

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVIII No. 3

Scathing In An S.N.L. Sort Of Way

September 30, 1996

And Now, Because The Stony Brook Press is **All About** Giving Equal Time To Opposing Viewpoints, We Present...

The Stony Brook Press' Tribute to



Good !!!



Featuring Such Heavenly Topics As...

Voting...pg.5

LGBTA...pg.14

Protests...pg.8

Good Ted...pg.15

NYPJRG...pg.10

Groovalistic...pg.17

Chris Sorochin...pg.11

and Lowell!



Love That God!!!



THE TUPAC ISSUE

Editor's Note: Last issue, we ran a satirical top-ten list entitled "Top Ten Things Tupac Shakur Said On His Deathbed." Its publication prompted debate on Tupac's position in society, the role of the media in critiquing Tupac's life, and race relations on campus. In a town meeting held Tuesday, September 24th, *The Press* invited members of the campus community to submit to us their impressions of Tupac and on our decision to publish the top-ten list. Below are the submissions we received. On the opposing page is our response and analysis of the issue.

To whom it may concern:

When Kurt Cobain, an admitted heroin addict, chose to take his own life and leave behind his infant daughter and drug addict wife, the country mourned his death. Nowhere in *Blackworld* newspaper was there a top ten list of the things Kurt said before he pulled the trigger.

When Jimmy Smith, former drummer for the Smashing Pumpkins, killed his fellow keyboardist by supplying him with "dirty drugs," the country cried for his misfortune. They even shamed the Smashing Pumpkins for firing Mr. Smith in his time of need. Nowhere in *Blackworld* newspaper was there an article filled with false facts and out right lies entitled "Jimmy Smith's map to hell."

As I read the "Ten Things Tupac Said On His Death Bed," my eyes welled up with tears and my body shook with anger. For the past week I had refrained from reading the newspapers and watching the news because I did not want to support these racist publication's portrayals of Tupac Shakur's life and death. I could not believe that I would face the cruelest depiction of all in *The Press*, a newspaper that I pay for.

I, like many others, watched Tupac grow and mature as an artist through the past years. I remember him doing the "Humpty" with Digital Underground. I also remember when I fell in love with his music, when he released "Brenda's Got A Baby."

Tupac was a voice of a generation of youths growing up in the crime ridden areas of Harlem and Brownsville, to Compton and my hometown Oakland, Ca. To you and his many other critics he was just another thug that glorified the "gangsta lifestyle". To me, he was a strong black man that understood what it was like growing up in the hood.

When I listened to songs like "My Block", "So Many Tears", and "Keep Your Head Up" I realized that I was not the only person dealing with drive-bys and shootings in my neighborhoods and schools. I realized that I was not the only person saying good-bye to loved ones murdered in the

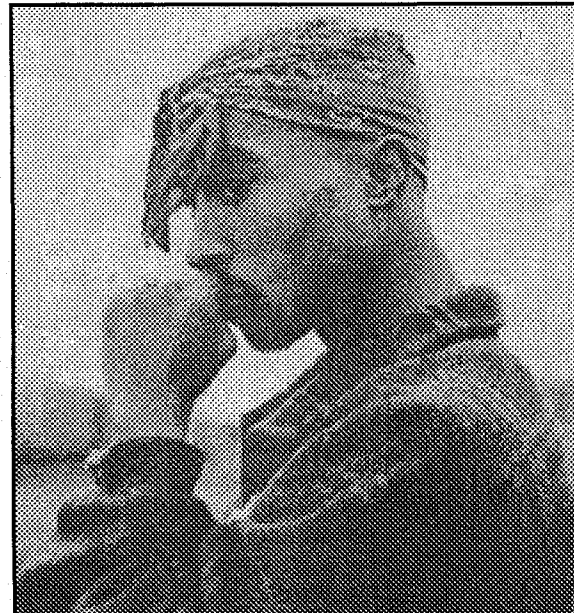
streets or locked up in prison. Tupac gave me hope and inspiration as a struggling woman trying to survive and work for a better life. He taught me to hold my head up with pride, even though I am not rich or 100% white.

His songs were not always positive, nor were his actions. His songs were about reality and as many of us know, reality is not always positive. How many of us can honestly say that we never make mistakes and never speak negatively. Tupac, unlike most entertainers, was the most honest artist we may ever know. He was always honest and true to his words. He never held his tongue, and he never bowed down to anyone. He was a strong black man that exuded respect. Tupac was not a role model and he never asked to be. He was however one of the most gifted artists the hip hop community has ever been blessed with. I will miss him and his contributions to the music industry and I will keep him in my heart forever.

I feel that the first amendment right to freedom of speech is one of our most important rights as United States citizens. However, unprofessional and slanted journalism is intolerable. It is one thing to poke fun at a political event or person. It is another when you make cruel and inhuman jokes about a man that was murdered in cold blood. Tupac Shakur was loved and admired by many people from all walks of life. He gave many people inspiration and hope. Before you criticize him for glorifying violence, I would like to invite you to my neighborhood. I assure you that you will quickly learn the difference between "glorification of a gangsta lifestyle" and the harsh and cruel realities of life.

I do not ask that you love Tupac or his music. All I ask is that you show your fellow students and a dead man a little bit of respect and humanity. **Please, let Tupac Shakur rest in peace!**

Sincerely,
Roseanna Fields



SKRU'S VIEW

By Jermaine LaMont

Racial Enmity: Will this callous trend ever end?

The main reason for my insight preaching is to try increasing

The peace in this "united nation". Therefore creating a unified nation.

There's no justification for a decline in RACIAL UNIFICATION.

We're all facing unjust discrimination in this equal but separate nation.

Let's speculate this situation - for all people's.

What is the root to this evil?

Possessed in their entity, not their imagination.

A senseless creation of enmity, false allegation's of a race's supremacy.

We're doomed! The future looks gloom if families continue passing Heirlooms taught for generations to hate other races.

If you're Black, Puerto Rican, Oriental, Caucasian, or even Indian

We all get judged by the color of our skin.

Humm... Where does this malice begin?

Will we ever put an end to this callous trend?

No one can change society, but as individuals we all possess the ability to change ourselves to make a difference.

ALERT: For all my black people, we must stand strong in Unity.

If we don't the consequences will be detrimental to our existence.

Ask yourself which will be the easier task: 1) To break a band of individual fingers or 2) To break a strong "Black Fist".

To all nuckleheads and malicious malefactors living wild, selling drugs and killing your own people, take heed to this theme:

Life is priceless. Don't waste it.

Cease the violence, don't need aggravation.

Time is wasting. Live righteous.

You never know when you're gwon get the "Night Shift"

Did 2Pac Deserve To Die?

By Michael A. Pinnock

Sophomore year in high school, I remember my high school track team 4x400 track team shaving our heads and screaming "attack of the bald heads," at the Penn Relays in Philadelphia, PA. I remember screaming "throw your guns in the air" until I was hoarse at parties. I was imitating the rap group, Onyx. When Method Man released "M-E-T-H-O-D Man," I remember 10 to 15 high school brothers buying weed, Phillies Blunts, and forty ounce beers to "get lifted" at a friends house. We thought that we were keeping it real, I admit now that I wasn't even high. One blunt and two 40's can't get ten people high enough to act the way that we did.

In Plato's *Republic*, he outlines the importance of music in the development of individuals. I proved this notion sophomore year in high school. Hip-Hop plays an important role in the lives of African-American youths. Because of this artists have a responsibility to them as growing kings and queens. Tupac Shakur is a brother whose death shows our community something very important. Thug life kills!

I understand that Tupac did make some positive songs such as "Keep Your Head Up;" however, he was more of a detriment to our community because music is such a strong medium. Youths do copy what our artists say. Music that sends negative implications to immature young black children who cannot decipher symbolism and metaphors from the actual state of the world, it causes the problem that we now face in all our communities.

My next statement will offend many, but I ask you to let me fully develop this thought. Tupac Shakur received the death that he deserved (keep in mind that he predicted his death). He finally spoke the truth of "Thug Life:" it leads to death. Unfortunately he was removed from this world in doing so. This is not to say that the brother that committed this cruel act was in the right. He will have to come to terms with his creator in times to come. It seems however, that he served as an instrument to bring Tupac to terms with his maker, and also to wake us up as a community.

Why is it that we showed so much power and unity in coming together to confront *The Stony Brook Press*? Their actions were tasteless and insensitive; however, we should have come together this way to confront Tupac, when he was with us, for treason against our young kings and queens. He was leading them in the wrong direction.

Don't let it happen again! Confront Junior Mafia for promoting crime and violence. Confront Akinele for disrespecting our queens. Confront Mobb Deep for telling our youths to stay in the projects when they moved to Long Island. They should be teaching youths to get out and to help others out.

Tupac's death hurts me because I realize that I, as an educated and successful black man, am an endangered species. Tupac, however, was more of a detriment to the black community than a positive role model. His death served the good purpose of waking me up as a positive black man, and it should have done the same for everyone.

TUPAC AND THE PRESS

RE-AFFIRMING OUR ROLE ON CAMPUS

By David M. Ewalt
Executive Editor, *The Stony Brook Press*

In the last issue of *The Stony Brook Press*, we ran a top-ten list entitled "Top Ten Things 2Pac Shakur Said On His Deathbed." The list, which addressed the life and death of rapper 2Pac Shakur, prompted a great deal of protest and debate on campus. Some students felt the list was racist, and, by association, *The Press* was as well. Others did not charge racism, but felt the list was tasteless and highly insensitive... and still others saw nothing wrong with it at all. Since the article caused such debate on campus, we feel it necessary to take this space to explain our motivations for its publication.

A Brief History of The Press

An analysis of our motivations as journalists would be incomplete without a basic understanding of the nature of our organization. *The Press* was founded in 1979 by several editors of *The Stony Brook Statesman*, who believed that *The Statesman* was ignoring news issues pertinent to a great deal of the campus population, including African-American students. Our very first issue featured a cover story on the campus civil rights movement.

In the eighteen years since that first issue, *The Press* has consistently defended the rights of under-represented students. We've organized protests and letter-writing campaigns, covered news stories like the political imprisonment of Mumia Abu-Jamal, and printed columns by men like Dr. Manning Marable, a professor, author, and civil-rights advocate. Just last semester, we helped sponsor the AASO semi-formal, where Reverend Al Sharpton spoke. In 1994, when Richard Cole, then Editor of *The Statesman*, was turning that paper into a hotbed of racism, bigotry, and hate, *The Press* was one of his most vocal critics. We worked together with the campus' cultural and religious organizations to expose *The Statesman's* hatemongering.

Throughout our nearly two decades of operation, *The Press* has always worked with the different cultural groups on campus, not against them. We plan on continuing this tradition.

The Top-Ten List

We firmly believe that the Tupac Shakur top-ten list was not racist. Our purpose with that list was to express our distaste with the glorification of violence for profit, and with a society where convicted criminals and sex offenders can become respected artists and millionaires. Our motives went no deeper.

However, we made some mistakes in the publication of the list. On one hand, we were insensitive to the feelings of many members of the black community; people who loved and respected Tupac. This was mere myopia, not malice; we simply had no idea so many people felt so deeply about Tupac and his music. It never occurred to us that members of the campus community would be so deeply hurt by the publication of our list. Had we known, we wouldn't have printed it.

Another mistake was made in ridiculing the untimely death of a member of an often oppressed cultural group. By mocking the death of Tupac, we were helping to devalue the life of a black man, and by association all black males. While this was certainly not our intention, it was a consequence, and as a newspaper dedicated to championing the rights of the oppressed, it was a failure of vision. The status of the black male in today's society is constantly questioned; they are often stereotyped as gangsters, thugs, and drug users.

It is the mission of *The Press* to help destroy these stereotypes.

Our final mistake was the way in which we handled the top-ten list. Our intention in writing

it is clearly expressed in the final line, number 1:

"Wow, perhaps I should have given some thought to the idea that glorification of violence for profit could have negative repercussions on society, and indeed, on myself as a member of said society."

That was the point we were trying to make. Our mistake was in not following that lead in the other nine items. Instead of criticizing Tupac's lifestyle, we made fun of the pain and suffering of a young man who had been brutally shot and killed. It was simply gruesome... it didn't help prove our argument or make our point.

Satire is a difficult thing. Some people train for years and years and never master the art. *The Press* is just a handful of college students trying to learn by doing. We were attempting to make a point through the use of satire... and we failed.

The Campus Response

We were very surprised to learn of the level of negative reaction to our top-ten list once it hit the newsstands. We didn't think anyone would be that offended by the top-ten list... if we did, we wouldn't have printed it in the first place. When *Press* discontent turned into *Press* protests, we became more than a bit alarmed. *The Press* is supposed to work with groups like the Black Caucus, not be set against them. When the Caucus and other groups on campus hosted a town meeting in the Uniti cultural center to discuss the problem, we decided to send representatives... not just to address what we printed and to fix relations between ourselves and the other groups present, but to try to encourage dialog about Tupac, and about race and other campus issues.

At the meeting, we made several proposals to those present. First, we asked anyone with a view of Tupac different from ours to write it down and send it to us. Those submissions we received are reprinted on the opposing page.

"Throughout our nearly two decades of operation, The Press has always worked with the different cultural groups on campus, not against them."

The second suggestion we made was one of education. *The Press* had no idea the kind of pain our Tupac list would cause, or we wouldn't have run it. We were clueless... but we don't have to be, and neither does the campus at large. That's why we proposed we do something to educate people. We suggested that *The Press* and the organizations present at the meeting co-sponsor debates, panel discussions, and guest speakers to address the problems of our campus and our society. We had briefly discussed this

idea before the meeting with Dr. MacAdoo, the chair of the Africana Studies department, and he liked it. We think it's a great idea. *The Press* has considerable resources and lots of friends... let's use that to increase awareness, to get great guest-speakers to come to campus, and to talk out the problems of our society.

The Future

We hope a great deal that our proposals will come to fruition. If we've learned anything from these past two weeks, it's that there are some serious problems in our campus and national societies. Our top-ten list alone did not cause protests and debate... it just was the straw that broke the camel's back. Our Tupac problems are symptomatic of societal problems that must be addressed.

Beyond encouraging and participating in our proposed seminars, there are things you can do to help address these problems. Is there something that bothers you? Write about it! Did we print something you disagreed with? Write about it! *The Press* is dedicated to presenting alternate viewpoints; we'll be more than happy to print letters criticizing our work, or praising it. Let your voice be heard!

Conclusions

The Press is not a racist paper. The staff of *The Press* is not racist. In fact, many of the people who currently work for *The Press* joined because they thought *The Statesman* was racist.

While we're not racist, we were certainly insensitive to the feelings of an important part of the campus community. It was never our intention to hurt people on an individual and personal basis, and if we did that to you, we apologize.

We want to do the right thing. We want to further the causes of unity and brotherhood, not hurt them. We want to help fix society's problems.

Eldridge Cleaver said that "you're either part of the solution, or you're part of the problem." We're doing our best to be part of the solution. Want to help us? Staff meetings are every Wednesday at 1:00 in room 060 of the Student Union. I hope to see you there.

ROBBERY AT THE ATM

Once upon a time, there were no Automatic Teller Machines. He who ran out of money after the bank was closed, was doomed to wait for the bank's reopening on the following business day. The average college student has little, if any, recollection of such a time. Trips to the ATM are frequent and often unexpected. We have all, at one time or another, opened our wallet only to find it empty. Unfortunately, this usually happens at around 4AM.

On the West campus, there are three ATM's. There are two just outside the Student Union, and there is one on the second floor of the Administration building. To the student with no car, these ATM's are the only accessible avenue of banking available. Apparently, someone has seen this as an opportunity to profit. Several months ago, a message began appearing on the screens of the ATM's located outside the Union. This message states that the bank that sponsors the ATM will deduct 25 cents from your account, should you wish to continue the transaction. You can cancel and pay no fee. Most banks charge a dollar or more every time you use an ATM that is not theirs. There does not

seem to be anyone on campus that calls the ATM's sponsoring bank their own. The result is that, in a transaction where an individual withdraws ten dollars from her account, that individual pays one dollar and twenty five cents to do so. In effect the individual has paid twelve and a half percent of the total value of their withdrawal. This is absurd. If the Administration building is not closed, a disgruntled would-be banker can head over there and use that ATM, which does *not* charge an additional fee. If Admin is in fact closed, our would be banker has no choice but to swallow the ludicrous fee.

The questions are as follows: why is it that the only West campus ATM's available twenty four hours a day charge an extra fee? Why is it that the only free ATM on the West campus is located inside a building that is closed when late night emergencies arise?

This serves as another illustration of bad management that, we, the university community, must pay for.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE TECH. FEES

Progress is a good thing. In particular, technological progress which enhances our standard of living. We stand firmly behind the notion of progress, we just don't want to pay for it. Perhaps, that is not true, we just don't want to pay too much for it. The boundaries of world computer technology are seemingly endless, this should be met with an ounce of excitement and a pound of caution. We live in an age where state of the art status for a computer rolling off the production line today is about six months. That's not long.

It is with this in mind that we ask you, the students to review carefully where your technology fee goes. Also, be particularly careful when the university insists on an increase. Why the caution? Ask anybody who ever owned a Commodore Vic 20.

The technology fees at other SUNY schools are reaching dangerous levels. We have been told the tech. fee at Albany is around \$145 and Buffalo is in that neighborhood. Let us not fall victim to the mirage of technology, let's take prudent steps to ensure that we have state of the art computers and a little beer money in our pockets.

YOU SNOOZE, YOU LOSE!

Those Stony Brook students who are unfortunate enough to live on campus must endure all sorts of trials and tribulations on a day to day basis. Broken washing machines, no hot water, all manner of insects and vermin... these are all common problems. There is one continual annoyance, however, which we perpetuate on ourselves. We must stop abusing ourselves in such a way.

The "snooze button" -that device on your alarm clock that turns off the alarm for a few more minutes- is one of the greatest inventions known to man. I always hit it at least twice before I actually get up and begin my day. When I do finally arise, I *always* turn the alarm off, so as to keep the alarm from going off again.

Some of the resident students of USB are not so considerate. I've lost count of the times someone on my hall has hit the snooze button and then left for the day... and then the alarm goes off seven or eight minutes later. Since the resident is gone, it *keeps going off all day long*, waking up other students and just being incredibly annoying. Once a student left his alarm going *all weekend*... RA's are not allowed to key into rooms and turn them off.

For god's sake, be considerate! Turn your alarm clock off!

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W I N N E R

1996 CAMPUS ALTERNATIVE
JOURNALISM AWARDS

•BEST SENSE OF
HUMOR

•HONORABLE MENTION FOR HELLRAISING

An Open Letter To President Kenny and Vice President Preston

Madame President, Mr. Vice-President;

As a University community, we have seen the last two weeks bring us the unwelcome specter of racial strife. Time and again, Stony Brook has struggled with the ways its various peoples interact and relate to each other. With any campus as rich in diversity as ours, growing pains are bound to be experienced; we are, after all, a microcosm of American society. The very notion of diversity means that we bring different ideas and perspectives to our collective dialogue. With these come disagreements. Sometimes, the way a group of people sees an issue or an event can be entirely different from the way another group sees the same issue or event.

The events of the past two weeks have not been the only time *The Stony Brook Press* has been criticized for having the courage to print what we feel is important, and it probably won't be the last time. The amount of pain and anger our Tupac Shakur Top-Ten list caused was neither predicted nor desired. We were insensitive. We are *not* racist, and the act of running the Top Ten List was *not* a racist act. Anyone with more than a passing familiarity with our publication should know this.

At the Town Hall Meeting held in The Unity Cultural Center on Tuesday, September 24 to discuss our top-ten list, you stood in front of the students gathered and criticized *The Stony Brook Press* for what you called racism and hatred. Your presence at the meeting was intended to show those gathered how concerned you are about the opinions and voices of the student populations.

That you are concerned about student voice is a difficult argument to swallow. Were you con-

cerned, President Kenny, about student voice when you delayed notifying the student media about Governor Pataki's visit to Stony Brook in order to prevent a student-organized protest and make Governor Pataki's visit more palatable to him? The argument that you did not have the time to inform the student media is exposed as the lie it is when you find that you *did* have enough time to print programs detailing the Groundbreaking Ceremony and Governor Pataki's appearance there. Were you concerned about student input, Dr. Preston, when you consistently trampled student's rights in an ignorant effort to prevent certain types of dancing on campus, then further stifling student opinion by canceling a rap show organized by students because of an uninformed and slanted view of the show as prone to creating violence?

Were either of you concerned about the impact your actions at Tuesday's Town Hall Meeting would have? By charging *The Stony Brook Press* with racism (are either of you familiar with the debate surrounding Tupac Shakur's death?) you not only serve to validate the inaccurate view of *The Stony Brook Press* as racist, but you also threaten to widen the gap between the black community on campus and one of their most viable and reliable avenues for expression. What you did Tuesday night can in no way serve to help the situation, it only exacerbates the problem.

As the President and Vice President for this university, you have both been frequent targets of criticism on the part of *The Stony Brook Press*, and this should cause you to be more familiar with our publication than most. For you to accuse *The Stony Brook Press* of "racism" and "hatred" represents either an alarmingly high level of ignorance, or an

intentional act of selective vision in order to gain political points with those students angered by our Top Ten List. Either possibility is at the expense of both *The Stony Brook Press* and race relations on our campus.

Charges of racism and hatred cause unrest and anger. When these charges are true, having the courage to address them can prove beneficial by exposing the ignorance behind them, and arming individuals with the ability to protect themselves. When these charges are false, as they are here, they serve to deepen distrust between groups that can be allies, and can also lessen the impact and importance of future, more accurate charges of racism. In short, *you don't cry wolf*.

Political opportunism masquerading as concern for students is immoral and dangerous. You went blindly into a potentially volatile situation, spoke in a callous and bold manner about a topic of which you apparently knew little, and you made our task of explaining and healing that much harder. Instead of showing how different opinions can sometimes cause misinterpretations and a lack of sensitivity to different perspectives, you came in, threw some very heavy, very loaded words around, and made the problem worse in a cheap and thinly veiled attempt to discredit us and boost yourselves.

The Stony Brook Press would like to take this opportunity to reaffirm our commitment to the close scrutiny of not only administrative policy and practice, but also to those events and actions which serve to separate rather than unite our university community. The idea that administration has proved to be working against us in this goal serves to only strengthen our resolve.

On Wednesday, October 2nd, and Thursday, October 3rd, NYPIRG, in conjunction with Student Polity and SASU, will be conducting massive Campus Sweeps in order to register anyone who hasn't yet registered to vote on campus. Assistants will be located all throughout the campus from 11am until 8pm both days, and on the night of October 3rd, there will be a party for all those who volunteered their time. If anyone would like to help out, there will be an important information session on Tuesday night, in the Union Bi-Level at 10pm. There will also be an information table outside of the Student Union from 11am until 3:30pm on Tuesday afternoon, where voter registration and volunteer information will be available.

In addition to the Campus Sweeps, on Monday, October 7th, and Tuesday, October 8th, NYPIRG will be conducting Dorm Sweeps. Volunteers and assistants will be going door to door in the residence halls, attempting to sign up any last minute voters before the registration deadline the following Wednesday. To prepare for this, there will be a training session on Sunday night, October 6th, in the Union Bi-Level at 6pm. Anyone willing to volunteer for the Dorm Sweeps should attend this meeting. RA's and building legislature executives are especially encouraged to participate in the training program, so they can help out in their respective dorms on Monday and Tuesday. For more information, contact Steve at the NYPIRG office in the Student Union at extension # 2-6457 from on campus, and 632-6457 from off campus.

SHADES OF THE PRISON HOUSE

Editor's Note: During the debates this past week over our Tupac top-ten list, some members of the University community expressed concern over a student-drawn cartoon, "Shades of the Prison House." Some of our readers felt the cartoon—in particular, its title—was racist. Below is an excerpt from the William Wordsworth poem from which the title is drawn, and a brief explanation from the cartoonist, Mike Kramer.

"The title for my comic strip, 'Shades of the Prison House,' is a reference to the poem 'Ode: Intimations of Immortality' by William Wordsworth. The poem illustrates Wordsworth's belief that all humanity is born inherently good, but the problems of society (i.e., the prison-house) smother our spirits. I use the 'prison-house' as another name for the University at Stony Brook, sucking the will out of its students."
—Mike Kramer

Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

5

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
—William Wordsworth

The DisAdvantage Plan

Part Three: ARAMARK Speaks Up

Student Action Alert!!!: Because of vocalized student concerns over the new meal plan, ARAMARK will appear before the Polity Senate on Wednesday, Oct. 2 at 8 PM.. Get out and voice your opinion: it matters, it's heard, it's important.

That the new meal plan is highly unpopular should come as no surprise to anyone bothering to get the opinion of two or three resident students. Many students are already falling behind in their schedule (provided by ARAMARK, the meal schedule for Standard Advantage customers allows for a weekly expenditure of \$23) and many others see the cost-pricing system as a "rip-off" and an attempt to mask a food service price increase.

A series of flyers has littered the campus, all of which are insightfully scathing and borderline litigable. (*The Stony Brook Press* would like to take this opportunity to assure ARAMARK that while we found these flyers to be extremely funny and a good yardstick by which to measure student discomfort with the new meal plan, we are in no way connected to the creation of, or distribution of these flyers.) One of these flyers bears the false assertion that 7-11 is now accepting meal cards, causing dozens of our more gullible friends and neighbors to try to purchase anything from Pop-Tarts to cigarettes with their meal cards (an argument for a need for a 24-hour facility if I've ever heard one). Other flyers seek to paint ARAMARK as a brazenly insensitive corporate food service provider. Building legislatures are forming gripe lists to be sent to ARAMARK on the part of resident governments. Students all over campus are speaking up about what they see as a blatant injustice against them in the form of this new meal plan. This much can not be argued: the new meal plan isn't working, and students want to know what ARAMARK is thinking in trying to acclimate the student population to this new system. That's why I spoke to ARAMARK.

When I called to make an appointment with John Rainey, Resident District Manager of ARAMARK, I was told I would meet him at 1:00, Friday Sept. 20. I didn't expect to also sit down with Naala Royale, Marketing Manager, and Bob Junghandel, District Manager. I was pleased my articles were so well known: it showed what students have to say matters.

I began by asking questions about the process by which ARAMARK obtains the food service contract for Stony Brook. Ms. Royale explains: "There's a request for a proposal sent out by...The Faculty Student Association (FSA)," which attracts various food service providers. These providers bid on what they feel they can do the job for. Various factors are taken into consideration...cost to students, flexibility, ability to meet the challenging student needs on campus and meal plan options given.

A Dining Service Bid Evaluation Committee is formed by FSA, which looks over the various proposals submitted and chooses the one they feel best suits what the University needs. FSA had included in their Request for Proposals (RFP), the form detailing the fact the contract is up for bids and what our needs are, a requirement to be able to adopt the new meal plan, referred to as the "Fixed Cost Recovery Plan." This "Fixed Cost Recovery Plan" was assumed to be similar to one currently in place at SUNY Binghamton where it was reported by both ARAMARK and the Evaluation Committee that the level of satisfaction among students there was "high."

ARAMARK was one of three contractors who bid for the Stony Brook contract. The other two were Marriott and Lackman Food Service. Lackman was dropped because of what the Evaluation Committee felt was an inability to meet the contract's financial needs. Marriott, while it did make it through the preliminary stages of the food service selection process, was eventually not selected because the Evaluation Committee felt ARAMARK was the only bidder that showed the ability to meet all of the RFP's demands. The vote to select ARAMARK was unanimous at 14-0, by an Evaluation Committee, of which, more than half were students. This same committee also selected the adoption of the "Fixed Cost Recovery Plan," by an 11-0-1 vote.

With that explained, I went on to ask what was involved in the pricing of items that ARAMARK must price from an estimate of what their component parts cost. I saw the task of pricing a cake which, if made in bulk by ARAMARK, consisted of accurately pricing a large amount of eggs, sugar, butter etc., all of which are added in various amounts to a large mixture from which any number of cakes may be made. This seemed to me to be an arbitrary pricing policy at best.

"Any menu item that we have has a set portion that's assigned for that item," Ms. Royale explained. "For example, if it's an entrée in the End Of The Bridge restaurant that has a bunch of different ingredients, we would know how much 6 oz. of meat costs, how much 3 oz. of white rice costs, and based on that, we come up with what the food cost is."

The problem with this is that the process, if accurately

THE FUNNY MONEY EQUATION

Here's an easy way to estimate the amount of money you're spending—in real dollars—when you pay *Advantage* prices. Since *Advantage* prices are supposedly based on cost, there is no real way to accurately convert from them to real money... but this formula gives a good rough idea.

\$1050 for Standard Dining Plan
 \$368 Advantage dollars available to spend
 =
 \$2.85 real money to 1 dollar advantage
 Therefore...
 a \$2.23 Advantage salad from the Bleacher Club would cost \$6.36 real money!

priced, is so difficult to check on actual cost to ARAMARK, especially when they are broken down into measured recipe components, that you would need a full time detective to track down a confirmation of what ARAMARK claims it pays. Whether or not they are telling the truth as to what they are paying compared to what we are paying, the point is that it is almost impossible to verify. This fact opens up the possibility for abuse.

When I asked for an explanation of why a can of Coca-Cola can be bought at full retail price at Edward's for less than what ARAMARK claims is cost to them, it was explained to me that certain retail operations price certain items knowing that they will take a loss (a practice referred to as menu-mixing), but knowing that the pricing of other items will make up for the loss taken on that item. This, also is un-verifiable. The necessity for an accurate reflection of what Edward's pays means that you would have to get a cost disclosure from Edward's: not an easy, if likely thing to make happen. This means that the only reliable way to get confirmation on what "cost" is, is to go straight to the manufacturer: a dizzyingly Kafkaesque proposal at best, when one considers the fact that there are literally hundreds of manufacturers from which ARAMARK purchases its food.

I also asked about promises made to students as part of the contract proposal which have not been realized, such as providing a 24-hour deli and off-campus food service from Pudge's and Station Pizza. The Deli option, according to ARAMARK, has been reconsidered because of questions of safety and feasibility. Station Pizza's owner is "giving it some second thoughts," according to John Rainey, and Pudge's is not available because of a data line problem which Mr. Rainey blames on NYNEX.

When asked what ARAMARK had to say to the student who, last year was able to eat two meals a day under the 15 meal per week plan, and still have \$210 in declining balance, ARAMARK basically said those students "lose out" under the new meal plan. Realizing that the value of the 15 and 19 meal plan was worth more than what a student paid

(if that student took full advantage of all allotted meals), ARAMARK was subsidizing these students with those students taking less meals, those students on full declining balance, and those students on the 15 and 19 meal plans, who didn't eat their allotted meals. Naala Royale had this to say for all students who, last year were on either the 15 or 19 meal plans: "It will cost more." John Rainey rationalized this by saying the original meal plans were designed with the realization that "the average student does not consume [the allotted] meals." This was what allowed for the extravagant demand of two meals a day.

Bob Junghandel felt that while the system of students with lighter eating habits subsidizing heavier eaters was what we have been used to, the new system of "you get what you pay for" allows all students to accurately compare what you are eating to what you are paying for. "The student who was on the 19 meal plan, and took advantage of it, had a fabulous deal, and they were really getting more than what they paid for," Mr. Junghandel said. "The person that was going home on weekends, who maybe picked the 10 meal plan, and only ate 7 or 8 meals...subsidized the heavy eater." He feels the new plan is more equitable for all students. "There is no plan we have now that compares with the 19 meal plan, or even the 15 meal plan."

Conversely, Mr. Junghandel feels that there will be students who will "look at the plan at the end of this year and say, 'this is a helluva lot better for me.'"

In ARAMARK's defense, the new meal plan has seemed to open up a wider variety for more students. Not having to eat in either Kelly or H cafeterias, students are overwhelmingly choosing to use the Union Deli or other pay-per-item facilities. Pizza Hut and Taco Bell are both new additions to the on-campus food service (Pizza Hut is coming soon), and this also serves to increase meal options for students.

Also in ARAMARK's defense, and a telling example of the effect of student apathy, the Evaluation Committee was open to any who wanted to take part, and only a select number of students chose to get involved. Students did have the option to choose their meal plan, they just chose to be disinterested.

Next installment will be an overview of student scheduling: on schedule or running short? There will also be coverage of ARAMARK's Polity Senate Presentation, and feedback from students who were on the Evaluation Committee. I believe the most important information Mr. Junghandel conveyed to me during the whole meeting, was the fact that he hoped ARAMARK was "meeting student needs. If we're not, things can be changed."

And they can be, all it takes is involvement.

Voice your concerns about the *Advantage* plan to the following people:

John Rainey
 Resident District Manager of ARAMARK
 632-6530
 Student Union Building 2nd Fl.

Kevin Kelly
 Executive Director, Faculty Student Association
 632-6510
 Stony Brook Union

Shirley Strum Kenny
 President, State University of New York at Stony Brook
 632-6265
 310 Administration

GRUMPY OLD MAN... ...OR MATLOCK-LOVIN' GRANDPA SIMPSON?

By Tony Barbera

Don't expect stirring political commentary from this article, because I assure you there will be none, unless something sneaks in by accident. I'm just here to speak about everyone's favorite indigestion-induced nightmare: Bob Dole. Well, maybe that was a bit harsh. I mean, he's another human being, right? He deserves the same respect I'd give to anyone else, and his career must certainly warrant additional merit. So why this impulsive urge to tear the poor man to shreds? I guess it started a week ago, when I saw his wife on C-Span...

Elizabeth Dole, prime contender for title of First Lady, was addressing a woman's group in Pennsylvania. Weighing in at something between three pepperoni pizzas and twenty big macs, she proceeded to expound her husband's plans for presidential action. The first lie (there will be many more) is the simple fact of Mrs. Dole speaking to this audience.

Obviously, she was sent there to represent the woman, to communicate with the portion of voters she could perhaps be identified with more than her husband, the candidate. A load of bull. Elizabeth Dole can identify with the common woman as well as I can identify with oppressed farm animals. She's spent the greater part of her life and career in positions of prestige and power; to compliment that, she's been married to one of the oldest politicians. What average woman can identify with that? Matching numbers of x-chromosomes does not result in equality. Elizabeth Dole was spewing rhetoric that came not from her heart but from the bowels of the Republican party platform. And most of the time she spoke she targeted the Clinton administration, specifically his failure to pass effective legislation on key points dealing with the economy. What she failed to mention, even once, was the governmental shutdown of last fall. If my memory serves me right (and it should, on this matter, since I had to write an economics paper on it), the basis for the shutdown was a strict bipartisan dichotomy in Congress, pitting the Republican majority, led by Newt "Being dropped on your head when you're young does wonders" Gingrich, against Bill's Duelin' Democrats, then the minority in Congress. Basically, any legislation originated by the Democrats would be outvoted by the Republicans, and any legislation proposed by Republicans, no matter how agreeable to Democrats, would undoubtedly contain some sort of stipulation regarding the economic proposals of the GOP's Contract With America. And because of that, the Democrats would have to oppose it. The resulting standoff led to the shutdown of the government, wherein the workings of Washington were pared down to the bare essentials, while the adversary parties attempted to reach accord so that government operations could continue.

This was the fault of hard-line conservatives, and most especially Newt Gingrich himself, within the Republican party. It's obvious that, since the Republicans convincingly outnumbered Democrats in both houses, they exerted decisive control over all legislation passing in Congress. The only line of defense for Democrats was the presidential veto, used uneasily but necessarily, to prevent Gingrich's budget reform from getting passed as subsidiary clauses on unrelated bills. This was an extraordinarily immature way of politicking, using majority leverage to get their way. Republicans bullied the minority in Congress, but Elizabeth Dole made no mention of this when criticizing Clinton for vetoing key legislation in

non-economic proposals. Perhaps the women attending the conference were aware of this, but I doubt they were, as I could ascertain from the cheers of affirmation she received each time she attacked the Clinton administration.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Dole only succeeded in physically substituting for her husband at the Pennsylvania meeting. What came out of her mouth stunk of the Republican ideology that's been instigating politics on Capitol Hill for half of the last presidential term. If she held one arm aloft, fiercely gripping a pen in her hand, you'd never even notice the difference. Okay, enough with Lizzy Lizard Dole. Let's attack the root of the problem: Robert.

No, not a character from Dilbert, just plain ol' Bob. I'll leave aside (for the time being, it's too good to completely disregard) the fact the he's a living fossil, and the pragmatic concern that he very well could die in office with a relatively low-key, unknown successor called Jack Kemp (Said popular folk singer

Willie Nelson of Dole's running mate, "I think hemp on the ticket is a good idea. Oh... you mean KEMP." I have a candidate for you, Willie, and his name is Ralph Nader.). Let's just focus on what Dole wants to do for this country.

First, there's the 15% tax cut, the focus of many debates thus far on the streets and in the ivory towers of Nobel-Prize winning economic analysts. The consensus of the people is that sure, 15% across the board cuts would be great, bring 'em on. The analysts, for the most part, confirm that such a cut would be economically feasible. Sounds like a victory for Dole, at least on economic issues, n'est pas? What analysts aren't being asked by Dole is to examine the long term effects of such a cut. The economy is presently experiencing moderate growth. Interest rates are at a welcome level, and in general things are improving from the previous years of recession. A tax cut now would likely result in inflation later on. Take Eisenhower's economic policy in the fifties. To compensate for the anticipated negative effects of downsizing military operations by withdrawal from the Korean war, Eisenhower passed tax cuts and increased entitlements to the elderly and unemployed. Though these measures relieved the concurrent situation, half a decade later a recession took the nation by surprise, and as a result of their lack of foresight, several of Eisenhower's Republican Senators and Representatives lost seats in Congress. If we can learn from history at all, let's take heed at this example of living a bit too much for the day. Besides, the measures enacted under Eisenhower were done so to alleviate possible economic hardship. As it is now, the economy, though slowly, seems to be improving. Dole is simply using this tax cut as a means of catching voters where they feel it the most: in their wallets. He wants the presidency. Okay, then, say he gets elected, enacts his 15% cut and loses the next election. He won't have to politically face the consequences. Perhaps the Republican Congressman will lose their seats, but it will be too little, too late.

And listen to this: if elected, Dole and Kemp announced that they would seek to abolish the capital gains and estate taxes. Kemp said of these taxes, "They're dumb taxes. Dumb, dumb." You go, Jack. But seriously, who, exactly, does this cut benefit? Certainly not across the board by any means, these cuts are there for the sole purpose of garnering the upper-class vote. We're still paying for the last time taxes were cut for the rich. I doubt we can afford it again. And I argue, how do tax cuts to the rich benefit the economy in any way, or balance the budget or

even chip away at our enormous debt? I can hear crickets chirping on the GOP end of the line. The truth is, unless you have homes in every continental state and own several multinational corporations, you will end up paying more for this in the long run.

Estate and capital gains tax cuts can only increase the debt. Speaking of which, Dole has great plans for balancing the budget. Great, if he could, that would be one less burden over Americans' heads. But there's a reason why Democrats opposed it so vehemently last year, bringing the government to a shutdown: balancing the budget means reducing aid to federally funded programs such as Medicare, Medicaid and others that perform indefinably necessary functions in a nation with a part of its population that's (unfortunately) become dependent upon the welfare state. Plus, what about the deficit? Compared to size of the deficit, balancing the budget would be like taking a grain of sand off Laguna Beach. But once again, Dole is manipulating situations so people hear what they think may be good for them. And Clinton's every move is so scrutinized that he barely has time or breath left to attack Dole.

I'm not saying that Dole is Satan or that Clinton is God. I'll be the first to attack Clinton's signing of the recent welfare legislation. But Dole is shoveling a lot of manure at the voters, spraying it with Lysol and hoping it will smell good to them. I just hope people aren't fooled by this, though I can't depend on that. Not to underestimate people's discretion, but politicians are crafty weasels, and Dole's been around long enough to see every one. I doubt even Strom Thurmond could fool him.

But like I said in the opening, maybe I'm being a bit too harsh on the guy. Bob Dole has many useful purposes in society. He's enabled Norm MacDonald's Dole impersonation to keep Saturday Night Live's ratings afloat, so the Not-quite-ready-for-opposable-thumbs Players can stay on the air. He could also serve some use to scientists. Perhaps he's the missing link...perhaps he isn't, but maybe he lost to the missing link in the election of (some absurdly long number) BCE. I just hope that I live long enough to tell my children not to vote for him. I have more respect for the vending machine bandit squirrel that haunts the basement of Langmuir. And I'll leave you with the words of Lester Ness, a man I've never met but whose words are as wise as the prophet's: "If Dole were to be elected President, Prime Minister Gingrich would go wild. Who knows, slavery might come back." Be afraid, people. Be very afraid.



MICKEY MOUSE FREEDOM

By Joanna Wegielnik

Saturday, September 21, approximately 200 people gathered in front of the Fifth Avenue Disney store in Manhattan to protest the company's labor practices in Haiti. The demonstration, organized by the Disney/Haiti Justice Campaign, lasted for about five hours with participants picketing the store and leafletting pedestrians. The consensus of the demonstrators was that Disney's buffed corporate image as purveyor of family values and concern for children is hypocrisy indeed, when Haitian workers, often children, are being exploited in sweatshops operated by Disney sub-contractors for as little as 28 cents an hour.

"They're paying young girls, many times as young as eleven, twelve, thirteen years-old, 28 cents an hour to sew their *Pocahontas* pajamas, their *Hunchback of Notre Dame* shirts and I'm here to primarily appeal to parents with young children.... ask them if they would buy Disney's merchandise if their little daughter or little son had made that garment in a sweatshop for 28 cents an hour", said one demonstrator.

Disney spokespeople maintain that on-site inspections by company representatives have found no children working in the factories and that 28 cents an hour is the minimum wage according to Haitian law. But groups like the National Labor Committee beg to differ. The NLC, a non-profit human rights/labor organization, has extensively documented working conditions in the apparel industry in the Caribbean and Latin America.

A recent report by the NLC, documents the extreme poverty endured by Haitians who work for Disney subcontractors. "The mother had years of experience as a sewer. On her assembly line, working furiously under constant pressure, she handled 375 *Pocahontas* shirts an hour--shirts which sell at Wal-Mart for \$10.97 each. Yet her average weekly wage was only \$10.77. She earned the minimum wage of 28 cents an hour.

"No one can survive on 28 cent-an-hour-wages--even in Haiti, which is not a cheap place to live. Seventy percent of what Haiti consumes is imported, including basic staples like rice, beans, and corn meal. Food can actually be as expensive in Haiti as in the US. Workers producing Disney garments in Haiti are thin and tired looking. They and their families are always at the edge of hunger, sinking ever deeper into debt and misery. Far from being the exception, this woman's life and her story are typical."

At 28 cents an hour (\$2.25 per day), a worker makes less than half the bare minimum needs of a family of five. Consider some typical expenses. Transportation to and from work on a "tap-tap", a small pick-up truck converted to a bus, costs 33 cents. Breakfast sold from stands in front of the factories, usually consisting of spaghetti and coffee, costs 62 cents. A modest lunch of rice and beans-62 cents more. That's a total of \$1.61. Keep in mind that minimum wage pays \$2.25 per day. So, more than seventy percent of what a typical worker makes goes to basic survival, transportation to and from work and eating. That leaves 62 cents at the end of an eight-hour day. Sixty-two cents to pay the rent, an average \$7.10 for a one room hut. Sixty-two cents to send your kids to school, \$1.42 per head, per week. Sixty-two cents to buy a can of powdered milk, which costs \$3.08. Sixty-two cents to buy a loaf of bread, cost 65 cents.

Sixty-two cents to buy a dozen eggs, cost \$1.50. Sixty-two cents to buy a box of cereal, cost \$1.90. Meat and poultry are simply too expensive, most people don't eat them.

If the worker or her child gets sick, she'd have to come up with \$3.08-4.62 for a doctor's visit. Medicine for dysentery, very common, costs \$4.68, almost two days' wages. Chloroquine pills for malaria are 63 cents. Medicine for diarrhea, which many children suffer from, costs \$1.54. Eye glasses costing \$40, three weeks wages, are simply out of the question. To those still unconvinced that 28 cents an hour is not enough to survive on--even in Haiti--I have more statistics available upon request. Twenty-eight cents an hour is a starvation wage, and these people are constantly in debt. They buy food and other necessities on credit, slowly sinking deeper and deeper into debt and poverty. (Note: all cost comparisons are converted into to dollars and cents for easier comparison. The Haitian currency is the gourde. The exchange rate in April 1996 was 16.25 gourdes to one U.S. dollar, making a Haitian gourde worth \$.06. The \$2.25 per day earnings translate to approximately 36 gourdes per one day.)

In May of 1995, then President Jean-Bertrand Aristide increased the minimum wage to 36 cents an hour. A commission of business people, which included many of the subcontractors which Disney hires, argued that 25 cents was more realistic if Haiti was to undercut international competition. A compromise of 29 cents was reached. However, in order to circumvent the implementation of this newly "compromised" wage, many of the companies, pressured by Disney who threatened to cancel its orders, responded by stepping up production quotas (At one company, Excel Apparel Exports, quotas have been increased by 133% since the passage of the new minimum wage law). If the

sales price. That leaves plenty left over for licensing, fabric, cutting, dyes, screen printing, packaging, freight, ware-housing, entry fees, advertising, floor space, sales clerks and still allows the retailer to make a 300-400 percent profit margin! (Note: Next time you shell out \$80-120 for a pair of Nikes or Reeboks, ask yourself where these shoes were made, under what conditions, and why you're paying what you're paying when it costs \$2-5 to make them.) Disney can certainly afford to pay its workers 58 cents an hour if Mr. Michael Eisner, CEO of The Walt Disney Company, can afford to pay himself \$97,600 an hour, as he did in 1993.

The National Labor Committee also reports that any attempts made to unionize result in immediate suspension. "Workers sewing Disney garments in Haiti would be immediately fired if they attempted to speak out to defend their rights. In fact, at least five workers--including the woman who provided the pay stub which appears in the Open Letter to Disney--were recently fired for speaking to journalists and

human rights activists. One hundred percent of the workers told us they would be fired on the spot if they tried to organize to defend themselves " the report says.

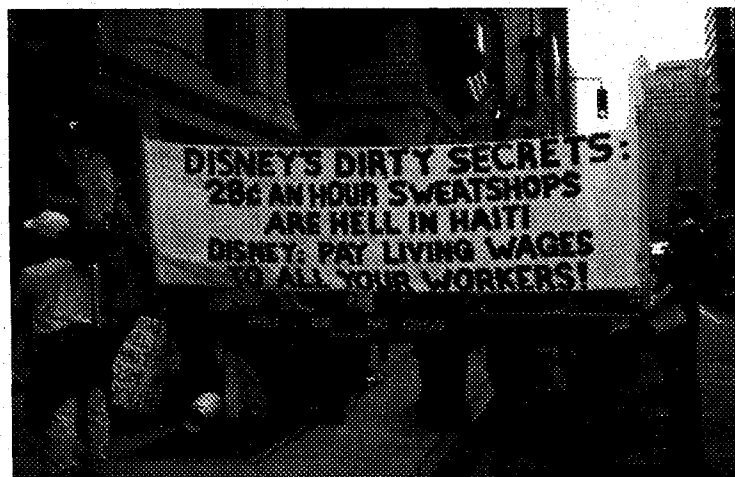
The unemployment rate and poverty in Haiti are indeed extreme. However, one would hope that Disney would not see these conditions as an opportunity to make money. Unfortunately, the overwhelming evidence points elsewhere. Disney, like Nike and Reebok in Indonesia, see a desperate labor pool as an unprecedented opportunity to make huge profits. Their rationale is that these people need jobs and therefore will work no matter how little you pay them. And indeed many point out that these are the ways of the "global economy", and that the wretched of the Earth will increasingly bear the brunt of the free market system which allows some to rake in the cash, while the rest live and die in utter misery. Perhaps its up to us, the consumers, to let the pundits know we don't agree with their premise. Why not drop by your local Disney store and voice your concern. Better yet, why not write a letter to Mr. Eisner and point out the absurdities. Let him know that you won't buy Disney's products if they're made with slave labor. Let him know you don't buy the rationale of 'Mickey Mouse Freedom'. Model letters are available in the Press office. (Note: This Thursday, Oct.3, the Peace Studies Center will be showing "Haiti: Killing the Dream" a film documenting, among other things, U.S. involvement in Haitian affairs, at 7pm in SBS S738)

For more information, contact:

The National Labor Committee
275 7th Avenue
New York, NY 10001
(212) 242-0986

The Disney/Haiti Justice Campaign
Fort Washington Station, P.O. BOX 755
New York, NY 10040
(212) 592-3612

Mr. Michael Eisner, CEO
Walt Disney Company
500 South Buena Vista Street



workers cannot meet the production quota, they are paid only a fraction of the minimum wage, sometimes as little as 11 or 12 cents an hour. The NLC report found several Disney sub-contractors violating the minimum wage law on a regular basis.

Is there any way to cut a bigger slice for labor? According to Charlie Kernaghan, director of the NLC, a most definite yes. If Disney would raise the wage to 58 cents an hour, what the workers are requesting, \$4.65 for an eight hour day, the workers could afford to feed themselves and their families. At an hourly wage of 58 cents, the worker would earn 9 cents for a garment that retails \$11.97 cents at a JC Penny. That would leave Walt Disney, the sub-contractor, and the retailer (JC Penny in this case) over 99 percent--\$11.88--of the \$11.97

NAUGHTY BY NATURE

A GOOD CORPORATE CITIZEN TRIES TO MAKE A QUICK BUCK

By Boyd McCamish

A quick scan across the American business landscape reveals few saints and many sinners. Finding the balance between corporate responsibility and profits promises to be the next national challenge. Here on Long Island a decent relationship appears to have gone awry. The King Kullen Corporation, with 46 supermarkets in Nassau and Suffolk counties has for the most part held up its end of the bargain with regard to labor negotiations. Yet today we see the ugly side of another company forced to answer not to the community which supports them, but the shareholders who don't want to hear excuses about modest profits.

King Kullen has a contractual agreement with the United Food and Commercial Workers (UFCW) which explicitly states that all existing and future King Kullen stores will be included in collective bargaining agreements. However, in April of 1995, King Kullen closed its Seatuket store and released from employment 55 union workers. This incident, certainly not unheard of would be acceptable if the store was not fiscally profitable. Unfortunately King Kullen had greener pastures in mind after the closing and shortly there after opened what is know called WILD BY NATURE, a health food store.

King Kullen tried to delicately explain to the union that WILD BY NATURE was not a supermarket but a health food store thus releasing them from any contractual obligations. Meantime, a few store fronts away the owner of VILLAGE NATURAL FOODS, an independent healthfood proprietor reread his lease

agreement and found that if the leasser rented to another healthfood store he could break his lease. When this fact was brought to the attention of King Kullen they emphatically stated that they were a supermarket not a health food store. This obvious contradiction compelled the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB), the federal agency in charge of over-



GSEU protestors converge on Wild By Nature
(Photo by Jeanne Nolan)

seeing and ruling on labor disputes to decide in favor of the union. Their ruling said the following the evidence adduced by the investigation established that the King Kullen Seatuket store, which closed in the spring of 1995 and reopened as Wild by Nature in 1995, is covered by said agreement between local 1500 (UFCW) and King Kullen.

Despite the fact that the King Kullen chain of grocery stores has amassed untold wealth by serving the citizens of this Island, they refuse to deal in good faith, consequently forgetting the many people both young and old who made it possible and who worked tirelessly for them. King Kullens success is directly related to the success of all of us here. In this most cutthroat of business climates King Kullen may very well have reached the point of no return with the trust of the community. A corporation's commitment to its community must be judged in these, the most difficult of times. The three village area is well aware of the situation and has continued to put constant and firm pressure on the supermarket giant, they will not rest until justice is served.

Local labor groups and other unions have pledged their support. In the last few weeks protesting groups have not been present at the new store as a sign of good faith. Yet since the Kullen family has indicated that it will do nothing more than drag its feet on the issue, protest groups began again last Sunday demonstrating outside the store. A group from the American Federation of Musicians and a large contingent of visiting members of the Graduate Student Employees Union were on hand to restart the pressure.

We can only hope that King Kullen will abide by the preliminary ruling of the NLRB and avoid the time consuming process of a legal battle. Perhaps more importantly we hope that King Kullen will see that a corporation that works with the community will invariably have its undivided support.

THE USA TODAY

By James Atwater

Media mergers stamp out the truth

It has been 15 months since the Newspaper Guild of Detroit declared a strike after negotiations failed with Gannett-Knight-Ridder. It is perhaps the most important labor dispute facing working people today. The story is an increasingly familiar one that pits will against greed in the battle for economic justice.

Recent legislation that has eased the restrictions on ownership of the newsmedia coupled with laissez-faire economic policies implemented by the Federal government have created a climate that lends itself to corporate greed. Here is the story.

The current problem began in 1991 when Gannett, which owned the Detroit News, and Knight-Ridder, which owned

the Detroit Free Press wanted to merge. Now, normally with mergers we are made to think that mergers are done in order to increase the viability of ailing companies, in this case however it was purely a matter of increasing revenues and cornering the market on the newspaper business in Detroit. It should be known that in 1991 both companies were riding the wave of good fortune, in effect enjoying the promises of our system, then greed came knocking.

The Unions took their concerns to court, with a lower court ruling that the merger was okay. The legal battle went all the way to the US Supreme Court, where the decision was split 4-4 and the merger was ruled legal.

Once the new corporation was allowed to exist it

took to the next task, busting the union. "Busting a union" simply means that a company, which has normally dealt in good faith with a recognized union, builds up enough cash reserves allowing it to make totally unfair demands of the workers knowing full well that they wouldn't accept them. The company then "sits it out" hoping that the striking workers will disperse, sending a clear message to future union organizers that they are not welcome.

After the merger, the new corporation began increasing its advertising and subscription rates. In Detroit readership dropped and the company began losing money. Rather than looking to its management team for solutions it went directly to the employees for concessions. In good faith, the Teamsters took a \$10,000 per employee pay cut and the fortune of the company started to turn around. In 1995 Gannett-Knight-Ridder (GKR) earned a reported \$55-56 million dollars. Seeing a recovery, the union went back to the bargaining table to reclaim their concessions, but the atmosphere was suddenly tense. The company had decided to break the union and would not listen to any demands. A strike vote took place and the employees left in disgust.

Shortly before the negotiations broke down GKR hired paramilitary security forces and put them up in suburban hotels. In addition, GKR donated \$3 million dollars to the Detroit Police department, an amount that would have done much to repay the workers but

instead was spent on riot gear, pepper spray and mace. Also, GKR has been paying scabs \$10-12 an hour to pull anti GKR lawnsigns off private property in the middle of the night.

The Unions participating in the strike are: Pressman (graphics Communication International Union 13-N, Mailmen (Teamsters local 2040), Circulation Workers (Teamsters local 372), and Photo Engravers and Printers (International Typographical Union).

To this day GKR has refused to negotiate a new contract. In the meantime police brutality has grown and many legally striking members have found themselves on the receiving end of nightsticks and combat boots. Still, unions from all over the country have provided very generous support and AFL-CIO President John Sweeney and Secretary-treasurer Rich Trumka have visited and been arrested in support of the union. The outcome of this dispute will no doubt have an effect, either positive or negative on future labor relations. It is imperative that our local union power is felt in Detroit. TAKE THE POWER BACK!

What can we do? Interested unions can contact the AFL-CIO to adopt a family on strike. In the coming weeks, concerned students will be on campus to start a petition drive to rid our university of Gannett-Knight-Ridder products. You can start by not purchasing "USA TODAY" which is sold in the union deli and in vending machines. Individuals and groups interested in signing the petition should contact Boyd McCamish by e-mail at bmccamis@ic.sunysb.edu. We are shooting for 100% on campus union participation.

For further information: <http://www.afl-cio.org>

Special thanks to Mr. Martin Fishgold of the Social Services Employees Union Local 371-D.C. 37 AFSCME, AFL-CIO-CLC.



Police attack striking workers

Fly On, Columbia!

By Martha Chemas

This past week Ernesto Samper Pizano, President of Colombia, traveled to the New York to address the United Nations. His visit was not without incident.

Earlier in the week, President Clinton addressed the United Nations and pledged to provide "\$100 million in defense equipment, services and training to Mexico, Colombia and several Caribbean nations" to help prevent money laundering and drug sales. Clinton went on to state that this aid would serve to help the aforementioned nations detain the flow of drug traffic from their origins and to combat drug related terrorism in these countries.

In the early hours of Saturday morning, shortly before the Colombian President's private jet was to alight on its route to New York from Bogota, Colombian authorities received an anonymous phone call. The phone caller told the authorities that there were illegal drugs on the President's jet. The subsequent search unearthed 3.72 kilograms of heroine on the President's plane. As a result 11 people were imprisoned while an investigation is being conducted. Among the 11 arrested were a Colonel and a Major from the Colombian military.

The President's jet goes through a rigorous security search every 12 hours. Colombian officials contend that, had the anonymous phone caller not called, the heroine would still have been found. They go on to say that the heroine was in a very conspicuous place. Pizano and his entourage ended up flying into New York on a Colombian

commercial airliner that was searched inside out before the group of government agents boarded.

When Samper finally addressed the United Nations he called for an international organization to deal with arms and drug trafficking, money laundering and terrorism. If these groups were to be dealt with internationally, penalties would be more severe and more publicized. He went on to say that Colombians collectively did not wish to continue to be stigmatized for a problem that was everyone's. Samper also stated "that 80% of the drugs that are circulating on a global level are in industrialized countries that are doing little to prevent the perpetual consumption (of drugs) that threaten to destroy our youths and minorities."

During his appearance at the United Nations, a reporter asked Samper if he had ever tried marijuana (echoing a question posed during an MTV program hosted by Tabitha Soren where President Clinton had replied in the affirmative and said he would try it again, if only he could). Samper replied that he had not, and that he had quit smoking cigarettes also. Another reporter queried Samper as to his flight. Samper breezily replied that the flight had gone well, but that he had arrived a few ounces lighter.

The Colombian President sadly surveyed the New York skyline this past week, aware of the fact the he might not be returning. The United States federal government has revoked his visa to travel in the United States, citing his alleged ties with narcotics traffickers as the reason for such revocation.

There are many political figures and governmen-

tal agents that feel that Pizano was framed and that the heroine was planted. One such agent felt that the incident was part of a "Machiavellian ploy" to further discredit the Colombian government and to further the notion that Colombians are singularly responsible for the large scale proliferation of drugs in the United States.

This on the heels of allegations by the *San Jose Mercury News* that certain Central Intelligence Agency attaches were directly involved in the distribution of crack-cocaine to the Bloods and the Crypts of South Central Los Angeles.

At this point the investigation continues. Samper has returned to Colombia and continues his very public battle against the drug trade on his native soil. There, he struggles with the economic realities that make growing the coca plant very palatable to thousands of farmers struggling with the very concrete conception of starving or denying cartel kingpin's requests and being assassinated.

Incidentally, speaking of soil, this past Thursday it was confirmed that petroleum deposits were found under Colombian soil. At this point details are sketchy, but it seems that the amount of petroleum uncovered rivals deposits found in the Middle East. It will be interesting to see how this will affect Colombian-American relations. We shall see if this new-found deposit of riches will serve to reinstate Samper's visa and if it will turn the United State's eye to South America.

Green Party Big in NY

A new poll conducted by John Zogby Group International for the (Albany) Times Union and the Syracuse Newspapers shows Green Party Presidential candidate Ralph Nader slightly ahead of Ross Perot in New York State and nearly tied with Republican Bob Dole in New York City.

The poll found that 3.2% of the voters statewide support Nader, compared to 2.8% for Perot. In New York City, 6.3% of the voters support Nader, compared to 8.3% for Dole. Statewide, 56% of the voters indicated support for Clinton and 24.3% for Dole, with 13.7% undecided or supporting others. Nader is pulling better among moderate voters (4.1%), than among liberals (3.1%) or conservatives (2.0%).

Green Party spokespeople were encouraged by the poll results but said it would be much higher except for the virtual news blackout by the national media. Back in April, when Nader was not on the ballot in any state and only talking about running, he was included in national polls, receiving 6% in national support in a LA Times poll and 8% in a CBS News poll.

"Many voters don't yet know about the platform of the Green Party and Ralph Nader. Many voters merely equate Nader with automobile safety and consumer rights. Over the next few weeks, we hope the media will allow the voters to hear about the Green program on single payor health care, job creation, welfare reform, opposition to the Iraqi war, affirmative action, and campaign finance

reform. The first step is to allow Mr. Nader to participate in the upcoming Presidential debates," stated Mark Dunlea, spokesperson for the Green Party of New York State.

"Public opinion polls show that a majority of Americans are dissatisfied with the two party monopoly and support the creation of the third party. The media has to stop acting as gatekeepers and give national third party candidates the opportunity to present their program. Not everyone is a billionaire who can just buy his way into the media. The media is treating Nader as a relic of the 70's and ignores the fact that the Greens are the largest electoral movement in the world and are represented in the governments of nearly two dozen countries. In the last few years, Green candidates have won scores of local races across the U.S. and have several times pulled 10% of the vote in major races, including ones for Governor and the U.S. Senate," added Betty Wood, Coordinator of the Green Party USA national clearinghouse.

Nader is presently on the ballot in 21 states. The Green Party is committed to the principles of ecology, grassroots democracy, non-violence and social and economic justice.

(© Peacenet, 1996)

NYPIRG

On September 24th, over 85 people attended the NYPIRG Student Action Meeting
Where were you?

Topics included:
Voter Registration
Homeless Outreach
Environmental Preservation
Good Government
Consumer Action/Small Claims court

NYPIRG activists get things done TODAY!!!!

"On the broad raft of issues, NYPIRG is the organization that does the work, provides the research, asks the questions, prods the laggard and exposes the malfasant."

-Micheal Tomasky, *The Village Voice*

Its never to late to change the world, just make sure you stop by before 5!!

Steve Fiore-Rosenfeld, Esq.
Student Union 079
632-6457

UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED

By Chris Sorochin

Dorval Airport, Montreal

Dorval is one of those foreign airports where you clear US customs there, instead of in the US. My friend and I go to approach the official, but he separates us. "You first, then this gentleman."

He gives me the third degree as to my place of residence and circumstances of employment. When I tell him I teach English, he repeats "Engrish" in an unfunny imitation of an Asian accent. This asshole must be a real charmer when he actually does deal with the foreign-tongued.

By the end of the interrogation, I'm practically snapping at Mr. Border Patrol and giving him the iciest look I can muster after a long, relaxing weekend. When my friend is allowed through, briefly, with no personal questions and all possible courtesy, I'm fit to be tied and it takes several Labatts Bleus before I'm calm and rational enough to board the plane.

I should explain here that although none of my traceable ancestry hails from anywhere further south than the Bavarian Alps, I have a dark complexion and dark hair and a thick black moustache and I wouldn't look out of place in Naples or Athens. More to the point, I wouldn't look out of place in Baghdad or Tehran either and I'm told I could easily pass for a resident of Mexico City or Bogota. That must be why I got "special treatment". The two days' growth of Yassir Arafat stubble that I'm sporting probably didn't help either.

My friend's skin, conversely, is baby-doll pink, matched by cobalt eyes and reddish-blond hair. If he spent more time at the gym, he'd be a perfect Nazi poster-boy. Now, he could be a militia loon with a compost bomb or a white supremacist psycho with canisters of poison gas in his toiletry kit, but that doesn't matter. Thanks to two decades of Chuck Norris movies, we know what a terrorist looks like, and he looks like me. Doesn't it make you feel much safer to know that Timothy McVeigh and friends could just breeze on through while I and other dark, hairy and harmless individuals undergo uniformed harassment?

Every now and then, some of us Euro-Americans are "privileged" to be able to experience, as I did, a tiny supermarket taste-sample of what our brethren and sistren of other races are force fed on a daily basis. Last summer, WUSB's own reggae pioneer Lister Hewan-Lowe was arrested and hassled by Suffolk County police when an alarm accidentally went off at an ATM machine he was using. His black skin and dreadlocks made him guilty on sight.

Last week, Desmar Guevara, a Soho musician and actor from Puerto Rico was returning from a festival in the Canary Islands when he was kept detained by INS agents for 12 hours and actually put into shackles. Puerto Rico has been a US territory since we stole it in 1898. Its inhabitants are US citizens. Mr Guevara speaks English with a Spanish accent, as do many of our citizens from the Bronx to San Diego, yet apparently, that was enough to convict him and make him prey to such an ordeal.

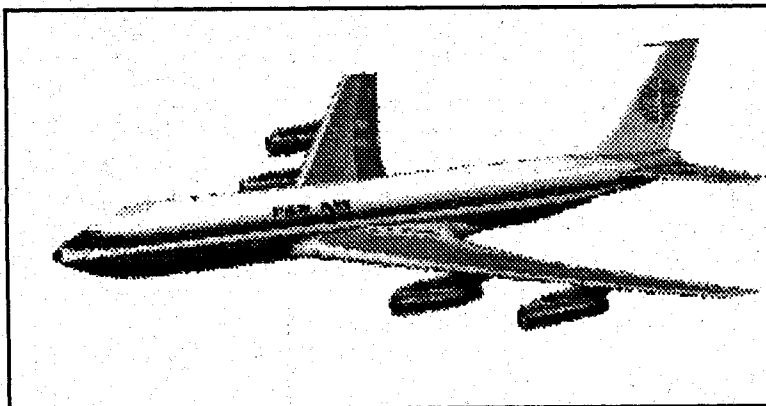
You'd think that INS agents who live in New York would be hip to this, since large numbers of our population speak with accents. In Omaha, St. Louis, Des Moines, maybe, but this is New York, for Chrissakes.

This is what the new antiterrorism law portends—now, immigration and customs agents can be even more repressive and obnoxious to those

whose color scheme they don't like. In addition to increasing the ability of secret police organizations to spy on US citizens and expanding the presence of these soft core Gestapos into foreign countries (consolidate that Empire), the bill calls for secret trials and automatic deportation for aliens suspected of offenses against the Reich.

Now, any fool knows that this is not going to make anyone any safer from terrorism, just like tripling the prison population didn't significantly reduce crime.

In the late 70's, our British cousins suspended all kinds of civil rights in the name of stopping IRA attacks. There was a smorgasbord of get-tough measures, augmented police powers, internment without trial, lack of due process, paid informers—you name it. It didn't stop the bombings. On the contrary, it politicized more of Britain's sizable Irish community against the government. It also sent lots of innocent people to jail—some for the crime of having an Irish accent—just as Guevara's accent earned him the wrath of the gung-ho contingent at Kennedy.



Elsewhere in Fun City, NYPD officer Francis Livoti is currently being tried in the strangulation death of Anthony Baez, a young Dominican-American who was in police custody at the time. Baez' football had struck the officers' car. The black-helicopter Illuminati at the UN have begun a human rights investigation into New York's law enforcement community. It seems young non-whites have an uncanny knack of dying while under the care and supervision of the guardians of public order.

In other depressing news, there is a new federal bill that is supposed to turn teachers, health-care workers and other professionals into informers against illegal immigrants. It will, of course, be expanded into an attack on all Latinos, Asians, etc, whatever their legal status.

When Californians had the unmitigated idiocy to vote in Proposition 187, one of the provisions was to enlist all public employees in an enforcement scheme. To their credit, the California teachers' union refused. Currently, the law is suspended pending decision. I hope the East Coast contingent will have the guts and basic human decency to stand up and refuse to be pawns in a politically-expedient game of Bash the Immigrant.

There will be a massive march on Washington on Saturday, October 12 to protest these outrages. It's being touted as a Latino thang, but I'm sure anyone coming in solidarity will be welcome. Call (800) 410-1296 for info.

Reach Out and Touch Someone (But Not Me)

September 30 is pregnant with nuclear anniversaries. The USS Nautilus, the first nuclear submarine, was launched on this day. It's also the tenth anniversary of the imprisonment of Mordechai Vanunu, the Israeli technician who blew the whis-

tle on his country's illegal nuclear program to a London newspaper. For his efforts, he was kidnapped by Mossad, Israel's circle of spies and assassins. He's been kept incommunicado in a small cell—a total political prisoner.

On the 30th, I plan to be in Hartford, Connecticut, attending the trial of more of those modern-day prophets who symbolically disarm instruments of mass destruction. In this case, four women protested the launching of the eighteenth Trident sub in Groton. Each of these obscene monstrosities can wipe out more than 2,000 cities and robs US taxpayers of \$2.7 billion that could be better spent on things we really need.

But I plan to take a few moments to phone the Israeli consulate (212-499-5300). After wishing them a belated L'shana tovah, I'm going to tell them to respect human rights and release Vanunu. If in the proper mood, I may also express my revulsion at last spring's savage attack on civilians in a UN shelter, as well as my general loathing of Binyamin Netanyahu and that bunch of racist fanatics running the show over there. Now, Netanyahu is expanding settlements on the West Bank and bombing Lebanon again.

Dear old Uncle Scam obligingly looked the other way when Israel violated non-proliferation agreements by developing nuclear weapons, and, what's more, sharing with those other paragons of virtue in apartheid South Africa. Maybe that's because the Israelis have been such good little proxies in operations the US government can't touch officially, like training Contras in Central America and funneling arms to Iran and Iraq.

Our leaders also made small protest when India and Pakistan developed their bombs. India's been dragging its feet on the latest treaty, saying that all nuclear powers should disarm—including the Big Five. Sounds good to me. If nuclear weapons are good, shouldn't every country have them? And if they're bad, well, it stands to reason nobody should have them, especially nations that have demonstrated a willingness to use them.

My Briefs

For years, African-American leaders and activists have claimed that the government is dumping drugs into their communities to poison black youth. They have often been dismissed as overly suspicious. Now it seems they weren't so paranoid after all: the *San Jose Mercury* in California has run a 3-part series on the CIA selling cocaine to street gangs in South Central Los Angeles to raise contra funds. Is anyone surprised?

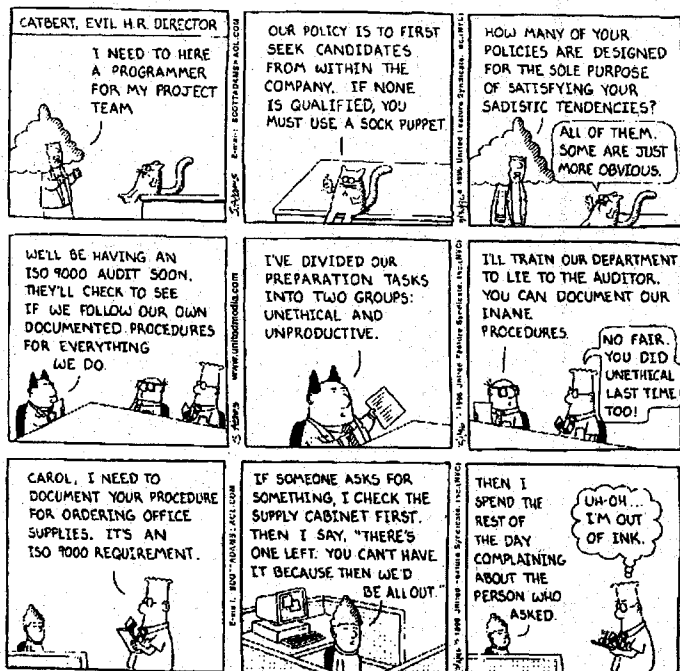
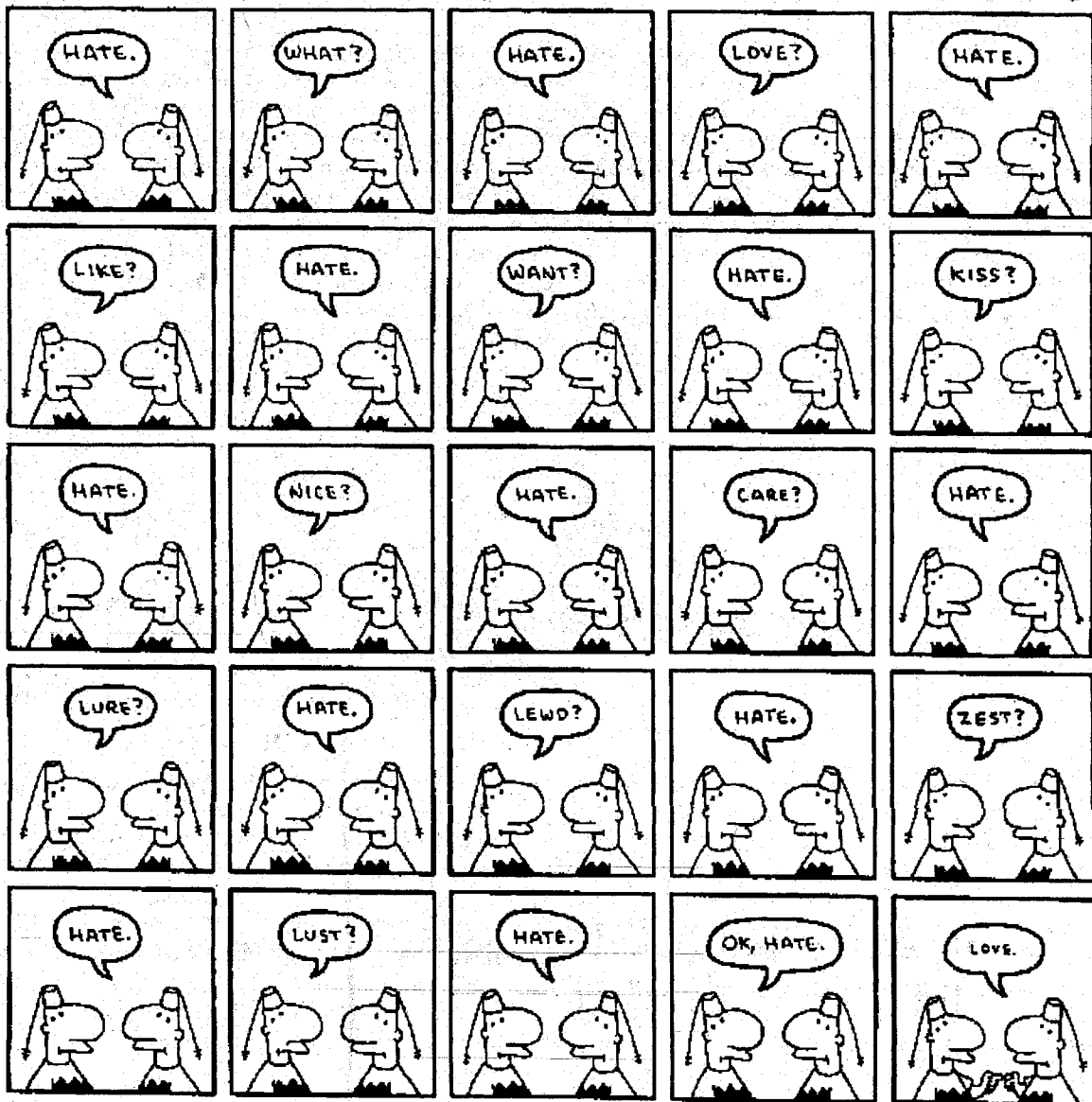
Looks like the presidential debates will be a huge yawning contest between Homer and Jethro. The debate commission (composed of Republican and Democratic apparatchiks) has deemed that Ross Perot and My Guy Ralph Nader can't participate. They might just bring up the wrong topics. With my own ears I heard one functionary say quite plainly that Perot can't join in the reindeer games this time because he hasn't got as much money to spend as he did before. Straight from the horse's orifice.

Reading List: Run, don't walk to the September 30 issue of the Nation and bask in the radiance of Gore Vidal's illuminating account of his trial for heresy by the media drones of General Electric and Disney. "See ya real soon."

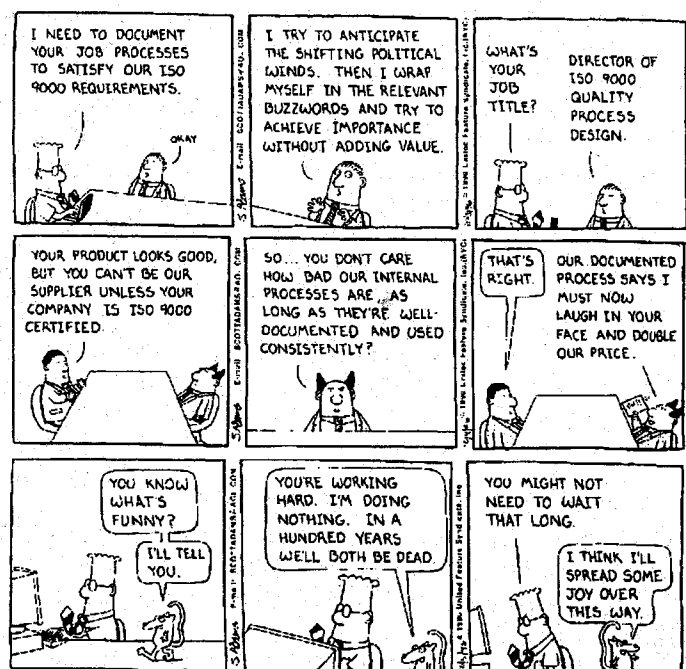
COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

©1996 BY MATT GROENING



Dilbert ® by Scott Adams



Top 10 Races We Hate

10. The Indianapolis 500
9. The America's Cup
8. Balance-The-Egg-On-A-Spoon Race
7. The Kentucky Derby
6. Three-Legged Races
5. The Shuttle Run
4. The New York City Marathon
3. The Camptown Races
2. Sack Race
1. The Tour de France

Last Issue's Contest: Spot the Ted Heads

We're proud to report a record-breaking number of entries in our "Spot the Ted Heads" contest! Nearly five of our most devoted fans sent in their best guesses as to the whereabouts of the Ted-Heads. Congratulations to Ed Ballard, the first entrant to find all sixteen of the floating craniums. Ed, send us your filler... we lost your phone number!

All hail Ted!

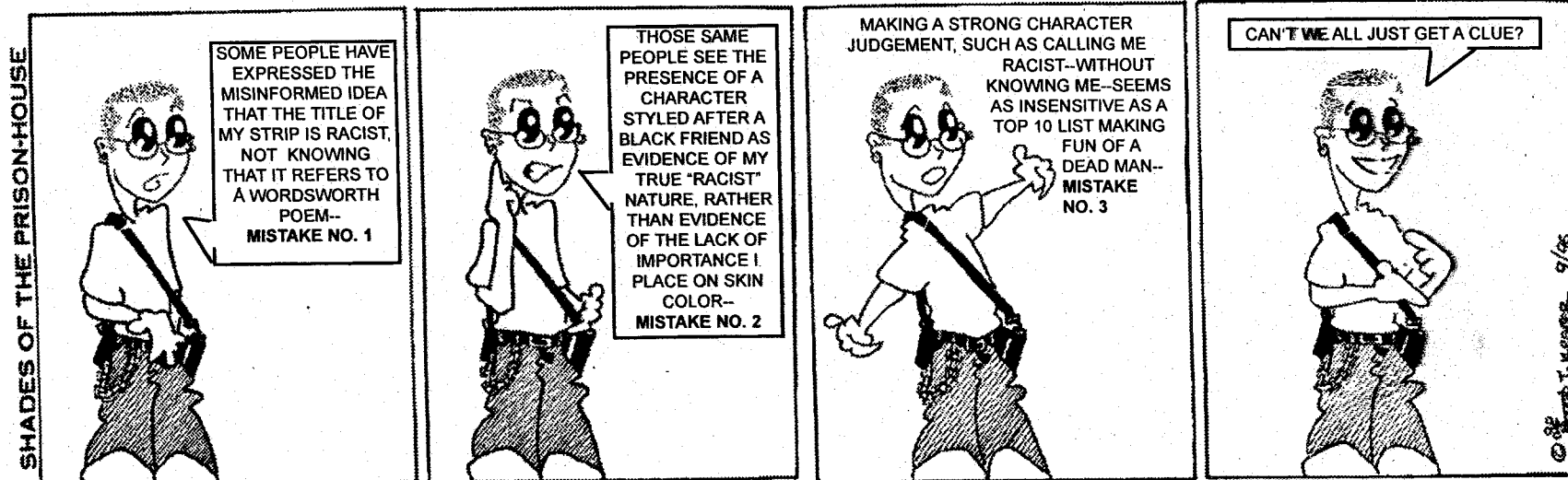
New Contest: Fill In The Blanks, pt. II

Those of our readers whose long-term memories have not yet been blotted out by alcoholic over-indulgence may recall one of the first contest we ran, last fall, a simple fill in the blanks endeavor. We return to that theme this issue: Complete the following sentence so that it is as humorous as possible. Winners get a quarter page to abuse in whatever way they see fit.

The sentence:

My _____ says I shouldn't _____ anymore...
it's too _____!

Send or email us your entries!



THE GLASSWORKS

By Michael Yeh

From his shop in the Graduate Chemistry building, Rudolph Schlott crafts fine handmade glassware that can satisfy any mad scientist's fantasies.

The Chemistry Department's glass shop produces customized glassware for research scientists at the University at Stony Brook. Aside from creating unusually shaped pieces, special types of glass can be made from pure silica or metallic mixtures, in addition to the usual borosilicate glass found in laboratory glassware.

The creation of a new piece of glassware usually begins with a design from the researcher. These sketches range from elaborate computer generated diagrams to scraps of paper scribbled with words. Mr. Schlott would then attempt to make the object based on the design.

Often, the glassware is shaped from pre-fabricated glass tubes of varying sizes. Many machines are used to fashion each piece. Saws and drills with diamond bits can make clean, even cuts. Rough edges can be made smoother with various sanding belts, diamond grinding wheels and other milling tools. Occasionally, Schlott receives orders for large flasks and other objects that are too big or cumbersome to shape by hand. However, he has a couple

of machines that function as mechanical "hands" that hold and rotate each piece while he heats it.

Shaping the hot glass requires manual dexterity, patience and experience in addition to the machines. I watched as he expertly joined a glass tube to a Leibig condenser with a hand torch while

blowing a i r inside to prevent the opening from fusing shut. After a few minutes, he

confidently picked up the condenser by the tube and one end, and flipped it back and forth to reveal a strong joint with a perfect right angle. Schlott checks his handiwork periodically under polarized light, which reveals stress patterns within the glass caused by uneven heating. These areas, which appear like multicolored oil slicks, make glassware more susceptible to breakage. This problem can be eliminated by heating the glass evenly by hand or in a special annealing oven.

Although Schlott is capable of making almost anything manually, some parts are obtained more cheaply and quickly from other sources. He limits his work to producing expensive or rare articles, or

what he calls "the odd stuff." Some parts such as ground glass joints, with strict dimensions defined by international standards, are purchased from commercial suppliers and incorporated into his glassware. These parts save a lot of time in constructing objects that fit together with other pieces or machines. One of his most popular orders is for rotary evaporator traps, which he constructs by attaching two ground glass joints to a hand-blown sphere.

The glass shop also collects broken glassware from laboratories for salvageable parts such as stopcocks and joints. These can be incorporated into new articles or given away to researchers. However, unlike food jars and bottles, laboratory glassware cannot be recycled because different pieces require strict compositions of ingredients that may not be contaminated with others.

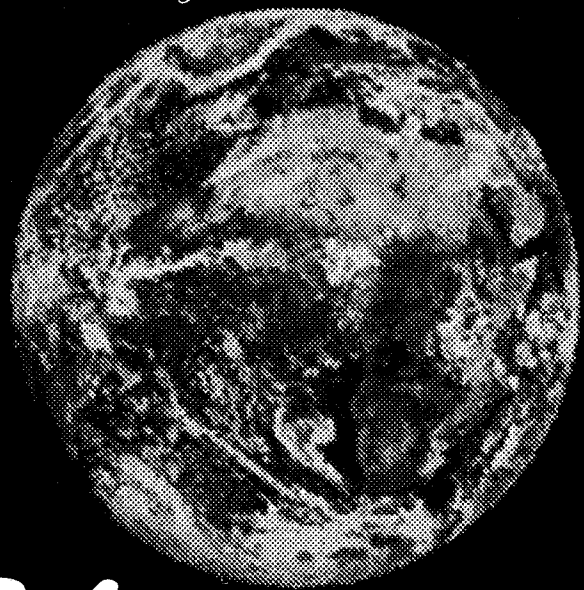
Rudolph Schlott learned his craft at a special vocational school in his native Germany. In previous years, he has taught a basic glassblowing course to graduate students in chemistry. However, due to rising costs for materials and glass disposal, the class has not been offered for approximately eight years. Students interested in a career in glassblowing can find programs at only a few colleges and vocational schools in the nation.

Mr. Schlott has served many departments with his skills since 1976. In addition to helping the campus community, he has received orders from other colleges including SUNY College at Old Westbury and SUNY at Binghamton.

Experienced glassblowers are quite difficult to find, and we are very fortunate to have someone as skilled and dedicated as he at Stony Brook.

"The glass shop also collects broken glassware from laboratories for salvageable parts such as stopcocks and joints."

Expand your horizons....



The Spot

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Located in the Tunny Bice Theater, Roosevelt Quad

21 and over, ID required. Sponsored by GSO and FSA.

LGBT A

The Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgendered Alliance

is hosting an alumni "Family" reunion

Friday, October 11th
National Coming Out Day
in the Union Bi-Level
9pm to 2am

DJ - Dance - Coffee House Lounge - Free Food - Networking

Open Poetry Forum

Hand College Main Lounge
 Tuesdays at 8:30 pm

Read your own, read a friend's, or just sit and listen.
 ALL are welcome.

For info call Phil at 216-3165

Adventures in Éire, Part II

By Anne Ruggiero

Hello from the Emerald Isle! As the new foreign correspondent for the Stony Brook Press, I give profound greetings from the land of all things green. I promised the staff that I would write vivid accounts of my adventure, so sit right back and you'll hear a tale, a tale of a fateful trip. I got to JFK airport easily enough, but once in the terminal, I discovered that Aer Lingus was threatening to go on strike so our flight was diverted to another airline (I strongly suspect Boyd's union ties on this one). Finally settled on Air Europe, I sat back and relaxed in anticipation of my journey. It was then that I realized that the airline staff was working the swing shift in order to compensate for Aer Lingus's fuck-up. Already grumpy and tired, I don't think that they appreciated it when a disgruntled Irish-enthusiast passenger started bitching about not being forewarned that his flight would be diverted. Annoying at first to those trying to sleep on the plane, the ruckus soon became amusing when a harmless looking, five-foot-two-inch stewardess (excuse me, flight attendant), blatantly told the guy to shut up or he could get off the plane at 25,000 feet. It was as if she had spoken for the masses of underpaid, under-respected employees of the service industry who had to deal with ignorant, nouveaux riche assholes like this

guy. All of the twenty-something students on the plane returning home after a summer of waiting tables settled back comfortably in their seats and smugly smiled to the flight attendant's answer.

I was supposed to be flying over with my esteemed colleague, Heather; however, esteemed colleagues without passports don't travel very far. So I made the journey alone. Upon arriving in Ireland, I learned a few things.

1. All Irish are NOT friendly. Actually, they can be pretty obnoxious mother fuckers.

2. Accompanying all that green is a lot of cow shit. Those fields might look great to run through, but watch your shoes.

3. When given the opportunity, an Irishman will violently erupt into a fit of slurs and racial blurbs against the English.

4. Irish teenagers listen to way too much Oasis and Alanis Morissette. They also wear their Levi's too tight.

5. Traffic runs in the other direction here, and Irish drivers are merciless.

I realized this final point as I was walking the streets of Dublin with my Irish friend and guide, Mr. Owen Tighe. Walking along, I saw famous and historic Trinity College stretched out before me, and so, being a native New Yorker, I did what any traffic-conscious New Yorker would do. I waited until one-half of the street was clear,

then crossed to the middle, knowing that once in the center of the street, oncoming traffic would recognize my need to cross and allow me to pass. I was wrong. I crossed halfway, and on account of brief stupidity, Owen followed me, knowing fully what would happen. The other side wouldn't stop to let us cross. By this point, traffic behind us had started moving again and we were caught in between. I didn't realize the danger of our predicament until Owen started shaking his head and repeating, "This is not good. This is NOT good." So there we were, standing hopelessly in the midst of fast-moving midday Dublin traffic, with Owen bemoaning our stupidity and myself laughing hysterically (I tend to do that right before I lose it) as bright green double-decker buses sandwiched us. And that is how I almost bought it in front of Trinity College. My high point in Dublin so far. Well, readers, I must go to class now, a topic which I will cover in later issues. I know that Dave will kick my ass because this article is so short, and I also know that his legs are long enough to reach Ireland to do it. Next time, I promise to write more relevant stories, accounts of Irish school life, and an amusing tale about my encounter with the Garda (the Irish police). Until next time, folks, think green and dream of Guinness.

Whats So Funny About Peace, Love, and North Carolina?

By P. Milare Ovis

Usually this is where I complain about living 12 hours away from the place I spent my entire life, but this time it'll be different. I'll try to explain what living in North Carolina is like and why I actually enjoy it. Let me tell you a purely hypothetical story.

Once upon a time there was this manic Executive Editor who decided to leave his paper - which he loved dearly, but was forcing him to vocally spew guttural Neanderthal noises often - and move to a southern location. His staff called him insane, begged, nay implored, him to stay and were generally sad to see him go. In fact, when a going away party was had in his honor, the staff was there, and they expressed their love by giving him a card, but no presents. (Hey they're cheap bastards what can I say?)

Like all cards given to departing editors it contained 'good-bye' after 'good-bye' and the occasional 'good luck.' It also contained double entendres hidden among the notes, like 'it can't rain all the time,' 'when the cow flies at midnight you'll be back' and the less cryptic 'get the fuck out of here.'

Now it's a month later and the staff has taken over the asylum and the ex-editor is now entrenched in his new surroundings. Both parties got everything they wanted. The ex-editor got free time to pursue various dreams and the staff got control of the paper. The only one who received an unwelcome present was the new editor. He has acquired the ability to utter the same guttural Neanderthal noises that the old editor once claimed as his own. Apparently it's the job, not the individual.

The story doesn't end there though. The two parties still communicate, albeit infrequently, due to

the tight-fistedness of the Business Manager, and her fascist policy of not allowing long-distance calls before 11 o'clock.

When they do talk the question they most ask the ex-editor is 'have you gotten some southern hooch yet?' But the next question is 'do you like it there?'

And the ex-editor always answers 'yes' and tries to explain it this way.

You see, this new southerner, was born and raised in the mall lands of Long Island among the snobby attitudes and the Commack hairstyles. So when he moved, he was shocked at how different people act in North Carolina.

Everyone is nice - including the ska-listening skateboard punks - and the lifestyle is slower. That's not to mean that weekend time is spent on the porch with a blade of grass in the teeth and a clay jug of home made bourbon between the feet. It means that even when you're at a bar and a fight breaks out you don't have to worry about being caught in the middle of it. Something you can't do on Long Island, even in the best of neighborhoods.

The same indescribable feature that makes southerners such lousy drivers also makes them very nice people. Not once has the ex-editor heard 'what the fuck are you looking at' from anyone down here. On Long Island cursing someone out because you look at them wrong is as passe as a frat guy at the Bench.

But still that did not fully answer the question his staff asked him, so the ex-editor searched and searched for a better way to explain 'southern hospitality.' Then finally, the following happened.

Last week as the ex-editor pulled into the parking lot at work, he saw a policeman and a dog sitting on the grass by a patrol car. Figuring this to be a K9 unit he commented on how beautiful the dog was. To this the cop replied that it wasn't his, he

was waiting for medical assistance. The dog had been struck by a car, not seriously as it wasn't bleeding and still conscious, but the cop didn't want to see the husky wander onto the highway and become road pizza. The dog was calm (just clipped the ex-editor guessed as the dog wasn't talking) and enjoyed the attention from the officer.

As they talked the officer explained that 'one citizen [the dog in this case] is as important as the next' and that it was his 'job to protect those that can't protect themselves.'

Now while this may seem hoaky and something that you would expect from a rookie cop still reciting from the handbook, this officer was a 15-year veteran of the force and actually meant every word he said.

That isn't the greatest story in the world, but it shows a difference between the two places. A subtle laid-back feeling that afforded the officer the time to wait for medical assistance for the dog. Instead of rushing away because he might be called in on an 187 and needed a donut.

This isn't to say that every one in the south is nice and friendly to the point of offering you the extra bed in their house in times of need. Obviously, this is not the case; someone had to hit the dog and not stop.

But the majority of the people here smile all the time, ask you how you're doing and actually want to know. There are attacks of random kindness all the time and a peaceful easy feeling surrounds us all. I know it's corny sounding, but it's true.

If you still can't grasp why it feels different to live down here, then you're just going to have to ask again and put up with another article about it (See, it's changed this ex-editor already. If I had still lived on Long Island and you still hadn't understood, I would have told you to go fuck yourself).

FEATURES

M O V I E S

By Chris Cartusciello

Fall Movie Line-Up

Right now is a lousy time of year. School has just started, it's getting cold, the giant summer movies are gone and the studios don't think it is economically viable to release any of their good stuff now. Look at the choices out there. What are you going to see? *Maximum Risk*? I don't think so. *The First Wives' Club*? Not if you're a guy you won't. *Last Man Standing*? You'll be the first man standing at the box-office demanding your money back. Let's face it, September is a bummer anyway you look at it. But just around the corner lurks the stomping ground of the Great Pumpkin. That's right, October is almost here and that means Hollywood is throwing out everything it has left. Oscar contenders, hold-overs from summer and anything else it feels might be a tax write-off. The following is a listing of the most prominent films opening this Autumn. (Release dates are subject to change. They're fickle that way.)

Extreme Measures: Hugh Grant takes a big step away from romantic comedies and stars opposite Gene Hackman in this medical thriller. Grant plays a good doctor in a New York hospital who finds out that his mentor (Hackman) is playing God with patients. Produced by Elizabeth Hurley (Grant's real life love) this film offers a serious image change and is a risk. But if Hugh's fans didn't leave him after his Sunset Boulevard encounter with Divine Brown then they will surely return to see him here. Word of mouth is good and should carry this one a long way. (Sept. 27)

2 Days In The Valley: After a murder in the San Fernando Valley a group of misfits (Danny Aiello, Jeff Daniels, Ten Hatcher, James Spader, Eric Stoltz and Marsha Mason) are thrown together in this black comedy that tries to be a lighter version of *Pulp Fiction*. Whenever I hear that a film is trying to emulate that debacle that Tarantino had the nerve to call a movie my head aches. We can only hope that this one rises above its predecessor and actually entertains. (Sept. 27)

That Thing You Do!: Written and directed by Tom Hanks this little story about the rise of a small time band has all the makings of a hit. Young, promising newcomers in the starring roles, good 60's music and, most importantly, Tom Hanks. Granted, Hanks only plays a small part in the film, but his presence will be felt and that will bring enough people to the theaters to make this one stand out from the rest. (Oct. 4)

The Glimmer Man: When will Hollywood stop putting Steven Seagal in movies? Didn't they learn after *On Deadly Ground*? His last role, in *Executive Decision*, was enjoyable only because he died at the beginning of the film. Now he plays a hard edged cop teamed up with a wiseguy partner (Keenan Ivory Wayans). Original, huh? Save your money. (Oct. 4)

The Long Kiss Goodnight: The last time director Renny Harlin teamed up with wife Geena Davis we got stuck with *Cutthroat Island*. You think they would have learned. But no. Now we get Davis as a secret agent trying to discover the truth about her past with Samuel L. Jackson along for the ride. Hopefully he can add some class to all of this. (Oct. 11)

The Chamber: John Grisham is at it again. This time Chris O'Donnell is the young idealistic lawyer dealing with the Ku Klux Klan (sounds very familiar so far). The catch is that his client turns out to be his grandfather (Gene Hackman) who is on death row for a race related murder. This one might actually be interesting if they can keep up the tension throughout. (Oct. 11)

The Ghost And The Darkness: How's this for a true story? In Africa in 1896 more than a hundred workmen were killed as they built Britain's East African Railway. It turns out that they were systematically slaughtered by the two lions mentioned in the title. Two men (Michael Douglas and Val Kilmer) are hired to hunt them down, but it turns out the animals are smarter than anyone suspected. (Oct. 11)

Get On The Bus: Director Spike Lee has gathered himself an impressive cast (Ossie Davis, Charles S. Dutton, Richard Belzer and Andre Braugher of "Homicide" who is possibly the best actor on television today) for this tale of a group of black men traveling from L.A. to Washington D.C. to attend the million man march. Truth of the matter is, not a lot of people will care. (Oct. 16)

Sleepers: Another true story, this one closer to home. Four boys are sent to reformatory school as youngsters only to be tortured and sexually abused by the guards. Years after their release two of them go back and kill one of the guards. The remaining two, a lawyer and a journalist, cover it up and help them get away with it. A hot story and an even hotter cast (Brad Pitt, Robert DeNiro, Dustin Hoffman, Kevin Bacon, Jason Patric and Brad Renfro) make this one of the sure bets of the season. Directed by Barry Levinson. (Oct. 18)

Romeo And Juliet: Make of this what you will. Leonardo DiCaprio and Claire Danes are the doomed lovers in this updated adaptation. Updated might not be the right word. While it is set in modern day Florida, and guns are blaring throughout, the two still speak in Shakespeare's original text. This one could go either way. Brilliant or absurd, there is no middle ground here. (Oct. 18)

Michael Collins: Liam Neeson stars as the real life freedom fighter who tried to liberate Ireland from the British in the early 1900s. It may be uplifting but after seeing Mel Gibson free Scotland in *Braveheart* will the crowd be ready for another? Julia Roberts costars, and that could be the biggest problem right there. (Oct. 23)

Thinner: A story whose moral is "watch what you wish for because you just might get it."

Based on a novel by Richard Bachman (the pseudonym used by Stephen King) it is the story of an overweight man who suddenly finds that he can't stop dropping the pounds. It turns out that an evil gypsy woman put a curse on him. The true curse will be on this movie as it disappears faster than its main character. (Oct. 25)

The People Vs. Larry Flint: The life and times of the publisher of "Hustler" magazine. It will get a small cult following but will end up one of the biggest disappointments in recent memory. With Woody Harrelson and Courtney Love. (Nov. 1)

Ransom: Possibly the most anticipated film of the new season. Mel Gibson stars as a father obsessed with finding the man who kidnapped his son. Directed by Ron Howard and co-starring Rene Russo and Gary Sinise this is the only sure thing from now until the end of the year. (Nov. 8)

Space Jam: Michael Jordan and the whole Looney Tunes gang take on evil Martians in a basketball game to end all basketball games. A good idea for a series of

commercials, but can they sustain the laughs for an entire film? (Nov. 15)

Jingle All The Way: Once again Schwarzenegger goes the comedic route playing a father looking to get his son just what he wants for Christmas. With support from Phil Hartman, James Belushi and Sinbad, this should pack them in for pre-holiday viewing. (Nov. 15)

Star Trek: First Contact: In their second feature film the crew of "The Next Generation" take on the unstoppable Borg. This one promises a brand new Enterprise, more action than the last and the comic relief should come from Data still getting used to his emotion chip. (Nov. 22)

The Crucible: Probably the most serious Oscar contender to be released in the next few months. Daniel Day-Lewis and Winona Ryder star in Arthur Miller's tale of the Salem witch hunts. The acting, direction (by Nicholas Hytner) and screenplay (by Miller himself) are all said to be top notch and should garner attention come nomination time. (Nov. 27)

101 Dalmatians: Disney's live action film of their classic animated tale. Not much more needs to be said. Glenn Close plays Cruella DeVil, (beating out Sharon Stone and Sigourney

Weaver) possibly the most hated villain ever to grace a movie screen. Will be very popular for kids and adults alike. (Nov. 27)

Daylight: This Sylvester Stallone action flick was pushed back from its original summer release and should have the action genre all to its own (that is until *Mars Attacks* opens). The premise is promising; an accident closes off both ends of the Holland Tunnel during rush hour, killing hundreds. It is up to EMS worker Stallone to rescue the remaining survivors. Could go either way, but the trailers look promising. (Dec. 6)

Mars Attacks: This Tim Burton flick, based on a set of Topps trading cards that were banned in the 60s, has one of the most impressive casts assembled lately. Jack Nicholson (playing two parts), Glenn Close, Pierce Brosnan, Michael J. Fox, Danny DeVito, Rod Steiger, Sarah Jessica Parker, Annette Bening, Jim Brown, Tom Jones, Pam Grier, and a whole list of others. Burton's style shines through on this one and the camp feel should put it over the top. Hopefully people aren't tired of aliens after this summer and will give this one the chance it deserves. (Dec. 13)

Beavis And Butthead Do America: No more need be said. Those of you who are going to see this know who you are. (Dec. 20)

Films Opening Christmas Day

Evita: Madonna as Eva Peron is said to be perfect, but who can sit through three hours of singing without a spoken word?

Hamlet: Kenneth Branagh directs and stars in this ambitious retelling of the great Dane. Major problem is a running time of 3 1/2 hours.

The Evening Star: Sequel to 1983's best picture *Terms Of Endearment*. A little too little, a little too late. With Shirley MacLaine and Jack Nicholson.

In Love And War: The story of Ernest Hemingway (Chris O'Donnell) and his love for a W.W. I nurse (Sandra Bullock). Good reviews but no box office potential.

Everyone Says I Love You: Woody Allen's latest is a musical with Goldie Hawn, Alan Alda, Drew Barrymore and Julia Roberts. Everyone says let's stay home.

The Portrait Of A Lady: Nicole Kidman should finally get the Oscar nomination she didn't receive for last year's *To Die For* in Henry James' story of an American woman in Europe.



Ron Howard, director of *Ransom*



Will Speedy be fast enough to beat the evil aliens in *Space Jam*?

Groovalistic

By Antony Lorenzo

Attempting to rejuvenate a once-thriving groove scene is far from an easy task. Just ask Mike E of Long Island's Fourfivesix productions.

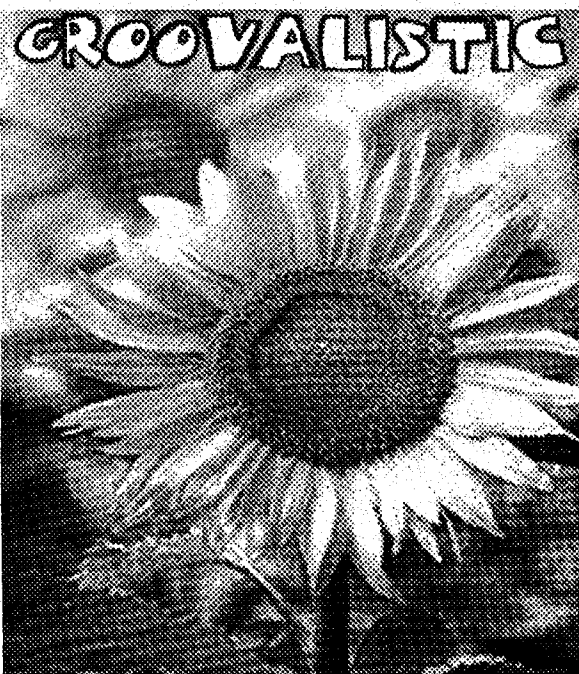
Mike is one third of the brainchild behind Port Jefferson's newest psychofunk weekly, Groovalistic. With the help of Toast and Ally b (of Caffeine fame) Groovalistic saw it's grand opening last Thursday night. Question Mike about Groovalistic's upcoming guests and he will enthusiastically rattle off a who's-who list of highly regarded, and in some cases, world-renowned DJ's. In the coming weeks, Groovalistic will play host to the likes of Dimitry, James Christian, That Kid Chris, Pete Moodswing as well as a handful of impressive local talent.

The fact that such highly acclaimed, nationally recognized DJ's are appearing each week not even ten minutes from Stony Brook is nothing short of phenomenal. For me at least, being my last year here and all, such a weekly event is practically a godsend. There is no way I was ever going to return to such stagnant shit-holes as Dublin Downs or the Park Bench. Call me a freak if you will, but sweating it out with 100 or so obnoxious, horny men just doesn't do it for me.

Fourfivesix have taken over a similar Thursday night testosterone fest at Portico and created a much welcomed oasis of repetitive rhythms and dance-floor dynamics. Not surprisingly, Groovalistic's grand opening was relatively low key. Although slightly hindered by the dodgy Port Jeff regulars, it was basically a success as far as premiere events go.

Our tribe arrived just before midnight and were instantly greeted by the bumping trip-hop rhythms of Darin D. Darin's set was thick and he managed to deftly work around the temperamental turntables, both of which seemed overly susceptible to the slightest of vibrations. The sound system was phat

and the modest array of trippy lighting complimented the powerful smoke generators. Darin eventually led the crowd into several minimalist breakbeat tracks. Laden with looping hip-hop vocals and accompanied by furious, practically subsonic basslines, the tail end of his set became downright furious and those on the floor responded accordingly.



ly. Darin gave way to the discoesque, happy house anthems of Onionz. Onionz set inspired several groovers to finally disregard the somewhat intimidating conditions and break loose with a variety of old school break moves as well as the rudimentary two step rhythmic bop.

By the time headliner Derrick Sessions took to the wheels, the crowd had thinned out substantially (too

much alcohol tends to do that to people). Derrick was greeted enthusiastically by a handful of punters and rightfully so. His set was nothing short of thoroughly nasty. His flawless beat matching, exquisite flow control and his awe inspiring ability to transcend genres had several groovers going completely nutty. Derrick's bouillabaisse of thumping, progressive selections were the highlight of the evening. By the time 4 am rolled around, Derrick himself stepped out from behind the decks to shuffle to one particularly funky record plucked from within his own crates. He eventually stepped back into position but not long after was given the signal and wound his set down to a somewhat premature halt. The staff of Portico were eager for those remaining to leave yet at the same time seemed dumbfounded that several people had been bopping about the dance floor practically all night. Eventually we gathered our belongings and begrudgingly stepped out into the cool, seaside air, the previous few hours of rhythms ringing incessantly in our heads.

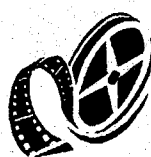
Groovalistic's upcoming events promise to traverse every progressive dance music genre out there. Whether your passion is handbag, trance, goa, acid funk or just plain house, there promises to be something for all open minded people.

The Groovalistic vibe is totally positive and the atmosphere completely refreshing. For those who do enjoy the odd drink, beers are a measly seventy five cents. So next Thursday, take a break from the insipid Long Island bar scene and explore something different. With free entry before midnight, phat tunes and free water you can't really go wrong.

Groovalistic is located at 34 East Broadway in Port Jefferson. For more information contact the Groovalistic hotline on 951-1230.



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This Line Between Love and Hate

CHIN SLINKY

By Lowell Yaeger

Tool caused quite a stink on the metal scene when they first arrived with 1992's *Undertow* (a follow-up to the criminally ignored EP *Opiate*), because they refused to cater to that genre by sticking to its rules, but also refused to adopt the rules of another genre, branding them an enigma in those circles that felt a need to classify everything that came their way. A band for the philosophical metal-head (if such a thing exists — and please keep in mind that pondering the nature of the color blue while under the influence of Panama Red is *not* philosophy), Tool performed songs about suffering and rage, semiotic ballads about glowing with intelligence in a world darkened by stupidity, about finding salvation on your own terms when those in the know swear up and down that such a thing is impossible, about realizing that sometimes you cannot beat your enemies, and that the only to do is acknowledge their power and keep moving, because to do otherwise would be to obsess on your weakness and let it devour you from within. Using a little-read philosophy text entitled *A Joyful Guide to Lachrymology* (look it up) as a Bible/Hitchhiker's-Guide, and blending the minimalist guitar of Adam Jones with the insectile ranting of front-man Maynard James Keenan, Tool cut a swath through the usual, mind-numbing bullshit flooding the airwaves. Fusing the complexity of Helmet with the fury of Rage Against the Machine, Tool quickly progressed past the obvious metal-ballad "Sober" into the more confusing realm of "Prison Sex," transforming lyrics like "this/shit, blood and cum on my hands" from pure shock value to an expression of thick, biological release. Lurking beneath the blatant gore of the album's packaging (which featured both an x-ray of a person's pelvis, replete with vibrator lodged like a splinter within the anal cavity, and a graphic photograph of an erotically-

charged bovine licking its own sphincter) was a sick, twisted spirit whose existence was shocking not only because of its appearance, but because it exists, to one degree or another, within us all.

After a few tours, including a brief stint on the 1993 Lollapalooza circuit, Tool disappeared, popping up now and again to play one-offs on the West Coast. Time passed, and there was no word of a new single or album in sight. Maynard James Keenan sang on a KISS cover, and did a duet with the Replicants in late 1995, but otherwise, all was quiet on their front.



Tool hanging out with a tiny dog.

And then, without much brouhaha, comes the follow-up, *AEnima* (Zoo/Volcano). Once again, the packaging is a sight to behold: Tool took the recent craze with dual-images (the gimmick where you turn the picture and it changes slightly, moving as if crudely animated) and ran hog-wild with it, placing them everywhere. Eyes with dual pupils converging on glowing squares of light while band members sit before a twitching contortionist

are only the beginning of the bizarre, semiotic layout Keenan and Co. have chosen to surround the equally complex music they've produced.

Speaking of which, this is one of the best albums of the year, if not *the* best. The opaque metal of their previous effort is now in full effect, an insane asylum orchestra of sinuous guitar lines, drum beats which change on a whim, and unplaceable sound effects that emerge from what bears an aural resemblance to the very depths of Hell. Maynard's androgynous voice pleads, begs, and shrieks as the situation warrants, pausing only in its agony to whisper the occasional plaintive question.

This is a *long* album, a lot of the songs meandering into a twisted inward spiral, rounding in on themselves and dancing the fine line between metal masterpiece and prog-rock indulgence. Still, none of them seem to dip that far into the mud. "Eulogy" is a classic that bounces between furious thrash and almost poppy grunge, while "Hooker with a Penis" is a frightful display of energy and anarchy. And there are more than a few experimental bits on this album, including the industrial German rant of "Die Eier Von Satan" and the Pennywise-the-Clown polka of "Intermission."

Unfortunately, a lot of people are going to buy this and get turned off by it. Like Faith No More before them, Tool has gone from a decent, standard metal album with promise to a truly great piece of work. This is the metal album you were always afraid to buy — something more disturbing than anything a band proclaiming itself to be "100% Norwegian black metal" could produce — because it's so quiet and subtle, without the comic obviousness of shock-horror-metal like Death or Morbid Angel. Vague and clouded and unsure of their future (or their present), Tool has reached a peak that carries them far past their peers, and hopefully will stay at that peak for a long time to come.

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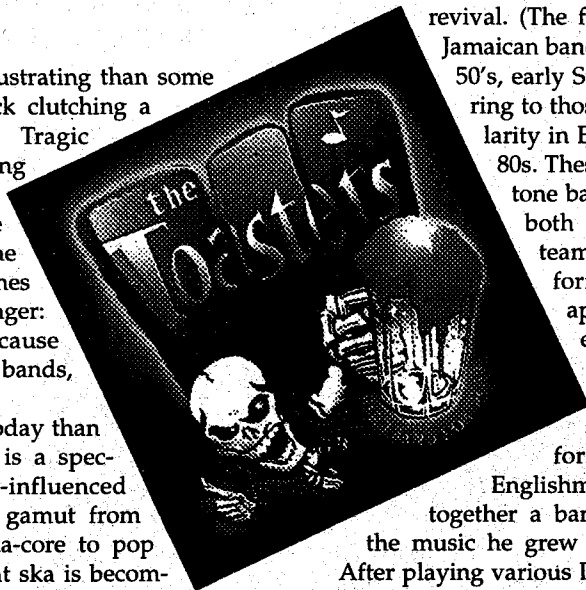
Know Your Rude Roots

By John Giuffo

Ain't nothin' more frustrating than some shiny-shoed alterna-prick clutching a copy of No Doubt's *Tragic Kingdom* and claiming that he/she is "down with ska." For those whom ska begins with the Mighty Mighty Bosstones and ends with Goldfinger: stop reading now, because while those are good bands, they aren't ska bands.

Ska is more diverse today than ever before, and there is a spectrum of ska and ska-influenced bands which runs the gamut from true-roots reggae to ska-core to pop and 2-tone. The fact that ska is becoming more and more popular is both a blessing and a curse. It's a blessing because the more bands there are, the more chance there being good bands. With variety comes options. The form has grown and splintered of late, offering the ska fan a huge gamut of possibilities. It's a curse because with popularity comes shows clouded with clueless new-jacks who think moshing is acceptable behavior at a ska show, or whose limited knowledge of the music doesn't stop them from believing they are ska authorities on what is good and what isn't.

Redeem yourself, newjack. Buy some Toasters. You like a da Third-wave? Check out the band that allowed those No-Doubts and Goldfingers to rise to popularity. Third-wave ska is the term generally used to refer to the bands belonging to the current ska



revival. (The first wave being the original, Jamaican bands that played during the late 50's, early Sixties, the second wave referring to those bands which rose to popularity in England in the late 70s - early 80s. These bands are also known as 2-tone bands, referring to the fact that both black and white musicians teamed up to create a punkier form of ska that had mass appeal.) Third-wave bands generally feature a faster tempo and more aggressively mix different musical styles in. New York City's Toasters formed in 1981, when Englishman Rob "Bucket" Hingley put together a band which played the music he grew up listening to. After playing various Lower East side bars and clubs for a few years, they released their first EP, *Recriminations*. 11 years later, the original NYC rude boys bring us *Hard Band For Dead*, referring to the fact that the Toasters, through 15 years of making music, won't die, and in fact, keep getting better.

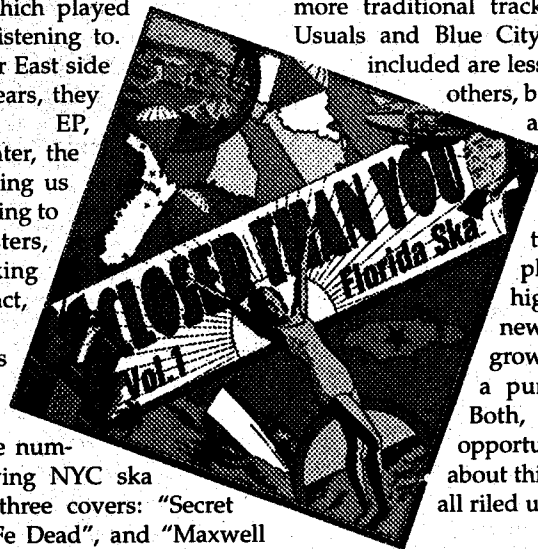
Hard Band For Dead starts off with a two-tone style jam entitled "2-Tone Army", a celebration of the numbers involved in the thriving NYC ska scene. The disc contains three covers: "Secret Agent Man", "Hard Man Fe Dead", and "Maxwell

Smart", all lively and infectiously danceable.

The whole disc is another reliable, quality offering from the band whose founding member is also the founder of Moon Records, the largest and best-supplied ska label in the world. Moon doesn't only sell disks from bands who are on their label, they promote and sell disks from bands on other labels, all in an effort to keep the music alive.

Toward this end, we are given another of Moon's latest releases, *Closer Than You*, volume one of a collection of Florida-based ska bands; the compilation's title refers to the fact that Florida is physically closer to Jamaica, the home of ska. While a good sampling of what the Sunshine State has to offer, and a good argument for the far-reaching influence modern ska has, it is somewhat unbalanced, including offerings from such ska-core outfits as Less Than Jake along with the more traditional tracks from bands such as The Usuals and Blue City Kings. Some of the tracks included are less polished and produced than others, but that doesn't hurt the disc as a whole.

For the ska fan who feels they need a sampling of music from Florida so that their collection is more complete, *Closer Than You* comes highly recommended. For the newjack, a better opportunity to grow some roots would come with a purchase of the Toasters disc. Both, however, offer yet another opportunity to realize just what it is about this music that's getting the kids all riled up.



NEO-CYBER CHRIST

By Keith R. Pulaski

Sure, you've heard this before. The state of industrial music is flatlining rapidly. With Ministry going metal and bands like X-Marks the Pedwalk and, it pains me to say this, Test Department putting out albums that are more techno than anything else, it's getting harder to find bands with even a slight industrial feel to them. Sure, Neubauten puts out a good album once in a while, every four years or so, but where else are you going to turn?

Perhaps the only answer to this question lies within the new surge of torture-tec bands around. Torture-tec, although dance-oriented and occasionally containing guitars, is far from techno or metal. Being not so much a deviation from older industrial bands but rather a mutation, torture-tec may perhaps be the salvation we have hoped for. I stress the word perhaps for reasons I shall explain later. Not that this is new information, mind you; torture-tec has been around for quite some time, but I'm just putting things into perspective.

Well, to get to the point, I am here today to introduce to you one of the newest, local torture-tec bands to have a religious reference in their name, joining the ranks of Terminal Sect and the now-defunct Christ Cage. I give to you Neo-Cyber Christ.

On Saturday night I saw the band at Subversion in Carrington's here in Stony Brook (author's note: unless you are getting in for free, don't go there: the club is over-priced and plays the most

outdated industrial music you can find). The band, comprised of keyboardist's John Sepulveda and David Jarmula and vocalist Jason Slack, are fast becoming popular on the island. Perhaps in part because of the lack of local talent, but mostly because they are indeed good at what they do.

To use a comparison, N.C.C. is slightly busier and more melodic than your Spahn Ranch, hard-hitting but not with so much angst that you'll want to drop-kick the guy in cut-off Army pants dancing next to you.

N.C.C. takes pride in not using guitars. As John says, "Guitars can ruin industrial music when not used properly so we don't use them at all." Something I can agree with when looking at such guitar-overboard bands as Bile and Klute.

Another observation is N.C.C.'s completely unintelligible vocals, a common practice among industrial bands and perhaps a good one at that. I've read some of these bands' lyrics and I think they should go back to school and learn some new concepts other than "sex good, life bad." Some Psychopomps lyrics come to mind. I must admit, however, that I haven't read N.C.C.'s lyrics so I must give them the benefit of the doubt. But come on,

guys, let us know what you're thinking about.

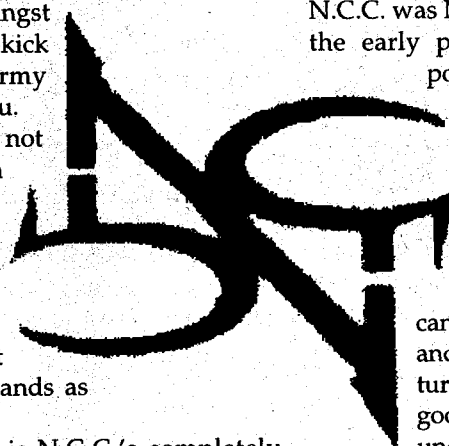
Visually, N.C.C. isn't much to look at, but how many bands anywhere on the musical spectrum can you make the same statement for? A few token static-filled televisions and strobe lights, but otherwise they are just three guys playing their lonely music. There's some definite room for improvement here.

Not wanting to leave anyone out, opening for N.C.C. was Mind Frame, a band obviously still in the early production stages but not without potential.

Neo-Cyber Christ is most definitely a band to keep an eye on in the torture-tec scene — a scene which I have my problems with. Call me an old fogie, but the majority of it sounds repetitive to me. I guess unless you are really talented, you can only do so much with bass drums and flanged, digital noises. Many torture-tec bands will have one, maybe two, good songs an album while the rest falls under the category of uninspired filler.

Let's hope N.C.C. doesn't fall into this. I must say their programming abilities are better than some signed bands whom I've had the "pleasure" of seeing and I do not doubt that they will be signed in time if they play their cards right (what's wrong with using a cliché once in a while?)

Catch them if you get the chance. Although torture-tec has its faults, it's pretty much all we have left.



GOING TO CONCERTS IN THE NYC AREA:

A GUIDE FOR THE NON-MOSHER

By The Ranch

Part Two: Going To The Show

For those of you who actually read my last article on concert-going, a little bit of paper-waste about tips for concert-goers who are both anal and don't like to mosh, here's the sequel, which covers going from your home to the concert, enjoying the concert, and then getting back home in one piece. If you do like to mosh, like I said in the last bit, this might prove of a little interest to you, but a lot of this covers where to stand to avoid hyperactive assholes like you, so you might just want to skip this one and head out for greener pastures.

STEP 3 (4?): GETTING THERE. Okay, you have your tickets in your grimy little pocket and it's the day of the show. First of all, get there early. 9 times out of 10, the opening band is a complete and total waste of time, and more often than not, they're grossly mismatched with the main act. (Or, even worse, they were chosen specifically because the opening act wanted to see them every night. Grant Lee Buffalo opened for the Smashing Pumpkins a few weeks ago, and kids, that was worse than torture by thumbscrews. Also, performers sometimes choose an opening act that's vile as a means of irritating the audience. When I saw Mr. Bungle, a Japanese noise act named Melt-Banana opened for them, and Jesus Allah Buddha Satan, were they a pus-ridden bunch of motherfuckers. But I digress.) Still, it's during the opening act that the crowd shuffles in, and you want to get to your seat long before everyone else.

For most people, the transportation of choice is the LIRR. Why this is, I don't know. The LIRR sucks, folks. It's run by a bunch of people more incompetent than the 3 Stooges (and a hell of a lot less endearing), the trains usually reek of urine, it's overly expensive, it's crowded, it's late 99% of the time, and everything's either broken or about to break, including the engines. But the simple truth of the matter is that by taking the LIRR, you don't have to park in the city — an annoying act at best, and a good way to allow the NYPD tapeworms to make money by ticketing you. Whatever — take the 2:00ish train, unless, of course, your seats at a concert are reserved, in which case fuck you, you elitist pig.

Most doors open around 7:00 or 7:30. Be there at 6:15 or 6:30. 6:00 if you're really psyched for the show and bored and have nothing to do. MAKE SURE YOU BRING SOMETHING TO OCCUPY YOUR TIME. I don't care what this involves. This is YOUR business. Like to read? Bring a book. Hungry? Bring dinner. Crossword puzzle fanatic? Grab a bunch of 'em in Penn Station. Chronic masturbator? Well, I don't think that one's allowed. The reason you need a time-waster is that when you arrive at the concert hall, THERE WILL ACTUALLY BE A LINE OF PEOPLE WAITING TO GET IN. (They already read this article.)

These people are waiting to bum rush the dance floor when the doors open, and the majority of them will rush right up to the metal barrier between the floor and the stage. Despite the fact that being pressed up against this metal barrier means pain, coughing-up-blood, and having crowd swimmers slam their Docs into the backs of

their heads for the duration of the show, it also means they can see their "musical idols" up close and personal. Take it to a fucking museum, okay, kids? I'd go to Mike Patton's funeral, but I'm not gonna hawk up hemoglobin for the next week to get a good glimpse of his nose-hairs.

Anyway, if you're really paranoid, there's a way to cut to the front of the line. It's a dicky thing to do, it won't make you any friends (not that you lined Ticketmaster's pockets to go to a singles mixer, anyway) but if you absolutely must be waaaay up in the front of the line, saunter past the other kiddies, walk right up to the security guard at the main doors (usually about 10 feet from the start of the line), and ask him politely, "When do the doors open?" You know the answer to this question. Or you don't care. But that's not the point. After he says the answer, on your way back, get distracted and roam around near the front of the line. Look at the marquee, tie your shoe-laces, pretend to lose your wallet, surreptitiously do a line of coke, whatever. When you're done, without being obvious, remain near the front of the line. If you're charismatic and ballsy, strike up a conversation with the people up there. They usually don't notice the presence of one person, and usually don't care.

When the doors open, don't dawdle. People behind you will cut you with impunity. Rush the front, then get into one of the three or four lines forming so that the pig-security can run their paws over you, to make sure you didn't bring a gun (because you know how often people carry .30-.50 rifles with them to go see the Gin Blossoms — shit, get me to a Sebadoh show and I'll start a shotgun hooraw). Treat these pigs with respect, because despite their horrible existence, they are spending their evening rubbing your body for little pay, and that makes them cranky. Cranky pigs hit, remember that motto.

Okay, you're in, bringing us to STEP (LAST STEP +1): THE SHOW. You've got to find a spot which sat-

isfies two objectives — avoids moshers and grants a good view. This is easy in some spots, hard in others.

Many places have balconies. GO THERE. Contrary to popular belief, people usually don't divebomb off of balconies, unless you're a crazed drivers-ed. instructor with a passion for the Ramones (nevermind, it's an inside joke). From these balconies, you can see anything. Before it closed, the Limelight had a great balcony which was air-conditioned, smelled good (go figure), and walked right up to the stage and said "Howdy!" Irving Plaza's got a decent balcony, Webster Hall's got a decent balcony, etc. Enjoy them.

No balcony? This is a problem. Never been to Coney Island High, so I can't help you. Wetlands

has a little platform in the back with a seat, so you wanna go there (the view is good enough). In Tramps, your best bet is to stand off on the side. At CBGBs, you're fucked. Bring boots and shoulder pads, because you're going into the pit. That place is a fucking closet, and if a pit starts, you're going in. Last but not least, the couches on one side of Roseland (the other side is reserved, see above) make a good crouching zone, but scope them out first and find out which stretch has the best view.

You've now got your spot. Settle in. If you want to piss, drop off your bags, or buy a t-shirt, do it the fuck now. Later on, stepping away from the couch means losing that spot, more or less immediately. In addition, be prepared to have your spot crowded in on. These clubs have no problem over booking, and a lot of people are going to rub shoulders with you before this is all

through. If you're like the guy from "What About Bob?", then I'm sorry, you're in a lot of trouble. Clubs = germ incubators, get used to it.

We're about done here, but there's a brief checklist of things you should be prepared to deal with. First of all, the shows are loud. If you don't like noise, bring earplugs. Secondly, teeny-boppers have become an extremely persistent problem at shows. These are giggly little kids who jump up and down in front of you and block your view. If they're girls, you can't hit 'em, so make sure they don't have a big boyfriend and then holler at them. Usually, something like "move or I'll reach down your throat and rip your uterus out" works. If they're guys, and they're not that big, ask them to move. They won't, but you have to give them a chance as a prelude to smacking them upside the head. They either move or start a fight with you. If it causes a fight, you didn't gauge just how big they were, and you have to consult another handbook, because based on my diminutive size, I've always had to ask them to move (again).

The show is over when the last band plays and the lights come up. This means the encores are done. This is important, because bands will sometimes play upwards of 5 encores, and chill out for 5 - 10 minutes between each encore. If you want to see the whole thing, you need to understand this. Getting out is also a tremendous pain-in-the-ass, because everyone else is leaving, too. The pick-pockets are out in full force here, so make sure your belongings are safely tucked away, and squeeze your way out. You either need to be nimble or patient here, but eventually, you'll make it to the street. Get the people you went with (or fuck 'em, if you're alone), head to the train station, and get home.

NOTE: The last outgoing train to Stony Brook is 1:46 PM; the sun usually rises before the next one. Don't miss the 1:46. Penn Station is really boring after 2 AM, because EVERYTHING closes, even McDonald's.

The Ranch is the author of a series of informative documents, including "Drugs Taken Rectally: It's Just Not Worth It" and "Amish Beating, The Western Way."

