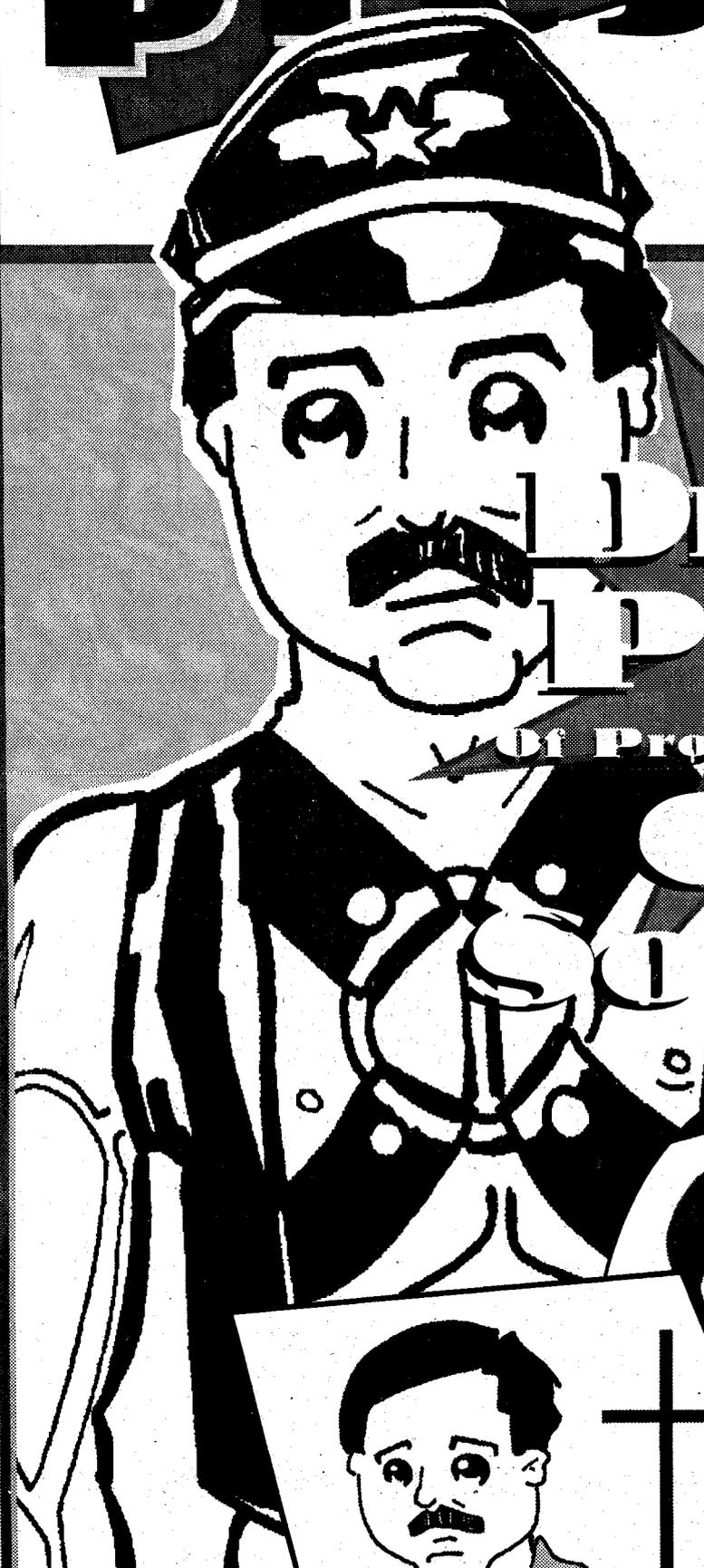




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Going for Broke

The United University Professions: 22 months without a contract

By Boyd McCamish

For over twenty years Dr. Michael Zweig has been teaching economics at Stony Brook. His commitment to the faculty and the students is unmatched, yet today he is finding, like many others that the new "market regimes" of *laissez-faire* capitalism are eroding the social net that millions in the past struggled for. This is a time of great uncertainty in both public and private life. Dr. Zweig offered us his insight with the full benefit of having watched SUNY grow and contract over the years. We hope that this will serve as a much needed point of reference for the current debate.

Q: When was the United University Professions (UUP) created and what was its original purpose?

Dr. Z-Well, UUP United University Professions is a union that represents the faculty and professional staff for all of the state university system. So that's 32 campuses, it's 22,000 people, and it's a very diverse group of people. The union has been around since around 1972 and has been negotiating collective bargaining agreements-contracts with the state since then. It has grown and changed internally as its grown and gotten more sophisticated.

Q: Historically, has there ever been a problem like the one the union is facing now?

Dr. Z-We've had problems in contract negotiations before, but this is really unprecedented. We have been 21 months or so without a contract. The state is illegally withholding benefits in the way of the dental plan and vision plan, it's illegal what they're doing and they're doing it to just harass and threaten and bludgeon us and blackmail us with this stuff and it isn't working. Its unprecedented that the state is holding out for getting rid of tenure effectively, their not saying that in so many words, but that's unprecedented, the kind of demands that their putting on us. So we're sort of charting new water.

Q: Has the attack on tenure happened in any other states that you are aware of?

Dr. Z-The attack on tenure is happening in other places, at the university level-the University of Minnesota (see Press, issue No.11) and there they want to just simply have no tenure. Change it to long contracts, five years, eight years and then there is review. Here at SUNY that's not what their doing. There saying that they just want to be able to contract out entire departments or programs and take the existing faculty and move them off of state funding-out of the bargaining unit and have them be managed in different sort of corporate setting that isn't covered by a collective bargaining agreement, and therefore isn't covered by tenure.

Q: I have spoken to a few other professors in different departments and they seem to be not against the their own union but certainly comfortable with the status quo and comfortable with what's going on with regard to Governor Pataki and what he is trying to do. How do you communicate with other professors who have a vested interest in preserving tenure, but for one reason or another feel that this won't effect them.

Dr. Z-I think that with academics its a problem sometimes that people don't really believe that this can happen to them. They don't see that they need collective bargaining, people are hired as individu-

als they are not hired as part of a generalized workforce. People are hired for the specific training and skills that they bring the courses they can teach and the research they can do, and that's very personal. So faculty members tend to think of themselves just as individuals who can make it on their own skills-research capabilities that they can bring to the job. So it becomes an educational campaign, its a matter of explaining to people what's happening and giving examples like what's going on at the university at Albany. There, the German department was closed down, you may have heard of this example already. People lost their jobs, tenured people lost their jobs and the university then went to the students *oh you want to take German?* well that's fine why don't you go down the road to *Union college* which is in Schnecktady and we'll pay your tuition over there, we have an arrangement with them so you take your courses over there and we'll give you credit here in Albany. Well that's just contracting out the work of SUNY to a private institution and paying that institution on a per student basis for what SUNY is supposed to be doing. Tenured faculty lost their jobs. Could that happen here? Well the president here, President Kenny says she wouldn't do that. But the fact is she's not allowed to do that. The president at Albany is not allowed to do that, they went ahead with it. She did it anyway and there's an improper practice being filed, the union is fighting that and we will win because they can't do that, even though they often do what they can't. If you have a union that can protect people you win.

Q: Is that grievance being filed through the National Labor Relations Board?

Dr. Z-No this is through the Public Employees Relations Board here in the state of New York.

Q: Who gave President Hitchcock (president of SUNY-Albany) the green light?

Dr. Z-I'm not sure. I do know that the trustees want the downsizing of SUNY. I know so because they put it in writing. They want to promote private higher education in the state of New York. They want SUNY to do only those things that no private institution can or will do. So the motivation or the orientation that leads a university president to go in that direction is there in the policies of the Pataki appointees to the board of trustees.

Q: Who is Candace DeRussy?

Dr. Z-Candice DeRussy is one of Pataki's appointees as a trustee. She is one of the principles of *Change NY* which is a private lobbying group and policy group which is quite conservative in its politics and was a big supporter of Pataki in his campaign. It very much has an agenda of privatization, downsizing government and cutting taxes, that whole agenda on the political right of this country. That seems to be here credentials for being appointed to the SUNY board of trustees.

Q: Are all of the trustees appointed by the Governor?

Dr. Z-Yes, the majority of the trustees by now are Pataki appointees but there are still some from the Cuomo years. The Cuomo appointees are now a minority. Cuomo was never a great friend of SUNY anyway, we didn't do all that well as an institution under his leadership.

Q: One of the major concerns about tenure, or the lack

thereof is the issue of academic freedom. You are a distinguished professor who has taught here for a number of years so this might not apply to you. However, you teach courses in Marxism, what would be the effect on topics that are unpopular?

Dr. Z-Well, what would happen is if you got rid of tenure academic freedom would go out the window. People think of tenure as job security and there is sometimes a kind of resentment at job security, particularly in a general economic climate in which most peoples jobs are unsecured. For academic life tenure is not just job security, of course it is job security in a certain kind of way. Let me just say that it does not mean that we can't be fired. The contract that we have now allows the university to get rid of tenured people. Its not like the contract says tenured people can never be fired. Tenure says that the only reason that they can fire us is, besides gross incompetence and moral turpitude is if a program is unnecessary and in the new resources they've got their going to rearrange life and they don't need a German department. In that case tenured faculty will go. Nothing in the status of tenure protects peoples jobs from those types of decisions. So for example the president at Albany could have made a decision under the current arrangements to get rid of the German department and get rid of tenured people and no tenure would save those people. What she wanted to do and what we are saying were not going to allow is for them to get rid of the tenure and then reopen the department under some other arrangement through the research foundation or through Union College or somewhere else and continue to educate and offer those services, but without the

tenured faculty. What tenure does is it allows people to explore ideas free from political pressure. And that's essential, that's where tenure came from. Tenure did not arise in the latter part of last century and the early portion of this century, it did not arise because people wanted jobs for life, it arose because there was political pressure particularly in economics. Historically, if you look *to tow the line*. You had people who were saying things that the governor didn't like, or that the public didn't like and there was a big outcry or a small outcry from one powerful person, that faculty member was gone. That is a question of academic freedom and its a question of the stake that society has in developing knowledge. New knowledge is almost always controversial, new ideas almost always go against somebody who has power and people who have power like to exercise it. They also like to brush away contrary views. So if you have academics whether we're talking about the social sciences, like economics, or the physical sciences who have ideas that are new or different and their exploring those ideas without the protection of academic freedom or tenure society loses those ideas, and that's a very grave loss. So I think at the heart of the tenure fight that is what it is, and that's hard for people outside of academic life to appreciate what that really means, cause there just words. So, unless your involved in the tension that arises when you have ideas that other people don't like, you'll never know.

Q: There may be a misconception amongst the student body about what tenure really means. Often, it is viewed as a means to acquire some "cushy" lifelong job.

Dr. Z-Yes, students often don't understand, why would they? Until

See "Going For Broke", pg. 6

LIFE IS A CABARET

By Chris Sorochin

[Editor's note: Chris felt a bit left out when we ran caricatures of the Press staff two issues ago, and forgot to include him. By way of apology, we now present some portraits of Chris by our own Mike Kramer.]

"Blame our troubles on the weak. Sounds like some kind of Hitler remedy"

-Iris DeMent,
"Wasteland of the Free"

This is my St. Patrick's Day offering. But before we go to the Emerald Isle, let's make stopovers in Hollywood and Nuremberg.

One of the seminal movies in what could be called the "Third Reich" genre of filmmaking is Bob Fosse's 1972 version of *Cabaret*. It's excellent cinema, including great performances and music and an extremely important theme

— people too busy partying and getting laid to notice that where they live is turning into a place in which terrible things are going to happen.

I have one teeny quibble, though. If you watch *Cabaret* closely, you'll notice that the only characters allowed any depth are either non-Germans or German Jews. Everyone else is one-dimensional; leering perverts or caricature Nazis (like the idiot stuffing his face with cheese who proclaims that a conspiracy of Jewish communists and Jewish bankers is out to destroy Germany). Even the infamous "beer garden" scene does little except portray German society as a flock of obedient, regimented cattle.

In short, the film purports to be about Nazism but does nothing to really explain those who follow it, much less how to prevent future outbreaks. Much better films on the subject come, naturally, from Europe, where people are fortunate enough to have been forced into the realization that the Nazis, and those who let them do their thing, weren't monsters from outer space, but their grandparents. One of the best is Istvan Szabo's "Mephisto," about just how seductive monstrosity can be.

I suspect that the really frightening truth is that if we could get into a time machine and teleport back to dear old Deutschland in the days of swastikas and storm troopers, most of the "Volk" we'd meet up with would probably be average slobbs like us, preoccupied with work, school, sex, etc. and just going with the flow. Few would be hardcore scumbags, but a few is all it takes. We'd experience a country obsessed with "law and order" and "traditional values," one highly paranoid about minorities and foreigners. A nation convinced of its own innate superiority and worthiness to rule everyone else. A society, in short, in many ways like our own.

Lest anyone still feel complacent, let me point out some under-played facts about pre-Hitler Germany. It was *not* a place consisting exclusively of stuffy, lederhosen-clad racists. The sexual freedom of the Weimar Republic is, of course, legendary.

Germany had a gay rights movement long before anyone else. There was a vibrant, and extremely progressive cultural life, with brilliant advances made in art, architecture, film and theater. To this day, cabaret acts are a popular form of biting social satire. There were also numerous movements that followed World War I, including a pacifist and a labor movement, that sought to break down traditional hierarchies. Jews were very assimilated and many were quite successful and considered themselves "German."

And *none* of this precluded the Nazi takeover, partly because the Nazis had a vast Big Lie propaganda

machine, but also because most everybody else thought that their country was just too cultured and civilized to ever turn into the living nightmare that it did.

The stage having been set, won't you now join me at a nice little faux-Irish bar/restaurant in the east '30s in Manhattan? Tonight's tale of social horror takes place in what many consider to be the very gonads of permissive, liberal America.

I've come to see a friend who's in an Irish traditional band. I've spent the entire afternoon there. After three hours of reels, hornpipes and airs, and more pints of Guinness than I care to mention here, I'm actually in a jolly mood. At least, as jolly a mood as a pompous, self-righteous, has-to-make-a-big-issue-out-of-everything dweeb can be in.

Well, the band takes a break and I am within earshot of the cop or fireman at the next table as he goes off about how it pisses him off how the

California Supreme Court has blocked the recent anti-affirmative action initiative and how it goes against the will of the majority and how we're letting these inferior beings tell us what to do.

Soon he's regaling his table with a crude impression of Jesse Jackson and how unfair it is to pissheads like him that they don't have a complete monopoly on these jobs. I know that Mr. Suave is a cop or fireman because when you've heard as many of them drunkenly spew prejudice as I have, you recognize that they are somehow all programmed to say the same thing, and brother, it is nasty. Much is made of the psychological tests required for these positions. Obviously, these tests are not too effective if raving bigots like him still make it on. Maybe they could get *Cosmopolitan* to design a simple, self-correct "Are You A Racist Asshole?" quiz.

As he reaches his mental masturbatory orgasm by yammering his deeply held conviction that blacks are dragging the entire level of civilization down into the sewer, I feel transported. No longer is some bloke from County Meath belting out "Whiskey in the Jar"; Joel Grey, fully rouged and pancaked, is now warbling "Tomorrow Belongs To Me". The entire room is goose-stepping. I absolutely must duck out of someone at my table's anecdote about her sports bra and go to the smoke-filled but much healthier atmosphere of the bar. Mr. Aryan Nation is part of a double date arrangement and his buddy has left him to entertain the two lucky damsels (one of whom looks Asian) with his progressive views. They seem nonplussed and try to offer some counterargument, but why bother? They should just blow him off on the Darwinian principle that potentially breeding with someone like that will really set the species back.

Or they could simply operate on the assumption (which I think science is on the cusp of proving) that white guys who feel threatened by blacks are really neurotic because they possess undersized and/or inoperative genitals. That would be Mother Nature's way of chlorinating the gene pool.

Anyhow, that's why I avoid these events like the Famine. No matter how cool everyone's being, all it takes is one lump of shit to ruin an otherwise fine bowl of poitin punch.

I don't want to be purely negative now that spring is finally in the air, so as a Paddy's Day bonus, here's my account of a far different Irish-American outing

held last September by radio station WBAI (99.5 FM) and several Irish- and African-American groups working together. It was also in Manhattan, at Tramps, and its purpose was to raise money to help rebuild black churches burned in racist arson attacks in the South. Featured were Celtic fusion bands Black 47 and the Big Geraniums, actor Malachy McCourt (who once expressed the wish that Cardinal O'Connor would bless gay marchers in the St. Patrick's Day parade; O'Connor, a true prince of the Church, turned his back), and ex-mayor David Dinkins (which, even at this gathering, occasioned some minor obnoxiousness back by the bar).

The guest of honor was none other than Bernadette Devlin McAliskey, the famed activist from Belfast, the youngest person ever elected to the British Parliament, whom someone once referred to as "Fidel Castro in a miniskirt".

McAliskey told of her first trip to New York in the early '70s. Coming from the slums of Northern Ireland, she was astounded by the relative affluence and attendant bigotry of the Irish-American community and had a difficult time accepting them as her people. Having been presented the key to the city, she subsequently turned it over to the Black Panthers, whom she *did* feel were her own people, since her people were the poor and oppressed wherever and whoever they may be.

In Chicago, she was in a limo en route to meet with Richard Daley, the city's infamous machine mayor. It wasn't until she was halfway there that she realized

that she was on her way to the same Mayor Daley responsible for the brutal police riot at the 1968 Democratic Convention. She told the driver to turn around and snubbed Daley.

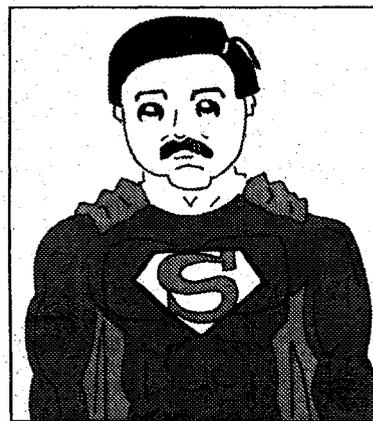
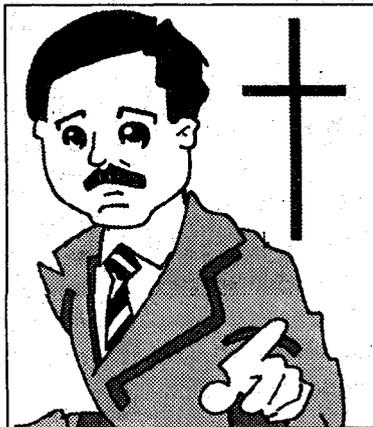
She told the audience that Irish-Americans can't have it both ways: they can't decry the prejudice and discrimination against Catholics in Ulster and at the same time shut themselves up in segregated, lily-white neighborhoods and bitch about affirmative action. They can't denounce the brutality of British

troops and Loyalist paramilitaries in Northern Ireland while turning a blind, or even approving, eye towards that routinely practiced by police officers, many of them proud of their Irish heritage, against ethnic minorities right here in New York. And, I might add, they can't condemn John Bull's imperialism in one breath and defend Uncle Sam's with the next.

McAliskey's autobiography, *The Price of My Soul*, made a deep impression on my embryonic radical consciousness back in grade school. She's survived an assassination attempt at her home and in the most recent episode of harassment against her and her family, her daughter Roisin has been arrested on charges of participating in the bombing of a British army base in Germany. Evidence is said to be flimsy and extradition improprieties by both British and German governments is rumored. Britain has a fondness for secret informers and faceless trials, a la Peru.

Back over our way, the PBA continues to try to silence the voice of political prisoner and death-row inmate Mumia Abu-Jamal, pressuring the Temple University radio network to pull Pacifica News and Democracy Now, two radio programs giving a voice to Mumia after National Public Radio caved in to police pressure. Politicians around the country are busily making it more difficult for journalists to get stories from our biggest growth industry, prison.

Writer Toni Morrison has said that for there to be a Final Solution, there must first be a First Solution, then a Second, a Third, and so on... many small steps leading up to the ultimate horror. Let's hope enough people stop being dazzled by the floor show.



THIS MEANS WAR

Often, when one ideology attempts to destroy another, a common tactic is to first go for the things most precious to the people. In W.W.II it was peoples religious identity. In Vietnam, the west attempted to wipeout every ounce of fairness and decency egalitarian land reform had to offer. Today, in New York, Governor Pataki and his cohorts are attempting to dismantle the unique and relatively generous social net that makes us New Yorkers. Perhaps we're being melodramatic, but the reality is that if the conservatives have their way New York will be changed permanently, for the worst.

The debate about the practical applications of "Neo-Liberal" reform has been limited to short one sentence rhetorical bursts. The neo liberals don't want to argue their point because they know it is devoid of logic. We can't all be successful financially, the system won't allow it, and despite what you may have heard, for market forces to work there has to be a large group of

losers in order to create *profit*.. Governor Pataki and the *Change NY* coalition want you to be the loser, and they are succeeding.

The latest attack on the United University Professions is one of a string of attacks on public goods since Pataki came to office. Earlier, he tried to deal a serious blow to the bargaining ability of the Graduate Student Employees Union (GSEU), that was a battle he lost. With any luck it will be the first of many.

Despite what you might believe, unions are one of the most democratic forms of organization. The UUP must fight the battle to win their contract dispute and we must be there to support them. Talk to your professors about their union, if they don't know anything about it, get them to find out.

Without a voice at the workplace, America will wither away from the democratic principles that created us. Without egalitarian reform of the economy America will perish.

THEY'RE YOUR STATION

Residents of Stony Brook often overlook just how fortunate we are to have an on-campus cable system. Few schools feature this luxury... go to nine out of ten college dormitories and you'll find people who can only get three television stations. Here at USB we get closer to fifty channels, keeping us entertained and informed.

We're even more fortunate to have some campus-based channels. Channel 10 broadcasts pre-recorded classes- attend a lecture without even getting out of bed! More popular is "3TV," Stony Brook's version of a public access channel. 3TV shows full-length movies and original student productions.

As great as 3TV is, though, it's not without its problems. And since we're always happy to look a gift horse in the mouth, allow us to elucidate them here.

The most obvious thing wrong with 3TV is the consistent audio problems. For some reason, 3TV is always has a much lower volume level than any other channel on the system, and often the sound is tinny. It would seem a simple thing to turn up the sound.

The other big problem with 3TV is that they don't operate on weekends. Stony Brook has a reputation for being completely dead on the weekends... apparently that's so true we don't even have good TV. Lots of residents are stuck on campus over the weekend with nothing to do but watch television. It would be great if 3TV was running movies to entertain them.

As is so often true with the problems of Stony Brook, this can be easily fixed if students will just get involved. Call 3TV and tell them you'd like weekend service... or even better, go down to their offices in the basement of the union and join their staff.

DELI BLUES

During the hell known as midterm week, we at the Press logged in many extra hours studying, writing papers, devising new and creative ways to procrastinate, and generally depriving ourselves of sleep. After a particularly grueling all-nighter, a couple of us headed to the Union Deli at 7:35 am after having spent the previous twelve hours in the office. We were in serious need of coffee and felt great joy when we saw the doors of the union deli open, beckoning to us like an oasis in a desert.

Upon entering the deli, we were, quite rudely, told to leave because the deli was not open yet. We begged, "We just want some coffee!!!" A snidely gentleman in a white labcoat told us that we could return in twenty five minutes when the deli would be open. "I have no cashiers to ring you up, come back later, goodbye."

Doubtless some of you out there are saying, "Well, the deli was closed, after all wasn't it?" Yes it was, and this brings us to our point. In the real world, paying customers are rarely turned away. In the thriving marketplace of New York City competitors will open early and close later to get an edge on the competition. Although we realize that this practice can lead to cutthroat tactics, it is generally conceded that this competition is the impetus for courteous and efficient service we usually receive when stopping in a deli on the way to the subway station.

As long as FSA continues to support the monopolistic hold the Aramark regime has over us, we can expect neither courtesy nor efficiency. Why should they bother? The money is already in their pockets, thus giving unprofessional people like John White (the guy who turned us away at the deli) free reign to be as uncooperative as they please.

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Commuter Student Blues

To The Editor:

It really must be easy to live on campus. Yes, I remember the short-lived experiment that I undertook at Oswego State four years ago... I remember what it was like living in the dorm, no responsibilities, no job, no car that has to be taken care of, and most important, no nagging parents breathing down your neck every five seconds. I spent one semester at Oswego before the administration there decided that I was no longer a viable candidate for studenthood at their prestigious campus, but that is an editorial for another time, so I returned to Long Island to work and go to Suffolk Community College and start my college career very different than I expected to. When I was in high school I looked down upon anyone who admitted to going to Suffolk and now I realize what a huge jerk I was for being that way. Anyway, I got my Associate's Degree (that and \$1.50 will buy a coffee at 7-Eleven) in two years, working part-time, mostly on weekends to make money. Since I didn't want to be a register jockey for the rest of my life, I decided (i.e. my parents decided to send me) to go here, wonderful Stony Brook. I am in the business program here, which pretty much is two dozen classes which all teach the same idea that all business can be quantified and studied using matrices and seldom-used equations. Not that I am complaining, just that I learned more about business management at Suffolk in one semester than I have here in one year. Anyway, I am rambling, so I will get to the point (I have a point to all this?) of my editorial.

Being a commuter student is probably the worst possible situation, with the exception of possibly the idea of being a disabled commuter student. Not only do we have to get up extra early for classes, get in traffic with all the morons that the DMV deems appropriate for driver status, but if we get to campus alive, we have to choose between parking in the South P Lot (2 MILES AWAY!!!) and get on one of the dreaded commuter buses, or risk parking on-campus. If you choose to park in South P, which at 9:00 AM means waiting on line in the bus overhang, like sheep to the slaughter to get on these boxcars on wheels. Why do I feel like an extra in the movie "Speed 2" whenever I make the poor choice of taking the bus. Oh, and a word to my fellow commuters... if all the seats are taken, don't walk 1/4th of the way down the aisle and stop and turn around, they have those hanging bars all the way to the back of the bus for a reason. And where do they get these "drivers"? One of my best friends drove the bus last semester and before getting his commercial license, he had about a dozen tickets and rolled over his car because he had had too much to drink one night! People, these are the types of people that we entrust our lives with every day. And of course, our other choice is to try and park on campus and roll the dice with the campus gestapo, err police, who seems to only live to give parking tickets to unsuspecting victims (us). I mean, come on, if I come on campus at 9:00 AM and there are empty spots in a staff lot, I should have the right to park there. Why? Because if you work for this school and you can't get your lazy butt to your JOB before 9:00 AM, then it's not my problem, get a better alarm clock. Two weeks ago, I got tickets on a Tuesday and again on Thursday! Am I mad. No, I love having 1/5th of my paycheck to go to the coffers of this school. I guess it isn't enough to raise tuition, charge for parking tickets and the outrageous price of textbooks, now they have to milk commuters like me for all that we're worth. If this school really helped the commuter students here as much as they think they do, then that would be something. But for now, I guess I am stuck sneaking on-campus and parking illegally in order to go to class and make it to work on time, or parking in the P lot and putting my life in the hands of our well-trained road commandos. I think their training video is DeathRace 2000. Oh, and one more thing, if I get on the bus at the bus loop and have to stand for 15 minutes before the bus leaves, and then when the bus gets to the Roosevelt stop, about half the bus gets off, I am going to waste someone. YOU lazy jerks, next time try and walk the 100 yards, it might do you some good.

Thanks very much,
Timothy Druckenmiller

In Defense of Bad Metal

To The Editor:

Thanks for slamming *The Statesman*, which has sorely

needed it for some time. People as a whole need to start contributing to a mentality stressing the rights of the student over the whims of the administration, and act on this. *The Statesman* would make a good flagship title if they showed the prevailing opinion stated by SUNY Stony Brook students, that the administration does not give a rat's ass about its customers.

I am completely bewildered by the minimum-one-per-issue bashes on death metal and similar musics (not including industrial, which draws on some similar roots, but we won't delve into that now). These random mentions would be akin to my dropping random opinions against polka (beer barrel or otherwise, if there's a difference) into every term paper I wrote in the EGL department. I don't see the point in bringing this up in an article on *The Statesman's* content; every paper needs features, and the staff will run what it sees fit. Leave it for the music column, where the reader will see your opinions in a format in which he/she might actually care, and where it is pertinent.

Similarly, I was really amused many issues back to look at The Ranch's version of a death metal fan in the caricature section that ran for a while. [Editor's note: *The Ranch was not the author of Obscure Sub-Cultures; John Giuffo was.*] It was the spitting image of a friend of mine who primarily listens to throwback, retro-ish rock, doesn't know a Suffocation from a Ministry, and has in the past been a favorite verbal whipping boy of one of the staff. I did not appreciate this, although he did, and took it as a sign that the writers were taking too many drugs to understand reality anymore.

I thank you for putting out a paper that at least tries to be intelligent, and for giving me a focus for a long-time unfocused anger that I have missed sorely.

Sincerely,
Brian T. Wrynn, Jr.

Open Letter to Governor Pataki

Dear Governor,

I moved to New York three years ago from the South Coast because it was being praised as the closest thing to paradise in this country. Unfortunately, that description is no longer true. It seems that the government should be doing more to put an end to drug abuse, homelessness, and gang violence. If there weren't such problems to deal with, that description would fit New York well.

The people who are responsible for the welfare of the state have the habit of claiming that homeless people have the problems they do because they are comfortable in that lifestyle. This is a lame excuse for supporting what he feels are more worthwhile causes because if they had paid more attention to these homeless people, the crisis about the homeless people would not have risen so fast.

Drug abuse and gang violence are the results from homelessness, and these two issues cause unsafe streets and threat to schools. If these two issues were taken care of, parents would not have to worry about sending their kids to school.

I certainly hope that my concerns are shared by other people who came here for a higher standard of living and a more comfortable life but are finding their lives at risk instead.

Thank you,
Jeff E. Jean-Louis

Pay Attention In Class

To The Editor:

I am prompted to write after reading an anonymous letter "To The Editor" in the February 17, 1997, edition of *The Stony Brook Press*, in which the author proposes that a "typical USB classroom behavior" pervades through a large portion of our campus population, a concept with which I grudgingly agree. They have heard my share of pen-tapping and sighing, as well as the obstinate ramblings of gossip kings and queens, all during lectures, and all ignorant not only of the feelings of the lecturing instructor, but of those of the students in the room as well. My thoughts on the subject, however, are haunted by an eerie sense of uniformity within our school. There is an almost tangible thickness to the air here, a quality quite suggestive of some type of defensive (or perhaps offensive) mechanism that enforces a certain aspect of isolation among stu-

dents. It would be ridiculous of me to suggest "love thy neighbor" mentality, I am neither outgoing nor an idiot. I would, however, propose that one might refrain from hating another until actually meeting them. I have heard the murmuring of the discontented, apparently offended by the proposition of the possibility of there being a certain mindset among many students, and indeed, even among a few instructors, here at Stony Brook. Of course, this mentality does not belong to everyone here, but I think the actual numbers, were some sort of poll to be taken, would be astounding. To those in the unfortunate position of finding themselves in a defensive stance at the thought of this prospect, I must warn you: Those offended are all too often those who offend. The letter in question also raises the issue of a "dangerous" and undisclosed "agenda" enforced by certain members of our school's English Department. Again, while in agreement (I do not recall having the word "postmodernism" lectured to me more than twice here at this university), I must draw attention to another aspect prevalent in the classroom: I have seen certain professors completely reject the response of one student (at times to the point of obviously unnecessary ridicule), only to emphatically rejoice in the same answer, issued from the mouth of another student, merely minutes later. Are we speaking of favoritism, here in a prominent American university? Can it truly be said that the response of one student should warrant more attention or acceptance than that of another, based merely on some imposed, invisible pedagogical scale, before a word is even spoken? I do not submit myself as the epitome of the contemporary student, my study habits, and my habits in general, have faults just as those of everyone else. But one can be assured that I have not, to my knowledge, taken any hallucinogenic substances recently (no offense intended to those who have), and these occurrences here mentioned were not imagined. I bring them to your attention not with the intention to offend, but with hope that these things might be recognized, if not somehow repaired.

— John DeStefano

Get Over Yourself

To The Editor:

In response to the letter that appeared in the February 17 issue of *The Press* from a student in Professor Ira Livingston's Romanticism class, I have the following to say: get over yourself.

Even though I may sit in the back of the room - and not closer to the professor where I'm absolutely sure he sees me - I still enjoy his lectures every bit as much as you do. Some of us might learn better by quiet observation, rather than feeling the need to spit out every crack-headed comment that comes to mind.

To make an assumption about the intellectual makeup of the class based on the fact that we all don't speak every 2 minutes is a mistake. Some of us don't need validation on a 24/7 basis. I'm confident enough in my own abilities to realize I don't need to constantly make observations in class in order to impress every one around me. Don't assume that just because I'm not one of those 5 people who won't shut up, I'm somehow not "fortunate enough to obtain the necessary foundation of knowledge with which to have understood the 'forbidden' words which the professor was throwing around."

Your letter, like those people in class you seem to champion, reads like a "look at me!, look at me!" tirade of holier-than-thou, self-obsessed bullshit. My favorite lines? "my intellect was stimulated by," "my pursuit of knowledge and culture," "whetted my palate with Postmodern theory," "challenge one's mind with philosophical and intellectual stimulation," can you even hear how you sound? Do you sit in front of the mirror quoting Nietzsche to yourself saying, "GOTDAMN!, I'm literary!?" (I'll bet you the increased length of the next exam that you do.)

Strip yourself of your delusions of grandeur and face up to it: self-aggrandizement is not pretty, and it impresses no one.

Sincerely,
Jessica LaMantia

P.S. And have the courage to back up your assertions by printing your name next time.

STUDENTS SPEAK OUT

By Joanna Wegielnik

This past Thursday, Stony Brook students and faculty convened in the University Library's Alliance Room to testify against Governor Pataki's 1997-98 proposed state budget before the New York State Higher Education Committee.

The Assembly Committee on Higher Education, comprised of Assemblyman Edward Sullivan, Steven Englebright, Paul Harenberg, and Robert Sweeny, heard testimony from a number of speakers including President Shirley Strum Kenney, Provost Rollin Richmond, Professor Judith Wishnia, Professor Toni Liao, UUP Chapter Presidents Aaron Godfrey and Edward Alleyne. Also present were a number of undergraduate and graduate students representing various campus organizations including Polity, NYPIRG, SASU, GSO, GSEU, and the CSA.

During the open forum, all speakers testifying expressed grave concern over Pataki's latest assault on higher education and demanded that the legislators present make restorations to the SUNY budget. "The SUNY education system made available to me an affordable education with high academic standards," testified Latoya Gordon, Higher Education Project Leader for NYPIRG. "This system is rapidly deteriorating and if Governor Pataki's budget for SUNY is approved, things will progressively get worse."

Pataki's 1997-98 proposed budget continues the Governor's uncompromising frontal attack on public higher education in the state of New York. This year's budget includes a \$124 million cut to the SUNY operating budget (with Stony Brook absorbing approximately 12% of the total reduc-

tion), a \$400 tuition increase to four-year colleges and universities, \$175 million in cuts to the Tuition Assistance Program, complete elimination of TAP for graduate students, decoupling of TAP from tuition (if tuition goes up, TAP awards don't) and ending some \$40 million in operating subsidies to the Stony Brook, Brooklyn, and Syracuse University Health Science Centers. Dismantling the SUNY/CUNY systems appears to be high up on the list of priorities for our beloved governor.

As was the case last year, Pataki & Co. are targeting the SUNY and CUNY systems to absorb the \$124 million gap left in the proposed state budget. Incidentally, a large portion of the \$124 million shortfall is due to tax cuts, cuts that primarily benefit multi-billion corporations and New Yorkers whose annual incomes exceed \$100,000, approximately 5% the taxpaying public. So while state aid to public education has been steadily eroding for the tenth consecutive year and SUNY/CUNY tuition rising by a whopping 154% in the past six years alone, generous income tax breaks to our wealthiest citizens have been on the upswing. The result? New York State now has the most polarized income distribution in the U.S. and ranks dead last in terms of monies spent on public education.

"On behalf of all the students presently seeking and struggling for an affordable and accessible higher education at Stony Brook, I would like it duly noted that we strongly oppose Governor Pataki's proposed budget, which is an attack on all students," said Monique Maylor, Polity Vice President. "He has made it blatantly clear that he does not care about the students nor does he want to represent us. The State University of New York has a mission to provide access to higher education

for all New Yorkers and Pataki's mission is to provide access to higher education for only the wealthy." Maylor's sentiments were reflective of most students and faculty testifying before the Higher Education Committee that day. "In the last several years part of a dream has withered as the University has endured not even flat growth, but cut after brutal cut to its operating budget," said Aaron Godfrey, United University Professions (UUP) President. "There seems to be a new and strange mentality that looks only to the bottom line and how can we do it cheaper and the students be damned."

It should be duly noted here that the presiding members of the State Higher Education Committee are allies of SUNY; Edward Sullivan, Paul Harenberg, Robert Sweeny and especially Steve Englebright, have been and continue to be, staunch advocates of public education. Recently, Mr. Englebright signed a four point pledge opposing the proposed cuts and reductions to SUNY. Without the committee's support, public education in the state of New York would have been destroyed quite some time ago. The problem lies with Pataki and his cronies; the Board of Trustees and people like Candice DeRussy pushing forward their right-wing agenda through bullshit front organizations like *Change New York*.

All the students and university professors who took time out of their day to show up for the hearings should be praised, though student participation left a lot to be desired. If we don't represent, who will? Congratulations are in order to everyone from NYPIRG, SASU, Polity, CSA, the GSO and GSEU who testified on our behalf. You guys are the reason why we've still got a fighting chance.

Going For Broke, cont. from pg. 2

they look into it and find out what's really going on.

Q: What do you think some of the effects of differential tuition will be?

Dr.Z-Here is the way that I understand what differential is about. It is about having SUNY broken up into individual campuses. SUNY got established in the forties and fifties by bringing campuses together from around the state, some that already existed and some that were new. So as to get a coherent system that would be available for students all over the state. What this is now about, this differential tuition is breaking up the state university. And saying that each campus should be it's own profit center basically. Each campus should raise it's own money, each campus should have tuition accrue to it, each campus should compete for students, and tuition should be one of the elements of a student's decision. Allow the market forces to do their thing, which really means to break up SUNY as a statewide system. That would be pretty bad, because the result of that would be probably -and this is what I believe DeRussy wants- campuses would close. So the idea that it should just be thrown to the wolves of market competition, again, says we don't need public higher education, we don't need a state system, and I think we do.

Q: What are the benefits of having a one price fits all policy for working class people?

Dr.Z-What it means is, there is a broad system of different schools that they can choose from and the choice is really a choice of quality and of curriculum and the life that they're going to lead free from the question of money. A student can decide to go to Oneonta if that's the best program for that student without having to think-oh does that cost more or less? What's the best program for that student's social needs, academic needs and the state of New York through its system affords those choices to its students. People can make their choices not on the basis of the specific amount of money that it's going to cost here or there, but what do they need and what's going to work for them. Now to break that up and say some programs cost more than other programs and therefore you ought to pay for it-there is a certain logic to that and it sounds reasonable, but what it comes down to is this-the state of New York, the people of the State of New York have no interest in having an integrated system of higher education in the United States.

Q: What's the best way for students to stay informed and participate in the on going debate about SUNY?

Dr.Z-READ THE PRESS! (laughs).

The Peace Center Proudly Presents: Manufacturing Consent Noam Chomsky & the Media

"The biggest international terror operations that are known are the ones run out of Washington"

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THE CANDIDATES SPEAK

By Martha Chemas and Joanna Wegielnik

Polity elections are being held March 18th and 19th. In the interest of informing the student body, *The Press* spoke to the candidates for the office of Polity President. Some answers have been edited to fit space constraints.

MATT MAHONEY

Q: Tell me something about your platform.

M: Well, my platform is really designed to put students first at this University. It calls for greater representation in the face of some of the more ill-conceived policies that this administration has tried to enact on the student body, such as the Student Activities Center, the way that Polity dealt with Aramark a year ago negotiating the new contract which left a lot of students, including myself, without meals right around the time finals came by. Also, I want to look towards the concerns of commuter students because they've been screaming for as long as I've been here about better parking and that's something that Polity needs to deal with because it also affects resident students.

Q: What should Polity be doing to combat the recently proposed budget cuts and tuition increases?

M: Well, for example, when dealing with the administration, we went and we called their offices and we sent letters, and we went over there. That's not enough. The first thing that Polity needs to do is...they have to show respect, basically. You know, I dislike Governor Pataki as much as anybody else that's running for this candidacy, as any other SUNY student that's been stepped on by him. But some of the recent tactics of people trying to halt budget cuts, like beating up dummies of Pataki and burning them, you know, what do you think that makes your legislators think of you? They burn and beat dummies of the legislators, like Pataki, you know.... I'm a Political Science major. Trust me, that's not going to make Pataki give in to what we want. You have to learn how to deal with those people in an effective way. You have to learn how to lobby them by speaking their language, you know, they're not going to listen to a bunch of students screaming... they understand when you speak to them in terms that they hear most often. They want to know about how this is going to affect their vote. The problem is students don't vote. And they know that. So why listen to students? Why give in? There's no reason for them to do it. As students, we have to show them that we are going to vote.

Q: What makes you a better candidate than your two opponents?

M: What makes me better is that I'm more knowledgeable about, like I said, for fighting tuition hikes. I speak the language, being a Political Science major. Being someone who has worked with these people before, I know how to deal with them. I know what they're going to listen to and what they're not going to listen to. Aside from that, the type of hand work and determination that I've done with other organizations is what I'd like to bring to Polity. The type of determination and can-do attitude that I've brought into everything else I've done, I'm going to bring that to Polity and make Polity more accessible to students. For example, one of the ideas in my platform is to write a small two paragraph item summarizing Polity happenings and distribute it to campus newspapers and it'll be up to the individual editors whether or not they want to publish it. But the thing is, right now, students don't know what's going on in Polity. And it would be great if the President could take 10 to 15 minutes out of his or her week and to write down Polity happenings.

Q: Some final thoughts or words?

A: What I'd like to do is bring a new attitude to Polity. I know a lot of the members of Polity, I've had a chance

to meet them. They all care about the students. There's never any doubt about that. I'm not saying they're not trying hard enough time, that's admirable. However, the job is not getting done. I'm the person who's going to get that job done.

MONIQUE MAYLOR

Question: Tell us about your platform.

Maylor: I think my platform is not so much different from everybody else's. It is just a continuation of my Sophomore rep and vice-president platform. To continue the fight against budget cuts and the fight against tuition hikes, and things like that, just to be a vanguard for student rights. A new thing though, is to have student representation on all the committees, especially administrative committees... so I think now that's a new thing we are really pushing that everything that affects the campus, there will be a student representative on that. I just also want to elaborate that through dedication and serious hard work all of this can be taken care of.

Q: How are you going to take what Keren Zolotov has done this year and improve upon it?

M: I don't know so much if its about improving, that makes it like a competition. I think what I'm going to do more, next year, if I'm elected, that wasn't so much happening this year, is more communication with the cultural organizations because a lot of them feel kind of left out. What I'm going to try to have to do is, they usually have an MPB rep, the MPB meetings are on a night I can't go, so I'm going to try to also have a Polity rep, have the MPB rep also be a Polity rep, and the Polity rep can hook up with the Sophomore rep who is in charge of student advocacy, and have constant communication and constant word out. And whenever issues hit just get it right on paper, get it in the newspapers, get it out flyers and get everybody to know, I think that is something I would want to improve upon for next year.

Q: What makes you a better candidate than your two opponents?

M: I would say my experience in Polity, the fact that I have already been around three years, I'm going on my fourth year in Polity. As a freshman I volunteered, helped out. I was Sophomore rep, this year I am the Vice President. So I would think, my experience. I really know how Polity runs. I've really developed good speaking habits, I know how to speak to people, I have a lot of allies in Polity, and in administration and things like that. I think that's where it comes from. My experience as a whole, I think, speaks a lot for itself.

Q: If you are elected, what do you foresee to be your biggest challenge?

M: My biggest challenge is going to be just getting rid of apathy. Everybody talks about, we need to get rid of it, but its easier said than done, because some students really don't care, and it's a question of how do you deal with those students, and then you have the students who want to get involved but all they want to do is take action so then you have to start planning things around action, which is what I am prepared for. I really want to do that so I think that's what it's about now.

Q: Okay, some final words?

M: Okay, the biggest part of my campaign I would have to say, is just- I really want the students to be involved next year, I really want them to actually take the effort. A lot of times students always say "What has Polity done for me?", and it is not all the time about what Polity has done for me, it's like the Senior rep said today, its about, what do you want. Polity has to know what you want in order for anything to happen. I really want that to get taken care of. I really want students to get involved. I want students to come to Polity and ask us questions, questions about everything that goes on. Tell us what

they want, and things like that. So I would want more student involvement... like this year we got a lot of students involved, so look how many people we have running for positions. I think that's great, but next year I'd like to see it overflowing. And also I want to stress that my campaign is really hard because it's a write in campaign, so I really want the students to know that they have to write my full name and they have to place a vote in order for it to count, I really want to stress that.

PAUL PERRONE

Q: Tell us about your platform.

P: My platform is to create a more honest, unbiased Polity, because I've been here for four years and anyone who's been around for that long has seen Polity with numerous scandals, Presidents who don't take their jobs seriously or who have many biases towards various campus organizations on this campus. Another thing I'd like to do is get full recognition and representation for all clubs and organizations on this campus. As I was going around getting my petition signed and campaigning, I've spoken to a number of people who belong to various organizations who are not represented at all, like the Japanese Student Society. Some have gone off line as far as their budget is concerned, such as the Pre-Med Society. There are countless numbers of organizations who are not represented at all or are being improperly represented. And I'd also like to create a happier place to live, learn, and work because there's a lot of apathy on campus and it shouldn't be that way.

Q: What should Polity be doing to combat the recently proposed budget cuts and tuition hikes?

P: Polity, being the large organization that it is, should be at the center of organization for lobbying, going to Albany, talking to our legislators. Polity should be organizing the largest campaign against these tuition hikes, TAP decreases, and differential tuition, that this state has ever seen. With the population that we have on this campus, and support that we can get from every other SUNY and CUNY schools in the state, this should be a major issue for us and everyone else in the state. Also, as far as creating financial difficulties for students, this campus alone creates problems for students. There's a lot of things that can be done to save students a lot of money. Like dealing with the bookstore in different ways. Dealing with FSA and Aramark as a monopoly on this campus. I'd also like to see an increase in the number of people working in the financial aid office because when you go in there any time of the day, from the time it opens to the time it closes, it's packed. It's ridiculous.

Q: If you are elected as Polity President, what do you foresee to be your biggest challenge?

P: Cleaning up the current Polity. I want to get the record straight. There's a lot of lost records. There's a lot of lost funds. There's a lot of corruption that has been going on in Polity in the past. That all has to be cleaned up. All the records have to be gone over again and anyone responsible for misleading the students or taking funds or doing anything against the by-laws of Polity should be brought up on charges and should have to face their peers and answer to those charges. That's one of the biggest challenges I'm going to have to deal with.

Q: What makes you a better candidate than your two opponents?

P: I've been at this University for four years, I've seen what's gone on in Polity and I'd like to change all of that from what it is now, and what it's been in the past, to something it should be. I would be sure not to make the same mistakes of the past. Also, since I have already completed my major, I'm going to have the time to do my job as Polity President, I'm putting in 110% full dedication. I'm ready to take on the great responsibility that the office of Polity President requires.

THE AIDS EPIDEMIC

Part II of III: Survival of the Richest?

For the first time since the identification of AIDS, despair has given way to cautious optimism among medical researchers last year. A new treatment protocol combining multiple antiviral drugs that cut down HIV concentrations to undetectable levels in newly infected patients was the highlight of the 11th International Conference on AIDS in Vancouver, Canada last July.

Despite such exciting news, prospects are not good for nine out of ten people suffering from the disease worldwide. The sad truth is that

most people are not able to afford to pay \$20,000 a year for the new combination drug therapy.

Approximately 22,600,000 people are infected with the HIV virus throughout the world, with the most cases in Sub-Saharan Africa, South and Southeast Asia, and Latin America. As of last December, there were 20.5 million people with HIV in these regions alone. Yet this therapy caters mostly to the richest among the 12.6 million HIV-infected people in North America and Western Europe.

Even in the United States, many AIDS patients face common problems. Almost half of AIDS patients are dependent on Medicaid, and AIDS drug-assistance programs are provided by the federal government in every state. Nevertheless, protease inhibitors, the most

effective drugs in use to date, are not covered in 28 states. Also, some states with large populations of AIDS patients have implemented waiting lists or lotteries for distributing medication.

With the number of infections rising exponentially, it has become clear that the most effective strategy to fight the epidemic is with an effective vaccine. Nevertheless, research in the West has

focused more on developing new drug treatments than vaccine development. In fact, some experts

began to suggest cutting funds for basic research following the promising announcement last summer.

Less than 10% of the National Institutes of Health AIDS budget is reserved for vaccine research. Treatment has always been a higher priority in the United States than prevention. This may be because the groups that lobby most intensively for AIDS research are made up of primarily of AIDS patients.

Pharmaceutical companies must take some responsibility for this trend as well. These capitalist enterprises are attracted to money, of course, and vaccines are simply not as profitable. Usually, vaccines are purchased by the government rather than patients, which results in lower profits. Also, some vaccines for other

diseases have shown harmful effects in the past among small percentage of patients. The prospect of facing lawsuits from such groups has turned many companies away from investing heavily in vaccine development.

Perhaps the greatest challenge, however, is the wily virus itself. Currently, there are ten identified subtypes of the virus. The target of the vaccine, the viral envelope protein, is highly variable due to periodic mutations. The two traditional approaches, using inactivated or weakened, "attenuated" viruses, are considered by most experts to be too risky. There is no way to guarantee that these whole viral particles will not cause disease in humans.

Alternative vaccines containing chopped-up bits of surface proteins such as the gp120 envelope glycoprotein have also been discouraging. Now, it seems that a whole virus is needed to create an immune response that works. Researchers are exploring different approaches, such as creating hybrid viruses that combine certain parts of HIV with a harmless virus.

Many AIDS experts are warning about the grave future we will face unless an effective vaccine is found soon. Organizations like the World Health Organization and the National Institutes of Health must organize larger initiatives for vaccine research. Then, we will have a realistic chance to find a true solution to the AIDS epidemic.

SCIENCE & SOCIETY BY MICHAEL YEH

In Albany, Even Conservatives Fear Effects of "Welfare Reform"

By Marilyn Bechtel and Eileen Reardon

The first date for cutoff of food stamps under the new welfare "reform" law was a day for fightback demonstrations in several cities to uphold the need for living-wage jobs and an adequate welfare safety net, and to demand an end to billions of dollars in corporate welfare.

In Oakland, California, 1,000 community, senior, youth, labor, immigrant rights, and welfare rights activists marched from the federal building, through downtown Oakland, past one of the city's main welfare offices, to a rally at Jack London Square.

"Welfare is a buffer underneath the working class," Kevin Denner of Global Exchange told the crowd. He called the new welfare law "an attack on the whole class" and warned that workers' living standards are under sharp assault around the world.

By contrast, Denner said, Cuba, under sharp attack for years, weathered the sharp crisis of the early '90s without closing one health facility or child care center.

James Thomas, director of the Emergency Services Network, speaking for the Bread, Work and Justice Coalition, called on the demonstrators to wage a united struggle against the corporate drive to destroy unions and take away working people's hard-won economic and social gains.

Thomas, saying the present struggle is in the tradition of Frederick Douglass, John Brown and Geronimo, called for maximum participation in the April 29 mobilization planned for the state

capitol in Sacramento.

Alameda County Central Labor Council head Owen Marron called the situation "a war by 5 percent of the rich against 95 percent of the rest of us," adding, "We have the people. We have to use our strength - and that's all of us!"

Marron said The problem is not a lack of money but the fact that a huge amount of money is going into the bloated military budget. "We have to take back our government and make this country what it was meant to be: a place for freedom and justice for all."

Meanwhile speakers warned members of the New York legislature that Gov. George Pataki's welfare reform will increase poverty and homelessness, tear families apart, institutionalize child neglect and replace unionized jobs with slave labor. Speakers testified that what is needed for real welfare reform is good paying jobs and support systems, such as job training, education and child care, that allow people to work. Under Pataki's Family Assistance Program, welfare recipients are required to work in a workfare program, in either the public or private sector in order to receive cash assistance.

Roger Cook, director of the Western New York Council on Occupational Safety and Health, testified that workfare workers are not considered employees, cannot organize, do not have workplace safety and health protection other workers have.

Mary Stengel, of Child and Family Services, told the hearing that 70 percent of the state's welfare recipients are children and that most families are

between jobs due to layoffs or can only find part-time and/or minimum wage jobs and need public assistance to supplement their income.

Among the speakers was Cheryl Anderson, a victim of layoffs who is currently going to school full time, working at a full-time job, and raising a 3-year-old son. She said she cannot continue to work and go to school without child care subsidies.

Marty Sawma, director of the Emergency Committee to Defend Welfare Rights, said the Martinez jobs bill is the answer to welfare reform and the workfare program. The bill would create jobs at the prevailing wage and provide job training. Assemblyman Roger Green announced during the hearing that he is co-sponsoring a resolution in the Assembly in support of the Martinez bill.

And on Feb. 26, 300 Minnesotans, among them Native Americans, African Americans and Asian immigrants, converged on the state capitol in St. Paul to protest welfare cuts and circulate petitions in support of the Martinez jobs bill. Their chant, "Stop the war on the poor," echoed through the halls of the capitol and several committee hearings had to be canceled because of the demonstration. More than 30 protesters were arrested when they refused to stop the protest.

Minnesota legislators are debating changes to welfare laws following the passage of federal bill. The first victims will be 54,000 legal immigrants who will be cut off SSI.

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GRADUATE STUDENT NEWS

By Scott West

Stony Brook Parking Quagmire: Where's My \$5?

Campus Public Safety officers, Human Resources Department, even AVP for Campus Operations Gary Matthews all admit publicly what we've known all along: graduate employees get parking stickers that last so long as they work, just like other employees.

The \$5 parking sticker fee was eliminated over last summer. According to a July 3, 1996 memo, parking stickers held by current faculty and staff would not be renewed again in the fall. Only new employees would be required to pay the \$5 fee as a one time initiation into the joys of fac/staff parking. The applicability of this policy to GSEU members was confirmed in a December 2, 1996 memo from Gary Matthews.

Yet almost every returning graduate employee was charged the \$5 fee and given a sticker that read "Expires August 31, 1997." Many reported unpleasant experiences arguing their rights with the staff of the Bursar's Office. The few who evaded the charge considered themselves lucky. They had kept \$5 for themselves and away from the bureaucracy.

Meanwhile GSEU staff and Steering Committee Members worked in labor management meetings to get the inconsistencies in Administration policy ironed out.

Suddenly, early in this semester, TA's and GA's were getting tickets for having "expired" park-

ing stickers, when most, if not all, of these parking stickers are completely valid. Everyone seemed willing to admit that GSEU was in the right, but no one seemed willing to do anything about it.

In a discussion with GSEU staff last week, Public Safety Traffic Officer Artie Schultzer said that the ticketing of "expired" fac/staff stickers had stopped. Meanwhile, Public Safety will eliminate and refund the charges to those mistakenly ticketed. Only ten GSEU members have taken advantage of this offer so far.

Only one question remains: will GSEU members ever see the \$5 parking sticker charge again. Right now, according to Schultzer, TA's and GA's are being sold a \$5 parking sticker that will be renewed next Fall, and every Fall for five years, so long as the holder remains an employee.

This contradicts the statements of Human Resources personnel, of AVP Gary Matthews, and of Bursar Catherine Rehman. All three have said that they doubted that the \$5 charge had been assessed, but if it had, then it should be refunded, but in any event was not being charged now.

The \$5 may not seem like much, but it is more than just a matter of principle. The inconsistencies, inaction, and lack of concern shown by administrators over this issue is representative of the Administration's general lack of concern for graduate employees.

For now the question remains: Where's my \$5?

GSEU in Receivership Miller Appointed New Administrator

Due to financial difficulties, direct administration of GSEU has been assumed by our parent union, Communication Workers of America (CWA). Standard operating procedure in such a receivership is to appoint an administrator to oversee the affairs of the local and to put solid financial policies into place. Steve Miller, our CWA representative, has been appointed our administrator.

In the beginning of the Fall 1996 term, the GSEU officers asked for an audit in order to get assistance in meeting the union's financial obligations. Before the audit could be completed earlier this month, pressure from the IRS forced the union to seek emergency financial assistance from CWA. Miller has assured the membership that there was no wrongdoing on the part of officers.

Miller has pledged to work with the Executive Committee and Steering Committees on gaining input into the needed structural changes for putting the local back on its feet financially. He can be reached at 1-518-438-7773, the number of the District #1 CWA office in Albany.

Contact the GSEU at 2-7729 or via campus mail c/o Sociology Department z=4356. Individual appeals can be sent to Garry Matthews, Assistant Vice-president for Campus Services in 474 Admin.

Check out 3TV this March!

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
17 5 pm Raising Arizona 7:30 Ruff-Kutt Reggae 8:00 Circle of Friends 10:00 Highlander 12:00 Kansas City	18 5 pm Courage Under Fire 7:00 U.K. Today 7:30 Big 9:30 Majority Mix 10:30 Last Man Standing	19 5 pm CMV 6:00 Marked Man 8:00 Trees Lounge 10:00 Jip-Joint Theatre 11:00 Feeling Minnesota	20 5 pm Highlander 7:00 Kansas City 9:00 Battle of Neretva 11:00 Big 12:30 Raising Arizona	21 5 pm Burly Bear 6:00 Trees Lounge 8:00 Last Man Standing 10:00 Circle of Friends 12:00 Courage Under Fire
24 5 pm 8 1/2 7:30 Ruff-Kut Reggae 8:00 That Thing You Do 10:00 Marked Man 12:00 Feeling Minnesota	25 5 pm Trees Lounge 7:00 U.K. Today 7:30 Kansas City 9:30 Majority Mix 10:30 Circle of Friends	26 5 pm CMV 6:00 Courage Under Fire 8:00 Normal Life 10:00 Jip-Joint Theatre 11:00 Last Man Standing	27 5 pm That Thing You Do 7:00 Feeling Minnesota 9:00 Trees Lounge 11:00 That Thing You Do 1:00 Highlander	28 5 pm Burly Bear 6:00 Big 8:00 Circle of Friends 10:00 Normal Life 12:00 Marked Man



This month's movies are:

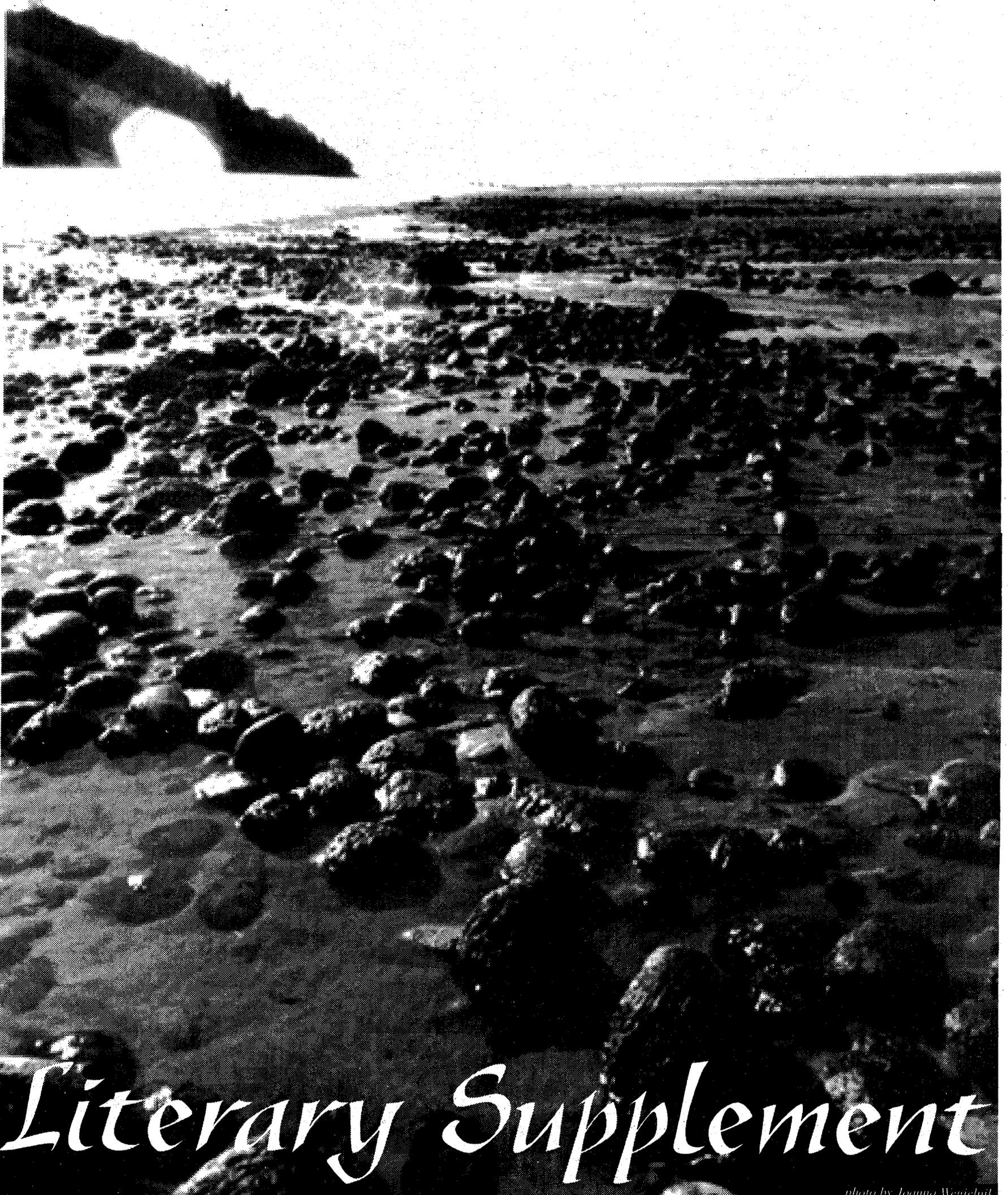
Raising Arizona
 Circle of Friends
 Highlander
 Kansas City
 Courage Under Fire
 Big
 Last Man Standing
 Marked Man
 Trees Lounge
 Feeling Minnesota
 Battle of Neretva
 8 1/2
 That Thing You Do
 Normal Life

We're Your Station!

Good luck this semester from 3TV!

The Stony Brook Press

Spring 1997



Literary Supplement

photo by Joanna Wegielnik

Breeders rule

In lyceums, and shopping malls,
and even in the glorious brothels
where faith flows like water
The devout declare,
"Spring is the Best time to Breed"
-and they're right-
For the winds return the colors they stole
and bleed blood back to boys in bloom
and blow the sand from the streets;
into the sleepy eyes of the magi.
Clouds unfurl to reveal the burning hero,
heir to the prize once more.
And with rule comes oppression,
but fear is ridden by the obsession
that always was and always will be
and, like everything else,
Breeds Best in the Spring.

-John DeStefano

untitled

*Time is a thief
Snatching days, months, years
Devouring the moon, replacing it
Only to munch again the next evening
Sucking youthful eyes, leaving crows feet
Rusting driveway bicycles with the after dinner rain*

*Some seek protection
Leaving their wrists naked
Prying hands off wall monitors
Unplugging the electric tracking devices
Nothing can stop the sands slipping down her curved
waist*

*Sleep is an escape
Dreams distort hours
Distance loses all meaning
Simultaneous perversities are reality
Tearing teeth from the root without pain
Blue canaries scream of the midnight injustice*

*The crystal silence of waking
Shattered by the prompt alarm*

-Jeanne Nolan

Bad Poem #23

By Cox N. Mussele

Locked up in your cage
I know suffering!
The suffering that is you.
You let fly with those accusatory glances,
Like my grandmother once did.

Damn that power drill!

Poems By Ted Swadalla!

My Momma, My Princess

I remember staying home sick, 8
It was cold outside but warm inside.
Mommy tucked me in and shoved a
thermometer in my waiting maw.
The hard sweet steel
Tickled teeth.

I knew it was time.
My blood pressure rising.
She came in and looked at my Star Wars
figures.

Admired Princess Leia.
The flowing regality of white gown on
innocence.

I asked her what's for dinner,
And then I told her "pork chops."
And then she said, "Oh yeah. Heat up
the oven, son."

Sibling Ribaldry

My sister has been known
(clammy cold bikini)
from time to time to show up in my stories.
My beautiful stories.
They're mine and she knows about them.
It's our beautiful, horrible secret.
Butterscotch Lifesavers are our fantasy.
It's buttered rum.
Get it right, bitch.

They DO make a spark in the dark.
When it's my sister.

STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU

at sixth and broadway where the rude streams converge to cross
by the miracle that's 34th street there was, this summer morning,
the sun on the buildings like a headache,
an island of us, barely halfway across.

Soon this will be over!' the hopeful one said from the back (where the hopeful
can afford to be so), They shall have to let us through!' but he was wrong
and destined to lead us.

we shivered patiently in our sweat as
a message boy flew past us in the traffic,
a tuberous chain around his neck.

occasionally a cab would go by its driver
reminding us of how exotic home is.

as castaways we were well represented: victims and fugitives
and that well dressed woman whose passionless eyes seemed to say:
I can get lost here as well as anywhere.'

at midday a man came to my side and spoke from the corner of his
mouth, My room at the Lethe surprisingly gaudy has an honor bar
of tacks and dull razors next to a cup wrapped in plastic.'

and when the traffic slowed so that most could make it across
or go back, few moved in the stillness of that night, the offices
winking out, and could see the pigeons nodding piously
at the crumbling infrastructure of the world and how
from here there was nowhere to go.

- James Daszenski

HYDROPHOBIA

**The ocean lapped the luscious shore
Slowly inching its way up the sand
This treasure we had traveled to admire
now was pushing us away
like an over-anxious dog
jumping all over our Sunday best
Still we saw its shiny silver surface
Hiding its currents and malevolent intentions
We heard the roar of the surf up the beach
And imagined our homes immersed in the deep sea
immortal blue shadow
Yet nature's flooding force smiled upon us
Inviting us into her cool, salty rhythm

We stoned her
destroyed her alluring glass coating
And we ran barefoot along the golden beach
laughing.**

- John DeStefano

Don't talk to me about neurosis
You make everyone feel wrong
We're all right in small doses
Sometimes neurotics are the strong
It's those who live in a perfect life
Good families, security, unconditional love
Who end up stuck in normality
Who never struggle and never try
Irrationally afraid in their rationality
Scared of death but waiting to die

N

Problems and neurosis are incentives
To improve, to succeed, to forget
And in this world all is relative
We reject the standards you're trying to set
For us, for you, get over it

E

Get over trying to make us all the same
You say this freedom is capitalist
I say capitalism is the only thing to blame
For keeping us down, for calling us crazy
While those who are rich have it all
Sanity is a privilege that costs a lot
(Call me crazy, but I think it's a plot)

U

I think sanity is for those who are lazy
Too mentally lazy to try to understand
The drives that take us to unimaginable places
We are the rocks—you are the sand!

R

We were born in a world of problems
But we see this as a blessing
That kept our eyes open to others

O

We want the whole world to be free
Make it a place for all those who want to be
Call us Utopists, Communists, Satanists
Or even neurotics if you feel the need
Because we know that we are realists
And we don't fear your dogmatic creed

T

Can't you see that this world is still wrong
Who do you think will make it better
It's up to us to change, to be strong
To make the rich skinny and the starved fatter
Because if we just let things be
And hide behind our charities
It's all going to hell can't you see
The world is a tooth. And you are the cavities

O

But it doesn't have to be this way
We can unite, all have a say
Distribute the riches to those who don't have them
Do what is right, accept, create heaven
Create a planet where everyone's happy
Where everyone has a real shot at life
If words don't suffice pick up the knife
Because excuse me, but this world is really crazy
We have the duty to change it at all costs
And this is the truth we respect the most.

P

But don't give up you hopeless religious
Your God, our God, God is not gone (yet)
He's still given us more time
To fix all that's wrong down the line
Another few years until the end
If the world can change

I

If we can create the Utopia we all know
He'll come back to give us the recognition
That we, humans, are not all that bad
That we can live, we deserve heaven on Earth
Because we created it ourselves

A

- David Sher

BY

WILBUR

FARLEY

Warm Niche

I was walking past one of those kinda trendy kinda hip coffee houses near Times Square the day you left

you know: the kind where quality isn't half as important as the fact you can be seen jazzin' in another cleft

and they had this sign, a wooden plaque actually, which had probably been carefully sanded, painted, and stenciled by the owner's child during freeexpressiontime at the local Montessori, hanging there which said "line for order forms here"

and had an arrow pointing off in this kinda general direction somewhere between the espresso machine and the cheesecake made with real, lowfatnon-dairy non-edible but highly earthconscious cream cheese skimmed from the dreams of sixtysix Chilean goat farmers.

situated not quite high enough in the Andes to avoid becoming the latest *cause celebre* for a Sunday afternoon in midtown Manhattan

(and whose sale benefitted no one in particular)

and I thought, why not see if this means more than it says and I thought: why not put the last of my fading wit on display

so I ventured back to to the sign and stood there expectantly

the girl behind the counter, one of those hiptrendy Manhattan girls with a nosering and black guyliner, wreaking of patuli or some other equally obnoxious scent who might have seemed more at ease shortchanging less affluent perverts in one of the peep joints a couple of blocks away, asked me what I would like in a voice that reminded me of nails dragging in wet cement

"If it's not asking too much" I said through kind of a sorta halfmoon grin as I pointed to the sign hanging there above my head "I'd like some o' that, please"

I didn't want a Bavarian black forest apple popover served on a silk doily, or a cup of overpriced Columbian brewed with the sweat of the underpaid Mexican out back cleaning garbage cans

but she didn't see the irony, and probably didn't want to see it

this was business—her shitty little whatIgotadoto afford the two tiny rentcontrolled rooms Icallmyownat eleven hundred plus utils. each month— I was

stepping all over with my bullshit visions of metaphysically certain poetic absurdity

"do you want to order?" she asked in a voice like nails blowing thread bare tires at sixtyfive, "if not step aside "for the line "behind "you"

maybe she was just deaf to the impropriety of the plaque hanging above our heads and the cheesecakes and the coffee, and the blackploughman latemorning scones priced to move at four bucks a pop there between us because

she still didn't understand my confusion; she still didn't seem to care about the dangerous imbalances all around us as we stared

at each other through coffeecups and teaspoons and Arugula leaves dressed in a poppyseed vinaigrette which featured a vintage Balsamic drawn from an ancient cask somewhere in the Mediter

ranean as we stared at each other across a chasm of difference too wide for even the most civil engineer to bridge

"your order, please?" repeated like nails across a blank slate down deep in an empty soul

"Tea. Earl Grey. Hot." was my best Picardian reply

think about it: Jean-Luc always knew how to restore order and reenforce the status quo at each episode's end;

"And a scone. Make it so." I intoned with the force of my own irrelevance hitting me like a phaser set on stun, or maybe more like a sock full of wet sand across the back of my skull

but noseringandeyeliner simply steeped my tea, thunked a scone on a chinette saucer and rang up sixandaquarter with a nervous exasperated smile

"out of ten" she said as she proceeded to give me back twoseventyfive "here's your change, "and your order, sir; "have a nice day."

And I thought, why not?

Waxen Skin Surrounding a String

*Why whistle and cry, say you,
and waver, sway as far
as rope allows, with no room for dissent,
when treated so kindly?
In kind, indeed!
How so in kindling,
no longer subject to experimentation,
so many times proven
in trial by fire, and I dare say
the witches had the trial more fair!*

*And there was I too,
burning in deviance and deity.
But I watched as both faces hovered,
and the one consumed with fire —
the eye that gleamed the brightest —
ruled the hand that stroked the match.*

*And what say you now?
while I dwindle in your sight
by your doing each night
and pray for the winds
in any direction at all
to set me free.*

-John DeMefano

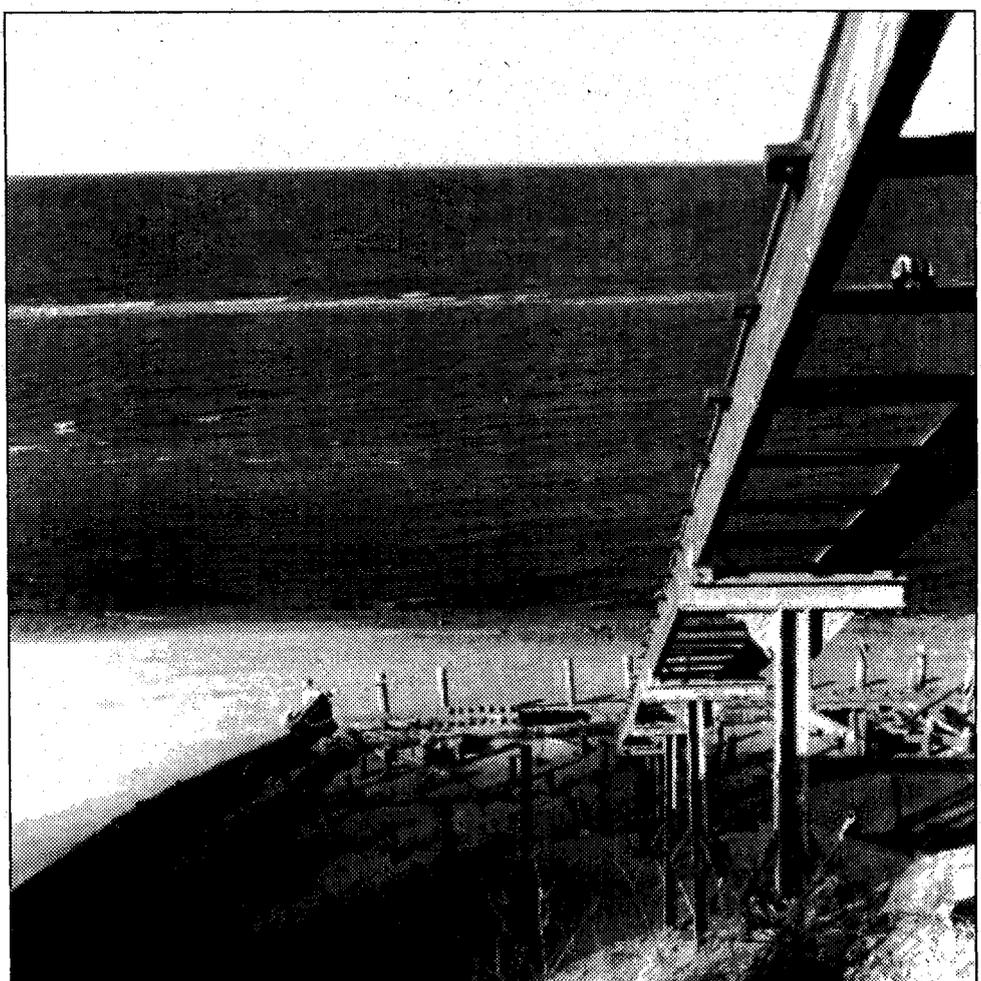


photo by Joanna Wegielnik

Waiting for Bret

foyer red rack vaginal wall
cold tiled place of fire
irregular but mirrors dimly
descend to me your burning
selfishness like spring spinning
hazy wind machine Brooklyn's
hands noise noise! noise!
cannot Sunday wait for going
all else how dry this season
too much thought fire and
cold but— ah! bagels!

-James Daszenski

Untitled

By Kara Anne

in consuming the elements
the conspiracy of laughter and good freak zones
enter into our realm
I'm not foreign I claim
you sit back
golden with smiles
and in the essence of a trashed Sunday night
we found a sort of
planned
makeshift
spontaneity
in a way throwing the plan out the window
but kinda not really
we spit and with grace and style
not like any of the spit players that have come before us
if any have I'm not quite sure
and just how did I trust you
I guess it was that candy for candy coated tongues"
I'll never know
at the close of the night
we're left with a 100 goodbyes
said a 1,000 times
in the stillness when only birds chirp
forces me to the conclusion that involuntary shaking
is totally a paradox
it is a forced reaction if built up too long
somewhere along the lines of a sexual urge
meaning that to make love to someone's mind
is so fucking intense
it can cause the body to reach new heights of orgasm
but talking sex with you is dangerous
cause I fear that you have vivid imagination
like me
so I'll stray from that subject and the idea of a goodnight
seems so appealing all in one breath
I'll quietly say to you
thanks
and call it a night

STILL, HE WAS

By Dave Wiernicki

"Hi, sorry about the intrusion, sorry, yeah, the name's Ed McIntyre but you can call me Ed— hahah, ok, excuse me, thanks, just come over here and take a look, that's ok!"

He walked over the ragged carpet to a low, ratty coffee table between a soft couch and a mid-80s TV, set down a suitcase, and turned around brightly. His eyes momentarily flickered, but he was already in so he decided he might as well continue the demonstration. With luck he'd get enough of a commission to go to Jamaica this year.

"Fifteen amps, you don't see power like that anymore. Extra wide hose, this baby'll suck anything up!"

The occupant of the apartment turned slowly around and gazed indifferently at the intruder. He was in his late 20s, his brown hair on the edge of balding, wearing a faded red sweatshirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and wide leg jeans he'd just gotten cheap.

"Take a look at this!"

He turned his head, but didn't look. For some reason the interruption wasn't phasing him as he'd thought it would. He remembered a slight pain in his left arm, and pulled down his sleeves. The man looked up at him quickly, but went back to his demonstration.

"We've only got twenty of 'em left—"

The resident's eyes followed Ed smoothly as he walked the three paces to the couch and slouched in it, his chin resting on his right hand. He pulled his fingers over his lip, feeling slight stubble, as the salesman continued talking. He was too far away to be heard.

"Still not convinced? All, right, ok, then just take a look at this."

He pulled himself upright with some effort, pushing back on the brown, threadbare fabric. His knees hit the edge of the table softly, and he propped his head again, this time on both hands, his elbows resting on his knees. He felt funny. The sound of the salesman's machine blazed in his head despite the fact that everything on the other side of the table was so far away, and he thought that strange. He noticed that the sound made a kind of conical path, wide at his ears, arching into his head until it focused in a small spot above his neck. He breathed in deeply.

"So, what do you say? We've got a great warranty and you won't find this kind of deal—"

"Sorry. Can't really—" The words were stuck in his head. He felt like he hadn't spoken even though he knew he had.

"Well, we do have a timed payment option, if money—"

"Money," he pushed himself up to his feet and looked past the man's head to a familiar stain on the wall, "isn't it. I'm not feeling too well, if—"

"I'm sorry, well, you understand this kind of deal won't come around again soon..."

"Yes."

"Well, if your mind's made up, I'm sorry for having taken your time..." The light in his face dimmed noticeably, which surprised the younger man, who looked away and brushed his hair back with his hand as Ed McIntyre packed up an excessively complicated vacuum and hefted it into the suitcase with now weary arms. He made an effort to smile but since he knew there was no sale it became harder—

"That's fine..." The noise from outside had become slightly louder since the salesman's mid-morning entrance, and the small room was beginning to heat up in the hazy, early summer sun. He watched as the man, tilted slightly to offset the weight of the vacuum, walked to the screen door and pushed it open. Light poured in from outside, glaring off of a fire escape; he rented the top rooms in an old two story house.

Half an hour earlier the walk up the stairs hadn't been nearly as hard as the walk down was now. Ed swept his left hand across his forehead and started down the stairs without a parting word. His shoes made quick clinking noises on the rusted metal that soared through the dense, bright air.

As he turned back into the dim room, he thought he was probably better off than Ed was, anyway.

He wasn't; still, he was.

No Place

One house stood quite apart from the others in this road, though all were similar in size and distance from the street. This house, however, was much older than the rest: a family had built it long before the current inhabitants of the other houses had even been conceived. Restoration attempts were made by several of the most recent owners, and most were unsuccessful in returning the house to its original splendor. As Dennis rode on, taking aim at each house on the block as he went and reveling in the success of each throw, he recalled to himself a story told to him by the man who now occupied the old house, involving the manner in which he came to discover it, and the state it was in when he had done so.

The man had moved to town recently from Europe. He hoped that the quiet, unassuming atmosphere he had heard so much about from his aunt, who had taken a home there while recovering from an illness, would produce positive effect in his constant battles with a lack of imagination. He was a writer and had come upon difficult times in his homeland, claiming the "stuffy airs" of the environment and people alike were beginning to affect his craft. After a drought of three weeks without being able to conjure a single sentence of prose, and without informing his family and friends, or those he termed as such, of his decision, he made arrangements for a few items of importance and sentimental value to be shipped overseas, and found himself on a plane en route to the glimmering promise of the New World.

Though he had a general idea of the area in which he wished to reside, he had not made provisions for any permanent living quarters, and thus found himself in quite a bind when he arrived in town. The people, though seemingly friendly and kind in general, displayed concern in the prospect of harboring a complete stranger from so far away, and were made even less willing to support him by the indefinite time span he insisted that his "settling in" to his new lifestyle would require. As a result, he was forced to find a residence of his own - and quickly - in which to dwell.

The old house was the only one currently available in the small town. Most of the families had had their own houses built upon arriving there, and most chose to keep their homes as inheritances for their children. The old house, however, had changed occupants frequently over the last several years. Many claimed it was haunted by the ghost of a Civil War general,

who tormented its inhabitants with the promise of slavery and other faults of human nature until they finally took their own lives. The three present occupants, however, found themselves tormented only by spirits of an alcoholic nature, and held gatherings almost nightly with the purpose of dispelling them. It was on such a night that a real estate broker accompanied the man to view the house. "College students," she had said plainly, "or at least they're supposed to be. I spoke with the dean of students two months ago, and he claimed that he had never even heard of two of them, and the other has not attended classes in two semesters." She assured him that the boys, though raucous and quite messy, had a great respect for the legendary stature of the house, and would never lift a finger in harming it. "Nor in cleaning it," he remarked to himself, though he noted that a crude attempt had been made to coat the exterior with red paint. He immediately accepted residency in the house, and had the paint removed, vowing that such adornments violated the purity and heritage the house had obviously acquired for itself.

While failing to understand the man's eclectic distaste for modern domestic fashion, Dennis was extremely intrigued by his sense of dedication and determination. Dennis was aware of the economic difficulties the man must have been experiencing: he did not have a regular job, and his family had discontinued any contact, and therefore economic support, long before. Yet the man invariably made a show of good spirits toward Dennis each time he visited, whether it was on business or social grounds. "A high chin," he would say with a smile, "takes much more to cut down." The man read and wrote incessantly; new piles of books and typewritten sheets of paper crowded his desk with every visit, and he always answered the doorbell wearing his reading spectacles and a red smoking jacket (his well-known source of good luck and literary inspiration). Yet the publishers never embraced any of his submissions, claiming his style to be much too "cryptic" and "archaic." His eyes would gleam with a peculiar, fleeting sparkle when unveiling each new letter of rejection to Dennis. "Another brilliant work from the cultured mind of the American publicist," he would sneer, mocking anger and frustration, adding it to a pile created especially for such important literary documents. "At this rate they will soon require a desk of their own!" Indeed, the pile was growing quite large of late: the rejection letters were gaining ground on the heap of submission prospects. It promised to be a close and exciting race.

And through it all the man was nothing but kind to Dennis, who, in his thirteen years, had already experienced more than his share of the American tragedy. He saw something of himself in the child and took a great liking to him. He was always invited to every social event held at the house: the monthly poetry readings, the barbecues (the two shared a vicious appetite for broiled beef), night vigils spent before the television set (the only times, remarked Dennis, that the set ever graced the house with its radiating glow). Dennis's affinities for the man were rivaled only by those he had for his father, who expressed often his fear that the boy was growing far too attached to a "stranger." "He's no more strange than I am," Dennis would defend, "and I learn more when I'm with him than I do

at school!" Grudgingly, the father admitted that his grades had improved over the past months, most markedly in English. "Dennis's writing shows great promise," his teacher had remarked on his last progress report. "It seems he has the envious fortune of being visited by a muse!" Though the man consistently declined the parents' dinner invitations, they were always made to feel more than welcome in his home. They attributed his lack of social ambition to "the curse of the poet," and their son's friendship with the man was tolerated.

Remembering his failure to collect the monthly dues from a few of his customers a week before, due to his haste to join a party already in progress that evening, Dennis decided to forego executing his deadly delivery aim on that day and, paper in hand for a personal transfer, he dismounted his bicycle and headed up the trail-like path that led to the front door of the old house. He noticed a small pile of papers next to the worn-out welcome mat, as he approached, he realized that none of his deliveries from the past few days had found their way into the house. He gave a hearty knock at the door, waited a few moments, and knocked again, not dissuaded by the lack of response, as the usual automobile filled its parking spot at the top of the driveway. Minutes passed, and Dennis now accompanied his raps with several shouts of inquiry, pronouncing his presence and intentions to the man of the old house. He began to fidget and, deciding to forgo his usual observance of etiquette in this case, stooped to peer into one of the fogged glass panels that lined either side of the door. A curious passing and fading of sunlight caught his attention; something hanging from the ceiling was periodically, rhythmically blocking the view of an open window at the rear of the house. A silhouette at the end of the rope prevented it from swaying violently with the flowing evening breeze. A sudden shriek of realization enveloped him, issued itself violently from his gaped mouth "You bastard," he screamed. "God damn you! You God damn bastard!" Still shrieking, he stared through a flood of tears at the window, through which the paper he had been holding had somehow launched itself, as if it had known exactly where it were supposed to end up after all. "You bastard" was all he could hear himself say as he ran, stumbling in the growing darkness for the bike that would take him home.

Like

It

Wonderbred

**B
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*They bleached me, beat me next to nothing
down the row to another pair of hands
that wrapped me, slapped my ego flat
and sent me from the only pleasuredome
I'd ever known.*

*But your love was still in the oven,
and I'll never taste the piece
you promised. And now Skipsey keeps
his distance down
the aisle and watches
me with a suspicious eye
as I suffer and wait for you
and peak too soon
and hope you'll finally redeem
the rinds of the man (nah!)
you once said you loved so well.*

*So the muzak does what muzak must
do as the passing laughter of fuckedup
wheels rattles my safety; and the mildewed
stench from another week of waiting
is all I have to
recognise my
self these days.*

FINAL JUSTICE

by Michael Tschupp

We need help.

He is but a child,
Outnumbered, unarmed, surrounded by thieves,
At a blade's point, deprived of both property and pride,
A lifetime of tempering in a handful of minutes,
Such unnatural age in eyes so young,
For the first time, he truly hates.

Now, matters are worse.

Age and maturity come in their course,
Intellect apogees, emotion declines,
But never yields, never forgets.
A new idea takes root,
To flee no longer, to turn towards wrong, engage it,
Prosecute, and perhaps, defeat it.
Revenge baptised, born again as Justice.

Hope yet remains.

A lifetime's come and gone,
Readily given and gladly accepted,
Victories and defeats,
Glory, but also regret....
I remember them all,
Friends long gone, battles I never sought,
What have I spent, and what is it I bought?

We need help.

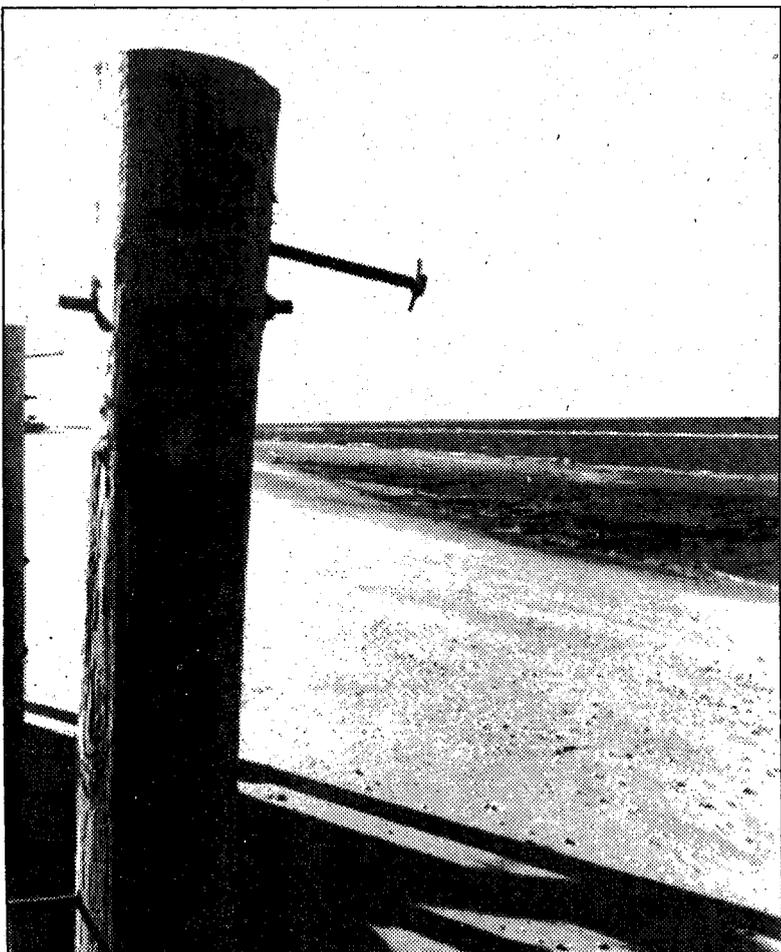


photo by Joanna Wegielnik

Untitled

By Charles Kang

I shouldn't have looked at you
And invited your presence
And let my heart be captured
And lose myself in your gaze
I shouldn't have stared into your eyes
And looked for something of me
And drowned in the pupils
And joined in union in the irises
I should have looked down-
But who could resist the way you stared
Or the inner struggle in those eyes
Which I found in me?
Who could resist the desire to help you
And bring back a smile to your face?
Who could?

WHO Am I

By Jermaine LaMont

Who am I?

yearning to shine.

Pure soul

striving to survive

living and propering in an ambiance of fear

Living through the constant struggle of life.

An individual

Always yearning for success

Always learning never rest

Always yearning for the best.

Smoothe 'n' finesse

I yearn to be caressed

upon the head, eyes and breast...

It's a mirage

to be massaged

by success.

My head caressed by knowledge,

My eyes caressed by truth,

My breast caressed by courage

to lead today's youth.

I expand my chest

With a deep breath

I let out a sigh

And in every sigh

A voice repies...

Who Am I?

Intelligent, hardworking, scholar,

Student, mentor, colleague.

Who Am I?

Charming, caring, congenial,

Angry, oppressed, depressed.

Who Am I?

Brother, son, cousin,

Uncle, peer, enemy.

Who Am I?

Descendant, African, Jamaican,

Native, American, New Yorker.

Who Am I?

Stubborn, strong, unyielding,

Independent, black, male.

Who Am I?

King.

The Hearts of Ex-Lovers

By Victor Alfieri

*They litter the house
like dustballs in
a bachelor's apartment.*

*They are hidden
in the fridge*

behind the salsa,

or in the shower

clinging to the soap.

*They sit in between the
cushions of the couch,*

reminiscing with the

left over jelly bean

about the old days.

There's a pulmonary

convention in the bedroom.

Bad Poem #78

By Cox N. Mussels

My fear is Hershey squirts;

an accident at the factory.

Too much thalidomide for her,

And mother was no gymnast.

I smell fish...

...above and beyond a beach.

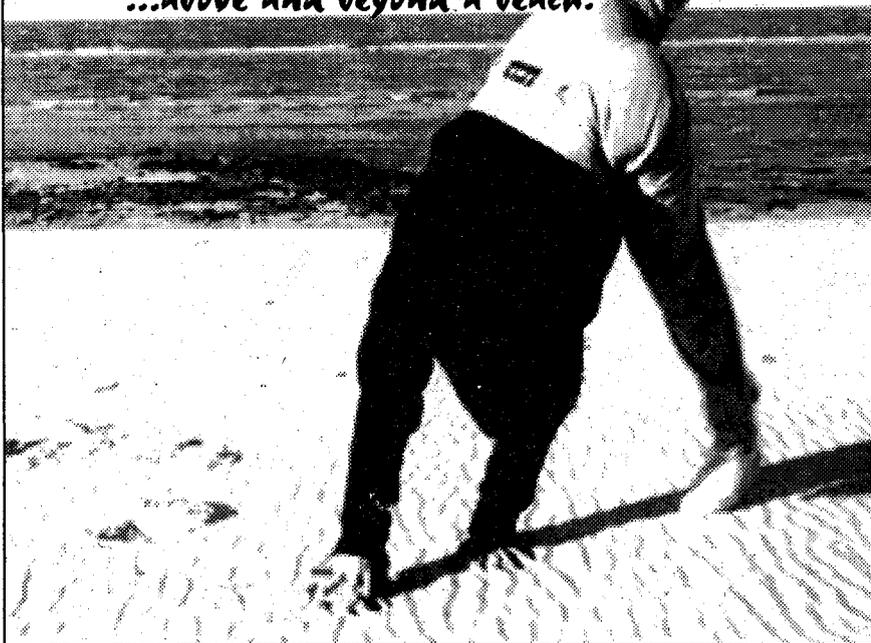


photo by Joanna Wegielnik

Untitled
By Charles Kang

*I stand there as artists all around draw
and try to capture me*

*They get the folds in my jeans
the curve of my back
the look of my face*

*But lose my depression, that look in my eyes
the smell of my skin of human design
And you, my sweetheart, have lost as well
the desire within me-
to be more than a pose.*

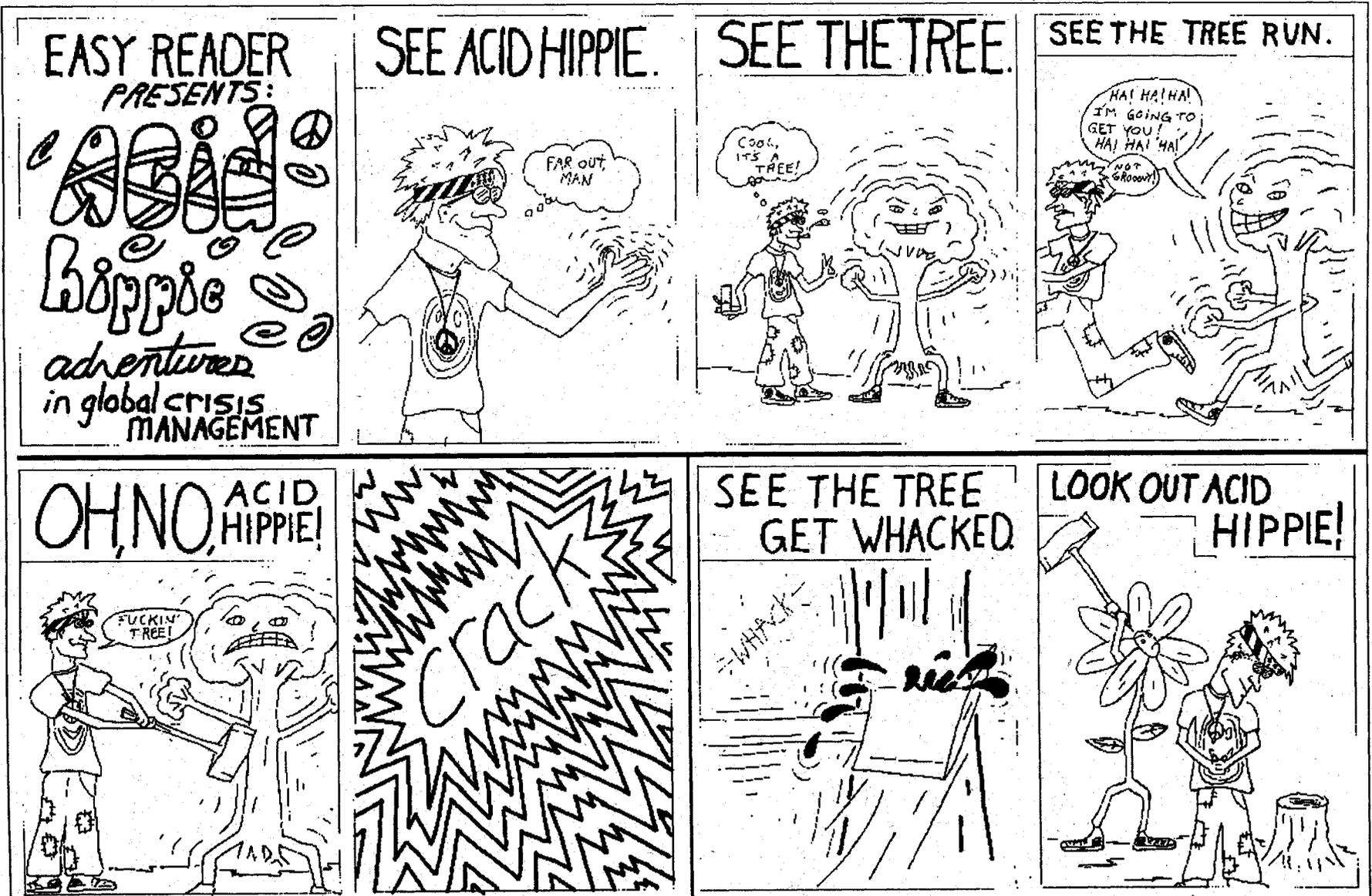
The Stony Brook Press

*wishes to thank everyone who submitted their work
for this literary supplement. We wish we had space
to print everyone's entry.*

Top Ten Reasons Polity Chickened Out Of Their "Family Feud" Match Against The Press

Survey Says...

10. C'mon, it's US.
9. They couldn't find Kelly Quad.
8. Jim Szurko was manning the clock.
7. Their office was taken over by rabid Elvis Duke supporters.
6. Keren Zolotov's hair caught on fire.
5. Thursday night is orgy night!
4. Jim Szurko ate the clock.
3. Got stuck in a conversation with Steve Fiore-Rosenfeld.
2. It starts with a "P" and rhymes with "Stussy".
1. They were too busy fixing the election.



In Search of a Soul

By Philip Russo Jr.

Sometimes as a person, it is no longer a viable option to go through life without a bit of self-reflection. Although it is sometimes hard to delve into one's own soul without confronting a few demons, after a while it is practically impossible not to. Self-reflection, being a very unstable thing for the most part, must therefore be handled with kid gloves. I have recently gone through such a period and, speaking as a person who knows, if you are not in the right state of mind for such an experience, it could turn out to be most painful. I am not saying, though, that one cannot benefit from such self-knowledge. On the contrary, even nitroglycerine has beneficial qualities, it's just more often than not a destructive substance. And if you are wondering about my motives behind writing this, I guess it's just because I feel as if I need to let some people know that these things we feel are, although sometimes difficult to deal with, are really quite normal.

When I first came to college, although I did not know it at the time, I was opinionless. This is not, from my perspective, the norm for incoming freshmen. As a matter of fact, I find them to be colored a sickening shade of idealism. But me, I was your run of the mill devil's advocate, always arguing the other side of any argument, never actually forming my own views or beliefs. I did have a number of beliefs that were planted in my head from the time of my birth, my very slanted Christian belief in a higher power, my love of the New York Mets, and my unwavering acceptance of

all cultures and races just because they were different than I, are the only ones that spring freely to mind, but you get the idea.

I, for all intents and purposes, had no preconceived notions about how the world was supposed to run, nor did I really care that all of my views were just the opposing views of other people. Until, that is, I was immersed in a place where so many people knew what they wanted, and were willing to force their views and confounded notions down my throat.

So now, being in a place where ideas were everywhere, and opinions were strong, I struggled to maintain my status quo, though I could feel my mind shaping itself into a free-thinking machine. Up until I came to college, for example, I never drank or smoked or touched a drug. To this day I still haven't, but my reasoning has changed. I wasn't drinking or smoking as a kid for the sheer reason that all of my friends were, and I just didn't accept peer pressure as a real reason for doing anything. Now I don't do it, to prove to myself that I can resist the tempting pull of a drug-induced fantasy world, and live life having fun as a sober person.

Sometimes, especially in a place like college, you either feel as if you can change the world, or the world is changing you, and in the case of the latter, it hurts a lot to see your previous life and friends changing into an obscure caricature of their former selves. So in the interest of your sanity, you end up fighting tooth and nail to keep connections that are just outdated, useless, and more harm than help. Then you realize that you're not the same person you once were, and when this happens, you start

thinking that there must be something wrong with you. You never cried at the movies before, you never wanted to join the army or the Peace Corps, you never really explored the gamut of your emotions, and you don't like it. No one really likes change, but you, you not only don't like it, you're gonna put a stop to it right now. So you start going to counseling or something, and you are convinced that you're emotionally unbalanced. I will contend, though, that you're not. Just take it from me, I've seen emotionally unbalanced people, it's not a pretty sight.

So what I'm trying to say in a nutshell is that a lot of times we lack the confidence in ourselves to change, we lack the ability to look objectively at our situation and say "I'm a better person for changing, I'm stronger and more accepting" and that need not be. Counseling is a good thing, if not abused. I would recommend if you're feeling like your life is falling apart, go first to a counselor who cannot prescribe drugs. A lot of times nowadays, I see psychologists just drugging and not really counseling, and that bothers me. Just talking your problems out is very underrated, but works if you let it. I do understand that some people need the drugs, and I'm not scoffing at them at all. If you need a mood-altering drug, and your counselor can't prescribe drugs, they usually recommend you to a real doctor who can help you.

So just because things are changing doesn't mean that there is a problem. Just be aware that the world is always changing, and you will do fine.

Sheep Carabines, Part 5

By Brian Libfeld

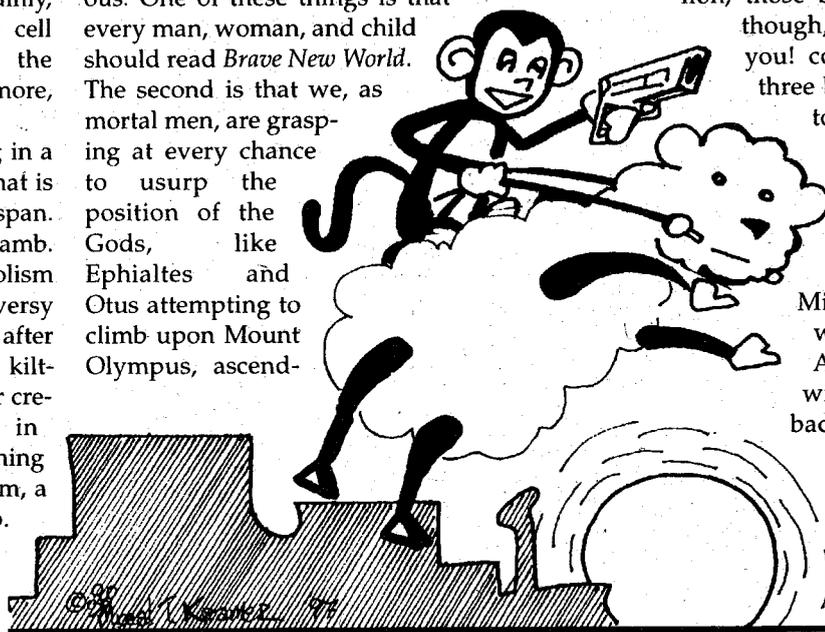
With the advent of cloning as more than just Hollywood paint and powder or Forum-esque banter, many questions have been raised as to the social and spiritual ramifications that will inevitably follow. Cloning was not too long ago merely the realm of science fiction writers and film-makers, only viable on a level that had any sane person outside the field of genetics paying it no mind. Certainly, from a scientific perspective cloning single cell organisms is a good achievement, but the Hollywood/MTV-bred Americans demand more, more, more! That was, until recently.

As you know (unless you have been living in a cave), cloning has been achieved on a level that is acceptable to the average American attention span. Scottish scientists have managed to clone a lamb. Nope folks, there is not the least bit of symbolism there, nothing like the Neoclassical controversy over gardening. Sheesh! The cloned lamb after seven months is healthy and well, and the kilt-laden Scots are proudly standing behind their creation. Following this, mere weeks later in California, the news of another successful cloning hit the news. This time it was monkeys. Hmm, a monkey? First, a lamb, then, a monkey. Lamb. Monkey. Hmm? Lamb. Monkey.

Since these accomplishments made news everyone from Janet Reno to Z-100 have been making public statements about their beliefs about the effect of cloning on society. The average man-on-the-street is either afraid of it or happy that should he need a heart transplant for some reason, they can clone him, and then yank the clone's heart out for him. The government claims cloning offers no benefits other than immortality, and that, as we all know, is unethical. No one would use it to do that, right? We don't need to

worry though; at the rate technology develops these days, it'll be at least a year and a half before you can take a run down to your local Genovese drug store to pick up a chia-clone to replace that little brother you accidentally knocked down the stairs in a drunken fit.

In looking at what science has already achieved and the barriers recently broken down, as well as what the future holds, some things become obvious. One of these things is that every man, woman, and child should read *Brave New World*. The second is that we, as mortal men, are grasping at every chance to usurp the position of the Gods, like Ephialtes and Otus attempting to climb upon Mount Olympus, ascend-



ing to heaven to set upon the Gods in Homer's story. Fact is, although cloning offers many benefits and "neat" perks, these perks go to whomever holds the reigns, meaning I will never be immortal but you can be damn sure Uncle Neuter Gingrich will be making his way to the head of the line.

SHIVER.

All social expectations aside, the advent of

cloning brings to mind, at least to my mind anyway, the biblical prophecy about the forthcoming battle of Armageddon. You know the one, the one that details the rumble in the Middle East where an army of three billion charge the gates of Heaven in an effort to take down the current championship belt holder, the man herself, God. Yes folks, until recently, only two forces known to mankind could have raised that army of three billion, those being Satan and the Chinese. Now though, well in just twenty years you, yes you! could be marching through Georgia three billion rednecks strong on your way to usurp God's seat as ruler of the universe, and that is assuming, of course, that you want humans. In just seven months, with a big enough backyard, anyone with a Hollywood blockbuster budget or Michael Eisner's salary for an hour's work could be on their way to Armageddon with 150 billion sheep with carbines firmly planted on their back, steered by rhesus monkeys to make the attempt of Heaven's gates. You might even turn a profit on the endeavor if Pay-Per-View is willing to televise it exclusively. On that note, it could be a weekly television event once mass-produced clones become more cost-effective. Picture it, this week on Armageddon, the Reverend David M. Ewalt out of America's District of Columbia contends for Godhood. His tools? An army of cloned rude boys, sarcastic little Jews, and belligerent Colombians. (Not to mention ignorant former Forumites with unwashed hair.)

Everyone Says I HATE You

By Ralph Sevush

When did it get to be *de rigueur* to kiss Woody Allen's ring? His newest film, *Everyone Says I Love You*, is a total disaster, yet to read the general critical response to this abortion you would think Allen had just perpetrated a classic.

Audience response, too, seems basically positive, based on my informal observations. Is this a Pavlovian response engendered by a fawning press that, having crowned Woody a cinematic genius, needs to perpetuate that vision? Or is this simply symptomatic of the general lowering of public standards as a result of the never-ending river of mediocrity streaming out of Hollywood, Broadway and other bastions of popular culture? The other possibility is that I'm wrong about this movie, but let's not dwell on that.

To put this in context, I like many of Woody Allen's films... some I even love. *Sleeper* and *Annie Hall* come immediately to mind. Of his more recent projects, *Crimes and Misdemeanors* is evidence of his continuing attempt to meld his comedy with a rueful, Chekovian mood. I even put up with some of his more, um, experimental attempts... like *Zelig* and *Stardust Memories*. His digressions into Bergmanesque psycho-drama (*September*, *Interiors*, *Another Woman*) are excrescences, second-rate Bergman rather than first-rate Allen, but seem forgivable exercises in hero worship. But, what Woody Allen doesn't know about making a movie musical could fill Newt Gingrich's ethical void.

The concept of the film seems vaguely intriguing... a contemporary musical comedy, examining the longing for love amongst New York's sophisticated elite. Intended to function as a loving homage to the musical comedy genre itself, a reflexive musical *La Ronde*, the film doesn't live up to this promise.

Let's take a look at the movie's basic structural elements... essentially, you've got the plot, the characters and the musical numbers.

With regard to the plot... there is none. An extended family, Park Avenue-style (husband, wife, ex-husband, girlfriends, boyfriends, suitors, children, step-children, grandfather, household staff), goes through the various torments of love, traveling to various glamorous places rich New Yorkers go... Venice, Paris, the Hamptons, La Cirque.

By the end of the movie, all the characters are pretty much where we found them at the outset. Sure, there have been some incidents, some vignettes... anecdotes, if you will, but nothing that no one would go so far as to call a plot.

Now, as this is a musical, lack of a plot is not necessarily a fatal flaw. In fact, it's something of a convention of the genre. After all, Fred & Ginger's movies didn't exactly evoke the intricate plotting of an Agatha Christie mystery. Still, it's not something to crow about, either.

As for characters, well... more than any other aspect of Woody's recent films, the unpleasant nature of the characters with which he populates his tales indicates either Mr. Allen's ever-increasing misanthropy or his total isolation from the world, representing his inappropriate belief that these people (if such they are) are interesting to anyone but himself (see also *Husbands and Wives*).

There is the kind, liberal patriarch Alan Alda, berating his son for holding neo-conservative views; his beautiful activist wife, suffering from liberal guilt (Goldie Hawn, the best thing in the picture) who still has unresolved feelings for her ex-husband (Woody, doing his usual Woody); Alda's three daughters (the two younger ones pining over the same cute boy) and Woody's daughter, wise beyond her years, trying to set up her love-lorn dad with a beautiful neurotic (Julia Roberts, attempting to reclaim her career).

Let's not forget the callow youth (played with a silent whine by ubiquitous Ed Norton), planning to become engaged to the oldest daughter (Drew Barrymore! Can someone explain her career to me?). Drew overcomes her doubts about her boring beau by dating a sexually threatening felon (a breath of fresh air played by the wonderful Tim Roth).

To paraphrase the words of MaCauley Connor (from Philip Barrie's *The Philadelphia Story*), there is nothing as disgusting as the sight of the privileged classes enjoying their privileges. And that is precisely the spectacle that Mr. Allen presents... whining, wealthy, neurotic New Yorkers in an endless web of who loves who and whom loves whomever. Here is disgusting behavior by all parties concerned — hypocrisies, lies, deceptions, betrayals, selfishness — and we don't really care about anyone after just a very short while.

Woody obviously has such little affection for his own characters that he creates one whose sole purpose in the film is to be a punchline to an unfunny running joke. Alan Alda is tormented by his son, the scion (a one-dimensional role played by Lukas Haas), who has become a neo-con critic of his parents' values. It turns out the boy's views are just the symptoms of a blood clot in his brain! A Conservative, then, is not a liberal who's been mugged, but a liberal with a circulation problem! Oh, ho, ho... that Woody, what a pistol.

So, no plot and hateful characters. Even these flaws are possible to overcome in a musical if the production numbers are wonderful. They are not. As musicals are pure cinematic fantasy, they require a painterly eye and a choreographer's sense of movement. Woody evinces neither.

Co-conspiring with his long-time cinematographer Carlo DiPalma, Woody shoots each of the songs up close, way too close, and gives no sense of geometry, space or movement to the production numbers. Things drift in and out of the edges of the frame as the camera wanders around, exploring real space. While this heightened realism is a valid and interesting cinematic device used beautifully by Renoir in *Rules of the Game* and by Allen himself in *Husbands and Wives*, it is anathema to the fantasy of the musical.

Allen does manage to create one nearly magical moment in the penultimate scene, where Goldie and Woody do a whimsical *pas de deux* on the banks of the Seine. Bathed in golden street-lights, the two ex-lovers sing and dance to the music of *I'm Through With Love*, a song used as an allegedly humorous leitmotif throughout the film. Goldie literally floats on air, pulled gracefully to and fro on invisible wires. The scene manages to parody the grace of Astaire & Rogers while also providing a poignant and sympathetic homage to such musical moments. It seems the only time in the film that Allen is not condescending to the form.

If you look at Herbert Ross's adaptation of Dennis Potter's *Pennies From Heaven*, you can see how poorly Allen compares. In *Pennies*, Ross created a homage to the Depression-era musical that commented on the irony of the fantasy of musicals, juxtaposing it with the real-world tragedies that such films scrupulously ignored. He, too, made a musical about musicals but in doing so never forget that he was, in fact, making a musical. With his choreographer's instincts, he fashioned one spectacular production number after another, delivering in full measure the requirements of the genre.

Everyone Says... delivers neither the fantasy of musicals nor the realism of Allen's more recent comedy-dramas. It falls neatly between the cracks, with its petulant, unlikable characters falling like acid on the tongue. The film's ambition unfulfilled, it accomplishes little more than to quell, momentarily, the hunger for Woody found mostly in America's larger cities. There, attendance by the intellectual elite serves to comment on their own good taste, like an unread coffee-table book on impressionists artfully left sitting out for guests to notice.

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M O V I E S

By Chris Cartuscio

Star Wars Mania The Special Edition Films

Well, the final re-release of the *Star Wars* trilogy is out, as *Return of the Jedi* swept into the theaters this past Friday. I didn't review these films on their own as they came out because I thought I could do the saga more justice by addressing them as a whole. They are, after all, a complete story of the ultimate struggle between good and evil.

We all know what the films are about, and that each one of them is special in its own way. To review these movies as to whether they are good or bad would be fruitless.

Instead, the concentration should be on the improvements. This includes the spruced up special effects and the additional scenes that George Lucas says he always wanted to include.

When Lucas released *Star Wars* in 1977 he had always said that it was not exactly what he had envisioned. But budget restraints forced him to cut back on some of the scenes he had wanted to include. Now with the movie taking on a life of its own, and billions of dollars in box-office and merchandising, he was able to re-work it to his specifications. But the question remains, was it worth it? Granted the cleaned up laser blasts and the souped up soundtrack make for impressive movie-going, and just to see it on the big screen again is a joy unto itself, but were the additional scenes necessary? I'm still unsure. On the planet Tatooine we get to see the Stormtroopers astride huge lizard-like creatures called Dewbacks. Now these animals were in the original version but they never moved. They were stationary set-pieces there to fill up screen space and give you an otherworldly feeling. The addition of these walking behemoths, put in using *Jurassic Park* technology, works. It makes you feel as though these aren't just oddly dressed people wandering Jones Beach. Another addition that fits in nicely is the sprucing up of the Mos Eisley spaceport. As we were led to believe this was supposed to be the busiest spaceport in the galaxy, and it turned out to be only a few scant buildings in the original. Here Lucas has added a virtual city. A metropolis of hangers and markets that fulfills his unique vision. But not everything in this scene works quite as well. Here Lucas has gone overboard, adding creatures at every turn. There are quarreling robots used for comic relief, a couple of Jawas having trouble with their beast and a bevy of animals that walk directly in front of the camera obscuring your view of the action. This makes you feel as if you're eavesdropping on the characters and someone has gotten in your way. This would work if the entire film was like this, giving you a voyeuristic feel, but instead it is just distracting. Another addition that doesn't quite work is when Luke meets up with his friend Briggs in the rebel hanger before the assault on the Death Star. This is supposed to show their friendship and give us more insight to the conversations they have while flying. This would have worked if another scene, that Mark Hamill wanted to be included, would have been replaced also. This scene was to come at the beginning of the film and take place on Tatooine, showing us the relationship these two guys had. Instead we are left to wonder how they know each other at all.

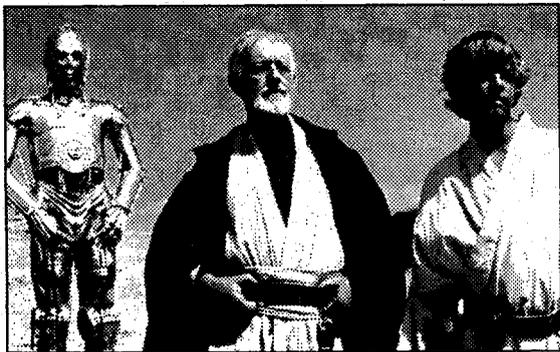
Probably the biggest addition is the scene between Jaba and Han. This is the one that has caused the most controversy and sparked the most debates. Some feel it was poorly done while others just thrilled at seeing Boba Fett in the background. For me, I could go either way. It was nice to see something substantial being included, but it was unnecessary. If it wasn't for Han stepping on Jaba's tail it would have been a total loss.

Some little touches were worth it. The battalion of Stormtroopers who chase Han Solo and the magnified explosion of the Death Star, which before seemed to just disappear, add that something extra which makes *Star Wars* resonate in our minds.

With the re-issue of *The Empire Strikes Back*, Lucas has

done less tinkering than with his original. The major changes are in the cleaning up of the special effects. This has always been *Empire's* problem as it had the worst effects of any of the three. Gone are the mat lines around the tie-fighters and the Star Destroyers. That was the faded area around these ships as they flew through space. Also, the battle on the ice planet Hoth has been tweaked to make the lasers a little crisper and remove some of the shadows.

Added in are scenes of the snow monster that attacks Luke and drags him back to his lair. These scenes are clumsy and ill-fitting, and generally break up the action. When the monster gets his arm cut off we get to see him holding his bloody stump as it was sheared off at the shoulder. This was



a surprise as I always assumed that Luke cut off his forearm, not the whole thing. As it lies on the ground it is much too short to be the entire length of this massive creature's appendage. There is also some added scenes of the Cloud City. These are impressive shots as crafts fly between its towering structures. These work to show the intricacies of these major cities, but are ultimately nothing more than window dressing. Lucas was smart not to tinker with any of the pivotal points of this film, especially the scenes between Luke and Yoda. This has possibly the best story line of all three films and the dark edge gives it the proper feeling of loneliness on the rebels' side. What Lucas couldn't change was, because of an accident, how old looking Hamill got between these two films.

Now the final film of the trilogy is out and *Return of the Jedi* has always been my favorite. The action in this chapter is frenetic with rescues and attacks going on constantly. The speeder-bike chase, with its shots of the trees rushing past you at full speed, brings you into the picture like none of the other films have done. This, along with the final attack on the Death Star, close this serial with a flourish. That's why I had the biggest problem with the additions Lucas made here.

Most of the changes take place in the beginning of the film, either inside or right outside of Jaba's palace. As our metallic heroes, R2-D2 and C3-P0, approach the main entrance we see a herd of Banthas roaming the Tatooine desert. This brings the planet to life and these subtle additions are welcome. What isn't as pleasant to see is what happens once the setting changes to the interior.

The biggest thing that people were talking about was the addition of a new song to be performed by Jaba's band. I had thought that it was going to be included along with the original. Instead Lucas has replaced the first song with a new upbeat tempo and dance. The entire original is trashed as all of the musicians, including Max Rebo on keyboards, is now computer animated. What made the *Star Wars* movies so special were the hand operated puppets and miniatures. Now we are given artificially created drawings to entertain us. It looks more like something that should be on the "Muppet Show", as the characters mug and stick their faces in the camera, than from a galaxy far, far away. Another distracting addition are new scenes of Boba Fett. These views are included to capitalize on the bounty hunter's cult fans and increasing popularity. We get to see him flirting with some of the slave girls and walk away with a cocky strut. Many people I've spoken to have no problem with this, as they think that's what his personality

would be like anyway. I personally feel he would be an all business type of guy with no time for fooling around. The final thing that bothered me about this reworking of the film is the new and improved Sarlak Pit. Before it was basically a hole in the ground with a few scattered teeth and a tentacle that reached out every now and then. Now Lucas has added an actual creature to live in this place. This would be fine except for the fact of how they made it look. With its many tentacles and extending mouth it looks remarkably like Audrey II, the man-eating plant from *The Little Shop Of Horrors*.

Nothing that Lucas did in *Jedi* was I all that happy about. It was different yes, but that doesn't necessarily mean that it is better. Let's just be happy that he didn't change Leia in her leather bikini, which needed no enhancing at all. What I was surprised at was what he didn't change. When Luke is fighting the Rankor monster in Jaba's palace he was mated against a miniature model. This fades the background making the Rankor look fake. Why Lucas didn't clean this up is beyond me.

So my take on the entire "Special Edition" is this. It's great to see these films on the big screen again where they belong, and the additional scenes and changes make it interesting to know what they can do nowadays, but all in all, these are classic films which shouldn't be tinkered with. They've remained this popular for all these years, so obviously they were done right the first time.

A Little Star Wars Fun

It's obvious that *Star Wars* fans are all over the world. That's why the Internet is the perfect place for them to congregate. They get together to discuss ideas and opinions, letting us all see just how lonely they really are. But unlike *Star Trek* fans, they know how to have fun with their obsession. Below are lists that have been floating around for a while. The first two were sent to me by various people, while the third, for *Jedi*, I compiled as I watched the film opening night.

Top 12 Sexually Tilted Lines in the Movie Star Wars

12. Get on top of it!
11. You're all clear kid. Now let's blow this thing and go home
10. Get in there you big furry oaf, I don't care what you smell.
9. Luke, at that speed do you think you'll be able to pull out in time?
8. Put that thing away before you get us all killed.
7. You've got something jammed in there real good.
6. Aren't you a little short for a Stormtrooper?
5. You came in that thing? You're braver than I thought.
4. Sorry about the mess...
3. Look at the size of that thing.
2. Curse my metal body, I wasn't fast enough.
1. She may not look like much, but she's got it where it counts, kid.



Top 11 Sexually Tilted Lines in the Movie The Empire Strikes Back

11. Would it help if I got out and pushed?
10. I thought that hairy beast would be the end of me.
9. Size matters not... judge me by my size do you?
8. There's an awful lot of moisture in here.
7. Control, control... You must learn control.
6. But now we must eat. Come, good food, come.
5. That's OK, I'd like to keep it on manual control for a while.
4. Hurry up, Golden Rod...
3. I must've hit it pretty close to the mark to get her all riled up like that, huh kid?

Continued on pg. 16

From
Ireland:

THE BEER DIET

By Anne Ruggiero

Greetings, lads and lassies, and top o' the mornin' to ye. As you well know, bathing suit season is rapidly approaching, and it is time to transform those lovehandles and saddlebags into the firm, aerobicized bodies that the media so adores. And in this season of St. Patrick's Day, I thought it would be fitting to get some dietary tips from the little people. And I am not talking about any cabbage soup diet either.

Now, over in America, we eat our Wheaties, and jog around the park before going to our nine-to-five jobs, squeezing in a few minutes on the Stairmaster at lunchtime, and then hurrying home to a frozen Weight Watcher's dinner and a stint on the treadmill with just enough time to get to that evening tai chi/yoga/Asian meditation-fad-of-the-moment class. In spite of our reputation as a McDonald's-gobbling, lazy-assed country, we really are a health conscious people. So why is it that we barely have enough energy at night drag our aerobicized butts into bed before the eleven o'clock news is over?

My theory is that it is the fast-paced lifestyle of the American people that keeps us unhealthy. We are paranoid about being fat, much more so than Europeans, and that fear causes us to go to unhealthy extremes. Exercise in moderation is good, but living on Slim Fast and worshipping Jack LaLane is not the way to go. The baffling part of it is, is that people without excess stress, no matter how much they smoke, or what they eat, seem to stay healthier than the informed workaholics.

Ireland is a prime example. The Irish eat fried food constantly, and I'm not talking about just french fries or potato chips. The traditional Irish breakfast (which they thrive on) consists of fried eggs, bacon (known as rashers), pork sausage, baked beans, mushrooms, and fried

black pudding. As disgusting as all this sounds, it's actually pretty tasty. I had one once, in September. My arteries are still recovering.

Fish and chips is another staple of Celtic cuisine. Deep fried fish, of course. In the afternoon, the men have a beer with their lunch and the ladies break for tea time with shortbread cookies and cakes coated in cream. I think every Irishman was born with a Cadbury's chocolate bar stapled to their hand and it must be perpetually present to sustain life.

Ditto for cigarettes, and I ain't talking 'bout no Marlboro Lights. Rothman's, Benson & Hedges, Majors. Names that paralyze the human lungs in fear.

As for exercise, walking is a chore, and the Irish only run if something's chasing them. As I was jogging in Dublin one day, (old habits die hard) a cabbie actually stopped and asked if I wanted a ride. Need I say more?

For all of their nutritional ignorance, however, the Irish are, on the whole, relatively healthy. One has to search for the obese Irish person, and the life span is similar to that of the United States. (One major difference, I might add, is that whereas in America, it is more likely for a woman to outlive a man, Irish males tend to outlive their female counterparts.)

How do they do it? Well, one could say it is the level of stress. The average American day begins at five-thirty a.m. and ends at eleven-thirty p.m. In that span of time, there are carpools to organize, meetings to arrange, information to digest, etc., etc., all done on a fast, up-to-the-minute pace. The Irish banks don't open until ten in the morning. The post office closes for lunch at one. And don't even try to find a store open after six in the evening. The work day is shorter, and people live life leisurely.

In the biggest metropolis in the country, there are no

yuppies in suits and Reeboks speed walking to the office, horns don't blare from traffic-jammed cars, and over sleeping is a once a week ritual. If you're late, you're late.

Admittedly, upon my arrival in Ireland seven months ago, I epitomized the stress-crazed American, and rather than enjoying this lax attitude, I had anxiety attacks as I tried to barrel down crowded Grafton Street on a Sunday afternoon. It took me awhile to understand that punctuality is not prized by the Irish.

So, here it is in a nutshell—The Beer Diet. If you relax, you, too, can have the body you've always dreamed of. Just believe in the credo "Guinness is good for you," and watch the pounds melt away. Here's the simple plan:

1) Chill. Being stress-free is an integral part of the Beer Diet. So tell your professor to fuck off about that pesky paper deadline and go have a nap.

2) For breakfast: Have a Guinness. On alternate days, throw in a cigarette of choice, minimum nicotine content of 8%

3) For lunch: At least one pint of lager, followed by a Guinness, and a chocolate bar (for protein).

4) Dinner: Anything fried in lard, followed by some sort of heavy cake with lots of Irish cream. And, of course, a Guinness.

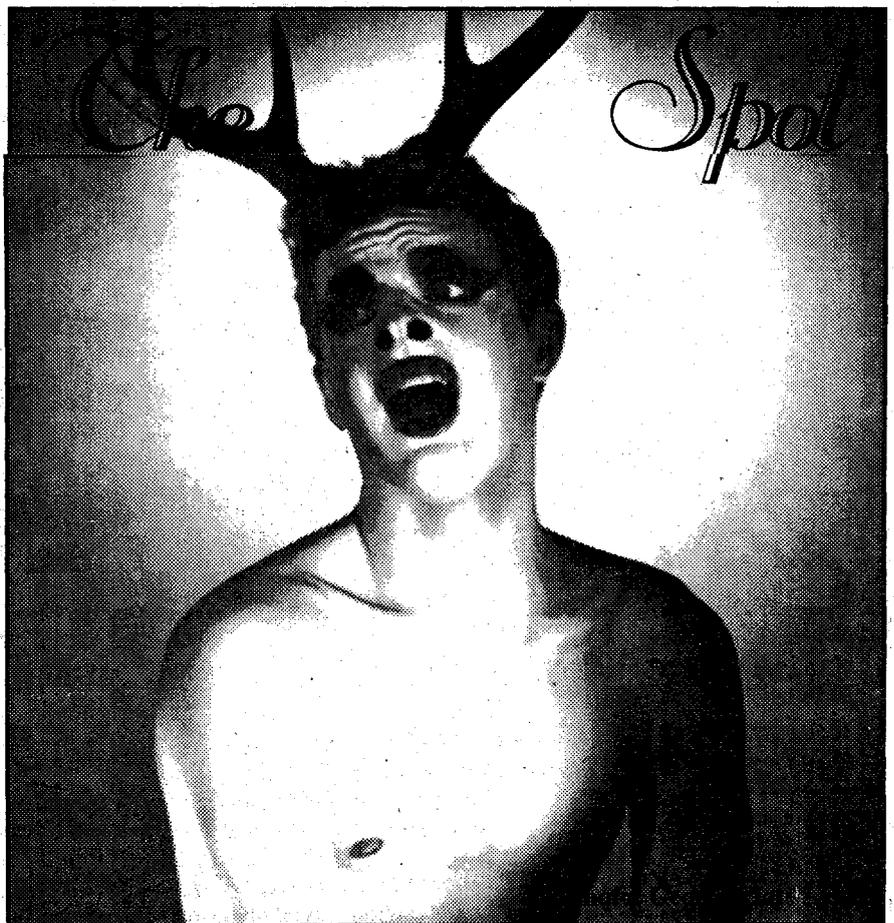
5) This is essential. Spend the night out getting totally inebriated. The key to success is when every pub owner within a six mile radius knows your social security number. (In Ireland, six miles covered a lot of pubs.)

So, that's it. Follow my simple plan, and you'll be in perfect shape for hitting the beach. So throw away the alarm clock, hide the treadmill. Raise your glass and enjoy. Slainte.

G.I. Joe's Daily Affirmation



I'm in the Army Reserve. You can call me Private Thomas M. Crustine. In return for paying various scholarships and enabling me to eke out a luxury-free, miserable college existence, two weekends a month I go to a secluded resort area in upstate New York for 48 hours of hardcore brainwashing. Humiliation, annihilation of my individuality and sense of creativity, and even the occasional physical beating — although they tell me when I get to be their level, I can be on the other side of the razor-sharp pin. Sometimes I find myself standing outside in the rain, drinking coffee and staring at the telephone lines, thinking of the messages there and how the metal in the wires makes my coffee taste funny. But Dr. Valenstein back at the base says the funny yellow cloud didn't do anything to me. Semper fil



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- 29th Electric Lounge

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SNOTTY RECORD REPRESENTATIVES Don't Fulfill Their Obligations

By Jessica LaMantia

It started off as a hectic day. I rushed from the campus back to Bayshore, where I live, in order to catch the 4:15 train from Babylon to Penn Station. I was going into the city to cover the Blur show for *The Press*. I was finally calm, standing on the platform, when the trouble began.

I noticed a young boy, no more than ten years old, who was standing a few feet away from me. He had a backpack slung over his shoulder and a perplexed look on his face. He finally made eye contact with me and proceeded to ask when the next train to the city would arrive. Thinking no parent in their right mind would send a kid on his own to New York City, I asked if he was waiting for someone. He then started telling me that he wanted to go into the city to become an actor like his favorite star, Arnold Schwarzenegger. Knowing the next train was due any minute, I told him that the train wasn't going to be here for a while and that, since it was cold, we had better wait in the waiting room. Once his butt was firmly placed in a chair, I hurried over to a cop who was there and told them what the kid was up to. Apparently, he's tried this before, so they carted him off to contact his parents. Having the reassurance that the boy would be taken care of, I hurried back to the platform to catch the next train.

Once I arrived at Penn I sprinted to catch a taxi to meet my friend at her dorm, so we could both pick up our tickets that were waiting for us at the box office. We headed via subway to the Supper Club,

where we were informed there were no tickets. (Our Features Editor had been told in advance that representatives of Virgin Records, the conglomerate for whom Blur records, would ensure two tickets at the box office.) No tickets waiting under the name "Stony Brook Press", no tickets waiting under the name of our Features Editor. Bordering on the verge of screaming, I stormed up to two female representatives from Virgin Records. I explained my dilemma, but were they sympathetic? No. In fact, they told me that without the name of either the publicity agent or Virgin representative we dealt with, there was nothing they could do. Determined to get into the show, I went across the street and made a call with the stickiest phone I've ever encountered in my life and asked Lowell who the hell he spoke to. Successful in my mission to acquire the names, I went back into the Supper Club to speak with the two reps again. I gave them the names only to have the bitches laugh in my face and say there was no way those people could have had the authority to issue press passes. Deciding that physical violence could only cause me more of an inconvenience and expenditure of energy, my friend and I left. I said goodbye and went back to Penn — tired, cold, and extremely pissed off.

But instead of being able to quietly plot the murders of the Virgin reps on the train, I encountered more metal fans than I've ever seen in my life. Apparently, the Metallica show just let out of Madison Square Garden, so I was forced to listen to drunk men in faded denim and skin-tight t-

shirts sing "Enter Sandman" while desperately trying to find a seat. Once I did, I thought it would be a good idea to get some reading done, so I pulled out a William Gibson novel, unwrapped a chocolate Tootsie Pop, and settled in for the 90 minute ride. Not more than two minutes go by when a drunk Metallica fan across from me starts reciting as many crude comments as he can in my direction — the cleanest of which was, "Hey baby! I know what else you can put in your mouth and suck on." I put up with it for approximately ten minutes, at which point I finally snapped. I asked him if he thought he was impressing me and if he thought his charming remarks would make me spread my legs for him. Angered, he said he could throw me to the floor and rape me if he wanted. Then testosterone boy grabbed me, threw me against the plexiglass material by the train doors and tried to pull my jacket off. A LIRR cop came right then and booked him for assault. (Features Editor's Note — I would like to state for the record that this is the first account I've ever heard of an employee associated with the Long Island Railroad and/or a police officer fulfilling his/her duties correctly... on time or otherwise.)

All in all, it was a pretty horrible evening, but I did learn a few important things. First, always watch out for little lads, even if they're not your own. Secondly, never buy anything from Virgin Records. And thirdly, never ever ride the train by yourself, especially when there is the possibility you can encounter an asshole like a drunk Metallica fan.

Star Wars: The Special Edition Films

Continued from page 14

2. It's possible he came in through the south entrance.
1. And I thought they smelled bad on the outside.

Top 10 Sexually Tilted Lines in the Movie *Return of the Jedi*

10. I want you to take her, I mean it, take her.
9. Watch it, she's gonna blow.
8. I promise, I won't hurt you.
7. Hey Luke, thanks for coming after me.
6. That thing's operational!
5. Back door, huh? Good idea.
4. Exciting is hardly the word I would use.
3. I'm going in.
2. Not bad for a little furball.
1. I never knew I had it in me.

So What's So Bad About The Empire?

I have a friend whom I've known for over 20 years. We met when we were 8-years-old and have remained close ever since. Besides being one of the best friends anyone could ever ask for, he is also one of the smartest people it has ever been my pleasure to converse with. Joe, who graduated from Villanova and got his masters at Georgetown, has an educated opinion on any subject and can back it all up with indisputable facts. He works in Washington DC, in a very high-level job that contracts out to the defense department. That's why it was especially gratifying when he agreed to let me elaborate on his theory that the Empire isn't so bad after all. This is all meant to be in fun. Just playing Devil's advocate here.

It seems that throughout the films we have been led to believe that the Rebel Alliance are the poor downtrodden wrecks whom we should feel sorry for. In the end it turns out that they are just a bunch of terrorists who launch unprovoked attacks on an Empire that is constantly on the defensive. It seems that the Empire has been fighting the

rebels for some time before the Imperial Senate broke up. This shows that they did their best to try and maintain some sort of representative form of government during wartime. An admirable attempt for any strife torn democracy. This leads us into military operations.

In the first *Star Wars* film Ben Kenobi talks of how the Sand People couldn't have attacked the Jawa's transport.



He stated that the blasts were too accurate and it must have been Stormtroopers. Now, precision firepower is the earmark of a society that bends over backwards to avoid hitting non-combatants in battle. This shows that they avoid, whenever possible, indiscriminate attacks, seeking only legitimate targets. Also having soldiers so well motivated and trained would also indicate an all-volunteer force. How many dictatorships have volunteer militaries? The rebels constantly harass people to join up with them. Remember how much grief they gave Han Solo, who had a very legitimate reason to take care of his own private business, for not wanting to fight with them? Who wants a soldier who is not 100% motivated and dedicated to their cause? And speaking of dedicated, have you

noticed that every time a Stormtrooper goes down to rebel fire in man-to-man combat his buddies seem to check if he's OK. Have you ever seen the rebels do that?

Also, the construction of large-scale defense projects like the Death Star, or those Star Destroyers, must require thousands of skilled workers. You cannot build something that large and complex with simple slave labor. These have to be good-paying, hi-tech jobs that are the backbone of any advanced economy. This shows that the Empire rewards good ideas and hard work.

Now comes the question, what do the rebels want? As alluded to above, before the war there was some semblance of a democratic government. It seems that the rebels would rather destroy it than try to change things from within. Like the Irish Republican Army, they seem intent on accomplishing with violence what they could not do at the ballot box. It seems that they are fighting simply for the sake of fighting. Operating remarkably similar to the Nicaraguan Sandinistas, conducting guerrilla operations while calling themselves "freedom fighters". It looks as if they are intent on land, or planet, redistribution or some other social buffoonery that plays well with the media but rarely works in real life. And then they go and maintain a princess. If there is a princess there has to be some autocrat calling the shots for the Rebel Alliance. This isn't how a democratic government works. Yes the Empire had an Emperor, but he was originally Senator Palpatine. It is reasonable to conclude that he took over leadership only after there was no way to keep the representative government operational.

Fine, the rebels won the war. Give them some credit. But now the hard part comes. With their new found freedom comes responsibility. Are they up to maintaining a galactic civilization. We'll have to wait and see, as we don't know how long it will take George Lucas to finish up the final three parts of this saga.

FILASKI: A MAN FULL OF HATE

By Keith Filaski

This has been a week filled with concerts the likes of which I have never seen before, and, with any luck, will never see again.

Laibach, March 7 at Irving Plaza, was, to say the very least, horribly disappointing. Granted, they were never the best industrial band around, but they have their share of hits. And even though I disliked their latest album, I figured that this would still be a show worth seeing. Such songs as "Gubert Einer Nation" and "Life is Life", which in their original recordings sound like industrial German marching music for the most part, were turned into guitar rock, almost punk, songs. Their version of the Rolling Stones' "Sympathy For The Devil", as well as all of their other songs, shared similar fates.

The horror was only magnified by the singer's deep bass vocals which, though passable for industrial, barely fit their more techno-like albums, and sucked shit for punk rock. Imagine Barry White singing for the Sex Pistols. And, if you have seen the singer, you know that he looks as scary as his voice is. Not to mention the God complex this guy has. He continuously put his arms back in a standard cruciform pose during the five or six songs with religious references in them that I had to suffer through. I can't believe that I paid money



Laibach

to see some emaciated guy who thinks he is Jesus — and sounds like Kermit the Frog's evil twin with a throat problem — run around stage and yell about shit that no one cares about. I say no one cares because in the past, their lyrics were filled with meaningful religious, philosophical, and political ideas but that has all turned into a joke with the commercial crap that they are now doing. Their last album sounded like KMFDM, for God's sake.

The cheesy metalhead blowing his party horn in front of me for half the show did not help, either.

Also at Irving Plaza this week were the Cranes. I have far fewer complaints about this show, however. They were far from bad, but they could have been much better.

The majority of the show was off of their newest album, *Population 4* (Dedicated), which is more calm than their past albums. On songs like "Tangled Up", although well performed, the calmness created such a mood that the performing energy of the band, present during past tours, seemed lost or untaped. It is possible to be energetic while playing slow songs, but the Cranes don't pull it off exceedingly well.

On older songs, such as "Jewel", the loss of energy was also apparent. It was nice to hear an older song, however, and it wasn't a horrific experience. After all, they aren't Laibach.

Opening for the Cranes was Rasputina, a band

whom I enjoy only in short bursts. They are comprised of three cello players, one also singing, and a drummer. They sounded good, but the lack of any change in sound made the songs begin to blend into one another after a while. The only slight salvations were singer Melora Creager's odd comments in between songs, something about Howard Hughes rolling around in his own feces, and their most popular song, "Transylvanian Concubine", which was well played and broke the monotony with its catchy lyrics and melody.

I must also make a comment about the two dickheads in white t-shirts who were bouncing around like it was a metal show. I think they were still pumped from the Metallica show and decided to let it out on the unsuspecting Cranes crowd. "The Cranes? Like, industrial machinery, like bulldozers and shit? Rockin'. We're there." Assholes.

Not even worth describing was *Dystopia 1* at Industry in Island Park, on the 14th. Some of their albums are decent, but don't see them live.

Opening for them were Phylr, featuring members of Cop Shoot Cop. They were actually pretty catchy. Noise with a dance industrial beat. They are a band to keep an eye on. So to wrap it up: Laibach are beyond help, the Cranes need more caffeine in their diet, Rasputina need more flavor, *Dystopia 1* don't bother with, and Phylr are still in infancy. What a shitty week.

Upcoming shows which I hope not to hate: Uranium 235 with Nefarious at Industry on March 21, Chemlab with Black Rain at Industry in April, and Prodigy at Irving Plaza on April 22.

It Was All A Dream...

By M. Chemas

I am writing this on Monday, March 10th and have, so far, managed to stay away from the media blitz rap music in general and Biggie Smalls in particular must be receiving.

I woke up Sunday morning to the phone ringing. After chortling out a hung-over hello a close friend's voice answered me. "Biggie Smalls is dead. Drive by. Call me later." Stunned, eventually I drifted back into sleep. When I woke again three hours later the conversation was forgotten. I hit the remote and my stereo came alive, all amber and green in the room's semi-darkness. Caught the tail end of "One More Chance" on 97.1. The earlier conversation came flooding back. *Immediately* turned off the stereo. The last thing I wanted to hear was some moron eulogizing the late rapper in any way that would contaminate the way I felt about him.

Ready To Die was released in 1994, as I struggled under the weight of financial burdens and an educational dilemma. My daily activities consisted of driving around aimlessly all day and, at night, a club scene that served as the backdrop for an alcohol induced haze. "Juicy" became my anthem as I struggled my way back to reality and eventually, academia.

In the year to follow, as I found myself working two full time jobs, I heard Christopher Wallace in the back of my head exhorting me to go "from negative to positive". I only *could* hear him in the back of my head because playing rap music was generally off limits at my day job. No surprise there.

Christopher Wallace (known to his fans as Biggie) was gunned down in cold blood this weekend past. He was not the random victim of a drive-by shooting, as talking media heads unfamiliar with the 'street' vernacular would have you believe. He was not a "gangs-ta rapper" either, as anyone familiar with his lyrics could tell you. He was a young, vibrant, talented Black

man. He was the father of two young children that will now grow up fatherless. He is one more individual that has died too early in an ever growing dilemma in the Black community.

This is, ultimately, the biggest tragedy to result from what has happened. Christopher Wallace, born the 19th of February of 1973 was the same age as I. Since his birth, however, his prospects for living a long life were much dimmer than my own. As a Black man, born in New York City, his prospects for living a long life had already been crippled by the sad reality of the continuing onslaught against the Black race in these United States. Last year's confirmation that the CIA was funneling drugs into Black and Latino neighborhoods was no surprise to those of us aware of the attempts of the U.S. Government to systematically eradicate what it perceives to be the poorer and less productive of its citizens.

While politicians decry the escalation of violence in our urban centers, we who live there shake our heads in disbelief, knowing full well that the factors that lead to these conditions have little priority in the larger public domain. Of course there are too many guns on the street. The last time I checked, they were not being manufactured in Bed-Sty, rather they are the by-product of the ever growing influence of the NRA. Too many drugs on the street? Why send arms to a country like Colombia, rather than helping map out a plan to relieve the egregious disparity in income lev-

els there that makes growing the coca plant a viable option. Crime is rampant in poorer communities because every day people are paid less to do the same work. Herein lies the real crime.

Unfortunately, due to the propaganda that so obfuscates the reality of the hip-hop community, Wallace's untimely death will be marked as the eventual result of his violent life. *This is just not true.* Already I have

seen early reports of the murder describing Biggie as a 'former crack dealer' who bought legitimacy by 'talking tough of his former street days'. When the CEO of a major corporation (someone invariably responsible for the exploitation of hundreds, if not, thousands of laborers) dies, the media rarely points out his responsibility in the plight of the various families he left income-

less in the ongoing pursuit of down-sizing. Biggie's message was a positive one, if you don't believe me, listen to a track called "Respect" on his award winning debut album.

The danger inherent in speaking or writing about someone after their death is that danger of portraying them as a saint or a demon. I recognize this, and to borrow a phrase from an episode past, I will say he was neither; he was a human being, as capable of error or right as anyone of us. More talented than most of us. I hope this is the way he will be remembered.



Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger



Helmet, *Aftertaste* (Interscope)

Helmet is alternative music's best one-trick pony. That one-trick is the ability to make hardcore songs with chunky guitar riffs and the occasional experimental melody. Singer/songwriter/guitarist Page Hamilton has at least one degree in music theory, and in addition to being a massive jazz aficionado, has recorded with guitar innovator Casper Brotzmann-Masaaker. So why do the majority of the songs sound the same?

Let's give the man a little credit. He's done some things that violate the norm. Helmet's last album, *Betty*, had a jazz instrumental (which eventually collapsed into a bath of feedback and bent guitar strings) and a few lighter songs that probably had some clueless "hahd-coah" kids scratching their hairless heads in confusion.

But that was in the past, and besides, the wench is dead. After the extensive touring and mixed reviews of *Betty*, Helmet has emerged from the studio with an album that probably comes the closest to the band's trademark sound. There are almost no experimental tracks on *Aftertaste*, only a few moments here and there where one imagines Hamilton tinkering with the sound a bit.

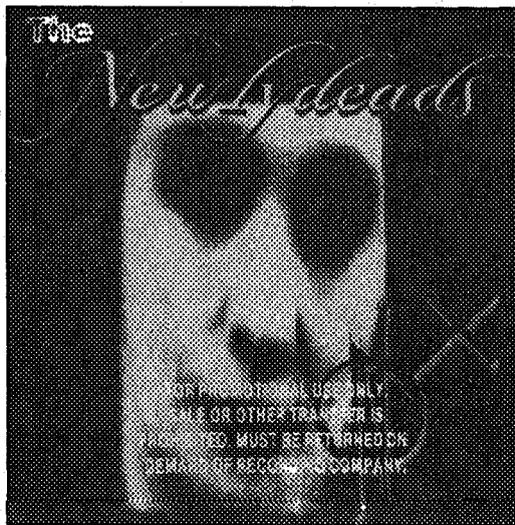
In recent interviews, Hamilton has stated that Helmet's sound on album was truest on their landmark release, *Meantime*, and that he'd like to get back to that now. That's what the band is about. They've stretched their creative muscles, found the result to be neither bad nor good (but certainly less fun than the norm), and put out an album of songs that are, without a doubt, "Helmet songs".

Which is not a way of saying that this album is bad, or even boring. Far from it. Helmet is basically a hit-or-miss operation, but every hit is a bona fide home run, and this album is chock full of them. Everything that makes Helmet a good band is present in spades: the hard riffs that open the album on "Pure", the intricate and soaring guitar fades on "Like I Care" and "Crisis King", the juggernaut tempo on "Birth Defect". Those moments in the past where Helmet transcended the boundaries of a basic band and entered the realm of truly awe-inspiring modern music were few and far between. Now, Hamilton fulfills the musical promise he's shown before, evoking emotions from his guitar that his lyrics cannot. "Crisis King", a song about reacting to panic and, well, crisis, ends with a guitar solo so jumpy and startled that one almost becomes afraid. And the thick pattern of notes laid down at the climax of "Like I

Care" are so haunting and desolate that it brings a tear to the eye.

In fact, the album is really outstanding, despite the fact that it's a plain old Helmet disc with no strings attached. My only complaint is Hamilton's lyrics, which have grown more straight-forward and, as their clarity increases, more accusatory. With a more linear focus on his side, Hamilton reveals himself as feeling at least slightly holier-than-thou. His tendency to blatantly point out the faults in others is (perhaps consciously) reflected in the lyrics to "Birth Defect": "All the good that you discover/In people that you hate/Draw them close and pencil thin/Then they're easy to erase".

Page's difficulty in expressing his hatred of those things which make humanity weak is something he'll have to overcome if he wants his music to transcend the genre limits of hardcore and move up to a higher level. In the meantime, though, his social accusations will always be set to a fantastic soundtrack.

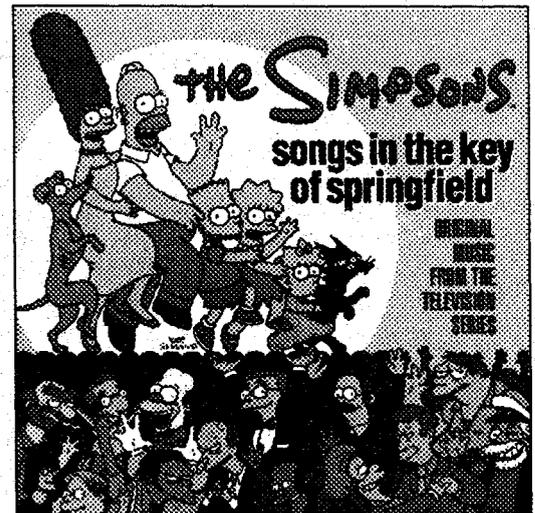


The Newlydeads, *The Newlydeads* (Mutiny)

Confidential to MW: Hey, buddy! Sorry you've been taking such a harsh rap in the pages of this newspaper lately. I like evil heavy metal as much as you! Vader, Burzum, Tribe of Kali — you name it, I like it. And I know you're a big fan of it, too. So when I got the self-titled debut by the Newlydeads, an outfit which — according to the shrinkwrap sticker — supposedly has members of Pigface among its illustrious ranks, I thought of you.

They sound just like our favorite, Marilyn Manson! Everything we want is here. It's got a predominantly black cover with a lot of faux-Goth imagery: pale faces, clashing colors, odd hieroglyphs, and a painting of Jesus Christ modified to appear as if it's being sucked down a drain. The music is a blend of heavy metal guitar, industrial synth, and aggro drumming; the lyrics mock modern issues by using clever puns and shock-value guerrilla tactics. With song titles like "Skin Tight Skin", "Prick", and "Suffercation", this has got to be good!

Listen, these guys are really deep, and I think their ability to imitate a band like Marilyn Manson shows talent and complexity. And I have enough knowledge to be able to pinpoint the next big thing... remember what I said about Bush, that night at the RollerRink Slushee Bar?



The Simpsons, *Songs In The Key Of Springfield* (Rhino)

Like most Rhino releases, this is going to thoroughly excite a small group of people. Sometime between compiling useless archives (*Instrumental Commercial Soundtracks, 1950 - 1960*, and the like), the record label has gotten around to taking all of the "songs" from the Simpsons animated TV show and putting them on disc.

Most of the hits are here. "We Do (The Woodcutter's Song)", a Christmas jingle with Robert Goulet, "Dr. Zaius Dr. Zaius", "Chimpman A to Chimpman Z". All of them are outstandingly good commentaries on whatever subject they're skewering, from *Planet of the Apes* to *Schoolhouse Rocks!* Of course, they won't make too much sense to people who haven't seen the shows. There are a few songs here culled from episodes I've missed (some of which I haven't even heard about secondhand), and they lose a lot of their intended impact without the proper context in which to put them.

But that's almost inconsequential. No one's going to buy this album unless they're a Simpsons fan, and usually, a Simpsons fan's friends are also mostly Simpsons fans. Kudos to Rhino for releasing an album that's a lot more accessible than most of their other releases, regardless of whether or not they left out "Cleatus the Slack-Jawed Yokel's Song" and "Sideshow Bob Sings *HMS Pinafore*".

I checked in on Radio Free Wednesdays the other week, and was immensely glad to see that it was working out. The crowd was decent, the band was decent, and all in all, the experience was fun. There will be more information about this program in next issue, hopefully, but for now, be content to know that if you're looking for local bands who are *not* performing covers (Grateful Dead and otherwise), Wednesdays at The Spot is the place to go. This Wednesday, My Favorite is playing. I first saw My Favorite at Bean Spill 94, a mini-festival of modern rock and punk bands in the bi-level lounge. They put on a good show, get the audience on their feet, and sound like a hipper, sleeker John Hughes-movie '80s band. If that's your cup of tea, The Spot is on the second floor of the Fanny Brice Complex in Roosevelt Quad.

Obscure Sub-Cultures: Vol. 6

By John Giuffo

Label Whores

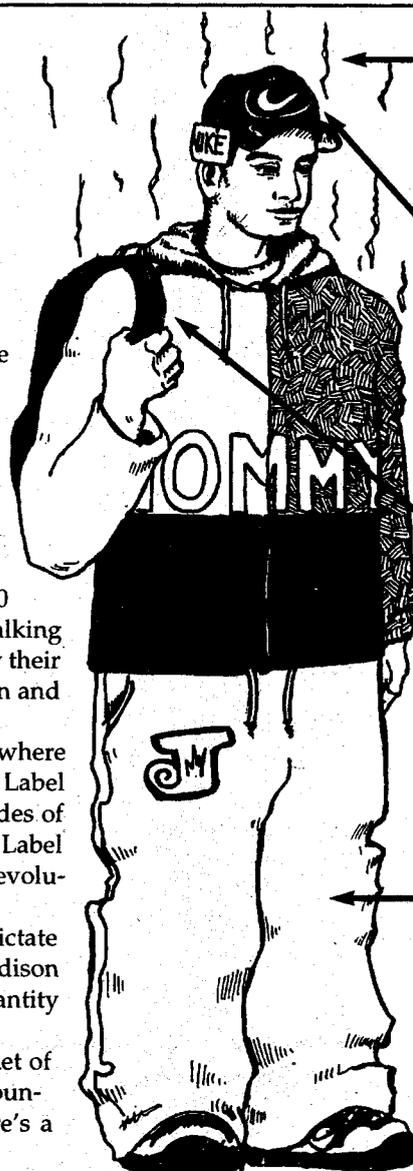
In this installment of *Obscure Sub-Cultures*, we examine the *Details*™ magazine-reading, MTV's™ *The Grind*©-watching, Aeropostale™/Jean Country™/Gap™-shopping robots called Label Whores.

Even before you see them, they accost you with a permeating array of colognes. Whether it's CK One™, Lagerfeld Photo™, Drakkar Noir™ or Fahrenheit™, the label whore is well-bathed in whatever cat-piss is currently being hawked to them on the third page of *GQ*™. Having choked you on \$50 toilet water, the Label Whore soon appears in full view, a walking billboard for the "in" look, helping corporate America solidify their hold on the minds of our country's most mindless young men and women.

The Label Whore's hive mentality creates a social structure where all but the most financially viable, up-to-date members of the Label Whore sub-culture constantly fight to stay current, lest the tides of change leave a Label Whore cast into the role of "Last Year's Label Whores," a position two rungs above ass lint on the socio-evolutionary ladder.

Fed on a diet of music and criticism from friends which dictate that the Label Whore see the world through the eyes of a Madison Avenue ad exec, the Label Whore is a shining example of quantity over quality.

In the land of the free, the home of the brave, and the pocket of the corporation, the Label Whore justifies the salaries of the country's top marketing directors, proving once again, that there's a sucker born every minute. No doubt, son.



Cologne Cloud: In a constant bid to out-odor his friends, the Label Whore wears whatever cologne is in, and he wears a lot of it. Tons of it. Not satisfied with the visual logo-assault he perpetrates on all he passes, he isn't happy unless he sings the nostrils of every person in every elevator he shares. If a little is good, then a lot must be madd phat.

Nike™ Hat: "Yo, check it out, son, I gots tha madd stupid phat hat. Nike an' shit. Yo, an' check it out, son, I left the tag on so I can show all how much money I bent over and let Nike take me for. Yo, G, I wear my stupidity like a trophy, son." **Note: Hip, "street" terminology may not be up to the latest Label Whore requirements. Label Whore-speak evolves at a dizzyingly breakneck pace.*

Jansport™ Bag: If the Label Whore *must* carry books, and least he can carry books in the same bag that everyone else carries books in. With one or two multicolored zipper-pulls, the Label Whore's ticket to fashion-land is in hand.

Tommy Hilfiger™ Windbreaker: All the folks "in the know" shop at the Tanger outlet in Riverhead. Tommy Hil, 'hood cheap: street credibility in nylon, son.

Janco™ Jeans: They're baggy, they're "in," and therefore, Label Whore buys them. With brand name prominently displayed, Label Whore says, "Look, I spent \$70 on pants!"

Sketchers™: Number 35 in a sneaker collection which nears triple digits, the Label Whore's new sneakers are spotless, well-maintained shoes of status. In a world where self-worth is measured by what you wear, the Label Whore shouts, "Hey! I'm worth something. I must be, I spent \$150 on shoes!"

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES

By John Giuffo

The new video's in heavy rotation, kids.

Am I worried? Nah. After every one of their albums are released, mainstream radio and music critics hail The Mighty Mighty Bosstones as "the next big thing."

"Pictures to Prove It," "Someday I Suppose," and "Where'd You Go?" were all small hits, prompting dj's threats of breaking the band into the mainstream. Ska as a musical genre has been looked at the same way, with promoters and record execs all expecting a "ska explosion," and the Bosstones, as faithful practitioners of the music, are left with the responsibility of heralding the music's arrival.

The world of music has yet to see this. No Doubt, Goldfinger and Rancid have all had hits that have been informed by ska to a greater or lesser extent, yet they have yet to translate their success to a widespread acceptance of ska as a whole.

The Bosstones, being true to their roots, are musicians whose efforts and image carry forth a tradition started in the early '60's, through the late '70's/ early '80's Two-Tone movement, to a modern ska ethic. The music is still about challenging stereotypes, having fun in the face of adversity and providing warnings of folly to its listeners, yet it has matured, expanded and diversified.

Debates rage on the internet as to the "credibility" of one type of ska over another, with purists calling modern ska a soul-less sellout, and new jack rudies calling the purists uncompromising nostalgia-lovers. Neither group is 100% correct.

Music evolves. Like every other creative endeavor, music takes what has come before and changes it, sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. There's nothing new, but there are new ways of doing what has been done before. The Bosstones play an evolved, true-to-their-roots brand of ska, while at the same time, congealing their sound into something modern radio can latch on to to sell air time to advertisers.

The new Bosstones album, entitled "Let's Face It," is the Bosstones at their most mature. Getting older involves coming to terms with a number of issues, and this album seems to reflect the bands struggle with this reality. The title can refer to a number of issues surrounding the Bosstones, such as the sell-out issue, and the change in their music over the years.

Ska-Core, as the ska/hardcore blend the Bosstones play has been called, incorporates much heavier, more aggressive elements than more traditional ska bands. At least, this used to be the case. "Let's Face It" is a slowed-down, more "two-toney" effort than what we've come to expect from the Bosstones, and it seems directed at those critics of the band who assert that Bosstones are not ska. Lets Face It, they are.

Songs like, "Royal Oil," "The Rascal King," "Noise Brigade," and the first single, "The Impression That I Get," are straight-up,

no frills ska. The roots reggae present in the album is so plentiful, that the band can even be seen as changing direction, slowing down, exploring their talents in a more traditional way. Don't get me wrong, the old Bosstone sound is still here, it's just finer, more groovy, solid.

"The Impression That I Get", as I mentioned before, is in heavy rotation on MTV, and it actually looks as if this is the single that will do it for them. It's fun, danceable, a good sing-along, and "in." Am I worried? Nah.

Trends come and go and come again, but the music remains. And it's the music that matters. I'm going to go see the Bosstones next Wednesday at Webster Hall, and I'm looking forward to it. Yes, there will be a ton of assholes there that have no idea about the music other than the fact that the few singles they've heard make them want to dance, and yes, there will be assholes there whose only reason for going to the show will be to vent their aggressions. Fine, who cares? The music will be there, and the music will always be there and when the trend dies, and the only people going to Bosstones shows are people there to see the Bosstones. And the music will be there. The music will remain.

So what if things get a little bit ugly before that time comes? The Bosstones prefer it that way.



¡ELVIS PARA PRESIDENTE!

By David M. Ewalt

"Politics is not the art of the possible. It consists in choosing between the disastrous and the unpalatable."

-John Kenneth Galbraith

"Elections are held to delude the populace into believing that they are participating in government."

Gerald Lieberman

"Public office is the last refuge of the incompetent."

-Boies Penrose

In past years Stony Brook has existed within a leadership vacuum. From the near-criminal incompetence of Crystal Plati to the misadventures of Keren Zolotov, the office of Polity President has lacked guidance for years, and the students have suffered as a result.

Every spring, with the advent of Polity elections, there is a new promise of student activism and strong leadership... and then every fall we return to the depths of administrative incompetence. Polity either creates or attracts idiots.

This year, the polity elections are no different. The candidates are a dismal bunch, at best. There is, however an alternative: One of Stony Brook's unsung heroes, a real student leader, has emerged as a candidate for the office of Polity President. He represents real hope for the students of the University. His name is Elvis Duke.

Most students aren't familiar with Elvis and his commitment to the university, as he's tended to stay out of the public eye. Aside from an unsuccessful bid for the office of Polity Treasurer last spring, Elvis has performed his service to the students out of the spotlight.

Elvis Duke was born Raoul Duke in Tovar, Venezuela, the son of a German emigre and a local woman. At the age of eight, following the death of his parents, he was adopted by Thomas and Kitty Hunter, wealthy New York industrialists, and brought to the United States.

Over time, Raoul became a U.S. citizen and an outstanding member of his community. After a distinguished career in private school, he entered Stony Brook as a Political Science major.

From his first days at Stony Brook, Raoul was an active force in student government, talking to students and advising campus officials in his free time. He even had a hand in implementing policy, recommending consulting groups and helping form our current concert regulations.

Last spring, tired of the "graft and incompetence" in Polity, Raoul ran for the office of Treasurer as a write-in candidate. Despite extensive advertising and media coverage of his campaign, the ballots that students received that election day didn't include the office of Treasurer, much less a write-in box.

Outraged by what he described as a conspiracy to keep him out of office, Raoul launched a protest and investigation into the actions of Polity and the election board. Filing a protest with the State Board of Elections, Raoul made allegations of vote tampering, censorship, embezzlement, pandering, vehicular manslaughter and regicide.

The State Board rejected Raoul's complaints. Dejected, he left New York and spent the summer undergoing a "spiritual journey" through the South. Upon his return, "renewed and re-invigorated," Raoul changed his name to "Elvis" and came back to school.

Now, he's back in Stony Brook's political scene, this time running for the office of President.

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

Question: *Let's begin by talking about the unusual conditions of your campaign. You're running as a write-in candidate again... why did you decide to take this approach, considering what happened last time?*

Duke: I realized last Spring that the corruption in Polity is even further-reaching than I thought. My failure to receive justice in that situation proved that Polity is not to be trusted, and I know full well that if I'd tried to get on the ballot as a regular candidate they would have found some way to disqualify me. I'm running as a write-in candidate because it keeps me at the furthest distance from the powers that be.

Q: *You really believe that there's a conspiracy to keep you out of office?*



Elvis Duke's Campaign Poster

D: Absolutely. Look, the evidence is as clear as day. When I ran last year everybody on campus knew about my campaign. I had posters, speeches, interviews in the newspaper... it was common knowledge that there was going to be a write-in candidate. We're not living in a democracy, though. There is a self-contained power structure—a secret government—within Polity that really makes decisions, and one of the decisions they make is who's going to hold office... who'll be their puppets. I wasn't going to be one of their toys, though, so they torpedoed my campaign.

Q: *Hold on... "secret government?" What are you referring to?*

D: The officers of Polity don't really do anything... they're just a front. They vote and act according to what they're told to do, and they take the heat from the students and the media. Meanwhile, behind the scenes there is the real power structure, the people who really make the decisions and run the government. This isn't just people influencing the executive board... it's an organized cabal of people with influence and intent.

Q: *Who are these people?*

D: I don't know who all of them are... they don't meet in person very often. As far as I can tell, the chairs are filled according to position elsewhere in the University. There's a spot for a few people from Administration, someone from Polity bookkeeping, the Yearbook editor, a professor, a fraternity president, someone from the Humanities cafe... and a couple others.

Q: *And they run Polity, from behind the scenes?*

D: Right. And since I know about their plans and will not cooperate, they're doing whatever they can to keep me out of office.

Q: *So what will you do if you get into office?*

D: The important thing about my candidacy is that I'm not going to bow to the power structure. As President, I will do everything in my power to return Polity to a more equitable organization. I'll limit voting rights and abolish the election board... that way we can make sure only real students vote and that the right people get into office. I also have a problem with the way Polity wastes student money. We need to stop throwing money away on cultural and artistic stuff.

Q: *The biggest issue facing Stony Brook right now is budget cuts and the associated tuition increases. As President, what would you do to address this problem?*

D: This is another of my big issues. The students of this campus have been deluded and tricked by the power structure. There is a serious budgetary problem in our state and it's only fair that the SUNY shares some of the cuts. We may face some minor tuition raises in the future, but hey, suck it up! This is the real world, kids, and sacrifices must be made.

Q: *Budget problems will also result in cuts to academic departments. As Polity President, how would you handle this situation?*

D: I'm all for trimming some fat. Look, there's sixty zillion different departments here... we're pumping money into all sorts of stupid disciplines. Classical Studies... Slavic Languages... Women's Studies... Art... what the hell do we need all of those for? I say we cut all the departments which don't train people to get real jobs. Don't give me this "humanities" crap.

Q: *What makes you a better candidate than your opponents?*

D: Because I am an independent, self-motivated person. My opponents have become irrevocably linked to the secret power structures of USB and are little more than pawns. Stony Brook needs an outsider to come in and clean house.

Q: *Any closing statements to the voters?*

D: I want everybody to come out and vote for me. Their future depends on it.