the price of a ticket at a local multiplex theater. A ticket for students or seniors is \$3 and for non-students the price is \$4. Plus, the floors are remarkably clean.

Inkles has a plan for his theater, and he is trying to implement it, even though it changes as time goes by and reactions come in. Now if he could only get a popcorn machine and some Junior Mints, he would really be in business.



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A Thin Line Between Love And Hate

By Chris Cartusciello

On March 20, yours truly attended an "invitation only" screening of the new Martin Lawrence film, *A Thin Line Between Love And Hate*. This showing was held at Planet Hollywood in Manhattan, so you know that was the main reason I went in the first place. I'm glad I decided to go, because the entire day turned out to be much better than expected.

As I was led down the stairs to the basement screening room I seemed to be treated better than anyone else who was coming in. I soon realized that the leather Planet Hollywood jacket I was wearing was the same type worn by those involved with the restaurant chain. Enjoying my new found celebrity I walked with my head held high surveying all I saw to make sure it met with my approval. I only gave up the charade when I was finally asked straight out if I was with the company. I felt telling the truth was easier than answering questions such as what I did and if I knew so-and-so. I would like to take this opportunity to publicly apologize for fooling anyone and also thank the good people of Planet Hollywood for not pressing charges.

That set aside, we can get to the business at hand. *A Thin Line Between Love And Hate* is a comedy/thriller in the *Fatal Attraction* genre. (I feel that since this film has generated so many copycats it is safe to consider it a genre in its own right). It is a film that is shown in complete flashback, as the opening scene shows Lawrence's character crashing through a window into a pool below. Lawrence stars as Darnell Wright, a womanizer who has made a pact with his friend Tee (Bobby Brown) to

never say "I love you" to a woman. That's all fine and dandy until Darnell sees a woman he must have, but is way out of his league. The beautiful and talented Lynn Whitfield is Brandi Web, a rich socialite who's last name Darnell gets caught in. He does all he can to get her into bed, with no success. He finally brakes down and says those forbidden words. After Darnell gets what he wants he realizes that he would rather be with Mia (Regina King), a childhood friend who has just returned from a stint in the Air Force. He breaks it off with Brandi, but hell hath no fury like (well, you know the rest). Brandi vows revenge and comes after Darnell with one thing in mind, to free all woman from his grasp...permanently.

Lawrence not only stars in this film, but he produced it, wrote the screenplay and directed it. That's a lot of hats for anyone with experience to wear, let alone a newcomer to the world of film. He juggles them nicely. He has written a crisp story that flows rather well. If not for the constant barrage of obscenities being hurled about the screen he might have even had a hit on his hands. But after his performance film, *You So Crazy*, this one reads like the muppets.

His direction is standard fare, but he does know how to show the camaraderie between the characters. Although not side-splittingly funny, the first part of the film has a light touch. After Darnell rejects Brandi the film switches gears and heads for more dramatic territory. It's nothing we haven't seen before, but the mixture keeps the movie-goer interested just the same. Lawrence says that he would like to direct again but, "I won't be in 90% of the scenes. I might do a cameo."

The cast makes this movie rise above the material. Lawrence is capable as Darnell. He plays him like an excited little boy. Actually his attitude sometimes makes the film seem childish and you just want his mother to come and take him away. Whitfield, who is always good, has the hard part of playing a woman with a tortured soul and an off-kilter mind. She is great to watch as she turns from the loving girlfriend to the vindictive ex.

The supporting players do a fine job with the limited resources they have to work with. Regina King is believable as the girl who eventually wins the heart of Darnell and even singer Bobby Brown is capable as Darnell's best friend and business partner. Probably the greatest thrill is seeing the fantastic Della Reese as Darnell's mom. Even Lawrence admitted that, "it was a blessing...to get to work with her." The only disappointment is that we don't get to hear her sing. Surprisingly, both Reese and Brown are absent from the soundtrack altogether.

All in all, *A Thin Line Between Love And Hate* is a predictable, but enjoyable freshman effort from Lawrence. It was nice to see that the movie contained no drugs and only limited violence. Lawrence purposely stayed away from the familiar "hood" type film. Now if he could learn to control the language and make the film more "viewer-friendly", he might just make it in the business he so richly loves. Maybe Lawrence said it best when he stated, "Hollywood is big business and it is not to be played with."

He's right about that because, it's a thin line between success and failure.

Spring Break Survival Kit

By Steven Tornello

Spring Break is upon us, fellow Seawolves, and since most of us live in the pampered and plush Long Island/New York area, where people do things for us instead of doing things for ourselves, I've decided that this is the best time to give you, the reader, a guide for having a successful spring break trip.

1. Go somewhere. Anywhere. Do not stay home. Stony Brook is not nice enough to stay here by our own will. Spring Break is supposed to be a week of fun, hedonism, alcoholism, and basically a break - a break from usual routines, a break from usual settings and people. A break away is healthy, even for the rejuvenation factor. Although you might be dreaming and reminiscing about where you were, Stony Brook in itself becomes a new setting when you come back. I'm not trying to say that Stony Brook can compare with Cancun. Hell, Stony Brook can't even compare to Kansas. But it becomes a new place, like seeing an old friend after a long layoff, except I wouldn't call this place exactly friendly, or for that matter, refreshing. O.K., to be totally honest with you, you don't appreciate Stony Brook any more than when you leave. It sucks here. But you do get to have some nice memories, and you get to see how other people live in real places.

2. Spring Break is an experience. It really is. It is, as I have said, a week of pure and unadulterated hedonism. Drink, party, drink, party, you get the picture for 24 hours 7 days. You meet esteemed colleagues from other parts of the nation, such as hick states like Wisconsin and Missouri (sorry, Missorah), and redneck states like Amabala (I spelled it right; the whole state is backwards, and so should their name) and Kentucky. Where else

can you hang with a Texan and an Oregonian just by turning your head? Last year I went to Panama City Beach, and I met a ton of people from different places, and it becomes shocking that these people are nice. My friends that I'm going with this year have never gone on Spring Break before,



and they are worried about getting in fights and the like, and I told them that New Yorkers are the only generalized people in this nation who are outwardly rude and obnoxious, and it's a totally different atmosphere everywhere else. It's totally refreshing to hang with nice people instead of assholes. It really is. Trust me. You'll get a distaste for the pricks in this state, and you beg to run out of this shithole as quickly as possible.

3. Bring money and a credit card. Shit ain't cheap, baby.

4. Bring a camera. A camera is huge, because you can use the pictures to justify your stories to your friends when you get back. Also, you can use the pictures to fabricate stories to tell your friends when you get back. Here's a tip: find the best looking girl/boy in the place, and ask her/him to take a picture with you. Trust me, she/he'll do it (see number 2). Then, once you've accomplished that, buy her/him a beer, hit on her/him, and whether or not you hook up doesn't matter. The night at the very least belongs to you and your imagination, and at the most, well, if you don't know, the you probably should stay in Stony Brook. O.K., I know that's sick, but you'll do it. Don't deny it.

5. Here is all you need to know about pick-up lines. "Hi, what's up? What's your name? Where are you from? Oh really, what school? Get out of here, I was going to go there." It works. Trust me. (By the way, I am not condoning pick-up lines. This is just a guideline for meeting people. You know, breaking the ice and shit).

6. Bring a laundry bag. A laundry bag is invaluable, because when you share a hotel room with people, your clothes tend to mesh with everybody else's, and it becomes a hassle to figure out who belongs to what. Plus, it is the last thing you want to do. Laundry bags are your friends.

This is just a guideline, and not complete. However, as somebody who has been to Spring Break, these are just some suggestions to help accentuate your vacation from this hellhole. Again, I urge you, Spring Break is something to experience and not read about.

I CAN'T INTERVIEWBUT PAUL BARKER TALKED TO ME ANYWAY

By Lowell Yaeger

Well, by now, anyone who knows me or reads my column knows that I'm a rabid Ministry fan. So of course, when I got the chance to interview Paul Barker, Ministry's bassist and calm yin to lead singer Al Jourgensen's chaotic yang, I jumped up and down and giggled like a possessed maniac.

Anyway, the interview fell through at first, because the band is rehearsing so heavily in preparation for this spring's tour in support of their newest release, *Filth Pig* (Sire/Warner Brothers). But their manager, Maria Ferraro, got back to me about the interview a few days later, and I was granted a brief 15-minute slot on Paul's busy schedule.

Paul called me around 12:30 a few days later and we chatted for a little while. He's got a remarkably calm demeanor for a member of the brain trust that brought you the thrash epic "Jesus Built My Hotrod" and the hyper-charged "Stigmata." After exchanging pleasantries, we started in with the questions.

What's up with the album art? I've read a lot of interviews that say that the music's approach is more personal, but the album cover has American flags, melting Republicans, and a giant mushroom on it.

Well... are you asking me to explain the artwork? Because, I'd be much more interested in hearing what your interpretation of the artwork is. I mean, for me certainly there are political implications, but I'm curious to know what people make of it, considering the nature of the music... it seems to me that they're really not compatible.

Well... yeah. I didn't think they were compatible at all. Actually, I felt that the cover of your previous album, "Psalm 69," was more compatible with this music, since the black-and-white art was so abstract, while the music was so overtly political. That's interesting. I didn't think the art on "Psalm 69" was really compatible with the music for that album either.

What songs are you the most proud of from the new record?

I really like "Game Show," that's a groovy song... "Reload," that's cool, I dig "Filth Pig"... and "Useless" is a nice, big slab of music.

Is there one song you really don't like?

(laughs) I'm not going to say that, that would mean, well, I'm imposing what I feel...

What's up with the Revolting Cocks [the previously prolific, goofy Ministry side project whose previous albums have been obsessed with Texas and psychotic soccer fans]?

Well, unfortunately, the Cocks are on the back burner right now. I don't know how much time we have to put into Ministry, and that doesn't leave a lot of time for the Cocks. What happened was

Psalm 69, after we got off of that tour, we went into the studio and started working on the new Cocks record. Well, 6 months later, and then we wanted to tour with the Cocks, and that didn't pan out. Pretty soon, it was a year later... I mean, it was a lot of fun working on the record and so forth, but we certainly could have spent our time better. I mean, sure, we'd love to do another Cocks record. It's just, you know, on the back burner.

What prompted your singing on "Useless" as opposed to any

(laughs) I think "Paisley"'s on the b-side of the "Lay Lady Lay" single. I don't know if that single is available in the states. The other songs need to be completed, but they're very close to being completed, and it's funny you should mention that, because those are pretty groovy tunes.

Are you going to play those live?

No, we're not. (laughs) But that's a good idea.

What can we expect from Ministry after the tour?

Well, you know, what we plan on doing here is 8 weeks in the states, and then 5 weeks in Europe, and then hopefully some more dates in the summer, here in the states. Aside from that, we wanna go around the world, so we're kind've thinking we're going to tour right up until November, and then after that we'll be working on the new Ministry record, although that's, what, 8 months away?

Has "Jesus Built My Hotrod" ever been played live, and is such a thing even possible?

(laughs) Okay, no, it hasn't, and

other song on the new album?

(laughs) Well, I really dug that piece of music. Al said he was having a hard time coming up with some vocals on it, and so I said, "Well, why don't I give it a shot and we'll see what happens," and he liked it, so...

Is this a by-the-numbers tour or are you going to fool around with some of the songs?

Are you going to fool around with some of the song structures?

Well, I think the show that we're planning on doing is 6 or 7 of the new songs and the lion's share, so to speak, of our old stuff, so we're planning to do a pretty long set, so we're not going to fool around in the sense of time between songs. I mean, we might mess with some arrangements a bit, but that's about it.

In an interview, Al was talking about playing the new song "Game Show" for 70 minutes like the Grateful Dead. He was kidding.

When are "Tinsel," "Paisley," and "Lion's Mouth" going to be released?

enough Ministry news, there's going to be a review of the 4/14 concert coming up, so look out for that.



Paul Barker of Ministry



Paul Barker (left) and Al Jourgensen mug for the camera



Ministry performs at Lollapalooza 1992

yes, it is possible. The problem is that I'm not going to sing the vocals, Al's not going to sing the vocals, they're Gibby's vocals, and because they're so goofy... I mean, we just feel that it would be so self-conscious, something so stylistically rigid... it would be different if it was actually sung. I mean, we could DO it, we just don't WANT to do it.

Crumple or fold?

(laughs after pause) Crumple, of course.

My fifteen minutes drew to a close, and I said "good-bye," pleased I had gotten to speak to one of the men behind one of my favorite bands. And just in case you haven't gotten