

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

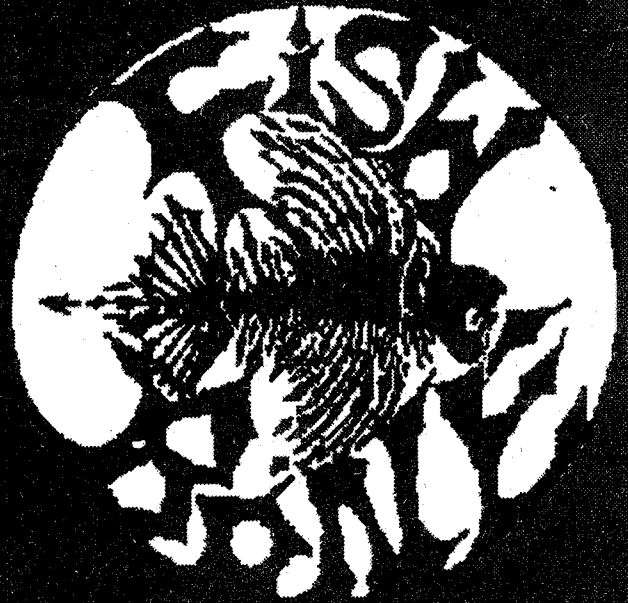
Vol. XVII No. 15

Lay 'Em Down, and Smack-em Yack-em

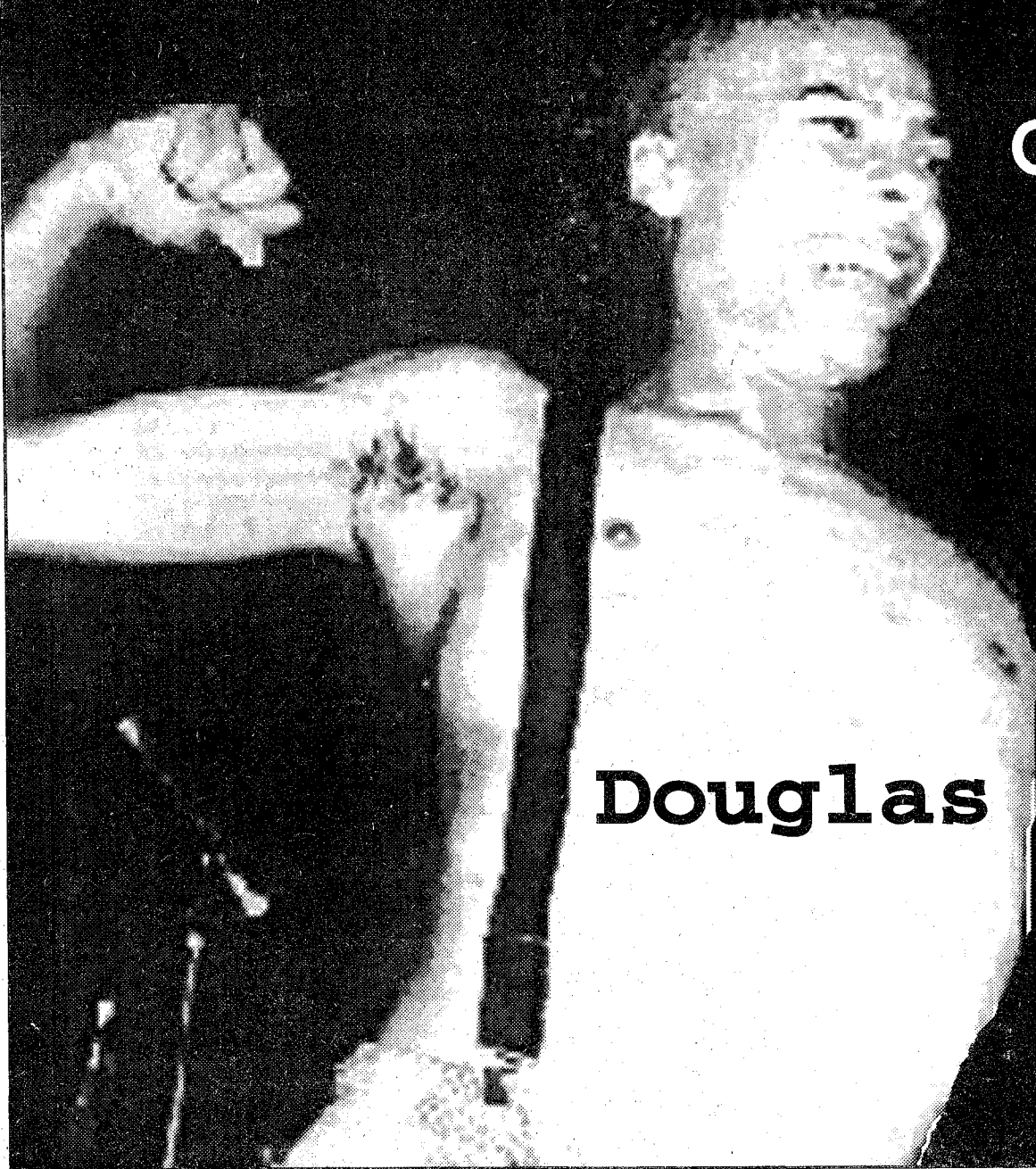
June 24, 1996

Inside...

It's Summer,
go see a movie



Crossword
Full



Douglas Copeland
must die

and lowell!

P.O.'D

(" A n A d v e n t u r e i n A c t i v i s m ")

By Chris Sorochin

Everyone who has the questionable honor of paying Federal Income Tax knows that on the cover of the instruction booklet is a pie chart showing how our hard-earned national revenue is spent. The chart would have us believe that 22% goes to the military.

Well, the War Resisters' League put out a new, improved, more accurate pie chart indicating that military spending eats up more than half (52%) of the budget. This discrepancy exists because in its version, the IRS hides benefits to veteran (\$39 billion) and the elephantine national debt, a whopping \$338 billion, under more benign sounding categories, like "retirement" or "interest payments". For those of you that don't know recent history, 80% of the debt is a result of Ronald Reagan's military buildup.

Mysteriously, when cutting the budget is discussed, the focus is always on welfare, education, school lunches, etc. No one, outside of leftist malcontents like myself, seems to ever bring it up. Could it have anything to do, I wonder, with the fact that General Electric and Westinghouse, two of the biggest military profiteers own two of the major networks?

I obsess about this a lot, at no time more than when I'm on that joke known as the Long Island Rail Road. Why can't we have a decent, modern, efficient train system like other, poorer countries, I rant and rave to myself, and often to innocent passersby. Is it because we're wasting our resources on world domination?

So I thought it would be groovy to mass copy the WRL's information, along with another fact sheet with equally arresting bar graphs, and distribute them at a major post office on the Saturday before Tax Day, when folks are at their most resentful.

I thought that since Hicksville is the biggest post office on Long Island, it would be the perfect place for such a stunt. So I corralled a few of my activist friends and three of us (actually 3 1/2—Jennifer brought her precocious toddler Daniel) arrived in glorious Hicksville, City of Concrete, and set up outside the mammoth heap of brown federal architecture that serves as a postal nexus for the region, but wouldn't be out of place on a SUNY campus.

We leafleted quite a few people, many of whom were very supportive. Others mumbled, "I know where my taxes go". I wondered if they really did. One man growled, "Two thousand [dollars] just went to Rwanda", so maybe they've bought the line that it's welfare or humanitarian aid that's sapping the treasury.

And some pathetic wretches said nothing and scurried by without acknowledging us, behaving as if we might just be giving out Ebola virus. They

must think we're either selling something or pimping salvation. Ironically, many treated you like a candidate for the lollipop factory if you take advantage of the political freedom everyone is supposed to be so high on.

A Sears repairman refused information and mutters, "They should give it all to the military", the only negative reaction of the day. As he got into his Sears van and drove off, I tossed him, in the finest *Press* tradition, a hearty Nazi salute.

Two others in a parked car panicked when one of us tried to approach, so I mimicked their consternation, "Oh, please, don't come near me with anything political", I whined and pulled my jacket up to cover my head, "You might contaminate me". Whereupon my companions told me to restrain myself, as they might later rethink their thinking.

We don't really know the exact legal parameters of

education, yet occupy some position in which others must do as they say. He said it in such a way as to convey that he didn't really wish to help, so I stifled an urge to hand him some flyers and tell him to work the other end of the parking lot. He said we couldn't be on the property and would have to move to the sidewalk.

Then, off he steamed, Bonzo in tow and probably expecting a gold star and a pat on the head for having been a good little stooge. Or he objected to our "unpatriotic" message that arms spending really harms the country.

Anyhow, Bill, always positive, went to the sidewalk to try to intercept cars and Jennifer took Daniel into the post office for further discussion with Mr. Johnson. I fearlessly stood guard over the stroller.

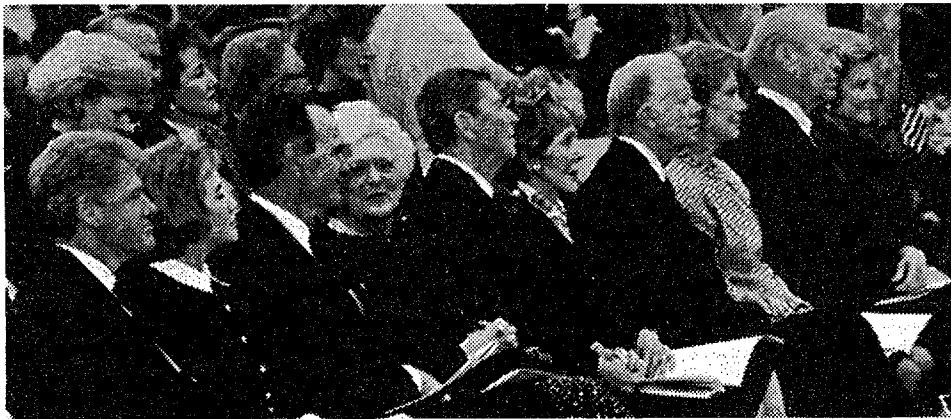
Mr. Johnson was not very supportive and even threatened us with arrest, saying he refused to debate or to quote what rule we'd violated. He said the post office would be liable if anything happened. He didn't explain just what harm was likely to befall us or how we were different from regular customers. Jennifer says he got quite nasty and defensive when she mentioned freedom of speech. I guess that's to be expected in an employment milieu in which coworkers routinely address personality conflicts with the aid of an Uzi.

So we skulked away, but one of our more helpful contacts that day gave us the idea of the railroad station, conveniently located just a block away, where we managed to get rid of the rest of our propaganda quite handily and no one could tell us to scram, just like the Moonies at airports.

I suppose the Moonies had to take this to court to get their right to annoy passengers in airline terminals. Recently, strides have been made to declare shopping malls public space and allow political activity in them. Maybe since we pay for federal installations, we should insist that they also be open for public interest purposes.

Along the same lines, the airwaves are also publicly owned, yet they're dominated by for-profit commercial broadcasters, who don't pay any taxes for their use. That should be done and the proceeds should go to public affairs and open-access channels and programming.

The biggest part of the struggle for the soul and future of our world is educating people, and that IS going to be much more difficult in the days of domination by ever fewer media oligopolies and the rush to put nearly everything into the marketplace of privatization. That's why we have to start breaking the taboo that tells us it's not polite to introduce politics into everyday life because, in truth, the two are inseparable. Just ask anyone who's been downsized out of a job in the victory jig of capitalism.



Count'em. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 presidents.

what we were doing, but we figure there'll be a visit from the postal authorities at some point. Shortly after we arrived, an employee who looked as if she was having a bad day before it even began, yelled "You're not supposed to be there!" and vanished inside the behemoth. Thank God for bureaucrats, I said. Most of them won't care just as long as we don't impede the glacial hum of their little rubber-stamp universe.

Having worked as a bureaucrat myself, I should have known there was another variety, one that enjoys exercising power and enforcing regulations. Sure enough, after being there for at least a good 45 minutes, and passed without comment by quite a few intrepid civil servants, up came one with an unlit cigar stuck in his mouth and yards of yellow "Police Line" tape wound around his arm. Definitely a self-appointed authority type.

"Whadda we got here, tax forms?", he asked in a jovial manner. (Always beware the "good cop")

"No," I chirped idiotically, "anti-tax forms."

Well, Bonzo scampers into the building and emerged seconds later with a personage I take to be the post master, a bald florid-faced man named Henry Johnson.

"Can I help youse," he said using the pronoun of choice for those who lack a certain amount of formal

MAO BIRTHDAY
SHOUT OUTS TO
HEATHER AND
MARTHA

TOP TEN EUPHEMISMS FOR COSMETIC RECTAL IRRITATION

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10) Brown Thighs | 5) Anal Stigmata |
| 9) Greasy Gap Gus | 4) Raunchy Rectum Rick |
| 8) Filthy Fundament Freddy | 3) Slimy Sphincter Sammy |
| 7) A River (of Slime) Runs Through It | 2) Gooley Gorge Gary |
| 6) Curse Of The Thousand Wipes | 1) Creamy Crack Carl |

Interview with
Norwood Fisher,
Bassist of

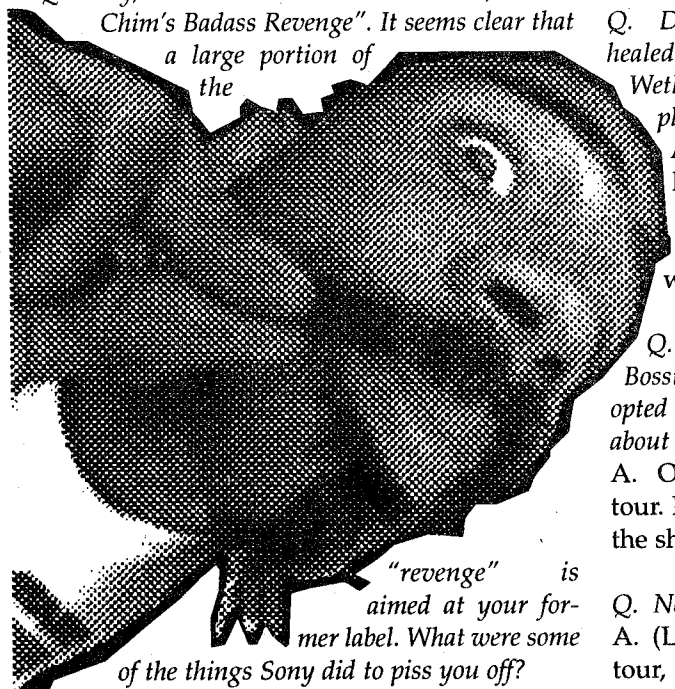
FISHBONE

Bust A 'Nutt
and shake your
Groove Thang

By John Giuffo

I spoke with Norwood the Wednesday after I saw Fishbone at The Wetlands. It isn't everyday you get to speak with someone from your favorite band, so please excuse the drool marks.

Q. Okay, Let's talk about the new record, "Chim Chim's Badass Revenge". It seems clear that a large portion of the



"revenge" is aimed at your former label. What were some of the things Sony did to piss you off?

A. Actually, the revenge ain't actually aimed against them, per se, it's like, they're a part of what maybe an abused child goes through. It's a whole lotta things that make up what it takes to put somebody over the edge. Y'know, that postal worker who shoots up the building-it wasn't just because he got fired, it was a whole lotta shit in his life that built it to that point. It's always a lifetime's worth of agony that brings out the worst in people.

Q. Being on Rowdy, do you feel like you're better able to concentrate on Fishbone being Fishbone?

A. Oh, hell yeah. It's like what you said, "Fishbone being Fishbone", there's the concentration, man. It's like the collective identity of the five of us. That's what we set out to put on wax.

Q. I bought the new album last week, 'cause...y'know, I'm getting a promo copy, but I didn't want to wait for it.

A. Alright! (laughs)

Q. It appears to me, as though Fishbone is getting back to basics, getting back to what you seemed to be about when the band started out. Do you feel this is the case?

A. Yeah. And, y'know it makes all the sense in the world, man, cause when we set out to do it, we had never played as a three-piece rhythm section, with just the five of us. It kinda felt brand new.

Q. Do you feel "Give a Monkey a Brain..." in any way reflected any of the problems the band was having at the time, whether internally or externally?

A. In hindsight, it looks like it, but...it's hard to say.

Q. When you played Irving Plaza last year, I remember Angelo saying, to kinda explain Chris and

Kendall not being there, that they had both left the band, and that explaining what had happened every night on stage made it seem like a funeral to him. I could tell it was a sensitive topic, and I think it was reflected in the set, you guys played mostly new stuff...

A. Yeah...

Q. Do you think any of those old wounds have healed? I know last Monday, (May 27 at the Wetlands) you played a really kick-ass set, you played some old stuff as well as some new stuff.

A. Oh, yeah, plenty of those old wounds have healed since then. Y'know, we don't really have contact with those guys, but it's like, y'know the wishes to them are well.

Q. You're playing the Warped Tour, with the Bosstones (Since this interview, The Bosstones have opted out of the Warped Tour) and NOFX. Tell me about the plans for the tour.

A. Oh, man, we're goin' to goin' OFF on that tour. It's goin' to be the bomb. It IS the bomb of the shit that's gonna be out this summer.

Q. Need any roadies? (laughs)

A. (Laughs). What we're goin' to do, during the tour, is...we're gonna have after parties. It'll be Chim Chim's Badass after-party. The monkey gets loose from the zoo and goes and joins the circus. We'll have some different bands there.. more than likely, Weapon of Choice will definitely be there.

Q. I think now, just in terms of listening to the radio, and looking at MTV, ska is bigger than it's ever been. At least there's a lot of stuff out there that's popular, and that owes a great debt to what has gone before...

A. Yeah...

Q. Do you think ska could ever become too popular?

A. No, I don't think there's a danger in that. I know for a fact that there will always be some ska bands comin' up that'll, y'know, explore the roots, and those bands will always be there, just because of the nature and the history of the music. Y'know...it may need to blow up to make another progression. Ska in itself has gone through quite a few progressions in the history of the music. Y'know, it begat Reggae, so, it's about progression. It might HAVE to blow up way too big, but y'know...is Hip-Hop too big? There's always some young MC comin' up with some random shit.

Q. Fishbone played a very instrumental role in me losing my virginity. I wanted to thank you.

A. (Laughs) Oh, Right on!

Q. Explain nuttmeg.

A. Um...nuttmeg, yeah...it's just that. (Laughs)

Q. (Laughs) Cool.

A. (Laughs) It's just that. It's metaphorical, y'know. We got the musical, the spiritual and the physical...it's all in bustin' a

nut. Sometimes to the proportions to where it can become scary, y'know...you have extended orgasms.

Q. Does it ever piss you off the way some people categorize Fishbone music? What's the funniest description of Fishbone you've ever heard?

A. I don't know...it never really pissed me off. Y'know, I'm always swimmin' around and doin' something different. You know, flippin' the script...whenever a motherfucker got me backed into a corner or pidgeon-holed. That's where going "this is nuttmeg" came from. It's like, "yeah, this IS undecscribable". (laughs) "So we'll call it nuttmeg just to fuck with you". (laughs)

Q. Fishbone shows are famous for their relentless energy, and for the way people just lose it at a show. What goes through your head when you're playing on stage? What kind of things are you thinking about?

A. Ooooh, That depends on how much weed I smoked, or whether I got some mushrooms that day, (laughs) or how far down that bottle of Cuervo I actually made it. (laughs) Sometimes it's just, it's like a blur, man. Sometimes my brain is just on fire, and when the show is over I'm like, "What the fuck just happened?" A lot of the time, it's like, a lot of my action is from checkin' out the audience, and they're drivin' me there. And when the audience keep buckin' up and shit, I can't help but take it higher.

Q. What's the best part of a Fishbone show?

A. The best part? Anytime Fish does a drum solo.

Q. I know there's a video out for "Alcoholic". Is it getting any exposure?

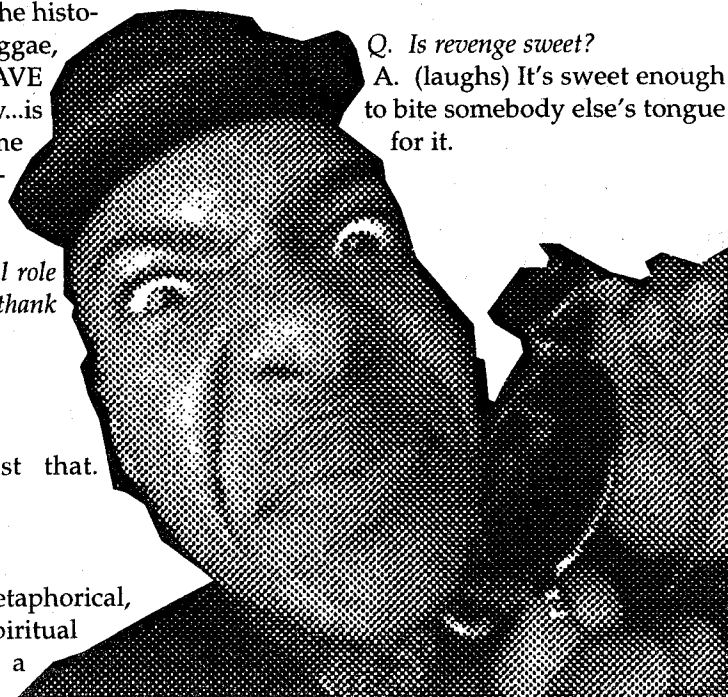
A. They played it on 120 Minutes last Sunday (May 26). I don't know...it looks like they're gearin' up to play this one.

Q. Any plans after the Warped Tour?

A. Yeah. We got the rest of the world to do. We're probably going to go to Europe, then take a break, record a few songs. Then do the Pacific Rim, South America, then come back to the States.

Q. Is revenge sweet?

A. (laughs) It's sweet enough to bite somebody else's tongue for it.



The Time Has Come

I recently made the decision to leave this overgrown sand bar for greener pastures, to search for a place to live and a place to work. I chose North Carolina as the place to resettle, red clay and all. So what if it is 90 degrees at 10 o'clock in the morning, so what if there's always a chance of a hurricane between the months of June and October, so what if everyone has that really annoying accent?

The decision I made was based on a few undeniable facts. One, the job market on Long Island is crap. Finding a job here is like trying to pick up an intelligent girl at the Park Bench. It is almost impossible to find a job on Long Island that I would like to stick with for more than a fortnight, much less turn into a career. It's not like I haven't tried to find a job, it's just that they all suck.

After I made the decision to move I tried to get a summer job to save a little dinero for the move. The first job I had I hated. It sucked, never paint houses. Nothing could be worse, I still have oil based paint on me, even after scouring four layers of skin off my body.

Two, I decided it was time for a change. I've lived on Long Island for the past 26 years and I've become too accustomed to the lifestyle. I've become spoiled by having everything available to me, just around the corner at the local mall. When I get to the Tar Heel State (what exactly is that anyway?) there isn't a mall on every corner, yet. They are trying to catch New York in the number of malls per capita (Everywhere I looked there was a huge hole in the red clay waiting for a new Kmart or Borders or whatever).

Change is good. My home address is changing, my license plates are changing and this newspaper is changing. Whatever consequences spring forth from change they are beneficial, even if it they are negative. Some people say that for change to be beneficial it cannot have negative results. These people are

fools. Say you exchange one boy/girl friend for another and that relationship turns out to be a total disaster, you've still learned something as a result of this negative change. You might have learned what **not** to look for in a partner, and the pain caused by the change is eventually outweighed by the benefits you reap.

A world without change is like an editorial without a clue. It just goes around and around forever, like a mobius loop. Doing nothing. Staying stagnant.

I'm not positive that it will be easier to find a job in North Carolina, but it is cheaper to live, cheaper to insure a car and cheaper to buy orange juice. North Carolina will afford me the chance to follow my dreams while living cheaply amongst the Tar Heels. Will I fall on my face and fail? Who knows. But this is something that I needed to do. I needed to get out of the rut I was in, as we all need to do.

Without change you become extinct, or *The Statesman*, which ever comes first. Darwin said that it was 'the survival of the fittest,' and it is. Neil Young said 'it's better to burn out than to rust.' And that's how I want to go out; in a huge flaming ball leaving my mark, being remembered for something. Not another forgotten person rusting away like a stripped car under the 59th Street Bridge.

If things don't change with, or adapt to, new situations, they die, as would I if I don't move. As would *The Press* if they don't change, which they are planning to do next semester.

So what exactly am I saying? Go out, make a change. Get a haircut, buy a new suit, redesign the masthead, whatever. Just get off your ass and do something.

Without change life would be a plain bagel. It's ok, satisfying and healthy, but it's the same every day, never changing, never acquiring an exotic taste, it's just a plain bagel.

And as you know man cannot live on bread alone.

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PRESS

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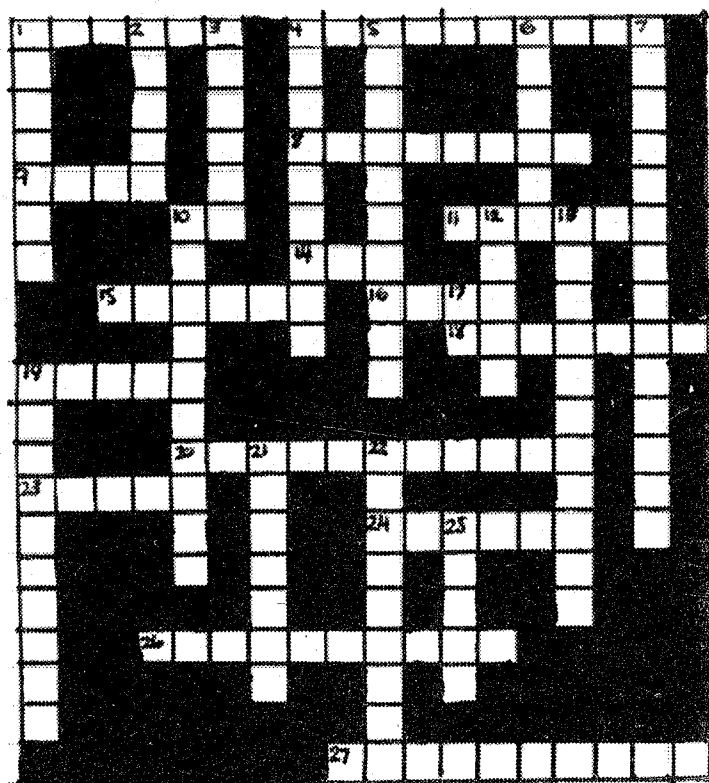
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CROSSWORD



By Steven Tornello

ACROSS

- 1) What OJ really is
- 4) Panel on Richard Bey (2 words)
- 8) What Garcia did most of the time
- 9) Mark Fuhrman
- 10) Where Kennedy belongs
- 11) Dealing with Ono's music (2 words)
- 14) What Carpenter didn't do
- 15) Belonging to Mr. Simpson
- 16) Place we should blow up
- 18) Living Simpson victims
- 20) Louganis excelled in this (2 words)
- 23) Spano danced on this
- 24) Great Jewish performer and burger maker
- 26) How Barry celebrates reelection (2 words)
- 27) Biggest whore in Britain

DOWN

- 1) Robin Williams naked
- 2) Viewer of Beverly Hills 90210

WINNER

1996 CAMPUS ALTERNATIVE
JOURNALISM AWARDS*BEST SENSE OF
HUMOR*HONORABLE MENTION FOR
HELLRAISING

- 3) Most used words at Apollo (2 words)
- 4) Value of 4 across
- 5) Energizer bunny
- 6) OJ's reputation
- 7) Hugh's excuse
- 10) Usual condition of Busey (2 words)
- 12) Burt's homo lover
- 13) Brothers you want to kill (2 words)
- 17) Schott's idol
- 19) They cleared Simpson's dinner table (2 words)
- 21) He leaves blood at the scene
- 22) Last thing on OJ's ouija board (2 words)
- 25) The test most college students fail



Cheap Car Buys (part one)



By M. Chemas

As part of my ongoing effort to keep you, the reader, informed about important world events, I would like to share some car wisdom. If you have been considering the all important car purchase of late, then wait no longer, the knowledge you need is at hand. To make things easy I would like to devise two groups. First, the used car (range \$2500-\$4500) and second, the cheap new car (up to \$13,500). If you are planning on spending more, then you are out of luck. These are the only cars I researched (what would be the point of writing an article titled "My Ten Best Picks For Cars I Can't Afford"?). Alert readers will notice this is "Cheap Car Buys Part I", and will thus deduce that this is the first of a series of in depth, well thought out articles carefully critiquing the best (in used cars) that the car industry has to offer. Well they are wrong, it is in fact a chance for me to plug the car manufacturer's that I like and rip on the ones I don't.

We can begin with the automobiles manufactured in the good old U.S. of A. In the \$2500-\$4500 range there are many picks to choose from. However anything American made that is old enough to warrant the aforementioned price range should probably be avoided like anthrax on a hot summer day. Some notable exceptions to this rule would be Ford Taurus (Ford Built, Ford Tough) and any Saturn you are lucky enough to find for sale. If you do not live within the five boroughs of New York City a Jeep could be a good bet (it is going to real old). Another viable option is the Dodge Colt (only

if you are the Executive Editor of a fledgling college paper which is now fully engrossed in its Golden Age) or the Dodge Shadow (but look out for the stop-on-a-dime brakes). A Chrysler LeBaron will usually serve you well also. Forget about anything with door-mounted seatbelts.

Moving across the pond to Europe we first encounter England, the land of Jaguar- ha! Moving over to Italy we find the lovely Alfa-Romeo which you can sometimes find for really cheap. If you can find one that runs you will be hard pressed to find a mechanic able to do even minor repairs on it without charging you an exorbitant amount of money, so you might want to skip that option no matter how attractive. Moving a bit North, an old Saab 900 or 9000 is an excellent bet as long as any minor problems are checked out immediately. Germany is probably the best place to find a car in Europe and a used Volkswagen will probably last longer than most American marriages. If you know a mechanic, an old BMW or Audi will do until the major engine parts start going. A trip to Sweden could score you an ancient Volvo that will run like a workhorse and probably save your life in a major accident.

Heading over to Asia will probably be the wisest thing you do when searching for a used car. A barely used Hyundai (any model) can be had for mere thousands and will drive a million miles easily with minimal care. Asia is also land of major gas mileage, an important consideration when your budget rules out all but Ramen noodles as nourishment. Other options include the ever awesome Honda Accord and Honda Civic,

two automobiles that redefine the concept of cheap, fast, cool cars that rarely let you down and don't cost much to repair.

Well, I cannot really think of any other major steals in this price range, except maybe a Subaru with four wheel drive, but that is hard to find. Also a bit beyond our price range is a very used Acura Integra (if you can find a four door snatch it up).

The most important thing to keep in mind as you embark on your search is that whatever you buy, it has to last a couple of years and has to perform acceptably in all kinds of weather (this is why Ford Mustang and Pontiac Sunbird are conspicuously absent from this list), and it should not put your mechanic's kids through private school. Go see any perspective buys in the daytime and run a magnet over the body (if you don't feel a pull, you are probably going over a section of the car that has had massive cosmetic repairs performed on it, a good indicator that the car has been in a major accident). Don't buy a car just because it looks good.

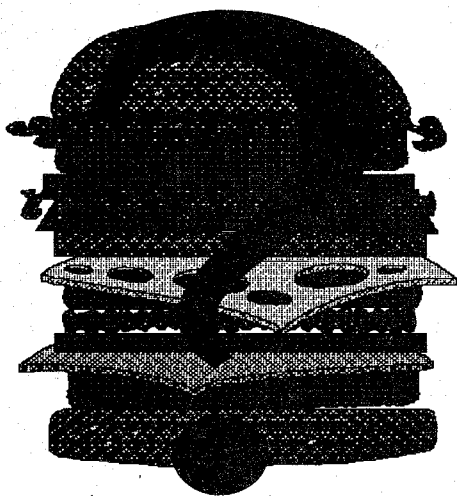
Next time around we will go beyond the surface and rate new cars in terms of price, handling, horsepower and overall design. Until then, I'll be driving around in my sixteen-year-old, one-hundred-and-seventy miles-on-the-engine, put-my-mechanics'-kids-through-college, no A/C, no pickup, automobile that manages to justify its existence by having a sunroof and a kick-ass stereo. Isn't hypocrisy grand?

Food to Die For

By M.C. Grgas

One night while preparing dinner, my friend and I considered some of the foods that we eat and how they ended up being so popular, or not so popular. The origins of some of the food that we eat daily have really strange beginnings that have been traced back tens of thousands of years. Think about foods like yogurt, chocolate, popcorn, and you begin to wonder how they happened for the first time. Not so long ago, I read an article written by Roger L. Welsch entitled "Rhubarb Roulette" featured in the May '96 issue of Natural History.

In the article Welsch explores the different origins of some foods. He gives the scenario of a Viking household storing its grain somewhere at the bottom of a bench box inside the house, near the fire. He writes that in these cold climates it is easy to imagine the beginning of beer. Imagine the grain becoming soggy from the climate, but just the right temperature due to the fire nearby. The grain is thus germinated, generating enough heat to toast the grain



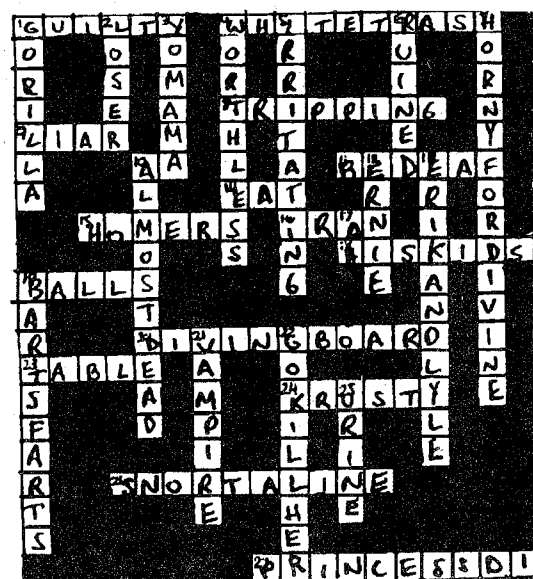
and eventually burn down the Viking house at the same time. The Vikings drink the frothy fluid anyway and decide it's good and they like it. Welsch points out how other foods might not have even made it to our dinner table. Tomatoes were not considered edible for centuries because people thought them to be poisonous. It turns out that it is all trial and error and plenty of accidents. Someone I know visited Wisconsin and had dinner at a friends' house. On the menu superspicy shrimp soup and a salad dish containing boiled cacti. I do not know whether this is a common dish or a specialty of the chef, but I was told the

soup was so spicy that with each spoonful one had to reach for a crunch of cool cacti. The hardest part is removing the needle before the preparation.

Going back to that conversation with my friend I do not remember what I made for dinner. Whatever it was if it is still in an unidentified container somewhere in the kitchen you never know what might become of it.

The Division of Campus Residences discontinued the club and organization part of orientation, closing off a very important area of recruitment for us. We are forced to using small, high-unseeable areas of the paper to recruit. Come down to the office if you would like to join. However, there are a few rules that recent events have necessitated inclusion into our constitution. At no time may you refer to any other staff member as "Blue Eyes", and if you talk incessantly, stank like a 'ho, and like guns, yet decry defense expenditures, stay away, you scare us. Meetings are in Room 060 of the Student Union.

Crossword Answers



M O V I E S

Summer Hits And Misses
By Chris Cartusciello

Twister

Those summer winds keep blowing in . . . so duck! The first summer movie to open this season is still going strong? and with good reason. *Twister* is a combination of roller-coaster thrills, spectacular special effects and eye-popping visuals. Unfortunately, these are all held together by a plot so thin the slightest breeze could take it away.

The story is about two rival groups of storm chasers. One ultra scientific, headed up by the arrogant Cary Elwes (*The Princess Bride*, *Robin Hood: Men In Tights*), and a second who travel on instinct and guts, led by the plucky Helen Hunt. Both are determined to release a new tornado tracking device into the heart of one of these beasts.

Hunt's character, Jo, is driven by a childhood trauma and her obsession is so that it destroyed her marriage to fellow scientist Bill (Bill Paxton). Bill comes back with his fiancée (Jami Gertz) to have Jo sign the final divorce papers. He just happens to show up on

the day of a marvel of nature, when several tornadoes are lined up one after another. Of course he can't pass up an opportunity like this so off he goes in game pursuit.

From then on in Industrial Light and Magic takes over and hold on to your seat. Granted, I.L.M. could make grass growing look exciting, never-the-less one of nature's most destructive forces. These funnels roar like a caged beasts and come after our heroes, tearing through everything in their path. Objects fly through the air and feel as if they are whizzing right past your head. The debris ranges from trees to 18-wheelers to mooing cows.

Hunt makes a fine heroine and gives us the same kind of smart performance we see every week on "Mad About You". It also doesn't hurt that she looks great in her ample supply of white tank tops that seem to be her prerequisite wardrobe throughout the film.

Paxton is an amiable performer who has shown several sides to himself in past films, such as *Aliens* and *Apollo 13*. He does the best he can with the limited characterization he is given, but the chemistry between the two just seems to be missing. Gertz is aboard for comic relief and looks to be the only one generally having fun with the part.

Loads of effects, little plot and nature gone wild. Last time we saw this was in the summer of 1993 when *Jurassic Park* destroyed anything put in front of it. It's no coincidence since Steven Spielberg produced and Michael Crichton, along with his wife Anne Marie Martin, wrote the screenplay for the summer's first blockbuster.

Mission: Impossible

No jokes about choosing to accept this film or about it self destructing in five seconds, although I wish it would have.

Mission: Impossible is an affront to everything the television series was. It takes the idea of this incredible team of agents who pull off some of the most important, and dangerous, missions for the government and turns it inside out. It becomes a search for a spy within the team and, in the process, slaps the face of anyone involved with the original.

Mission has a convoluted plot that not only makes no sense but has a hard time keeping the audience awake. If you want to see all the action contained in this film walk in with 10 minutes left or better yet just

watch the commercial, it shows everything that happens, and it's over in 30 seconds.

Tom Cruise (who also produced the film) is Ethan Hunt, point man for the I.M. team. Jon Voight is Jim Phelps, leader of the team, played with emotion and depth by a pre-"Biography" Peter Graves on television. The story has something to do with a Russian spy, a computer disk and a search for an inside man, or mole, within the group. From then on in the audience is left in the dark as to what is



Helen Hunt and Bill Paxton in *Twister*

happening. The story has so many twists and turns it should have warning signs posted. Normally this wouldn't be a bad thing. Nobody wants a straight predictable story, but they do want it to add up to something in the end. What Cruise, and director Brian DePalma, have given us is a story along the lines of last year's the *Usual Suspects*. Only difference is

that the latter film entertained while we were getting confused. Mission just puts us to sleep.

Cruise, who has never shown any depth in his acting ability, accept maybe for *Rain Man* (but even there he was an arrogant jerk, no different than normal), is so wooden here I'd be surprised if his co-stars didn't get splinters. In a line from the film (and it's in the commercial too, just to prove my point) someone tells Cruise that he can understand that he is "very upset." Cruise responds that, "You've never seen me very upset." After that I expected to see him have some emotion, but he went on with the same bland performance we've seen 20 times before.

Voight's part is minimal, but crucial to the plot, or what there is of one. I won't divulge what happens for those who haven't seen it but let me assure you, if you are a fan of the series you will be sorely disappointed.

Ving Rhames (*Pulp Fiction*) and Jean Reno (*The Professional*) play disavowed agents that Hunt recruits to help him in his search for the plot, I mean the truth.

DePalma, an incredible director of films such as *Carrie*, *The Untouchables* and the vastly under-rated *Casualties Of War*, gives us some great shots but seems to have forsaken substance for style.

The story is so full of holes they would be too numerous to mention, although the sequence where the team breaks into a computer vault in CIA headquarters is a perfect example. They trip several fire alarms and, dressed as the fire department, gain access to areas usually highly guarded. I checked with a friend in Washington about this and discovered that what is shown is impossible. The CIA has their own fire department just for instances like this. Also, if this place is so protected and sterile, what is a rat doing in the air duct?

The only impossible thing about this mission is that they got the funding to make it and that people are paying to see it.

The Rock

"Welcome to The Rock." With those words Sean Connery invites a group of Navy SEALs, along with us, into the underground tunnels winding their way through the island prison of Alcatraz.

Connery plays the only man to ever escape from the aforementioned facility. He has been locked up for 30 years when he is intrusted to the hands of Nicolas Cage to lead a team in and capture a renegade Marine (Ed Harris) who has set up chemical weapon missiles aimed at San Francisco.

It seems that Harris wants reparations paid to the families of all the men who died under his command. If it is not done he will launch his missiles that are loaded with the most deadly gas known to man. Cage, a chemical weapons expert is assigned to take Connery and a team of SEALs in and diffuse the situation.

Connery adds class to any film he is in and even when he is released from jail, with his long hair and beard doing his best Jerry Garcia impersonation, his overwhelming presence is obvious. The only problem here is that after 30 years in a cell I doubt he could pull off some of the action he is required to do.

Cage is at his best in almost any film. His range from dopey kidnapper (*Raising Arizona*) to dying drunk (his Oscar winning turn in last year's *Leaving Las Vegas*) has shown he is capable of anything. Here not only is he competent in the action scenes, he plays a fish out of water, a scientist not used to field work, and he becomes the film's comic relief. The two make a fantastic pair and you wish the film continued just to see more interaction between them.



Tom Cruise and Emmanuelle Beart in *Mission: Impossible*: Tom's got happy hands.

Harris is one of the most intense actors working today. Unfortunately he is given little to do here. Basically his job is to bark orders at the marines he has recruited to help him in his quest for righteousness.

Right from the beginning of the film we are bombarded with thrilling action sequences. From a

diffused bomb gone wrong to an incredible car chase to the final missile being launched we are pounded with action with little time to catch our breath. The difference here is that it is smart action. It isn't Schwarzenegger shooting everybody in sight. It has a purpose to it and when it's over you sit there in awe of it all.

Even with all this there is something familiar about it. It seems to be reminiscent of last summer's *Crimson Tide*. Produced by the same team of Jerry Bruckheimer and the late Don Simpson both films have that young against old mentality. Even the scenes of the navy preparing to launch in the rain could be substituted from either film. Even that you know how it is going to end, in *Crimson Tide* we know that there won't be a nuclear war and in *The Rock* we know that all of San Francisco isn't going to die, doesn't take away from the drama. The fact is that both films work on the same level. Getting there is all the fun. *The Rock* may have more action but the tension built in these two movies grabs hold of you and never lets go, even in multiple viewings.

Monkey Nutt Exposed

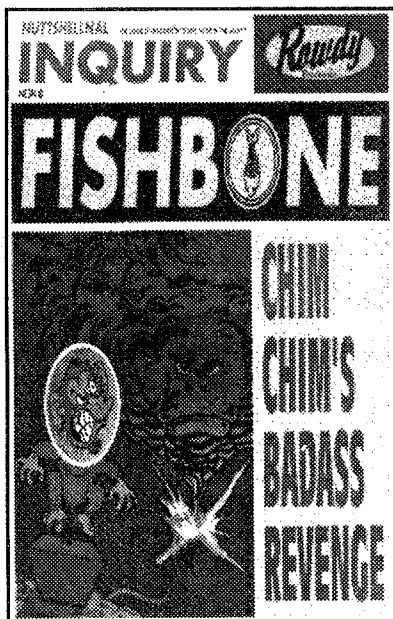
By John Giuffo

They're smiling, them Fishbone soldiers. The MegaNutt has busted all over naysayers everywhere. To every Tom, Dick or Cunt who ever bad-mouthed this Californian trailblazin' posse: listen up, 'cause it's your sorry ass that makes revenge so sweet. *Chim Chim's Badass Revenge* is Fishbone's new effort and testimony to their unending ability to shake our collective asses.

A little background is in order, I believe. Y'see, word had it that Fishbone was washed up. Many I had spoken to about Fishbone in the past few years had declared their dismay at what the last album had brought us. It seems *Give A Monkey A Brain...* had earned the boys some unearned trash talk from those short-sighted enough to forget just what this band has always been about. Fishbone makes music: straight-up, plain and simple. Efforts to categorize them always fail. Their influences stretch from ska to r&b to punk to funk to hardcore to metal to jazz to motherfuckin' oompah if you listen closely enough. Ain't no sound in creation Fishbone can't add a line to that won't make you want to dance. That didn't matter to those "in the know".

Fishbone has always fallen through the cracks in our ability to separate ourselves from some socially predetermined set of behavior and taste rules. Hip-hop and r&b fans could NEVER listen to five brothers play some out there shit: yeah, they're BLACK, but they play WHITE music, right? Ska fans aren't allowed to like them: yeah they play SKA, but not all the time. Can't like 'em if you're punk: they ain't PUNK enough. Fishbone has the amazing (to some) ability to separate themselves from what everyone else around them is doing and show some fucking balls in being

original. As the first line of the opening song on Chim Chim states, "The ultimate in flip script". So here it is Fishbone fans, the new album is good, really good, and those who don't agree can hang their sorry asses



with their own fucking wallet chains. But I digress, I realize some people will NEVER get it.

But for those of us who do, Chim Chim is laughing himself all the way around the country on the Warped Tour this summer. Yeah, they're headlining, and Sick of it All isn't, but then again, Fishbone can play more than one song. Chim Chim is a Fishbone metaphor for Fishbone, and in referring to Chim Chim's trials and

tribulations, they shed some light on Fishbone's past difficulties. It seems, along with all the bullshit from trash-talkers, the band is hell-bent on giving a big "Fuck-You" to their former record label, Sony.

The album illustrates the reason why major labels almost always turn out watered-down, saccharinized versions of more underground, influential music: the more people get it, the more copies they sell. Seems Fishbone wasn't marketable enough for Sony's tastes, so they prodded the band to make more "accessible" music. Fishbone said no, and wound up on a new

label, Rowdy. Many of the songs on Chim Chim reflect the anger that the band feels about their encounter with Sony. From the title track to the ska-groovy "In The Cube to Love... Hate" to the hard-kickin' "Rock Star", Fishbone confronts their former label in varying degrees.

I'd have to say that my favorite track is "Alcoholic." Reminiscent of "Skankin' to the Beat" (featured on the *Say Anything* soundtrack), it exemplifies what I love about Fishbone: irreverent, intelligent songs that make you want to get up and bust a nutt (see interview, page three). Equally as danceable are "In The Cube", "Beergut", "Monkey Dic"...fuck it, just try sitting down while listening to any part of the album.

After losing two founding members, (Chris Dowd on Keys, Kendall Jones on Guitar) I was wondering if and how Fishbone would change, and I'm happy to say, they have changed (any band that loses two members will), but not for the worse. Gone are Chris Dowd's keyboards, but lead singer Angelo Moore fills in with the use of what Music Editor Lowell tells me is called a Theramin. The lyrics seem to reflect more of Angelo's influence, and the sound is boiled down to it's barest essentials: guitar, rhythm, and horns. It's a bit more raw than *Give A Monkey...*, and you can chalk that up to the lack of a major label tendency to overproduce.

Buy it, kids. Listen to it. It's good, and it will remind you of just what is possible when good musicians get pissed off and set out to prove themselves, over and over again. And to those of you still to caught up in your own enclosed worlds to appreciate anything different, realize that you are missing something, and that good music will always be good music, despite what your friends tell you.

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

I don't have a lot of time and I've got even less space, so let's get to work.

Over the last few months, metal has perverted itself into a genre based on redundant alternarock, Nine Inch Nail clones, and toothless old mainstays. So it's interesting to see how three large, solidly-based bands react to this change on their new albums.

Slayer has returned to their roots with a brief but enjoyable cover album, *Undisputed Attitude* (American). However, instead of performing old Deep Purple and Black Sabbath chestnuts, Tom Araya and company pay homage to early 80s hardcore punk bands — Minor Threat, TSOL, and DI among them. While this sounds like a setup for a gag, it actually works quite well. Slayer's trademark machine gun riffs infuse new life to old punk songs, updating them a decade after they were first written. While you still have to fumble through two Slayer hardcore originals and one death metal song ("Gemini"), this is a gem of an album — and nothing could detract from the joy of hearing Slayer plod through the Stooges "I Wanna Be Your Dog."

Pantera's general musical style since their first release, *Cowboys From Hell* (their first non-glam release, anyway), has been "we're gonna play the same style, over and over, and we're gonna play it until we get it right, and when we get it right, we're gonna play it again, but this time, we're gonna play it louder." This philosophy is carried out on their new release, *The Great Southern Trendkill* (EastWest), which opens with over a minute of sustained screaming and

cacophonous guitar noise. The album continues in this theme with tracks like "Suicide Note II" and "Drag the Waters," but also delves, very carefully, into slower material on "Floods" and "Suicide Note I." Slow material has always been risky business for Pantera — too little of a change, and no one notices; too much of a change, and the critics jump down their throats. But the depressing guitar chords and morbid lyrics on these tracks more than compensate for the tempo decrease, making tracks which both "This Love" and "Cemetery Gates" were not.

Soundgarden has always been a heavy metal oddball, not quite metal and not quite alternative. As time went by and Soundgarden's reputation increased, their sound grew more and more restrained. It seemed that with each piece of clothing Chris Cornell donned to cover his grunge poster boy pectorals, Soundgarden trimmed its sound a little, going from the raucous beauty of *Louder Than Love* to the sludgy *Badmotorfinger* to the experimental *Superunknown*. *Down On the Upside* (A&M) follows in that vein, cranking the tension down a notch and replacing it with musical precision. While most of Soundgarden's previous albums had a solid musical theme throughout, *Upside* is all over the place, going from *Badmotorfinger* sludge on "Pretty Noose" to acoustic-MTV-fodder "Zero Chance" to something almost approaching the punk of *Ultramega OK* on "Never Named." While not a bad album, this one isn't extremely memorable — the songs seem to reflect the lack of brouhaha with which the album was released. There are no follow-ups to "Black Hole Sun" (though "Applebite" tries), although there are a few "Fell On Black Days" here, most

notably "Burden In My Hand" and the aforementioned "Zero Chance." Amidst the repeats, there are a few spurts of joy, like "Ty Cobb," the first punk song written on a mandolin, and the straight-ahead arena rock of "Rhinosaur."

Enough metal — too much of a good thing. Moving on to other good things, we find Beck's newest, *Odelay* (Geffen). Somewhere in the aftermath of "Loser" (one of Beck's worst songs), Beck found the time to release an album on an independent label, play Lollapalooza, and hire the Dust Brothers to produce his new album. The Dust Brothers, as music aficionados already know, produced the Beastie Boys' sophomore effort, *Paul's Boutique*. Just as they took the Beastie Boys from the ashes of "Fight For Your Right" to a whole new level, they lift Beck from a world of lo-fi 4-track insanity and place him in a studio full of equipment. The result? Some of the grooviest songs ever recorded, blending jazz, funk, rap, and ... country? And you know what? It works. From the indie-pop insanity of "Devil's Haircut" to the funky line-dancing tune "Where It's At," this is a masterpiece. An exact cross between Pavement and the Beastie Boys, and a joy to listen to.

In the next issue: long-overdue reviews of the Butthole Surfers, the Ramones, and Fatima Mansions frontman Cathal Coughlin. In addition, tickets are now on-sale for the Butthole Surfers, Toadies, and Reverend Horton Heat hootenany at Roseland in July, and new albums are due in coming months from Type O Negative, Helmet, and Faith No More. Have a good summer, don't sit out in the sun too long, and if you see George Pataki, kill him.

I HATE MY GENERATION

(but the music's pretty good)

By David M. Ewalt

Pack fifty-thousand teenagers in a rickety stadium on a hot summer day, add loud music, and you're bound to have trouble.

On June 1st, Maryland-based modern rock radio station WHFS presented the HFStival, an all day concert in Washington, D.C.'s RFK stadium. The lineup: Jawbox, Lush, No Doubt, Gin Blossoms, Everclear, Cracker, Garbage, The Presidents of The United States of America, Afghan Whigs, Foo Fighters, Goldfinger, and a side stage including such acts as Howlin' Maggie, Fred Schneider, Solution AD, and Dishwallah.

Now, I'm a man with several of these all-day festivals under my belt (so to speak), and generally I've found them to be a pretty good deal. Sure, I may only be interested in a few of the bands involved, but it's still a hell of a deal... four bands I like for less than twenty bucks.

So when this year's HFStival rolled around, I planned ahead to get my tickets, and waited breathlessly (more or less) for the big day.

I should've spent the money on CD's.

I knew there was going to be trouble when I got on the subway the day of the concert. The car was packed with "alterna-teens," all dressed identically in jean shorts and black Nine Inch Nails tee-shirts. There are few things more pathetic than large groups of people all trying to be "alternative."

Nonetheless, the young whelps were well behaved, so I overlooked their forced non-conformity. Arrival at the stadium brought only more of these poor, misguided babes.

I approached my seat just as Lush took the stage. Much to my surprise, the pale-skinned, black-clad denizens of the night who count themselves as fans of this English goth band had braved the sunlight to come out and see the

show. At this point, I experienced the first of many rueful laughs of the day, prompted by a young man walking past me towards the stage. This woefully misled young man wore black fishnet stockings, black shorts and shirt, and black shoes. Most amusing, however, was his choice of headwear; an orange felt pumpkin which covered his head entirely, leaving him looking like "Samhain," the spirit of Halloween from the old Ghostbusters cartoon.

Lord knows what Mr. Pumpkinhead was

thinking. What's truly scary is that others in the crowd were thinking even stupider things. Shortly after Lush ended their set, I headed down into that horrid hole of humanity known as the mosh pit. My sortee into the crowd was not motivated by a

desire to slam dance, but rather a wish to see the next band, No Doubt, up close.

So here I am in the middle of this godforsaken mass of adolescence, avoiding crowd surfers to the best of my ability, when one of them comes careening towards me on a collision course. The short, punk guy next to me extends his arms, and for a moment I figure he'll carry the surfer's weight, so I relax. Ah, but this dick had less altruistic motives; as soon as the poor surfer was in range, he lashed out with a closed fist, whacking the unsuspecting surfer right in the nuts. His arm shot out again and again, all the while his face frozen in a leering grin. I watched this little misanthrope repeat his performance twice more before I fled the pit in pure disgust.

Back in my seat, I was able to enjoy the next band, Everclear, and pay a bit more attention to the music... but I still couldn't escape the moronic behavior of my fellow concert goers. As I watched on the giant Jumbotron TV screens, some monstrous twit threw a flaming shoe up on stage, where it smoldered for some time. What kind of an idiot throws his shoe on stage... and what bigger kind of idiot lights it on fire first?

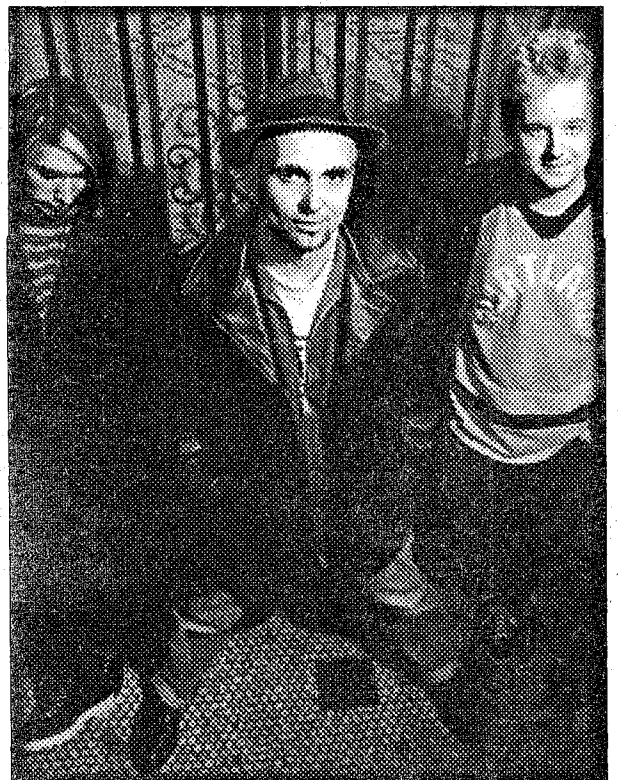
Other offensive behavior included the ever-present, increasingly pointless exercise of moshing. I'm not such a pompous music-nazi to completely condemn the practice, but when people mosh to slow songs, it's just plain stupid. Why do people shell out good money for a concert and then ignore the music in favor of busting heads? Before the

Presidents came out to play, I watched as three frat-type guys sat down in front of me and discussed --these are their words, not mine-- how they needed to prepare "emotionally and physically" for the moshing adventure ahead. You've got to prepare yourself so you can mosh to songs about peaches and cats?

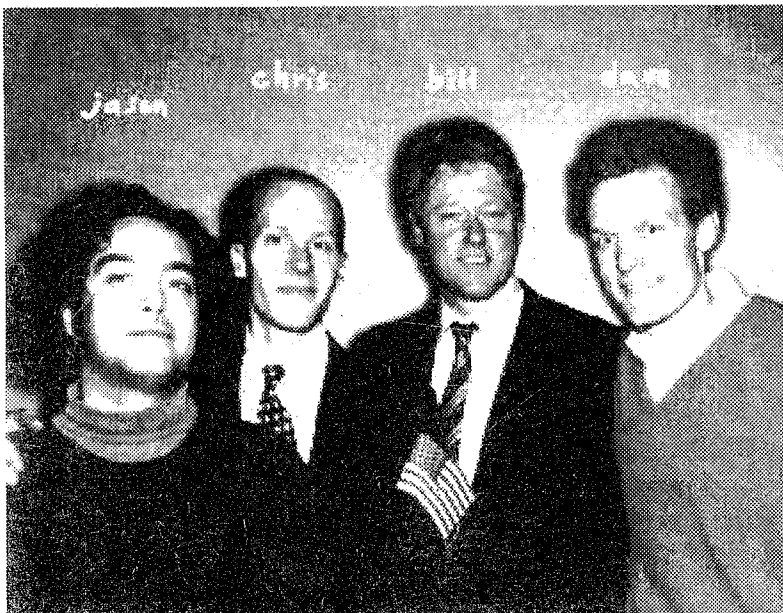
Finally, a point came in the day where all this nasty behavior finally payed off in pure entertainment value. As is the tradition at the HFStival, this year's concert featured a special, unannounced musical guest. Sometime between Cracker and the Presidents, folkish pop singer Jewel took the stage, and promptly launched into some dull little number nobody had ever heard before. I started to turn my attention elsewhere, but luckily I was still watching when somebody in the crowd chucked a frisbee at the stage, hitting Jewel smack in the head. Doubtless stunned by a blow to what amounts (for her) to a non-essential organ, she ripped the cord out of her guitar, blurted out a quick "thank you" and walked off stage without even finishing her stupid little song. Hooliganism can pay off at times, I guess.



Cracker: I couldn't pay attention to them 'cause this drunk guy got in a fight a few rows ahead of me



Everclear: Masters of the flaming shoe



The Presidents, more or less.

There were, of course, countless other stupid acts witnessed at this particular jerk-fest, but they're either too numerous or too redundant to enter. So what's the bottom line? Basically, that people are really, really stupid. This could've been a great show... a bunch of talented bands, who, despite the crowds, still performed admirably. The morons, however, blew it for us all. I can't enjoy a concert when some dickhead is trying to mount me so he can go sliding off into the pit. You whippersnappers need to shape the hell up... if you go to concert at least keep your antics to such a level that the rest of us can pay attention to the music.

Jesus. I'm starting to sound like an old man. See, they're causing me to age prematurely!