

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. XIX No. 18

"There's a child molester named Woody on the loose."

August 5, 1998

YOUR'RE AT STONY BROOK NOW,



AND THIS IS YOUR PRESIDENT.

RUDY, A MESSAGE TO YOU

By Jen Hobin

You knew it had to happen. After taking down John Gotti, and evicting Dinkins from Gracie Mansion, Giuliani has set his sights on the ultimate evil plaguing New York City. His aim: To preserve the "quality and character" of fair Gotham, uphold family values and maybe, just maybe, save your soul. His means (at least in part): Destruction of the sex shop industry.

In 1995 the City Planning Commission approved amendments to the city's zoning regulations that would prohibit the operation of adult establishments within 500 feet of residential areas. Instead, adult establishments, defined as those that devote more than 40 percent of their stock to adult books, movies, or performances can now only operate in designated manufacturing and commercial districts. The new regulations will affect all but a handful of the city's estimated 144 sex shops, as currently more than 75 percent of these establishments are located in zoning districts that permit residences.

According to Giuliani and his band of data manipulating morality mongers, other jurisdictions that have studied the effects of the adult entertainment industry have found negative secondary impacts on the surrounding community. The purported negative impacts include lower housing and property values, higher turnover rates in commercial and residential areas adjacent to such establishments, increased crime (including sex crimes) and the ill-defined neighborhood deterioration. A closer look at the executive summary of the adult entertainment study conducted by the city of New York, the source of these claims, reveals that things are not as clear cut as Rudy would have us believe.

The executive summary cites a study in the Town of Islip (right next door) to show just how evil sex shops can be. The only information given is that the town "prohibited adult uses from locating in downtown commercial areas because they would produce a "dead zone" that shoppers would avoid. Other government efforts to revitalize or stabilize these areas and attract private investment would be impacted negatively." Note the use of the word "would". This "study" did not successfully demonstrate that adult entertainment produces a dead zone. In fact all this statement

tells us is that some people in positions of power think this will happen.

Again in the city of Indianapolis, Indiana surveys were conducted of real estate appraisers regarding the impact of the sex shops on property values. A majority of the appraisers "responded that such a use located within one block of such a residential neighborhood would have a negative effect on the value of residential and commercial properties." This is not a study of the secondary impacts of the sex shop industry, this is an opinion poll. If the opinions of the appraisers are based on a study, this should be noted. After all I could claim all the half-witted shit I want and wrap it up in official sounding terms, but that still does not mean it is true. However even if we were to assume that porn shops do have a negative impact on property values, so what. Is this a cause to violate the rights of small business owners? If a significant amount of black people move into a given area property values will decrease. Does this mean we should further amend zoning regulations so that African Americans can live only in commercial and manufacturing districts, so that the morally righteous white folk don't have their delicate sensibilities offended? I certainly hope not.



Rudy Giuliani

It is tempting to believe the so-called data on the relationship between crime and the establishment of sex shops, but do not be so easily fooled. Think back to your research methodology class--just because an area with sex shops has a greater crime rate than areas without sex shops does not mean that sex shops cause crime or attract a criminal element. For example, a study in Whittier California showed a 102 percent increase in 38 types of criminal activity over two time periods in an area containing adult businesses. This was compared to a mere 8 percent increase in the city as a whole. In Phoenix, Arizona areas with sex shops had six times the amount of crime compared to areas without sex shops. Giuliani obviously cites these studies as evidence that sex shops are bad, but obviously Giuliani is not too bright.

While it may indeed be the case that sex shops increase crime, the executive summary does not provide very compelling evidence that this is so. Perhaps the missing link is poverty. Poverty stricken areas tend to have higher crime rates than more affluent areas. Perhaps poor people tend to frequent sex shops more. After all even the poorest person could beg enough money to have quite a

time at a peep show for a quarter a pop. And just like richer people tend to buy more expensive sneakers, they also opt for more expensive entertainment-even in the sexual arena-so cheap shows just may not be their thing. On the same note perhaps entrepreneurs open sex shops in poor (and consequently more crime ridden) neighborhoods because they will face less opposition from residents there as opposed to wealthier neighborhoods. After all, the wealthy (or even relatively so) generally have more time on their hands to battle the moral evildoers than the poor people.

It you think it is bad that Giuliani doesn't care about the quality of the data he is citing to, in effect, ruin the businesses and livelihood of his constituents, you are sure to be inflamed at the fact that he doesn't really need data at all. He is happy to amend legislation based on people's perception that the sex shop industry is harming them. According to the summary, "In some cases, particularly in study areas with only one adult entertainment establishment, the DCP survey did not yield conclusive evidence of a direct relationship between the adult use and the urban ills affecting the community...Other cities that have conducted similar studies that have acknowledged this same difficulty." Despite the lack of evidence City officials say that the negative impact perceived by the population warrants the conclusion that the overall effect on the surrounding properties is considered to be negative.

In a press release Giuliani has said as he has said many times, "sex shops destroy neighborhoods...Our adult-use zoning regulations not only mean that valuable commercial areas like Times Square will be cleaned up but that sex shops will no longer be allowed to destroy the quality of life in residential neighborhoods." Giuliani has failed to directly operationally define "quality of life". While he implies that quality of life is a function of property values and crime rates, he has failed to show that the sex shop industry is harmful on that level. If he intends "quality of life" to mean moral quality, then I am forced to ask whose life he is bettering? Surely not the individual whose only source of income comes from dancing naked. Certainly not his or her children.

However, rather than trying to allay the fears of the people by stating that there is no evidence that adult establishments will have harmful effects on their communities, Giuliani feeds these fears by storming into sex shops, no doubt with weapons raised, yelling "Police! Nobody move." Welcome to New York. Enjoy your stay in the "capital of the world."

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Tiger Beat

by Chris Sorochin

"He who rides the tiger can never dismount." -Chinese Proverb

Once upon a time, economists rhapsodized over the "Asian Tigers": South Korea, Taiwan, Malaysia, and Singapore. These countries, following in the footsteps of Japan, achieved rapid growth and seemingly overnight development. Conservatives expounded endlessly on how these governments did whatever necessary to be "business friendly," up to and including iron-fisted dictatorships and cavalier disregard for the environment.

Those on the left, however, would hasten to point out that much of the success was achieved through such methods anathema to free-marketers as trade protectionism and heavy infrastructure investment.

And citizens of those countries could only wonder at the long-term effects this tsunami of materialism and rapid change might have on their cultures.

Now, the bubble has burst and the East Asian economies are in shambles. It won't be the investors who'll bear the brunt of the resultant pain, but the working people, once the International Monetary Fund sinks its fangs in and demands "austerity" in social spending.

Capitalism, being the fickle old whore that she is, is constantly sniffing out new blood. Ireland missed most of the Industrial Revolution and is a relative virgin to her blandishments. I heard distressing reports from my friend Mike, who is working on his doctorate at University College, Limerick, that Ireland is becoming yupified and decided to investigate.

Irish society has long been known for its egalitarianism. The Irish language is the only one in Europe that has never distinguished between a formal and familiar "you", nor had native expressions equivalent to "Sir", "Ma'am", etc. Even today, rural society is first name only. On previous trips I had admired the communal ethos as manifested in signs on restaurants and haircutters offering discounts to the elderly and unemployed.

But that was before Ireland was transfigured from a crypto-Third World emigration economy into the hyperdynamic "Celtic Tiger," toast of the European Community and desired object of investors, thanks in no small part to subsidies from the EC and large investments in education. Ireland beckoned with tax breaks, political stability, and an educated population that would accept low wages.

So now the boom is on. On the up side, Irish people no longer have to leave the country to earn a living, and many unwilling emigrants have returned. And the restaurants have gotten better and more diverse.

Upscale housing developments are sprouting up everywhere, even in remote areas. What will happen if the boom goes bust? Is anyone paying attention to what's going on at the other end of the Eurasian landmass? Do they want their future mortgaged to the IMF?

Mike tells me that many drinking establishments now have dress codes (sneakers, not tank tops, are the mark of Satan), bouncers, age restrictions and all sorts of other cultural flotsam from the wrong side of the Atlantic. I notice a big increase in other signs of pathology like cell phones and private security services. Rush hour

and road rage are now elements of the urban landscape and so are surveillance cameras. And the new yuppie class is whining into their cell phones that they want lower taxes. This time I didn't see one sign offering a discount to the unemployed.

The Yanks Are Comin'

I knew trouble was brewing when I saw the middle-aged quartet of our obvious country-folk saunter into the pub. They were loud and clueless and sporting Kelly green sweatshirts proclaiming the wannabe glories of the St. Paddy's Day Homophobe March. Rather than pretend to be French, as I suggested, my traveling companion,

Precious, engages them in conversation. "Oh, we're from the New York area, too!" Within ten minutes, we get Edna's unsolicited take on her daughter's Dominican boyfriend ("You know the neighborhood"),

while Harry, true to his sweatshirt, voices his concerns about the sexual orientation of the session musicians. Christ, these are exactly the type of people I travel abroad to escape. In retaliation, I decide to risk yet another nagging on my lack of social graces and saturate the immediate vicinity of the table with a vortex of surly, uncommunicative negativity. It works, and they waddle off to find a "real" plate of corned beef and cabbage and maybe some green-tinted beer.

Isles of the Damned

The Aran Islands are famed worldwide for their spectacular landscapes, ruined churches and Iron Age forts, and traditional culture. Every tourist in creation must have gotten the word—more Harry and Edna clones awaited. Every voyage is an epiphany and the revelation of the two-hour cargo boat trip from Galway City was my first experience with seasickness. I spent the whole rolling, lurching trip clutching the railing in the frigid rain, hoping desperately that my bacon-and-egg breakfast would stop working its way up my esophagus.

The precipitation continued unabated our first day on Inis Oírr, the smallest island, not too good for wandering the back roads. I waited fifteen minutes to purchase a couple of woven fisherman's belts and a Gaelic translation of Dracula while some ditz from Arkansas grilled the clerk on what artifact in the shop was the most "Seltic."

Inis Oírr has 300 inhabitants and no cops, so the island's three pubs decided they could be a little creative with closing time (11:30 pm). In response, the Gardaí sent, yes, a decoy, posing as a backpacker. After determining the extent of the violations, Dudley DoRight went back to his puppet, changed into his uniform and went back to issue summonses, amid shocked, inebriated suggestions that he concentrate more on fighting crime and less on trying to stop people from enjoying themselves.

What struck me was the contrast in public reaction to such a stunt. The newspaper story, which was laminated and proudly mounted on the pub wall, gave considerably more space to the islanders' side of things and continued defiance. Next to it was a drawing by a local artist of "backpackers" with telescopes and listening devices spy-

ing on every corner of the building. On the outside was a hand-painted mural, common to many Irish pubs, but this one featured a sour-faced policeman peering through the window as the sun rises, beholding a riot of spilled pints and unconscious customers. Over here, such a celebration would be an excuse for an escalation of the tender ministrations of the State Liquor Authority.

Other people told me that Ireland flirted with "zero tolerance" policing for a while, but it was laughed out of existence by the people, and the police themselves, who refused to enforce it. Let's hope this part of the Irish culture doesn't get "Westernized."

We were on the island for Midsummer Eve, or Bonfire Night, a folk celebration harking back to ancient Celtic times, in which the remains of the dead were burnt in huge "bone fires." Nowadays the pyromaniac school kids who run the show search out every last old mattress on the islands and burn them along with various timber and old tires. Strangely, the next day we discovered a pile of discarded textbooks that mysteriously escaped the flames. Those would have been the first things in back in my day...

The fire burned a full 24 hours. A visiting group of Scandinavians sang their traditional songs, and a group of local girls regaled us with a song in Irish whose chorus went "He came again and again and again..." The next day, we noticed that the lackadaisical young lady who waited on us at the hotel restaurant was even more sluggish and sporting a hickey the size of Blarney Castle. Again and again and again, eh? So much for that stereotype about the Irish being sexually repressed. My roommate, who has a girlfriend in Dublin and the phone bills to prove it, says it's much less uptight than the US.

Betcha didn't know that an Irish bishop, much less uptight than the US.

Betcha didn't know that an Irish bishop, Pat Buckley, is defying the established church and threatening to break away and form his own. To date he's married about 2,000 previously divorced couples, who are forbidden to remarry under pain of excommunication. Buckley called the practice of excommunication, "a meaningless device of Canon law designed to frighten people into submission." You go, Your Eminence.

As we piled back onto the barge to cross to Inis Mór, we had to wait quite a while as they unloaded a huge cargo of brand new mattresses, destined, no doubt, to be ceremonially worn out for next year's Midsummer fire.

Tourists were all over the "Big Island" like maggots on a rotten potato, making the indigenous population even more taciturn than usual, except for those who see them as a way to make a quick and sleazy punt or two and those mostly drunk middle-age males who see visitors as a quick and sleazy way to get laid.

I paid a professional/social call on Dara Malloy and Tess Harper, editors of *Aisling*, a quarterly magazine that's had the bad taste to publish a few of my more respectable articles. They're part of the Celtic spirituality movement and offer retreats, walking tours and even wedding ceremonies at many of the island's historic sites.

Dara and his assistant, Mark, told me of CIA activity in Ireland in the 1980s, during Reagan's visit to his "ancestral homeland." It was supposed to have been all smiles and shamrocks, but Ireland had caught wind of the pan-European antinuclear movement and were not happy about his mad scheme to fill Western Europe with nuclear missiles. Also, one of

continued on page 8



SMUT IS GOOD

For some time, Mayor Rudy Giuliani has been waging war against the adult industry in New York. In recent weeks, the battle has become more heated, as new zoning laws have shut down many of Gotham's finest video stores, peep shows and strip clubs.

As always, Giuliani's actions reek of fascism. Critics have rightfully criticized him in the past weeks for grossly violating the rights of both shopkeepers and shoppers, and hopefully the court system will agree.

Most intelligent sources of news and commentary (as few as they may be) have come out against Rudy, arguing in favor of civil liberties like the right to free commerce and free speech.

There is, however, an important defense for the adult industry that has largely been overlooked.

Smut is good.

For starters, porn is good for the economy. Sex always sells, and it even helps other industries. VCR sales were stagnant in the early years of the technol-

ogy until someone realized they could market x-rated videos. The only businesses on the internet that aren't losing money are the sex sites.

Rudy says adult shops depress areas and hurt the local economy. In fact, they make more money than most other businesses, in turn providing jobs and paying more taxes.

Perhaps more importantly, the adult industry is good for people. Despite what Rudy would tell you, adult stores won't corrupt your children and destroy our moral fabric. Rather, they do quite the opposite, making people happy and helping them deal with stress. Remember, nobody ever robbed a bank with a copy of "Between the Cheeks."

We're generally of the opinion that New York needs more porn, and less Rudy. We want our Times Square full of stores selling videos with names like "Panty Claus," "Gonadzilla," and "Shaving Private Ryan," not "Aladdin" and "The Lion King."

"TV Terror"

Glad that you found my band so comical and think that I sing like any male Goth singer (they all sound the same). Shame ya didn't spot my sound-alike voice on any other song on the comp.

On a lighter note, Loretta's Doll's version of Scooby Doo is nothing but comical. They have changed it into a Gothic tune. Picture the lyrics sung by any male Goth singer (they all sound the same) and you will be able to create a decent idea of it in your head. Adding to this is the addition of Scooby Doo samples in the background.

Bryn

Praise For Fools

You guys are the best! You guys rule! I need a BIG favor! Holy Cow What a web site! I can't put your paper down. When are u guy going national? This is the best... oh yeah... I kind of need a big favor. Could you please tell me where I could get a back issue of the press, from last semester? Seriously, The SB Press (NOT SB) rules! Thanx.

-David Gonzalez

The News Editor responds:

Thanks for the praise! We do have a plan to go national someday, as soon as we find a generous millionaire to help us create a pub-

lishing company called PRËssCo.

Okay, so maybe it's a little early for us to quit our jobs at Waldbaum's and Boo-Boo Burger. You're always welcome to stop by at our office in room 060 of the Student Union. You can have an old issue as long as it's not one that is rare. You can also view microfilm or bound copies of all the issues from 1979 in the Melville Library. Just ask a librarian, and someone will help you.

In the meantime, do you know anybody with a few million bucks to spare?

ARRGGGH!(The fake letter)

From: Angry_Sq@ic.sunysb.edu

Mwua-ha-ha-ha! VACA!! Donde esta mi tractor! Yo encantaba con Eric Estrada! Viva la munchkinos! Ano tate-mono-wa watashi-no ryoo des...

You shall all suffer the wrath of the holy mento lords! Wrath of mento fall upon you!

Estéban D. Squirrel

The News Editor Responds:

What the hell are you squeaking about, you crazy squirrel? Я не понимаю. Vous êtes fou! Suck me, mento breath!

<BEEP!>

Message received Agent 42, continue as instructed.

Duh...what? What?!! Oh, well...

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Letting Media Myths Rest In Peace

By Norman Solomon

Back in the early '60s, Alan Shepard and Robert Young cast huge shadows on the national media stage. So, after the heroic astronaut and the famous actor both died on July 21, the media coverage stirred up memories that are dim yet deep.

On May 5, 1961, when Shepard became the first American to fly into space, he electrified the nation. In those days, we were hearing a lot about a torch that had been passed to a new generation. Shepard served as a symbol of youthful vigor and high-tech prowess.

The media emphasis was on technological achievement fused with cold-warrior firmness. The best and the brightest macho men would bear any burden, pay any price for democracy. Rhetoric about a New Frontier implied renewal of America's pioneer roots. Like the Indians who had perished in past centuries, the poor of the Third World were beside the point.

It seemed fitting that Shepard's brief and historic flight was in a space capsule dubbed "Freedom 7." Shepard and the six other Mercury astronauts were America's A-team in the space race. President Kennedy declared—prophetically—that the United States could land a man on the moon by the end of the decade.

In the media spirit of the times, NASA epitomized the nation's strong sense of purpose. But such steely resolve never developed to pursue goals like ending poverty in this country, or seeing to it that all children could grow up with equal

access to the resources of society.

Meanwhile, as front pages told of America's breakthroughs in space, the most popular TV entertainment included "Father Knows Best." The program had an endearing quality. Mild humor and kindness prevailed. Minor tensions created just enough turmoil to make the televised drama seem plausible.

On "Father Knows Best," Robert Young was good-natured and reassuring, week after week and year after year. The show remained on prime-time national television from 1954 to 1963. But off camera, in his own life, the man playing the father who knew best was struggling with alcoholism. "I drank, and I drank a lot," he later recalled.

Outwardly confident—even serene—on the set, Young was inwardly consumed with fright. "For over 30 years," he was to remember, "I lived almost every waking hour filled with fear. Fear of many things—the unknown—of some expected calamity around the corner that never comes. A feeling that this stardom I was lucky enough to attain would not last, that I was not worthy, that I didn't deserve it."

But when we watched "Father Knows Best," we were apt to measure ourselves against the mythic characters—the parents, Margaret and Jim Anderson, and their kids named Betty ("Princess"), Bud and Kathy ("Kitten"). For them, doubts and confusion seemed slight.

Looking back on "Father Knows Best," 17 years after the shooting stopped, the actor who'd

played Bud gave voice to the kind of introspection that was anathema to the program. "I'm ashamed I had any part of it," Billy Gray said. "People felt warmly about the show and that show did everybody a disservice."

Gray perceived that he'd had a role in a deceptive project: "I felt that the show purported to be real life, and it wasn't. I regret that it was ever presented as a model to live by." One of the biggest drawbacks had to do with rigid gender stereotypes that the program taught and reinforced. "The show contributed a lot to the problems between men and women that we see today."

Styles have changed, but today's media products are still fabrications. To a great extent, the larger-than-life images that take up residence on TV screens and glossy magazine covers—and in our minds—are designed and manufactured as surely as Beanie Babies and new cars. Their value and meaning are vastly overrated.

The guy who played Bud for all those years on "Father Knows Best" went on to offer some cautionary words about media heroes: "I think we were all well motivated but what we did was run a hoax. We weren't trying to, but that is what it was. Just a hoax."

Norman Solomon is co-author of "Wizards of Media Oz: Behind the Curtain of Mainstream News" and author of "The Trouble With Dilbert: How Corporate Culture Gets the Last Laugh."

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It's Nature and Nurture, You Idiots

By James Polichak

Much has been made of Americans' growing acceptance of the idea that one is born homosexual, rather than becoming one as a result of one's life experiences. In a recent poll (*New York Times*, Aug. 2, 1998), 31% said "homosexuality is something a person is born with, while 47% said it is "due to...upbringing or environment"; these numbers reflect growth in the first category and decline in the second over the past 20 years.

These results are supposed to be important because it is assumed that a belief that homosexuality is innate is also a belief that homosexuality should be tolerated, respected, and perhaps promoted. Not only is this argument flawed, but the whole line of reasoning is indicative of a severely deficient understanding of basic biology. Sadly enough, not even that bastion of enlightenment, the *New York Times*, has a clue.

First, if something that a person is born with is respectable, and even good, as some gay-rights activists would have us believe, does this include all of the genetic diseases that people are born with—Huntington's Chorea, Down's Syndrome, PKU, a deformed mutant twin growing out of the back of one's skull (it really happens!)? Determining that a trait is natural does not entail moral goodness, or even usefulness. Such a trait could just as well be something that reasonable people decide should be completely eradicated. Remember small pox? An entire species, which is about as natural as you can get, was removed from the effective biosphere after causing millennia of human misery. It now only exists in a high securi-

ty deep-freeze chamber at the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. Determining that homosexuality is natural won't prevent bigots from logically arguing that the same should be done with homosexuals.

Second, and more importantly, as any biologist will tell you, nearly every trait of an organism is affected by both genetic and environmental factors. In fact, the average across traits and organisms is about half and half. The nature/nurture debate is a false dichotomy. Consider something that most people would assume to be merely nature: people have a femur in each of their legs. While it is undoubtedly the case that genes affect the development of bones, what happens if we deprive the growing organism of calcium? Depending on the extent of the deprivation, the organism might have no bones at all, genes or not. Similarly, we would probably say with confidence that one's liking of rap music over polka is the result of one's experience, but being congenitally deaf puts a damper on one's music appreciation. Other traits may be caused largely by genes or largely by environmental factors. Asthma is often related to certain genes, and a person possessing those genes will be very likely to exhibit symptoms (though the extent will always be affected by environment—pollen, dust, etc.). Alternatively, asthma may be produced by growing up in highly polluted areas, as the skyrocketing rates of asthma among residents of Mexico City attests to (and, once again, if you've got the genes and live in Mexico City, you're really screwed).

Look at it this way: if something can be entirely genetic, and thus unaffected by the envi-

ronment, then how did such a gene develop? Not by natural selection, which is the name of the process by which different genes and their products are tested against environmental conditions. Those that lead to increased reproductive success increase in number, those that don't tend not to. But success is always determined by the environment. And if something can be entirely environmental, and thus not affected by genes, then how can a creature that developed from little more than a packet of DNA possibly possess it?

It is extremely difficult to pinpoint the many interacting causes of any trait, especially for ill-defined behaviors and lifestyles (go ahead and try to find a definition of 'homosexuality' that is comprehensive and acceptable to most people). After decades of intense study, geneticists have determined that the color of a fruit fly's eyes is affected by about 70 genes, and the expression of these genes is affected by environmental factors such as temperature, nutrients, and so on. The only reasonable position is that the causes of homosexuality are likely to be even more complex and difficult to fully understand.

It is depressing that the American public and media have such a pathetic understanding of elementary biology. Life scientists don't pretend to have a very good understanding of the complex genetic and environmental causes of homosexuality (though they're trying, and learning more each day). It is ridiculous that the uninformed public thinks that it has the answer already, and that they can use their inaccurate ideas to judge the moral qualities of others and to make laws regulating their behavior.

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ALL AGES

Staller Center for the Arts: Hosting the Long Island Film Festival

By Frank "The Movie Guy" Fusaro

The Long Island Film Festival has made its home at Stony Brook for two years now. This, however, was my first time at said fête.

Although it was billed as The Stony Brook Film Festival: Featuring The Long Island Film Festival, the only thing the university did was to replay the 1997-1998 film line over sixteen days, with the addition of Titanic.

The L.I. Film Festival, with a long and distinguished history, is the oldest independent film festival on Long Island. But it has traveled from place to place, and has on occasion, even changed its name.

The only other independent film festivals on Long Island are the Huntington Cinema Arts Center Film Festival (now in its second year), and the Hamptons International Film Festival (now in its sixth year). The Cinema Arts Center, one-time host of the L.I. Film Festival, is sadly one of the few "art houses" on Long Island. After the L.I. Film Festival moved to the Staller Center two years ago, the Cinema Arts Center started its own event. This year's festivities opened with an appearance by special guest James Urbaniak (Henry Fool). James Turturro followed that festival up with the introduction of his newest film.

The Pain of a Sixteen Day Film Festival

While this barrage of films may have sounded like a good idea at the time, more than one film maker confessed that they had to take quite a few breaks to make it through. I also confess that I had to take some time off. While the thought of missing something good bothered me, I just couldn't take it any more. Some viewers were on hiatus for days at a time because of sheer exhaustion, or perhaps out of fear that there might be another mistake like Good-bye Charlie, which by far was the worst movie I ever saw.

Many who had once respected the L.I. Festival quite openly preferred the Huntington Film Festival, and stated that most of the movies shown here wouldn't have even made the cut at Huntington. Some have even said the five day Huntington version of the L.I. Film Festival was too long.

Organization of the Festival

Before every Stony Brook Film Festival movie, a short film which was competing in the Long Island Film Festival was shown. All of the Stony Brook Film Festival movies, as well as many of the short films were shown on the new 40 foot "Big Screen" on the Main Stage. The other short films, including many 16 mm full-length films, were shown in the smaller Recital Hall (a.k.a. the "crappy little film room") with a VCR projector. These videos were referred to as the "video slots" in the program guide.

One Stony Brook Film Festival film was shown each day, along with several L.I. Film Festival full-length films. Strangely, all Stony Brook films were preceded by short films, but only some of the L.I. Film Festival films were accompanied by shorts. Therefore, one may have had to wait through films that he or she didn't want to see just to view one of the shorts.

The Poorly Constructed Festival Guide

At first glance, the festival guide did not look misleading or hard to use. Unfortunately, it

turned out to be both. The schedule did not predict the times when the films would end. This made it impossible to know if the video slots would overlap with the Main Stage showings. There were also unannounced question and answer sessions with the filmmakers, which confused people even more. At first, I thought I was just being picky, but I soon found that many staff members and filmmakers shared my frustration.

The Festival's Special Guest

Cliff Robertson was this year's main guest.

His work includes the original Big Kahuna in Gidget, as well as parts in *Escape from L.A.*, *The Devil's Brigade* and *PT 109*. Like last year's guest Steve Buscemi (the writer-director-actor whose credits include *Fargo*, *Reservoir Dogs*, and currently playing *Armageddon*), he gave speeches and brought to the festival his independent film. Unfortunately, Robertson's independent Oscar winning film, *Charly*, was thirty years old. And when Cliff mentioned that he had written a sequel, it seemed that he was just trying to get the word out and rekindle interest in this great work.

Cliff, who was an original member of the elite Actors Studio (whose member included Karl Malden, Paul Newman and Marlon Brando before they made their way to Hollywood), spends most of his time out here and commutes to Hollywood for work. Cliff, who goes by the phrase "If you're not working, you're not living," became an actor after spending time as a pilot, a journalist, and a playwright.

The interview Cliff gave to the audience was perhaps the best part of the festival. He shared interesting anecdotes about his experiences, and added that he was planning to publish many of them in his biography. I found this meeting to be a great experience. I got to meet the man whose dummy came to life and scared the heck out of me as a kid watching "The Twilight Zone".

The Films of the Festival

The Main Stage shorts were all quite good. Most notable was *Lunch With Louie*, almost a tribute to Chaplin's 'Little Tramp' with a few lines of dialogue inserted. *Undertoe*, *Let Go*, *I Remember*, and *One Hand, Left* were all pretty darn good. *Second Skin* was a cute story, but *Hyper-Conscious* came away with the award. Incidentally, *Hyper-Conscious* was filmed by Stony Brook alumnus Alan Edwards.

One of the films that made the cut for the festival turned out to be a Disney film; not what I would have considered an "Indy," but who am I to judge? On a happy note, the film, *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* was a wonderful tale written by famed author Ray Bradbury with performances by Joe Mantegna and Edward James Olmos. This was not the only large-budget film, however. *Love and Death on Long Island* was also played at the festival, with an incredible performance by John Hurt.

This made me wonder how other unexpectedly good films like *Strong Island Boys* and *Men With Guns* could compete. And while *Kegless* took an award, it seemed to me like a wannabe *Clerks* (with a plot). Perhaps the creators of *Kegless* had so many friends present that they were able to stack the votes in his favor. Believe me, the place was packed with

people who knew the filmmakers. I could hardly hear the film above their drunken screaming and whistling.

Finally, the Video Slots were a mix of crap, like *Good-bye Charlie*, and works of genius, like the touching yet slightly cheesy short *Faith*. Keep an eye out for the young actress Rachel Chamberlain, for she is going places. The hysterical *New Testament* made me fall out of my chair in laughter, and I have vowed not to rest until I find a copy of this on video. It was one of the best. *The Happy Waitress*, full of intelligent wit, was also impressive. If any of these filmmakers has a future, it's Terrence Smith.

None of these films won anything, losing to the snappy *Gat Crazy* (like anyone on Long Island calls guns "gats"). The *Gat Crazy* boys were honestly happy to meet people and were quite nice, while Terrence Smith was more low-key and humble.

As a final note to the Video Slot, I would like to recognize the feature

length Michael Harington and Today's Other America. Media critic Noam Chomsky (co-author of *Manufacturing Consent*) would probably have tipped his hat to the sad legacy of the American socialist activist's work.

With all its faults, the festival brought attention to artists and films that have received little attention. I'm sure that as time goes on, the competent crew of the Staller Center will be able to put together a crack show, and I-CON will no longer be the only major annual attraction at the University at Stony Brook.



Cliff Robertson



John & Jason sitting in a tree K I S S I N G!

1998 FESTIVAL AWARDS SCRIPT

AUDIENCE CHOICE VIDEO

THE INSIDE MAN FRED CARPENTER

AUDIENCE CHOICE SHORT FILM

HYPER-CONSCIOUS ALAN EDWARDS

AUDIENCE CHOICE FEATURE FILM

LABOR DAY STEVE RACE AND

CARMINE CANGOLOSI

FIRST FEATURE AWARD

STRONG ISLAND BOYS MARK SCHIFFER

BEST SHORT FILM OR VIDEO

THE CLEARING KAT SMITH

THE SILENT LOVE OF FISH VIVIAN SORENSON

GET CRAZY DONALD PRUDEN, KEIF

ROBERTS, AND BRIAN GUNTHER

BEST OF FEST VIDEO

LAST MINUTE DOUBTS DAVID HEINMAN

SUNDANCE RABBI DAVID NESSENOFF

BEST 16MM FEATURE FILM

KEGLESS CRAIG KESTEL

TAX DAY LAURA CALLELLA

BEST 35MM FEATURE FILM

ROUTE 4 JEFF DARK AND BRIAN SZOT

BEST OF FEST FEATURE

HOW TO MAKE THE CRUELEST MONTH

ALLISON DICKEY

GRAND JURY PRIZE

OLYMPIA BOB BYINGTON

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

CLIFF ROBERTSON

When Vacations Attack!

By James Polichak

Amsterdam and London are two of the most frequently visited cities, especially popular among college students. In our reader's interest, then, I recently went on a fact-finding mission to these cities, and now present some warnings that the guidebooks seem to have left out.

Most important for your comfort and sanity is this: Never take a bus in Europe. Spend the extra money for a plane or a train (which were far superior to US trains). The bus (Eurolines) is extremely slow—not because they drive slowly, but because there are about two hours of scheduled smoke breaks. Every hour, on an overnight bus ride, we stopped, after a loud announcement, at brightly lit rest stops so that the addicts could get their fixes, with the bonus of making sleep impossible (in addition to the cramped quarters). This inconvenience was avoided on the way home, because the bus driver decided to smoke on the bus. The bus also takes you through the Chunnel. Like we did, you may believe that the Chunnel was designed as a convenient way to cross the channel. Not so. Taking this route, you will experience a series of 45 minute waits, first to do duty-free shopping, or wait while others shop; then to have passports inspected, and then to have your bags checked, and then to wait for the next train, since these checks have made you miss the earlier

one. All in all, it takes 12 hours to get from London to Amsterdam, none of which are any fun.

Additional considerations: The French are petty and annoying and should be avoided at all costs. We took our horrid bus ride from Amsterdam to London, never once stopping in France, yet the French were the only ones who decided it was necessary to do a half-assed job of searching our bags (even though we were leaving, not entering France), making us all wait an hour on line at four in the morning.

London is an extremely over-rated vacation destination. I spent less than half a day there and decided that I did not want to come back. It's big, expensive, and has terrible air quality (even compared to New York).

London drivers treat pedestrians like New Yorkers treat pigeons. I do not jest when I say that people will keep driving even if it means they will hit you. The food (not just British, but foreign too) was so dismal that one day there I just didn't eat. If you get sick of the big city and decide you just want to go to a movie, be prepared to fork over 12 bucks

A very important thing to keep in mind if

you insist on going to London and taking the bus to get there or leave is that there are two different Victoria Stations in London. One of these is very

famous and easy to find, but it is not the one you want. You want the smaller one three blocks away. I'm telling you this because in the three times I called Eurolines no one told me this, including the time I called from the Victoria train station saying that I was at Victoria Station and couldn't find the bus and that no one else we asked knew where it was either. It's just a good thing we started looking for the bus two hours before departure. On the other hand, most of the fairy tales you've heard about Amsterdam are true. Plus the museums, zoo, and botanical gardens are all more fun than their US counterparts. My advice is fly directly to Amsterdam, and maybe take a nice train ride from there to Germany and Scandinavia. Our fellow travellers give these places much higher marks than the UK or



France.

"Tiger Beat" continued from page 2

Ireland's traditional exports, priests, nuns, and religious workers, had witnessed first hand the effect of Ronnie's clandestine contra wars on the people of Central America and had spread their outrage back home. The Irish government also sent observers to oversee the Nicaraguan elections of 1984. The observers found them kosher; Bonzo did not and the bloodshed continued. There was much resentment and many protests.

So the spooks came and tried to intimidate people at protests by photographing them and threatening them with denial of a US visa, back when hordes of young Irish people found it necessary to come to work.

Clinton is also insinuating himself into the Northern Ireland peace process and some are suspicious of US military involvement as "peace keepers" is in the offing. Slick Willie invited members of the Irish government to dinner on a warship, and much to the chagrin of Dara and others like him, not only did politicians feed at the trough of Empire, but many average citizens rushed off to see the Idol.

The main tourist attraction, Dún Aenghusa, a huge ruin of a circular fort on a 300-foot cliff, is slowly deteriorating because all the tourists are taking rocks from the walls and tossing them over the cliff, just for laughs. You'd think that stones would be the last thing in short supply in this particular corner of the planet, but authorities are considering limiting the number of visitors.

The Yanks Are Still Comin'

I went to Dublin to hook up with a friend who's a cadet in the US Merchant Marine and whose ship was in port. We had drinks and dinner and then met up with her fellow seamen (yuk, yuk) in the Temple Bar area, a hideously over-touristed stretch of cobblestone with all the gruesome, muscle-flexing, too-much-cologne comforts of Port Jefferson on a Friday night in summer. They

packed into a place called Dangerous Dolan's and proceeded to fulfill everyone's Ugliest American stereotypes by getting stinking shitfaced lousy grunting hooting swilling drunk. It was grotesquely embarrassing to someone of my colossal couch and reserve. One young Ambassador of Good Will endeared us to the local by vomiting right in front of the bar. Another climbed onto his stool and belted, "Dublin rules my mother's asshole!" Obviously, he meant it as a compliment. Still a third red-eyed prodigy proclaimed, "I wanna drink like the locals," and then proceeded to ask for a Sea Breeze. I went to the "Gents" and discovered the scamps had festooned it with toilet paper.

None of the Irish people in the place seemed to get very annoyed at this, or seek any form of vengeance, unless you count singing along en masse with some Britpop fluff about a lemon tree.

I stalked out, but not before I helped my friend steal a pint glass. She told me that Málaga, Spain and Hamburg, Germany had previously had the honor of their presence and those in command had not taught them even a few essentials in the local languages, nor had they apparently given them any pointers on local culture or general civilized comportment.

They were next bound for the Arctic Circle so they could take part in some sadomasochistic ritual involving wearing next to nothing in sub-zero temperatures, drinking sea water, and licking some guy's ("King Neptune") Vaseline'd belly.

A Most Embarrassing Linguistic Faux Pas

With three days left, I decided to stop running around and went to the Connemara village of Carroe, where I finally got the solitude, tranquility and real cultural content I'd been yearning for deep in my "Seltic" soul. I wandered the roads, climbed on the rocks, and even bathed at the unique coral beach. I even got to hang with some

of the homeboys, who bought me pints and complimented my command of their dialect of the Irish language. I asked one, who had lived in Boston and was sucking on a bottled Budweiser, "An maith leat Bud?" ("Do you like 'Bud'?") and they all began to chortle derisively. Then I realized that "Bud" sounds just like an Irish word, "bod" and what I'd asked him was, "Do you like dick?"

Fortunately, Irish rednecks are a good deal less uptight than our homegrown variety and we all had a good laugh over it and ordered more beers.

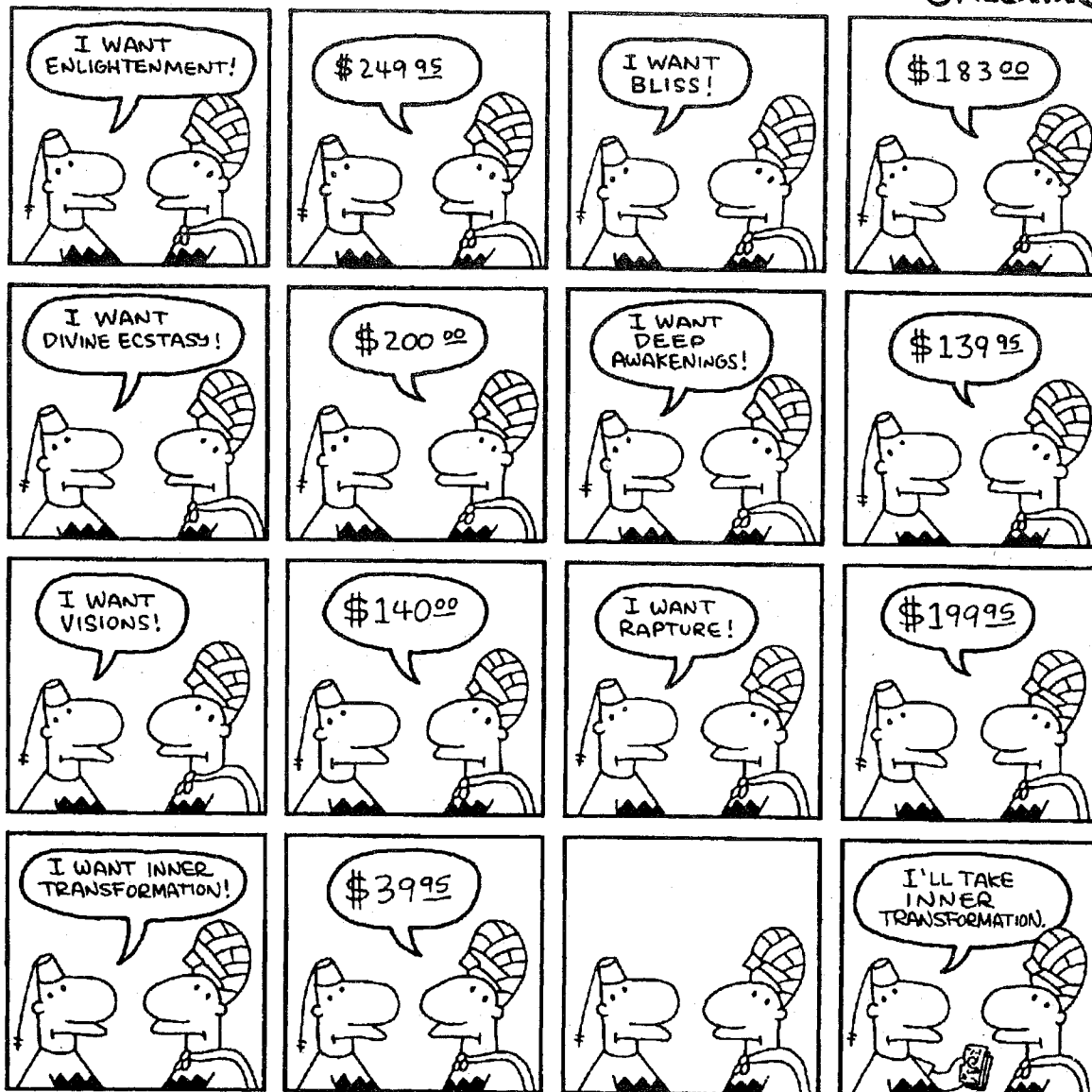
I overheard one of my cohorts refuse a suggestion from his 19-year-old son on the grounds that he had to be tested (in a hospital) and the son reassured him that it would be out of his system in three weeks. The son claimed to possess this knowledge secondhand and his buddy, the one I'd inadvertently propositioned, claimed to have only tried hashish once, "with some Germans and I got sick." Victory is ours! Cannabinoids have penetrated even the Gaeltacht. Throw that on your turf fire and smoke it.

Home Again, Home Again

As I furiously word-process this, the TV is blaring a special report about someone going berserk with a gun in the Capitol. Surreally, across the bottom of the screen whiz the Stock Market updates while the announcer intones that five people have been shot. Then he comments that such events affect markets and the Dow has fallen a couple of points. My jaw drops a mile. I guess we know what's really important. We've got that tiger by the tail.

LIFE IN HELL

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!MIPs



PNC, Rod, and Me

By Steveoh

So my parents got me tickets to see Rod Stewart at the PNC Arts Center a couple of weeks ago. Stop laughing. Back in his day, Rod could have been considered to be a staple in rock history. Songs such as "Maggie Mae," "Stay With Me," and "(I Know) I'm Losing You," were emotional, well-written, and so youthful. Really. He fronted a band called Faces, which included (at different times) Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, and Ron Wood. Take my word for it, Rod was it.

In the 90s, he totally evaporated any legitimacy he had with wussy songs, but what can you do? He's getting old. So, with hedged anticipation, off we went to Jersey.

I sat on the lawn and waited for Rod. And waited. And waited. Then I got hungry, so I asked if anybody wanted anything. My brother's girlfriend and my mother both wanted pretzels, so I went off to the concession stand, where I proceeded to stand in line. And I waited. And waited. And I noticed a sign that said, "No ID, No Beer." And I noticed 45-year-old men with bald spots and Members Only clothing cursing at the beer girl because they couldn't prove they were 21. Then, I watched the guy in front of me order a hot dog, and watched his server drop the hot dog on a pile of boxes, slyly look around, and sneakily place it in a bun and wrap it up. We laughed. After a 15-minute wait, I noticed that they had no pretzels. Fuck! So, being that Rod still hadn't come on (they play bagpipes while you wait; I was awaiting the entrance of Rowdy Roddy Piper), I went to another concession stand.

And I waited. And waited. And I noticed that the guy in front of me looked like Babe Ruth, and was built like him too. He was adorned in

head-to-toe LBI (Long Beach Island) gear. And I noticed that there were three very cheesily dressed 30-year-old guys in front of him who looked like the type who went to these concerts looking to hook up with horny 43-year-old women. And I watched them order beer, and when the girl got back they ordered food. And when she turned her back to them to get their order, one of the guys said, "Watch this!" and took off with the beer as the other guys laughed. It was time for Babe Ruth to spring into action. He bellowed (he really bellowed—the true definition of bellowing), "Hey, I know your play! I figured out your plot....bud! I know your deal, buddy! You're in cahoots with that guy!" What a lingo! "Buddy"? "Pal?" "Cahoots?" I expected the guys from Dragnet to come out and arrest them. Also, the Babe Ruth guy sounded exactly like Sam the Butcher from the Brady Bunch. Exactly. Anyway, Babe got into these guys' faces, except he really couldn't because his gut was huge. The guys were like, "Man, I dunno what you're talking about. I don't know him. He just took off. I have no idea who he is." But Babe persisted, and then Security came. This is when Babe showed he was a true renaissance man and switched hats from citizen arrestor to lead negotiator. He bellowed, "Hey, I have an idea to prove your innocence, bud! How 'bout you pay for his beer, huh? That'll prove it!" The guys said, "No. We don't know the guy." Then Babe bellowed (I have to use that word), "Then how 'bout I follow you to your seats, and if da guy is dair, den I'll identify 'em and you can get arrested. How 'bout dem, buddy? Up fer dat, pal?" The security gal asked me what I thought. I told her that this was hysterical, and that even though I wasn't really paying attention, I thought they were in "cahoots." So, to shorten a really long story, those guys paid for the beer,

and security followed them to their seats. Not a bad fifteen minutes of entertainment. I then bought my food. A little sidebar, by the way: Security paid for Babe's food, which is funny, because they probably would have made out better if they ignored the guys who stole the beer, because I don't think Babe would take it easy on free food.

So, about a half hour after I left my lawn seat, I managed my way back with two pretzels, a soda, and a kick ass story. The concert began, and I watched. I watched old folk dance. It was fucking hilarious. There was absolutely no rhythm to anybody. Not that I should be talking about this, considering that I am no Denny Terio, but I wondered, "Was this ever cool?" I saw a girl with her arms extended high to the sky with her palms parallel to the ground while kicking her legs Rockette style. I saw a guy just cement his feet and turn his shoulders in and out, sorta like a fence door in a tornado. I saw a couple dance worse than the handicapped. But they were so nicely dressed! Moccasins, Bradlees shirts, tiny crotch-hugging, paint-stained shorts, these people signified what it was like to be cool on some bizarro planet. Jerry Seinfeld did a monologue where he said you could tell a person's best year by the clothes they wore, mainly because they never threw anything out from that year. The year for this concert was 1981. And it was pretty consistent throughout the stadium. It was somewhat sad, really. But for the night, they were "Forever Young" (sorry). And there's nothing bad about that.

Oh, the concert? The first hour kicked ass. He played all his old shit with passion and fire—traits he lost in the second hour when he sang his shmoochy ballads. I left before the encores to avoid traffic.

By David Wiernicki

I'm taking a racketball course this fall. I'm not sure what it involves, but I'm pretty sure it involves hitting a ball with some type of blunt instrument until it goes by your opponent, or something like that. I'm not sure what the end result of this is supposed to be; I'm only doing it so I don't get fat—I understand that it involves a fair amount of running about. As far as I can tell, the hitting the ball part is just a distraction to make you think you're not exercising. The same technique is used on cows running through the bars on their way to be slaughtered. They don't think they're exercising either.

At any rate, I thought that I'd have to give some other "sports" a fair shake at being blessed with my presence, so I'll attempt to give a rundown of what makes each unique:

Baseball: Hit a ball with a stick.
Tennis: Hit a ball with a stick.
Lacrosse: Hit a ball with a stick.
Ping Pong: Hit a ball with a stick.
Golf: Hit a ball with a stick.
Pool: Hit a ball with a stick.
Squash: Hit a ball with a stick.
Cricket: Hit a ball with a stick.
Horse Racing: Hit a horse with a stick.

There are some more puritan sports out there that forgo the stick and force the player to hit the ball with his hands and feet, but they aren't very popular so I won't go into them here. I even found a sport called "Boxing" in which they did away with the balls entirely and the players are thus forced to hit each other. This results in one of them falling down eventually, and since they can't play any more with one guy on the floor they call it a night.

So, my quest ended with a decision to choose fairly among these diverse sports. I decided to put the names on a board, throw a dart, and pick whichever one I hit. As it turned out, after a few tries, I couldn't hit any of them, so I picked racket ball. This brings me to my main point, which I have been carefully leading up to all this time. The point is this:

DO NOT STOP WRITING YOUR ARTICLE HALFWAY THROUGH WHEN YOU COULD HAVE FINISHED IT OFF FINE AND NOT HAD TO RUSH IT TO GET IT IN ON DEADLINE SO YOU COULD STILL BE A STAFF MEMBER IN THE FALL.

I know how many of you this problem afflicts, so I felt obliged to give the advice. As you can see, I'm now stuck here with no feelings about racketball, or any other sport for that matter, and thus have to write endless drivel about how I am writing endless drivel. It's not a proud

moment. I am shamed. You, the reader, deserve more. To publish this hunk of festering, rotten rat gut is an insult to your intelligence. Stop reading now. Everything else I'm going to write is now officially a result of my going off the deep end.

"As far as I can tell, the hitting the ball part is just a distraction to make you think you're not exercising. The same technique is used on cows running through the bars on their way to be slaughtered. They don't think they're exercising either."

It's not representative of my writing in general. Hell, the petty, sophomoric insults above aren't representative

of it either—but that's not the point. The point is that from now on, I'm officially NOT TAKING RESPONSIBILITY for anything that happens to get put on the page. In fact, the editors may just decide to blot it out with a picture of the gimp, or the ranch, or something like that. If they do, I hope they use a clipping line so it overlaps the text without a big white border... I can't stand that kind of thing. And if they do put it in a big white square, then when, due to my worthless, incompetent, brainless, desperate ravings, I attain a high rank among the stunned members of the Press, I'll bloody well fix all that up.

You just wait.
You just wait.



WHY WRITE A COHERENT ARTICLE...

Taking War to New Heights at the Movies

By Lisa Aviles and Edward Ballard

The road to theatrical bliss has been potholed by the likes of *Godzilla* and *Deep Impact*, but Steven Spielberg's *Saving Private Ryan* at the very least presents a much needed respite from the ad nauseum onslaught of alien/disaster films. Stroking, placating, and objectifying our near-the-year-2000 fears, these films fail miserably to address our inherent dread of the unknown. Spielberg rises above the muck by uniquely and bravely exposing the individual and collective instabilities felt during World War II.

The first scenes at Omaha Beach are wrenchingly chaotic and intensely personal. The bloodbath of horrific maimings and lurid death convey the very fury of confusion in war. The empathetic cord is held taut by grimacing faces and pathetic cries for help. Spielberg endeavors to engulf the audience in the grit of war. The inclusion of scenes of relative tranquillity in the fields and pastures of France brilliantly contrasts with the horror of the battle scenes. Within this contrast, a greater truth is told. Similarly, the majority of the film maintains an even keel between endearing personalities to the viewer and peeling away any fantasies that we may have about the glory of war. One such personality manifests itself through the protagonist, Captain John Miller (Hanks).

Hanks creates another solid everyman character in Capt. John Miller. The struggle to maintain control of his unit as well as his sanity and individuality is the torment of Captain Miller. Through him we see the devotion, loyalty, and strength necessary for him to be a soldier as well as

doubt and weakness he feels as a man. Certainly Hank's performance is another milestone in his rock-solid repertoire. Yet the performance from co-star Matt Damon is rather dry, emotionally lacking, and anticlimactic. This isn't to say that he was given a substantial amount of material to work with (as he only appears in the last hour). Fortunately, and surprisingly, the lesser-known ensemble of actors, such as Ed Burns and Tom Sizemore, provide impressive substance that succeeds in keeping this film honest. As if this were not surprising enough, Ted Danson makes a rather surreal cameo appearance in the middle of the movie.

The magnificence of this film is the way it manages to present lack of resolve and uncertainty--to oneself, to one's men, country, and even enemy. Spielberg's film admirably expands the typical, self-deprecating war screen to communicate not only the experience, but the predicament of war in a fuller context to its audience. If the film should walk away with the elusive Oscar, it is because on the whole it was brave enough to show just this.

Yet Spielberg's directorial might takes a few dips along the way. One such problematic aspect of the film may point its aggravated finger at the stereotyping of the soldiers. One finds the soldier from Brooklyn, the sensitive Writer, the

humble yet Loyal Nice Guy, the Hot Shot Southern Sharpshooter, etc. Yet the film saves itself by cleverly using these characters to deny us our expectations of them either fitting perfectly into their stereotyped roles or performing the classic 'showing the other side when drama calls' typical behavior. Rather, each character both horrifies and soberly comforts through his failure and self-doubt.

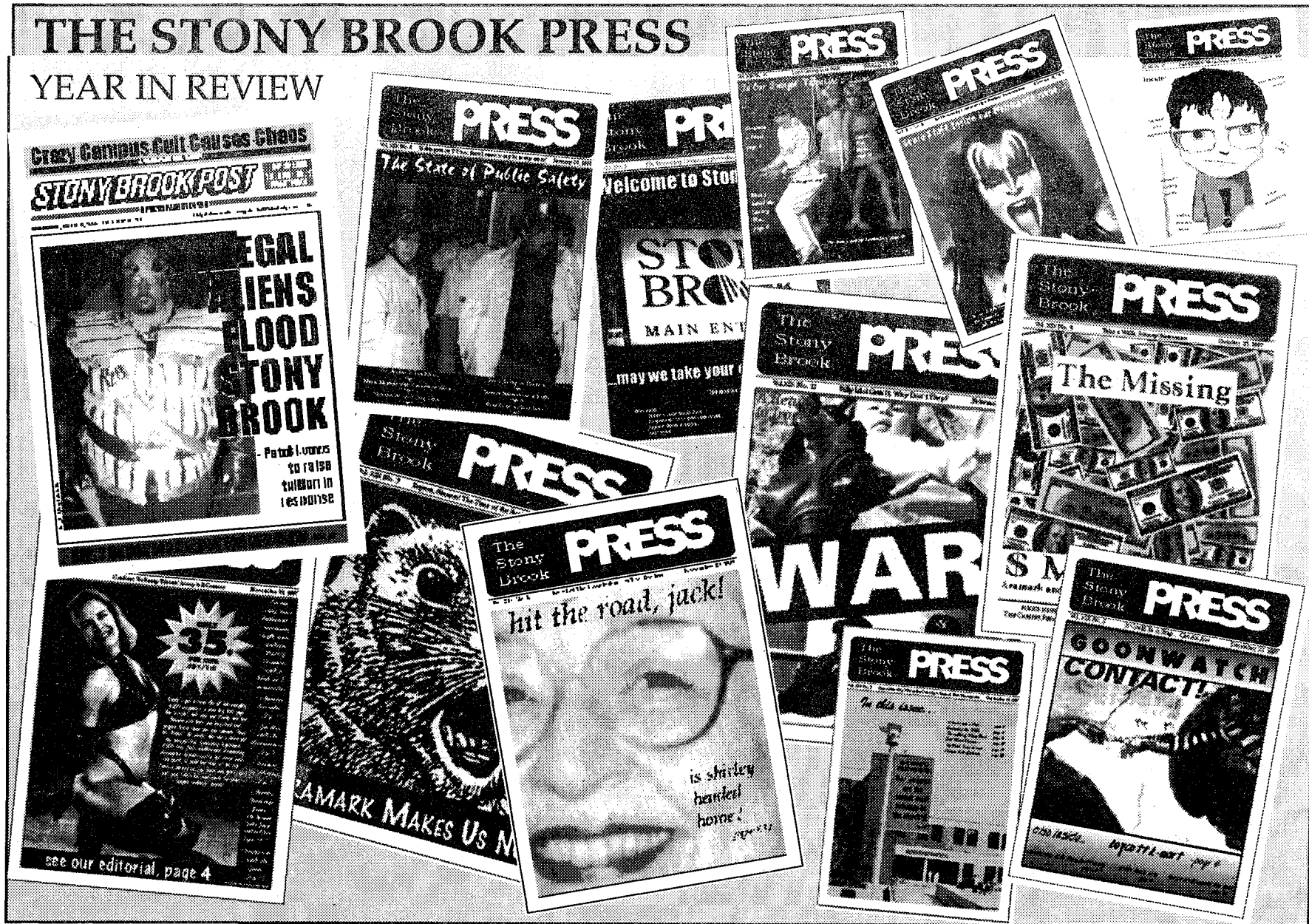
Similarly, Spielberg somewhat pigeonholes the Germans as 'The Evil Other.' Contrary to the rather disturbing reviews from critics, the Germans are singularly represented as loathsome and untrustworthy. Spielberg even creates a chance for one German soldier to expose his humanity, then makes clever use of one of the squad members to have

his audience regret any empathy. This statement is quite timely reemphasized towards the end of the movie. More detail can't be addressed without giving away too much, however, the moments should be readily apparent.

Some have said of *Saving Private Ryan* that Spielberg was too inept to address questions of war on an intellectual level. This, however, does not appear to be Spielberg's aim. Perhaps the idea here was not to provide answers, but to admit that there was in fact a question.



The Photo Caption Goes Here





By Phil Pages

what's your USB IQ?

Are you the "average" USB student? How much have you really lived the USB experience? If these questions have always plagued you, it's time to find out your USB IQ!

The USB IQ is a measure of how much you've lived both the typical and legendary elements of Stony Brook. To find out your score, answer "yes" or "no" to each question unless otherwise indicated.

PLACES

Have you ever been on the roof of an academic building?

... on the inside of the new (unopened)
Life Sci Annex?

... in the steam tunnels?

Do you know what and where the steam tunnels are?

Have you ever been in an academic building after it closed?

...on one of the HSC/Hospital walkways?

Have you eaten at all of these campus food sources?

(EOB, Union deli, Papa Joe's, Bleacher, Stony Snacks,
H-Quad, Kelly, Kelly Deli, Taco Bell, Roth Quad
Changing Scenes, Burger King, Deng Lee's,
Humanities, SAC and Harriman Cafe)

Have you ever been in Roth pond?

...in the ESS fountain?

...in the ESS observatory?

...in the Life Sci
Greenhouse?

...in the particle
accelerator?

...in the Science
Fiction Forum?

...in The Spot?

...in the WUSB
studios?

...in a public safety
holding room?

BEHAVIOR

Have you ever pulled a fire alarm?

...called Public Safety?

...run from Public Safety?

...read about something you did in

The Statesman's police blotter?

...called SBVAC?

...been in the SBVAC ambulance?

...been in the SBVAC ambulance with Spermy?

...slept overnight in an academic building?

...had sex in an academic building?

...been drunk in an academic building?

...sold drugs on campus?

...attended an on-campus concert?

...thrown your voice with the convex plastic
wall thing in Physics?

CLASSES

Have you ever failed a course?

...gone to a professor's office hours?

...dated your TA?

...had sex with your TA?

...gotten drunk with a professor?

...gotten high with a professor?

...been high in class?

...been drunk in class?

...done drugs during a class?

...cheated on a test?

...stolen an exam?

...bribed a TA or professor for good grades?

...stolen the books for a class from the
bookstore?

...taken a 400 level course taught by a grad
student?

DORMS

Have you ever lived in a dorm?

...lived in a dorm over intercession?

...started a fire in a dorm?

...attended a keg party in a dorm?

...smoked pot in a dorm?

COMMUTING

Have you ever gotten a parking ticket?

...gotten a parking summons?

...gotten booted?

...gotten towed?

...appealed a parking
ticket?

...gotten an appeal
approved?

...spoken personally with
Artie Schertzer?

...been to a CSA meeting?

UNIVERSITY LORE

(answers below)

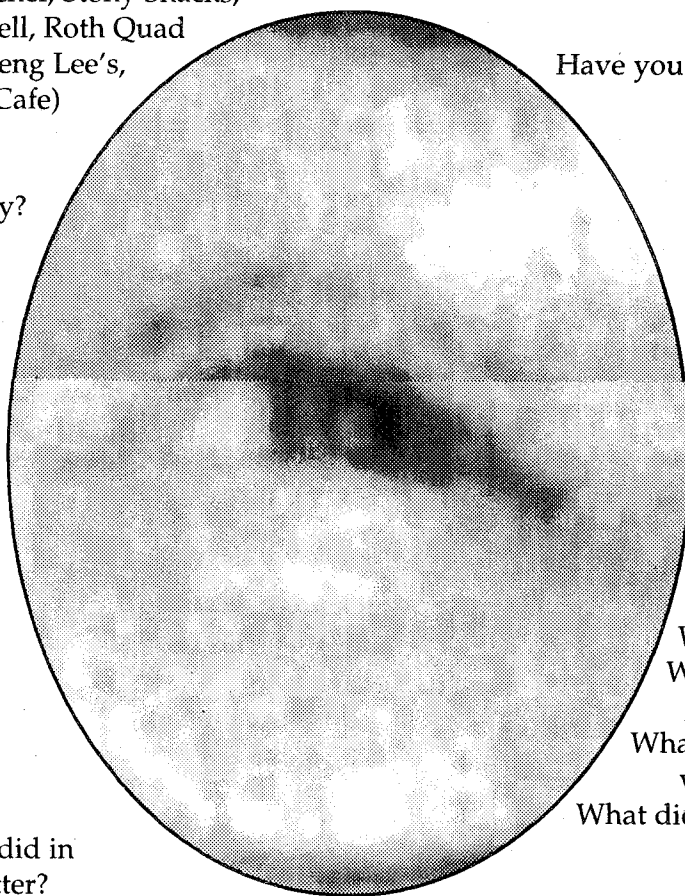
Who is the guy on the top of the page?

Whose eye is this to left?

What animals were released in on campus
by a disgruntled ex-prof?

What legendary character fell into a steam
vent and died?

What did disgruntled grad students create on the
main academic mall in 1988?



(answers: Charles Wang; Shirley Strum Kenny; Cockroaches;
Sherman Kaffenberg; Tent City)

SCORING

Give yourself 1 point for every "yes" answer, and five for each
"lore" question answered correctly.

81-71 points: Congratulations... or consolations, depending how
you look at it. You're hard core USB, and you've managed to expe-
rience the best and worst of it.

70-51 points: Well on your way to oblivion, you know the ins and
outs of this campus. Heh. Ins and Outs.

50-20 points: You're unremarkable, and I'd rather not bother.

19-10 points: What are you, some kind of schmuck?

9-1 points: I envy you, though you give me the red ass.

0 points: Hi, President Kenny!