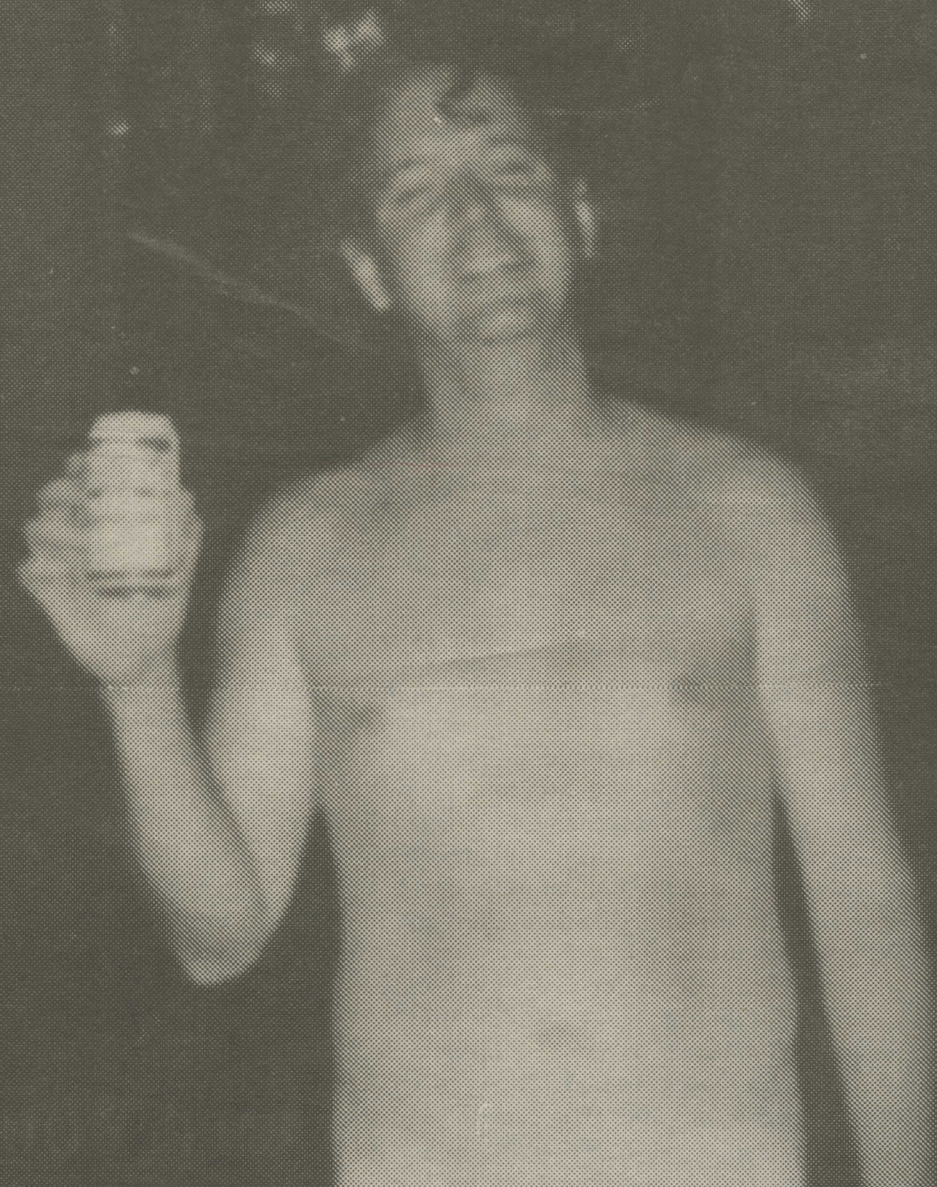


MAN OF THE YEAR
PRESS



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ROB GILHEANY

INSIDE: THE 1997 SHIRLEY AWARDS

Fighting AIDS...One Mile at a Time

By Joanna Wegielnik

This coming September 12, thousands of intrepid bicyclists will hit the streets of countless American cities to participate in one of five Tanqueray's American AIDS Rides to raise money for HIV/AIDS related community services. Bound by a strong sense of commitment and desire to make a difference in the struggle against AIDS, riders, young and old, professional and amateur, will partake in one of the most successful AIDS fundraising efforts in history.

This year's itineraries include rides in Chicago, Philadelphia to D.C., Boston to New York, and extended tours in Florida and California. Last year, nearly 11,000 riders participated, raising more than \$25 million for AIDS services in their respective communities. This year's events promise to be even bigger and better.

Each rider is expected to raise a minimum of \$1500 in pledges from family and friends prior to the September departure date. And although the pledge requirement seems daunting to potential

"I had accomplished something for the first time in my life. And that was a wild feeling... It changed me. I thought I was just goin' on a bike ride."
—AIDS Rider Matthew Tapscott

riders, most folks who've participated in past AIDS Rides ended up raising hundreds, and in

some cases thousands of dollars beyond the minimum requirement. For example, the top Rider in the first California AIDS Ride raised

over \$40,000 in pledges. Fundraising is crucial to the ultimate success of the Ride, so riders are encouraged to start early and collect on their pledges ASAP.

Since the AIDS Ride is a ride, and not a race, it is open to everyone. Professional

cyclists ride alongside amateurs, sometimes folks who've never owned a bike prior to registration. For these first time novices, training is an indispensable prerequisite to individual suc-

cess in the Ride. Like fundraising, it should be started as soon as possible. Three days of intense biking, even for the most professional bicyclist, is no easy feat; plenty of time is required to prepare oneself properly for a physically and emotionally demanding task.

In order to help riders meet their training goals, the Tanqueray Support Crew organizes regular volunteer-led training

rides on weeknights and weekends, allowing folks an opportunity to train with dozens of other people striving for the same goal.



All money raised in the Ride will directly benefit community health centers at the forefront of the AIDS battle. In New York, funds raised through the Boston-N.Y. Ride 3 will ensure that the Community Health Project and the Lesbian & Gay Community Service Center, both grassroots-based medical facilities

dedicated to serving the needs of the AIDS and HIV patients, can continue to operate one more year. Many patients who frequent these facilities, are often homeless and without insurance. Supporting the CHP and L&G Community Center through the Boston-N.Y. AIDS Ride will ensure that no patient is turned away from care because they cannot afford it.

If you want to make a heroic statement of commitment in support of those living with AIDS and take on one of the biggest physical and mental challenges of your life, you are strongly encouraged to participate in the Ride. For more info., registration, and a brochure, call (212) 242-RIDE.

LOST WORDS

By Anne Ruggiero

It was early afternoon when she pulled the family car up to the traffic light on the highway just outside of Dublin. The day was already half over, yet for this busy working mother, there was still endless work to be done before her day would finish, an obvious conclusion from the mountains of paperwork spilling out of her briefcase on the seat next to her, the mobile phone turned on, and a scribbled schedule of soccer car pools taped to the dashboard. It was hot, even for late June, and she had the window rolled down, her sunglasses on, and her mind racing with the details of the latest project she was working on. Perhaps these minute details are why she didn't think twice when the motorcycle pulled up beside her car. It's probably why she didn't even notice the man in the white helmet. And perhaps it is why she didn't see him raise a semi-automatic handgun and, from two feet away, plug five bullets into her chest.

The murder of 36 year old Veronica Guerin was not just another drive-by shooting. She wasn't robbed, or raped, or held for ransom. She was not another statistic on an inner city crime report. Veronica Guerin was a newspaper reporter, and for the months previous to her death she had been investigating Dublin's world of organized crime. She had been shot before, in the thigh, her house had been the target of gangland raids, and her son was threatened several times. Yet she was determined to get at the story, to tell the public what was growing beneath the surface of their relatively peaceful city.

Guerin was what some might consider a "real"

journalist, and her death received much publicity throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland, but she was only one of many probing reporters who have been martyred in the line of duty, either killed due to treacherous conditions on assignment or assassinated to prevent their work from going to print. The majority of these cases occur in the non-western world, and we rarely hear about them. Stories go unheard, events unreported, and journalists disappear everyday. Guerin, in fact, was scheduled to make an appearance on the day after her death at a conference in London organized by the Freedom Forum entitled, "Dying to Tell a Story: Journalists at Risk". The Freedom Forum has assembled a list of 934 journalists who have been killed in the course of their work, not counting Guerin. In the same week that she was killed, three investigative reporters in Russia and the Ukraine were murdered by the people they were trying to expose. In Spain, Basque journalist Pepe Rei, who has been investigating the truth about General Galindo's death squads, was charged by the government for "collaborating with an armed organization", and remains in isolation facing an eight year sentence. The list goes on, and not all of them are foreign examples. The fact remains that the world is just waking up to the fact that journalism is not all about uncovering the bad guys in good ol' Lois-and-Clark fashion. A good reporter puts their life on the line to get to every aspect of a story and relay the information to the public. They are the only ones who can tell us what is truly happening behind the heavy doors of political office. They can probe into the civil service hierarchy and

sniff out corruption. They, alone, in cases such as Guerin's, are the ones investigating a subject that no one wants to acknowledge. They put their lives on the line every day in order to keep us informed, and the sad part is, is that so many of us don't care. When was the last time that you chose the New York Times over Cosmo? Hell, when was the last time that you bought reading material that wasn't required by a professor? There is a wealth of information that certain people work so hard to make available to us—we should not ignore it. So go on and put a copy of Newsweek in your bathroom instead of MadLibs and remember people like Veronica Guerin when you even think of picking up the National Enquirer.

**talk
back!**

Write *The Press* at:
Room 060, Student Union
Stony Brook, NY 11970-3200

email us at
sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

or call 516-632-6451

...because the Bible tells me so

By Chris Sorochin

The Press doesn't forward my hate mail, hopefully because of its sheer volume and/or the possibility that certain parcels may explode. On the off chance that no one out there despises me enough to write in, I think it's time I bashed ...The Bible!!!

Because Stony Brook, in its infinite consideration, always has classes on Easter Monday, I was never able to spend Easter Sunday with my hideously inbred kinfolk in the Appalachian foothills. So a kind friend who lived right off campus would always have a bunch of us over for a Passover Seder. I enjoyed it immensely: the bizarre ritual foods, especially the horseradish (good for my afflicted sinuses) and her mother's to-die-for matzo ball soup. Everything was ceremonially drowned in the syrupy bouquet of Mogen David ("Mad Dog" to you connoisseurs). I particularly admired how Jewish worship centers around the primal unit of the family, instead of some sterile church full of strangers (or, worse yet, neighbors). Towards the end of the evening I'd get a swell little kosher-parve buzz going and zone out listening to her father's Brooklynese-inflected Hebrew incantations.

But one little thing kept bothering me throughout the narrative of the flight from slavery. Here, I thought was G-d, who's supposed to be so wise and just, punishing everybody in Egypt for the sins of their government, a government that I'm almost certain they didn't elect. As someone who doesn't want to suffer for the sins of Pharaoh Clinton (nor those of his previous incarnations the Jackal-Headed Bush and Bonzo the Mummified, etc.) this question plagued me (yuk yuk) well into the macaroons.

And then there's the Red Sea swallowing the Egyptian soldiers. Who were these guys? Were they, like our imperial troops, people without money or education who thought they'd sign on, earn cash for college, learn a skill and see the world while putting in only two weekends a month? I have to admit I lifted this concept from author Tobias Wolff, whose novel *In Pharaoh's Army* chronicles his experiences in Vietnam.

Like the fool I am, I had actually gone ahead and read the Bible. Not just the smiley-face stuff we hear in church, but the actual dirty undergarments of the Judeo-Christian tradition.

Everyone knows that all those frightful sexual prohibitions in Leviticus and Deuteronomy, like stoning adulterers, castrating homosexuals and making everything remotely physically pleasurable unclean and sinful, have fucked-up Western civilization well unto three millennia now, so that was no real shock. What I hadn't realized was how much all those grizzled old patriarchs were into ethnic cleansing and plain old genocide. Every so often, while wandering the Sinai desert, they meet up with some other band of fanatical nomads and engage them in battles in which they are always victorious, thanks to intervention from G-d, who then orders them to put everyone to the sword "down to the last child". If they were feeling especially devout, they'd snuff the animals, too ("Kill everything that moves").

The fun really starts when the Israelites "take possession" of the Promised Land of Canaan. People called Canaanites had the gross uncouthness to be living there at the time, not realizing that they were just squatters squeegeeing the Quality of Life out of G-d's divine plan. The Book of Joshua runs crimson with the verbs "slaughter" and "exterminate" as the Children of Israel went from town to town annihilating the objectionable inhabitants, who didn't have the decency to share their ethnicity and religion, much as

the Holy Crusaders would do centuries later as they did wonderful things for G-d by washing the streets of Jerusalem in Muslim and Jewish blood. Just as our glorious American pioneers did when they wiped out all those naked heathen savages that were living and hunting on our G-d-given land. Just as the Nazis and their collaborators did in their quest to make Europe "Judenrein". Just as is still happening in Bosnia and Rwanda. Since 1945, rabbinical authorities have twisted themselves into challah loaves trying to find a way for these scriptural genocides to be acceptable to adherents that know the full horror of such a concept. They haven't been able to generate anything more convincing than the idea that the genocide in Canaan was necessary (aren't they all, according to their perpetrators?), but all subsequent ones are wrong.

My comrades of the Christian Left have hardly done better, saying it was all symbolic, or it's a nationalist myth adulterating the Word.

Well, that may be, but don't you think G-d should be smarter than to allow this obviously pernicious message to be carried down through history! The Book is the best known in Western culture and some would say it's the basis of said culture. Modern churchgoers may be unfamiliar with the sections cited above, but it's a damn sure bet that Columbus and the conquistadors and all the people who raped and enslaved Africa and burned pagans and heretics read it. Bosnian Serbs and Croats read it, so do West Bank settlers. Ulster Protestants think they're living it, and so do all our White Power Christian Identity militia friends.

Another charming Bible story you most likely didn't hear in Sunday school was that of Phineas. This righteous, godly Peeping Tom came upon a Hebrew man making love to a non Hebrew woman and immediately ran them through, skewering them together with his trusty javelin. One subgroup of the Christian Identity racist movement is the Phineas Priesthood, who claim that this story illustrates how G-d doesn't like interracial sex. They spend their time attacking and harassing "race mixers".

PHINEAS ALSO LIVES IN THE MEN'S ROOM

I blush to disclose that for the past several months I've been engaged in an extended debate on the walls of a certain public facility. It's primarily with an individual who always expresses himself through the medium of purple marking pen (fine tip). Sadly, zealous custodial staff have purged most of our sparkling discourse (well, my part was sparkling). So in the LBJ spirit of conflict escalation, I'm bringing the discussion to these august pages.

I began my career as an opinionated blabbermouth as a graffiti artist. One day, I noticed that some fool's admonition to "Please Kill Niggers" could be handily transformed into "Please Kill Biggots(sic)" and a new talent was born. Directly after the Persian Gulf disgrace, the National Guard was trying to capitalize on the newly resurrected joy of militarism with one of those little billboards that infest railroad stations. So I scrawled, in big black magic marker letters "USA: Armed and Ignorant". This so enraged some patriotic dickhead that he wrote in some obscene insults and suggested I go live with Saddam. I replied that I was staying put, but recommended that he himself go dwell with the Great Leader, as his ideas were closer to Saddam's than mine. His reply was to rip out the piece of cardboard with our exchange on it. Sensing victory, I added, "Intelligent reply. That's why you'll

always be nothing." When next I returned, the entire ad had been removed.

Luckily, being able to shoot my mouth off With Polity funding generally keeps me from such antisocial acts of property destruction. But every so often I do suffer a relapse.

My current descent into the malodorous world of shithouse philosophy began when I was ensconced in a stall and noticed that some boob had written "Fuck Israel". As you may have guessed, I'm no admirer of that country's racist, imperialist policies, but I figured that this was a slur against all Israelis, not just their slimy, land-grabbing government. So I wrote "Fuck all those who hate", a lovely sentiment. Just so nobody would get the wrong idea, I included "Free Palestine". Next time I had to avail myself of that facility's cold

stone comforts, I noticed that all kinds of garbage had been written about Arabs and Kurdistan, e.g. "Fuck Arabs", "Arabs out of Kurdistan", etc. Whoever contributed this drivel doesn't know much about Kurdistan, or he'd know that the country they resent most is Turkey, which, for those of you who failed Middle Eastern area studies, is not Arabic. It is here that Purple Pen (hereinafter referred to as PP) makes his entrance, proclaiming that they're all towel-headed fanatics and he's sick of his tax dollars and American lives being lost over there. I point out that it's our oil companies that are responsible for that. PP spurts that this is OK because we need the oil and since we're a capitalist country, what's good for Big Oil is good for everyone. He must not work for a living. When PP castigates the Muslims (he (doesn't seem to distinguish between the terrorists and the vast majority of the Muslim world) for "blowing up children and churches for Allah", I respond that we blew up children for our G-d, "Oil". He answers that he has no problem with that.

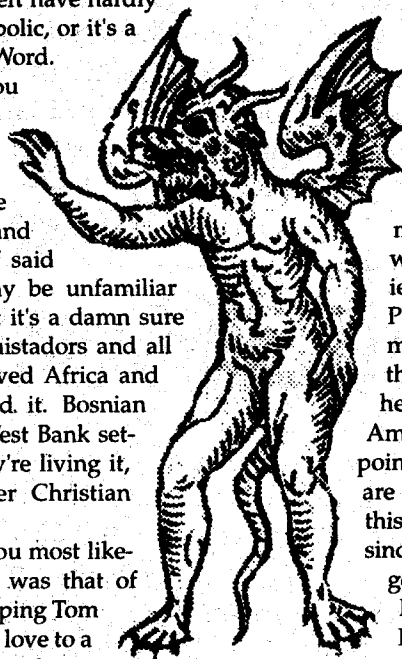
PP feels that certain people (Muslims and gays specifically) "don't deserve to live" and "must be eliminated". When queried who (the fuck) he is to decide that, "the guy with the biggest gun" was the riposte. Hmmm. I sort of doubt it. If he were, he wouldn't be here wanking away on toilet walls, would he? I diagnose paranoia, delusions of grandeur and possibly "small dick anxiety". When I playfully suggest that maybe he's the one who should be done away with, I get "Sure. Kill the messenger".

That's just our "foreign" wall. PP's unwavering trust of the power structure does not extend to the "domestic" sphere. When the powers-that-be say we need war, it's an eternal, indisputable truth. When they say we need Affirmative Action, or gun control, it's a filthy conspiratorial lie designed to screw us over.

Under the banner announcement that "Clinton is Beijing's Whore", PP and other soi-disant Republicans rightly bash Bubba for his wussified China policy. What's funny is that these Republicans have never heard of Richard Nixon, who who started cozying up to the Red commissars, or George Bush, who couldn't wait to resume trade with the slaughterers of Tiananmen Square.

So I asked the Republicans to list the ways in which Clinton differed from their party. I got back some swill about how Clinton favors Affirmative Action and Big Government. PP chimed in with his mindless complaint of how the Suffolk County Police Department gives jobs to "unqualified" individuals (who are probably members of some demographic group that doesn't deserve to live anyway) instead of stand-up (and oh-so-mentally-healthy) specimens like him. I opined that this was all to the good and he accused me of wanting to take away his sacred right to pack heat. He also said I have ambitions to run things. Be in charge of this

see "Graffiti," page 7



"The Book of Joshua runs crimson with the verbs 'slaughter' and 'exterminate' as the Children of Israel went from town to town annihilating the objectionable inhabitants..."

OH NO, NOT AGAIN!

Election season is upon us once again. Funny, it seems like we just went through this...

Generally speaking, we *Press* people are way more interested in what goes on in Polity than the average student is, but even Polity wonks like us have about had it with the whole process.

The fights and trials leading up to the re-elections on April 30th and May 1st were fascinating from a sociological, democracy-gone-bad point of view, but they were also highly demoralizing. All the parties involved in this fiasco showed themselves to be true politicians; bickering, petty, power-tripping flakes who are involved in politics for personal gain, not for the good of the students.

The electoral idiocy and subsequent judiciary action have served only to further tarnish the reputation of Polity in the minds of the student body. A group largely perceived as political and mental masturbators does not serve itself well by engaging in such behavior.

At this point, you'd be hard pressed to find a student who thought Polity was of any use besides dispensing activity fees. That's a terrible shame, because with budget cuts and tuition increases looming in the future, we need a functional student government that the students believe in.

And now we've heard from one of the candidates that he thinks he can get this election thrown out too, and the whole thing put off until Fall.

Oh no, not again...

SO LONG, FAREWELL...

Much to our surprise, every year a handful of Press Editors manage to trick the school into letting them graduate. Since we're really a family here (though a pretty dysfunctional one at that), it's always tough to see them go.

Boyd McCamish first came to our office in the fall of '95, and immediately endeared himself to us by taking bets on the Superbowl from half the guys in the office. I wish for him to always beat the spread. And Boyd- you've gotta stop betting on the Patriots.

Martha Chemas got into an argument with one of our editors during her very first staff meeting. She was making a point about money and privilege when her cell phone went off in her handbag. From then on, things only got wackier. Martha, I hope that you'll never run out of crazy things to do. I'll miss your annoyances, really.

Chris Cartusciello has spent less time in our office than many people who aren't even staff members, yet he managed to become an editor. That's a testament to his talent and complete film-geekiness. Chris, I hope you'll never run out of popcorn and that the floor won't ever be sticky.

Jeanne Nolan isn't from this planet. She's from the planet Endor, a small forest moon on the other side of the galaxy. In fact, she's actually an Ewok, a little critter who makes the office a lot more fun to be in. Jeanne isn't actually graduating, she's just transferring to another school. Jeanne, I wish you luck at your new school- watch out for storm troopers.

Antony Lorenzo isn't from around here either; he's from some weird country down under the other side of the planet. He's no Crocodile Dundee, though; he's more of a cool techno dude. Tony, may your turntables always spin and your speakers always blast.

Mike Kramer has been our cartoonist for some time now, but behind the scenes he's a lot more than that. Young Jedi, you have mastered the force and gone on to join the rebellion. I'm proud of you, man. I hope your cartoon gets picked up by a zillion papers, and that you'll be so successful that someday I'll be able to hit you up for money.

Good luck to all of you, we'll miss you. Now get the hell out of my office.

-Dave

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WINNER

1996 CAMPUS ALTERNATIVE JOURNALISM AWARDS

•BEST SENSE OF HUMOR

•HONORABLE MENTION FOR HELLRAISING

JOIN THE PRESS

Traffic Trouble

To The Editor:

At first, I didn't notice anything unusual about a USB "motorist assistant" vehicle blocking the end of the engineering loop. Apparently, its purpose was to stop any traffic from entering the area while a truck was unloading some goods. This was at 8am, on my way to class. Three hours later I walked past there again and the car was still running. The engine had been on for, I assume, three hours. If I thought I would be writing about this, I would have confronted the driver. Next time, I will.

For my next venture of observation, it was off to the Administration building. Here, I was looking for the summer class schedule. There were boxes full of them. But evidently, nobody bothered to take any schedules out and simply place them on the counter above. This was the situation for days. Needless to say, I took the liberty of distributing them myself.

So, it seems that USB has the finances to supply vehicles with plenty of gasoline, but doesn't pay faculty enough to take something out of a box and put it where students can see it.

-Kenyon Hopkin

No Alternative

AL-TER-NA-TIVE (adj)- Providing a choice BETWEEN things. 2. Appealing to UNCONVENTIONAL INTERESTS. 3. A CHOICE BETWEEN THINGS.

A definition taken from a standard Websters Dictionary, that seems to have been DISTORTED due to the fact that now it seems as if the ORIGINAL concept of "alternative" has DISAPPEARED by the will of the so-called "old-school" counter-tribes.

"Alternative" defined as a social state of consciousness was conceived as a REBEL-LION to societal MAINSTREAMS since the first time teen-agers were forced to follow the "norm" in order to "fit-in." Typically, these "alternative" teens were the out casts from groups that no one understood or who were thought of as un-cool. These "alternative" FRIENDSHIPS that formed usually HELPED a "lost teen" find their "true identity," be themselves, but MOST IMPORTANTLY, not to be AFRAID of who they were and to EXCLUDE NO ONE who felt the same way. But NOW, it seems that the "alternative" FRIENDSHIPS have turned INTO CLIQUES that EXCLUDE EVERYONE who don't subscribe to the current fashion trends.

As we meander through this field of NON-REALITY that is Stony Brook, We are BOMBARDED by the TREND "WANNA-BEES" who walk around and scoff at other people who wear the same outfits as them. With their cool, shiny chain-wallets and rainbow-colored hair, they are OUT TO PROVE that they are "COOLER" than the so-called ridiculous "sorority chick" who

walks by with her platform shoes, short pleated skirt and combed hair, or the "frat-boy" with his nut-hugging jeans and his pressed button down shirt.

The TRUTH is, the PEOPLE that these "alternative" CLIQUES make fun of, HAVE BECOME THE ALTERNATIVE. These "alternative" CLIQUES have EXPLOITED the concept so much, and have ALIENATED so many PEOPLE with their insults that many people who subscribed in the past to the counter-culture are MOVING AWAY from it because of it's newest manifestation, which is BULLSHIT.

The counter-culture of the PAST was a GREAT EXPERIENCE because the PEOPLE held on to an ethic that let people BE what they wanted to BE. NO ONE was insulted because of the way that they dressed or who they made FRIENDS with. These BOGUS trend-followers of today wouldn't even consider you for a FRIENDSHIP if you don't have a body piercing, other than the left ear, hoop earring that made "guidos" famous.

As last semester seniors, we both can breath a sigh of relief and say that DEALING with Stony brook's "alternative" CLIQUES are at an END. It is a shame that an ETHIC with such a strong, positive sentiment was REDUCED to a drug-worshipping, fashion conscious, bias-riddled MAINSTREAM that it is today and will be FOREVER in its current form.

We both hope that the NEXT "alternative" movement will include the INCLUSION of all people DESPITE their ethnic backgrounds, or fashion tastes. We are confident, that this latest FAD of Kurt Cobain lovers will die out and the FUNDAMENTALS of a true counter-culture will arise again. But until that time comes, if you really want an "alternative,"

Brush your hair, wash your clothes and join a sorority or fraternity. You'll have to pay for your friends, but they will take anyone who PAYS. Get the point?

- Matt and Casey

[Editor's Note: Hey that's really DEEP man you SURE are HIP. You guys must be PRETTY cool to be so DOWN WITH all this CULTURAL stuff. It must feel really GOOD to point out the SHORTCOMINGS of OTHERS and be so far ABOVE EVERYONE else. I sure wish I was COOL like you back when COOL meant SOMETHING. And to THINK, all this TIME I thought being ALTERNATIVE really MEANT not JUDGING OTHERS. I guess I was WRONG- you GUYS are OBVIOUSLY really HAPPENING, and LOOK how JUDGMENTAL you ARE.]

Polity Notice

The Student Polity Association, Inc. Spring 1997 Elections will be held on Wednesday, April 30th and Thursday, May 1, 1997 from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.

The petition period for candidates will be on April 24th & 25th, 1997.

Contact the Polity Office for further information at 632-6460.

A Modest Proposal

A MODEST PROPOSAL TO IMPROVE SERVICE ON THE LONG ISLAND RAIL ROAD

WHEREAS, the public transport system known as the Long Island Rail Road comes to resemble less and less a product of modern civilization, with frequent delays constantly malfunctioning equipment and an appalling lack of cleanliness on the trains themselves, despite a raise in fares and

WHEREAS, the current political climate makes it all but impossible to allot funding to any program whose purpose might be to make life in these United States more pleasant, healthy and/or humane for any but the wealthiest; and

WHEREAS, the Pentagon continues to be the only government entity to be funded adequately (some would say luxuriously and uncritically. In fact, for the past two years, our national leaders have voted to give the Pentagon billions more than its leaders even requested to fund weapons systems the brass say are outmoded or defective. Apparently, all those shortsighted generals don't understand the value to national defense, as professional politicians do, Or lining the coffers of arms makers as they, in turn, lay off thousands of workers in highly profitable mergers,\$\$\$\$\$

NOW, THEREFORE, WE PROPOSE, that the LIRR be removed from the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Transit Authority and placed under the auspices of the Department of "Defense". Trains can be outfitted to carry nuclear warheads and, for once, move at high speeds. Station buildings and platforms can be retooled as launch areas for "smart" bombs. And Special Forces counterinsurgency troops can practice interrogation and torture techniques on anyone caught loitering on railroad property.

We commuters would take special pride in being so close to what our nation has come to be all about and, with all those deadly devices around, the daily grind of riding the rails will take on an existential, even death-defying, allure. This is only the beginning. If this program proves successful, maybe we can also get proper funding for our schools and health care facilities simply by making them over as implements of mass destruction. No politician would dare vote to cut school lunches or prenatal care if it would deprive the armaments industry. For more information, write:

Commuters for Total Militarization
2 D Perry St.
Port Jefferson, NY 11776

LOUIS FARRAKHAN AND THE WHITE CONSERVATIVES

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

PART I OF TWO PARTS
By Dr. Manning Marable



Politics makes strange bedfellows. Consider the case of Louis Farrakhan. Two years ago at the Million Man March Farrakhan symbolized for many, a strong black challenge to

white authority. But even then there were signs that many white Republicans were comfortable with Farrakhan's message of self help, entrepreneurship and social conservatism.

The budding romance between Farrakhan and white conservatives finally flowered several weeks ago at a luxury retreat in Boca Raton, Florida. Farrakhan was the guest of Jude Wanniski, an influential right-wing economist who has served as an advisor to both Ronald Reagan and former Vice-Presidential candidate Jack Kemp. The guest list at Wanniski's gathering read like the directory of white conservatism: Robert Novak and Rowland Evans, conservative columnists; House budget Chairman John Kasich; and Republican Senator John Ashcroft.

Robert Novak, a bitter opponent of both affirmative action and civil rights in general, cooed like a lovestruck teenager over Farrakhan.

Novak wrote that Farrakhan "was knocking on the Republican Party's door," and argued that "some response might be appropriate."

Novak understood that in the context of the American political system, "Minister Farrakhan has been branded an anti-Semite and no repudiation of bigotry by him will suffice. He is viewed with such loathing by the Jewish community that any effort to talk with him to pursue racial harmony is prohibited." Yet from the standpoint of white conservatism, Novak and others have recognized that Farrakhan shares many of their reactionary values. For example, black conservative radio commentator Armstrong Williams praised Farrakhan's emphasis on self help, declaring to Novak "He sounds like us."

However, the real story behind the Boca Raton meeting was far more complex than the recent headlines revealed. What was really at work was a convergence of parallel interests, rather than a political marriage. White conservatives had come calling to Farrakhan because both parties recognized they can use each other for their own respective purposes.

Let us try to interpret this event from the perspective of Minister Farrakhan. The Million Man March of October, 1995, was unquestionably the largest public gathering of African Americans in U.S. history. The NAACP and establishment politicians clearly have lost legitimacy and touch with the masses of their own people. Farrakhan should have become a major U.S. figure at that time, because no other public leader could have brought one million people into the

streets anywhere in the country.

However, Farrakhan was unable to consolidate any lasting political capital from this massive event. The National African-American Leadership Summit headed by Chavis proved to be badly organized and ineffective. There was little political follow-up with the hundreds of local march organizing committees.

Outside of the black community a number of both liberal and conservative white leaders still refused to have anything to do with him. The Nation of Islam's (NOI) private security firm had been pushed out of contracts protecting public housing projects with the Federal government. Farrakhan and NOI speakers were often harassed and barred from campuses. Indirectly, black leaders who have had dealings with Farrakhan in the past were severely pressured to denounce him. The best example here is Kweisi Mfume, head of the NAACP. When Mfume was a member of Congress it was not unusual for him to visit the local NOI temple in Baltimore. Mfume himself, as head of the Congressional Black Caucus, had endorsed efforts to build unity between black elected officials, the NAACP then led by Benjamin Chavis, and the NOI.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and the Director of the Institute for Research in African-American Studies, Columbia University, New York City. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 300 publications throughout the U.S. and internationally.

MOTHERHOOD, APPLE PIE AND "VOLUNTEERISM"

By Norman Solomon

Get ready for a heavy dose of hoopla about "volunteerism" at the end of this month, when we'll be seeing profuse media coverage of the Presidents' Summit for America's Future. For Bill Clinton, the summit in Philadelphia -- which he's co-hosting with George Bush -- is the political equivalent of a slam dunk. Fervent appeals for volunteers to save our young people are sure to generate plenty of cheers.

With 2,000 delegates expected from around the country, the White House assumes that the news media will treat the spectacle with apple-pie reverence. After all, only a nitwit doubts that Americans should go out of their way to help each other.

We've been here before. Remember President Bush's "Thousand Points of Light"? Near the close of the 1980s -- with much of the nation reeling from "trickle down" economics that subsidized the rich and undermined the rest of us -- Bush launched a major rhetorical drive to promote voluntary good deeds.

Countless news stories boosted the volunteer theme. Typical was a Christian Science Monitor article published in November 1989 under the headline "A Thousand Points of Light to Shine."

The Monitor breathlessly reported that Bush "will be asking every commercial establishment to join voluntarily in efforts to find solutions for such problems as illiteracy, dropouts, drug abuse, unwed teen pregnancy, youth delinquency and suicide, AIDS, homelessness, hunger, unemployment and loneliness."

Then, as now, the man in the Oval Office was

anxious to have it both ways -- cutting back on government aid to people in need while posing as a champion of compassion. In a country ablaze with grave crises, that's like the fire chief urging everyone to fill their squirt guns.

Volunteerism is admirable. Across the United States, it involves many sincere people who want to help others. But it's no substitute for dependable, ongoing, government funded programs with adequate budgets.

Not a single officeholder in America would dream of depending on volunteerism to sustain local police departments or the U.S. armed forces. But somehow we're supposed to believe that hit-or-miss, woefully under-funded charity efforts are central to meeting the most basic human needs.

Reliance on volunteerism means that the unfortunate in our society will remain at the mercy of the ebb and flow of meager charitable resources. This has been going on for a very long time.

In retrospect -- despite the prodigious output of media blather and the abundant hot air from the Bush White House -- the thousand points of light were no match for the nation's millions of points of blight.

Hardly a slacker when it comes to mobilizing behind hollow slogans, President Clinton now delights in pounding the bully pulpit for volunteerism. Rather than fighting to fulfill New Deal principles with strong federal programs for social uplift, he preaches that everyone should be a volunteer.

These days, just about the only thing that President Clinton has in common with Franklin

Delano Roosevelt is that he sometimes sits in a wheelchair.

A week ago, Clinton lauded volunteerism as "the very American idea that we can meet our challenges, not through heavy-handed government or as isolated individuals, but as members of a true community -- all of us working together." Such words are cold comfort.

For politicians and journalists alike, the great allure of volunteerism is that it seems to transcend political differences, leaving ideology behind. It's good -- period.

But proclaiming that volunteerism can overcome deep-rooted social ills is profoundly ideological. It's the rough equivalent of telling people that they should figure out how to fix crumbling roads and bridges themselves, rather than expect help from the government.

The Summit for America's Future -- featuring retired Gen. Colin Powell as well as Clinton and former presidents -- is bound to get big media play. But it promises to be much ado about next to nothing. In essence, Clinton and other summit leaders are fiddling with easy rhetoric while social problems burn.

Instead of harmonizing with facile platitudes, the news media should be asking some tough questions about the political emphasis on volunteerism. So far, that hasn't happened.

Norman Solomon is a syndicated columnist. His book "Wizards of Media Oz" (co-authored with Jeff Cohen) will be published in June by Common Courage Press.

Arts Festival To Hit Campus

By John Giuffo

This year, the Stony Brook Student Arts Festival can be called the annual Stony Brook Student Arts Festival, featuring an elaborate event schedule, and a larger operating budget. The event, taking place at various areas around campus from April 27 to May 3, was started last year to showcase the efforts of the Greeley Living Learning Center for Interdisciplinary Arts, and it proved so successful that it's being expanded this year.

"We're adding the Concert Under The Stars, which is going to be a showcase of Stony Brook talent, designed to raise money for a new scholarship for the Greeley Interdisciplinary Arts Living Learning Center," said John Cameron, associate professor of Graduate Studies in Theater and the faculty director of the Greeley program.

The Living Learning Centers are residence hall-based programs that are designed to integrate academic life and resident life located in the Eleanor Roosevelt Quad. Greeley houses the Interdisciplinary Arts program and features three practice rooms, a classroom, and an in-house faculty director for the program.

The Student Arts Festival is an elaborate week-long event that takes the cooperation of everyone in the planning committee and a dedicated volunteer staff of performers and organizers, all brought together in celebration of Stony Brook's artistic side.

Cameron is joined by Bil Leipold, Residence Hall Director of Greeley, and two student coordinators, Carlos Silva and Mark Wilson.

"I heard about the Arts Festival last year and I was like, 'wow,' and I wanted to get involved this year," said Wilson, 24, a theater major. "I work on reserving spaces, putting publicity in papers, taking submissions for review."

Last Tuesday was audition night, and acts showed up to perform before the planning committee, which will decide what student acts will be considered for showcasing during the Festival.

The Festival will host events in Greeley as well as other spots around campus. "We're also having an area High School Art contest. The Jazz Ensemble will be performing during campus lifetime in the Fine Arts Plaza," said Cameron. "We're having an Art Show in the Union Art Gallery." The Festival will also feature "several variety showcases, so we're doing a lot."

Last year, the Festival organizers had \$6,000 to work with. Almost all of it came from Greeley's LLC operating budget.

"This year, there was none," Wilson said of the LLC money. "John and Bil had to go around to get funding from different areas. It's currently up to \$8,500 this year." Among the organizations co-sponsoring the event are the Residence Hall Association, the Division of Campus Residences, the Office of the Vice President for Student Affairs, the Office of the Provost, the Office of Undergraduate Affairs, the Conference Events Office, and the Music, Theater and Art departments.

The salt-and-pepper bearded Cameron is excited about the possibilities the Festival presents: "We hope we can continue to acquire funding in an attempt to keep expanding."

That attempt, however, is proving to be, fraught with difficulties. "I'm a student, and having to go through the proper channels, I often have to go to John or Bil," explains Wilson, a junior. "You have to have the authority of someone who is staff or faculty."

Wilson receives academic credit for his participation in the Festival planning process. It is this student participation in organizing the event that Wilson feels is most important. "I think it's best to have students organizing it, because on this campus, the arts are not as emphasized as the sciences are," he said.

Jermaine LaMont, who likes to call himself Skru, agrees, hoping his possible contribution to the Festival as an artist will help to highlight the arts on campus. "I'm a performing artist, that's what I like to do," said LaMont, a 19-year-old freshman. "I want people to hear my work."

LaMont hopes to be chosen by the committee to perform his self-styled "lyrical compositions," a mixture of rap lyricism and spoken-word poetry. LaMont also produces a television show for 3TV entitled "Majority Mix," a show highlighting hip-hop, reggae, and R&B videos. LaMont is one of dozens of student artists being considered for inclusion in the Festival.

Wilson is heartened by the large response, and hopes the Festival is the first step towards a more artistically active campus, saying "I think we need to make the arts more accessible to everybody."

"Graffiti," continued from page 3

that only disaster follows when the government tries to make things fair for everyone. OK. Let's get rid of all those ridiculous laws about working hours, health and safety, the quality of food and water and many more that protect people like PP's crew. Oh, that's different. On the one hand they're tough guys with the biggest guns, yet when it suits them they're victims of the big, bad welfare state.

One clod had the temerity to state that when his grandparents came here they didn't get handouts, etc. Exactly. They worked long hours under brutal conditions for little pay. If he knew his history, he'd know they fought long and hard for the "government intervention" he wants to flush.

And, did you know it's a wolf-eat-wolf Darwinian world? These coprophages are ignorant of not only history but also science. Once and for all: Darwin said species most likely to survive are those which can best adapt themselves to the environment, not those who kill off everything. From a truly Darwinian perspective, homo sapiens is a prime candidate for extinction and the real Darwinists are the tree-hugging environmentalists who tell us we have to love and respect nurturing old Mother Earth.

In his most flamboyant moment, PP advises all of us to arise from our slumber and discover what all us commie pinkos have known for years, namely that the Establishment has plans in place to put us all under martial law and revoke all civil liberties should we get out of hand the way we did in the '60's. Tell me something new and shocking, Scoop.

Oh, yeah, when I drew PP a swastika and told him that's what he's all about and suggested he stop wasting his time with all us collegiate girly men and join a militia, he informed me that he already has. Another astounding revelation. Maybe it's more fantasy playacting from a geek who doesn't know the score or maybe he really will be rooting for Tim McVeigh to beat the rap.

PP, if you're out there, I have to give you credit for your dogged, if ill-informed persistence. Usually your kind just grunts and squeals, mutters some crude insults and then disappears. Few I've seen approach such dialogue, but every so often one who's read "The Turner Diaries" or some other such junk comes along and thinks he has it down. So if you're reading this, and I doubt you're erudite enough to be among the readership of this happening little publication, do write in. We'll correct all your grammar and spelling mistakes ("lezzzy fair"?!!), but we're in desperate need of absurd viewpoints to make fun of on the "Letters" page.

Ten Years Ago, It Happened Here.

Come to the 10-Year Anniversary Reunion and Teach-In of the

GREAT GSO/GSEU Strike And Tent City Demonstration!

In the spring of 1987, Stony Brook students were fed up with their living and working conditions. In a semester full of excitement and activism, they rose up against the administration, held two successful work stoppages, and established a live-in Tent City that thrived for over two months! They won concessions from the administration in working conditions, wages, and housing issues.

*Come hear about how they did it and why
their struggle is relevant to students today!*

THURSDAY, MAY 1

4 PM TO 6 PM

PEACE STUDIES CENTER

8 PM Concert at the GSO Lounge
With Members of *The Tent City Orchestra*

Call Scott at GSEU (632-7729) for more information.

Medical School Celebrates 25th

By Michael Yeh

The University at Stony Brook's School of Medicine celebrated 25 years of quality medical education and research in a scientific conference featuring Nobel laureate Harold Varmus last Friday.

"This is not only a celebration of the 25th anniversary of the medical school, but also a celebration of our own scientific endeavors," said Dr. Norman Edelman, Dean of the medical school. The "Frontiers in Biomedical Sciences" symposium revealed some of the cutting edge research performed by Stony Brook faculty.

Professors Peter Gergen, Ute Moll, Dafna Bar-Sagi, and Sidney Strickland as well as Drs. Winship Herr of Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory and F. William Studier of the Brookhaven National Laboratory gave short presentations on their studies in molecular biology and genetics. The keynote speech given by Dr. Varmus called "The Normal Functions of Cancer Genes" focused on his famous experiments at the National Institutes of Health.

A native of Long Island, Dr. Varmus received the Nobel Prize for Physiology or Medicine in 1989 for his work on retroviruses and oncogenes that cause cancer. Varmus concentrated his efforts on characterizing signalling pathways within cells. These pathways may contain genes that promote cancer when activated or inactivated. Varmus' discoveries include a new class of oncogenes called WNT-1 which initiate tumor formation in mice with a deficient p53 tumor suppressor gene.

Also, he used genetically manipulated mice to study the normal function of the chicken sarcoma (c-src) proto-oncogene. Mice with deficient src genes were shown to have excessive bone growth, but can be rescued with an src transgene expressed in bone cells known as osteoclasts. These findings have generated interest in molecules that can inactivate the src gene, which may help people suffering from osteoporosis.

"And, in his spare time, he is the director of the National Institutes of Health," quipped Dr. William Lennarz, chairman of the Department of Biochemistry and Cell Biology.

Although Stony Brook is a relatively young institution compared with other schools, it has earned a reputation as a world-class center for biomedical breakthroughs. Dr. Arthur Grollman, Chairman of the Department of Pharmacological Sciences, began the symposium with a retrospective look at various seminal discoveries.

Stony Brook researchers identified the bacterium that causes Lyme disease, discovered magnetic resonance imaging, and sought links between apes and humans. Dr. Arnold Levine discovered the p53 tumor suppressing gene whose function is modified in more than 60% of cancer cases. Dr. Aaron Janoff characterized the enzyme Neutrophil Elastase which causes emphysema when concentrations of its inhibitor are reduced by tobacco smoke. In 1985, Dr. Barry Collier first described monoclonal antibodies, important research tools that may have clinical applications as well. As a testament to the amazing powers of molecular biology, Dr. Eckard Wimmer of the Department of Microbiology successfully created a virus in a test tube from scratch in 1991.

"I congratulate you for the good work you're doing for the money we give you!" exclaimed Dr. Varmus, in his presentation.

The development of the School of Medicine began in 1963, when the state's Muir Commission proposed a health care facility based in Stony Brook to address a shortage of health care professionals in Nassau and Suffolk counties. In 1968, Dean of Medicine Edmund D. Pelligrino created an academic plan that integrated basic science and clinical

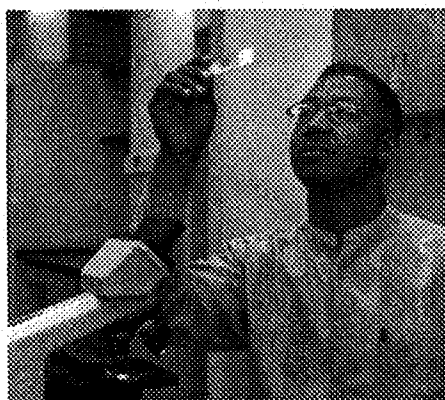
studies on the campus. By 1972, early classes in the medical school were conducted in the South Campus. Students also gained clinical and research experience at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Northport, Winthrop-University Hospital, Long Island Jewish Hospital, and the Brookhaven National Laboratory.

The first class of medical students consisting of only 24 students, half of whom were women, graduated in 1974. The following year, additional doctoral programs in anatomical sciences, microbiology, pathology, and pharmacology were accredited. Today, the medical curriculum includes innovative programs that explore ethics, law, and health care organization in society as well as traditional pre-clinical courses.

"Medicine in America is not just for white middle class people in the suburbs to enjoy," said Dr. Elov Axel Carlson, who serves on the admissions committee. "The school has had a long standing policy to look at all kind of students to get diversity for the medical class."

Despite its accomplishments, many challenges lie ahead for the school and the Health Sciences Center. Hospital and clinical income have been decreasing, as well as support from the State University system. According to Edelman, school spirit and institutional loyalty must be improved as well. "There is still insufficient realization that in these times institutional success is essential for individual success," said Edelman, "We must organize our 'clinical enterprise' to be as effective and efficient as possible in the service of our academic and public missions."

But, the School of Medicine continues to expand its role as part of a major research university. The new Osteoporosis and Clinical Research Center opened last year, and construction began for the Center for Molecular Medicine. Many clinical projects such as the Women's Health Initiative, an AIDS center, and the Burn Intensive Care Unit have been established as well. Last year, funding from the National Institutes of Health increased by 10%. According to Edelman, "We are at an inflection point where we will continue to grow."



A student observing slides in one of the Med. School's pre-clinical labs

THE CORNER BOOKSHOP CLOSES

By Robert V Gilheany

"You know, The Corner Bookshop is one of the best bookstores on Long Island"

-The late history Prof. Hugh Cleland.

Nestled at the end of a small row of four stores, framed by trees and foliage that gives the Stony Brook area its charm, was the site of a special book store, the Corner Bookshop. It will be closed on May 1. The proprietor is retiring after 35 years of running the store. The Corner Bookshop was located at the corner of 25A and Nicolls road.

The Corner Bookshop has closed and it was one of the best book stores I've ever been to. I liked the musky smell of the books, the smell of an old book store. As a history alumnus, I was impressed by the high quality of the selection of books in the history section. The German History section was always stocked with most interesting books. I've picked up books on the Roman Empire, Irish history, Aaron Burr, and Lincoln there.

Thousands of books were organized in sections, a poetry section, one on science fiction, biographies and at least a dozen other sections. I picked up three Hunter S. Thompson books there.

Mrs. Nancy Mullen, the proprietor, has an air of

an intellectual and a well read librarian about her, is retiring. I asked her if she was a Borders casualty and she said "no," and went on explaining that the Corner Bookshop was a different type of store then Borders. "Here the focus is on books," she said, "people go to Borders to be entertained." She did point out a competitive disadvantage they had with Border's, that "they sell the bestsellers at a big discount."

Mrs. Mullen appreciated the praising quote from professor Cleland. "He was a very fine professor," she said, "who not only ordered quality books but also took into account the student budget." The administration frowned on professors who ordered through The Corner Bookshop. They wanted all the business to go through Barnes and Noble or Stony Books.

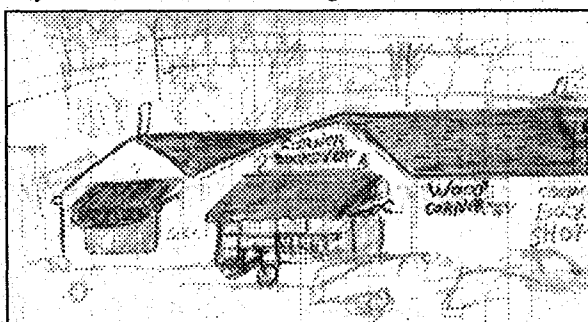
The Corner Bookshop was also known for its extensive selection of jazz music. "We are lovers of jazz music," Nancy Mullen explained, going on to say that it was frustrating that a lot of jazz was

hard to find, "so we built a good collection."

I also asked about what happened to the bookstore's famous cat. Molly died last summer, she was 20. Molly was a soft gray cat who trusted people, you could just pick her up. That cat was chill. Mrs Mullen said that Molly lived in the store for 19 of her 20 years. She was not a house cat, Molly came and went as she pleased, and was smart enough to avoid becoming road kill.

Refreshments were served. It was a farewell party for the store. Wine, cheese, chips and seltzer were served. Many people showed up, I chatted with WUSB commentator Mort Maclusy and Suffolk county legislator Nora Bredes whom I spoke to about the Lilco scam/deal. Before I left I made my last purchases at the shop, a short history of woman healers, "Witches, Midwives and Nurses."

Mrs Mullen is hoping to sell the shop to someone who will keep it open as a bookshop. So maybe the Corner Bookshop is not dead yet.



Pencil Drawing by Rob Gilheany

How To Take POLITY For YOU'RE Worth All

By John Giuffo

So you have a great idea for a campus magazine, but you can't find the money to put it together. You beg and plead with friends and family for a loan, but no one can spare you a dime. Where to go for funding? Well, you could get it from Polity.

It's simple. Sort of. There are a lot of "if's."

If you find that your proposal for a club is significantly different from an existing Polity club, then the PSC - Program and Services Council -- committee will hear your idea. If you've submitted a petition consisting of 150 signatures, and if those 150 people supplied accurate information about themselves, and if the PSC committee agrees, and if you make all the proposal meetings and if you can construct a constitution featuring the required by-laws clauses, you can get Polity recognition, and more importantly, Polity money to do whatever it is you love doing.

Upset at the lack of a bungee scene here at Stony Brook? The first-time club budget of \$750 would be a good down payment on a bungee set-up. All you need is three like-minded friends, a van to drive upstate, and a really good insurance plan.

Feel like starting a Black Metal Appreciation Society? Three minions and a love of Lucifer buys you a lot of black velvet cloth for those late-night "meetings."

The point is, there's money out there and it's waiting and wanting to be used. All you have to do is get smart and get busy.

Polity's main function is as an overseer of student activity funding. Polity realizes that student's needs are constantly changing, and they budget accordingly. The PSC exists so that new ideas have a chance to be heard and tested. The committee wants to know if your club

idea will interest enough students, so they make you get 150 signatures. If enough people are interested, Polity wants to give you money.

These tips will help you get started.

Brainstorm: This is the fun part. Get three or more people who want to take money from Polity. Agree on an idea. Want to mud wrestle? Make sure there are no other mud-wrestling clubs on campus. Clubs with a similar goal and makeup are excluded, so if there's a Jell-O wrestling or a pudding wrestling club on campus, get a new idea.

Polity Trip #1: When you've settled on an idea, make a trip to the Polity office, room 258 of the Union. Speak to Trusha Shah, the PSC chair, she'll give you the PSC new club packet.

The Packet: The packet contains much of the paperwork necessary to start a club. Fill out the cover sheet - make sure you beef up the "description of club" part to "impress the committee with your ability to address the needs, both social and educational, of the Stony Brook campus." Get the idea?

Take to the streets. Have 150 of your closest friends sign a petition saying that they would love to have a mud-wrestling club on campus, and that they support your efforts to bring entertainment and culture to the masses.

The Constitution: *You, the people of the mud-wrestling club, in order to form a more sexually exploitative college environment, do ordain and establish this constitution for the mud-wrestling club.* In other words, it must adhere to a set format, detailed in the packet, but you have freedom in its content. Take time in writing your constitution: you never know how big your club will get, and the larger a club, the more people in it. The more people in it, the larger a chance of disagreement. Mud-wrestling argu-

ments can get very messy if you don't have a set of rules.

Elect officers: Four to be precise. Let the power-hungry rise to the top.

Request a budget: PSC funds approximately 50 clubs a year, so get your budget request in early. Find out what you need, estimate conservatively, and you have the right to spend money on a whole array of things. Food, office supplies, phone calls, flyers, photocopies, mud, etc. If you can prove that you need it, you can buy it. Just remember, anything bought with club money belongs to the club. Don't embezzle. Crime doesn't pay, kids.

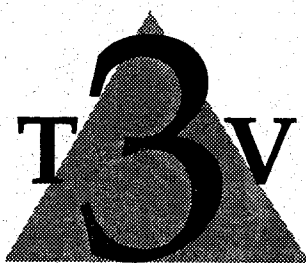
Meet with a PSC committee (Polity trip #2): So, you think you're all slick with your organized paperwork and your well-argued proposal? You've convinced the committee that there's not enough student-subsidized mud-wrestling on campus. Now convince them to pay for the mud and the neon bikinis -- and male thongs: Polity clubs cannot discriminate on any basis. Pray. Don't be disappointed when you don't receive as much as you asked for.

Have fun: Now go out! Spend some money. There's a price, though. You're all student leaders now. You have a responsibility to the student body to keep the momentum going. Plan events. Co-sponsor a match with the Center for Womyn's Concerns. Hand in all your paperwork on time. Tell your treasurer to sign his or her free time away. Enjoy. Stony Brook will be the richer for it, and mud-wrestlers and mud-wrestling aficionados all over campus will grow because of your dream. You'll be adored and respected by hundreds or dozens, all because of your hard work and dedication in bringing mud-wrestling to campus. Shhh, only you have to know how easy it really was.

The 3-TV staff wishes you a great summer!!! See you in the fall when we'll bring the following right to your dorm room:

- Top Hollywood Box Office Hits!
- The best independent American and foreign films!
- Critically acclaimed cultural and educational programming
- Syndicated programming from College stations throughout the nation
 - The Burly Bear Network
 - Classical films
 - Music Videos
- Programming produced by your fellow students here at Stony Brook
 - And much, much more!

But for now, please tune in to 3-TV to find out the nightly line-up.



We're Your Station!

THE GREAT STONY BROOK

By George Bidermann

Ten years is a long time, by any standard, and a returning ex-student finds Stony Brook still bland, lickety-split clean, and quite sterile, to tell the truth. The new Student Activities Center perhaps best personifies this statement: walking through the building that once housed the GSO and *The Press's* dungeon offices, where late-night smokeouts on deadline were all-too-common, I feel the presence of so many Stony Brook ghosts.

I have heard that there was a brief attempt by student organizations to boycott the space, but apparently the powers that be have folded and will occupy their allotted offices in the new building. Six, seven years ago, when the administration was talking about this new "student union" to be built out of the corpse of the old Central Hall, we had our suspicions that the admin wanted it as much for their purposes as for the students. In 1997, the chickens have come home to roost. The new SAC has as much life in it as the activist student element on campus. On a recent day, the building was filled with participants from a business conference and virtually no students were in sight. Once again, the administration has gotten its way and a complacent student body has been run over.

But it wasn't always like this. Beginning in the Spring of 1987, students rode a wave of activism that continued for nearly two years, a wave in which-- by accident-- we came to realize that we were the power behind the campus, that we could rise up and challenge the people paid high salaries to control us, and that we could win. For a brief period, we protested for a voice, and we won. And through all this, we came to realize that by standing together, and standing strong in creative protest, we could understand fully the statement, "Whose School? Our School!"

Spring of '87

Initially, I was planning to write only of the "Tent City phenomenon," as the administration later called it, but my dear friend Chris Vestuto, the GSO President that semester who was largely responsible for mobilizing graduate students that spring, had to bow out of writing an article about the Great GSO/GSEU strikes, which set the stage for Tent City. I will sadly devote an all-too-brief space to summarizing that activity and urge readers to attend our May 1 reunion/teach-in, in which we will be able to discuss those events more fully.

An active GSO had been gearing up for a fight with the administration since February. In Fall 1986, it had become known that SUNY was allocating lump sums to the university centers as part of a "Graduate Research Initiative" to boost graduate study. With Stony Brook slated to get several million dollars from this pie, GSO members wanted an assurance that part of that money would go to improving wages, child care services, and benefits for graduate students. But the administration would not commit to allocating any of this money to raises or quality-of-life issues.

At the same time, a hard-core group of GSEU supporters were agitating for union recognition. A petition seeking a representation election for grad student employees had been languishing before the state's Public Employment Relations Board for several years. Students believed that SUNY should agree to an election, and let the students decide for themselves if union representation was for them.

The GSO put together a list of demands, but the administration refused to meet in order to address their concerns. An "Ad-hoc Committee on Wages and Benefits" was formed and a negotiating committee chosen. The demands included adequate health care and child care access, a minimum stipend of \$8,000 a year, a binding grievance procedure, and support for union recognition. Stipends of \$6,000 a year were incredibly low, given the high cost of living on Long Island. Child care services were minimal (waiting lists exceeded two years!), and the cost prohibitive for grad students. And students found they had no recourse when faculty advisors retaliated against them or made them perform

work they thought did not fit their "job descriptions."

There were, of course, stories of abuse-- grad students forced to babysit their advisor's children while he and the wife went out, and my personal favorite-- one grad student was required to help his advisor clean up his yard after Hurricane Gloria hit Long Island in 1985!

Angered by the continued refusal of the administration to seriously address the issues, more graduate students got involved. At a meeting of over 150 grad students, a two-day

work stoppage was planned for April 7 and 8. It went off wonderfully. Most grad students struck their classes and faculty either canceled their classes in sympathy or held their classes outside to avoid crossing our picket lines. A march through campus attracted several hundred TA's and undergraduate students. And a large rally, held on April 8, drew thousands of campus members eager to listen to the good music provided by Music Department students and the speeches of GSO leaders and faculty supporters.

But behind the scenes, things were not going well. Graduate students were feeling frustrated by the administration's refusal

to negotiate with their elected negotiating team, and their reports back to their colleagues stirred up new anger and a sense of solidarity among all departments. Too much lip service and too little action on the part of the administration led to a second burst of activity. A wildcat walkout commenced Thursday, April 30, as the Comparative Lit, Philosophy, and English departments decided to strike. In response to the wildcat strike, the ad-hoc committee met and voted to hold emergency meetings in each department to poll students regarding their support for a campus-wide strike. By the evening of May 1, another ad-hoc committee meeting was held. Following a majority vote by the departments in support of striking, the ad-hoc committee and the GSO Senate formally endorsed the strike.

On Monday, May 4-- the last full week of classes-- picket lines again went up in front of most buildings. Now parents of undergraduates began calling the administration, irate that their graduating children might not actually graduate if there was a strike! The next day, we took over the administration building, shutting it down in the midst of pre-registration as hundreds of chanting, singing students took over the lobby. Finally, the administration agreed to meet and bargain with the negotiating committee. Round-the-clock negotiations yielded an agreement on May 6. One must remember that the administration had for months refused to meet with the negotiating team because that would convey legitimacy upon the "pseudo-union" that these employees had constituted.

An agreement to raise stipends from \$6,000 to \$7,300 the next year; a low-income subsidy of \$50,000 to make child-care accessible to grad students; and a "grievance procedure" which actually came close to being fair: these were the major victories produced by the strike. The administration eventually reneged on several additional promises, including expanding child-care space, support for union recognition, and improving the health care situation. But the semester had ended with a bang and, as Chris Vestuto says, "This was one of the few times that I've ever seen something approaching a real participatory democracy work. That spring, we saw the relationships of power on the campus-- at least temporarily-- actually turned upside down." This set the stage for the battle of Tent City.

Tent City

On April 20, in the midst of all this GSO/GSEU activity,

Philosophy TA Jay Everett and undergraduate Janet Bohrer pitched their tents on the oval patch of ground in front of the Administration building. Jay says that he pitched his tent for two reasons: first, to protest the GSO's unwillingness to take more direct action in dealing with the administration; and second, because none of the dialogue between GSO and the administration was addressing the high cost and slum-like conditions of Stony Brook's housing-- both on and off-campus. Jay decided to take the battle, literally, to the administration's front door.

Within days, more tents sprung up and, by week's end, a living community of over 30 tents and several dozen students was sleeping at the camp. Hibachis and barbecue grills were brought in, coolers were allocated, and a chicken coop was constructed. For a week or two, there were live chickens laying fresh eggs onsite, until administration concerns about health conditions led the demonstrators to agree to dismantle the coop and return the chickens to the farmer who donated them.

Once the GSO strike was concluded, the administration began putting out feelers that perhaps it was time for "Tent City" to end. To his credit, University President John Marburger had permitted the camp to flourish, stating that he agreed housing was a major problem. Marburger, against the wishes of his fellow administrators and facing opposition from SUNY Central, thought Tent City could help add strength to the university's efforts to gain SUNY funding for upgrading the housing and building new housing on campus.

Let's Step Back A Bit

I want to try to give you a bit of context here. By 1987, students were ripe for activism on campus. The debauchery of Ronald Reagan's reign of error was finally waking people up. In 1986, Reagan had bombed Libya in an attempt to get Khadafy-- his smart bombers failing in their mission but killing lots of civilians and Khadafy's two-year-old daughter. The scandal of Iran-Contra was revealing daily new info about the unconstitutional end-run which then looked like it might lead to Reagan's impeachment (of course, we should have predicted Reagan's "I had early-stage Alzheimer's" and ex-CIA man George Bush's "I was out of the loop" defenses would get them off the hook). The story of the CIA's secret mining of Nicaraguan harbors was just coming out.

On campus, we were also waking up. President Marburger had gotten a reputation for delegating a lot of power to his vice-presidents, not necessarily a bad thing, but there were some real doozies here. Among them was head of Public Safety (they were not called "University Police" then) Gary Barnes. The fact that Gary had come from Kent State (no, he was not responsible for the 1970 massacre of students-- that was before his time) should have told us something.

The story among insiders was that Gary tipped the bottle a bit

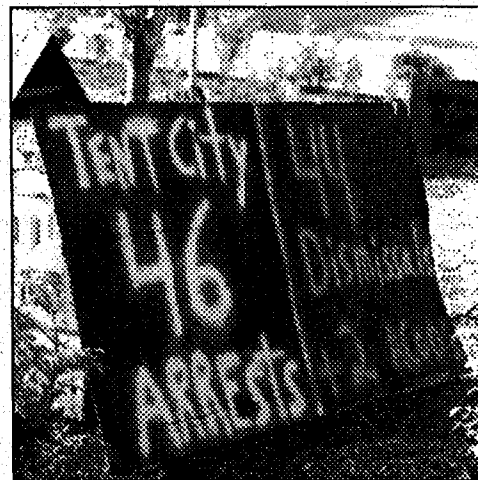
too much-- so much that, according to Public Safety officers, he had cracked up a university car during his first week on campus a few years earlier. Apparently, Gary had been staying at Sunwood, the university's 40-room Tudor mansion (more about that later), and had driven his car into the woods. When Public Safety officers arrived, they found him bombed. This was, of course, covered up. Eventually, a scandal involving Barnes's allegedly falsified work reports drove him out of Stony Brook. Apparently, his "problem" had caused him to miss something like 50 days of work that he had not accounted for!

Then there was Bob "Lecture Center" Francis. As vice president for campus operations, Francis oversaw the buildings and maintenance. In March of 1986, the Sunwood mansion burned to the ground. This beautiful Tudor brick house, built in 1929, had been bequeathed to the university by Ward Melville, the multi-millionaire who donated the 1,000 acres that Stony Brook is situated on.

The story goes that maintenance workers had been arguing-- literally screaming-- for the administration to prioritize a major reroofing and rewiring job for the mansion, as rain



Jay Everett at the stove



STRIKE & TENT CITY OF '87

was leaking through the roof and the wiring was known to be badly in need of repair. But Bob Francis apparently did not think it was that urgent. When Sunwood burned to the ground, it was on a rainy night and-- you guessed it-- the fire started in the attic's electric wiring!

But Lecture Center Bob's next fiasco involved the Javits Lecture Center fire. In October 1986, a small fire broke out one early morning in a Lecture Center storage closet. It burned the closet pretty badly, including some chemical cleaners and burnishing pads from floor polishing machines. The fire was put out soon enough, and although a terrible stench filled the building, Bob Francis made the decision to allow classes to be held in the building, stating there was no danger to the students.

For several days, people wheezed, rubbed their eyes a lot, and complained of breathing difficulties. And a week later, test results yielded the presence of dioxins in at least three classrooms in Javits. Apparently, the building's ventilation system had picked up the contaminants and spread them throughout the building. Suddenly, the building was closed. It took months to clean the affected classrooms-- furniture and carpets were discarded and walls repainted. The administration continued to state, for the record, that there was no danger to the thousands of students and faculty who had spent time in Javits in the days after the fire. I hope that someday, a long-term study of these people is done to see whether the administration was right.

It would turn out that Bob Francis and Gary Barnes were the real bad guys in the Tent City battle. Once again, Marburger allowed these clowns to make most direct decisions. But justice, while slow, was eventually complete. Both Barnes and Francis were allowed to resign within a year of the Summer of 1987.

Back to the Camp

Tent City was a problem the administration could not initially get rid of. They tried to talk us into shutting down, appealing to the GSO to order us to end the demo. GSO's response, quite accurately, was that it did not control the Tent City protesters and besides, this was a housing demonstration, not a GSO protest. On May 15, a dorm party got out of hand and some idiot shot three students, only one seriously, before escaping a fight. The administration used this as justification for ordering, on one hour's notice, the dismantling of the camp. The story was that the administration could not "protect" us out there, where at least 12 to 15 people were now sleeping on a regular basis.

Angry, we took a late-night trip to every dorm on the campus (I think there were 26 at the time). We magic-marked unlocked or unlockable doors and windows on campus. The argument that security on campus was a joke and that Tent City was as secure as any campus housing was lost on Admin.

On Saturday, May 17, most of us went to a beach party in Rocky Point, where we were celebrating the end of the semester and the GSO's victory. With only two or three people at Tent City that night, the administration struck, showing up with some police to order Jay and two others to evacuate the camp or face arrest. With only a couple of people present, the camp was voluntarily dismantled.

On Monday, GSO and Tent City leaders met with the administration. We expressed our outrage and vowed we would rebuild the camp. To our surprise, Marburger agreed that this was a legitimate demonstration, and even agreed to allow us to rebuild Tent City. As commencement was scheduled for May 24, he suggested we set up camp on the Grad Physics lawn, where we would be visible to all the parents!

We agreed, but there was one problem. Marburger wanted

the protest to end by a fixed date, that being June 15. We were holding out for September 15, saying that we wanted to be there until the fall semester started. With the end date unresolved, we moved back in to the new site. In the meantime, we had found a student whose father was a biggie with the American Civil Liberties Union. After a meeting, we were provided pro bono with an ACLU attorney, Stony



Protesters on the second site, the Grad Physics lawn

The camp began to take on a surreal atmosphere-- actually, more surreal than the first site. The chicken coop was gone, but a large Port-O-San, plastic ducks and pink flamingos, a rope surrounding the area, and a wood-burning stove now stood among the dozens of tents. I remember fondly the Public Safety officers who would occasionally pop by at night to check in on us, winking at the empty beer cans all around us. The late Bill Schultz, who was then head of Fire Safety, made several trips with us into the woods, using a university van to help us cut and collect deadwood for the fire. Bill was a great guy, very supportive of us, and willing to help. He even had Fire Safety workers cut open a 55-gallon steel drum for an open fire pit. And there was Ed, the university ticket agent, who ticketed as few cars as possible and hung out with us after work to drink beer and give us the latest gossip.

We were actually living as family then, in the truest sense of the word. Many of us were actually homeless, and Tent City provided a roof over our heads. The showers in the Gym were convenient, we had the Port-O-San, and food was very communal. No one went hungry for lack of money. We even had help from people who worked in the Local Arby's, dropping off chicken, rolls and other goodies at the end of the night.

Music was also a great part of our evenings. There were a number of pickers in the camp, and many nights we sang folk songs and jammed out around the fire. I remember waking in the morning, watching each person slowly rise as coffee perked and breakfast was laid out from the coolers, and feeling like I was part of something utopian.



Protesters rally on the academic mall

when the judge denied our TRO request, we knew we were in trouble. Still, we urged the administration to hold off action until the judge ruled on our suit. Depositions were due soon, and while Judge Wexler had denied the TRO, he had promised a quick decision on the case itself.

On July 2, it started. On one hour's notice, Public Safety and maintenance personnel tore up the camp. Students laying in their tents and blocking campus trucks were picked up and thrown aside. Two of our number were sent to University Hospital with injuries. Outraged, we met with the administration on July 3 and vowed to rebuild the camp. We again urged them to wait until the Judge's decision, and promised we

Brook Alumnus Alan Polsky. Under the name "The Committee to Save Tent City," we sued Marburger and the university in Federal Court, claiming that efforts to shut down our protest were an infringement on our First Amendment rights.

Along the way, Tent City activists gave courage to the Chapin Apartment residents who, facing a 10% rent hike, put together a rent strike in the Spring of 1988. In 1988 and 1989, Chapin residents locked up over \$80,000 in rent money while they conducted rent strikes. The Chapin slums were finally, slowly, rehabilitated in the years after that. The pressure from both Tent City and the Chapin rent strikes helped secure funding for the Schomberg Apartments-- still the best housing option on campus.

would abide by it. But SUNY was apparently putting heat on Marburger to shut us down. So we said, "We want you to leave us be, but if you must do something, have us arrested rather than throw us around. We will go peacefully."

That night, the arrests commenced. On July 3, 7, and 9, Public Safety officers arrested students who refused to leave the site. In all, 30 of us were arrested, some more than once. Two weeks later, Judge Wexler ruled that while we could not continue sleeping overnight, we could pitch tents until half an hour before sunset, erect signs on the site, and maintain a permanent presence. So the third stage ensued. By the Fall, we had built plywood "tent-signs," erected grave markers for the students who had been arrested, and started bringing junk furniture to the site. Throughout the 1987-88 year, we held weekly gatherings at the site, barbecuing, drinking, and jamming. This continued into the Fall of 1988, when we finally dismantled the site.

Finally, in the Spring of 1988, all of the criminal charges against us were dismissed. Sadly, the university appealed these dismissals, and it took another year before it was all behind us, but no student ever plead guilty or faced trial for the arrests.

By the time we dismantled the camp in fall of 1989, many of our number had moved on. Tent City lived on primarily through the Tent City Orchestra, which performed regularly at the GSO Lounge for two years and kept the spirit of Tent City alive.

Conclusion

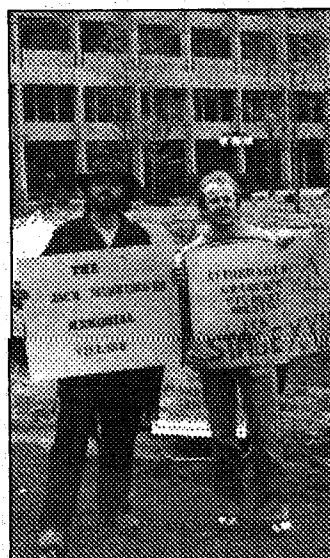
I hope that any readers who have been intrigued by this brief recounting of that magical semester will join us on Thursday, May 1 at the Peace Studies Center in Old Chemistry. At 4 PM, we will hold a roughly two-hour "teach-in" in which we will discuss both the strike and Tent City. We will also have some photos and video on hand, and we have asked several special guests to come speak about the events of that semester. That evening at 8 PM a free concert featuring members of The Tent City Orchestra will be held in the GSO Lounge.

Tent City was, for me, an incredibly moving event. Like the strike activities, which I had not been too active in, Tent City showed me that people sticking together can achieve incredible things. It also showed me that an incredible amount of fun can be generated among the serious work of organizing resistance. The ideals of that semester have shaped every step of my life since, and I still count a number of my colleagues from Tent City among my closest friends.

Today's student body must look back to other times when the unique forces and circumstances coalesced to attain power and achieve change at Stony Brook. In many ways, it was a beautiful accident that we stumbled upon the key to unlocking the store of power. And, once again, time has mellowed me enough to want to recognize John Marburger for his tolerance and willingness to let us go. Other administrators would have reacted more harshly, saving themselves private grief by crushing dissent.

Remember, the First Amendment gives us powers that we should occasionally exercise, if only to remind ourselves that we have them. Students unhappy about their situation can reclaim that power. Get off your asses, find some leaders and go to it.

George Bidermann, a former Press staffer and Statesman editor, is an organizer with Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians.



Jay Everett and Michael Morgan protest at the main site

The End Comes

All this beauty could not last, and the end came quickly. We had asked the Federal Court judge for a Temporary Restraining Order in an attempt to prevent the administration from shutting us down. We got past the June 15th deadline without action. The Admin knew we were serious and that this time we'd stand our ground. But

George Bidermann, a former Press staffer and Statesman editor, is an organizer with Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians.

LIFE IN HELL

©1997
BY MATT
GROENING

WILL & ABE'S GUIDE TO BULLIES

**PART
ONE**

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE TYPE OF BULLY, THERE'S ABOUT FOUR: ① THE ONES THAT BEAT YOU UP, ② THE ONES THAT TEASE YOU, ③ THE ONES WHO TRY TO SCARE YOU, AND WORST OF ALL...

④ THE ULTIMATE BULLY-- ALSO KNOWN AS THE PAIN BULLY-- THE ONE THAT DOES ALL OF THEM. PRETTY UNSTOPPABLE IF OVER THIRTEEN.

AND SOMETIMES WHEN PEOPLE ARE IN THEIR WAY, THEY--**HOOWA!**--AND THEY PUSH YOU. A LOTS OF TIMES YOU FALL DOWN.

ONE TIME THIS BULLY WHO WAS KIND OF MY FRIEND GRABBED ME BY MY ARMS AND STUCK HIS FOOT OUT AND TRIPPED ME AND I FELL IN THE SAND.

AND ONE OF THE SMALLEST BULLIES' TRICKS-- FROM AGE SIX TO UP-- THEY POUR SAND DOWN YOUR SHIRT. THEY GO LIKE THIS: THEY SAY, "HEY LOOK!" AND THEN THEY GRAB YOUR T-SHIRT OPEN AND THEY TAKE A BUCKET OF SAND AND THEN THEY POUR IT DOWN.

YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE EVEN WORSE? IF THEY SAID, "HEY LOOK!" AND PUSHED YOU OFF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. THAT WOULD BE EVEN WORSE. YOU WOULD HAVE A BIG FALL AND THEN DIE.

YOU'D FALL 999,160
MILLION FEET DOWN.
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

EXCEPT A LITTLE BIT LESS, I THINK.
WHEN YOU WERE FALLING, YOU'D
THINK WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE
TO BE DEAD.

I'D BE THINKING, NUDGE TOWARD THE BUILDING AND HANG ONTO ONE OF THE WINDOWS.

HANG ON, BREAK THROUGH
THE WINDOW, THEN HWA! POO!
KICK 'EM RIGHT IN THE FACE!

WHEN BULLIES GROW UP, THEY
BECOME BURGLARS, UNFAIR
BOXING PEOPLE, GUN TESTERS,
AND MARTIAL-ARTS TEACHERS.
GUN TESTERS TEST GUNS. BURGLARS
BURGLE PEOPLE.

GURGLE?

NOT
GURGLE
BURGLE

THEY STEAL
SNORKELS??

IT'S TIME NOW FOR
THE WALLY REPORT,
A WEEKLY STATUS
UPDATE.

MY INCOME IS 80% OF
INDUSTRY AVERAGE,
ENTHUSIASM IS AT 63%
OF CAPACITY AND MY
EGO SHIELD IS HOLDING
AT 15%

YOUR ENTHUSIASM
IS UP FROM LAST
WEEK.

SOMEONE LEFT
THE SUPPLY
CABINET
UNLOCKED!

GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOUR COMPENSATION PLAN...

I HATE GOOD NEWS ABOUT MY COMPENSATION PLAN.

**TWENTY PERCENT OF
YOUR PAY WILL NOW
BE IN THE FORM OF
STOCK OPTIONS
INSTEAD OF CASH!**

TO GET YOUR STOCK
OPTIONS, SIMPLY
SIGN THIS UPDATED
EMPLOYMENT
AGREEMENT.

WHY DOES
GOOD NEWS
FEEL LIKE A
MUGGING?

MY COMPANY WON'T GIVE
ME MY STOCK OPTIONS
UNLESS I SIGN THIS
NEW EMPLOYMENT
AGREEMENT.

YADA, YADA.
YADA, YADA,
YADA, YADA,
YADA, YADA,
YADA, YADA.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I'M NOT READING IT. I JUST LIKE TO LOOK AT DOCUMENTS AND GO YADA YADA, YADA.

YOU WANT ME TO
SIGN AN AGREEMENT
THAT I WON'T WORK
FOR A COMPETITOR
FOR FIVE YEARS IF
I LEAVE HERE?

NO PROBLEM
HERE YOU
GO.

THIS IS
TOO
EASY

I HAVEN'T DONE ANY
WORK HERE FOR
FIVE YEARS, SO
HOW HARD COULD
IT BE?

I WANT YOU TO WORK
WITH OUR MARKETING
PEOPLE TO DESIGN A
PRODUCT BROCHURE.

REMEMBER, WHAT WE DO HERE MIGHT SEEM LIKE CRIMINAL FRAUD BUT IT'S NOT. IT'S MARKETING!

OKAY,
AS LONG
AS IT'S
NOT
WRONG...

HERE'S A JAR
TO KEEP YOUR
CONSCIENCE!
I'LL PUT IT IN
THE CLOSET

DESIGNING A BROCHURE

WE'LL WANT TO EMPHASIZE THE THINGS THAT MAKE OUR PRODUCT UNIQUE.

LET'S SEE... WE HAVE
HIGHER PRICES... STALE
TECHNOLOGY... FEWER
FEATURES... AND IT'S
HARD TO USE.

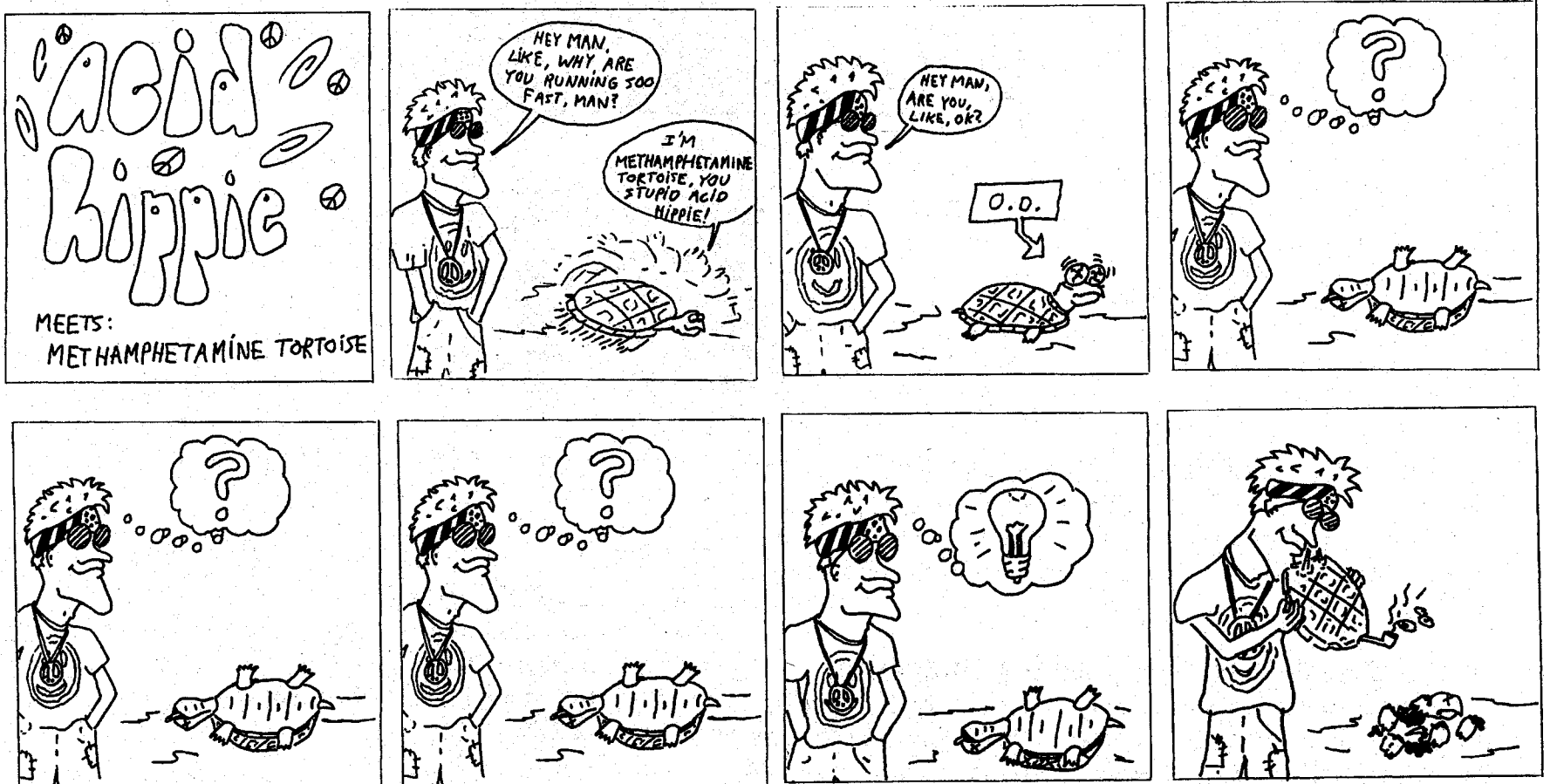
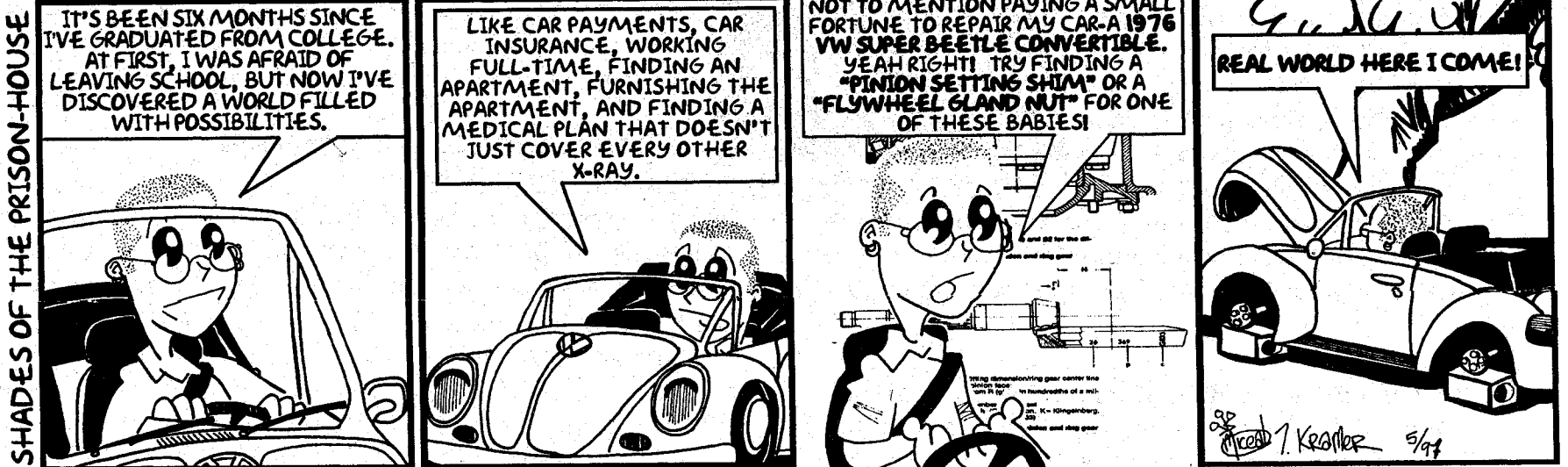
CAN YOU
WORK
WITH
THAT?

SUDDENLY
DON'T FEEL
BAD THAT
WON'T BE
USING 100%
RECYCLED
PAPER.

Dilbert® by Scott Adams

Top Ten Robert Blake Lines from Money Train

- 10) Go ahead, take a bite outta me. You'll be licking your asshole for a month just to get the taste outta your mouth.
- 9) Nobody stops my money train.
- 8) And remember, the money train has not been stolen. It is still in our tunnel, still in our control, and will soon be in our hands.
- 7) I will rip a hole in your throat, suck your heart out and eat it.
- 6) You got the money train heading your way. I want you to shut her down. Trip her brakes. Reach in and rip her guts out.
- 5) I implore you -- shut it down and turn yourself in. Or die.
- 4) What? And give those sick bastards a clear track from here to hell and gone?
- 3) Yeah.
- 2) Hey sweet pea, how's your cock working now that you haven't got a badge no more?
- 1) I'll fuck you dead.



THE 1997 STONY BROOK

The Shirley Awards, named in honor of Shirley Strum Kenny, the President of our august University, were founded in 1995 to honor the best and worst aspect of The Press, the campus, and the world at large. All categories are voted upon in a most scientific manner by members of the Press staff, and whoever else happens to wander into our office.

With this, the third annual Shirley awards, we happily present a photo essay, entitled "The Many Faces of Shirl." These photos show the multiple moods and attitudes of the woman we call our president. Some of them are "photo illustrations"-altered photos of things that didn't really happen. Shirley doesn't really own a bong... at least as far as we know.

And now, with the weaselly legal disclaimers behind us, we present the 1997 Shirley Awards!

Biggest Waste of DNA:

The Goon

Gather close and listen up and you shall hear the tale of a man so hideous, so smelly, so habitually unwashed, that he continually offends everyone who walks past his room in Greeley. He won't bathe, and he shirks constructive criticism. Word is, there's a grass-roots campaign to break into his room at 4AM with a power washer and one of those long wooden brushes they use to wash elephants and do what environmental health and safety should've done last semester: bathe his stank ass. Sign up sheets are in the Press office.



Shirley likes to get ripped on bong hits

Best On-Campus Concert: Scarab at The Spot

Once upon a time, bands like U2, Fishbone, The Red Hot Chili Peppers and Phish played here. Now we got the No Loot Jam #89.

There is, however, an oasis of melody in Stony Brook's musical desert. The Spot, our Graduate Student Lounge, features great music every week. Radio Free Wednesdays, co-sponsored by WUSB, draws in such local acts as Scarab, who we thought was pretty damn good.

Best Issue of The Press:

Issue 14 -- "Barry Manilow"

Mumia, Radio Theater psychos, Beer Fest and I-CON. All our genius congealed in this issue.

Best News Article:

The DisAdvantage Plan, by John Giuffo

Aramark is able to rip off students because of a system that forces students to pay for food they might not want or need. College campuses are looking more and more like Berlin, 1935.

Worst News Article: Grad Parking Quagmire

Look, the grad students were only owed five bucks. It really didn't deserve coverage in *The Press*, *Blackworld*, *The Statesman*, *The Gradline*, and *News and Views*.

Best Features Article:

The AIDS Epidemic, by Michael Yeh

Well written, informative, and at times heart-rending. This is the kind of stuff we should be printing all the time.

Worst Features Article:

Cheap Car Buys, by Martha Chemas

Word is, Popular Mechanics has snatched up all back issue columns.

Best Top Ten List: New Curious George Books

"Curious George and the day the Man with the Yellow Hat got a little silly and kept saying, 'Touch ze monkey balls!'" Lowell's a genius.

Best Cover: The Enquirer

It featured pygmies with huge balls on the cover. That's comedy, folks.

Biggest Staff Fixation: Ted

First he leaves, then he gets laid and takes every opportunity to remind us that he's having sex. It's less impressive when you realize it took 26 years for him to be able to rub that particular fact in.

Most Obnoxious Administrator:

Shirley Strum Kenny

When she was appointed to the position of president, the consensus here at *The Press* was that having both a woman and an English professor head up the university was a good idea. The reality of the situation has proven us to be fools. She's an opportunist whose only concerns are fund raising and public relations. She shouts "racism" when it's politically correct, she spends money that could better go to any number of needed areas to pay tuition for a newborn set of sextuplets in



"...Fffpppp. mmmppph...whooooosh...[cough, cough], here, Fred."

an obvious ploy for publicity, she's turning the university into a shopping mall, and she never returns our phone calls

Best Movie: Trainspotting

It's no "Cannibal! The Musical," but it has its good points. I can't tell you how often I've dropped opium suppositories down the toilet.

Worst Movie: Lost Highway

I hear you can see Rosanna Arquette's breasts if you look

closely enough.

Best Music Video: (tie) "Just" by Radiohead/ "What They Do" by The Roots

"Just" is a dramatic masterpiece, a mini-movie with a killer ending that shows us music videos can be an art form. The Roots, on the other hand, deliciously skewer modern video conventions. Uhh, cool.

PRESS SHIRLEY AWARDS

Worst Music Video: Anything by Alanis Morissette

What's the deal with that video where all you see is her huge face? Scary!

Best Music Video to Watch on Mute: Anything by The Spice Girls
Self-explanatory. And self-exploratory.

Best TV Show: The Simpsons
"My eyes! The goggles do nothing!"

Worst TV Show: Anything on MTV
Unless it's animated, if its on MTV it sucks.

Hottest TV Babe: Gillian Anderson
For the third year in a row, Scully wins our hearts.

Hottest TV Guy: David Duchovny
We're just a big bunch of fuckin' geeks.

Hottest Rock Guy: Lowell Yaeger
If you missed Bloat, you missed one of the defining moments in the history of rock music. What they defined... well, scientists are still working on that.

Hottest Rock Babe: (tie) Tori Amos/ Shirley Manson /Fiona Apple
We're equal opportunity masturbators.

Hottest Movie Babe: Salma Hayuk
[shudder] Oh, when she slid off that tire in the promo for *Fools Rush In*, I rushed something.

Hottest Movie Guy: Wayne Knight
A.K.A. Newman from *Seinfeld*. When he runs for soup or chicken and he breaks into a sweat, it pools, ever so seductively, in the folds on his neck

Best Professor: Paul Dolan, English Dept.
We're not even taking a class with him this semester, so no one can accuse us of sucking up for a grade. Runners-up include John Shea (Anthropology) and Elof Carlson (Biology). Take their classes, they rock.

Worst Professor/Sexiest Professor: Wilbur Farley

Okay, so he isn't actually a professor, just a graduate T.A., and we've never actually been in one of his classes, but he's always in our office playing video games, so we had to award him something.

Sexiest Press Guy: Dave Ewalt
He only had to buy one of the six votes he got.

Sexiest Press Chick: Jeanne Nolan
And he bought it from her.

Worst State: North Carolina

Tobacco, Jesse Helms and Ted. We dare anyone to challenge the notion that North Carolina is the worst state in the union.

Best Way to Take Someone's Temperature: Rectally

Stupidest Admin Move: The Campus Village

Yeah, Shirl, that's a good plan. Turn the university into a private, money-making institution rather than fighting state plans to destroy it.

Biggest Cigarette Bum: Martha

Chemas

Poor Boyd, Wilbur and Joanna.

Best Lowell Personality: Angry Lowell

"Shut the fuck up. If I want shit outta you, I'll put a cup under your ears and squeeze your head."

Worst Smell on Campus: Goon Funk

A heady mixture of vine ripened Brooklyn ass, stress-induced stale nicotine sweat and an ever present air of death, Goon Funk is more toxic than Sarin gas.

Best Sissy Spacek Lookalike: Scott West

But he wears it well, you know?

Best Staff Hair: Brian Libfeld

Red highlights and a fullness Fabio would kill for.

Best Long-Distance Relationship With the Staff:

Chris Sorochin

He's like a gremlin. You'll never really see him, but he's always at the periphery of your vision.

Best Item of Office Decor:

Mona Lisa

Don't ask.

Best Shoes: Reverend

Dave's lavender suedes.

He just wants to be loved; is that so wrong?

Best Quote From an Article:

Boyd McCamish

"Have you ever talked to these people? Coo-coo nuts, I tell you. These people are not well."

and finally...

Man of The Year: Robert V. Gilheany

He's a thirty-something hippie bisexual banjo-playing dancer, and he's our paperboy. How could you not love him?



Her face really does this if you slap her chin.



"You think you me? You not me. Never me."

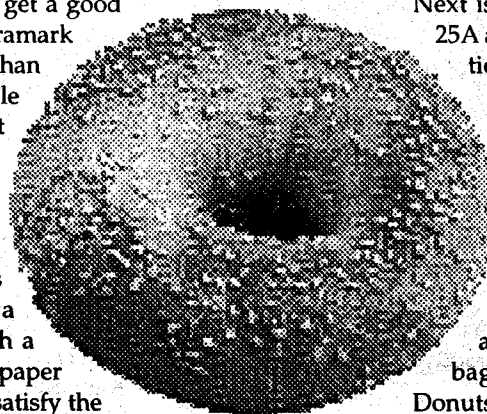
THE GREAT BAGEL SEARCH

By Jessica Kupillas

When I first arrived at Stony Brook I thought the whole "you can't find decent bagels outside New York City" myth was just an exaggeration. I mean Long Island is close to the City, so there shouldn't be much difference, right? I made the mistake of believing I could go to the deli and get a good bagel. Silly me! Well, I was wrong. Aramark bagels are more like cardboard than bagels. They are usually dry and stale from being sliced and then left to sit all day. After a few months of suffering with Aramark's poor excuse for bagels, my roommate, Corinne and I began to make the two hour road trip into Queens to go to Oasis bagels in Fresh Meadows. They are a true bagel shop, open 24 hours with a ready supply of fresh bagels and paper thin lox. These road trips helped to satisfy the bagel cravings for a while but they soon became tedious and very costly. As a result we began to search for edible bagels closer to Stony Brook. After a lot of driving and a few bad experiences we found a range of bagel shops in the area. Although they are not all as good as real New York City bagels they all blow Aramark away.

First and closest bagel shop to the school is King Bagel (1369 Rt. 25A) in the Swezey's shopping center (near Edward's). This is one of the two options to which the university provides transportation. King Bagel is a small shop with a few tables and a

fairly large variety of bagels and other baked goods. The bagels here are on the small side (as are all the products) and the condiments are also fairly on the sparse. To quote a friend, "they are stingy on the lox." But if you can't make the trip to any of the shops further away from school this are a good alternative to Aramark.



Next is Dunkin Donuts on Rt. 25A across from the train station. The bagels here are not bad but they are a little softer and doughier than bagels are usually. Dunkin Donuts offers a good selection of varieties and some flavored cream cheeses but not as wide a variety as most bagel shops. Dunkin

Donuts is also on the high end for bagel prices, for a bagel with cream cheese it runs any where from \$1.49 to \$1.99 (depending on flavor of cream cheese). The bagels here are large and the staff tends to overload them with cream cheese. The only real downside here is that bagels are hard to find after the early morning and on the weekends (unless you like onion or salt bagels). P.S. no lox here.

If you can get further away from the University you can go to Strathmore Bagels (located on Rt. 347 in the Caldor shopping center). You may recognize this name from the signs in the sports complex

(These may be the official Seawolves bagels but I'm not sure). Strathmore has a vast selection of bagel varieties including oddities such as pesto and sun dried tomato bagels. There is a large dining area and the service is pretty good. They tend to overload on the butter as well as the cream cheese. The lox here "seemed a little weak," it appeared to be old and did not impress. Besides bagels Strathmore also serves a large variety of breakfast items (omelettes and egg sandwiches) which makes it a good stop for a commuter on his/her way to class. The breakfasts are very inexpensive (about \$3.00 each) and include a bagel. There are also student and commuter specials.

Last and certainly not least is The Bagel Gallery (534 Smithtown Bypass) located on Rt. 347 near Rt. 111. This is my personal favorite. Signs around the shop boast "real New York bagels" and they are right. These are the best bagels I've had on Long Island. They are large and always fresh, and there is a large variety of both bagels and toppings. The Bagel Gallery has no less than ten varieties of cream cheese and a supply of fresh lox. If you order a bagel with cream cheese be prepared for there to be more cream cheese than bagel. The same goes for the other toppings. Other features which make this place great are the fact that its open 24 hours and that if you buy a dozen bagels (\$5.40) you get six more free. If you have a car and some time I would definitely make a trip to The Bagel Gallery.

Mike Kramer is our hero.

For the last year, Mike's been the staff cartoonist for The Press, drawing his strip "Shades of The Prison House," as well as miscellaneous other jobs we threw at him. In December, he graduated from Stony Brook. Today, he's got a great job making big bucks. The computer skills he learned at The Press helped him become a successful graphic artist.

All this and he also just got two of our editors plum jobs in his office.

We'd like to offer a collective thanks to Mike for his work above and beyond the call of duty, and we wish him the best in the future.

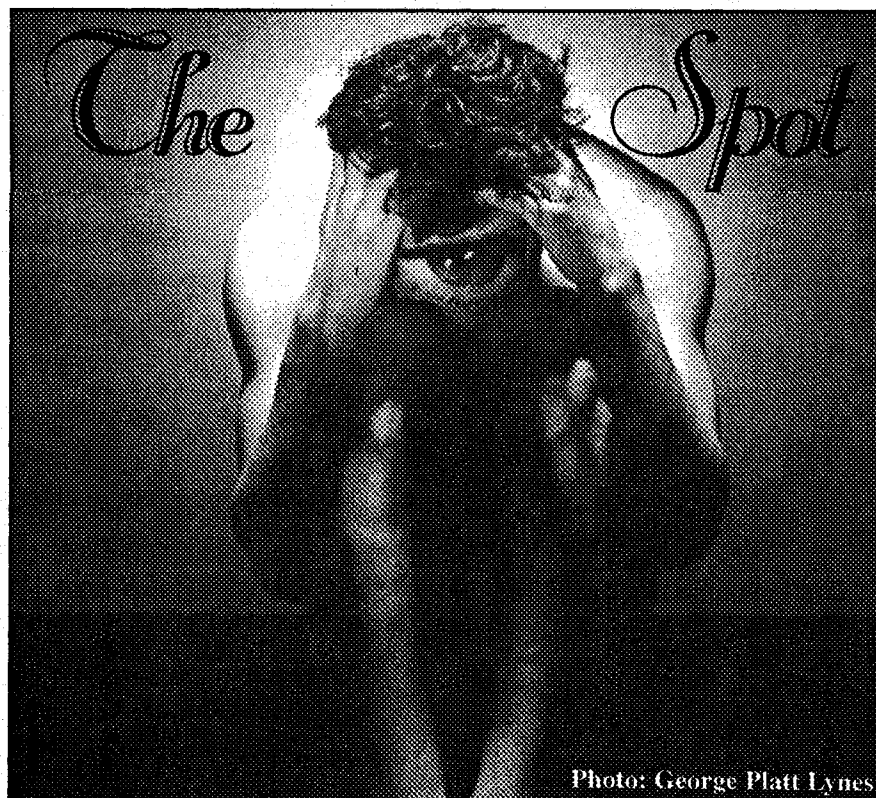
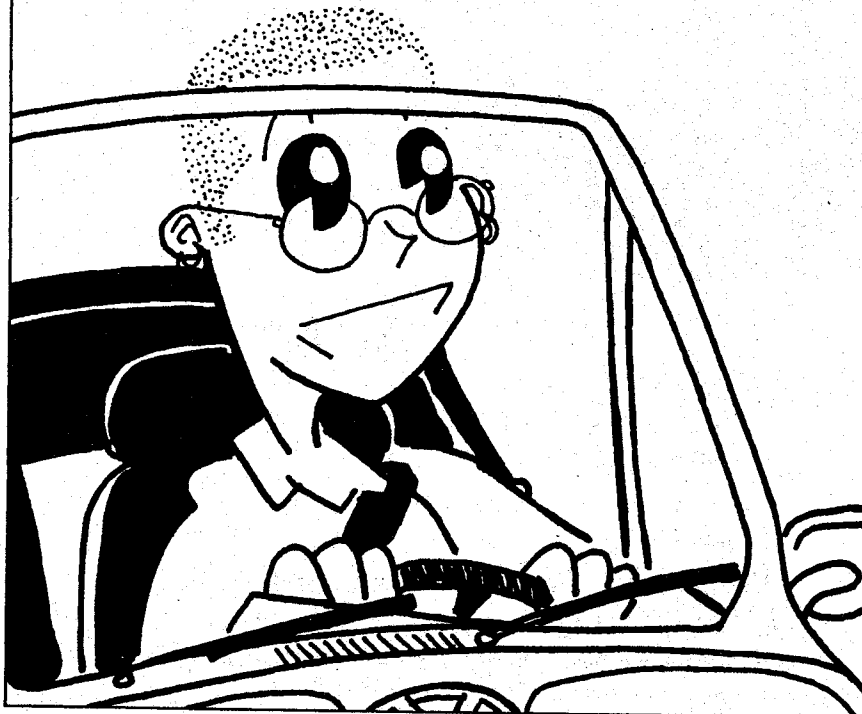


Photo: George Platt Lynes

Graduate Student Lounge

Open Wednesday through Saturday with live music

Located in the
Fanny Brice Theater,
Roosevelt Quad

- | | |
|------------|------------------------|
| April 30th | Scarab and Mad Planets |
| 1st | Clocktower |
| 2nd | Reckoning |
| 3rd | Michael Massimo |
| 7th | Radio Free Wednesday |
| 8th | Free Association |
| 9th | Pumice |
| 10th | Electric Lounge |
| 14th | Radio Free Wednesday |
| 15th | Molesting the Groove |
| 16th | Checkerboard Charlie |
| 17th | Electric Lounge |

EXCERPTS FOR THE L.I. VOICE

By Lowell Yaeger

[Note: Have you seen a copy of the new Long Island Voice? They're hip enough to re-print excerpts from student newspapers in their "Campus" section. So far, they've printed two issues and two Press excerpts. We figured we'd give them some really interesting stuff to quote.]

"It's very important to take several factors into mind when choosing your gerbil: the softness of its fur; the length of its nails; the thick pink cord of its flexible tail. Is your gerbil frisky? Is it calm? Does it like to bite and nip, or is it merely content to nuzzle with its cold little nose? Will it panic in enclosed spaces and scurry to and fro in an attempt to escape? All of these things must be pondered before you buy your little friend."

"I like living on-campus. The cracked walls, a thin eggshell over a carcinogen-laden level of asbestos. Squeaky beds, the sheets drawn tight over the yellowed mattress; unopened cardboard boxes filled with the detritus of an adolescence prop up televisions and half-drunk bottles of water. A man wearing a dog suit crawls on all fours in the hallway, offering blowjobs for a quarter. I like living on-campus."

"Have you ever gotten run over by a subway? That's what the administration did to me. Railroad tracks of red tape are slathered across my back, and trash — ball-point pens, bounced checks, course application forms and the various W2 — is stuck to my chest from the pressure of the Man, pushing me into the squalor that makes up their floor."

"God and I are close personal friends. In fact, I'm very interested in Catholicism. The confessional is like the womb, dark and warm and empty of secrets. The man behind the small barrier doesn't judge, he is just a conduit between myself and my maker. Who cares about a silly little child molestation allegation?"

"The transgressional stress-diathesis model of aggrandized disenfranchisement is a clear representation of the effect of capitalism on technosuburbanization. We cannot afford to ignore the potential inherent in aggressive sociological advancement of the questionable unconsciousness, without which we might merely be advanced prerogatives of a complex and varied design. So, naturally, I support cow tipping."

Finding a Job in the Real World WITHOUT KNOWING ANYBODY

By Steven Tornello
Press Staff Emeritus
USB Grad, May 1996
All-around good guy

So, you're graduating this year, huh? Well, being a Stony Brook graduate, hell, the world will be clamoring after you. I mean, Stony Brook is the third-best public university in the United States, according to the New York Times. Everybody knows Stony Brook. Everybody loves that Seawolf guy. We're a well-regarded Division II athletic program. We're gonna win many championships at Division I, too. Everybody loves Stony Brook. Yee Hah!

Now that we've got that ignorant self-indulgent blubbery out of the way, let's analyze the real world. Nobody knows Stony Brook. "Oh really, you went to Stony Brook, huh? Wow, that's near Utica, right?" was the mantra I usually heard from different people. Oh, Stony Brook is about as well-regarded as Queens College, Hofstra, the College of Staten Island, etc. When looking for a job, recruiters are looking for Harvard, Yale, Georgetown, and the like. All others get thrown in the miscellaneous bin. Although you have to work your ass off at this school, it is the same thing as going to a lesser school. Name recognition is big. Once you realize that graduating from Stony Brook will not get you a job, and that extracurricular activities really mean nothing, frenzy sets in. However, do not fret. After months and months of extensive research and endless hours of frustration, here is a guide on getting a job despite not going to a big-time school and not knowing anybody.

1. **Pick an occupation.** If you have a good idea about the field you would like to work in, then you have already fought half the battle. I graduated last year and I knew that I wanted to get a job in advertising. So, for the purpose of giving an example, I will use advertising as my example. I came back from my cross-country trip in October, and proceeded to gather some basic information about advertising. What I learned was a shock! "Do you have a portfolio? Do you have any internships? What classes have you taken in advertising? Who are your idols?" Shit, I got scared. Four years of school, and I knew nothing. So I panicked. I immediately dismissed myself from getting a job on my own and entrusted the help of various headhunters in my job search. Headhunters are great for graduates who don't know what they want to do. They have openings in odd jobs for people who are willing to try different things. I was offered a job as a writer for a porno magazine. I really was, no joke. Again, I was thrown into the miscellaneous bin along with the other SUNY graduates, CUNY graduates, and the like. One of the worst things you could do is to depend on other people in your job search. People in the real world just don't give a shit. Headhunters, or recruiters, look for the best possible candidate for possible jobs. If you are average (read: Stony Brook), you get thrown in the bin. Oh yeah, those ads in the New York Times reading "Immediate Openings Available! Major Firm has Entrusted us to Staff..." are all bullshit. Bullshit! There are no jobs! They just want more people to choose from. It is almost impossible to find a job through the New York Times, mainly because you are responding along with 10,000 other people. I was left to feel like cattle, just one of the many aimless herds striv-

ing for that one entry-level job. Then I got balls.

2. **Research.** I called people, read magazines about advertising, and analyzed books about the field. I learned that The School of Visual Arts was one of the top schools in the nation for advertising, so I enrolled, figuring that since I wasn't working in the field that I might as well learn about it. Plus, it looks good on the resume. Next, I did research about what agencies I would want to work for. How did I do this? Well, I watched TV and wrote down what commercials I thought were incredible. Obviously, those Nike ads kick ass. So I used The School of Visual Arts' resources and learned that those ads are done by Weiden & Kennedy in Portland, Oregon. No dice. Anyway, I made a list of 20 or so agencies whose commercials I thought best suited my talents. This makes sense. From what I've learned from ad executives, it is best to work for a company that would foster the most interest from you.

3. **Spunk.** I brought my resume along with a colorful cover letter by hand to each of the aforementioned agencies. Upon arrival, I asked the Human Resources person when I expected to hear from them. I would make that their deadline. If they told me seven days, and if I hadn't heard from them by then, I called them on the 8th, then again in week-by-week increments. I sent letters to various Creative Heads in the business, asking to meet with them to discuss the field. Basically, I tried to meet as many people as possible and tried to learn as much as possible. I tried to get into people's faces. I tried everything. I mean, why not? The worst thing they could do is tell me "no", which would just leave me in the present status quo. Fuck 'em.

4. **Practice.** You have to practice your interviewing skills in order to present yourself well to future employers. Learn what questions are most frequently asked. In advertising, you are asked questions such as, "Why advertising? What made you pick advertising? Where do you see yourself in five years? What do you want to accomplish?". These are all basic generic questions. Memorize basic generic answers to them. It is your goal to present to the interviewer what they want to see. Once you get a job, you can be what you want to be.

5. **Luck.** You have to be lucky. You have to somehow make your own luck. Pester people is a good way to get lucky. By continuing bothering human resources people, they may grow to like you, hate you, whatever. Either way, you'll be on their mind. Understand that when a job comes up, you have to be on the hiring official's mind. Yeah, I know, it's luck. But who said life was fair?

I will begin work for McCann-Erickson Worldwide Advertising firm on May 5 as an account clerk, a pure entry-level job which will be an invaluable learning experience. My firm handles AT&T, SONY pictures, Nabisco foods, and many others. Through research and the prescribed techniques, I was able to land this job, but not without getting my ego nicked along the way. Hey, life isn't easy. Thanks to the Stony Brook Counseling Center, I graduated without knowing a thing about the field I was getting into. But through hard work, determination, and will, I wound up succeeding (thankfully). I'm not saying that these techniques are foolproof. They ain't. It's just shit I've learned and stuff I've realized along the way.

FEATURES

The Earth knows nothing as large as the ocean... they cannot move you, man ...no one knows a mind as expansive as mine (nor an ego as deserving.) It is from this vantage I give you

OCEANSIZE

[Editor's Note: Long-time readers of this publication (read: schmucks who haven't been able to graduate) may well recall our last advice columnist, the greatly loved and equally feared "Oceansize." Over a year ago, this spirit of the briny deep retired from his days of dispensing advice, to better spend his time causing the ebb and flow of the tides. A few days ago, however, The Press received an alarming letter, asking for our consultation. It was a pressing enough problem we decided to wake our oracle and consult the tides, to awaken... Oceansize.]

Dear Oceansize,

I graduated from Stony Brook in the Spring of 1995, with a degree in English. While I was in school, I was a frequent reader of your column. Now, I have a problem, and I thought I should consult with your mighty self.

Since graduation, I have moved to North Carolina, where I have been teaching an 8th-grade English class for the past semester. I've generally been able to handle my classes and all the problems of being a teacher, but now I've run into a problem I can't figure out.

I'm one of the only male teachers at my school, which of course is filled with pubescent girls. As such, I am something of a star on campus, and I've occasionally had to deal with minor crushes from students. Now, though, things have escalated. I just got a love note from one of my students! I'm of course not at all interested, and I want to handle this properly. When I told the other teachers and administrators my problem,

they just laughed at me. What should I do?

-Confused in Carolina

Dear Stupid, Ugly Pedophile,

After you burn in Hell for your deplorable acts against humanity (to say nothing of sexually harassing a thirteen year old) I hope the angry Gods see fit to give your wretched soul to me so that I might bash it against the rocks in an unrelenting ebb and flow. And that's the nice thing I have to say.

Once many moons ago a man who went by the name Dr. Fi...never mind his name, decided to act upon his filthy thoughts and let the flirting get away from him and now he's bogged down in a relationship with someone so much younger than he that they don't even have the same television experiences! Oh perhaps there is happiness, but is there really ever any happiness...Does anybody remember laughter?

You, filth pig henceforth, seduce a 13 year old girl with your...wait a minute...what are the chances that a fat bastard like you could garner the

affection of anyone, much less a 13 year old harlot? I mean in all seriousness, you are hideous. You display most of what is worst in humanity and nearly all of what is frightening. You are the blind date. You are the person who wouldn't be good looking even if you lost two hundred pounds. You are all that is wrong with evolution, pollution and the sagging bellied America! You couldn't get any in a women's prison with a handful of pardons; and you expect me, Oceansize; you expect us, the reading elite, to believe that some 13 year old whore wants the likes of you? HA! I mock your pathetic attempt at social redemption.

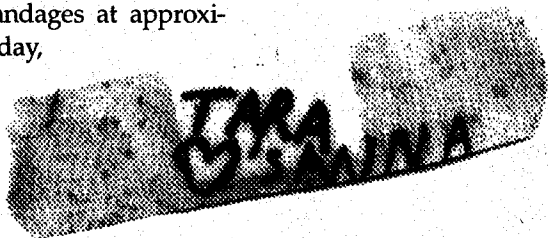
I suppose you think that being a school teacher in some far off, fairyland, hick town gives you the right to play out your dull sexual fantasies on the world outside Dollywood or where ever it is you reside. Well when her Father, boyfriend and uncle show up to beat your Yankee ass red, white and blue you'll be relieved to see they're all the same person. Burn in Hell you pedophile.

Attack of the Band-Aid Bandits

By Michael Yeh

Members of the ΣΔΤ sorority plastered the Student Health Center with adhesive bandages at approximately 10:30 P.M. on Sunday,

April 13. Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps personnel found ΣΔΤ members crouched at the base of the building pasting their letters on the walls.

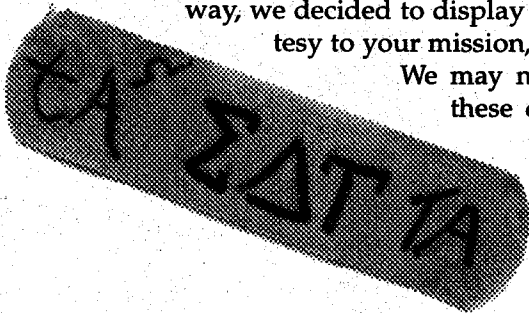


What might be their purpose? I suspect that they were trying to patch up the cracks in the brick wall, which was very thoughtful of them. While we face decreasing funding from the state, this spirit of volunteerism represents the strong loyalty of students to the school.

But, some people doubt the effectiveness of these repairs. "I know that the buildings are in disrepair here, but trying to fix the Infirmary with band-aids is as ridiculous as trying to empty the ocean with a teaspoon," said a source known only as "The Lunatick". "At best, these repairs would only postpone the inevitable."

If ΣΔΤ's purpose was not to stabilize the building, can this be a previously unknown ritual? Perhaps they have a band-aid fetish, and were just acting out their fantasies. Who are Tara, Jen, and Anna, and why did they write their names for everyone to see? (By the way, we decided to display your band-aids as a courtesy to your mission, whatever it may be.)

We may never know the answer to these questions, unless we send one of our agents to infiltrate the sorority. But, I wouldn't be surprised if their secrets were covered up to prevent media "infection"!



THE WUSB 30

WUSB-90.1 FM

By Mark Nimmer

ARTIST

- 1) The Orb
- 2) Antiflag
- 3) Future Sound of London
- 4) Shudder to think
- 5) Chainsaw Kittens
- 6) The Humpers
- 7) Shonen Knife
- 8) Morphine
- 9) Moloko
- 10) The Van Pelt
- 11) L7
- 12) Turbo ACS
- 13) Supersuckers
- 14) The Raybeats
- 15) Chemical Bros.
- 16) W. Horowitz+Tony Mash
- 17) The Soilbirds
- 18) James
- 19) Screw 32
- 20) Pinhead Gunpowder
- 21) Armchair Martians
- 22) Still Suit
- 23) Newlydeads
- 24) UKsubs
- 25) Pond
- 26) Clawhammer
- 27) Half-Japanese
- 28) RL Burnside
- 29) Satahs Pilgrims
- 30) Sky Cries Mary

RECORD

- Orblivion
- Die for y/govern.
- We have Explosive
- 50,000 B.C.
- Boyd is GOD
- Plastique Valentine
- Brand New Knife
- Like Swimming
- Do you like M/sweater?
- Beauty Process
- Must've be High
- Guitar Beat
- Cold Spell
- Soilbirds
- Whiplash
- Under the influence of bad people
- Goodbye Ellston Avenue
- ST
- At the speed of light
- Rebel Radio Sampler
- Rock Compilation
- Hold your tongue and say apple
- Bore Head
- Mr. Wizard
- Around the World with..
- Moonbirthing on sleeping...

LABEL

- Island
- NRA
- Astralwerks
- Epic
- McCamish
- Epitah
- Big Deal
- Rykodisc
- Warner Bros.
- Reprise
- Sub Pop
- Bar Hobe
- Works
- Mercury
- Fat
- Lockout
- Cargo
- Building
- Mutiny
- Cleopatra
- Work
- Interscope
- Alternative
- Fat
- Cargo
- Warner Bros.

The Search For Ralph

By Kenyon Hopkin

While investigating this story, someone told me I was "barking up the wrong tree." Initially, that individual was probably right.

Ralph Nader, consumer advocate and former presidential candidate on the Green Party ticket, was unofficially scheduled to appear at the University of Stony Brook on Wednesday, April 16. I say "unofficially" because the week before, the only clue I had of Nader's appearance was from a list of upcoming events found in the Student Activity Center. For April 16, it stated, "Ralph Nader lecture." But that was all the information I had seen. Nothing posted, no announcement or press release anywhere on campus.

So Tuesday came and still no word on Nader. I checked in with the Commuter Student Association in the SAC. Brad Hausman, President of the CSA, hadn't heard of the event. He called the assistant dean of students and she replied that Nader was scheduled to appear, but it was canceled. This, needless to say, intrigued me.

I was interested to hear Mr. Nader speak about the Green Party, the state of America, and issues he was concerned with. I was even more interested in meeting the man. After all, I did vote for him. On the same day, I found out that he would be speaking at Suffolk Community College in Selden. Later I was informed he'd be at Nassau Community College as well. The question escalated; why was

Ralph Nader's appearance at USB canceled? Were there bad vibes between Nader and Stony Brook? Was there a controversial reason for his absence?

As usual in the field of journalism, I "followed the money" and looked for who was sponsoring the lecture. The line above on the activities list said "Choice Day," an event in its own right. Figuring that this was related to Nader, I went to the source of Choice Day, the Health Service Center. There I spoke to Peter Mastroianni, who coordinates Student Health Education as well as Choice Day. With a puzzled look on his face, he said that there was no relation between Ralph Nader and Choice Day whatsoever.

Okay, so I made a false assumption. Now I was stumped.

When I was in the CSA office, someone mentioned Nader's connection to the New York Public Interest Research Group, which has a branch stationed on the campus. Gina Kim of NYPIRG was actually with Nader that day and proved to be very helpful. I learned that he was the inspiration for students to start NYPIRG in 1973. Nader, who charges \$7000-\$7500 for a lecture, which goes to charity, spoke at SCC at 11am, NCC at 7pm, and at a press conference at 5:30pm. It was obvious that this activist kept busy.

Apparently, NYPIRG and the Graduate Student Organization invited him, but the date fell through. Gina connected me to Peter Moran-Lamia, project coordinator of NYPIRG at NCC.

Peter speculated that Stony Brook may have had a "desire" to have Nader speak but it likely was never confirmed. The next step was the biggest in this extensive search for knowledge. I had received Nader's office phone number from Peter. Now I was getting somewhere.

Before contacting Nader I thought I'd get GSO's end of the story. According to Dave Maltman, the office manager of GSO, the whole thing was nothing more than a "schedule screw-up." I was beginning to believe this myself.

I didn't make contact with Nader himself, but I did speak to his assistant, Mike Eiereisel, in Washington, D.C. He told me to call the American Program Bureau in Boston and talk to Ken Eisenstein, who handles Nader's schedule. I finally got to the root of the answer, although it was dwindling in my face the whole time. Ralph "gets a lot of invitations," Eisenstein told me. "The timing didn't work out. Ralph expressed an interest and was disappointed that he couldn't make it."

And was I disappointed that there was no controversy? No scandal to report? No corruption to expose? No, I wasn't disappointed. I learned a great deal from this investigation; how important people are brought to a school, how it can fail from taking place, and how busy Ralph Nader really is. Perhaps I was barking up the wrong tree. But if I hadn't given myself this challenge, I never would have spoke with or met the individuals that I did. And now, most importantly, I have an article for the Press.

Philosophical Musings

By Nancy B. Regula

What is the greatest tragedy befallen upon man today? What is that which waits for us while we are in the womb and, upon arrival into the world, plagues us our whole life through? Perhaps the most difficult dilemma we face today is that of forming our own ideals, our own morals.

The moral fallacy that exists today is damaging to our society and is a hindrance to a normal, rational, intrusive nature. To think that there is one standard of morality is a misconception. To think that to be a "good" person you must follow the morality of those around you is erroneous. What's more, to act in accordance with the present system of morals is harmful when one knows not where these morals originated. It is destructive to peace of mind. The happiness in life that comes from knowing oneself can never be achieved if there are barriers that exist in the mind. The truly detrimental aspect of societally sanctioned morals is that one can be conditioned to believe the gossip told, as if it were the truth. If something is presented enough times as the truth that it becomes affirmed in the mind, it is merely a case of conditioning. Accepting facts without question leads to a blind passion; an idea can be upheld as the truth with such fervor that it will be defended forcefully if necessary. Going with the flow may be the easiest thing to do, considering it's general agreeable nature, but is such a doctrine really valid? It is when a person must defend their ideals that those ideals are examined fully. It is difficult to propose a novel insight to a public which has experienced the ill effects of society, but they are far from being brainwashed persons who cannot be helped. It is in considering the best way to arrive at each person's subjective truth that the role of the philosopher is truly felt.

The role of the philosopher is to examine events

and actions with a fine toothed comb and postulate why it is that such events occur, why people act in such a manner, or whatever else it is that a person will choose to examine. The wonderful thing about philosophizing is that you can never be wrong. In a field that rejects the notion of right and wrong, black and white, how can one ever be wrong. The benefit, then, lies in the fact that that a person will spend much time and examine in a contemplative aspect things that many people would normally pass over. To have as a resource the collection of works put forth by individuals who have dedicated their lives to finding the truth is a gift that should not be ignored.

Philosophers have struggled to express their ideas concretely and coherently to the public, and have oftentimes been misunderstood. Some of the greatest literary contributions that have circulated through our society, via philosophers, have been greeted disdainfully. Bearers of knowledge are always greeted by communities with some hesitation, unfavorably if the concepts are not those already in existence. Why does fear exist among people when it comes to the unknown? Why must it be another accepted fact that that which is strange is to be feared?

Many of the greatest discoveries have come from the fact that someone dared to venture into uncharted territory. Darwin believed in the idea of evolution, and yet, waited twenty-one years to publicly put forth such ideas. It was not that the idea of evolution was so innovative, in fact other scientists of the day had proposed such very possibilities. What made Darwin's idea so evolutionary was that his proposal suggested that evolution was random, it had no direction and was simply the result of factors in action. There was no predestined plan from a grand creator, a popular belief during Darwin's lifetime. What Darwin proposed was that we are

not, as we would like to have ourselves believe, the chosen ones. We are given no dominion over anybody or anything only as far as we are physically capable of doing so. Our grandiose spiritual beliefs and mental understandings are no more than by-products of our brain. We are materialism at its best, made from matter and given a grand plan only by the illusions of our own making. So as not to be greeted as a heretic, Darwin proposed his ideas for evolution alone, and left the conclusions it undeniably unfolded to himself.

The achievements of the philosopher are far reaching to those who are willing to heed them. It is easier said than done to expect a person to read the works of another in an unbiased manner. Being rational beings does not afford us the luxury of accepting without prejudice that which is set before us. It is not fortuitous to accept everything you read, for how would one ever judge what is particular for them. However, it is reasonable to expect that one would read the ideas of another, ideas that are the result of a lifetimes worth of study, and examine them by thoroughly, without the readers preconceived ideas getting in the way. If one reads something, and realizes that they feel in manner contrary, perhaps it is wise to examine why it is that they feel in such a way. Has the reader, through painstaking toil, arrived at this conclusion or has it simply always been? It is worthwhile to examine one's beliefs and discover why they are one's beliefs.

Knowledge is the greatest accomplishment that one can hope to achieve. Knowledge of the metaphysical world is just as important as knowledge of the material world. It is worthwhile to become a philosopher, even if only in your spare time. An understanding of self according to one's own perspective is the fastest way to become ruler of your domain, controller of your thoughts, and God of your world.

M O V I E S

Summer's Coming Up Fast
By Chris Cartusciello

It may not seem it by the weather, and according to the calendar we're still over two months away, but by taking a look at the barometer we call Hollywood, summer is almost upon us. Each year the major studios push the envelope and try to get a jump on the competition by opening their big-budget movies weeks before the official season starts. It used to be generally accepted that Memorial Day weekend kicked off the race for the \$100 million dollar goal, but in the past few years that date has slowly crept forward. This year it seems that April 25th is when the gun sounds. So, with that in mind, let's take an advanced look at what promises to be the biggest summer Hollywood has ever seen. So big that many of the studios have pushed some of their highly anticipated films to the fall, when the competition won't be so tough. Included among those are Paramount's cops and robbers/disaster flick *The Flood* and the eagerly awaited alien bugs invasion movie *Starship Troopers*. As always, release dates are subject to change.

APRIL

Volcano: Come April 25th "The Coast is Toast". In this mixture of *Escape From LA* and *Dante's Peak*, Tommy Lee Jones plays an emergency rescue worker trying to deal with an impending volcanic eruption in the heart of Southern California. Mind boggling effects and pure fantasy give this the edge. As long as people can get the memory of that other volcano movie out of their minds this one should have a chance. Just check your brain at the door. (April 25)

MAY

Breakdown: Kurt Russell stars as a husband searching for his missing wife after their car breaks down and she grabs a ride from a trucker to get help. Think *The Vanishing* meets *Ransom*, with a little bit of *The Hitcher* thrown in for that psycho touch. Should satisfy Russell's fans who have fond memories of *Executive Decision*. (May 2)

Warriors of Virtue: This *Mortal Kombat* wannabe is about a young boy who gets transported to the fictional land of Tao where he teams up with a band of kung-fu kangaroos. You can't make this stuff up, folks. The premise sounds ridiculous but the trailers at least show some impressive effects. (May 2)

Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery: Mike Myers, hoping to make a comeback after the disastrous *So I Married an Axe Murderer* and *Wayne's World 2* tries his hand at this James Bond spoof. He plays a 60s spy thawed out after 30 years to fight his arch enemy, Dr. Evil (also played by Myers). Helped along by model turned actress turned producer Elizabeth Hurley, he must defeat the bad guys and come to terms with his outdated sexual innuendoes. This is the one that Myers needs to get his career back on track. (May 2)

Operation Condor: Quite possibly the hardest working man in show business, with the x-rays to prove it, Jackie Chan is back in this actioner. No

need to go into plot details. That's not why you're going to see it. The guarantee of high risk stunts and tongue-in-cheek dialogue is what brings the audience to Chan. With him directing and co-writing there's surely not to be a shortage of either. (May 2)

Father's Day: Billy Crystal and Robin Williams team up for the first time outside of "Comic Relief" (not counting their bit parts in Kenneth Branagh's *Hamlet*) for this comedy about two men searching for a runaway child they each believe to be their own. Nastassja Kinski plays the mother who tricks them and Julia Louis-Dreyfus adds her support. With a script by Babaloo Mandel and Lowell Ganz (*City Slickers*) and direction by Ivan Reitman (*Ghostbusters*) this should be the diversion people will be looking for to get away from all the action. (May 9)

The Fifth Element: In this futuristic actioner Bruce Willis plays a New York cabbie who is recruited to save the world. Not much has been released about this one as the filmmakers are trying to keep the details under wraps. Gary Oldman is the bad guy and model Milla Jovovich plays, well, we're not quite sure. Suffice it to say that this will be one of the more interesting of the bunch. Willis is taking a chance going back to the sci-fi well so quickly after 12 *Monkeys*, but it should prove worth the trip. French director Luc Besson (*La Femme Nikita* and *The Professional*) has a huge cult following and a visual style that is hard to

match, so all of this together should add up to something special. The problem will be the people who wonder what happened in the previous four. (May 9)

The Lost World: Do I even have to go any farther? This sequel to *Jurassic Park* is already slated to be the biggest hit of the year. Every other movie has run away from Memorial Day weekend to give this monster a wide berth. Jeff Goldblum returns as mathematician, and chaos theory expounder, Ian Malcolm, who is sent back to the infamous island to check on stories that something is still alive. Along for the ride is Julianne Moore (*Assassins*, *Nine Months*), Vince Vaughn (*Swingers*) and Pete Postlethwaite (*Dragonheart*), but we all know who the stars really are. Dinos, dinos, dinos. Steven Spielberg directs once again for Universal. (May 23)

JUNE

Con Air: Fresh from his starring turn in *The Rock*, Nicolas Cage jumps right back into the action mix with this story of Cameron Poe, a paroled convict who must decide which side he's on when the transport plane bringing him home is hijacked

by the rest of the prisoners. John Malkovich plays the chief baddie who hatches the whole plan. John Cusack is a US Marshal trying to help Poe from the ground. With a solid cast, good storyline and Jerry Bruckheimer producing, this one should take off. The only downside is first time director Simon West. This is a huge undertaking for a veteran of

television commercials and music videos. Wait and see. (June 6)

Boogie Nights: This tale of the seedy world of porno movies promises to be "artistic". Spanning through the 70s and into the 80s it attempts to show the inner workings of this much maligned industry. Mark Wahlberg plays a young man

drawn into this world and shows more of himself than most people would want to see. Co-starring in this classy production is Julianne Moore, Heather Graham, William H. Macy and Burt Reynolds. (June 13)

Batman and Robin: This is the fourth outing for the caped crusader with George Clooney taking over the cowl from Val Kilmer. In this installment, the dynamic duo are joined by Batgirl (Alicia Silverstone) in their bid to rid Gotham City of the criminal element. With the Joker and Penguin out of the way (and Catwoman to be getting her own film in the near future) now it's Mr. Freeze's turn to terrorize the citizens of this metropolis. Arnold Schwarzenegger plays the man with ice water in his veins, and his partner in crime is Uma Thurman as Poison Ivy, who can kill with a kiss. Elle Macpherson is Bruce Wayne's love interest this time around. Wonder if he'll tell her all his secrets like every other girl he's dated. Joel Schumacher directs for the second time (and he's signed on for the next one too). (June 20)

My Best Friend's Wedding: Julia Roberts returns to romantic comedy to try and revive her fading career (too late) in this story of platonic friends who promise to marry each other if neither had found anybody by age 28. The problem is that Michael (Dermot Mulroney) has found the girl of his dreams (Cameron Diaz) just when Julianne (Roberts) realizes that she actually loves him. Yawn. Seen it before. Move along. (June 27)

Hercules: Disney's bid for the family fare this year is this animated tale of the son of Zeus. In order to defeat Hades, the god of the underworld (voiced perfectly by James Woods), and claim his rightful position on Mount Olympus, our hero must pass a series of grueling tasks. With a cast of my'tological characters and creatures this is the perfect vehicle for the Disney machine. The animation is far from the smooth lines perfected in *The*

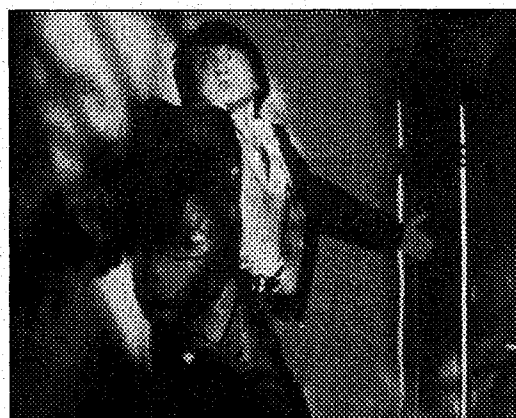
Lion King and *Aladdin*. With squared-off jaws and exaggerated features this production truly exudes an ancient feel. Additional voices by Tate Donovan, Danny DeVito, Bob Goldthwait, Paul Shaffer, Matt Frewer and Charlton Heston as the mighty Zeus. (June 27)



Disney's newest feature, *Hercules*



The raptors return in *The Lost World*



Jackie Chan, the world's biggest bad-ass

M O V I E S

JULY

Men In Black: Bringing back memories of last summer's smash *Independence Day* (even opening the same weekend *ID4* did) this film is a sci-fi comedy about an elite group of immigration officials who keep track of alien beings on Earth. Will Smith stares typecasting in the face as he shares the lead with Tommy Lee Jones. The two stumble across a plan for aliens to take over our planet and it's up to them to put a stop to it. With its less than serious approach and imaginative effects, *MIB* should bring in a wide audience and end up one of the top five films of the year. Directed by Barry Sonnenfeld, the man behind *Get Shorty* and *The Addams Family*. (July 2)

Speed 2: Cruise Control: This sequel has one big thing in its favor--no Keanu Reeves. Sandra Bullock returns as Annie, the girl with the worst luck in the world. This time she is on a cruise ship with her new beau, Jason Patric, when terrorists seize control. Jan DeBont returns to direct, still riding high from last year's *Twister*. Should do well its opening weekend, except for the fact that it's in stiff competition with *MIB*. Will have to be really spectacular to make it through the summer unscathed. (July 2)

Face/Off: John Travolta and Nicolas Cage star in this thriller about an FBI agent and a terrorist who switch identities. John Woo, who worked with Travolta on *Broken Arrow*, directs. This is going to be one of those good films that gets over-looked amid all the high tech hoopla associated with the other summer movies. Will get creamed opening weekend against *Speed 2* and *Men In Black*. What were they thinking? Their only chance will be overflow from sold out shows. (July 2)

Titanic: James Cameron's watery grave. This account of the maiden voyage of the unsinkable ocean liner has become the most expensive movie ever made. It will have to make close to \$400 million to make a profit. Big problem with this film is that much of it is fictitious. Cameron has seen fit to give us a love story between a socialite (Kate Winslet) and a cabin boy (Leonardo DiCaprio) because he obviously felt that the drama of one of the greatest disasters of all time wasn't good enough. Look for this movie to wash away all bad memories of that other waterlogged debacle, *Waterworld*. This should sink faster than the ship. (July 11)

Contact: Jodie Foster and Matthew McConaughey star in this adaptation of the novel by the late Carl Sagan. As signals are heard coming from space the world tries to decipher their meaning. Foster is an astronomer who longs to make first contact. A strong supporting cast, including James Woods, Angela Bassett, Tom Skerritt and John Hurt will help to lift this above the rest. Sadly it will probably get lost amongst the explosions and body counts of the rest of the summer fare. (July 11)

George of the Jungle: There's not much to say

about this. It's a live action version of the classic cartoon, created by Jay Ward of "Rocky and Bullwinkle" fame. Brendan Fraser plays the Tarzan hopeful. Just silly matinee fodder, but should be good for the laughs. (July 18)

Conspiracy Theory: No, it's not the life and times of Oliver Stone. Mel Gibson plays a New York cab driver who feels that the entire world is corrupt, and has the theories to back him up. When one of these bizarre ideas comes true it is up to him to stop it. Julia Roberts co-stars as love interest and tag along. Patrick Stewart (*Star Trek: First Contact*) is the



Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones are *Men In Black*

main bad guy. Richard Donner, who directed Mel in the *Lethal Weapon* films, takes the helm here. Typical Gibson, solid action with a side dish of sarcasm. (July 25)

Air Force One: What do you do when the president's plane has been hijacked? Well, if the commander in chief is Harrison Ford, you stand back as he takes charge. That's the premise in this thriller directed by Wolfgang Peterson (*In The Line Of Fire*). Gary Oldman is the terrorist who is holding the first family hostage. Glenn Close is the first lady (after playing the same part in *Mars Attacks!*). This will be a toss-up to see whether *Conspiracy Theory* or *AFO* takes the weekend. (July 25)

AUGUST

Copland: For this independent film from Miramax, Sylvester Stallone dropped his \$20 million salary and took scale pay (along with gaining 35 pounds) to play a hearing impaired sheriff in a small New Jersey suburb where many New York City cops live. After a racially motivated crime points to his town he has to decide whether to protect the cops he idolizes or search for the truth. Robert DeNiro, Ray Liotta, Harvey Keitel, Janeane Garofalo and Michael Rapaport also star (and also all took union scale). This is a hot script that everybody want-



Jodie Foster makes *Contact*

ed to jump on. Should make a satisfying drama that will go to enhance the studio's reputation for picking quality material. (August 1)

Leave It To Beaver: Another classic sitcom brought to the screen. This one focusing on the ever loving, and ever wholesome, family of the Cleavers. Christopher McDonald (*Happy Gilmore*) is Ward and Janine Turner (*Cliffhanger*) is mom, June. The Beav is played by newcomer Cameron Finley. You already know if you're going to go and see it, just don't admit it to anyone. (August 1)

Alien Resurrection: This fourth film in the lucrative franchise (almost destroyed by *Alien 3*) brings Ripley back to life; sort of. Sigourney Weaver returns to the role she knows best as a cloned replica of her famous persona. She's back to fight those acid-blooded monsters with Winona Ryder as her diminutive android sidekick. 20th Century Fox has been pretty tight lipped about plot details, but rest assured they learned their lesson last time. No shaved heads or dream sequences. A guaranteed hit. (August 8)

Desperate Measures: Andy Garcia stars in this thriller as a father looking for a bone marrow donor for his sick child. He finds one in the form of Michael Keaton. The problem is he turns out to be a psychopathic murderer just looking for a way to escape. This isn't the first time Keaton has played a bad guy. His turn in *Pacific Heights* was chilling, so he should be convincing here. Barbet Schroeder (*Single White Female*) takes the reigns as director and should do a fine job with the familiar material. (August 8)

The Truman Show: Jim Carrey returns to the screen still hot from the current *Liar, Liar*. Here he stars as Truman Burbank, an ordinary man whose entire life is secretly being filmed 24-hours a day and shown as a documentary. After he discovers this, and that his friends are all actors, he tries to



Sly Stallone in *Copland*

escape the ever watching eyes. A great concept, but not an out-and-out comedy, and not what Carrey's fans want to see. You'd think he'd learn after *The Cable Guy*. Besides this was done already, brilliantly, by Albert Brooks in his film *Real Life*. (August 15)

Spawn: Todd McFarlane's comic book hero comes to life in this film from New Line. After a government agent (Michael Jai White) is murdered he returns to Earth as Spawn. Now he must protect his loved ones from the evil Violator (John Leguizamo). There is already a built-in audience for this one, but they are a rabid group. If it isn't done just right you'll see this film go the same place that *Captain America* and *The Fantastic Four* did. That's my point exactly. (August 22)

An American Werewolf In Paris: Sixteen years after the original, this sequel to *An American Werewolf In London* will try to recapture the mood and flavor of that classic horror/comedy. Nice try, but no chance. None of the original members are back and this will slowly slide into the trash heap along with the sequels to *The Howling*. (August 29)

So there you have a good slate of the films you can expect to see in the coming months. This is just a small sampling of the most prominent, but it is far from the lot. In the next four months you can also look forward to a some of the following:

An updated *Great Expectations*, with Robert DeNiro; *Home Alone 3*, minus Macaulay Culkin (yeah!); *Out To Sea*, with Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon; *Free Willy 3*; a new version of Douglas Adams' *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*; *Mortal Kombat II: Annihilation*, trying to make lightning strike twice; and a plethora of others. Happy viewing.

Reporters and Rocket Launchers

By Lowell Yaeger

If one word can perfectly describe Tom Incantalupo, it's drive.

Not only does it describe a large part of Incantalupo's occupation — test-driving auto mobiles for car review, a regular Newsday feature — but the idea of drive, of motive, is in everything he does.

When Tom Incantalupo talks, he does so with his whole body, and he does not stop until he is finished saying what he has to say. His speech is more noticeably peppered with "uh's" and "you know's" than the average person, and his hands gesticulate emphatically. His small body jumps with energy, and his little eyes move to and fro, as if constantly surveying what's before him. Underneath a head of tight, curly hair, Incantalupo's middle-aged face usually shows one of two emotions: humor, or concentrated mental activity.

His sense of purpose and energy extends far past his physical being, however. One might expect a journalist's worst reporting assignment to be an account of wading through a garbage dump, or interviewing some unsavory criminal.

Not so for the 49-year-old Tom Incantalupo. He recalls the time he was sent to cover a Brooklyn hostage crisis along with a battalion of other Newsday reporters, only to feel that he could be spending his time better elsewhere.

"You would think that would be an exciting story to cover," says Incantalupo. "Except that Newsday sent about 30 people to cover the story. Newsday

would do things like that...send a cast of thousands to do a job that two people could do. And everywhere you looked, you were tripping over another Newsday reporter, and there simply was no information to get that everybody else wasn't going to get...It was just a lot of hours standing in the cold waiting for something to happen, and basically not accomplishing a whole lot."

But that was over two decades ago. Things are different for Incantalupo now, as he applies his drive in a more literal sense by testing out both mundane and interesting automobiles. He drives so many automobiles, in fact, that he doesn't even have one of his own. You name it, and Incantalupo's probably driven it — and had some kind of adventure in it as well.

Incantalupo has gotten to drive some vehicles that most people can't get access to, including an armored military vehicle Hummer. "I drove the military version back during the gulf War, because they were on TV every night," he says. "The first and only vehicle I ever drove that had a missile launcher on the roof."

Incantalupo's also driven antiques. While researching older automobiles in June for the car's 100th birthday, he got the opportunity to drive a Ford Model T, "which is a nightmare," he says. "The controls, except for the steering wheel, are totally different from the controls on modern cars...I almost had an accident with that car, because I just got confused, hit the wrong pedal and hit high gear instead of the brake."

Not all of Incantalupo's job is driving interesting cars. However, strange situations seem to find him while driving more mundane vehicles. He recounts an incident involving a brand-new Lincoln Continental: "All of a sudden, just smoke pouring out of the hood, and a couple of truck drivers standing there started gesturing wildly and pointing to the underside of the car, where flames were shooting out."

And one doesn't easily forget the Cadillac El Dorado, filled with family and Christmas gifts, that broke down on the Taconic Parkway.

"The car just dropped dead in the middle of the highway," he says. "I had to have the car towed, and I had to rent a car to get home...it was a nightmare."

Incantalupo hasn't gotten to drive all the cars he wants. Due to a high number of quality glitches that DeLorean didn't want to share with the press, the time machine of Back To The future fame never hit the road with Incantalupo behind the wheel.

And he hasn't gotten around to driving, a Ferrari yet: they just don't lend them out. "You have to go to the company headquarters or one of their press events and get some time on the vehicle," he says. "I just haven't had the chance to do it."

Not all of Incantalupo's job involves cars, however. Newsday made a small accident regarding his title, placing "Newsday Automotive Writer" under his name on a non-automotive article. Mentioning this to Incantalupo touches a small sore spot, and he admits that the incident bothered him, but bears no will. "It was just an honest mistake by an editor who should have noticed it and knocked it off."

In addition to cars, Incantalupo also has an article in the Sunday paper called "Tips," miscellaneous advice on common problems, from buying a Christmas tree to financial information. He also covers some aspects of aviation and aerospace. A recent in depth question-and-answer session regarding American Airlines' recent pilot strike was so well-done that it also appeared in the Los Angeles Times. It is quality like this that brings him praise from at least one colleague.

Paul Schreiber, also a Newsday reporter, lauds both the American Airlines Q and A — "it was right on the money" — and Incantalupo himself.

"Tom is one of the best reporters I know," Schreiber says. "He's incredible on detail, he goes back and back and back to his sources to get whatever information he needs."

Schreiber and Incantalupo first met approximately 25 years ago, when the latter's path brought him to Newsday. Born in 1947 and raised in Brooklyn, Incantalupo decided in junior high school that he wanted to be a journalist. "I started realizing...I really enjoyed writing, and decided one day and stuck with it that I wanted to go into the newspaper business."

He followed his career choice through the City College of New York in Manhattan, uptown campus, and worked for such papers as the Hudson Dispatch and the Bergen Record before coming to Newsday. He is still working there, making more than \$65,000 a year — a far cry from the \$90 a week plus \$5 for expenses he was receiving at the Dispatch.

When he's not driving cars for the newspaper, Incantalupo doesn't park himself down. He has two children, both in their early 20s, and a lively list of hobbies, including tinkering around in his workshop and indulging his interest in World War II.

Incantalupo doesn't have any plans to stop what he's doing, but he also wants to move into a different direction.

"I'd like to write about something else," he says. "But I'm not quite sure of what...I'll just play it by ear."

BLUE RIDGE HIGH

By Ted Swedalla

Home.

It's a concept that is tricky to nail down, even though one half of the human population (men) spend most of their adult life trying to get back home (to the womb) as often as possible.

When does where you live become home? I guess it depends on what you call home. How would you go about even describing the conditions that makes the place you dwell your home? Does it become your home when remember the zip code plus the 4 digit suffix or when you forget the phone number of the Dominoes of where you used to live? Or how about when you know the nearest 6 McDonalds, closest 5 malls, 4 different ways to drive to work or 3 ways to your girlfriends house?

No quantifying list exists to determine if the place you live is your home. It's much too complicated for that, plus you'd always be adding more quantifiers to the list. Back in February I was beginning to think that Cary, North Carolina was my home, but then a simple thing made me realize that 'home' is more than just the place you pay your latest traffic ticket from.

I began to talk to people to try to find out what makes a place your home. One person said home is the place where you spend your last ten thousand dollars. This didn't make a lot of sense, plus it put an actual number on home. So I continued to look for something to help me call Cary my home.

Every February or so there exists a constant in my life, something I don't think of until it's upon me (or times when I'm really stoned, and therefore hungry).

From whom will I get my Girl Scout Cookies?

When I lived in New York, my mom always had a direct line to procuring cookies. Someone at the hospital. A few boxes of Thin Mints here, one or two Tagalongs and I was set for the year. But it

wasn't until I saw others with cookies that I realized my line had been cut off, I had no connection to the magical cookies. It would not be a pleasant spring in Apartment 1F if I could not have a sleeve of Thin Mints to scarf during a college basketball playoff game. It would be like having an Easter without Creme Eggs.

Luckily for me later that week a fellow employee hung up an order form in the break room selling cookies. I was so thrilled, I almost creamed in my pants, but I held back. And ordered 7 boxes of cookies, \$17.50 of heaven.

I still have the cookies, 2 months later. I'm savoring them, I don't know if that connection will be there next year, so I've planned to freeze a box of Thin Mints and break them out next year around this time.

The more I talked to people, the more I realized that the concept of home is tied to your needs. One friend said she still doesn't consider Cary home because all her needs that were being fulfilled in Indiana are not being met here.

Could it be as simple as having your needs met that makes a place your home? It could, but then I will never call North Carolina my home. I need a good bagel. This need of mine can never be fulfilled by the red-clay encrusted goober rings that this state passes off as bagels.

But if you modify your needs, then any place can become your home. It would be unfair for you to expect any other place in the country to have pizza like that in New York. Any major metropolis is going to have something of superlative value where it would be impossible to find its equal anywhere else in the country. (Unless you lived in some hellhole like Detroit or Washington DC.)

I guess that is the best explanation of home I could come up with. My needs are being filled. I know where to go when I want something. I do believe that Cary is now my home.

Cheap Car Buys Part V

By Martha Chemas

*This is the end, beautiful friend the end, blah blah blah
blah blah blah, the end.*

So I am finally graduating, how about that! It only took six years and five colleges. I once joked to a friend that I would write a novel about the college experience when I finished. Now with a philosophy degree nearly in hand it occurs to me that that is about all I am qualified to do. *Prolegomena To Any Future Job* - look for it in paperback soon.

Like any forward thinking penniless urchin, I hope to join the pyramid and head off to grad school in a thinly disguised attempt to keep from having to pay back my student loans. Incidentally, I leave the country June 9th. During my absence, my sister Sandy will earn her driver's license, cruise in my Grand Puba all summer, and when I return in September all that will be left of Puba will be some skid marks on Francis Lewis Boulevard.

Teaching Sandy to drive has been one of the most frightening experiences of my young life. Last week while perfecting her skills near a Queens park, Sandy took it upon herself to *squeeze* between two double-parked cars. Two *expensive* double parked cars. Two expensive double parked cars that, judging from their chrome jobs, belonged to individuals who would not appreciate long black scratch marks up the side. I picked a bad year to try and quit smoking.

As a junior in High School I took driver's Ed. I sucked. When it was my turn to drive, the three other kids in the car strapped themselves in tight and started praying. My former driver's ed teacher has since retired to a safer occupation. I think he now assembles nuclear warheads in Macedonia.

Sandy will pass her road test with flying colors, much to the alarm of the general public, and my own chagrin, as she will no doubt remind me for the rest of her life that I failed the first time.

I, Martha Chemas, of sound body and mind...

At any rate, I find myself on the brink of leaving a place and people I have grown to love. I never quite thought that I would get so attached to such a bizarre group of individuals, but then again, birds of a feather... So to the many friends I made, most of which spend too much time depriving themselves of sunlight in the media wing, I leave the following: Wavy Davy: I leave to you that special deck of playing cards for all your imaginative endeavors. And my Bunny Ears.

John: For you I leave my cellular phone to assist you in future debates.

Boyd: Some cheap booze and a bouncing check, I'll mail you some cigarettes from Amsterdam.

Joanna: The Master rap Tape to play *loudly*, in Old Field or Lloyd Neck, scare white!

Lowell: Unlimited legal advice from Herb Chambers just as soon as I pass the Bar exam.

Chris: A new Maelstrom soundtrack, dude.

Jeanne: My silver plated semi-automatic cap gun, and a bottle of red wine for happy days and nights. Tony: Ahhh Tony, I write this on Monday night, and I'm just at a loss.

Jess L: Dramamine and my psychotic laughter on the night "The Rappa" came to be.

Liv: An extra hour, I'm sure you can use it!

Rob: You're man of the year, there is little place to go from there.

Mike: To you I leave a signed copy of "Cheap Car Buys: A Work in Progress", because *you* understand!!

Jess K: The bills!! Hahahaha, get it?...

Brian: A new toy to wear around your neck, something less...*belligerent*.

Nancy: Some more seeds from that special plant I have at home.

Phil: To you I bequeath my Robert Smith poster, really.

Scott: Space in any future publication I might own to print your pinko rhetoric.

Dave: Free press for your demo tape for three months in southern Europe.

Michael Yeh: Yay!!!! Michael Yay!!! (I'm leaving, you won't have to listen to me do this anymore)!

To my phellow graduating philosophy majors: The knowledge that we are unemployable and thus, unique.

Alex: How about a new roommate? Thank you for everything!!!

Trixie and Tracy: You are probably both illiterate so why bother?

Traffic Office: I leave to you the stench of a leprosy ridden, puss filled, decomposing jackal corpse to follow you wherever you may go. Happy Trails!!

I bequeath my "The Rappa" ensemble to Wilbur, because he recognized genius when he saw it.

Had I graduated in '95 from another institution (as planned) I may have never ended up in the creative environment I have found myself in for the past two years. I've learned more than my arrogant (former?) self ever thought possible. The past 24 months have taught me self-reliance, which has in turn allowed me to depend on others as well as myself. I have also learned that writing a column called "Cheap Car Buys" should have as little hard information as possible in order to flourish. Happy Driving!! :)

Have fun this summer, and take full credit for everything.

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DUKE SPEAKS OUT

By Boyd McCamish

Student Polity is in a shambles. Charges of corruption are widespread and legitimate. The student body is reeling from the latest charges of electoral wrongdoing. Egregious violations of electoral due process have cast a long shadow of doubt on the integrity of our elected students. Most have been shocked by the allegations, but some saw them coming.

Elvis Duke, who has been featured in this newspaper a number of times, has been an outspoken critic of Polity and the greater Stony Brook administration. Duke ran last year as a write in candidate for treasurer, this year he ran for president. Rather than speaking in vague, obtuse terms, Duke has outlined the way corruption works in Polity. In the last article featuring his comments, he all but predicted a major scandal. His accuracy in this matter has been impressive by any standard.

Duke is often stopped and harassed by the university police. He no longer feels safe in his dorm room, which he has changed three times since the election - strange people are always standing by his door. He has been forced to use only a cellular phone, which he admits is much more convenient, but for all the wrong reasons. His meal plan has been cancelled twice this semester.

I knew that there was more to Elvis Duke than meets the eye when I received a phone call from INTERPOL shortly before going into an interview with him. One thing is clear: Elvis Duke is no ordinary undergrad, he simply knows too much not to be on the inside. Here, then, is an interview conducted on Friday the 25th.

After four aborted attempts to arrange an interview, Duke finally showed up. Dressed in all black, he carried the normal arrogance of a rich elitist prep school kid. His wealth of knowledge and insight, however, made that all acceptable-Duke is impressive.

Duke's speech was muttered and disorganized. His mind seemed to be traveling at light speed. Because of this, portions of this interview are simply arranged by subject, to help explain Duke's fragmented, round about perspective. He hoped that this would dispel some rumors about him, and give the students a reason to write-in his name for President in the re-elections coming this week.

On allegations that his birth father was a nazi war criminal who avoided the law by running to South America.

"This is totally false, and I have spent the better portion of my life defending my father's honor as a wonderful father and a great man. I know that INTERPOL contacted you prior to this interview in their campaign of misinformation against his memory... while it's true that my father escaped from Europe a few weeks after the fall of Berlin, he did so only because he sought a better life in South America as a florist... I am constantly harassed by public safety here on campus, as well as the Mossad, INTERPOL, and the CIA because I am a threat to their ability to rule unjustly around the world. If they can discredit me --by any means necessary--they can cast doubt on my campaign here on campus... Let me state, in no uncertain terms, that my father has never been convicted of any war crime; for that matter, he's dead. Why then would they make such an attempt to connect me with him when he died when I was 8? I'm a threat, that's

why. Anyone who threatens the operations of INTERPOL, the Mossad or the CIA is good for the people, that's what I'm about."

On speculation that Duke has covert operational ties to the British Labour Party, and that he was seen at a New York fundraiser speaking at length to Tony Blair (candidate for Prime Minister of the U.K.)

"I have no connection to Tony Blair, or the Labour Party. The reports in some newspapers about me conversing with Blair are false. I have never met Blair, nor do I care to. He is a spineless political chameleon who doesn't deserve the time of day. If he wins the upcoming election --which I think he will-- he should thank Maggy Thatcher. The swine.

Question: It is well documented in this newspaper and other publications that you essentially predicted the Polity debacle we are now faced with. At the time that your accusations and pre-



Bernadette Castro at a news conference last week. Note Elvis Duke in the background.

dictions were published, many of us took them half-heartedly --now you have proved us all wrong. Were the charges of inherent corruption in our Student Polity meant to be so precise? Or were you speaking generally?

"I was speaking specifically, I know exactly what's going on at this school. When I talk about the power structure on this campus, I'm not speaking generally. There is a group of people whose function it is to mold the way Polity

works. They choose what happens at this university."

As a political adversary, what do you think of Monique Maylor?

"Until about a month ago, I thought Monique was nothing but a pawn for these power structures that I have talked about. Now, I believe that in her two years in Polity, Monique had begun to become aware of what I've known for sometime now... that there is a group running behind Polity, deciding what's what. I believe Monique realized this, and she must have approached one of the members of that group and said, 'I know what's going on...' and that's why when she brought in her petition, they said, 'you don't have enough signatures!' Please, do really think it matters whether you have 96 or 100 signatures? In the case of anyone else they would have said, 'fine, you can be on the ballot, it doesn't really matter... we know that you can get those other four signatures.' Yet, they wouldn't let her be on the ballot.. they probably took the names off of her ballot!! She was becoming a threat to them, because she knew, or at least she was starting to understand, the conspiracy! They don't want people to have a clue up there. Polity is for people without a clue!! Understand? Ideally, this power structure wants idiots up there that they can manipulate so they become the cogs in the wheel. Monique managed to get on the ballot as a write-in candidate, and they sabotaged her once again. I have little doubt that it was those in charge who told the pollwatchers, 'make sure everyone knows there is a write-in candidate!' The pollwatchers aren't stupid, they wouldn't have told the voters that there was one if they had not been instructed to do so. They wouldn't be so stupid as to break the by-laws and inform the voters about the write-in. They were instructed by the people upstairs to

do that, in order to torpedo Monique's campaign. Now, I don't want to make this sound as if Monique is as aware of what is going on as I am, or that she is fighting for the students as I am. I do believe that her campaigns have been torpedoed because of her increasing knowledge of the situation. As a political adversary I respect the fact that she is starting to make these discoveries, but I don't feel she has what it takes to remove this cancer from the university. I think she is too deeply intertwined--she is already under their control.

Duke on "Tent City"

"A typical example of when the powers that be create an illusion of some sort of revolutionary change on campus, signed sealed and delivered by none other than the lieutenants of university power--the president of the GSO, various rank and file undergraduates, and the rest of them. That people would think that substantive change could come about as a result of the actions of these doofs is beyond a rational explanation. The Tent City event, which is now being celebrated as some sort of perverted success story for the student body, was orchestrated by none other than former Stony Brook President Marburger."

Do you read Chomsky?

"Who's that?"

President Kenny has called you the most important intellectual on campus, how do you feel about that?

"Obviously, this is just another attempt to butter me up, to shut me up. Normally I would be flattered, but it's obvious she is trying to win me over to her side. She realized what a threat I am to her and the status quo. She has invited me over for tea, I've been over to her office, I been to her house a few times. She trying with all the means at her disposal to win me over to her side -to the dark side if you will. It's not working, but that is what's behind that statement."

President Kenny strikes me as the type of person who covers her living room furniture in plastic, is that true?

"I'm sure under normal situations it is, but as you know, she lives in a university residence. I can tell you that the university doesn't cover its furniture with plastic."

What is your relationship with the Change New York foundation and the Pataki Administration. As you know, there have been allegations of a possible connection.

"I'm not associated with Change NY, nor am I a member. However, I have at times worked with members on campaigns and movements. I've worked with Candice DeRussy and Governor Pataki in a spirit of betterment for the SUNY system."

The interview lasted for over an hour. Space constraints prohibit us from running the entire text. For those who are interested, a recording of the interview is available at the Press office, please call in advance to listen to it. At the end of the interview, Duke asked me to call him a cab. I asked where to tell the cab company to bring him, and he replied "to Macarthur goddamit!" before taking a swig from his flask. He nervously reminded me of the possible implications of a "not-guilty" verdict in the Timothy McVeigh trial and swaggered out the door. I followed him out of the office and watched as public safety officers padded him down. He slipped them an envelope and was gone. Please write-in Elvis Duke for Polity President, he may be our last hope.

A MAN FULL OF HATE

By Keith Filaski

Recently I have been getting a lot of flak from my friends because I haven't been reviewing albums that I dislike. "Full of hate my ass. Fucking pussy." I don't know whether it has been said that I am softening up or that I have been more careful in my purchases, but I guess they are right. So this one is for you guys.

Californian rock-industrial (rock: yes, industrial: yeah right) band Diatribe have released their debut album on Re-Construction. It sucks. There is nothing even slightly industrial about the album and the skanky-looking girl on the cover should ward off potential buyers anyway. If this band interests you, stick to the two semi-decent singles on the Cop International label,

Nothing and Therapy. They are good for minutes of enjoyment, although they are usually way overpriced, and sound like what they claim to be, industrial.

OK. Now that I have taken care of that piece of nasty little business, let's bring on the love.

The new Spahn Ranch album, *Architecture* (Cleopatra), is probably the best all-around album that they have released to date. Now they stray even further from their original torture-tec sound, a move which was beneficial on their 95 album, *The Coiled One* (Cleopatra). I can't say that I am

crying because the torture-tec scene is coming apart at the seams. The loss of Spahn Ranch and the grandfather of torture-tec, Frontline Assembly, who have gone through a bit of a line-up change that is sure to affect their sound, are two great blows to you cheesy, army-pants-and-Doc-Martens wearing, no taste morons. (See, I am full of hate.)

Architecture comes off as an artsy, electronic album at times, "Black Skinned Blue Eyed Boys" reminiscent of Wall era Pink Floyd, while swaying closer to an angrier, early day, Depeche Mode, "Futurist Limited" and "The Catalyst".

Closer to their earlier works are "In the Aftermath" as well as "A Depression Glass", although to call these songs torture-tec would be a crime. The beats are

there, although they are a few BPMs slow for the torture-tec kiddies to fuck-shit-up to, but singer Athan Maroulis is the main reason for their departure from the scene. His voice is just too damn good. He is probably the only singer in any of the torture-tec bands who can hold a note for any extensive length of time, or who can sing at all for that matter, making Spahn Ranch albums, even from the beginning of their career, listenable as well as danceable. The music, which is now less electronic blips and more melodic keyboard lines, has finally caught up to the vocals yet has been

able to help that harsh industrial edge at the same time. I believe it is truly a great accomplishment although most will probably disagree.

Resembling their club hit, "Heretic's Fork" from the last album, are "Laurels" and "Incubate", the latter complete with samples from Wax Trax's noise-techno band Autechre, the song "Second Bad Vilbel" to be exact. Three songs are the most dance floor friendly and may be coming to a club near you in the close future. (Gee, that was a pathetic sentence.)

Iceland's Gus Gus has finally released their debut album, *Polydistortion* (4AD), after taunting us for months with their video for "Polyesterday" on MTV's Amp. There are two things that have annoyed me about all of the reviews that I have read thus far about the band. They are the fact that everyone makes a big deal about the fact that the line-up is comprised of DJ's, painters, poets, actors, and former politicians, a fact that I see little relevance in, as well as the fact that everyone compares them to fellow Icelanders The Sugarcubes and, perhaps more so, Bjork. The fact of the matter is that the resemblance is only slight and how pathetic must it make Gus Gus feel to be compared to the same people constantly. Talk about giving someone an identity crisis.

The simplest explanation of Gus Gus' music is light trip-hop with a bit of staticky techno. It will keep you smiling yet on your toes, hopefully dancing, the entire time. Buy the album. You will love it. Hey, am I ever wrong? Well I'm out of room and time. It's been fun. Have a good summer, kids. See you next year. Blah, blah. Good night sweetheart, well, it's time to go...



★
~~STONY BROOK~~

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THE
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for Elba

Garcin: I "dreamt," you say. It was no dream. When I chose the hardest path, I made my choice deliberately. A man is what he wills himself to be.

Inez: Prove it. Prove it was no dream. It's what one does, and nothing else, that shows the stuff one's made of.

Garcin: I died too soon. I wasn't allowed time to--to do my deeds.

Inez: One always dies too soon--or too late. And yet one's whole life is complete at that moment, with a line drawn neatly under it, ready for the summing up. You are your life, and nothing else.

-Jean Paul Sartre- "No Exit"

Chin Slinky

By Lowell Yaeger

I don't like Marilyn Manson.

I'll be honest about it. I don't like Marilyn Manson. I think they're stupid, untalented, and basically a waste of someone's time. If you really want to understand more about the art of shock for shock's sake, then take a look at some early Butthole Surfers, pick up one of the fascinating -- albeit pricey -- G.G. Allin imports, and go through Unsane's discography trying to figure out whether or not their album covers (which display the bloody aftermath of various violent atrocities) are real or faked. But if your idea of being shocked and scared means going to a large stadium to chant lines like "white trash get down on your knees" with a thousand clueless junior high school girls too young to know menses from McDonald's, then go ahead, shake yo boo-tay.

My intense dislike for the band -- a dislike caused by such stupid bullshit as wearing women's lingerie on-stage, a stunt inspired more by its negative consequences than any transvestital statement, and uttering stupidities like "we hate love" and "this concert is a pep rally for the apocalypse" -- is what makes writing this article so difficult, because a lot of powerful people have recently been using Marilyn Manson as a pawn in their battle to censor various types of music. So now, in addition to strongly despising a bunch of made-up fools who rose to stardom on Trent Reznor's coattails, I have to go to bat for them, as well.

Let's start off with the basics, in case you're not in touch with this kind of musical scene. Marilyn Manson is a thrash metal band from Florida with an above-average (but by no means noteworthy) understanding of technology, and the means by which it can be used to enhance their music. Standard riffing is laid atop electronic beats, drum machine tracks, and heavy-duty sampling to produce a chaotic music that's supposed to mirror the crazy world we live in. Whether it's an artistic statement or a trite gimmick is for each listener to decide, and anyway, it's not the music that has everyone in an uproar, it's the lyrics. Lead singer Marilyn Manson, who refers to himself as a "worm" and is a reverend in the increasingly laughable Church of Satan, belts out grating diatribes on Christianity, fame, and abused leadership. He is a self-proclaimed antichrist and a messiah for those who consider themselves "evil", and it is this kind of behavior that has gotten Mssr. Manson -- known as Brian Warner to his parents -- in such serious trouble. Take a look:

Richmond, Virginia: On April 15, the Richmond City Council voted to cancel Marilyn Manson's May 10 appearance at the Richmond Coliseum. An explanation from City Manager Robert C. Bobb explained that the band "was just not consistent with our community standards." He also said that "I would have canceled the concert if I had known about it in advance. Marilyn Manson will not hold a concert in Richmond." He said these exact words. However, on April 21, Bobb's public information manager, Brannan Atkinson, told Internet rock magazine Addicted To Noise that Bobb has "said all along that Marilyn Manson can play in Richmond, they just can't play in a public facility."

However, the local chapter of the ACLU came down on Richmond, stressing the point that the Coliseum is a public facility and that Manson's right to play is protected by the same right that keeps books from being banned off of public library shelves. Only a private stadium has the right to deny a band access, and on the afternoon of April 21, the City Council grudgingly realized the error of their ways and voted to allow Manson to play.

Columbia, South Carolina: An April 20 Marilyn Manson concert was cancelled on April 10 when the University of South Carolina buckled under public outcry and paid Marilyn Manson a whopping \$40,000 not to play. (If this trend continues, being a member of a Marilyn Manson cover band could be both a lucrative and work-free career.) Deciding he'd had enough, State Representative Dan Tripp (a Republican, of all people!) filed legislation to prevent Manson from performing at any publicly owned facility in South Carolina.

East Rutherford, New Jersey: OzzFest '97, scheduled to stop at Giants Stadium on June 15, has been denied access unless they take Marilyn Manson off the bill. Even before the tickets went on-sale, the number to be sold dropped from 60,000, which the Meadowlands can easily seat, to 40,000, perhaps to make room for more security and assure easier crowd control -- a factor cited in explaining the ban. And while Robert Mulcahy, president/CEO of the New Jersey Sports & Exposition Authority that oversees Giants Stadium, insists that an agreement between the festival promoter and the sports complex gives management the right to approve the line-up, Ed Martone of the ACLU doesn't agree, because the stadium is, once again, public.

I'm really confused about a couple of things here. First of all, a lot of the people trying to stop Marilyn Manson's appearance -- especially on the OzzFest bill -- are using entirely the wrong tack. It's these people's self-righteousness that makes their activities so difficult, and it's perhaps this same blind belief in their own ability to "do good" that will defend bands in the future. The OzzFest bill features Osbourne himself, a Black Sabbath reunion, Pantera, and Type O Negative in addition to Marilyn Manson; isn't that enough to cite potential crowd control problems? I've been to Pantera shows, I've been to Type O Negative shows, and while I haven't seen Ozzy, I'm pretty sure a Black Sabbath reunion is enough of an excitement to send bodies flying from the pit beneath the stage, so why does there need to be so much hubbub about Marilyn Manson's obscenities when the show will clearly be an injury-clogged mess?

Furthermore, I don't understand why these administrators feel the need to violate the Constitution when they have other options available to them. If you don't like Marilyn Manson

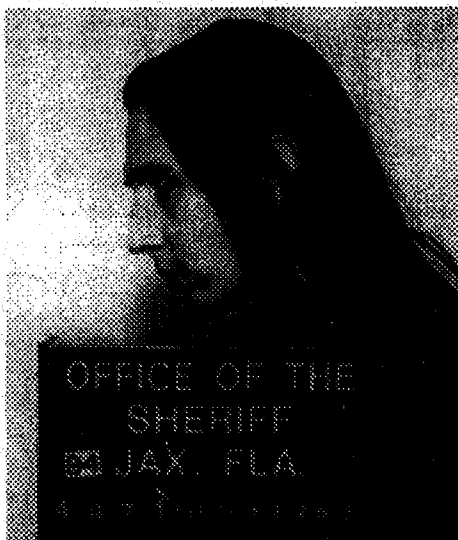
and feel that he's a negative person, great for you. Hell, I think he sucks. But you can't tell them not to play. It's against the law. You want to try and do something about Manson, and prevent his "evil music" from violating your community's standards and making the children into black-haired, coffin-purse-bearing agents of Satan? Fine. Tell DC Talk or Live or Collective Soul or any one of the other smiley-faced uplifting alternarock bands that they can have a great deal booking the Richmond Coliseum. You'll get a heckuva turnout at a surprise Hanson show. (I know, I know, Hanson sucks. But so does Richmond.)

Thirdly, censorship has been proven time and time again as the best source of publicity a band could have. If no one hated Marilyn Manson, they'd probably still be playing large clubs, and if they were filling stadiums with born-again Satanists, it wouldn't be for long. Remember, everyone gets his 15 minutes in the sun: even INXS used to book coliseums. The Parental Warning sticker on the CD shrinkwrap does more to promote its sale than anything else, because it sends out a clear message to adolescents: this is music to rebel to.

Not to mention the fact that the presence of strong censorship makes a fantastic breeding ground for bands with true ability and a decidedly fierce outlook on free speech. Texas is the capital of aesthetic oppression -- a recently-passed bill, which bans state entities from investing funds in offending record companies, inspired a wry and surprised reaction from ACLU executive director Jay Jacobson -- but it's also the home of two very inspired punk bands who all but founded the "shock value" movement: Scratch Acid and the Butthole Surfers. Both of them were well-known for distributing hits of potent acid at their concerts near the beginning of their career; Scratch Acid frontman David Yow often threw his own turds at the audience, while the Surfers are best known for songs with titles like "Bar-B-Q Pope" and "The Revenge Of Anus Presley".

So what's going to happen? I don't know. There will always be a C. Delores Tucker, a Tipper Gore, a Robert C. Bobb, just as there will always be an Ice-T, a Marilyn Manson, and a Butthole Surfers. The fabric of free speech in the world of pop music is practically woven from the balance between these two parties, one out to shock and one out to prevent any kind of shock. Are either right? Are either wrong?

It doesn't take a brain surgeon to see that censorship can produce nothing positive -- in fact, previous targets of censorship were later revealed to be little more than entertainers in threatening clothing. Ozzy Osbourne himself admits that censorship is cyclical, citing in a recent statement to Meadowlands officials that Elvis, the Beatles, A Clockwork Orange, and he himself had all suffered the same artistic oppression in the past. Well, let's see: Elvis died on the toilet, the Beatles are just about harmless, I saw A Clockwork Orange in not one, but two, classes in high school, and Ozzy... well, that picture of him holding Randy Rhoads up by the waist still gives me the chuckles.

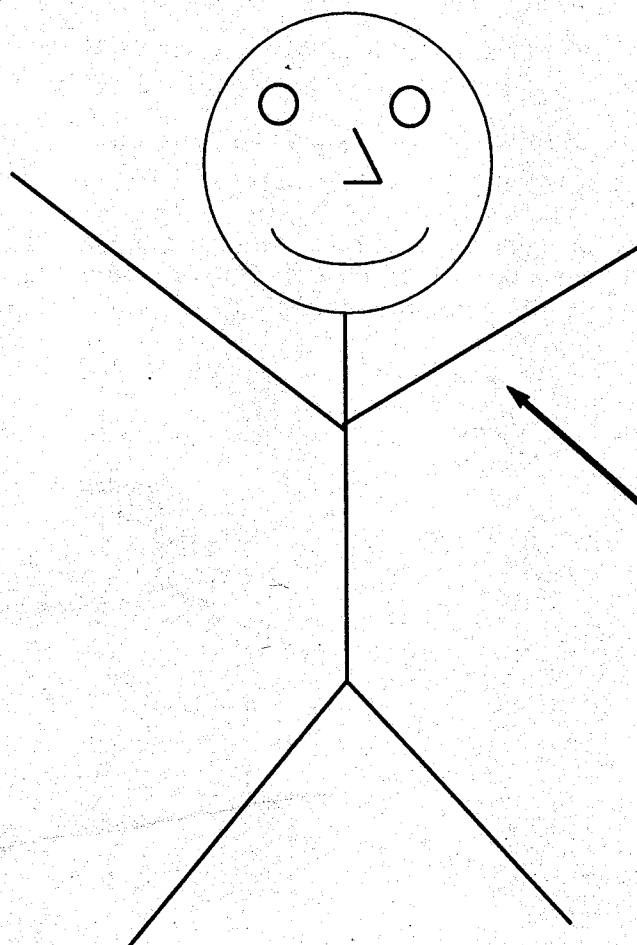


Obscure Sub-Cultures: Vol. 7

By John Giuffo

By Mr. Mojo Risin'

SKINNY ARMED LOSERS



Look! He's got skinny arms! Ha ha ha! What a skinny-armed loser!

HEAD 'EM UP, ROLL 'EM OUT

By Antony Lorenzo

Almost sixteen years have passed since the release of Depeche Mode's "Speak and Spell", an album often regarded as a monumental piece of synthpop history. Not long after the foursome's debut, chief programmer and songwriter Vincent Clarke left the group to form the bluesified synth outfit Yaz with Alison Moyet. Depeche Mode continued without Clarke's expertise. Martin Gore took over song writing duties and Alan Wilder was hired to program synths. Both groups infiltrated the U.K. charts with their next two respective singles; Yaz hit it big with 'Don't Go' and 'Only You' and Depeche Mode had similar successes with 'See You' and 'Get the Balance Right'. Vince Clarke terminated the Yaz project in 1983 and had two unsuccessful musical unions the following year with Fergal Sharkey and Paul Quinn. In late 1985, Vince Clarke hired Dinger vocalist Andrew Bell and formed Erasure. While Depeche Mode continued to opt for a more morose, almost humorously melancholic sound, Erasure would pursue the opposite and in 1986 the campy "Wonderland" was released to a lukewarm reception. Similarities were drawn between Moyet and Bell and many critics felt "Wonderland" fell flat. Around this same time Depeche Mode were enjoying their first true taste of US success with the single 'People are People'. It was not until 1987's folk inspired "The Innocents" did Erasure receive similar attention. With a pair of high energy singles ('Chains of Love' and 'A Little Respect'), "The Innocents" went platinum and the duo quickly became MTV favorites. Sadly, public attention soon began to wane significantly and in the fol-

lowing years two highly innovative albums (1989's "Wild!" and 1991's "Chorus") were completely ignored by the music press. Following 1994's somewhat uninspired self-titled release, the pair were dropped from their label, Elektra only to be snatched up by Maverick early this year. Madonna's fledgling label proudly presents "Cowboy"; digitally-fueled, minimalistic, queer-pop at it's very best.

Erasure's eighth full-length album, "Cowboy" gloats shamelessly in its own magnificence- a magnificence that will be overlooked by millions of music enthusiasts who dismiss Erasure as simply a washed-up 80's group.

'Rain' gets the album off to a punchy start and is followed by the wondrous 'Worlds On Fire', a song that begs to be released as a single. Andy's voice drifts sweetly over Vince Clarke's electronic prowess and the result is pure Erasure and a wonderful thing that is. 'Reach Out' follows, yet happens to be the most bland and forgettable track on the album. Released as a single in England last year, 'In My Arms' comes next. It has had a bit of a studio going over but still sounds superb, a flowing ballad of momentous proportions. Erasure return to their hi-nrg roots with 'Don't Say Your Love Is Killing Me', the single of which will be released here in late May. 'Precious' follows and is a sultry track, heavily layered in contemporary

break-beats and rudimentary squelches and squeaks. 'Treasure' proves two points. The first being that 'Cowboy' sounds like an Electronic, Country and Western album. The second is that lyrically speaking, Erasure are back up to par.

"Cowboy" contains simple, yet idyllic lyrics that often involve the complexities of love and the sheer beauty of nature. 'Boy' is a profession of lost innocence, a perfect blend of acoustic guitar and ancient analogue-circuitry (Vince still insists on using the ARP-2600 for the songs more bleepy sounds). 'How Can I say' continues the albums thematic tone of ridiculously obsessive love affairs. 'Save Me Darling' happens to be the most stand-outish track on "Cowboy". A



Vince and Andy

vicious sounding synth line jumps around for a second before your typical Clarkian drum track and bass line floats beneath Andy's passionate pleas; "I'm all over, save me darling!" The romantic ballad 'Love Affair' closes out 'Cowboy' (well on my version at least). The US release (out last Tuesday, go buy it now) contains two extra tracks: the quirky 'Magic Moments' (from the Lord of Illusions Soundtrack) and a cover of Blondie's "Rapture" which unfortunately doesn't do the original song justice. Regardless, this is one of Erasure's best efforts yet and it may just make the 'slightest, blindest bit of difference' to an otherwise bland CD collection.

MAN OF THE YEAR
PRES



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INSIDE: THE 1997 SHIRLEY AWARDS