

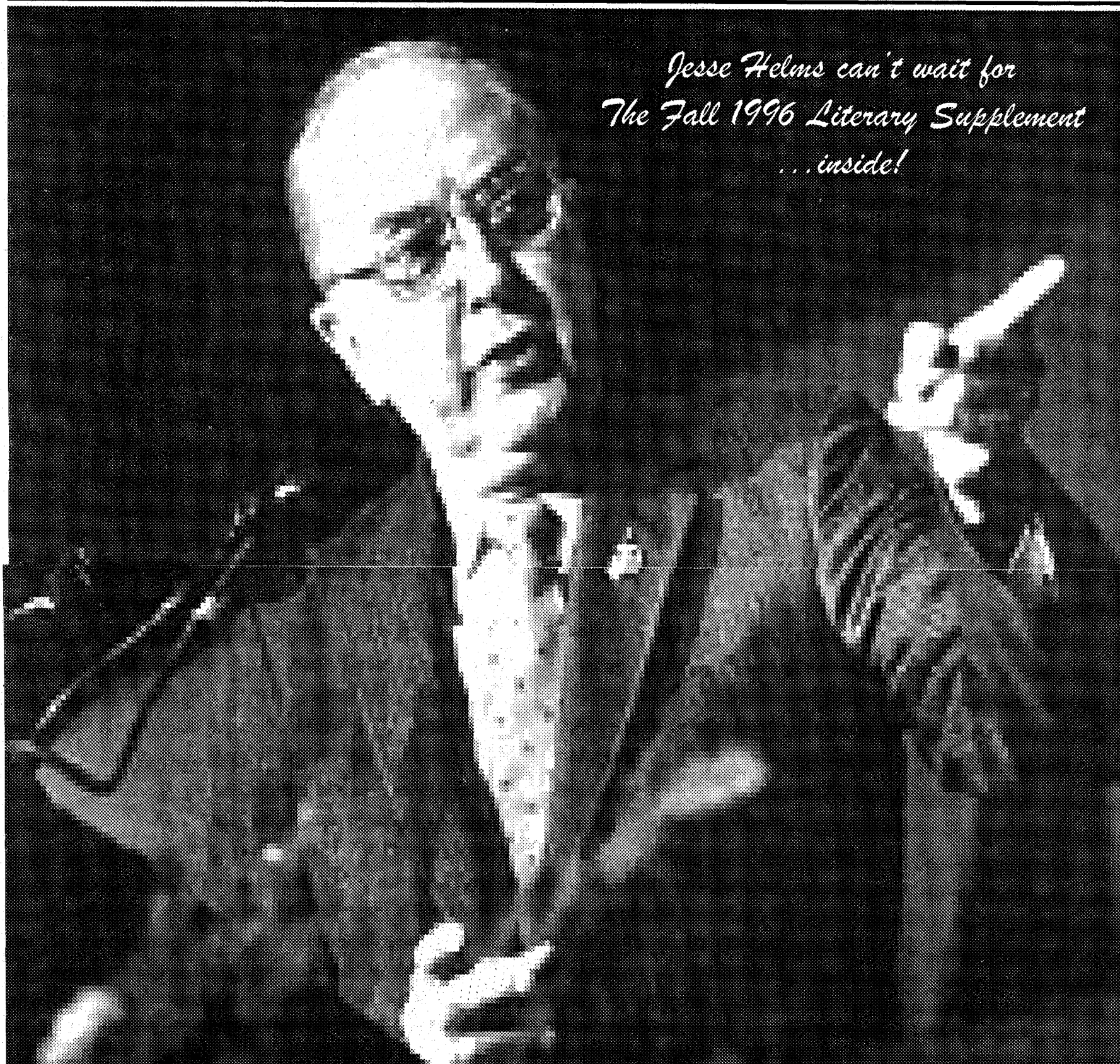
The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XVIII No. 6

Now Using More of Your Blood Money!

November 12, 1996



*Jesse Helms can't wait for
The Fall 1996 Literary Supplement
...inside!*

Q: Why did he get re-elected?
A: Inbreeding.

'Till Death Do Us Part

By Chris Sorochin

Always one to buck wholesome world trends, like single-payer health care, recognition of Cuba and policies to redistribute wealth, our glorious nation seems to be rabidly obsessed with the death penalty. No politician dare speak against our collective romance with the executioner, or his/her career will most certainly wind up next on the chopping block. Even when presented with statistics that it doesn't deter crime and is meted out in a grossly unjust way, a large segment of the polity seems to require the ghoulish catharsis provided by the idea that the State is busily taking life.

I recently attended a panel discussion sponsored by the Campaign to End the Death Penalty at Columbia University. It was held just days after another NYPD officer walked away scot-free from a murder charge in the killing of Anthony Baez. All sorts of anti-death biggies were there, but unfortunately, due to illness, Leonard Weinglass couldn't make it. Weinglass is the attorney for Mumia Abu Jamal. Mumia is facing what many believe to be a political execution for his membership in and advocacy of assorted African-American political groups, namely the Black Panther Party and MOVE, an environmental separatist group whose entire city block was firebombed by Philadelphia police in the late 1970s. He's also a journalist who's worked tirelessly to expose police brutality and other forms of institutional racism.

Mumia's conviction for the 1981 slaying of a police officer is riddled with judicial conflict of interest, coercion of witnesses, incompetence of public defenders and perjury, yet the governor of Pennsylvania refuses

to have the case tried by anyone but "hanging judge" and Fraternal Order of Police member Albert Sabo. The case has attracted international attention and a march on Wall Street will be held on December 9. (Call (212) 330-7056 for info.)

William Keach, a professor at Brown University postulated that in a society with the largest (and fastest growing) gap between haves and have-nots in the industrialized world, executions provide the requisite scapegoats and release of frustration and anger to those who are working harder and harder



just to keep up while the stock market goes through the roof. It rather puts one in mind of the Roman Circuses where criminals (read the poor and despised) entertained the mobs by killing each other. I just heard today that officials at one prison have been staging fights between inmates to justify

greater expenditures on security equipment.

Next to speak was Dr. Owens Wiwa, brother of Ken Saro-Wiwa, a Nigerian playwright and activist executed last year on a trumped-up murder charge for opposing Shell Oil's environmental despoilation and the corrupt Abacha regime, a regime from which the US is purchasing more oil than ever, despite pious murmurings from the Clinton Administration.

Wiwa said that in his country, murder by the State is a blatant means of assuring control he said that Africa has always looked to the West for positive examples of justice and human rights, but he also pointed out that even South Africa has abolished capital punishment and voiced his hope that now the US would emulate an African example in casting aside a brutal and racist policy.

The main speaker of the evening was Robert Meeropol, the son of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, US communists electrocuted, in another Swiss cheese case, for allegedly selling atomic secrets to the Soviet Union.

On June 15, 1953, after the conviction, the Supreme Court adjourned for the summer. The following day, Justice Douglas met with two lawyers who said that the execution should be stayed because the Rosenbergs should have been tried under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, which would have required a jury recommendation for the death penalty. Douglas saw the merit of the argument and agreed to stay the execution pending appeal.

But that very evening, a secret meeting took place between Douglas and the US Attorney General, who said that, in an unprecedented move, the Supreme Court would be reconvened to

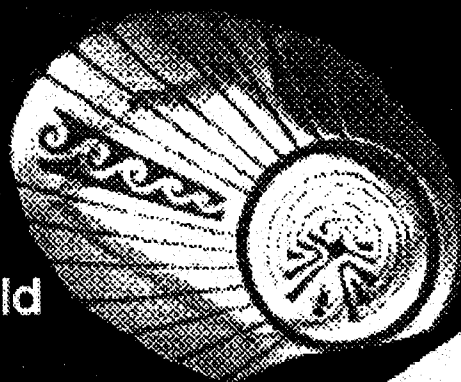
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Fetish

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Diversity Month Prompts Backlash

By John Giuffo

A visible and vocal campus presence by the Lesbian Gay, Bisexual, Transgendered Alliance has met with a number of reactionary statements and gestures by various students on campus.

Among these gestures is a spate of phonemail messages that are being forwarded from student to student on the campus phone system. One of these messages begins with a male speaking in a stereotypically gay voice, who is then beaten repeatedly by another male. This other male then says, "Yo, if anybody's gay, or if you know anyone that's gay, forward this message to them fuckin' bitch-ass niggas."

Another message addresses the recent LGBTQA-organized campus Blue-Jeans Day: a consciousness-raising, gay pride event which advocated wearing blue jeans to show support for gay rights. The message features a male shouting, "Fuck homosexuals! Don't wear blue, wear black."

Candece Crouch, a resident whose phone number a source indicates was where one of the messages was forwarded from, said she didn't specifically remember forwarding any particular message around, but that she gets "messages forwarded to me all the time, and I just pass them on."

These phonemail messages have prompted the LGBTQA to issue a press release stating their position. The press release seeks to raise awareness about the existence of the messages, and it ends with a declaration of intent, "To those who are too blinded by prejudice and hate to interact with others in a civil manner: know that attacks will not be tolerated. For, attacks against one group is an offense against the entire campus community."

November has been designated Diversity of Lifestyles and Relationships month, and the LGBTQA has an entire month-long calendar of events planned, of which Blue Jeans Day was one. This calendar, along with flyers advertising a Homo House Party on November 9th, has prompted a response from a more visible campus personality.

Lloyd Abrahams, Vice President of the African American Students Organization, has run off a flyer which takes issue with the fact that AASO is included on LGBTQA's promotional material as a co-sponsor. The flyer states that Abrahams, as Vice President of AASO, is "not sponsoring, nor co-sponsoring, neither endorsing any of the events planned by the Gay, Lesbian, Transvestite, Bisexual Alliance [sic] or any other organization that promotes sodomistic behavior within the Afrikan Amerikan community."

Abrahams stands behind the flyer, acknowledging that he made it, stating that the LGBTQA used his organization's name on a number of promotional materials without permission from the AASO, and this was what he had a problem with. Abrahams contends that the LGBTQA committed a "very unethical act" by using his organization's name in their advertisements without permission.

Abrahams' flyer, while stating the sentiments expressed are coming from the Vice President of AASO, prints "I, the Vice President" in significantly smaller print than the name of the organization in a gesture which some see as an attempt to be representative of the organization as a whole.

Neshanda Walker, President of the AASO, said, "Mr. Abrahams views are not those of the African American Student Organization, and should not be taken as such.

We are not an organization which discriminates."

Abrahams has approached the Student Polity Judiciary in an attempt to penalize the LGBTQA for using AASO's name when, he says, they did not have permission to do so. "I myself am not sponsoring nor co-sponsoring any of the events planned by the LGBTQA," said Abrahams, "except the one that AASO agreed to, which was just one function [the Caribbean Spice party]."

Even though AASO voted to co-sponsor the Caribbean Spice party, Abrahams voted against it. When asked if his personal views on sexuality had anything to do with his vote he said, "That has nothing to do with nothing. I have my personal views, just as everybody has theirs. And they shall remain personal, especially around here."

An unnamed source reported having received one of the phonemail messages from Abrahams' extension. Abrahams denied making any such messages but said, "If I got a phonemail message and I forwarded it, that doesn't mean that I made the phonemail message." According to Abrahams, he may have forwarded messages representing both sides of the issue.

LGBTQA's Panel Coordinator Bethzaida (last name withheld by request), reaffirms her organization's commitment to fighting the various forms of hatred and intolerance on campus, and wishes it to be known that they are doing everything they can to stop such actions. "We can't say who it is," says Bethzaida, "the only thing we can do is report it, but if it's found out who the individual is, full action will be taken. We will use every resource we have available to us; such a blatant attack on the group cannot be ignored."

Human Rights, Washington Style

By Joanna Wegielnik

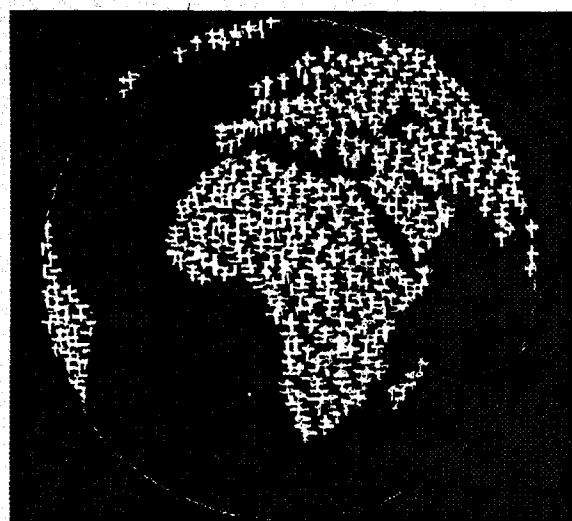
First, the good news. In a sharp rebuke of the 21-year old Indonesian occupation of East Timor, the Norwegian Nobel Committee decided to award the prestigious 1996 Nobel Peace Prize to Roman Catholic Bishop Carlos Filipe Ximenes Belo and exiled resistance leader Jose Ramos Horta, both prominent East Timorese leaders. The committee praised the two men's "sustained and self-sacrificing contributions for a small but oppressed people" and hoped that the award will "spur efforts to find diplomatic solution to the conflict in East Timor based on the people's right to self-determination." Since the 1975 invasion by Indonesian forces, more than 200,000 Timorese have perished through a policy of direct military attack, starvation, and torture.

Yet, despite the Nobel prize, questions of illegal campaign contributions from wealthy Indonesians to the Democratic National Committee, and U.S. policy toward Indonesia dominating headlines the last ten days of the presidential campaign, it looks as if the Clinton administration is going ahead with a proposed sale of 28 F-16 Falcon fighter planes, continuing Washington's 20 year support of Indonesia's occupation of East Timor. The planes in question were originally sold to Pakistan, but never delivered because of nuclear proliferation concerns in that country.

The decision to sell the planes to a third party, Indonesia, is extremely ill considered. It is precisely this sort of tacit military and strategic support that allows human rights abuses in East Timor, as well as Indonesia, to continue unabated. Certainly, the gesture is a gratuitous slap in the face of Bishop Belo and Mr. Horta, both painfully aware of a glaring irony. How can President Clinton intone piously about human rights abuses in their country when in the next breath he can justify the sale of F-16's to their oppressor, ostensibly to promote

regional stability?

The aid-for-trade-for arms policy itself, though, is quite consistent with approach taken by every president since Richard Nixon: selling arms to repressive dictators, like Indonesia's General Suharto, is a sure-fire way to cement ties with third world countries and at the same time extend considerable U.S. influence in the given region. And while to the vast majority of Americans, third world countries like Indonesia and East Timor are obscure



enough to fall below the radar screen, to the U.S. government, especially the Commerce Department representing the interest of multinational corporations, this particular area of the world is economically and strategically a godsend. American companies profit enormously from the repressed labor force abundant in South East Asia. Indonesian women who make Nike and Reebok sneakers in sweatshops earn on average about \$2 per day. Human rights are one thing, but corporate profits are entirely different matter altogether and usually take precedence above all else in global realpolitik.

Ironically, it was the Republicans who thrust U.S. Indonesian policy into brief spotlight during the last two weeks of the campaign. In a bitter tirade known as "Indo-gate", Republicans collectively denounced Clinton's ties to wealthy Indonesians who contributed to the Clinton camp, via the Democratic National Committee. In the midst of the foreign campaign contribution controversy, Bob Dole actually mentioned East Timor during one of his rallies and denounced the Suharto regime as a "brutal military dictatorship." Newt Gingrich called for an immediate suspension of any "actions towards Indonesia until we've had a chance to review this", referring to the F-16 sale.

Now, while their sudden concern about the human rights situation in East Timor is touching, it amounts to nothing more than typical Republican opportunistic campaigning. Republicans are in no position to wag their collective finger at Clinton in this matter. After all it was Bob Dole, Senator from Kansas, who in 1994 voted against an amendment introduced by Patrick Lahey of Vermont which would have banned the use of U.S. weapons in East Timor. It was Newt Gingrich, Congressional weenie from Georgia, who in that same year, appointed committee chairs who worked feverishly to restore IMET military training aid and opposed limits to arms sales to Indonesia. When it comes to scuddling legislation aimed at helping East Timor, the Republicans, like Clinton, have much explaining to do.

One thing's for sure though. Trite and meaningless phrases about the importance of global human rights coming from Clinton and his Republican adversaries are not going to right the wrongs in East Timor. If anything, such shameless posturing is a great disservice to the memory of the thousands of Timorese who have perished under the Indonesian dictatorship.

VOTER WRAP-UP

Election day came and went spurning only nominal interest in the proceedings.

On the national level, the presidential election was dubbed one of the most boring in media memory.

On campus, a whopping 14% of the student body voted in the Polity elections. That is much less than half of the 33% voter turnout of last spring's Polity elections. The student turnout for the national presidential election was similarly dismal.

On the national level, perhaps it was Clinton's anticipated landslide victory that kept voters from the polling stations. More puzzling was the low turnout of the Polity elections. True, the only contested race was that of Freshman representative, but the referenda items put up to the vote this election were pivotal.

Anyone who sat through the four and a half hour Polity meeting where referenda items were yayed or nayed on their way to the ballot knows that this election meant many things to many students.

Most notably controversial were the referenda items for an increase in Rugby and the individual media referendas.

Rugby representatives cheered when they found that they would indeed be placed on the ballot. This despite sentiment among some that they were getting too much money already. At the ballot that sentiment apparently prevailed as they lost by a 15% margin.

The Statesman referenda was vetoed at the Senate despite remaining questions about the Spring election's wording of their referenda ballot and were allowed on the ballot in the eleventh hour only after questions were raised

about misleading information provided by Polity officials about the Student Activity Fee cap. They easily won by a 21% margin.

Here at the Press, we are happy to report that we won by a 25% margin and take this as a message from the voting student public to keep doing what we are doing and continue in our efforts to constantly better ourselves. Thank You.

There are likely students out there unhappy with the election results, both on the Polity and National level. This is no surprise. Here at the Press we are saddened by Nora Bredes' loss to Michael Forbes.

On campus the Ice Hockey Referenda won by 9 votes. If you hate Ice Hockey and you didn't vote, now it is too late.

This year in the Polity Elections, 20% of the votes were tossed as invalid, this is slightly down from last year, where 25% of the votes were tossed. The election board was in charge of counting the votes yet again, despite the popular contention that an independent accounting firm should be handling that aspect of the elections.

Many voters were surprised and a bit amused to learn that they were registered to vote in more than one county, and in some cases, more than one state.

And as usual no one was asked for student I.D.'s when they voted in the Polity elections.

Here we are just glad that our victory makes us more independent and able to do our job without fear of Polity backlash. This was a real victory when for many, the elections meant few choices and even fewer chances for improvement.

WE PASSED!

The Staff of *The Stony Brook Press* would like to thank all of the students who voted in the recent Polity elections. We'd especially like to thank all those who voted for both the Media and Press referenda. The final vote count was:

Newsmedia Referendum: Yes: 860 No: 138

Press Referendum: Yes: 654 No: 385

We weren't sure how we would do: this was the first time we'd proposed a separate referenda item, and we were unsure how popular an idea that was.

Know that your vote has gone a long way in making a student press more independent from the political and fickle tendencies of a student government, and it enables us to continue our commitment to unflinching campus commentary, free from fear of financial retribution. Student media should not depend financially on one of the bodies they are in place to safeguard. It is because of you that we are finally able to get the keyboard we've been trying to replace in our nationally-recognized *Save The Apostrophe* campaign.

Again, kudos to all those who had the courage and conviction to not only vote in last week's elections, but the furious intelligence to support *The Press*.

However, to all those who chose not to vote, or, even worse, voted against us, we'd like to say... SUCK HOT CHOAD! In your faces, you pathetic bags of pus: we win, you LOSE!

Ain't it a bitch to be a loser?

VIVA LA PRESS!

GOT A LIGHT?

We have always felt it important to give credit where credit is due and we feel credit is due to whoever put and end to the sale of cigarettes in the Union. With over half of our editorial board being smokers, it was an immense annoyance at first. Staff addictions had to be fueled and the fact that butts suddenly became unavailable pissed many of us off. In our extraordinarily busy lives within the realms of academia and stoic journalism, many of us simply couldn't find the time to walk (or drive) to "sevs" and pick up the necessary nicotine. Before too long, we were reduced to scrubbing cigarettes from acquaintances and even strangers in times of intense fiending. We felt bad bumming and did it only as a desperate last measure. The more dirty looks we got from people, the less we asked. Before we knew it, cigarette intakes had been cut in half, a few days later that number was halved again. Suddenly we found ourselves smoking only two cigarettes a day, then one and now zero. Thanks to this curbing of cigarette sales on campus our malicious addictions are grinding to a halt. As the nicotine in our blood cells diminish so does our need to replenish it. The bellowing, grey cloud of addiction has been lifted from our minds, the cool autumn air actually smells good to us, and now we can fully appreciate the unique taste of Aramark food. We have finally realized that supporting a malignant, billion dollar tobacco industry is one of the most senseless acts anyone can partake in. Inhaling carcinogenic tobacco smoke runs a close second.

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Martha Chernas

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Minister Sans Portfolio

Liv Ann Bacerra

Senior Staff

Louis Moran, Heather Rosenow, Anne Ruggiero, Ted Swedalla, Chris Sorochin

Staff

James Atwater, Elvis Duke, Keith Filaski, Michael Kramer, Jessica Lamantia, Jermaine LaMont

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The Stony Brook Press
Suites 060 & 061
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SUNY at Stony Brook
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To The Editor:

As I read thru the pages of the October 14 issue of the Press enjoying each more than the last (did I start from the beginning or the end? Sorry guys in the middle, you lose -- you always do.) I

appreciated the political discussion during this season of politics. I enjoyed the uncharacteristic exploration of mainstream politics endeavored by the Press. Starting from the mainstream issues with the interview of Nora Bredes and then later the drug issue. Yes, even though the Press didn't present drugs as a political issue I continue to see it as one; an issue more than simply brownie points for the omnipresent political sound bite, "Drugs... bad." People (and politicians too) seem to forget that alcohol, nicotine and caffeine are all legal, mood-altering, addictive drugs that our society as seen fit to endorse. I think it's time to open up discussion, on a national level, for a compromise such as making it legal to grow and possess marijuana. Little emotion seems to be wasted on the fact that people who make a responsible decision to use marijuana don't enjoy their outlaw status. Growing marijuana is outlawed ergo only outlaws grow marijuana. Believe me when I say that like grapes, Long Island appears to be a fine place to grow that #1 cash crop, marijuana. Will there ever be a time when the Marijuana Growers Student Organization becomes an officially sanctioned student group?

For those of you out there who happen to be lucky enough to have your drug of choice be one of those officially sanctioned drugs listed above don't forget that genetics had more to say about this than you did. However I don't need statistics of genetics to tell me that I'm not the only one who suffers from the repression of marijuana criminalization. Not few in number are the times that I've enjoyed the kindness of a stranger in a bar who choose to risk criminal charges by sharing his contraband. Or the times I've walked thru the darkened, twisting streets of that seemingly normal but apparently deviant town of Sound Beach, Long Island to pass by a house and have my nostrils filled with that sweet, acrid smell of burning marijuana. Or the times that I've done business in the isles of that convenience store of contraband, New York city. Its time to welcome back that nontrivial portion of the population that every day is made criminal by making the choice of enjoying marijuana.

In conclusion I'd like to raise the issue that because a law is on the books it doesn't mean that it fits the times or was ever well thought out. Case in point, it was not until October 1978 that Jimmie Carter legalized the home brewing of beer on the federal level. However, the U.S. Constitution gives the states authority to regulate intoxicating liquors and to this date homebrewing beer is not legal in some states.

P.S. Kudos on the *Dune* quote!

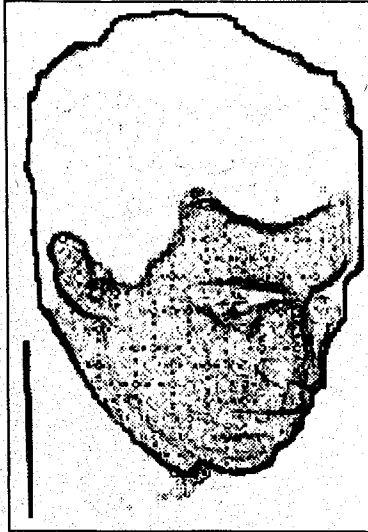
-Maui Wowie

To the editor,

I am writing to let you know of my distaste with The Stony Brook Press for your Fraioli-ism ad that ran in Issue Number 4. As an alumnus of the University at Stony Brook and its journalism program, I am disgusted at what I read on Page 17 of that issue. I found your advertisement of me appalling and without merit. I am personally offended by your rancorous sarcasm and I am preparing to take action against The Press.

Ok, Ok, I'm just joking. When several of my friends called to inform me that The Stony Brook

Press wrote a satirical ad about my involvement at Stony Brook, I burst out laughing. I was very amused and I am honored to be with you in spirit. The ad is hanging on my wall.



"The Legend": Artist's Interpretation

But if there is anything to learn from this, it is that a Stony Brook degree is very valuable and WILL get you soemwhere.

I am also writing because I have been receiving various issues of The Press and Statesman, and I enjoy every one of them. I especially enjoy your graduating editor's

reports from North Carolina, your Top Ten Lists (don't tame yourselves for anyone) and your reviews (although you were a little harsh on Marilyn Manson, Lowell). Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,

Joe "The Legend?" Fraioli

Class of '96

P.S. - But did you have to use pictures that made me look like I was a 12-year-old?

The Managing Editor responds:

Glad to hear you're comfortable in your new position, Joe, we miss you. Oh, and we can't help it if you look like a twelve-year-old, it's your photo. Besides, we like 'em young. Stop by next time you're in town, we can swap Schreiber stories, get gleefully drunk and explore our sexualities, Mr. "LEGEND".

Why we are "at" Stony brook ...

and what to do about it.

"Get outta that state! Get outta that state! Get outta the state you're in!"

-Private Idaho

from Wild Planet

The B-52's

It's all very simple you see. I know why I go, do you? The whole matter is summed up in the dichotomy between the public and private sector. There are only two types of people-public and private. I myself am more on the private side, yet when I read of my fellow students complaining about ARAMARK and their obvious new attempt to hide cost increases and what Governor Pataki (I call him left-brain George) is up to with their (your) money, I realize that I know something they don't.

You see, the only thing government institutions do well is tell people what to do and force them to do it. When this fails they blow them up. To do this effectively, they still rely on one of the largest of bombers ever built. The B-52. Though I really do believe that the American Way is the best way (as far as popular governments go) I realize that government is not good when it comes to educating people about business, English grammar or basketweaving. Now debating issues in public, inventing rules for everyone else, and taxing people is another story.

My fellow sufferers at Stony brook: We must remember that we get what we pay for. We entered into a covenant with The-State University of New York at Stony brook. Is that not where we are "at"? We said to the state, 1. You give us money please 2. We buy from you an ed-ju-ma-cation. 3. You give us edju-ma-cation. 4. We give you back your money

with much money that we made using edju-ma-cation. 5. We see you later.(Thank You Please)

My fellow students, remember that when you are sent out into the world by parents who are too poor to pay for a good, private education, you get what you pay for or beg for or borrow for or bargain for. Remember my fellow journeyers, that there are only certain things that governments do well; The rest of whatever they set their hands to is somehow more than mediocre. Let's cease to blame other individuals for our plight. Let's remember that this was the best we could do as poor impoverished wretches under God. Remember, Jesus didn't need to take out to take out student loans at an 8.25 % interest rate. His daddy taught him a trade which was more than most of us Stonybrookers could hope for. Let's be good sports and realize what we do have going for us- an opportunity to learn for the future so the next time we contract to get taught or fed or housed well make better decisions. And ask yourself are you a public type or a private type. . If you're like me, you won't be surprised or discomfited by ARAMARK's new scam or economics classes with 250 people in them and teachers and T.A.'s that don't really want to teach. It's a war out there and you've gotta do the best with what you've got. So get in and "Get outta the state you're in". God Speed!

-Usual Price

The Managing Editor responds (after not a small amount of head-scratching):

Umm...yeah, dude. Thanks for sharing. Been hanging out with Maui Wowie lately, have you? In any case, from what I can glean from your "letter", you advocate seeing our situation here at Stony Brook as one that is, under the circumstances, the best we could do with the money we have, so we should all be happy we are being educated at all. You suggest trading surprise at injustice for the knowledge that "hey, this happens all the time".

Wait...you're RIGHT! Forget all the protesting and yelling about inequality and thievery, let's all "do the best with what we've got" and fight the "war"! Wow, rape does go much easier if you relax and let it happen. Thanks, man.

You're a dick.

Correction:

Last Issue, Page 5, we ran an article entitled "Polity Senator James Szurko attempts to defund campus newspapers," in which we claimed Mr. Szurko was a member of the College Republicans. Mr. Szurko has since informed us that he was never actually a member of the College Republicans. We regret the error.

That duly noted, a number of Press staffers, (including one who was a member of said organization for a short period of time last year) have informed us that they have witnessed Mr. Szurko "hanging out" with the College Republicans and attending their meetings. While Mr. Szurko may never have been an actual member of the organization, we stand by the implication that he has been associated with them.

In any case, Mr. Szurko denies having ever been a member, and in this light, we have reconsidered EVERYTHING we said about him.

Snicker.

LETTERS AND OPINION

IN DEFENSE OF THE LIRR

In response to the article that was written on Sept. 30, where the "Ranch" looks to bash the LIRR, here are the facts from someone who has been on both sides of the fence.

I am a 21-year-old student who began working during my sophomore summer on the LIRR. They have a summer college program which allows students to work in various positions. I was a summer ticket clerk and therefore I worked wherever I was needed. This translates into: I was at Penn every weekend (Hi, Elizabeth & Jonah!!).

To start off, let's just examine how the LIRR "sucks." A bunch of top dogs in the MTA want to close down stations all over the Island. But they want to do this without layoffs.

So some stations get closed and those ticket clerks that are now out of an assignment are forced to "bump" or take over someone else's assignment. To do this, you look at a seniority roster and take your pick of the jobs that employees below you in seniority possess. The domino effect goes all the way down the line until you've reached the last assignment. At this point, anyone who does not have an assignment will be put on the extra list, which means, "We'll call you if and when we need you." And when they do call you, whether it's to work in Kew Gardens, Sayville, or Hempstead, you'd better find a way there.

Then you have got these TVM's that go haywire every other week. These are taking up the jobs and they create an even larger hassle. These ticket vending machines are what is taking up all the jobs. Not only are the employees against them but so are the majority of commuters, but the bosses at the MTA got their way. By this I mean a 9% fare increase and cutbacks which affect commuter and employee alike, which also translates into more cash for heads of the MTA.

So the situation you have is that you already have these ticket clerks on edge because their jobs are in constant jeopardy. It's all a trickle-down effect that begins with the top dogs in the MTA. But that's just the beginning.

Let's be honest. Some customers can be really obnoxious. People would come up to my window screaming about late trains, drunk commuters on board, why did the machine eat my ticket.....? The list goes on. I honestly try to help out whoever I can. But when I get people at my window who say, "Gimme a ticket to Long Island" and yell at me "LONG ISLAND" when I ask, "Where on Long Island?!" that's when I get, as you put it, "a little less than endearing." I mean, it's one thing to be a stupid little dork and not know where you are going, but to actually have to sit there and listen to you yell simply because you're an ignorant dumb prick? Sorry but kiss my ass and have a nice day.

Also try to make some sense out of this: You put your cash in a ticket machine and get nothing out of it. How can you scream at me for stealing your money?? If you dealt with a ticket clerk to begin with, you would have never had the problem in the first place. (Unless, of course, your station is just one of the many without a ticket clerk but instead a TVM now, which in this case, get behind your

pen and write to the Rail Road's CEO.) These machines are more a problem than a help and cause other problems that were nonexistent before they came into the scene.

Now, there was a comment on the LIRR being incompetent. Again, I can understand your train is late and the only people you can physically see to scream at are the ticket clerk or conductor. [NOTE: if the train is late, it's because a) it broke down, b) the engines are real old or c) some really messed up dude decided to kill himself by jumping into the path of a 2000 horsepower train.] Realize that the first two problems are a result of revenues, not because of the guy selling tickets. So all the guys you really want to yell at are in some office. Do yourself a favor and write them a letter. Make yourself useful if you want better service.

You say the trains reek of urine? Well, are you so smart with your USB education that you honestly believe the employees get together on their nights off and piss on the seats or miss the bowl? Get real. It's the customers that use the rain car's seats as fire hydrant. You all know who you are, getting on a midnight train and screaming in a fog of drunken breath and releasing a wave of steaming piss.

Also, all the newspapers and beer and soda that has spilled on the floor is all from filthy pigs coming home from Manhattan, too lazy to actually clean up after themselves.

You might be saying we should clean them up more. Well, again, revenues are tight, regardless of the recent fare increase. Truth is I can't tell you where the cash goes, but you ever wonder where the LIRR president gets the cash for his Armani suits?

As for your ill-fated attempt at criticizing how expensive it is to ride, I have two projects for you:

1) Try to find a cheaper and faster way to get there. I dare you. It costs \$9.50 during the rush to get from USB to Penn and about 2 hours. Now, take a cab and when you roll up to MSG, call me up and let me know how light your wallet feels.

2) Get your own limo service, you spoiled brats. It really boggles my mind how the Ranch is such an ignorant fool. The LIRR shall forever remain the cheapest and quickest way to get there.

Like the rest of the country, top executives are curtailing expenses at the cost of two groups: their frontline employees who deal directly with the public and their customers. That's pretty convenient for them, too.

As long as they can keep these two groups fighting and out of their hair, they keep going to the bank (and there is nothing wrong with that, unless, of course, you fall into one of these two groups). Your fault lies in the fact that you are just as naive as a lot of people I ran into this summer. If you were really smart, you'd go to the source and do something about it, instead of running your mouths off. You want to see a better Long Island Rail Road, here's a Top Ten List for you.

10) Since the LIRR is a State agency, write to your politicians and get loud with them. Make a difference in num-

bers.

9) Do the same with Thomas Prendergast, the President of the Rail Road.

8) Stop using the TVMs. Boycott them. Get what you are paying for: Service with a smile, not with a digital "out of order."

7) Why don't you try treating those clerks and conductors with a little human respect and decency. They are people too, not your doormats. Try being pleasant, and not some spoiled, obnoxious or drunk fool spreading your joy. You'll be surprised how endearing we can be.

6) The next time you hear someone is suicidal, please get them help and keep them away from the tracks. Over 25% of trains that are late are because of suicides.

5) Don't piss on the trains and they won't reek of urine. And if you do, get it in the bowl (the one you piss in rather than the limited edition Beatles bowl you smoke out of!).

4) Clean up after yourselves you filthy, spoiled slob.

3) See #8 and be sure to tell me they need more trains to alleviate the overcrowding.

2) If it's that expensive and always delayed, buy your own intergalactic Star Trek transporter (Scotty not included). It's virtually instant and only requires a one-time fee.

1) See #7 and MEMORIZE it. It's simple sociological, anthropological and psychological theory at work here.

You learn a lot about people living on the Island when you work on the LIRR. Each branch and even some stations have their own personality. Port Wash is composed of mostly nice people but also many rich snobs. Montauk and the Hamptons get the party crowds. Sayville is home to some of the most distraught and psychotic fools. Locust Valley is home to the Isle's most pleasant people and Far Rockaway is full of nasty ass slob. But the common thread through all of those living there is that they are all truly naive and don't know the inside scene as I have witnessed it. 90% of the Island is screwed, not because of the LIRR, but because they are just so spoiled. But for the most part, it's really too sad to see the Press being so obtuse.

When you consider a job where people are screaming at you for things that are out of their jurisdiction and your job security is a seesaw, you get a better picture. I can tell you that those "less than endearing" employees that you run into get it first from the bosses than from the commuters. You've got to look at the broad picture. If you are going to go off on someone, find the management responsible, not the conductors, clerks or engineers. Having once been a paying commuter and now a seasonal employee, I realized that it's a decent system and a good job, not just a grease job at Roy Rogers. (Last summer alone, I made enough to pay for 3 semesters at USB. You do the math.)

I not only speak for myself, but for the countless other employees that have to put up with crap from people such as the Press that don't have a clue. I hope maybe now you know the real deal. Your problem lies with the top officials of the MTA and amongst you commuters, who make a situation worse by being apathetic, cowardly little shits.

I happen to like the Press but like I have said to other little dorks, don't ruin a good thing by being an asshole. Oh, and when you do attempt to write back, just remember that you are wrong. Whatever garbage you decide to print will never top the truth as I have told it to you.

-Jeremy Despermo



"It's not just all about sex, it's the companionship I miss, to have someone beside me, to appreciate the beauty of a star, so far off in the galaxy."

"I wouldn't want to go to Germany alone, the mountains are so immense; it just wouldn't be the same to be standing there with a German guy, saying, 'Ich bin ein Auslander'."

"You have a strong soul..."

"After I had sex with my girlfriend, she'd light a cigarette and the burning embers would outline the curves of her body...oh, but I'm sorry, I'm getting ahead of myself."

"I should've realized you were over 21: you're more filled out than younger girls. I'm not saying you're fat or anything, you're just all filled out."

Yes kids, join *The Press* and you too can hear lines like this from men who think they're the slickest thing since a NAMBLA member's pants near a schoolyard at recess.

IT'S ALL HERE FOR YOU, LADIES!

The preceding are actual quotes from someone who has recently become enamored of visiting the women who inhabit *The Press*. We're hoping this house ad will change all that. All others: Room 060, Student Union.

Joel Terra For Assembly?

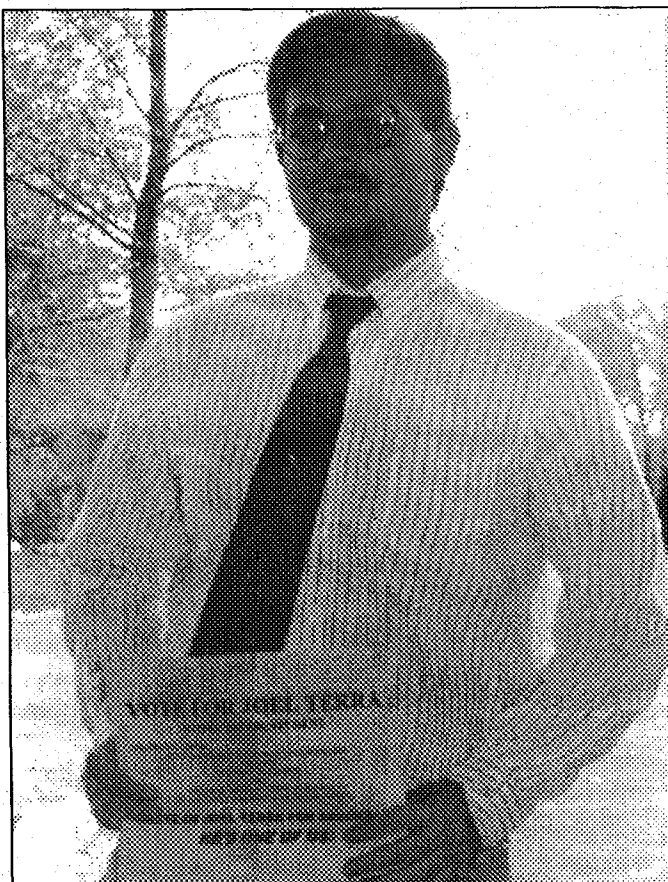
By Staff

Last Tuesday, Assemblyman Steven Englebright campaigned personally at SUNY Stony Brook in front of the Student Union reminding students of his connection to the campus as a professor and local assemblyman.

Meanwhile, the College Republicans at SUNY Stony Brook put forward one of their own as a "student write-in candidate" in the 4th Assembly District with the intention of undercutting the student support for Steve Englebright to the benefit of Republican nominee Ken Gaul, who was not expected to do well on campus.

The ostensible candidate, Joel Terra, was overheard around 7:30 am in the Highlight Diner on Rte. 347 as saying that he and his fellow College Republicans were going to campus to help Gaul and make sure students vote the "right" way, assuming it was going to be a close election, and the campus could make the difference. These remarks were overheard by Scott West, a campus staff person for the Graduate Student Employees Union at Stony Brook. Around 9:30 am Terra and about three other male students began handing out fliers in front of the Stony Brook Student Union reading "Vote for Joel Terra Stony Brook Student. The Choice is simple: ...he'll fight for students and take on the career politicians for all of us." These fliers were distributed along

with pencils to students awaiting buses to take them to the polling site.



Joel Terra, write-in candidate for Assembly
Photo courtesy Nicole Rosner/*Statesman*

When confronted by Nicole Rosner, a reporter for *The Statesman*, Terra denied having any con-

nection to the College Republicans. However, Terra wrote letters to the editors of *The Statesman* last year, identifying himself as "President, College Republicans."

Campus Public Safety officers on the scene requested that Terra and his associates remove some of the signs they had posted in an excessive manner around the Union building.

Reluctantly removing some of the fliers, Terra and the others began to distribute their fliers attached to advertisements from the Park Bench, a local bar, which promise "25-cent drafts 5 - 8 pm" as well as other inducements to alcohol available during polling hours. Around 11:45 a second group of students joined the first with professional printed signs touting Terra as a student write-in candidate.

These individuals impressed complicated and last minute write-in information, often four campaigners to a single voter. Despite the professional nature of the signs and the number of write-in campaigners, no one in any campus newspaper or any passersby had previously heard of the Joel Terra campaign.

An alumni working for the university who did not want to be identified commented on the advertisements for the write-in campaign: "Vote for me and have a beer party? I thought that went out with Tammany Hall."

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SAVE 10%

Reduce four points!
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Students Take Over Berkeley Tower

Berkeley-

Ten students at the University are currently occupying the Campanile (Sather Tower) in response to California's passage of Proposition 209. Following an afternoon of strongly supported rallies and protests throughout Berkeley, students decided to take over the famous University landmark.

We as the UC BERKELEY CAMPUS COALITION OF STUDENTS AGAINST 209 demand:

- 1) We demand that the University of California NOT COMPLY with the reactionary, regressive 209.
- 2) We need to answer back to the lawmakers, to the captains of finance, to the UC Regents, to Governor Pete Wilson, to the State of California, and to the nation that THIS MUST STOP!
- 3) We claim this campus as our own, as our property, as students at a state university, as residents of California, we say no to exclusion, removal, and forced exit of women and people of color.
- 4) We demand that the electorate, which represents only a small portion of all eligible voters in California, be accountable to all the residents of California.
- 5) We DEMAND funding for Education - Schools, NOT prisons, should be a priority! What does it tell you that the prison industry is the fastest growing California industry?
- 6) We DEMAND that Chancellor Tien, and all the UC Chancellors openly RESIST the imple-

mentation of Prop. 209.

- 7) We DEMAND the end of the war on poor people.
- 8) We DEMAND an Ethnic Studies requirement for all high school and transfer students applicants.
- 9) We DEMAND a firm commitment to promote diversity through existing outreach programs.
- 10) We DEMAND a say in who will succeed Chancellor Tien.
- 11) We DEMAND increased student representation on the Board of Regents of the University of California, with equal voting power as other members.
- 12) We DEMAND a live TV and radio broadcast interview with student coalition members.
- 13) We DEMAND that all people in California realize the urgency in attempting to form a just, society based in equality and reality - that the only hope for the future of California in the upcoming millennium is that all peoples receive equal opportunity, or the crumbling, smashing and burning of an unjust, sexist and racist society. This is only the beginning.

If, we as AMERICANS plan together to live in one society, as a unified body of people, all people need to be guaranteed civil rights. Or...suffer the consequences of people uprising. IT WILL HAPPEN HERE!

[text pasted here, cut before demands]

Proposition 209, misleadingly titled the California Civil Rights Initiative, with 54% of

the voter's approval, became law today. In effect, this amendment to the California Constitution outlaws long standing policies, programs and initiatives which sought to ameliorate the effects of the wide spread poverty, racism and gender bias which permeate California institutions. As of today, Affirmative Action programs based on race, ethnicity, gender or national origin are considered illegal.

Over a hundred students have gathered this evening to support the occupation and to protect the doorways. Other students are recruiting community members and students to the tower. University officials have been dispatched to address the students.

Standouts are gathering the necessary supplies for a lengthy occupation. Some of the students are fasting as a means of spiritual cleansing in preparation of the struggle ahead. Many are currently organizing at the base for a new and fueled movement against the implementation of Prop.

209.

Earlier this morning, the President of the nine-campus University of California system sent out a directive of compliance to each Chancellor. Included were instructions to no longer use race, ethnicity, sex or national origin as one of the supplemental criteria used to select admitted students from the pool of eligible students.

According to Jesus Mena, UC Berkeley spokesperson, "The University of California at Berkeley is still very committed to diversity. However, such an occupation is against University policy. We are concerned about the students well being."

Students believe that their action is only the beginning of a mass movement to redirect the public. They don't need sympathy from the administration. They, in fact, demand that the University administration not comply with the provisions outlined by the new law.

The occupation is intended to go on until negotiations with the University take place. For more information on the occupation, please contact (510) 642-6672 or (510) 704-5560.

UPDATE: Students continue to occupy the campanile tower at UC Berkeley. It is now 3:00 AM, Thursday, November 7, 1996. The takeover will be the focus of campus organizing in an effort to cultivate future plans against the implementation of Prop. 209.

About eighty students and community members are camping out on the campanile tower to secure the occupation. Many are studying by candlelight.

Updates are on the way.

*Message from the Tower....

The Campanile Tower is a symbol representing the University, and the Ivory Tower of elitism and exclusionism. Our occupation defies the passage of Proposition 209. Our occupation is an act of resistance and reclamation. We will occupy the tower until our demands are met or otherwise. In addition to our occupation we have made a commitment to fast, in order to purify our bodies and strengthen our spirits. Representation of people of color on the UC campuses will decline by 50 to 70 percent as a result of Proposition 209 being implemented. (figures from the UC Office of the President) If the University decides to comply with 209 they will essentially be locking us out. This occupation represents us taking back our right to education. We are also occupying the Campanile, which stands on top of Ohlone land, because inside the bones of these peoples are stored, our ancestors. It seems that the University only wants our people when we are dead and not when we are alive. We demand respect for the land and its peoples. Our treaties have been broken and violated, and the genocide continues.

It is time for uprising, we are occupying the Campanile Tower in a political and spiritual sense, the same way our people have always defended and protected our land, human rights, respect, and dignity!!! Listen to our demands and comply. The time is NOW!

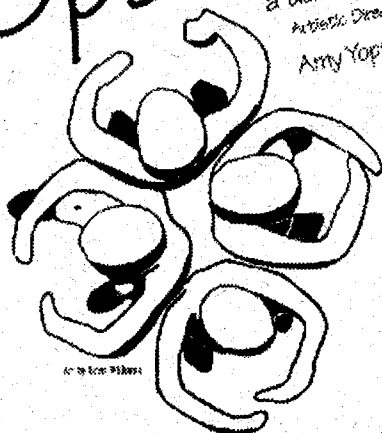
-La Voz de Berkeley Newswire

Something Different is Happening at Stony Brook!

The Department of Theatre Arts of the State University of New York at Stony Brook proudly presents the inaugural season of

SpareChange

a dance-theatre company.
Artistic Director and Choreographer
Amy Yopp Sullivan



Gala Opening November 22nd, 8:00 p.m. "Visionary in the Arts" Award Ceremony

Honoring: Bill T. Jones and Sara Pearson/Patrik Widrig. Champagne reception follows performance.
Tickets: \$35. Please contact: John Lutterbie, Chair, Department of Theatre Arts 516.632.7300

Theatre Two
Staller Center for the Arts

PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE

Preview: Thursday, November 21st, 8:00 p.m.
November 23rd, December 5th-7th, 8:00 p.m.
November 24th, December 8th, 2:00 p.m.

TICKETS: \$8 general; \$6 students, staff, and seniors
Available at the Staller Center Box Office
516.632.7230

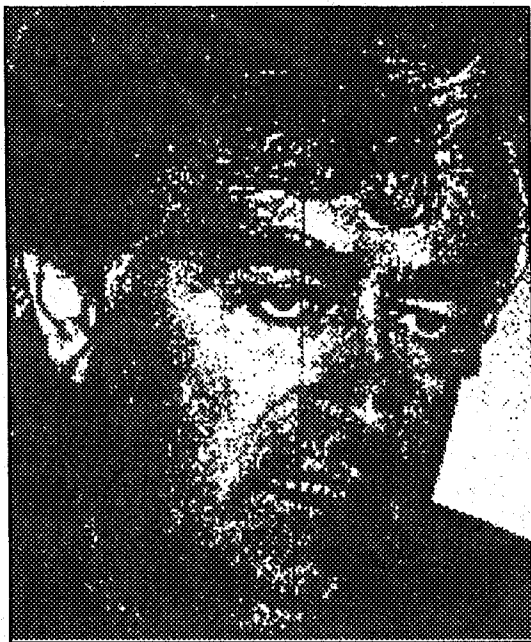
Theatre One
SPECIAL PRESENTATION

Installation-Art Works
on display before and during
all performances.

For more information, please contact
Rhonda Cooper, at the University Art Gallery,
516.632.7341.

STONY
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UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

For disability related accommodations, please call 516.632.7341 in the Department of Theatre Arts, 516.632.7341.
The State University of New York at Stony Brook is an affirmative action/equal opportunity employer and educator.

WANTED**for crimes against humanity and war crimes****Radovan Karadzic**

**Arrest Warrants
have been issued**

**Crimes include command
responsibility for:**

**Rape
Castration
Torture
"Disappearances"
Mutilation
Starvation
Genocide
Murder**

**Ratko Mladic**

Location: Both men are at large in the area of Bosnia Herzegovina and are travelling freely throughout the region. They are currently unimpeded by any peace-keeping or military force, in direct opposition to warrants for their arrest issued by the International War Crimes Tribunal, The Hague, Netherlands.

Send your petition to President Bill Clinton, The White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, DC 20000.

Join with Amnesty International in supporting our efforts to protect human rights around the world. Call 1-8000AMNESTY for more information.

To help, call Amnesty International 1-800-AMNESTY

DETACH HERE

**Petition To President Bill Clinton**

WHEREAS the United States is obliged to honor its commitments under the Dayton Peace Accord, which obliges IFOR to search for and arrest all those responsible for war crimes, and;

WHEREAS the International War Crimes Tribunal has called for the arrest and transfer of over 70 persons indicted for genocide, war crimes, or crimes against humanity, including Radovan Karadzic and Ratko Mladic;

THEREFORE I urge you to honor U.S. obligations under the Dayton Peace Accord by urging IFOR to search out, arrest, and transfer to The Hague all of the war criminals in Bosnia for trial before the International War Crimes Tribunal.

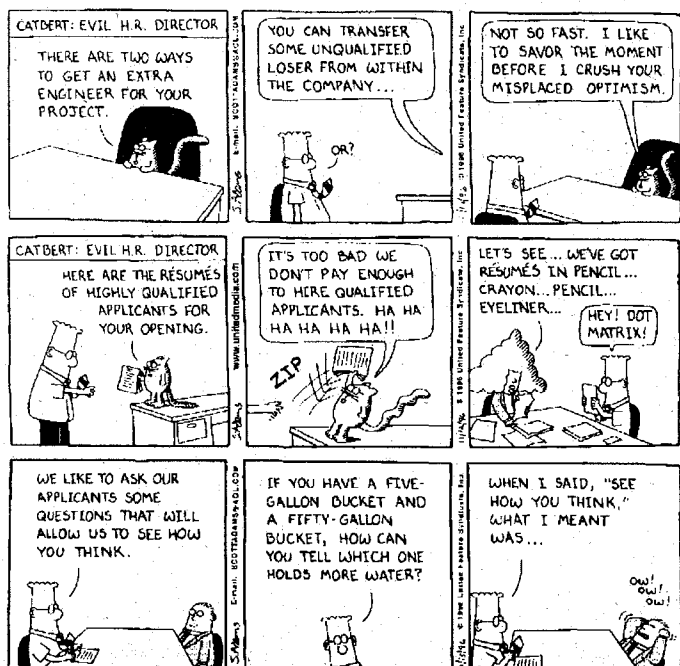
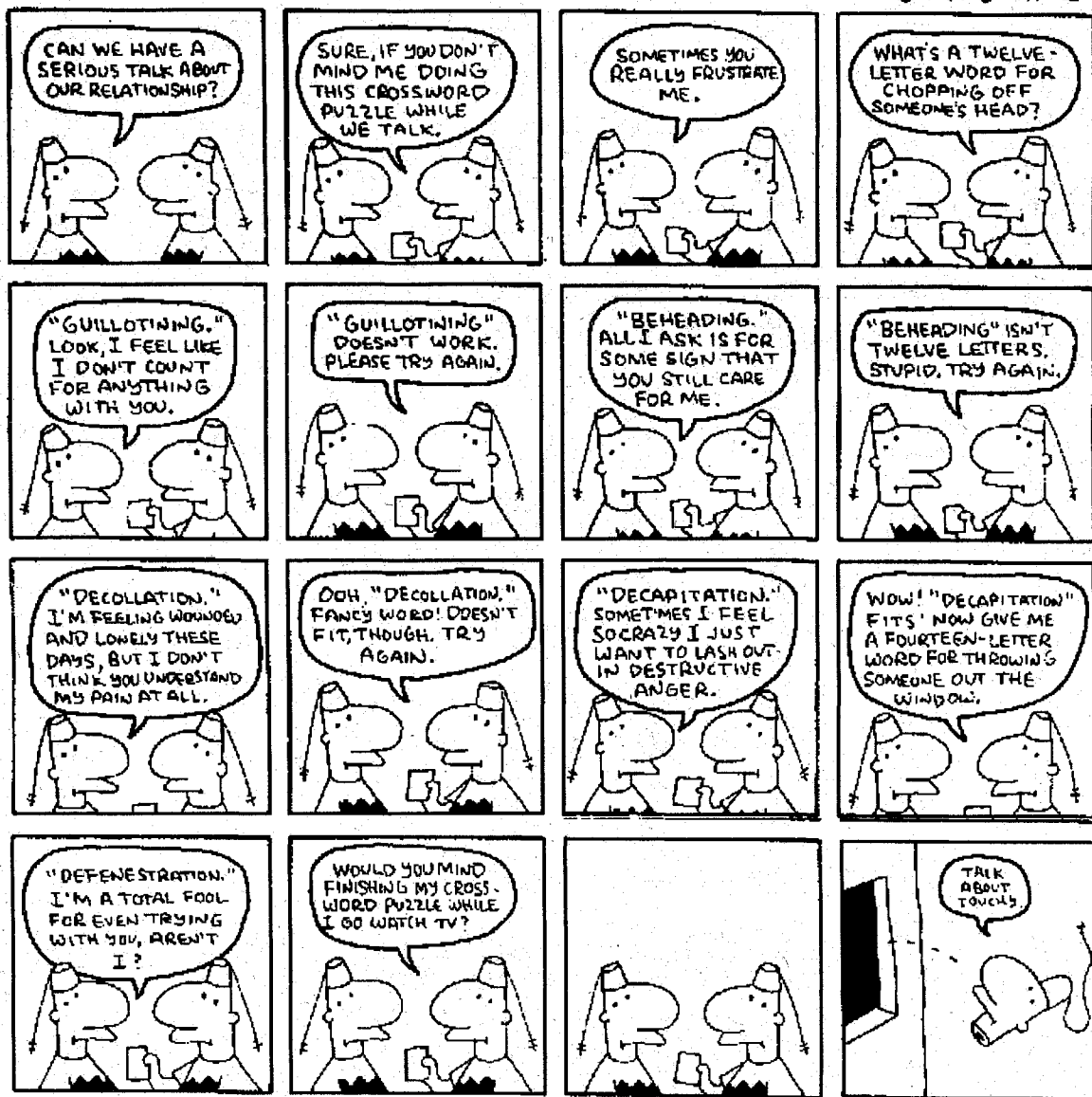
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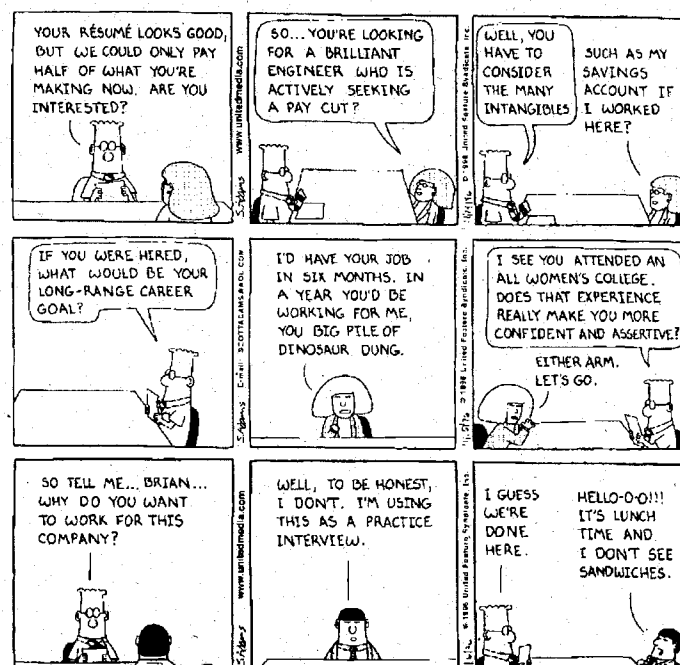
COMICS

LIFE IN HELL

©1996 BY MATT GROENING



Dilbert ® by Scott Adams



The 1996
Stony Brook Press
Literary Supplement



Photograph by Martha Chemas

Poetry
Short Stories
Photos

CROSSROADS

By Cliff Rivera

This place is a wasteland. Like a ghost haunted by what was once home, Paul lights a cigarette and wanders listlessly toward the light source. He stares, half-heartedly at the colorless, weightless, leaves outside his bedroom window. "Lucky bastards," he mutters to himself. Since past recollections have resulted in nothing but hot air, Paul lets out his own disarming fart — proof, maybe, that he did clean the dishes, fill the gas tank, and had ventured into the kitchen for something to eat. Before it could oversaturate the air inside, he opens the window, allowing the filth to filter out. The sudden influx of fresh air overwhelms Paul and he is left blinded by scattered ashes.

Time seems non-existent as he sits here, overlooking the unknown. Not too far away, a stream sings; lovers paddle hopelessly in circles and after quite a struggle finally reach a desired rhythm (possibly wishing to translate that rhythm into their relationships); and the soothing autumn breeze, how it brings back memories to Paul, when she would ease his pain. Yet only the monotone cries of an orphaned bird remain.

There is a lingering sense of someone dragging their feet. The deliberate pace makes him cringe. It's as if Paul were on a train: writing one... word... at... a... time.

The direction of Paul's smoke rings shifts to high school photographs hung stiffly on the wall beside him. Paul was sitting in The Sewer one night admiring the immaculate legs of girls passing him by, when one remarked on how impressive his smoke rings were. The memories in these frozen moments of time seem to outnumber others. They are as fleeting as the Joker's card Paul flings to the other side of the room. These acts of blatant narcissism are what remind him of the absence of photographs in and around the house. Yet they continue to cater to his needs as though Paul were crashing his own farewell anniversary. More and more. Refill after refill. Everything seems alien to Paul including the countless holes and stains marking the walls and floors of the house. Like an intruder that has little to offer but false hopes, he continues, unnoticed, behind second-hand, priceless gems.

Paul's thoughts fade as she leafs through the yellow pages. "What are you doing here," he asks, unwilling to open his eyes. Time, apparently bored by Paul's languid progress, left his side and in a moment of utter carelessness — should blame be placed on the unlucky mother for forgetting the eggs in the previous aisle? — he was abruptly taken out of his element, and told, "I'm looking for Zach's number... Fuck!" She tosses the phone book into the adjacent living room, its newly acquired position adding to the apartment's definitive charm. He didn't catch her name. There was no time for congenial introductions, for her steps shortened to a pace immeasurable (he has a vague recollection of wanting to sate his thirst) — he knew not where he was headed. Would it matter anyway, had he not been in the enviable position of good samaritan... trusting boy scout... clown...?

Paul greets Mona with tired, sedated eyes.

"Sorry... I missed you..." Her manner lacked the sincere passion of their first encounter, so he shut his eyes in the hope of regaining that sense of profound nostalgia.

What was once a playground is now a junkyard. While Mona was away, Paul would lumber to bed at night, half-conscious, purposefully avoid the bathroom knowing if he got there, he'd have to remove his falsified eyes (a feat proven possible on other occasions) and ends up passing out on his futon, the sole remnant of a forgotten past. It is believed the pillow is patched with a cloth from his mother's vintage collection. Paul tosses and turns, in the hope that after much physical exhaustion a dream will emerge wherein the coming day will undoubtedly lead to salvation and yet: that day never comes. He envies those who can remember details of worlds so vivid, so fantastic, so beyond what he knows that it produces an expression that compels strangers to ask, "What pains you?"

"Paul... oh, Paul... is anyone there...?" He could feel Mona's split-ends grazing the tips of his lazy beard, back and forth, back and forth. "Paul, this place is a shit-hole," she whispers sweetly into his ear. "I think it's time you clean up."

A distant light brightens, daring Paul to keep his eyelids pen. His attempts are useless, for he is left with only a head to keep him afloat, vulnerably to unpredictable mechanisms of nature, bodiless. More and more. (Paul needs to fatten up because he has the physique of a marathoner? Indeed, he proves anyone can score without an ass.) Blanketed in infinite blue, Paul's sunburned face nestles deep within her bosom. Intimating to each other their deepest secrets, like two opposing forces entrenched together a mud up to their knees — are they — each wary of the other. Her face hovers over him like an oncoming storm. Well-trained in maneuvering through rough terrain, Mona initiates the first, back-stabbing blow. Wounded and dazed by the pandemonium he so willfully ignored, Paul laments, "Will the rapid fire of unseen bullets ever end...?"

Mona studies the tear's movement. She recalls focusing on a raindrop's undetermined path toward oblivion, while ignoring the advancements of a strange driver...

...whistling terribly out of tune. The stench coming from the stranger's pick-up truck forced her out of sleep, but she's not about to let him know the dial is missing. "You want to roll?" he asks, a subtle invitation reeking of smoke, sweat, and shit. Torn between the question echoing harshly through her mind and the darkness slowly enveloping her, Mona starts to snore... With whatever

strength left in her, she manages to slide the window down an inch or two... Mona was about to pass out, again, when she felt something moist graze her cheek. It had begun to rain, again.

"Strong shit, huh... Yahhh... My hands hurt... I can barely see... Can you?... Here, take another hit... C'mon, pretty..." Mona's eyes were squinting intensely under her two-dollar sunglasses, *sunglasses for Chrissakes*. She inhaled deeply through her inflamed nostrils, politely shook her head, and flung herself out the passenger door. A sign of thanks. Unaware of the stains growing, she spat on the ground and wondered if the nasty taste would ever leave her mouth.

"I hate seeing you like this," says Mona, turning away from the mirror to find his condition unchanged. Paul disregards the soaked towel on the bed. He feels grounded reveling in his company's repose: dirt, worms, and stunted seeds alike. His sheets haven't been changed in months. She searches her worn-out trench for a light, unaware of the match Paul slyly flicks for her.

"Fuck off," she says, her breath thus extinguishing the fire Paul had hoped would last forever. He mouths God, over and over, and lifts a bottle of vodka triumphantly as if declaring, "This! This is my savior!" Unbeknownst to Mona, an impenetrable void pervades Paul's inner being and is slowly drifting... drifting... toward eternal bliss.

It was after Paul noticed the cabinet pen, the floor scattered with bottles (some open, some closed) and a wonderful assortment of pills did he realize Mona had left; not that the racket preceding her exit had awakened him. What disturbed Paul was the scent of her cheap perfume. Ever since he bought it for her birthday two months into their doomed relationship — two Goddamn years, wasted — Paul didn't expect it to be such a burden a year after their breakup. At the time, money was of no concern to Mona, so there was no pressure on Paul to find a gift. A simple kiss would have sufficed. The name was what struck him: Dakota... Freedom, the mythical west of the bygone Beat generation, good times — that was what Paul thought when he first glimpsed Dakota, not if it was going to be lasting.

All together (the lingering scent of Dakota, the mess in front of the cabinet, etc., etc.) they formed the backdrop for what appeared to be an aspirin, carefully navigating its way through a sea of painkillers. Paul followed the capsule, seemingly unperturbed by its existence. Wherever it was headed — presumably toward one of the empty containers — Paul hoped the capsule would return his gaze.

What a sight to see Paul pitifully drunk on the steps of Saint Anthony's Church, sobbing, with his hands to his face! Once again, as the blood rushes through Paul's veins, carving new pathways along the way, his fingers float gracefully in mid-air, giving the impression of a master magician. They are his tattoos. Outside, herds of pre-adolescents attempt to outcheer one another, as if understanding the shit-ridden life they are about to enter — a forced initiation into an exclusive club where meaningless dominates. Who can climb the streetlight first and reach the top is what concerns them now, thankfully.

Inside, an electric fan revives surrounding dust particles on the verge of non-existence. Paul crouches, arm outstretched, powerless to the force that binds him; he winces at the sight of the spidery shadow swelling as it nears its moment of ecstasy. The crescendo of the cheers, the stifling air which they share, the chaos that bombards him is enough to make anyone crazy. Yet is there an insane asylum worse than the one Paul wallows in...? He blindly grasps the aspirin between thumb and forefinger and consumes it, his saliva substituting for the half-empty forty which he felt was too far away. *One police officer was fatally shot and a second wounded... Agent Orange may be linked to birth defects... Words, words, words... The aspirin has metamorphosed into a cockroach... Vampires are real...* Paul feeds off its soul, sucks its life-sucking juice dry, momentarily energizing him — a debilitating drug-addiction, you might say — toward that one, succulent nipple. *Mmmmmmm...*

"Why the fuck are you wearing that hat?" she blurts out, an uncontrollable outburst directed to an anonymous birthday-celebrant. The repressed rage of a priest's daughter resurfaces unexpectedly, eager to reek havoc in a rat-infested bar aptly named The Sewer. The mannequins are oblivious to the freak sticking her pierced tongue in their faces. Perched atop a stool in a dim lit-corner, Mona spits icecubes at Them (synchronized sleepwalkers tapping their designer shoes to sell-out profiteers), reverts to a fetal position, then rebrads. All the same.

Beware: as you malingering to and fro claustrophobic stares by nameless patrons scoping your tasteless mini, the candle flickers absently, despite her desperate eyes...

The flame sways in unison with the blaring music it seems, absorbing each note with a subtle nuance of surprise. Mona is transfixed by its ability to rouse passion in others; its aura — enough to sway another to one's knees in misbegotten agony — will inevitably lead to another dance. The dance is simple, but by close examination, universally effective in hypnotizing the rigid, the conservative, the classic case for lack of innovation... What style! What grace...

"Mona..."

The thought of fingers burnt asunder, to have to follow leafless branches for direction (clumsy, apparently flowing to nothing, not even a breeze) with no end in sight to this slow, monotonous song and no accompaniment either —

...blurs the vision...

"Mona, c'mon..."

Most likely sparked by *Janis* to disrobe, fingerless drunks — self-mutilated, but not completely incapacitated — would toy, rub, scratch unabashedly upon an extinguished fireplace in the hope of finding a speck amongst an otherwise corpse-like atmosphere, until

it's too late... Like a band-aid wrapped around each fingertip or being held at gun-point: jagged and rough against your hollow cheek, quivering, blood smearing your dry, course lips forcing you to come ablaze, oh! so bright as to blind those too selfless to catch a lasting glimpse of an eclipse... nothing can withstand a kinetic implosion. Nothing, save a lifetime of neglected wounds...

"Mona... Mona..."

Anything for a piece of that crude cake, sumptuous in its potential energy (The nerve!) enamored with layers upon layers of sweet, chocolatey glaze, beckoning her to make one, overdue wish —

"Mona!"

"What?!" Mona's eyes ache, sensing her pigtailed won't stay in tact for long. Undergrads Under The Influence, men in 3-piece suits, sorry old-timers, all sharing familiar one-liners... is suffocating her free-spirited, straight-jacketed existence.

She is tempted to blow them all out...

"What do you wa — paper. Fool, we need paper!" Even from behind his sunglasses, Mona can feel his penetrating eyes, telling her "a walk outside would do us both some good." Zach is her audience. Only he can relate to her work-in-progress, though always in a fashionably-late sense...

Lest she forgets Zach's insatiability for Bluntology. Minus the proper catalyst, verbal communication is close to impossible (his signature on a check, for instance requires a felt pen and/or the artistry of a painter for relevance). Which explains his treasured possession — magnetic in its power to attract prospective pussy: a reminder of the pain he's chosen to forget, a reward: check it out... a bongo...

Burnt beyond recognition, Zach's emaciated frame suits his shadowy nature — a fitting description for a drug-enduced seducer. He'd likely stop to marvel at the peculiar lapse in fluidity, noting the chance flirtations (Beep!) or dissensions (Beep! Beep!) of one specimen to another — the random consumption of a pigeon at a congested four-way juncture...

Focus slumbers at their feet...

The stubborn barrier offers a faulty bridge of wonder, beauty, and curiosity. They are partaking in a high-wire routine in disguise; an ever-changing entity, such as a crack on a sidewalk (intentional or not) and as they soak up the reality of a deserted alleyway... down below, a puddle of piss — its amoeba-like movements recalling a forgotten life — moves sublimely... leaving a trail for the others to follow... and she doesn't even know it. (God applauds, appreciates the difference in dynamics — Bravo! Encore! — but who's who in this apocalyptic dramatization? Is she the modest toddler eager to please, uniformly raving new combinations to the primal notes — Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, Ti, Do! — only to mature into the mirror-image of love?)

The spotlight always lags a step behind...

Marked by blood-stained blocks of gum-blotched concrete Zach and Mona drag on, oozing past discarded momentos... (The nighttime gap dissolves, allowing only a glimpse of the tree's seasonal gloom...) What remains are the Priots Mona sprayed, unclear whether: a coded message of indifference or fruits from the naked tree overhead. Not knowing, they pass a weeping widow and his female companion (he has shotgun) choosing, instead, to smash a walkway sign to pieces. That which is left of the light fixture dazes and Zach ignores the Brother's request for a cigarette. We're all beggars. Man, purely accidental...

"Yo, it's kicked..."

"Well, motha-fucka, refill it then!"

"Aight..." And having stopped to observe this, Paul wipes his brow and walks on humming happily to himself... Hence: Zach's love of Mona, chapped lips and all.

The Unknown lurks behind any street corner. If Little Red Riding Hood were to come across a wolf she'd be carrying mace. On a good day, Paul could be mistaken for a wolf...

With each swig, he grimaces. Surely smoking helps your colon and is a natural relaxant and could be a useful tool against that precious fountain. But who knows...? In two years time, you could find yourself leg-deep in a pool of twigs (?), leaves (?), and cigarette butts. With The Man, it takes convincing The Man doesn't give 2 shifts about hard-earned Blood, Sweat, & Tears. It's all about presentation. And with a baby-face like Paul's, you'll find certain goods hard to come by without valid identification, albeit sunglasses: a scar, graying hair, a wedding ring, your middle finger... The thrill is in the unattainable... Paul finds himself outside Lincoln Center — the outskirts of oblivion between heaven and hell, just another night of empty stares, artificial light, and owners looking on with irreverent delight.

Despite a persistent wind, Paul forms smoke rings — a bad habit considering it lasts a mere second, not even. "Habit" connotes a certain tolerance like the moment a child steps out of a car after hours of numbing music, traffic, as well as rhetoric and imagines a sign which reads, **"THROW UP HERE! NEW YORKERS CARE!"** A disaster awaits an unsuspecting pedestrian whose eyes are set, not on what's most immediate, but on grandiose illusions (as if spotting a dollar bill or virgin grace were an everyday occurrence). Paul struggles to suppress the urge most of the time or ces himself to upchuck everything in one felt swoop. *Things'll be fine. Things'll be fine. Things'll be fine.* The Sewer awaits and the brisk pace of the stranger behind him makes his craving for a drink that much stronger. To Paul, tame and wild are indistinguishable.

In times like these, it's good to light a cigarette.

"What the...?"

"Paul Xavier..."

The transition from loner to victim was too abrupt. For a split-second, it seemed Mother Nature had had enough of Paul's barrage of cynicism, deciding, once and for all, to take matters into her own

Continued on Page 7

A Progression

Block of cedar
 Painted milk truck
 Rolls past Miss Molly on her porch.
 Her yellow yarn hair
 Swaying from a summer breeze
 Blowing in through a window.
 Next stop, Tinker-Toy Joe's In the Dark Closet Forest.
 Joe is doing well.
 He has Puppy and Bear
 Over for tea.
 Once again
 Bear loses his innards,
 But is cared for
 By needle and thread surgery.

Now awake the children run and play.

Aliens fly across
 The TV screen.
 Bobbing and beeping,
 One is wounded,
 Another decimated
 By godlike act of joystick.
 Poor motorized Mack laments
 In a corner waiting
 To be reactivated into duty,
 While next to him lies Sue
 With her lifelike growing hair.
 You can cut it off, and it has been.
 Nearby, the dreaded Candyland Witch
 Is packing for the big screen
 Where she will grow a torso and a head.

Now it is night.
 The toys are turned off,
 The children are sleeping.

-Kieth R. Filaski

Sonnet: that which endures

*If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
 Love so alike, that none do slacken, none can die.*

Take the happiest moment we've shared
 and hold it tightly among all your sighs
 and all your tears, like you were still clinging
 to the guard bar of the rollercoaster
 that always terrified you as a child.
 I'll remember your sighs as stars that shine
 sad and full to light the bedlam cell I'll
 call my home tonight.

If some other man
 reminds you how we laughed or how we made
 love like two angels, hesitant and shy,
 forget me a while. And if I hear you
 calling me through other eyes full of sky
 rockets and rosepetals, I hope I'll forget
 how sweet your tears always tasted to me.

-Wilbur Farley

BAD POEM #41

By Cox N. Mussels



Hey!

Yeah, you.

Do you want to fight?

You can't feel my pain.

photo by Mike Chiang

Sunshine Superman

I was lost
 lost inside of some meadow
 You were there
 We ate daisies
 It was grand
 seeing shapes in the clouds that
 were not there
 or were they there
 and with his cheek's apples rising
 the sun smiled down his hardest
 ashamed of his glance, we
 headed for the forest
 how were we to know
 what was to befall us
 two
 who knew?
 It's so cold
 now that it is winter
 I feel old
 er than I am
 we are wise
 not to give ourselves splinters
 dreaming of the summer sands

Oscar Arias

Hard

By Oscar Arias

"C'mon ya punk ass bitch...Whatcha gonna do, huh?" he was screaming as his guy was kicking my ass in Street Fighter.

"Shut up, Richie. This a family establishment," Joe's voice came from behind the oven.

"Yeah, Joe," Richie a little quieter as he put me away. "You suck flat tit."

"You suck, bitch. Let's do this again."

He beat me again, so I bought him two slices of pizza and a slice and a coke for myself.

We sat down across from the long counter.

"Look at dis churnp," Joe was pointing at the TV screen to Scott Norwood. They were showing replays of the field goal he missed that cost the Bills the Super Bowl. "If I was him, I'd shoot myself."

"He's still gettin more ass than anyone here," Richie said.

"No one wants to fuck the kicker," Joe replied, "Now shut up. I've got customers."

I heard the bell on the door ring. "Can I get a plain pie to go, please?" a sweet voice said behind me. She sounded a little older, 30's at least, but I'm always game for different things

"Sure, hon, that'll be a couple minutes. Drink?"

"Um..."

"Jet," Richie looked to the side, interrupting my eavesdropping. "Jean Paul's my real name, but Jet was my tag, even though I didn't get it up much." He was talking through his teeth.

"Try to be slick about it, but check out this bitch. She's dope for her age."

I turned my head slowly, first pretending to look at the TV, then at something past the voice, then at her. She must have been at least 200 lbs. She caught me staring and suddenly cut off her conversation with Joe.

I turned back to see Richie almost spitting out his food. "Yo, say something. She's giving you looks, bro." He didn't care that she heard him laughing.

The next minute was uncomfortable, except for Richie who was still giggling a little. "Thank you," she said to Joe, halfway to the door with her pie and two liter coke.

"You're a dick," I said when she finally left. I couldn't keep a smile off my face.

"Get outta here, ya punks, bothering the fat customers. I should teach you a lesson and kick botn your asses. Didn't your mother never teach you nothin?"

"We're done anyway, Joe. See ya later." Richie threw the greasy waxpaper into an empty garbage can. I did the same

"Peace," I said, the bell ringing.

Outside, it was getting dark and we walked along Union Turnpike, reading the tags on the closed store fronts.

"Jet, yo' shit is wack," Richie pointed to one of my scribbles with two fingers.

"At least my shit makes sense. What the fuck's a kah?"

"It's C.A., bitch. Hard as, hard as Chinese Arithmetic," his chest thudded as he pound it, I gave a laugh through my nose. "Cor-nee."

"Les go see what Andre's doin."

"You know what he's doin...That nigga's always puffin."

"So les go," Richie smiled.

"Les go," I smiled back.

We walked another half a block, then turned the corner to Andre's crib.

"Who's dat?", Richie squinted at two figures in the distance.

"I don't know. No one, I think."

One of the kids was sitting on the base of a lamp-post, writing on a book or something and the other

was standing next to him, eating a bag of chips. As we got closer, I could tell that the one sitting was trying to get the paint in his marker into the tip by pressing it on the binder. It looked like Cheez Doodles the other kid was chewing. The one sitting had a

Starter jacket on. It looked new.

"What's up?", I turned to Richie cuz he was being quiet. He didn't answer and was staring at them without blinking.

They didn't seem to notice us as we passed by and I thought everything was cool until

"What the fuck are ya lookin at?", Richie turned to the kid standing.. the one sitting looked up.

"Huh?" The kid standing was squinting at Richie.

"I said, what are you staring at?" He stepped closer to him. I stood still

"Sorry, man. I don't have my glasses on."

"Don't you ever fuckin," no one expected the punch to the kid's mouth, "stare at me again."

The kid sitting with the Starter jacket stood up. The binder and marker fell to the floor.

With his left hand, Richie pulled out a boxcutter from nowhere and held it to the kid with the Starter.

"Alright, alright. Look, we don't want nothing," he said calmly, "so we're gonna get out of here."

The two of them turned around and started to walk towards the turnpike. The kid with the Starter turned his head and was watching us cautiously as they walked away. He had a Celtic patch on the back of his jacket. Nice jacket, I thought, but kept it to myself.

"Let's get the fuck out of here," I said to Richie. He didn't say a word and we continued to walk to Andre's house.

The three minute walk to Andre's house was straight and in silence. When he came to the door, Richie's smile returned.

"What's up, black?" They slapped hands and hugged.

"What's up, J?" Andre slapped my hand.

"Whatcha doin', kid?" Richie said.

"Aw, same ol," he smiled, eyes dosing halfway shut. We all laughed. Andre's was more of a snicker.

Richie turned his head to the street, stopped laughing, then smiled again. "Yo, put on your boots."

"What for?" Andre slipped them on.

"Jus c'mon. We're gonna have fun."

The same two stupid kids from before were walking past his house across the street.

They must have had their heads up their asses cause they didn't see us until Richie was practically right in their face.

"Yo, this kid was giving me hard looks before." Richie said in his face.

"Why you giving my boys looks?" Andre peeked his head around Richie to see him. I stood behind them.

The kid with the Starter stood behind his friend.

His friend didn't say a word, so Richie punched him in the stomach, flooring him. The kid in the Starter was frozen.

"What are you gonna do, huh?" Richie clocked him in the mouth. It woke up the kid and he squared. Richie pulled out his boxcutter and held it in his left. Andre was kicking the kid that started in the stomach. He was curled in the fetal position and writhed with every new kick. I kicked him once in the head for good measure and looked up to see what Richie was doing.

"C'mon, pussy, fight." Richie clocked the kid in the starter in the mouth.

"Naw, put away the knife," the kid with the Starter said wiping his mouth. Richie clocked him again in the same exact spot.

"Put away the knife and we'll do this right." His hands were up. Richie clocked him again. I checked on Andre and he was still kickin.

"You fuckin pussy." Richie would say after each hit. The kid just stood there with his hands up, stepping back after every one. Once the kid on the floor got up, the pussy took him by the arm and ran across the street. We chased 'em, floored 'em again, kicked 'em some more, then let 'em get away when we got bored.

We went back to Andre's house and blasted Cypress Hill on the system.

"I taught 'em a lesson, right J?" Richie tried to keep the smoke in but it oozed from his mouth and nostrils.

"Yeah, you taught them a lesson, Rich." I don't remember ever calling him Rich or him calling me J before.

The air in the basement was hot and Andre had his eyes closed and his head back on the couch bopping it to the music. I let Richie talk on and I let him do all the talking the next day in school.

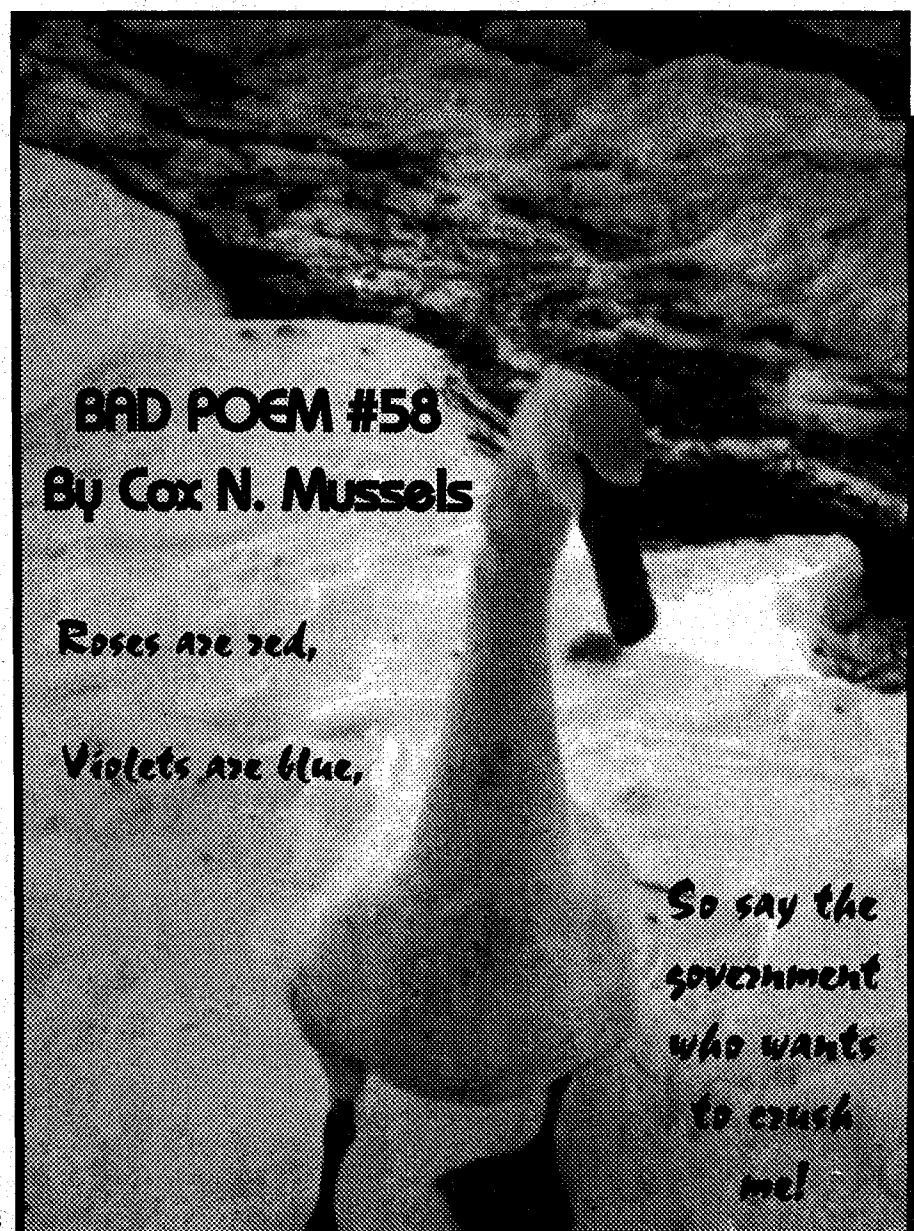


photo by Marina DelRey

MY LUNCH, PERHAPS

By Kenneth E. Morena

Ham has the capacity to beguile.

Or, perhaps, I lack the capacity to distinguish between whether ham has the capacity to beguile or I have the capacity to incorrectly endow ham with the capacity to beguile. Or perhaps not.

Anyway, same sandwich, same thing: neither is easy to swallow, and both are pink, sort of, if you consider relativistic uncertainty to be of a certain hue. And don't we all do that, in spite of ourselves? Consider things, I mean. Mom always warned against that, as well as not recognizing my potential, when or if I finally discovered any. I always hated when she did that, for two reasons:

- 1) Because the double negative "against not" rankled my literary aesthetic sense (I got one!) due to its passivity and lack of eloquence; and
- 2) Because of the razor-sharp eating utensils she flung randomly as she issued the warning.

But I regress . . .

Enter trio of middle-aged office women (or, as they prefer, "Middle-Aged Office Women"), who seem of the type born to a particular job; one that has only a very general title but very specific and oddly varied duties, and which will be their domain for as long as they wish because "no one else knows that on Thursdays at Three the UPS guy is always at the office next door, and you can slip the outgoing monthly reports to Joan, who only became head secretary over there because of two reasons, and I'm not talking about her typing and filing (snicker giggle snicker); but really, she's a doll and she never gives me a problem mailing those reports out for me, which is good 'cause they're always so late, aren't they? They are, so, so late, which is just a sin because it's me who gets in trouble for it, even though I'm busy doing other people's work, besides that. . ."

Besides that, these women are well represented at the table next to mine. Their thin arid whispers slip in between my closed-cup headphones and my overburdened ears. Now Chopin has an odd treble hiss, which I doubt would have pleased him, had he known of it. I'm sure he would have thought it a degradation not only of his nocturne, but of culture in general. He would have cursed the wombs of these women's mothers and damned ancient mammalian ancestors for ever having conceived of bi-pedalism.

Then again, who am I to speculate on the musings of dead French composers? Perhaps Chopin would have contracted fits of hysterical joy merely at the thought of doughy babushkas peppering his creation with unintelligible lispings which, could they be deciphered, would surely have as their referents all manner of hypotheses concerning "exactly how many times (A) told (B) absolutely not to put the invoice forms in the top drawer but does she listen no I think she does it on purpose to annoy me or make me look bad or maybe she drinks. . ."

Or maybe I should start. Drinking. Or this story. Probably the former, because if I start the story you'll expect all sorts of conventional literary devices—plot, dialogue, meaning etc.—and I might feel lousy for not providing such, and will eventually seek to ease my psychic pain by frequent and intense applications of alcohol, anyway.

So where does that leave me? What does that leave me?

Said doughy babushkas (or "Doughy Babushkas", as they prefer), cast the occasional glassy stare hither. I'm sure they think it a degradation of their lunch hour to watch me watching them, my jaw as slack as their waistbands are tight.

Then again, who am I to speculate on the musings of . . . these folks here? Perhaps, rather than waiting eagerly for the chance to deliver malicious coffee-table parables regarding my tragic—but inevitable—descent into the bottle, they wish me only well. Perhaps we can all be friends: Middle-Aged Doughy Office Babushkas and Slack-Jawed Rambling Lushes traipsing arm-in-arm through rolling fields of watery potato salad, coddling each other's verbose tendencies.

Yes! Perhaps, as a gesture of conciliation, I'll spell out my message of friendship for all to see in the very air that separates us, using my beguiling ham sandwich to trace letters of love, and chanting (Oh, so soothingly!) the names of flatulent carnival geeks from days of yore, in an effort (but a joyous effort!) to show that we're really all the same, aren't we?

Or, perhaps not.



Cancer Boy by Bruce McCulloch

Eugene Girl

by Ron von Stellete

why do i feel that she'll be found in Eugene?

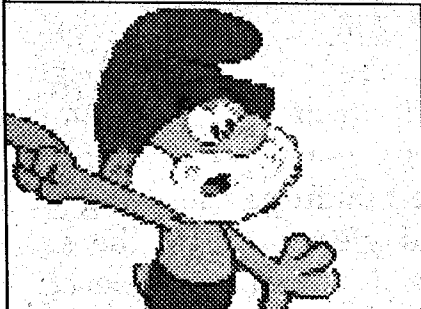
she ain't no anal hippie chick parading around
some activist schtick joint of marijuana in a dirt-
soaked hand only making love to her beloved land

i care not to meet her and her one-dollar fashion. i
look only for a girl who's not part of a faction.

you know what she's all about: deep intense eyes
that say a lot; short hair framing her soft face; her
athletic legs keeping my pace; smiling teeth that
need to be seen the type of girl not found in
Eugene.

where could i find this future love of mine? does
she live in Eugene, or in the dreams of my mind?

THE DAY THE SMURFS GOT UP OFF OF THEIR BLUE ASSES AND KILLED GARGAMEL... ...AND HIS FUCKING CAT, TOO



By The Ranch

One day in Smurf Village
Gargamel came to fight,
Running through their town,
Scattering Smurfs left and right.

Fire roared down the street,
Charring homes black.
The Smurfs cried in terror,
Unprepared for attack.

"Haha!" yelled the wizard.
"Blue Smurf flambe!"
And began to gather corpses,
For a delicious filet.

"Get away, Azrael!"
He yelled to his cat,
As it sniffed hungrily,
At the bubbling Smurf fat.



In the wake of disaster,
Smoke seeking the sky,
The Smurfs watched the wizard,
And inwardly cried.

Hours later the wizard,
His bag full of meat,
Wandered back to his castle,
For a tasty blue treat.

The Smurfs came out in the
open,
Scorched and shell-shocked,
To look at their village,
Blasted and pocked.

"What will we do?"
They cried in dismay,
"The slaughter never ends,
"We can't go on this way."

"Let's kick his ass,"

Yelled Hefty with glee.
"We'll string up his scrotum,
"Weaklings? We'll see."

"Ooh, there's an idea,"
Cooed the lovely Smurfette.
"This needless violence
"Is getting me wet."

"Shut up you slut,"
Grouchy said grouchily,
"You're nothing but tits,
"Ass, and sweet poo-na-nee."

"Hey, leave her alone!"
Handy came to the rescue.
"There's no need to insult
her,
"Even if she won't fuck you."

"Stop this insulting!"
Someone yelled urgently,
"Look what I found,
"Quick, come and see!"

And there he lay,
His red cap scorched to ash,
His beard crispened with
flame,
His brow marred by a gash.

It was Papa Smurf,
Lying under the ferns,
Blacker than coal,
As dead as George Burns.

"What will we do now?"
Said the Smurfs mournfully.
"We are paying the price,
"For living passively!"

"The Magic Flute can help
us,"
Suggested someone.
"It will show us the way,
"Tell us what must be done."

"Fuck the Magic Flute!"
Came Hefty's stout yell.
"The time for action has
come,
"Let's kill Gargamel!"



Anxious Brainy began,
"But Papa Smurf said..."
Hefty turned and snarled,
"The old bastard is dead!"

So the Smurfs got supplies,
(New hats and Smurfberries)
And hit the long road,
Their expressions unmerry.

They sang tunes of death,
And chanted funeral dirges.
And came up with rhymes
About wizardly scourges.



"We'll rip out his eyes,
"And cook him in stew.
"We'll make him suffer,
"And his fucking cat, too."

The sun rose and set
Before the castle appeared.
The less angry Smurfs
Cried and cowered in fear.

"Buck up, you blue pussies!"
Said Hefty, face grim.
"We'll gouge out his eyes,
"And then skullfuck him."

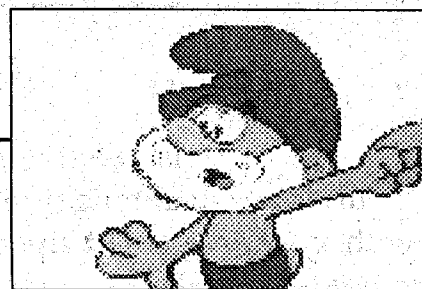
With a furious cry
That would do Geronimo
proud,
Hefty charged in,
His shrill voice raised loud.

He charged across the bridge,
And into the lobby,
Saw nude pix of the witch
(Gargamel needs a hobby).

The other Smurfs followed,
Mad and up-fired,
Giggling insanely,
Their blood-thirst inspired.

They found Gargamel,
Munching blue goo.
Of their brothers he made
A delicious Smurf stew.

They marched up to him,
Gathered in hordes,



Backed him into a corner,
Waving their swords.

"This is it, you bald freak!"
They shouted in rage.
"Last time pays for all,
"You undersexed mage!"

And with that they attacked,
Climbing up his side.
They grabbed onto his pubic
hair,
Laughed as he cried.

Hefty slid into his ass,
Between his fat cheeks,
Climbed into his stomach,
Swore, "God, this shit reeks."

With that he went to work,
Slicing open the guts,
Cut him open from the
inside,
Drove the evil wizard nuts.

The wicked man died with a
shriek,
Deathly clutching his entrails.
And with a smile Hefty said:
"Disembowlement never fails."

Once they put Azrael to
death
(They cooked him on a spit),
The Smurfs decided they
liked war,
And that they were good at it.

"Kill the humans!" they cried.
"Fuck Johann and Pee-Wee!
"We'll declare war on them



all,
"And show up on TV!"

They picked up the mage,
Into the stew he was hurled.
"Today the wizard's castle,
"Tomorrow the world!"

Gush

by Clifford Rivera

I lie upon this massive rock, decorated with butts of would-be acquaintances, and glass—joyfully shattered—with my lips pursed upon the cover of a newly purchased book: the sincerest of kisses. My breath mingles with it—a lasting bond; one, I assure you, that holds true to form. I watch it dissolve as if from behind a window on a wintry afternoon. I graze the mark with my fingertips (lightly, so as not to disturb its “magic”), the likes of which surpass any notion of pride, knowing the independence I so blindly (if, out of sheer immaturity) gave it, leaves it as such—a living entity which I, as artist, encumbered—thereafter rejoicing in its frozen dust of gold, the light of which shimmers throughout the darkest of nights.

To this day, the mere changing of the seasons astonishes; that on one of the hottest days of the year, I can recall icy lakes, where geese once bathed, delighting the child that had dreams of flying south for the winter. It is a

dream of mine to witness the actual metamorphosis when moon gives rise to sun; when a sunflower sprouts, offering its juice to a bee and a lovelorn's passing fancy; or the ugly duckling, drowning in its inevitable beauty... The words I use to describe Beauty's forlorn image is vulnerable in Time's motherly instincts... How can one shun a willing hand in crossing as an onslaught of high-beams race toward you like raindrops, cleansing your clogged pores (my forehead gleams under the sun's magnificence, but my sweat is as radiant as the dew glistening at the tips of a sleeping meadow, unkept, yet lounging in its idle grace) till her soothing palm lulls you to sleep...? My eyelashes can withstand the weight of her woes and, likewise, I envision our kiss like the mixing of God's tears with mine own, a union of sorrow that veils a wide-eyed child gazing out into a garden, overflowing with infinite possibilities—you are my eyes, and plentiful are my loving caresses that I adorn you with the same.

Atop this stone pedestal I watch in awe, as the clouds soar harmoniously whilst a diva takes flight—reaching notes worthy of the most versatile soprano. My songbird...

THIS AIN'T NO DISCO

by Ted Swedalla

I wait in line at a bank
not a new bank,
but an old one

w/ any bullet proof glass
or locking doors
but an open aired bank
w/ a gray security guard
named Max

sometall lady w/ darkhair
(a reporter looking type
talking loudly about the
banks' cute & fuzzy person-
ality)

tries to buy her way
to the front of the line
3 times she is unsuccessful
until she tries to buy me

for \$15 i let her in
for a second I think this is a
sting operation
cause all I really need
is to use the ATM
and this is how I spend my
free time
(standing in banklines
selling my space

for \$\$\$)

when she buys me
all the tellers close on her
and fall asleep
(even max doses on
a psuedoleather couch)

she begins to yell at them
(even as the bank manager
begins to curl up beside
his desk for a nap)

I remind her
of their cute &
fuzzy personality
and show her
a stuffed rabbit
I just caught

she breaks down into baby
talk
wanting her stuffed rabbit

I yell 'you want a cute & fuzzy
rabbit, ill give you one'
and drag her out into the
street
shes screaming 'give it to me'
repeatedly
as we do it like cute & fuzzy
bunnies
in the drive-thru window



Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Driver Slappy downs a cold one between calls last March. Notice professional-looking scrubs, for that “medicinal” look.

“Crossroads”, continued from Page 2

hands and blow him and is cigarette away. It took a few split-seconds more for Paul to gather his senses and realize that he wasn't blasphemous, too overbearing. “So much for that idea,” he thought, *Goddamn cigarettes'll kill you...*

“I don't deserve this.” The gleam in Paul's eyes dulled once he saw his trademark smirk. “You scared the shit out of me.”

Dryly Paul adds, “So, Zach... how's the business going?” “It's Sticky now.”



“Oh...” A respectful distance is shared between Paul and Zach. A line of consideration is assumed, knowing any careless attempt for absolute control would trigger a regrettable end to an amusing friendship. The first time they met, Paul made the mistake of disclosing his own last name. He knew he would one day regret it. “...well, you'll always be Sketchy to me.”

Zach, grinning still, satisfied that a mutual acknowledgment had been reached, took another drag off Paul's cigarette.

“Keep it. It's yours.”

She is at a loss for words. The wind, time, everything appears to be at a standstill, stunting the steady intake of piss and foreshit she was growing accustomed to...

“I know,” Zach replies, exhaling to the side. “Thanks...”

“You're welcome... fuckin' wacko...”

If Little Red Riding Hood were to come across a pack of wolves, she wouldn't hesitate to drop her basket and run...

The adrenaline subsides and Mona stops to admire the crimson-graffitied wall: **RRH**

What's left is a lit Marlboro, excentuated by the shadow of a street post marking the crossroads between 60th and Amsterdam. Depending on your position, either a good sign or a bad one.

Combat Zone

by Wilbur Farley

LIVE GIRLS!!! winks
through twilight cracks
in a hungry neon sky and all
the displaced children are
tugging at your coattails

looking for handouts as
you prop up that lightpost
down by the abandoned opera
palace and wish for the night
in tragic twobit soliloquy

and when the strobelight
siren darkness falls
all you know's stripjoints
clipjoints bills stuffed
in garter belts, a buck
a peep, or twenty for
"uh.... maybe a little
somethin' more?"

hawking out over all
these chinatownarcades
and casual insinuations
that your fondest hopes
don't have a chance in hell
of ever coming true
on backwater still
born streets.

Sunset over Love Canal

by Oscar Arias

Feed all the little ones
Implanted to grow
And in a little while
You'll throw what you sow
Far away
Feed all the little ones
To Restless Indulgence.

In tides the Sun subsides
To sprinkle the love
And crash. The lunatic laugh
From up above
Sea of blood
In tides the Sun subsides
And splashes the loveless.

Give to the untrue
A promisc to lie
And to the who-are-you
A reason to live
Or to die
Give to the untrue
Four thornless roses.

A scream inside a dream
A whisper to others
Brushed off unending cough
To sisters and brothers
Awake
A scream inside a dream
Would separate lovers.

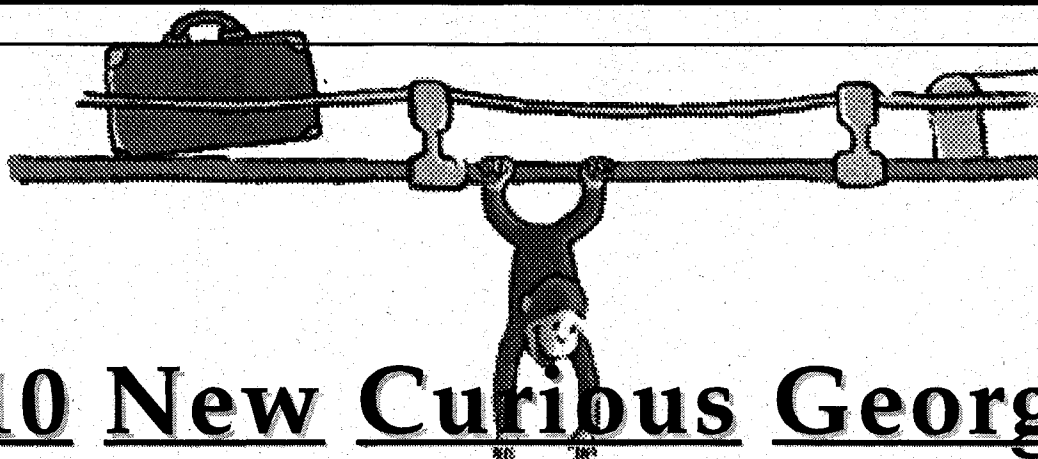
BAD POEM #59 By Cox N. Mussels

A vein of pain along my shaft,
I am in agony above the porcelain god.
A steaming rank of yellow bile emerges,
And paints the porcelain a dirty color.

I got soap in my shaft while masturbating in the shower again.

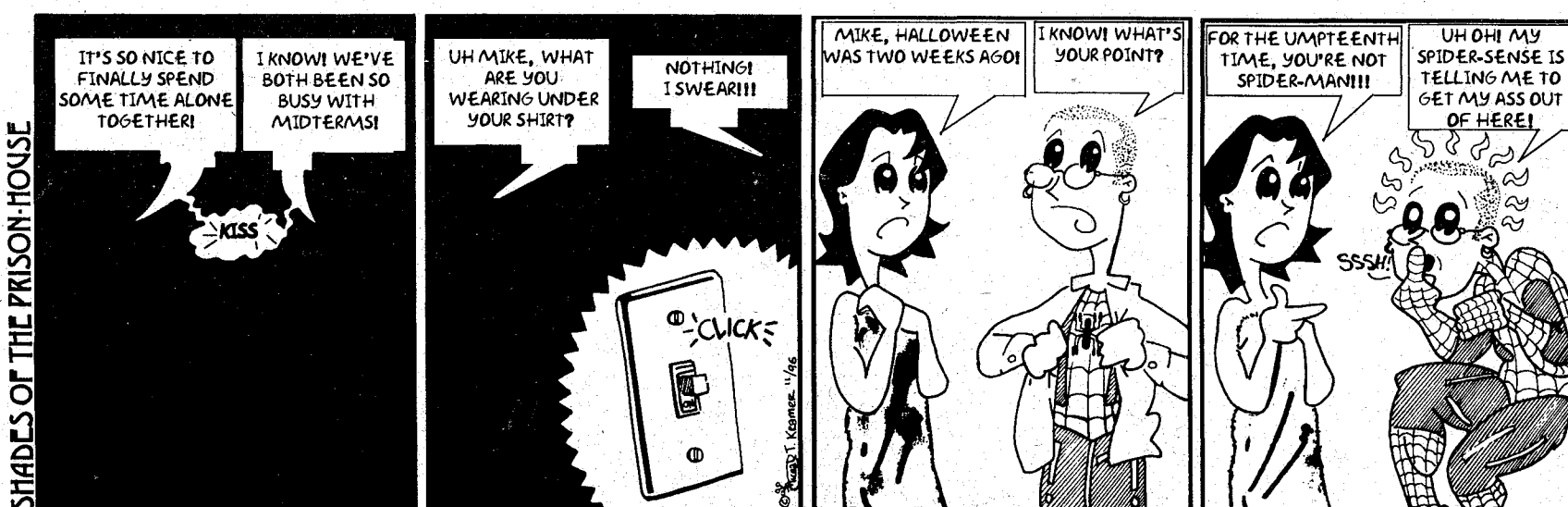
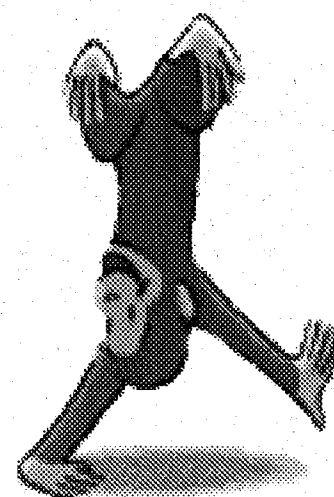
The price of isolation.

Photograph by Marina Del Rey



Top 10 New Curious George Books

- 10) Curious George and the Sleazy, Scruffy "Film Producer" Named Rod
- 9) Curious George and the Harsh Anti-Bacterial Soap
- 8) Curious George and the Cult Leader Named Jim
- 7) Curious George and the Equally Curious Young Malcontent Who Liked To Start Fires
- 6) Curious George and the Sloe-Eyed Prophetic Carnival Barker
- 5) Curious George and the Dirty Bum Who Would Not Take "No" For An Answer
- 4) Curious George and the Guilt of a Mother's Love
- 3) Curious George and the Fat Asian Chain-Smoker Who Would Not Stop Smiling
- 2) Curious George and the Day the Man with the Yellow Hat Got a Little Silly and Kept Saying "Touch Ze Monkey Balls"
- 1) Curious George and the Unattended Cadaver



MEDICINE LIGHTENS UP

By Michael Yeh

Imagine hanging out with your friends while living in a small, cozy village surrounded by mountains, forests, and streams. No, this is not some camp for snotty, spoiled Park Avenue kids. As part of the Gesundheit Institute's plan for a new hospital in West Virginia, patients here can focus on getting well by enjoying themselves.

The Gesundheit Institute, founded by Hunter D. "Patch" Adams, M.D., is an experiment in providing free community-based medical care in a communal microcosm of society. Dr. Adams, who visited Stony Brook last month for a seminar sponsored by the Golden Key National Honor Society, is not only a physician but also a social activist and a clown.

Adams' role as a social activist began early as a high school student. As a child of an army officer, he had often lived abroad. His father, a veteran of World War II and the Korean War, was rarely able to spend time with the family. Adams got to know his father as a friend for the first time when he took one week off from his first job during high school in Germany. His father, who suffered from post-traumatic stress syndrome associated with his wartime activities, began sharing his experiences with him. Tragically, his father died suddenly that week. Although he was devastated by his loss, Dr. Adams was unable to mourn. Instead, he turned his attention to resisting the status quo and becoming active in public affairs.

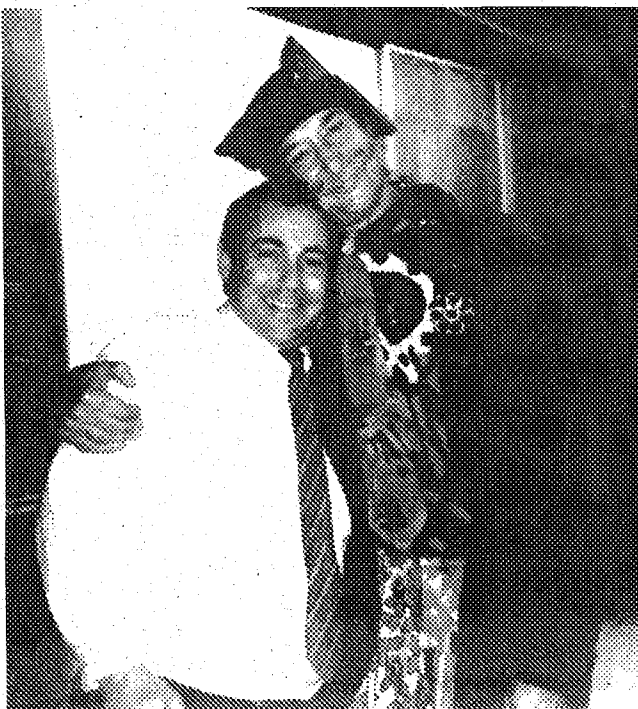
Adams was very outspoken in the fight against racial segregation and the Vietnam War in the 1960's after moving back to the United States. Often, he met resistance to his efforts, and earned a reputation as a traitor to his race in his high school. Following a series of additional personal setbacks that led to a suicide attempt, Dr. Adams was placed in a psychiatric hospital. During hospitalization, he realized that he was not insane, but simply in need of love and support. As a result, his resolve to enjoy life and to change the world as a silly "public nut" was born.

As a medical student at the Medical College of Virginia, Adams found the world of the hospital to be cold and inhumane. He observed that physicians were frequently impersonal and treated patients as cases rather than human beings. Health care providers were constantly worried about malpractice suits that may arise by simply attempting to interact with patients. Most of all, hospitals possessed a solemn atmosphere that resulted in boredom and diminished morale of patients as well as workers. One classmate was so shocked by these conditions that he quit medicine to become a ski instructor.

Dr. Adams became personally involved with

patients, preferring to visit them alone rather than following the grand rounds. These visits brought mixed reactions from classmates and professors, but were usually welcomed by the patients.

Following graduation, the first experimental phase of the Gesundheit Institute was implemented. Twenty people, including three physicians, lived in a single-family house and called them-



Dr. Patch Adams (right) and Mark Werblud, President of the Golden Key National Honor Society (Stony Brook Chapter)

selves a hospital. For years, they accepted patients and their guests for free at this clinic. Instead of the average 7.8 minutes of attention most Americans get from a visit to an allopathic physician, these doctors built relationships through casual conversations about personal topics such as hobbies and families. Each staff member also helped to cook, garden, and entertain the patients as well as pursuing their hobbies. By creating a sense of community, one offers the patients hope for the future.

One of the most important aspects of the experimental hospital was the use of humor. In Dr. Adams' presentation at Stony Brook, he demonstrated how common objects can become funny when used appropriately. For example, wearing underwear on one's head or multi-colored, mismatched clothing can make one appear silly without uttering a single word. Other universally accepted "silly" things include whoopee cushions, rubber "poop", and plastic insects to name a few. Often, the entertainer becomes the subject of laughter. For example, Dr. Adams made himself an anatomically correct "asshole" costume from latex and human hair which he often dons for his

patients. Living "silly" lives is preferred to simply telling jokes, since jokes can get stale very quickly. Although these actions may seem childish, he considers them to be very effective in breaking the barrier to a lasting friendship.

In 1980, the Gesundheit Institute purchased 310 acres of land in West Virginia for \$67,000. On this land, Dr. Adams and others hope to establish a forty-bed hospital that would be equipped to provide all aspects of acute care free of charge, including an emergency room, surgery, laboratory, pharmacy, and many other specialties. In addition, alternative therapies such as acupuncture, naturopathy, or homeopathy would be available as well.

Instead of confining the patients to bed, Gesundheit's patients would be encouraged to have fun during their stay. They may assist with the chores, work on their hobbies, and share their skills and talents with others. All patients who are capable of working would participate, including those who are terminally ill. In an article by Dr. Adams titled "Fun Death" published in the *Journal of Death Studies*, he emphasized the importance of a dignified death in which the patient was enjoying life and doing constructive work. Thus, patients would be more optimistic and less worried about the loneliness and grief commonly associated with death.

In the long run, the Gesundheit Institute is to develop into a small self-sufficient communal village. Plants and livestock can be raised for food in an ecologically responsible manner. Staff members who have served for at least two years would be allowed to build small living spaces in the village. This experimental village would portray a model society from which other communities can learn about alternative strategies for public development. Although the site is being constructed almost entirely by volunteers, they feel great pride and satisfaction in their work. However, progress is slow since Gesundheit depends on donations from friends rather than corporate or government grants.

In addition to working in West Virginia, Dr. Adams is teaching others about the importance of patient-centered health care. He is a well-known critic of what he calls "business-oriented health care", such as insurance companies and health management organizations. Also, he takes time to speak in medical schools and perform as a clown in hospitals nationwide and abroad in Russia and Africa. Although the hospital and village may not be completed in the near future due to funding problems, Dr. Adams' "fun(d)-raising" efforts make people realize the importance of human relationships in life.

"...human sacrifice, dogs and cats, living together... mass hysteria!"

We're not quite sure how to word this particular house ad.

It appears that a good friend of *The Press*, hereafter to be known as "Pfitz," may have tied the big ol' knot and married his girlfriend, hereafter to be known as "Adonna." There are those members of the editorial board who think Pfitz is pulling a whammy, as it were, and didn't really sign the dotted line, but one or two of us think he might just be serious.

In the case these two crazy kids really have done the deed, we wish to convey our heartiest congratulations to them and our best wishes for their future.

In the alternate case that Pfitz is pulling our collective leg, we wish him hot death.

Of Phallus and Malice

By Jeanne Nolan

In keeping with November's theme of Pride Against Prejudice, The Union Gallery is exhibiting works by members of the Artgroup for gay and lesbian artists. Artgroup started as a fledgling support group for artists battling the stereotypes and misconceptions of homosexuals in the New York art scene. Four years later, it's a surging outlet of creativity, reshaping and defining "homosexual art."

This is the second year that the LGBTA has sponsored the exhibit, enabling students to view some dynamic pieces of artwork, while hoping to increase tolerance and awareness of homosexual issues.

The works were chosen and arranged by students. They've perfectly contrasted emotional vulnerability against raw sex. More than just a celebration of homosexuality, "Creating Change: Our Pride against Prejudice" is a liberation of sexuality.

The exhibit is a voyeuristic journey through homoerotic paintings, sculptures and photographs. Regardless of sexual preference, viewers will be struck by the universal themes of

attraction, desire and devotion.

A soft acrylic captures the emptiness of looking into a lover's eyes and realizing all feelings have vanished, while the pain of loving someone who loves another hangs on the opposite wall. Internal searches lurk around every corner, forcing the straightest of the straight to reevaluate their sexuality. Ignorant homophobes beware!

A photo series of West Village transsexuals inject a shock factor into the exhibit. Scantily dressed in fishnets and stilettos, with their genitals discreetly tucked away, the transsexuals play a crude gender masquerade. The vulgar subjects and the "in your face" attitude of the artist gives a steel-toe kick to the ribs of homophobics.

By composing

exhibits entirely of homosexual artists, Artgroup opens a passage of understanding between gays and straights. Artists can create an image which audiences relate to, yet present it in a complete-



"Return to Innocence II" by McWillie Chambers

continued from page 2] overturn the stay. Sure enough, just three days later, the noble justices jumped through the prearranged hoops 6-3.

The Rosenbergs were scheduled to be fed to the electric chair on Friday, June 19 11 pm. They appealed on the grounds that this would violate the Jewish sabbath. In similar cases, the execution had been carried out the following Monday. In this case, the authorities made yet another unprecedented move by moving the time up to right before sundown!

Why the rush? For one thing, the Rosenbergs' cause had support all around the world, causing considerable embarrassment to a country that claimed to eschew political jailings and executions. More importantly, it was of vital importance to the powers-that-be to demonstrate their ability to crush dissent.

Morton Sobell, a cohort of the Rosenbergs who spent most of the fabulous '50s in jail, has discovered that the concentration camps used to intern Japanese-Americans during World War II were at the time being refitted to house political prisoners! Plans for Gulag USA were scrapped when the execution provided the desired chilling effect on nearly all forms of dissent. It wasn't the last time such measures were contemplated, however; they resurfaced again during the hyperparanoid Nixon Administration and part of the Iran-Contra conspiracy's strategy for Central America was to put the US itself under martial law should there be massive domestic opposition.

Meeropol further stated that publicity about Death Row centers on sensationalistic "monsters" like Jeffrey Dahmer while ignoring the fact that Death Row also houses minors (like the 17 year-old currently facing it in Mississippi), the mentally unfit (like Ricky Ray Rector) and, in large measure those without the money to hire adequate defense. There's also the irony that those who decry government as hopelessly corrupt and inefficient are the

first to demand greater governmental power over life and death by broadening the application of capital punishment and clamoring for quicker executions. It has taken some innocent people up to ten years to clear themselves; faster executions would have made sure that those people died.

Former Black Panther Lawrence Hayes spent 2 1/2 years awaiting execution after being framed by the FBI. He elevated the discourse by expanding it to include the entire culture of death we're now the proprietors of, a culture in which "Be all you can be" means learn to kill.

There's a resolution in the United Nations calling for a worldwide moratorium on the death penalty in the year 2000. Guess what country is leading the opposition. Courts in certain countries, like Australia, Switzerland and England, have refused to extradite defendants to the US because they'd face death.

In January, 1995, I was in Italy when the famously enlightened state of Texas proceeded with the execution of Jesse Jacobs, even after his sister confessed to the murder of which he was accused. It was all over the Italian media and people kept asking me how this could happen. I then had the embarrassing task of explaining the atmosphere of vengeful irrationality that prevails in this country today, where expensive "get tough" measures trample civil rights and prisons are our #1 growth industry. Do people really want to live in a country where half the population earns its living standing guard over the other half? But anyone who questions the orthodoxy is denounced as "soft" or "a bleeding heart".

How far can all this go? To a "Final Solution"? Or will there be, as physicists say, an equal and opposite reaction in the form of massive civil violence when minority and poor communities feel threatened enough by the effects of all this political smoke-and-mirrors? Socialist activist Tristin Adie reminded everyone that police brutality is not just the doings of a few rogues, but is an integral part of the system

ly new light. Homosexual artists use this gift to express erotic passion, appreciated by both homo and heterosexuals.

One of the artists featured is Melissa Wolf, whose story is not unlike that of many other lesbian artists. Melissa studied fine arts in college. Her talent shone through at several New York galleries. However, her art was suffocating, smothered by her fears of expressing her homosexual desires.

Two years ago, Melissa came out of the closet and was finally able to create without toning down her sexuality. She obtained truth in her work, but was uncertain of how audiences would respond. Through Artgroup she connected with other lesbian artists who were facing the same restrictions and became comfortable incorporating her sexuality into her artwork. Melissa is now in charge of lesbian issues at Artgroup and is frequently featured in their exhibits. Artgroup currently has over two hundred talented artists and runs exhibits throughout the year.

The Artgroup exhibit is being displayed at the Union Art Gallery, upstairs in the student union. Monday-Friday 12-4 PM. #: 632-6822

For more information on The Artgroup for lesbian and gay artists please contact:

Scott Holman: (212) 222-7081

For on campus events celebrating Pride Against Prejudice month, contact the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgendered Alliance: 632-6469

that denies entire demographic groups their rights to freedom and safety and effectively makes them non-persons. Is it any wonder that this leads to less than human behavior? And what effect do these policies have on those of us who are allegedly protected? The cheapening of anyone's life is the cheapening of everyone's life.

POLICE STATE BLOTTER

The Village of Patchogue is soon going to eliminate pay phones on streets, claiming they facilitate drug dealing and "loitering". Abuse me if I'm wrong, but doesn't any drug dealer of significance these days use a cell phone? It's a constant source of amazement to me how much inconvenience people are willing to put up with in response to all these dangers we supposedly face.

Along the same lines, a local school dance was recently graced by the presence of a breathalyzer. I'm sure that really contributed to the festive mood of the evening. Does anyone really think people won't try to beat the rap by "acting straight" or that those selected for testing won't be those viewed as troublemakers by teachers and other authorities. But that's just silly old me—I still can't get over the fact that people seriously let some official weirdo examine their bodily fluids on demand. Is nothing sacred?

VATICAN BREAKTHROUGH

The Pope is making plans to meet with Castro and a Vatican ambassador condemned the US embargo on Cuba, stating that the Church doesn't support "imperial policies". Meanwhile, members of the Canadian Parliament who are descendants of American loyalists whose property was seized in the Revolution are drafting legislation that would restore it to them, in the spirit of the Helms-Burton law. Maybe if justice is truly done, the entire hemisphere will end up back in the hands of the Indian Nations in time for Thanksgiving.

Assault & Responsibility

By Jen Frigger

For quite some time now the topic of date rape has been getting a tremendous amount of debate. In having some close friends who actively participate in the counseling of date rape victims, and in the campaign to inform the general public about the problem. I have learned a lot of things about the policies on this campus and the attitudes of some people here at Stony Brook. I participated in various questionnaires, and had my friend tell me the way that some other people responded to the same questions. What surprised me was that in spite of the overwhelming amount of publicity this topic has gotten, many people are still not fully aware of the issues. In an effort to make things a little bit clearer, I will attempt to outline some of the policies here at Stony Brook. In addition, I will give some criticisms and opinions as seen from this female's point of view.

Sexual assault is defined in the sexual assault protocol and prevention flyer as "any actual or attempted nonconsensual sexual activity including...but not limited to, forcible anal or oral sex, attempted intercourse, sexual touching, exhibitionism by a person known or unknown to the victim." Rape is defined as "the act of sexual intercourse with a person against ones will and consent, whether the person is overcome by force or fear resulting from the threat of force, or by drugs administered without consent, or when they are unconscious, intoxicated or otherwise physically unable to communicate willingness." One complaint which I would like to voice right off the bat is that I would find it advantageous to explicitly differentiate between date rape and stranger rape.

In my opinion these are two almost completely different crimes. Furthermore, these policies leave many unanswered questions and gaps. In some cases, a drunk woman who makes sexual advances which lead to sex is considered an acceptable scenario, in others this is completely considered rape.

The problem lies most likely in a lack of communication, and an equally appalling lack of compassion and sensitivity towards the other's point of view. I mean this equally towards the men and the women. In some cases, men will be accused of rape, and women will be set free of any responsibility in highly questionable circumstances.


Although I realize that most crimes of rape go unreported, and an even smaller amount ever get prosecuted, I still believe that this small amount of cases in which men get wrongly held responsible for events which were not entirely their doing should be addressed. What's more, I am almost insulted that some women refuse to take responsibility in cases where their responsibility could have prevented the hurtful occurrence. I do realize that these women have been duly "punished" by circumstance alone, these are memories no woman is ever likely to out live. The point I am trying to make is that, although it is obvious that a person taking advantage of another person's weakness is always an asshole, and he/she is always wrong, that does not always free all the others involved from all responsibility. Instead of lashing out wildly after having a bad experience, realize that in your responsibility lies your ability to prevent these things from ever happening to you again. Although the perpetrator should be held accountable for what has gone wrong, there is a very good chance that (in the case of a man mistreating a

woman) he might not even construe what he has done as mistreatment. It would be much more beneficial to explain to someone that what has happened was hurtful. Another good idea is to discuss these things before it even goes so far. Tell someone that after six times of saying no, or even one time, any further attempts are both offensive and threatening. Men should realize that if a woman has sex under such circumstances, this could result in a devaluation of sex. Or she very likely could wake up with the desire to puke (and I'm not talking a hangover here), she could go home and scrub her body in the shower until the first few layers of skin start coming off, she might just feel a strange repulsive tingling on her breasts and in her mouth every time she even tries to be with a man. This isn't about laws. It's about basic decency. If you want to make sure that a woman isn't lying there thinking "okay, on the count of three, you tell him to stop" (it's amazing how often you can count to three in a matter of minutes) make eye contact with her, especially if she's not really actively participating, it doesn't hurt to ask, "so, how you feelin'?"

On another note there is the case of the drunk horny girl who just regrets it a little too much in the morning. Not to be a dick, but I have news for you: if you suck a guy's dick, then lay down naked while putting a condom on him, don't be surprised if two minutes later, he's fucking you. I don't care if you're a little drunk, if you can't handle your shit don't drink. Don't give us girls that are fighting for our rights and general respect a bad name.

Now on another note, if you're both down (you can take that any way you want) go off and have fun. If you're not sure, it doesn't hurt to talk about it.

Expand your horizons....



The Spot

GRADUATE STUDENT LOUNGE

Located in the Fanny Brice Theater, Roosevelt Quad

Open Thursday through Saturday with live music

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

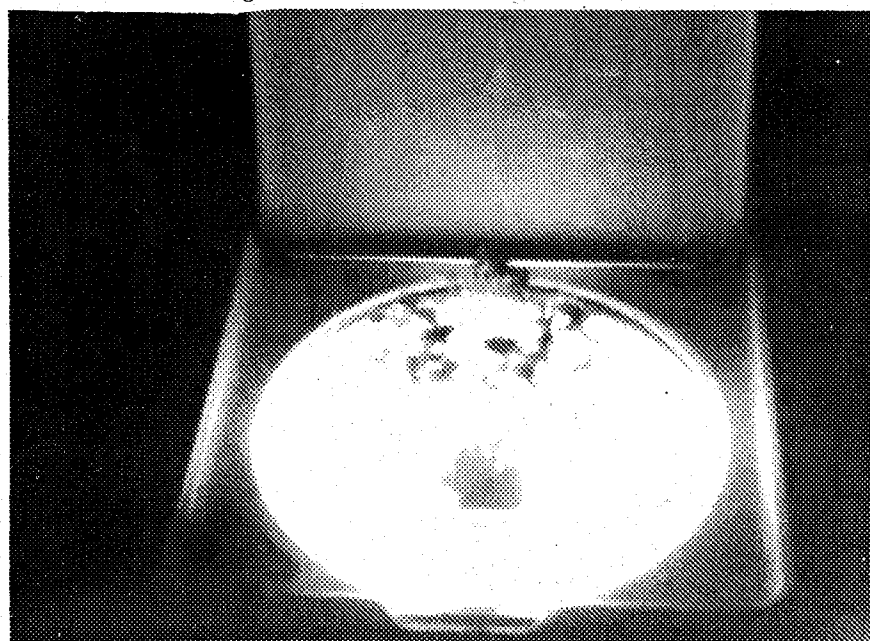


photo by Ed Ballard

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO:

Ed Ballard

WINNER

The Stony Brook Press'
"Spot The Ted Heads Contest"

Congrats, Ed!

MOVIES

Crime And Punishment
By Chris Cartusciello*Sleepers*

How far would you go to protect your friends if you knew they committed a serious crime? How about if you felt it was totally justified on a personal level? This is the predicament that the film *Sleepers* asks us to comprehend.

This film, supposedly based on a true story, gives us the tale of four boys from the Hell's Kitchen section of New York City. Beginning in the mid 60s we see Lorenzo, Michael, John and Tommy as they hang out, play tricks and generally get bored. They're good kids who converse with the local priest, Father Bobby (Robert DeNiro), a tough talking, no-nonsense ex-con who takes divine intervention seriously, even as far as physically threatening a parent who abuses his child. Father Bobby, knowing the dangers of growing up in the streets, tries to keep the boys on the straight and narrow. He does a good job of it until one of their pranks turns disastrous. The boys are sent to the Wilkinson Reformatory where they endure endless torture from a group of guards, led by Nokes (Kevin Bacon at his devilish worst). Besides publicly embarrassing the four, the guards sexually assault them and lock them up in solitary confinement without food and water for days at a time. They make a pact to keep their treatment a secret, even from Father Bobby. After their release the boys drift apart, still with the knowledge that they will be forever bound by an unwritten code of nondisclosure.

Fifteen years later Tommy (Billy Crudup) and John (Ron Eldard), now grown and working as hitmen for the local mobsters, come across Nokes in a bar. The shoot him on the spot and are subsequently arrested for his murder. Lorenzo (Jason Patric), now a reporter, and Michael, who is an assistant District Attorney, conspire to get their friends off. They set them up with an alcoholic and drug addicted lawyer (Dustin Hoffman) whom they know they can play for a patsy, and Michael takes the side of the prosecution. Through a series of contrivances, that anyone who has ever watched "Perry Mason" could see through, the trial goes on as Michael turns the tables on the remaining guards and attempts to get his friends turned loose.

I said that this movie is "supposedly based on a true story" because it comes from Lorenzo Carcaterra's 1995 book about his experiences at the Wilkinson

Home For Boys. He recounts the story in vivid detail and tells of the trial in which he got his friends off for the murder of a former guard of that institution. The problem is that there has never been any sort of documentation for Carcaterra's accusations. This tale is chilling, and you can feel for the plight of these boys, but without a shred of evidence as to if Lorenzo and his friends were even at Wilkinson (it seems that, at the time, all records concerning juvenile offenders were destroyed after a period of seven years) the film's credibility is stretched to its breaking point. Ultimately this becomes little more than a fable as to the morality of the U.S. justice system.

The film tries to bring the atmosphere of a hot city street and a day with nothing much to do into the theater, and it succeeds on that level. Director Barry Levinson is a master of dragging the viewer into his tale. His exposition is true to life and even the scenes inside the correctional facility are harrowing and it makes you feel as if you would do anything to help these four young boys. It is after this, when the boys

are grown, that the film falls flat. The four actors playing our grown protagonists, Pitt, Patric, Eldard (from TV's "E.R.") and Crudup, seem as if they are taking the film's title literally and appear that they are sleepwalking through their roles. They are widely outdone by their younger counterparts (Brad Renfro, Joe Perrino, Geoff Wigdor and Jonathan Tucker, respectively) who look like they know they are getting a leg up on the more experienced group. Their young innocence goes a long way in making their performances believable. The film is stolen by Hoffman as the down and out defense attorney who is at first Michael's dupe but gains confidence as the mock trial goes on. Minnie Driver is another bright spot as the childhood friend of the group. She does what she can with the limited role of the girlfriend who seems to have been passed around from one boy to another.

The remaining pieces of the yarn don't hold together and this is *Sleepers'* biggest fault. The way the guards are exposed becomes ludicrous as one of these so-called tough men breaks down in court and spills his guts after a few light-weight questions. Any judge with a modicum of common sense would see through Michael's inept handling of the case in a second. Also, the fact that a priest would perjure himself on the stand to save two murderers, as Father Bobby does, goes way beyond the suspension of disbelief. The main question should be that if all of this was true why has there been no investigation into these accusations? Why wouldn't Father Bobby be brought back into court and why wouldn't this be one of the biggest stories in the papers?

The boys are conveniently safe from all of the repercussions of their actions. Tommy and John were killed shortly after the story takes place and Michael left the country and now lives in England. Lorenzo technically did nothing illegal in all of this and is free and clear to continue writing books and trying to make people believe his tales.

Ransom

Naming a movie about kidnapping *Ransom* is a risky endeavor. You run the chance of critics saying things like, "The only thing you'll feel that's held for ransom is your \$7.50," or, "You'll feel as if the producers are holding you hostage in the theater while this tepid tale unspools." On the other hand you could get raves such as, "This film is worth a king's ransom." What director Ron Howard and star Mel Gibson have given us is a thriller that falls solidly smack dab in the middle of these two thoughts.

Tom Mullen (Gibson) has the perfect life. He is handsome, rich, has a gorgeous wife (Rene Russo) and an intelligent young son. All is going well in their lives until, one day in the park, the boy is kidnapped. With the kidnappers demanding \$2 million, Tom and Kate agree to pay just to get their son back safely. After a botched ransom drop Tom changes his tune

and goes on live television offering the ransom as a reward for anyone who catches the abductors, dead or alive. This sets off a whirlwind of emotional transitions within the Mullen family and the group of kidnappers. Tom's rage builds as the life he knew starts to crumble, Kate can't understand how he can gamble

with his son's life and the captors have to deal with the fact that their prey is not just going to roll over.

Gibson is fantastic as the harried dad who may not be as righteous as everyone thinks. A subplot concerning Tom's payoff of a union leader goes a long way in showing the many layers beneath his glossy exterior. His exhibition of the slow degeneration of the human character is the thing that Oscars are made of.

Russo, one of the most beautiful women in pictures today, shows that a wife doesn't have to sit back and become set decoration. She easily demonstrates why she is one of the most sought after actresses in the business. The chemistry

her and Gibson exhibited in *Lethal Weapon 3* is again on display here.

The Mullen's son Sean is played by Brawley Nolte (son of actor Nick). The scenes of him handcuffed to a bed in the kidnappers' lair with his eyes duct taped closed are enough to make any parent hold onto their child a little tighter.

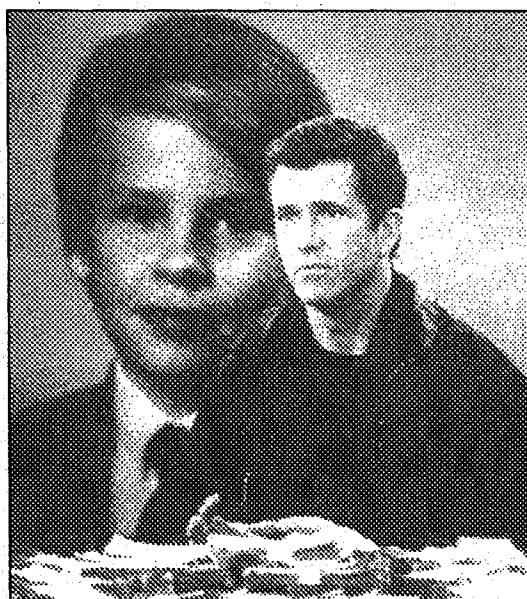
The crew of kidnappers is your typical rag tag bunch. Led by the incredible Gary Sinise, as Jimmy Shaker, this group goes from bad to worse as infighting tears them apart. Lili Taylor, Liev Schreiber, Donnie Wahlberg and Evan Handler are his accomplices who can't decide how the kid should be treated, or what they should do with him after all is said and done.

The cast is rounded out solidly by Delroy Lindo as FBI agent Lonnie Hawkins, who cares more than his job allows him to.

What Ron Howard, along with screenwriter Richard Price (*Clockers*), has given us is a tense story with the potential to grab the audience by the throat until all the breath is knocked out of them. What they do with it is another thing altogether. Just as the tension mounts to a frenzied pitch the story stops dead. Howard, who has shown he can combine thrills with human emotion in last year's *Apollo 13*, can't keep the pressure on this time around. The scenes of domesticity are well done and the action is fast paced and gripping. The problem is that the two don't come together gracefully. At times his direction is amateurish with the boom microphone coming into full view on two separate occasions.

The trailers for *Ransom* were gripping and impressive and the television commercials made the entire film look as if it was based on the premise of the reward as bait. The fact is that this turn doesn't come into play until more than halfway into the film.

Ransom has a thrilling plot, some great scenes and the performances are all top notch. With all of this going for it, and the hype it has received, this should have turned out to be one of the most intense films released in recent memory. Unfortunately, in the end, the whole is less than the sum of its parts. It is not a bad movie by far. Rather it is a passable two hour diversion that may seem better suited for home viewing on a lazy Sunday night.



Mel Gibson tries to recover his son in *Ransom*



Brad Pitt is such a pretty boy, I hate him

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

By David M. Ewalt

There are few who will argue that the University at Stony Brook is an attractive place. Sure, all the trees are nice, but the campus itself is pretty ugly. Unfortunately for its denizens, USB was built almost entirely in the 1960's and 70's, a period in American history not noted for its attractive architecture.

For instance, take the Student Union, a squat, dense mass of a building. It sits troll-like on the northern edge of campus, resembling nothing so much as a German war bunker. There's nothing attractive about it; the union was designed for function, not form.

That utilitarianism is indicative of the architecture on campus. The physics and mathematics buildings are huge brick eyesores, the dorms are generally featureless keeps, SBS is a high-rise nightmare, and the Health Science Center is one of the ugliest buildings known to modern man.

Things have, however, begun to change. The administration of the University does realize that an attractive campus attracts students, and efforts are being made to improve aesthetics of campus life. The new Student Activities Center, due to open this spring, is a bright, airy and attractive building, improving the look of the academic mall considerably. The new Molecular Biology building, for which construction has just begun, should be a positive visual addition to the campus as well.

The University is also being beautified on a smaller scale. "Pride Patrols" have begun attending to the

campus, cleaning up trash and maintaining the greenery. Administrative, faculty and student groups are maintaining gardens on the academic mall, brightening the atmosphere with flowers and trees.

But not all of the University's attempts at beautification have been so successful. There has also been a movement as of late to decorate the campus with sculpture, and improve the environment through the use of art.

One of the most noticeable of these works of art is Cathleen Cavanagh's sculpture "The Aftermath of One's Decision." Located in the Staller Center/Fine Arts Plaza, "Aftermath" is a series of human figures walking in a row across the plaza.

From a technical standpoint, "Aftermath" is not an unimpressive piece of work. The sculpture is interesting and well executed, and it

succeeds in making the viewer think -one of the prime goals of any artistic endeavor.

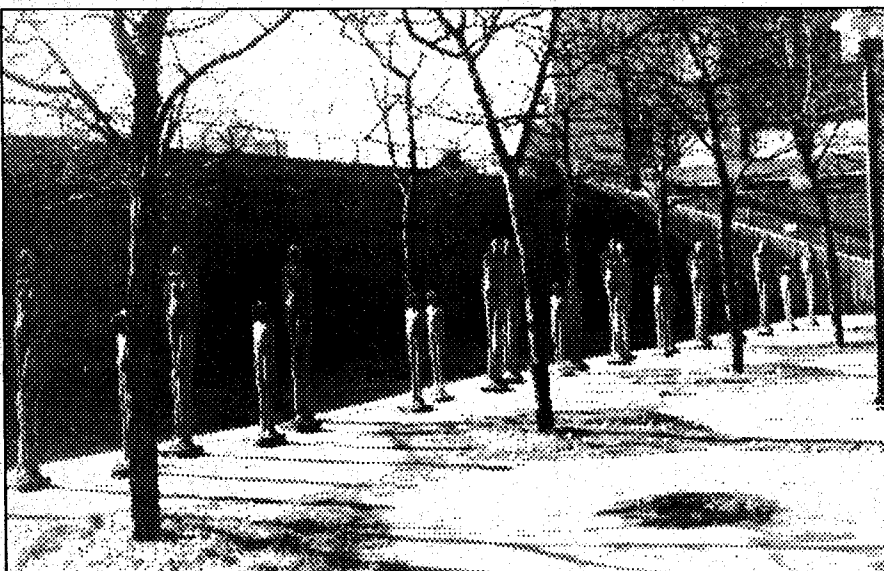
The problem, however, is what it makes the viewer think about.

"Aftermath" is a dreary, depressing piece of

ground, no longer overtly noticed. Since the chess pieces are made of wood and surrounded by trees and bushes, they don't intrude into the daily lives of passers-by, and when they do, it's a positive experience.

Close to the chess pieces, by the corner of the library, lies another attempt at public art. This work, a tangle of wood and metal, is rumored to represent trees blowing in the wind. It's a bit abstract for most people's taste, but considering its modest location and presentation, it's not a bad addition to the campus.

Then again, it isn't really a positive



"The Aftermath of One's Decision" by Cathleen Cavanagh. All Photos by Jeanne Nolan

work. The human figures seem to trudge listlessly, their heads hung low and arms slack. Upon first viewing the sculpture, many students have noted how much it resembles prisoners being marched to execution.

Does "Aftermath" serve to beautify the campus? Few would argue in the affirmative. When students drag themselves out of bed in the morning and head off to class, the sight of this morose sculpture does nothing to elevate their mood. It doesn't make the Plaza look more attractive; if anything, it puts a dark spin on what is otherwise a bright and welcoming area.

"Aftermath" is a compelling work of art, but it belongs in a

gallery, not in a public space. Public art should beautify, inspire or amuse, accentuating the surroundings and improving the aesthetic feel of the area.

Fortunately, some of the University's attempts at public art has been more successful in that respect. Take, for instance, the giant chess pieces located on the academic mall between the Melville Library and the Psychology building.

The chess pieces are a somewhat goofy addition to the area, but they do improve the look of the mall. When people see the oversized wooden structures for the first time, they inevitably chuckle or smile. Upon further viewings, that reaction is either repeated, or the sculpture begins to fade into the back-

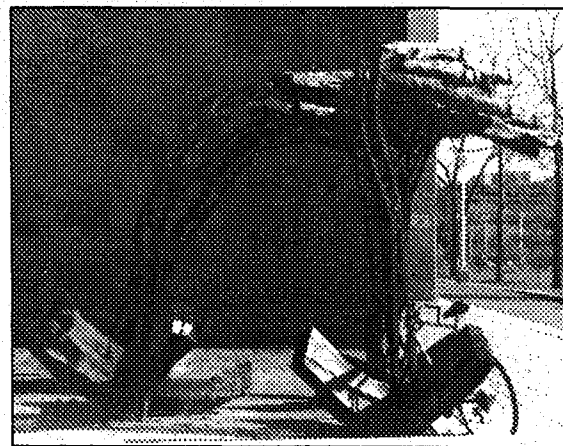
addition, either.

That's the problem with public art... in rare cases it succeeds (like the chess pieces) or fails (like "Aftermath"). More often than not, it is simply ignored, and blends into the surrounding environment, overlooked by the public it was designed to impress.

Students and administration need to spend some time thinking about just how we go about beautifying our campus. What is in the best interests of everyone? Sure, art is a wonderful thing... but it's so subjective. Should the University be spending money and time on sculpture which may be aesthetically unpleasing to many members of the community? Conversely, is it acceptable to cater to the lowest common denominator and have no art on campus, for fear it may offend?

While consensus on these questions may

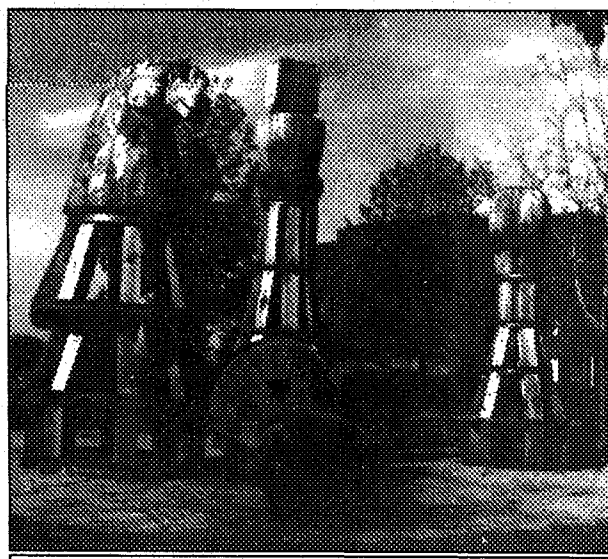
never be reached, it is most assuredly within the power of each of us to decide for ourselves. We must determine whether or not we want sculpture on campus,



Sure, it's art... but do I want to see it every day?

whether we feel it is more important to please everyone with shrubbery, or to provide a more challenging environment with public art and sculpture.

Decide for yourself, and let those in power know how you feel. The best way to beautify our campus is if we each take pride in it and help to make it better.



Good public art adds to the campus atmosphere

THE COMMON GROUND

By Jessica Lamantia

For those of us looking for a few good, affordable shows without traveling all the way into New York City, not much is available. But the Common Ground, located in Lindenhurst, is Long Island's only all-ages, non-profit, drug-and-alcohol free music venue which features great live performances.

The Common Ground is a group that has surfaced out of work with the People With Aids Coalition of Long Island. The proceeds benefit both the club itself and the PWAC organization. The Common Ground's mission is to provide a back-to-basics venue where they can create a positive atmosphere based on music and individual thought without having to answer to big business, clubs or record labels. The fact that each show is all-ages and substance-free adds further validation to such a worthy cause. The PWAC provides support groups, medical and economic references, and assistance with everyday needs for people living with HIV or AIDS. One of the best things about the Common Ground is that its association with the PWAC brings information and knowledge of AIDS to young people throughout Long Island.

The Common Ground is a combined effort of volunteers and a board of eight people who are technically responsible for the operation of the club — paying bills, rent, etc. Together, at weekly "community" meetings, they decide on everything from who will be performing future shows to how to clean the bathroom and keep the neighbors happy.

Every person on the board is under twenty-five, and are equally responsible in the running of the Common Ground. Almost all of them are students, some juggling jobs, in addition to their commitment to the Common Ground. The club takes up an incredible amount of time. They spend almost all their free time with the organization of the club. "The ideals behind the Common Ground are a way of life," they say, "against corporate power and doing things for ourselves, by ourselves." Regardless of how much time it consumes, they all love working there. "You have to," they argue, "otherwise you couldn't stand all of the time and effort necessary to run this place." The Common Ground is like an office job, the work extends to their homes and facets of their everyday life. They are constantly bombarded with telephone calls and letters.

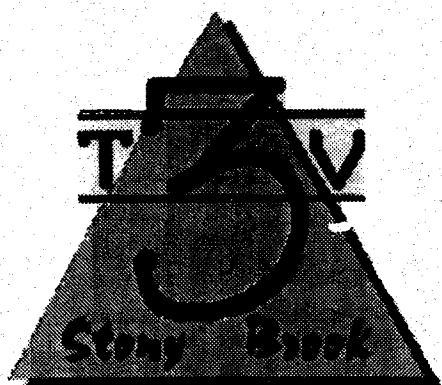
Shows at the Common Ground are primarily hardcore and punk-based. They often do other events such as metal shows, flea markets, fairs, ska shows and spoken word shows, too. A new project they are trying to begin is showing movies at the Common Ground. Occasionally, once or twice a month, they rent the place out for raves. They are open to almost all kinds of music and events, all the time working personally on every event. Board members are required to be present at any all events. And, if someone wants to work with them, they must trust them and work side-by-side. The Common Ground is all about cooperative efforts.

Like every club, the Common Ground has their regulars that show up for almost every show. But

as far as the whole crowd goes, it is mixed. There are a lot of high school and college kids, as well as older people. It really depends on the show or event. Their friend Gary's little brother comes to all the shows and he's only eleven. Then there's Peter Punk, a forty-something special-education teacher. At the last party they held, "Soulcraft," the average age of the crowd was twenty-two. But the Club is still trying to recruit new kids and adults. Through word-of-mouth, flyers, ads in 'zines and the Island Ear, they have been extremely successful in bringing in new faces.

A big concern with any club is trouble or backlash from the neighbors or township. The Common Ground said both have been most supportive. Since they are in an industrial area rather than a residential one, they don't really have people calling with noise complaints. This makes the location of the club an ideal setting. To keep every one in line, they have two undercover cops at every event, to keep the Common Ground out of trouble with the township. The biggest problem they have, though, has been graffiti. They urge people who come to the club not to vandalize the surrounding areas. This will ultimately ruin this space and take away from a place they enjoy being at.

If you're interested in going to the Common Ground or would like to know about upcoming shows, they are located at 1170 Rt. 109 in Lindenhurst, and their phone number is (516) 957-4757.



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Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
28 6pm CMV 7:00 Burly Bear 8:00 Caucus File 9:00 3-TV News 10:00 Kids In The Hall 12:00 Rosemary's Baby	29 6pm Burly Bear 7:00 Hip-Joint Theater 8:00 The Omen 10:00 Black Sheep 12:00 New Nightmare	30 6pm CMV 7:00 Dym Room 8:00 Rugby- Men 9:00 Last of the Dogmen 11:00 The Godfather	31 6pm Great White Hype 8:00 Rugby- Women 9:00 Caucus File 10:00 Lawnmower Man 2 12:00 A Thin Line Between Love and Hate	1 5pm Apocalypse Now 8:00 Total Eclipse 10:00 The Arrival 12:00 Power
4 5pm Burly Bear 6:00 Carried Away 8:00 Caucus Files 9:00 Bob Roberts 11:00 The Godfather II	5 5pm Power 7:00 Heaven's Prisoner 9:30 Primal Fear 12:00 The Truth About Cats and Dogs	6 5pm CMV 6:00 Total Eclipse 8:00 Men's Rugby 9:00 The Arrival 11:00 Planes, Trains and Automobiles	7 5pm Bob Roberts 7:00 Carried Away 9:00 Women's Rugby 10:00 Caucus Files 11:00 Apocalypse Now	8 5pm Ella Show 6:00 The Godfather II 9:30 Primal Fear 12:00 Heaven's Prisoner
12 5pm T.B.A 6:00 Power 8:00 Caucus Files 9:00 Apocalypse Now 11:00 Battle of the Commandos	13 5pm Heaven's Prisoner 7:30 The Godfather II 11:00 Primal Fear	14 5pm Ruff Cut Reggae 6:00 The Truth About Cats and Dogs 8:00 Rugby-Men's 9:00 Total Eclipse 11:00 The Arrival	15 5pm Bob Roberts 7:00 Planes, Trains and Automobiles 9:00 Rugby- Women 10:00 Caucus Files 11:00 Heaven's Prisoner	16 5pm What I Am! 6:00 T.B.A 7:00 Bob Roberts 9:00 The Arrival 11:00 The Godfather II

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Schedule is subject to change

NOVEMBER'S MOVIES ARE:

**The Truth About Cats & Dogs
Primal Fear
The Arrival
Heaven's Prisoners
Carried Away
Total Eclipse
Bob Roberts
Power
Apocalypse Now
MASH
Planes, Trains, and Automobiles
The Godfather II**

FILASKI: A MAN FULL OF HATE

By Keith Filaski

An interesting thing happened to Laibach on the way to their new album. Apparently, Yugoslavian gods of politically radical industrial music have taken on as influence KMFDM and the current popular guitar-driven sound. Their new album, *Jesus Christ Superstar* (Mute) is a complete turnaround from recent ones such as *Nato* (Mute) and *Kapital* (Mute). Where these albums were permeated by techno club hits, *Jesus Christ* is infested with near-metal industrial songs fit only, in my opinion, for the garbage.

On the opening track "God Is God," which I suppose is another philosophical breakthrough for the band along the lines of their previous song "Life is Life," they immediately give us a guitar riff typical of current Front Line Assembly. You can imagine my surprise, Laibach has gone from the orchestra music of past albums to the next Filter.

Laibach's albums have always had their share of oddly-chosen cover songs, from their rendition of the entire Beatles album *Let It Be* to the Rolling Stones' "Sympathy For the Devil." This album is no exception. However, where the majority of past covers made for, if nothing else, interesting listening experiences, those on *Jesus Christ* are, simply put, uninteresting. On "Jesus Christ Superstar" (do your homework if you don't know where this is from), as well as on Prince's "The Cross," Laibach not only has nothing to add to the originals, but, for lack of a better term, murders them. Guitar-driven industrial has no place in showtunes and androgyny.

In all fairness, if you choose to fight your way through the guitars, Laibach's typical sound of orchestral pieces and well-made beats can still be

found in the background. Two tracks, "To the New Light" and "Deus Ex Machina," both void of guitars, save this album from being complete shit, and show that Laibach talents are still present although hidden.

A new single from dance-band Enigma has recently crossed my path. "Beyond the Invisible" (Virgin) takes us to an all-too familiar place. It seems that their formula of tranquil dance beats and Asian & religious chants which took them to stardom with 1990's "Sadeness," has lost its novelty. With "Beyond the Invisible," we are given this same basic formula. The music itself, although nothing new, is still relaxing to listen to until some rather annoying male vocals

come into the mix. At the end of the song, I found myself more irritated than mellow, simply because of these vocals. It seems as if Enigma are trying too hard for another hit. I've got news for them, "Beyond the Invisible" falls way short of their goal.

The b-side, "Almost Full Moon," lacks any irritating vocals and is good for late-night study sessions, but nothing else. Buy it used.

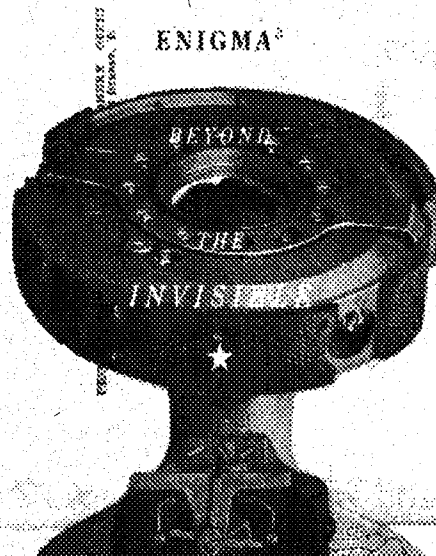
As a twisted opening to the holiday season, I now wish to present to you Martin Atkins and the

Chicago Industrial League and their album, *An Industrial Christmas Carol* (Invisible). Nowhere has the birth of Christ been celebrated in such a fashion, that is to say, not since Pigface's rendition of "Jingle Bells" on their 1993 live album, *Truth Will Out* (Invisible). In fact, the best comparison I can make to *An Industrial Christmas Carol* is with Pigface. I guess Martin Atkins' influence can be seen in all the bands he is in.

The album is full of Atkins' typical groovin' drum beats, simple yet seductive synths, and feedback and noise. The only things that remotely link the album with Christmas are the numerous looped vocal samples. A constant cry of "How much/How many" particularly sticks in my mind, it must loop some thirty times. This, along with other samples such as "365 shopping days till next Christmas", give you one sick yet poetic look at hol-

iday shopping.

Atkins is joined by fellow Pigface member Jason McNinch, Mark Spybey of Dead Voices on Air and Download fame, as well as a number of lesser-known members. If you like Pigface at their noise-fest best then you will love this album. When you are sitting near the tree Christmas morning opening presents and drinking eggnog, pop this in and give Grandma a heart attack. Merry Christmas.



I bet the lead singer of Enigma gets TONS of chicks

WIRED GROOVES

By Chiang F.

The twosome from Vancouver, Canada are back. They formed one of the most influential industrial bands of all time. They gave birth to Noise Unit and Delerium. They are Frontline Assembly — Bill Leeb and Rhys Fulber.

Frontline Assembly's new release, *Live Wired*, is a double CD, recorded in Europe when they were touring with Numb. Overall, the sound quality is decent on these discs, but the synths seem very weak in the mix. Rhys makes excellent use of samples throughout the live album.

Things start off with an extended version of "Mortal", which I have to admit is an incredible song — maybe one of their five best. The live percussion works extremely well and adds to the dark mood that this song evokes. The live version of "Vigilante" sounds better than the studio version,

with slightly more synthesizer and a different verse structure. "Circuitry" really flies with the live drums, although the song itself pretty much sticks to the studio version, until the excellent extended percussion interlude towards the end of the song. The live versions of "Liquid Separation", "Biomechanic", and "Plasticity" are really magnificent, because each noise has its unique shade of light.



Frontline Assembly's Livewired

"Gun" is the opener on disc two. The live percussion is truly remarkable in every aspect. "Overkill" starts off pretty close to the original, but the chorus has undergone some major musical changes. Guitars abound and the percussion synth is nowhere to be found. Personally, I preferred the original chorus, but overall, this version is well done. Each song eventually develops, with the keyboards, sampling, moderately-paced drum rhythms and vocals layered over the guitar riffs. "Paralyzed" is dominated by danceable drum beats, samples, keyboard effects and virtually no guitar work as Mr. Leeb chants.

The end of the first encore is "Mindphaser." The guitars work pretty well but Leeb's voice is out of key for the melody. Overall, "Mindphaser" is superb and one of FLA's all-time greatest tracks. Everything about the synths, samples, and percussion are excellent, but Leeb's throat screws it up. "Body Count" is the last track on this most delightful album. I have no preference as to which of the two discs is better, but I learn to disc one because of "Circuitry." Overall, great synth work, with really fast-paced beats. I recommend this album for FLA's fans and new listeners.

P.S. I would like to thank Matthew of Music Den for supplying the CD's.

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Tribe Of Kali: 100% Pakistani Black Metal

By The Ranch

Tribe of Kali is being praised as the spearhead of the new Pakistani black metal movement. So naturally, I was very excited when given the chance to interview this innovative three-piece.

Kali plays a straight-forward Pakistani black metal. However, unlike many of the current Pakistani black metal bands, Tribe of Kali doesn't use the played-out, overexposed Hindu chants that are so prevalent amongst the now-commercial Pakistani black metal movement. (Sampling has gotten a little out of hand since the landmark Shankar vs. 100 Buddhas Per Minute court case.)

"We are not like shit of this type," says Black Karma, the band's guitarist and frontman. A hulking 5'2" mass of Pakistani inhumanity, the heavy tattooed Karma (born Ohwa Tahnasiam) wants his fans to know one thing about Tribe of Kali: "We are not of the selling-out type mentality, you know. Our approach is, you know, like, direct. None of this chanting bullshit. When we kill cows on-stage, it's for real. Not like Vishnu's Warriors, they're sell-outs. Our cows really die, you know, and fuck the Karmic repercussions."

Karma shows me the tattoo on his left arm, a symbol suspiciously similar to McDonald's golden arches. "People say it's the golden arches, but it's really an M -- for metal."

Karma's first band was Golem, the 100% Hasidic black metal band operating out of Bensonhurst. But he got thrown out when the other members realized he wasn't Jewish.

"We used to play bat mitzvahs, weddings, L'Amour's, you know, that shit. But this Jewish stuff, there's no hell or nothing, and my lyrics suffered as a result."

Upon his early "departure" from the band,

Tahnasiam returned to Pakistan, where he reincarnated himself as Black Karma. He met up with two old friends from his childhood — Anwaj Rashnee (whose stage name is Smirti Shruti) and drummer Stumpy, so-called because of both the advanced case of leprosy that has devoured most of his limbs and the dwarfism that has plagued him since birth.

"I think the leprosy looks cool," comments Karma. "It is adding a whole dimension to our playing. Hey, I don't have to clean the drums off



Smirti, Karma, and Stumpy in their past lives

when he's done."

Stumpy, who spoke to me through a contagion-sealing glass bubble at the Atlanta Center for Disease Control, suggested he throw fingers into the audience in lieu of drum sticks. "Drum sticks are, you know, expensive in India. Vic Firth, you know?"

Tribe of Kali's first release, *Sacred Cow Slaughterhouse* (Shmegmativa Records), is being touted as the first crossover between hardcore punk and 100% Pakistani black metal. In a recent press release issued by the band, Mike D.

of the Beastie Boys was quoted as saying "[Tribe of Kali's first release] is excellent."

While achieving record-breaking success in Pakistan, they have yet to gather a large following in the United States. Karma says "I guess the concept of eternal reincarnation just doesn't scare Americans. They kill cows all the time, you know? 'Leprosy, what's that' — fools."

Smirti Shruti, looking up from where he is stitching together an NDHC (New Delhi Hardcore) t-shirt, agrees. "There, like, we can't play anywhere. Here, maybe 200, even 300 people come to watch us. We played a benefit in the Ganges last week, and there were people all over bathing, you know, and just hanging out. I like to hang out, but, you know, who doesn't?"

Tribe of Kali's plans for the future include a giant mechanical cow which will explode at the climax of every show, during their anthem "The Revolt of the Untouchables." They expect this exploding cow to make others think "wow, that could be my uncle up there."

"We want it to hit home," says Karma. "We want people to know that the Tribe of Kali means business. Forget Punjabi Alliance. We mean this shit, you know?"

In the meantime, Kali plans to tour their native country. Plans for a second full-length studio recording are currently underway, as is a techno remix compilation of the previous album.

"We know Nirvana is past us, you know," says Karma. "Why try? We're that black. 100%!"

DISCOGRAPHY

"By the Many Arms of Vishnu, No!" 7"

"Violent Vindaloo" 7" b/w Biohazard ("Five Blocks to the Subway")

Sacred Cow Slaughterhouse LP

Save Affirmative Action!

Proposition 209, titled the California Civil Rights Initiative, became law in California on Election Day with 54% voter approval. This amendment to the California Constitution makes illegal all affirmative action policies and programs.

Dont let it happen here!

Protest Proposition 209 and show your support for Affirmative Action!

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13

12:40 - Campus Lifetime

Fireside Lounge, Student Union

A Rally in Support of Affirmative Action

BE THERE – Protect our future!

BLOCKBUSTER IN THE Snotbox

By The Ranch

NOTE: The following is a rebuttal to Jeremy Despermo's letter, found on page 6 of this issue. As much as the this writer is loathe to issue such a Herculean task on a hapless reader, one should read that piece of steaming dung before reading this rebuttal.

I'm going to take this slowly and linearly, from the beginning to the end, since this is such a massive accumulation of twisted, foolish drivel that to jump from one point to another without attempting any kind of organization scheme would confuse the reader even further (if Mr. Despermo's attempt at defending a company more disorganized than the Republican party hasn't already confused you into turning the page).

First of all, Mr. Despermo (which I hope, for his sake, is a *nom de plume*) attempts to blame some of the LIRR's problems on the heads of the MTA. I really don't care whose fault it is. I don't care if people are being bumped from their jobs in your organization by the closing of ticket offices and the installation of vending machines. That's not my problem. My problem is the fact that there is only one mass transit route to NYC based on the unfortunate structure of Long Island's geography, and I am forced to deal with an organization comprised of incompetent assholes.

Next point. Some customers can be really obnoxious. I know that having to ride the railroad is not an excuse for being obnoxious, but hey, just because person A is obnoxious to ticket clerk A does not mean ticket clerk A has to be obnoxious to person B. But, 9 times out of 10, they are obnoxious, because they are people whose personal skills are below the norm. It's not my problem the person ahead of me in line was a jerk. But it becomes my problem when the ticket clerk compounds the situation (which is usually a blend of irritation at late trains and the realization that I'm going to be squeezed in like a fucking sardine) by giving me an attitude. I don't need some old flesh-husk sighing in resignation, making a sour face, and asking me in a raspy, you-youth-of-this-country-are-a-plague-on-my-existence-voice, "What?" I don't need "Welcome to LIRR, how are you feeling?" But an elaboration on the grunted interrogative "what" might be a little nice, especially when the LIRR is dealing with so many strikes against it to begin with.

As for the problem of the TVMs, I'm not going to yell at a ticket clerk because the machine ate my money. So don't jump to conclusions that aren't there. I hate the LIRR for thoroughly different reasons than this one.

If the train is late because it's old, it broke down, or someone jumped in front of the tracks, again, THAT'S NOT MY PROBLEM. Get new trains, fix the old ones, or hose the fucking psychopath off of the tracks, BUT GET ME WHERE I WANT TO GO ON TIME FOR MY \$3.75. Odds are, if someone jumped in front of a train, that train knocked them OFF the path of the train and into the woods beside the track, and there should be no need for the train to then stop. Suicides are not my problem.

The trains reek of urine. I know the LIRR employees do not piss on the train. You wear Depends for that. However, CLEAN THE FUCKING TRAIN. For the money I pay, a little old man in a blue suit with a mop and a pail of suds could be installed on every single one of your precious little trains. Heck, I'll pay up to a dime more per ticket for this service. But if I get on a train, it either smells like urine, fish, or an emergency room. I don't want to go to a bathroom, a fishery, or an ER when I board a train, I want to board a train. On top of all your other problems, I have to gag under the stench of fishy piss? CLEAN IT THE FUCK UP. The same goes for the beer, soda, and newspapers. I've been on trains in other cities with the same accumulations of people and those trains are spotless. What's your excuse?

Don't give me that shit that revenues are tight. You have so much pride for your organization? When you aren't rapping the commuters of their hard-earned money, break out a broom and go to work. You're the best-paid railroad employees (read: mindless automatons) in the country, you can spare a few bucks here and there.

Try and find a cheaper way of getting there? I could just drive in and give my money to a parking attendant. It'll go to better use, and I'll have a better time getting into NYC, without having to form hemorrhoids sitting in those Nazi-designed Iron Maidens you call seats. I'll probably have a lot less gum on my ass when I get there, too.

You reiterate once again that many of the LIRR's problems are due to the fighting of the fatcats on the executive boards. I DON'T CARE.

Solve the problem. Until then, I plan to abuse every conductor I meet, in the hopes that the bad karma passed on will eventually reach the source that deserves it. (Please note, I discovered this method through the ticket booth officers, who pass bad karma from obnoxious customers on to non-obnoxious customers, see above.)

In regards to the Top 10 list (the juicier bits which I've decided to dignify with a response):

10) I'm not writing a letter to my politicians about the LIRR. I have bigger problems with a dickfuck like D'Amato using Pataki as a puppet and manipulating the educational system of this state than I do with the LIRR, believe it or not, and I'm not going to waste Engelbright's time complaining about a bunch of semi-retarded fools in bad hats taking my ticket on a train.

8) I can't stop using the TVMs, it's all that's there, and I don't want to feed the maw of corporate transit two more dollars for having not bought a ticket in advance.

7) I have been perfectly pleasant to the conductors, only to have many of them snatch the ticket out of my hand, spend five minutes reading it, sneer, stamp it, and walk away. Besides, I didn't pay \$3.75 to kiss your ass.

6) The next time I hear someone is suicidal and near a railroad track, I'm going to get the fuck away from them before they drag me down with them. Besides, 25% of late trains on the LIRR due to suicide, based

on the drastically high number of late trains the aforesaid organization suffers, would mean that a small town of people kills themselves once a week by throwing themselves in front of the tracks. This is Long Island, not Salem's Lot.

5) I don't piss on the trains because I'm too afraid to take my dick out with those glass-eyed conductors running around; as for my limited edition Beatles bowl, just because I smoke pot doesn't make the conductors any less slime-ridden piles of pus.

2) My own transporter? Who are you kidding?

1) What the hell does being nice have to do with sociology, psychology, and anthropology? I can see how far your USB education went. Well, here's something for YOU to MEMORIZE: AS LONG AS YOU WORK FOR THE LIRR, YOUR LIFE IS DEVOID OF MEANING AND

MATTERS LITTLE MORE THAN THE STRAY ORGANS BEING HOSED OFF THE TRACK JUST OUTSIDE OF MINEOLA.

Every branch and some stations have their own personality, great. You're a corporation, not Cheers Bar.

The assumption that the Press is obtuse on the basis of one paragraph in one article means that you have some serious issues you need to address. It sounds to me like you are more than ready to go into defensive mode. Got something to hide? Maybe it's the realization that someone with half a brain has realized just how out-of-touch your organization is, and the best-paid, most-spoiled conductors in America are a little offended that someone with half a brain realizes what a bunch of oily scum they are.

Clearly, you are more interested in shunting the responsibility onto the executives who run the railroad, rather than working to solve the problem. But the employees are part of the problem. Whether you're striking for even more money, skipping stops

without informing commuters, or inexplicably stopping the train on a platform during a rainy evening and waiting upwards of 15 minutes before opening the doors, you're causing a problem and making an unfortunate necessity all the much worse. I feel like I'm an extra in Schindler's List when I board your train.

The big question (what do we do about the LIRR's problems) remains unanswered. Since we can't round up the conductors and have a pogrom, then my suggestion is as follows. Mr. Despermo's letter continuously refers to large revenue problems his organization suffers from. Trains can't be fixed or cleaned because of a lack of revenues. In addition, there's a lack of jobs because when a station gets closed, everyone jockeys for a new position. Mr. Despermo says that the executives keep the customers fighting with the front-line employees in an attempt to deflect the problem away from themselves. "Go to the source," he suggests. That's an excellent plan, Mr. Despermo. Revenues would increase drastically, for use in repair and maintenance, if they were cut from another area of the organization.

According to what I've seen, the LIRR conductors receive a lot of money. Hmm... Mr. Despermo says he made enough in one summer for three semesters at Stony Brook. A semester costs approximately \$2500 (and this is a conservative measure, not counting books or housing or anything of that nature). In one summer, he made \$7500. A summer is one-fourth of a year. \$7500 x 4 equals \$30,000 a year. So for each LIRR employee fired, revenues would go up by \$30,000/year. Since there's so many people fighting for positions, and since a large number of them are fighting with the customers and casting up a smoke-screen for the executives, maybe firing 25% of the LIRR's employees would help. And then, we can cut the remaining employees' salaries by 25%. Sound like a good plan? More revenues for all, and less problems for everyone (except the ungrateful, incompetent swine who are now on the unemployment line). So, if you agree, follow one of Mr. Despermo's Top 10 suggestions and contact Mr. Prendergrast. Tell him to fire 25% of his workforce to increase revenues. And tell him Despermo sent ya.

And to you, Mr. Despermo, wait until the ax comes down (as it hopefully will), and in your own words, "call me up and let me know how light your wallet feels."



Suicide victims on the tracks: just hose 'em off!

