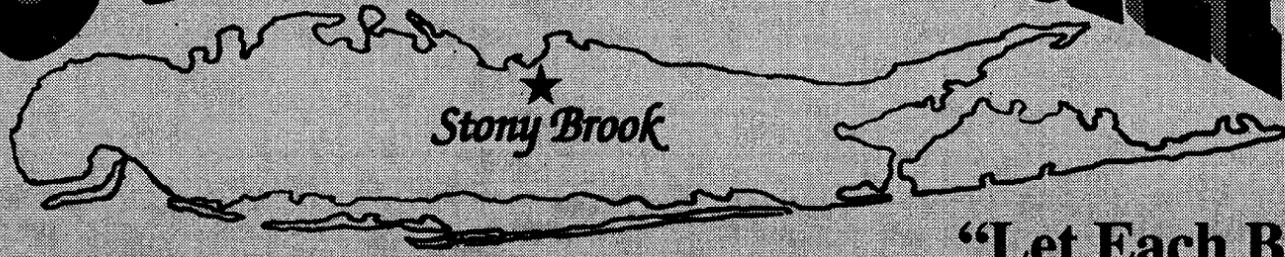


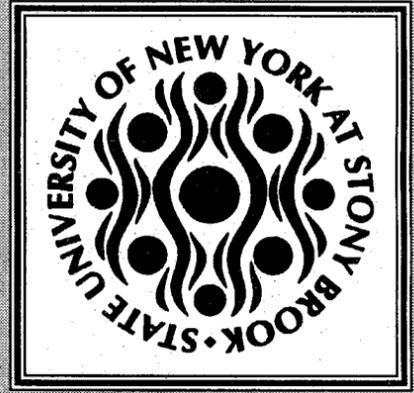
THE FOLLOWING ISSUE IS MISNUMBERED

Vol. 37, Number 56, May 2, 1994
Misnumbered as "54"

Statesman



Stony Brook



“Let Each Become Aware!”

Volume 37, Number 54

Founded 1957

Monday May 2, 1994

Marburger Honored

University President Dr. John Marburger III Was Honored
In A Pictorial Retrospective In The Administration Lobby
And In A Portait Unveiling In The Main Library



A photographic retrospective of Dr. John Marburger's 14-year tenure as University President was displayed in the Administration lobby, Thursday. *Statesman/ John Chu*



University President, Dr. John Marburger III. *Statesman/ Altaf Shaikh*

SUBT THIS WEEK

S	M	T	W	TH	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

A Weekly Guide to Campus Events

Monday, May 2, 1994

MONDAY, MAY 2

FSA Flea Market. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Stony Brook Union Bi-Level. Call 632-6514.

I-CON Student Group Meeting. 6 p.m. Every Week. Student Union Room 216. For more information call 632-6045.

Prepared Childbirth Classes. 7:30 - 9:30 p.m. Pre registration Required. University Hospital. For more information call 444-2729.

TUESDAY, MAY 3

Homecoming Interest Meeting. 12:50 p.m. Open to all interested in coordinating events or assisting are invited to join the Homecoming Committee. Stony Brook Union room 221.

End of the Year Party. 8 p.m. Sponsored by the College Republicans. \$15 gets you free beer and free buffet. At the Park Bench.

Weekly Nine Ball Tournaments. 8 p.m. Entry fee is \$5. FSA Billiard Hall in the basement of the Union.

Earth Action Board. 8 p.m. Every Week. First floor meeting room in Roth Quad Cafeteria. All welcome. For more information call Dawn at 632-2880.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4

Opening Week Activities Meeting. 12:40 - 1:40 p.m. "Planning for the Fall '94 Semester." All organizations are encouraged to attend. Everyone is Welcome. Stony Brook Union Room 221.

Minorities in Medicine. 8 p.m. General Meeting. All welcome. Student Union

Room 216.

Student Action Coalition for Animals. 9 p.m. All who are interested are welcome. For more information call 632-7998. Basement of the Student Union room 079.

THURSDAY, MAY 5

The First Lubricated Jam. 9 p.m. - 1 a.m. Sponsored by the Musical Society. Featuring seven bands and two DJs. Free Admission. Bean Raffle. Union Bi-Level.

FSA Flea Market. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Stony Brook Union Bi-Level. Call 632-6514.

Cycling Team. 8:30 p.m. Road and mountain biking. Hendrix Lobby in Roth Quad.

FRIDAY, MAY 6

Stony Brook Jazz Ensemble. 8 p.m. Admission is Free. For more information call 632-7230. Staller Center Recital Hall.

SATURDAY, MAY 7

Stony Brook Camerata Singers. 8 p.m. Douglas Frew conducts a program to include Bach, William Mathias, and choruses by Lili Boulanger. Tickets \$4 for Seniors and Students and \$6 for everyone else. For more information call 632-7230. Staller Center Recital Hall.

Lend A Hand. To help the American Red Cross there will be a car wash held at the Holiday Inn Express in Stony Brook for \$5 per car.

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Rosner Wins Sophomore Rep Seat

Out of the 104 valid ballots counted, Freshman Representative Nicole Rosner received 54 votes, to win the run-off election held Thursday for the Sophomore Representative seat.

A total of 154 students voted, according to Election Board Member Rachelle Jean-Louis. Thirty nine votes were discounted when they failed the Social Security number check. Another 11 did not pass the last name check. No ballots were thrown out for duplicate voting.

Runner-up Mark DeVera received a close 47 votes. The other vote went to Sarit Levy, who was not listed for the run-off election.



Nicole Rosner

Rosner, who is the first Freshman Representative to re-elected to the council since Dan Slepian's election to vice president in 1989, was pleased with the outcome and already has started planning for the next year. "I'd like to thank everyone who came out to vote. I hope that the upcoming year will be successful and also rewarding," she said. "I tried hard to represent the students of the University. I hope to further represent and enhance the student life on campus."

Judiciary Impeaches Tajong

Benedict College Senator Nelson Tajong was impeached Thursday night by the Polity Judiciary.

The Polity Senate decided to start impeachment procedures on April 20, after Polity Treasurer Corey Williams told the senate that Tajong had no handed in a report that was supposed to be submitted on March 18.

According to the Financial Managerial Policies and Procedures of Polity, each senator must be a member of a budgetary sub-committee. The Treasurer appoints five people to be chairs of each sub-committee. Tajong was appointed chair of the committee that oversees athletic clubs. According to Williams, these appointments were made last semester.

Each budgetary sub-committee is responsible for reviewing the club budgets in their area and making suggestions for

next year's budget.

According to Tajong, he does not think that the charges are fair. He said that members of his committee were not available and therefore he was being singled out. "The committee chairs get blamed," he said. Tajong also said that, because he did not get to meet with the members of the committee, it would not have been right to make decisions on his own. "How fair is it to a club if I, alone, decide what they get?" he asked.

Tajong was also unhappy that he has yet to speak in his defense. "I was never given the opportunity to answer any of these charges," he said.

Williams said that the charges were, "definitely justified." He said that student leaders should be more responsible for the concerns of their constituents. "It's about time students are held accountable for their actions," said Williams.

Senator Mark Thomas, a member of Tajong's group said that Tajong did not schedule meetings at times that were accessible to the members of the sub-committee, when he did schedule meetings.

Commuter Senator Rich Korzenko, who was also a member of the sub-committee that Tajong headed, disagreed with Thomas. "No, [the impeachment] isn't justified," he said. "There is no real proof on the matter. Me and him have gone over the budgets. No one else showed up at the meetings. I've been to two of his meetings. He's tried. He can't force people to show up at the meetings."

MPB VP Impeached?

The Judiciary also decided to impeach Minority Planning Board Vice President Joseph Desmarat if he does not contact the Judiciary within 72 hours of being notified that impeachment proceedings have began.

Desmarat is being impeached because he allegedly attended only one general membership meeting, this semester. According to members of MPB, he has not actively worked on any committee.

Members of Judiciary could not be reached for comment on the status of Desmarat's impeachment at the time of print.

Valid or Invalid Elections?

Much of the Judiciary's time was spent listening to and deciding on complaints about individual candidates and the validity of the results in specific races. Judiciary decided in each of these cases that the elections stood.

A petition to throw out the recent Polity elections and re-do the entire election procedure was heard by Judiciary, which decided to table the matter until more information could be gathered.

The petition cited nine violations of the Election Bylaws of Polity, questioning the validity of the whole elections.

The hearing will take place Tuesday at 8 p.m. A meeting place has not been decided upon.

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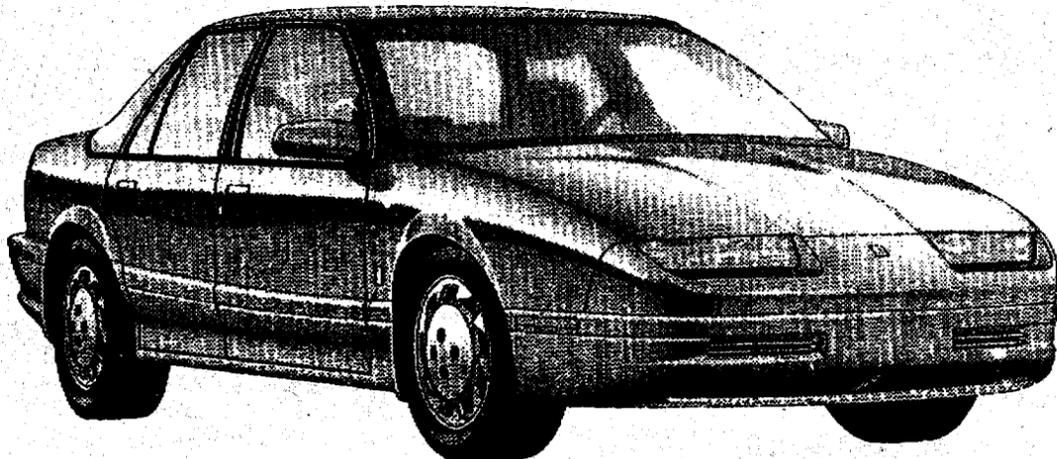
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Who's the Real Racist? Muhammad or Cole

Throughout this semester, I have been accused of many things due to the content of this column. I have been accused of being a racist, a sexist, a fascist, etc. For the most part, I have chosen to ignore these ad hominem attacks and have attempted to continue with my work. Every once in a while, I have stopped to ask myself, "Am I a sexist? Am I a racist?" I know that each time someone else has asked these questions of me I have always said with confidence, "No!"

But sometimes I wonder ... "What is a racist?" Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary defines racism as: a belief that race (race is

defined as: a class or kind of people unified by community of interests, habits, or characteristics) is the primary determinant of human traits and capacities and that racial differences produce an inherent superiority of a particular race. Based upon this type of definition, I hypothesize that many of the "racial" incidents that occur on campus actually have very little to do with race.

I am not saying that racism does not exist, or that racist incidents don't occur on campus. What I am saying is that in the many times that I have heard racial epithets used, race was not really the issue at hand. In other words, when I have heard students use names such as "nigger, honky, guinea, spic, etc." these names have been used in the same manner someone would call another a name such as "asshole, dick and bitch." Yes, the aforementioned names have racial meanings, but the issue at hand has rarely, truly, been about race. People call each other names in attempts to hurt and provoke one another, and therefore, the harshest names tend to be used.

In today's society, there are many incidents which appear to have racial tones, but in fact, if any racial substance exists, it is only a manifest function of what is occurring; there are other latent, more important, issues underlying. A good example of this can be seen by looking at the actions of several of the professors in the Africana Studies program on campus this semester. I think that some of these professors want there to be "racial turmoil" on Stony Brook's campus because they benefit from it.

It is pretty much accepted that racially motivated violence is unlikely to occur on campus. I do not think that Professor Amiri Baraka of the Africana Studies Program can honestly say that he fears for his safety on campus because of things that I or others on campus have said. Despite this, he has screamed at me in public meetings, calling me a "backward fascist" and a "racist."

Baraka, somewhat successfully, has tried to use my

comments and writings to stir the black students on campus into a frenzy. He has done this because if he can make it appear as if racism is rampant in our school, he has a better chance of his true, latent goal: getting the Africana Studies program the funding to become a department. If it is perceived that there are real racial problems on campus, then people like Baraka and the student clubs within Polity are more likely to get increased funding. If, on the other hand, people think that racial problems are lessening, some might conclude it would be okay to cut the funding of some or all of these programs.

An even better example of my theory is evident in Dr. Khalid Abdul Muhammad of the Nation of Islam. Dr. Muhammad, now infamous for his speech delivered at Kean College in New Jersey, is known for giving racially charged performances at college campuses. In my opinion, Muhammad says the outlandish things he does because he wants students, like myself, to call him a "nigger." He wants white middle-class, especially Jewish, students to call him names because then he is able to "prove his point" about there being racism, get more money and publicity, and reply, "De ya go. I'zza told ya, dey all hate us niggas! Bedda go'n kill 'em!" (By the way, if you think it is racist of me to make fun of the way Muhammad speaks, if he learned proper English, there wouldn't be anything to make fun of. While I'm sticking my neck out ... "black english" is a crock. It is a cop-out excuse for people who don't want to go to school and learn proper English. Yes, English does have parts of other languages in it, but those words from other languages melt into English ... They don't collectively form a new language. There is no such things as "Irish english, French english, Chinese english." The blacks are the only to group to get their own language ... Whose being discriminated against now?)

I have never heard anyone say anything negative

about Muhammad simply because he is black. However, many people, including myself, have referred to him as a "nigger" because of the things he has said, just as he wants us to. He simply wants us to call him a "nigger" in a defensive reaction to his verbal diarrhea. This is not what has happened. I, and others, call him a "nigger" because he is purposely trying to act as a disruptive force to our society, hurting the very people he claims to "love" and work so hard for.

Some people will say that there is no justification for calling anyone such a name as "nigger." This I can not argue. I know that I should not call him a "nigger." All that I ask is that people read some of the things he has said in public.

"... That's why you call yourself Mr. Rubinstein, Mr. Goldstein, Mr. Silverstein. Because you been stealing rubies and gold and silver all over the earth. That's why we can't even wear a ring or a bracelet or a necklace without calling it Jew-elry. We say it real quick and call it jewelry, but it's not jewelry, it's Jew-elry, 'cause you're the rogue that's stealing all over the face of the planet ..."

When we gain enough power from God Almighty to take our freedom and independence from him [the whites in South Africa], we

give him 24 hours to get out of town, by sundown. That's all. If he won't get out of town by sundown, we kill everything white that ain't right in South Africa. We kill the women, we kill the children, we kill the babies. We kill the blind, we kill the cripples, we kill 'em all. We kill the faggot, we kill the lesbian, we kill them all... Kill the old ones too. Goddamit, if they in a wheelchair, push 'em off a cliff in Cape Town... I said

kill the blind, kill the crippled, kill the crazy. Goddamit, and when you get through killing 'em all, go to the goddam graveyard and dig up the grave and kill 'em, goddam, again. 'Cause they didn't die hard enough... And if you've killed 'em all and you don't have the strength to dig 'em up, then take your gun and shoot in the goddam grave. Kill 'em again. Kill 'em again, 'cause they didn't die hard enough." from Muhammad's speech at Kean College on November 29, 1993. **See Racism on page 7**



Against The Tide
Richard D. Cole

"I ask, who is the racist? Am I a racist because after reading this speech I am disgusted with this man and all that he stands for? Yes, my reaction of calling him a "nigger" may not be the most appropriate, but all it is is a name. Muhammad, on the other hand, not only calls people names, but advocates violence in the utmost form: death. Muhammad is a preacher of peace through death."

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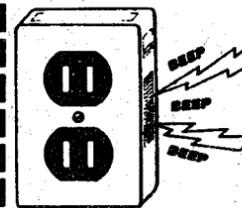
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STAC Honors Dedicated Contributors

By Carl Corry
Statesman Associate News Editor

The fifth annual Students Towards an Accessible Campus (STAC) Awards were held on Tuesday to commemorate professors and volunteers who have been outstanding in service throughout their time on campus.

The informal ceremony, held in the Jacob Javits Conference Room of the Frank Melville, Jr. Memorial Library, was coordinated by STAC president Lorelei Glogg and conducted by Americans with Disabilities Act coordinator, Monica Roth.

STAC awarded plaques to four faculty and administrators for their support of Disabled Student Services. These individuals have been actively involved in trying to improve the University for disabled persons.

One of the honored was Dr. Richard Solo, Director of Orientation Programs. Roth said "Dr. Richard Solo told [me] what was needed at Stony Brook" when she

was a student intern and wanted to start a service for disabled students 17 years ago. She affectionately said that Solo's office was used as an extension of the DSS office, in helping out with their newsletter and in using their copier.

Silvia Geoghagan, Assistant to the ADA Coordinator, presented an award to Lieutenant Douglas Little, Spokesman for Community Relations. Geoghagan told the audience that surrounded the large table in the middle of the room of the service that Little has provided for disabled students since he began working for Community Services in 1981. She said that when he came here, immediately he asked, "where are the disabled students," because he wanted to put them to work.

Also receiving plaques were Professor and Chair of Technology and Society, Professor Thomas Liao, and Liao's graduate teacher assistant, Joann Daly.

"Joann has helped the disabled at all times," Glogg

said. She stated that Daly played a part in making the SINC Labs and libraries more accessible to the visually disabled.

Twelve volunteers of STAC were also awarded for outstanding service. These individuals, who received certificates for their efforts included: Barbara Gray, Thomas Benson, Mari Quint, Dominick Miserandino, Philip G. Desposito, Nancy A. Capra, Herbert Petty, Helen Schaller, Dr. Ilona Rashkow, Michael Peterson, and Hagai Yardeny.

Dr. Frederick Preston, Vice President for Student Affairs and a previous recipient of the award, was also present at the ceremony. Preston thanked STAC for their "enthusiasm and zeal to get things done to make sure campus is more accessible." Additionally, Michael P. Plunkett received the Micheal Flynn \$400 scholarship award, given to one disabled Irish student for their academic performance.



Monica Roth (left), Americans with Disabilities Act coordinator, speaks to those in attendance at the Students Towards an Accessible Campus annual awards ceremony. Four faculty members and administrators were honored for their contributions in helping disabled students.

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Stony Brook Statesman Monday May 2, 1994

6 Retrospective of 14 Years of Marburger

By Angela Mori
Statesman Staff Writer

A photographic retrospective of the Marburger Era was shown Thursday in the second floor lobby of the Administration building. In a related event, the University's Vice-Presidents unveiled a portrait of the outgoing president.

The reception for the photographic retrospective was attended by between 50 and 75 members of faculty and staff who were gathered in the lobby in small groups. Students observed while registering for classes and paying bills. As they viewed the eight panels which were hung below the second floor railing, a string trio played in the background. The display, a tribute to the Marburgers for their varied contributions, captures special moments in Marburger's tenure as president from 1980 through 1994. Pictures of events, such as Governor Carey's and Governor Cuomo's visits to the campus, the 1992 display of the AIDS Memorial Quilt, the first Service Awards program, the Javits Symposium, and many others were featured in the retrospective.

Of the retrospective Ethel Park said, "It's very impressive. It really captures the years that have gone by." Park and two colleagues were there to witness the event because they saw former University president, Dr. John Toll leave and wanted to do the same for President Marburger.

A few people were surprised with how involved Marburger has been on campus. "There's a lot of things that I wasn't aware of," said librarian Diane Englot, "He was

deeply involved in everything on campus." In reference to a Lyme's Disease benefit in which Marburger was involved Susan Rose commented, "I didn't know he was involved as much as it appears in the photograph, outside the University itself."

Nick Koridis, who is working on the renovations for the Administration Building's lobby said he thinks the retrospective will fit in nicely with the renovations and that it was unfortunate they weren't done for the event.

The retrospective was put together by Kathleen Gebhart, Director of HSC/Media Services. West Campus Physical Plant workers including Joe Newton, Mike Paduano, Joe Zunich, and other craftsmen helped place the retrospective.

The unveiling of the portrait occurred in the lobby of the Ward Melville Library later in the day. The creation, painted by Cedric Egarly, required over 14 sittings before the final product. The portrait can be seen on the wall adjoining the main entrance (facing the Fine Arts Plaza). Level to the second floor corridor, it is next to the likeness of former president Dr. John Toll.

In his opening speech before the unveiling, Deputy Provost Brice Hool commended Marburger on the job he did over his 14 years in office. "It is not a job that remains constant over time," he said. "It has an ever-evolving set of priorities and responsibilities." Hool also commented that the job of president requires being on stage all the time, and Marburger handled the job with "grace, courtesy and unfailing good humor." He

Some major events which took place during the Marburger Era include:

- **March 1981:** The *Three Village Times* named Marburger "Man of the Year in Education."
- **October 1981:** The Distinguished Lecture Series initiated.
- **April 1982:** Commuter College opened.
- **October 1983:** Baby Jane Doe came to the University Hospital.
- **October 1984:** The Burn Center opened.
- **May 1985:** A time capsule interred on Academic Mall in honor of USB's 25th graduating class.
- **January 1987:** The President's Award for Excellence in Affirmative Action was set up.
- **December 1987:** The University honored its first 30-year employees.
- **March 1989:** The first SUNY Day was held in the State Legislature.
- **September 1990:** USB posted the largest enrollment in history - 17,623 students.
- **February 1991:** Campus Life-time was established.
- **April 1992:** SBNews was introduced.
- **September 1992:** USB's Child Care Services became the first program in Suffolk County to be accredited by the National Academy of Early Childhood Programs and "quiet" residence halls were made available for the first time.
- **February 1994:** USB athletic teams changed their name from the Patriots to the Seawolves, effective July 1.
- **April 1994:** The AIDS Memorial Quilt was displayed a second time.

told of some improvements such as the addition of the commencement ceremony, an increase in sponsored research, and flexibility in management of resources.

"Jack cares about this institution, he has acted to advance opportunities and protect rights for all of you," said Hool.

Marburger thanked those people who stood by him through the years. "It is wonderful to be reminded of all the

pleasant things that happened," he said. Marburger discussed the accomplishments of Stony Brook over the years, including advancement of research and health care to all the people, "What we have done is of great value," he said. Then, for the first time in his career Marburger thanked his mother for her support. "This portrait has great sentimental meaning to me. It's a little bit of me for all of you," Marburger said.

Stony Brook Statesman Monday May 2, 1994

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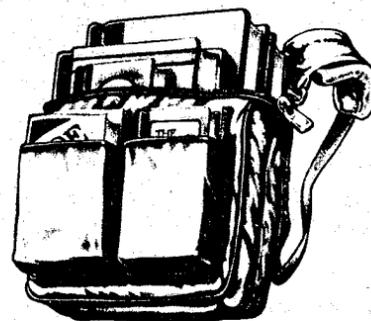
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The True Face of Racism

Racism from page 4

I ask, who is the racist? Am I a racist because after reading this speech I am disgusted with this man and all that he stands for? Yes, my reaction of calling him a "nigger" may not be the most appropriate, but all it is is a name. Muhammad, on the other hand, not only calls people names, but advocates violence in the utmost form: death. Muhammad is a preacher of peace through death.

So, some might say, "Yeah, he's a racist. But Muhammad is just one man. What real harm can he do?" On college campuses all over the country, including our own (Muhammad spoke here on campus twice), Muhammad has followers that have taken up his cause and his racism. This semester the president of the African American Students Organization, Maurice Douglas, who goes by the name "Salih," stated in a public meeting that "white's fear us because they are genetically recessive."

On March 31, 1994, the TV news show *Eye to Eye with Connie Chung* featured a segment in which Chung asked about Louis Farrakhan, the leader of the Nation of Islam, "Is he the 'pied piper of hate' or the 'minister of hope'?" Most of this segment showed footage from Muhammad's speeches at Kean College and Howard University in Washington. It also featured interviews with several students from Howard.

Malik Zulu Shabazz, a law student at Howard University, was a staunch supporter of Muhammad. The following is an excerpt of an exchange between Malik and the audience at Howard:

Malik: Who is it - who is it that controls the media and Hollywood in America?

Audience: Jews.

Malik: Who is it that has our entertainers in a vice grip and our athletes in their vice grip?

Audience: Jews.

Malik: Who is that has been spying on black

leaders and spying on Martin Luther King and set up his death?

Audience: Jews.

"Well, unfortunately sir, it's come to light that the Jewish people were significantly involved in the slave trade," said Shabazz. When the commentator said, "But the fact is, in the American South, more than 99 percent of slave owners were non-Jews. According to scholars, both white and black, Jews accounted for 0.3 percent all slave-holders." Shabazz's response was, "To squabble over percentages is not the argument here, okay?" The ignorance seems clear to me.

Shabazz also made claims that the Jews were large players in the slave trade. "Well, unfortunately sir, it's come to light that the Jewish people were significantly involved in the slave trade," said Shabazz. When the commentator said, "But the fact is, in the American South, more than 99 percent of slave owners were non-Jews. According to scholars, both white and black, Jews accounted for 0.3 percent all slave-holders." Shabazz's response was, "To squabble over percentages is not the argument here, okay?" The ignorance seems clear to me.

Can anyone imagine what would happen if I said similar things about blacks as to what Muhammad has said about Jews in order to breed hatred ... you know, those watermelon-eating, fried chicken-eating, big-nosed, fat-lipped, large-assed, inbred, know-not-who-your-father-is, lying, thieving, lazy bubbas still wearing loin cloths in

Afrikka, spear chucking, AIDS-infested-bunch-of-no-good-worthless-Nigroid jungle bunnies? Can anyone even imagine? I would be killed. Muhammad not only continues to live, but he prospers from this type of hate speech. Where is the sense or justice in this? There is no justice for the people who Muhammad insults and threatens each and every day. I hereby challenge Dr. Muhammad to a national televised debate/discussion in order to look at the "cancerous truths" he spews. I feel confident that given the opportunity to hear Muhammad for themselves, the American people would see him for the hateful little man that he is.

P.S. I TOLD YOU SO, AGAIN

Recently, while doing research for the above piece I read the following passage. I could hardly believe my eyes. I said all of this over two years ago. When I said these things I was called a racist and fascist. Now people all over the country are realizing the flaws of multiculturalism, diversity, pluralism and political correctness.

"Following upon Muhammad's speech there, Kean College officials have placed much of the blame on the growing pains of multiculturalism and diversity. To be sure, Kean College is a diverse campus, with over one-quarter of the student body black or Hispanic. By citing diversity and multiculturalism, however, college administrators were not referring to the racial or ethnic proportions within the student body, but to a broader, and much more politically-loaded concept. Elsa Gomez, the college's president, alluded to this when she said that Kean was 'paying the painful price of our commitment to diversity and the challenge to empower students, who often come from disadvantaged background, to achieve their full potential.'" From "Black Anti-semitism & How it Grows" Commentary April 1994.

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Editorial

ARA Deserves Credit and Feedback

The words "cafeteria food" have struck fear into the hearts of many students, past and present. When residents are asked about the cafeterias on campus, they are quick to the draw, relishing in each opportunity to strike down ARA, the campus's food supplier. Both Kelly and H Quad Cafeterias have made significant changes that are worthy of mention. For example, H Quad has obtained a "Rotisserie Chicken" bar as an alternative for students who do not want to eat the meal of the day. This bar is notable for making golden-brown chicken, along with stuffing, mashed potatoes, carrots and other vegetables. Students have claimed the addition to the cafeteria is a terrific option, well worth the money. Although some students have complained that the chicken is not cooked enough in the rotisserie burners, many have said that the meal is delicious.

Also in H Quad, the managers of the cafeteria have put together an ice cream bar that is used from time to time. This ice cream bar features hot fudge and melted banana sauce along with various other toppings, such as peanuts, chocolate chips, etc. The old characteristics of H Quad should not be overlooked either. A pizza bar with alternating pasta/potato/nacho bars only adds to the enhancement of

the establishment. These bars also serve good-tasting food, with green broccoli, melted cheese and a wide variety of pizza.

It is no secret that Roosevelt Quad has a reputation as an "international quad," hosting residents from all over the country. The managers of ARA and Kelly Cafeteria have taken this fact into consideration and changed the menu of one side of the cafeteria into an ethnic alternative. The choices include Haitian, Caribbean and Chinese dishes. The management has even gone so far as to purchase new equipment, such as woks, and hire cooks specialized in ethnic culinary arts. Although many students feel the food is worse on the ethnic side of the cafeteria, many have enjoyed the addition and eat only on that side. Kelly Cafeteria has also added an extra grill on certain mornings to offer students custom-made omelets. Students have shown their appreciation for the extra attention by forming long lines to get their meals.

ARA, in general, has sought this student feedback by distributing questionnaire cards among the cafeterias. Once students fill out the cards, the managers post them, including their answers to the requests and complaints, on the cafeteria bulletin boards, also known as "The Community Boards." In

addition, resident assistants are now responsible for seeking feedback from ten of their residents per month. The RA's do this by handing out ten questionnaires and returning them, filled out, to the officials. Many RA's are perturbed about this extra task and residents also complain that they don't want to fill out the questionnaires, or they already have to fill out enough surveys as it is. Nonetheless, ARA is putting in a greater effort to hear the student voice. Many of these surveys are returned with all the questions answered with the "poor" response and often, no comments are given other than "The food sucks." This does not help ARA officials pinpoint problems. A customer service representative was hired, and that person, along with ARA managers, tour the college LEG's and seek feedback and criticism. They do get that criticism. Residents have shown their disrespect by yelling at their guests and complaining all at once.

Students have always let their cafeteria representatives know when the food is poor in quality or a mistake has been made. It would be even more beneficial if students let their managers know when they like or enjoy something about their respective cafeterias, especially when a change or addition has been made.

WRITE US!

Send all letters and opinions to *Statesman* Student Union Room 058, Campus Zip 3200. All submissions must have name and telephone numbers for verification.

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Monday, May 2, 1994

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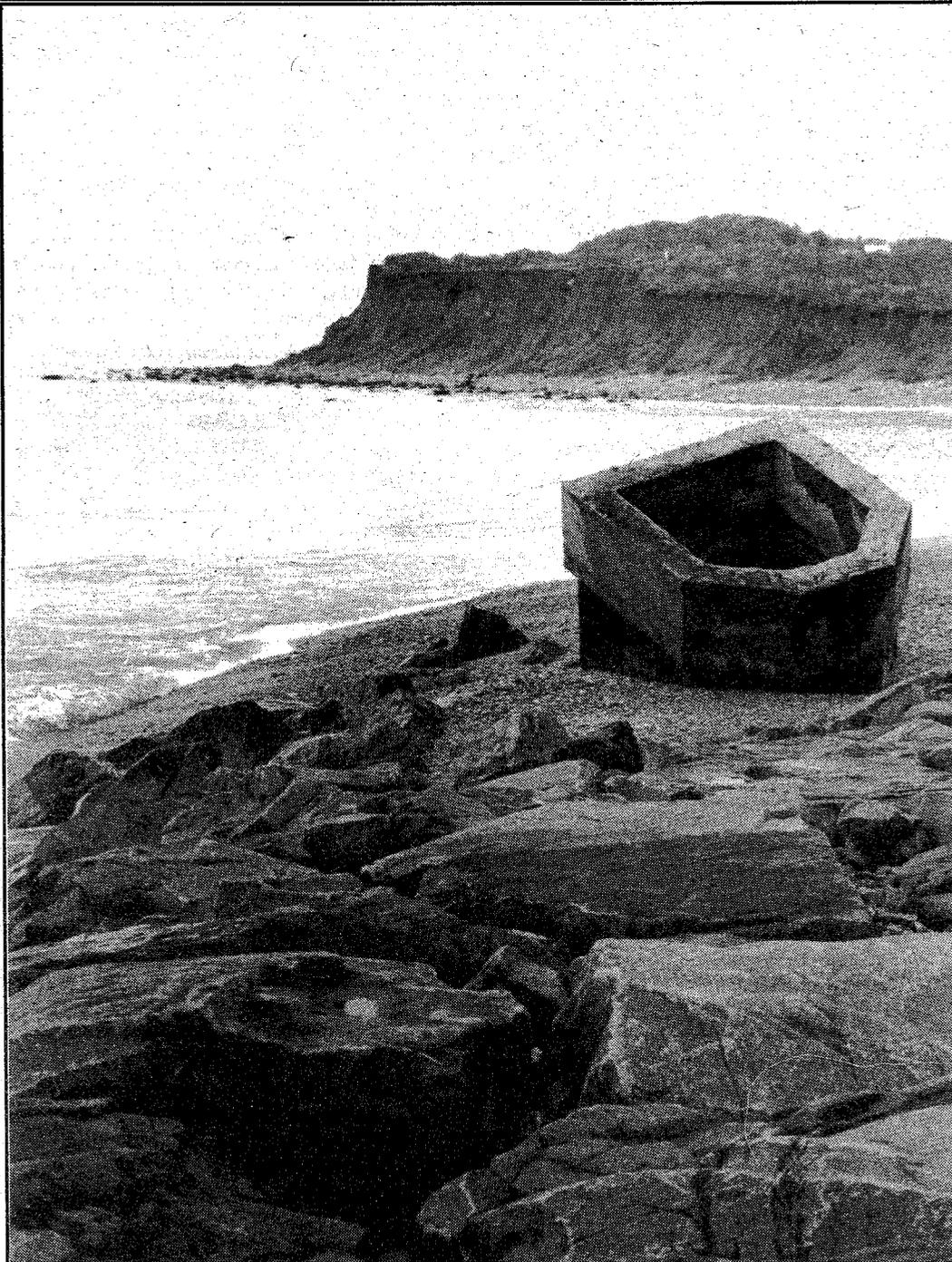
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PROMENADE**
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Explanations

By Christopher Kolaczyk

"Daddy, Michael's here. He's going to take care of me and mommy from now on. We both know that you'd approve. Don't worry daddy. Everything will be alright. I'm so glad you like Michael. He likes you too...so don't worry. I love you."

Mr. Harris' head convulsed as the respirator forced each breath upon him; his eyes were yellowed and partially open. A tear fattened and ran down his sunken, stubbled cheek. She quickly sopped it up with a crumpled tissue. My eyes were also filling up; it hurt to watch as she carefully brushed back his hair—now mostly white instead of steely grey.

"We called Pauly. He's leaving right away. He should be here tomorrow. We're going to go now—to visit mommy in the chapel. We'll be right back—I'll read you the psalms." She kissed his insensate forehead and again stroked his hair, then turned to me and said: "he likes the psalms."

Hearing her calmly use the present tense I felt guilty, like an intruder—as if I were reading the diary of a yet living loved one. Mr. Harris had just been moved onto this floor (respiratory care), and the room lacked flowers and well-wishing cards. Except for his wife and daughter, he did not allow anyone to visit him on the other floor (oncology) when he was conscious and embarrassed for being sick. Once, he told Kerry to have me sneak some beer in, but, waiting for the right time, I had let the opportunity pass.

As we walked out of the little room, leaving Mr. Harris alone, I put my arm around Kerry and drew the curtain closed behind us. After a few steps, we came to a stop in the middle of the preternaturally quiet hall. I held her tightly. She was going through all the motions of crying but without shedding tears: her hands clawed at my back; she was shaking and breathing in sudden, jarring bursts. I wanted very much to say something comforting, but all the clichés seemed like lies, and I could think of nothing better.

"I'm sorry I made you come..." she said between gasps, "...I just wanted you to see him for yourself—so I wouldn't have to tell you later. It's better this way...I mean, this is the answer to our prayers. We prayed for God to heal him, and he has—by ending his suffering so soon. He wouldn't have wanted us to see him suffer. Just yesterday they told us he had between six months and a year... you were right, they never really know. It's better this way. Right?"

I hugged her tighter and the tears came. She rested her head on my shoulder for an instant only, then backed away to dry her eyes. Watching, without letting her go completely, I realized she was now mingling her tears with her father's—she used the same crumpled tissue. After standing there for two or three minutes, her sadly fixed expression was replaced by a familiar little smile which

did not quite reach her eyes. Walking to the chapel I continued to hold her, offering my meager condolences without a word.

A conspicuous plaque near the door claimed that the chapel had been made possible by the charitable donations of a Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Taliercio. Thinly disguised by a coat of very light blue, it was a double patient room that had been redesigned, apparently, with the intention of providing grieving Christians with a semblance of homely comfort. Kerry's mother, aunt, and uncle, were seated on a couch that lined one wall of the depressingly narrow room, nodding at themselves and at Kerry and me as we entered. Opposite them, Danny, the younger of Kerry's two brothers, was sitting in one of a pair of high backed chairs, holding his head in his hands and staring down at the stain-colored carpet.

"Hi Michael," Kerry's mother said, still nodding.

I mouthed a word in return to Mrs. Harris, then, with my own, I met the gazes and nods of her sister and brother-in-law. Standing scrutinized before the three, I felt out of place, ashamed, and vaguely at fault.

"Sit," Kerry told me, pointing at the only empty chair.

I shook my head, gesturing that I would not, and that she should.

"I don't feel like sitting—sit!" she said without conviction.

I defiantly stood next to the chair and laid my arm across its back—losing physical contact with her for the first time since I arrived at the hospital.

"Would anyone like some water?" Kerry asked, reaching for a small plastic pitcher that was standing on a table between the chairs.

"Look at her! She's terrific—always worried about everyone else," her uncle observed.

"That's her way of coping," his wife explained.

"Um," Mrs. Harris muttered, now alternating between nodding and shaking her head.

I watched as Kerry lifted up the pitcher and a stack of white paper cups—offering them to the trio on the couch. Her aunt and uncle refused the water, but Mrs. Harris accepted a cup. Danny did not look up at his sister when she turned to him. Without asking, she filled a cup and handed it to me. After pouring a drink for herself, she collapsed into the waiting chair with an exhausted sigh.

My right hand soon found itself massaging Kerry's tensed shoulders, while my unoccupied left somehow wandered into my jeans' back pocket. There it found that week's pathetic paycheck, still in its unopened envelope. I had saved about half the money I needed, but I was sure it no longer mattered. I made a weak attempt to convince myself that it was not my fault (reminding myself that I had worked hard for my insufficient savings) but could not help feeling inadequate—I could have been making

installments.

While I groped at Kerry's shoulders, my eyes and my mind wondered distractedly around the cramped room. For a while, I found myself staring at a bulletin board that was hanging on the wall to my left. It proclaimed itself to be a prayer tree. Hanging from rows of small brass hooks, uniformly square pieces of paper begged to be read. One of these pitiful pleas caught my eye—in a looping mother's hand-writing it read: "Please pray for my baby, she's very sick." I sincerely wished I could help, and the lump in my throat grew painfully.

The family's words held little significance for me as I stood uselessly at Kerry's side, caressing her neck and shoulders. An indeterminable time passed before I realized that they were talking about me.

"...She's so lucky to have him," I heard Mrs. Harris say.

"When your grandfather died, your uncle was such a comfort," Kerry's aunt admitted, patting her smiling husband's knee affectionately.

"He was here *ten minutes* after she called," Kerry's mother said, and started nodding again.

"How's school," her uncle asked me when he saw that I was paying attention.

I shrugged—it was the best answer I could give.

"He's a man of few words," Kerry proudly told them.

"Actions speak louder than words," her aunt said wisely, causing everyone to nod in agreement—everyone except for Danny; he was still staring down at the floor.

"Tell Michael what happened to you mom," Kerry said reverently, almost whispering.

I politely turned to Mrs. Harris, as if I were eagerly awaiting what she would say.

"Well... after he had the heart attack and became...unconscious, I left him for a while to have a cigarette. I went to the place where I always went to smoke (by the main entrance) and just kind of stood there...smoking. All of a sudden I had this feeling like he was passing through me—*like his soul was passing right through me*. It was such a relief—I was so relieved! Before that I was afraid, but then I knew that everything would be alright. I guess I just had to be alone. In my mind I saw this little red light getting smaller—drifting away, and I knew he was going to heaven."

Kerry and the triumvirate on the couch were nodding emphatically. I, too, found myself nodding, but without the benefit of a good reason. After a short outburst of amen-like mumbling, the nodding ceased and the room fell silent—everyone seemed to find a sudden interest in the floor. Finally, Danny broke the unbearable silence:

"Do you think he was scared," he asked without looking up.

"Yes; he was scared—scared for us," his mother

Continued on next page

answered.

"Will he come out of it?"

"He's gone Danny," his uncle said after an awkward pause.

"But his heart's still beating!"

"That's because he's young and still strong, but the cancer..." his aunt was unable to finish.

"I just hope he wasn't scared," Danny said before bursting into tears. No one got up to give him a reassuring hug as his choked gasps filled the room and his tears wetted the carpet. With his face buried in his hands, Danny maintained his bowed posture but jerked with each sob.

"Danny feels guilty right now," his uncle said confidentially. "It's going to be hard for him...with the way things were," Kerry's aunt told us with a tone similar to her husband's. As if on cue, the trio on the couch resumed their nodding once again.

Slowly, Danny's weeping abated, and there was some talk (most of which I missed), about Kerry's older brother Paul. Remembering the cup of water which Kerry had handed to me earlier, I took it off the radiator where I had left it standing untouched. After draining it with a single greedy sip, I handed the cup to Kerry. She tried to refill it, but found the pitcher to be empty.

"I'm going to get some more water," she said, immediately standing up with the pitcher in her hand.

"Okay honey," Mrs. Harris said without concern.

Walking out behind Kerry, I realized that the scene we were now leaving was the same we had entered on: her mother, aunt, and uncle were nodding at us and each other; Danny was sitting with his head in his hands staring down. In the hall outside, we stopped a few feet from the door and I pulled her to me, hugging her hard for a while. I took the pitcher from her and we walked toward her father's room in silence. When we reached the water fountain I stopped—she kept walking.

"Just wait here. I have to go to the bathroom. I'll be right back," Kerry said, only briefly turning to look at me.

I waited until she turned the corner before following her. Mr. Harris' room was near the almost deserted nurse's station—I watched her walk in. She had made it clear that she wanted to be alone with her father, and I respected her wish. Finding a spot nearby, where I could lean against the wall, I stood stupidly holding the now full pitcher. Kerry had not drawn the curtain completely shut; I could just see her inside, kneeling at her father's bed, reading to him from the Bible.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want,"—that was all I knew of the psalms, and the words echoed in my head as I stood there watching. I noticed after a while that I, too, was being watched—by a shrunken old lady. She was sitting in a wheel-chair farther down the hall, sucking up red jello, then dribbling it on her hospital gown. Our eyes met, but I turned away, unable to bear her blank gaze.

I do not know how long I was standing there before I heard quick, light footfalls, coming towards me from the nurses' station. Soon a nurse came to a stop outside

the curtain to Mr. Harris's room and turned to me. With a slight motion of her hand, she beckoned for me to follow. Reduced to slow motion by her frightening gesture, I carefully stood the pitcher on the floor and entered shortly after her.

"I just want to say good-bye to my daddy," I heard Kerry tell the nurse, who nodded sympathetically. The respirator was now off, and the monitor no longer registered heartbeats. Kerry was still kneeling at her father's side but the Bible was lying open on the pillow next to his head. She was clutching one of his hands in both of hers. A yellow liquid, the color of his still partially open eyes, had gathered in a wide part of the tube leading to the respirator mask, and a thin stream of blood ran from the corner of his mouth.

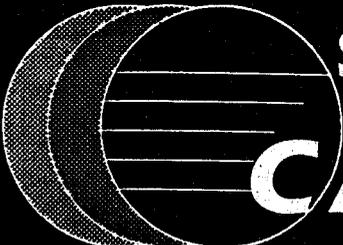
"Good-bye daddy. I love you. Don't worry, everything's going to be okay. Michael's going to marry me. He's saving for a ring. He's going to take care of me and mommy—so don't worry. I love you. *Everybody* loves you. Good-bye daddy...don't worry. I love you daddy." I stood behind Kerry without touching her; she did not seem to notice me. Again, I felt my eyes filling up. Mr. Harris was gone—who would give away the bride? The nurse and I exchanged glances; it appeared as if she, too, were fighting back tears.

Kerry kissed her father's hand repeatedly and stroked his hair; tears ran unchecked down her cheeks. She stood and let his hand go reluctantly, then turned to me. I reached out and she collapsed in my arms. The nurse nodded at me for some reason, and immediately began attending to Mr. Harris. Gently, I led Kerry out of the room and into the hall. A doctor and another nurse passed us on the way to Kerry's father's room. I took her to a chair in the nurses' station and, squatting next to her, I made her sit.

"I don't know what I'd do without you," she said looking at the floor, "I guess you can quit your job now—concentrate on school. I know you tried...I love you so much."

After a while the tears stopped and she regained her strength but still held onto me as if she needed support. With a nervous laugh, she looked up at me and smiled her little, unconvincing smile—I suppose it was an attempt to absolve me. Guiltily, I kissed her forehead, the moist lids of her bloodshot eyes, and, finally, her lips. I helped her to get up, and we walked slowly back to the chapel. At its closed door we stopped and hugged again. "Why

Continued on next page



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Explanations continued from previous page

don't you go and have a cigarette? You haven't had one since you came. It's okay—I'm alright now. Go ahead."

I nodded, suddenly feeling the need to smoke, and, after kissing her again, I left her with her family.

I had had a plan: after another six or eight weeks of part-time work I would have saved enough to buy Kerry a respectable engagement ring; I was going to bring Mr. Harris a few bottles of beer after visiting hours were over and tell him my intentions. In order to conceal the fact that I knew his illness to be terminal, I was going to tell him the reason I bought the ring *now*, was that Kerry was worried that I might meet another girl at school. I had even planned to make a stupid joke about the beard I knew he was growing. He was a good man. I am sure I would have had his approval: I just thought that I still had time; I guess everyone thinks that they still have time.

Outside the dim rooms and bright corridors— outside the smell of disinfectant and decay—it was dark and had begun to rain. I lit a cigarette under the main entrance's overhang, inhaled deeply and coughed out the smoke. An electric eye opened the doors behind me and a young woman stepped out. She lit a cigarette and smiled at me as if she might like to talk. I smiled back, but quickly turned and walked away— out into the gathering rain. At the edge of the hospital's property I found an old solitary oak. Leaning against it, I smoked and looked up at the gray sky. Vainly hoping for a glimpse of the diamond studded heavens, I smoked a second cigarette before facing Kerry again. □

My Raincoat

by Levi Schwanz

This raincoat I wear
Shields me from the cold
Yet,
Bathed in my salty tears
It hangs like an albatross round my neck
If only I knew how to change this inclement weather
And perhaps become more casually clothed



"Bobo" Cole

Courtesy Richard D. Cole

The Skaters

By Cliff Kurkowski

At one time in my life,
I could skate like them.

The multi-colored boards,
the feel of small pebbles
grinding under the weight of my flesh.

Fall down. Scrape the wall.
Crack the board.
I was great at one time,
In a class by myself.

I could do tricks like;
flips
speed was my master.

I rose to the top of my own little world

But now I'm too old,
broken bones scare me.
Slow defines my living.

Now I sit here and watch,
the boys with caps.
I can hear the pebbles grind
under their wheels.

I'm lonely.
I'm not one with the board anymore.

I leave this passage of time
for the young,
where danger
and broken bones'
run their lives.

And mine,
celebrates the birth of a new day.

Confusion Of Men

By Julie-Ann Rodgers

Sometimes I await men to touch me eagerly
I find that I crave for them and their masculinity
I yearn for them to fulfill my hungry femininity

But then there are times when the touch of their hands make me cry
And often their rough voices and their words make me sigh

No color stigma but only their sex
Which makes my heart most of the times vexed
All I yearn for and all I seek are gentleman's respect

An Aesthetic (From the end in beginnings)

By John McCann

I was nodded with the drink. As if in continual agreement, I reaffirmed with my lolling head from two to eight o'clock. I was understanding that it is at all points and at all times a take-it-or-leave-it proposition, and it was all I could do to continue to evade with a "Yes, it is." I considered that there's not much to tell and few for whom to tell it, and I mused that art was not long enough. What accompaniment is required? The bloody East, the blazing Cayahoga, the reeky Kill Van Kull? A monody of groaning yesses. But it's peachy keen. Fine. Sharp. There's that feeling, more subtle than an air and just above the realm of visions: pins and needles and a soft cushion. A clutch of women come is converging from the wind and a bright rain. They enter singly and fall along my plastered wall, pull their skirts above their heads, and thus shrouded begin their chorus. It begins as mewling seeking counterpoint, suggesting cats, prowls, babies, and bad dreams. And like cats, they're cursed with only the power to lap it up. Then the art of grief engages. Another enjoins and then another breaks away at her unbearable intervals. Now the no'ny triad. No resolution, no progression. It can neither redeem. Is it the day-laborer's whistle, the miner's nightmare, a signal of descent? Screaming soundless, it canna, it kenne speak. Canny and quick at Cana. Banished brides, banshees in silent scream: Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Malarkey kindly invite you to share in their joy at the wedding of their only son, Kevin, and Miss Holy Spirit, at 3:00 a.m. at Our Holy Lady Church.

Drunk at midnight, I lay down and began to write, to write about writing, apologia. And the why of it. Because f of x the area over your gaussian curve, zero and one at each other's throats, us ever at tangents, asymptoted to the imaginary. Because you'll worry if the neighbors are really there at all, and them back, "I'm not so very sure about you." Because I can prepare you nothing under glass, garnished with mousssed minceword meats, also good as a liniment, lineament? Merely because of this, this around the end of nothing, the only other game in town:

And only a few hours before, while she, Jen, served me whisky, what she said was that she soon was to be wed. And I soon dead, I nearly said. But something happened even before I nearly said and just before she said. I heard a sound like a whisper, and her nose had changed, strangely and only to me, and it seemed, of a moment, of sculpter's clay, only, colored slightly differently from the tone of her skin. It seemed, too, to collapse, a little, with some small emotion, of pity I hope not. Her eyes, however, were active, sharply lighted, and with the lids and encompassing muscles dilating and contracting fast as they traversed a question mark down my face, hers eyes rolling at mine rigid, down along this line from septum-median to chindimple lost in multicolored goatee. She had on a wrinkled white shirt and a green bowtie, and they were perfect beneath her black hair. I noticed that her lips were fuller and her smile easier than mine. I felt strange. Her comment had come from the dark, dirty pool of truth, that one we wallow in to such extent that we dare not let others know. Brutal bathroom wall truth. And my reply, no reply at all, really, but a really difficult attempt at a blank expression, bespoke another dirty truth to her. Nothing at all betokened her triumph. She was young enough whereby the collecting of such moments was still exciting, and yet she was wise enough to feel that they were powerful and dangerous things.

When Boo came back into the place, I was amused. She'd never learned the lesson about stomping off. She hadn't realized how cold it was outside, nor when the train was due. I imagined the cacaphony of her thoughts and pride and wondered what it was that finally decided her to come back and face the consequences of her words and actions. Boo grabbed either end of the table with her fists. She leaned over me and demanded what time the train was. I turned my head to the wall of the booth for a moment and looked at something there. I looked back at her and lied. "I dunno," I said. Sheila, I knew, would not be back, no matter what the cold.

I was drinking by myself, in public, unashamedly. I liked the bar at this time, before evening, because not only was it not crowded but it is then that a good tipper gets the best service. There were enough people at the bar, though, to drive me from it,

and I sat at a table, staring at a Jamesons in front of my hands. In walked a woman I'd known. Her head darted to certain angles, as heads will upon entering a new environment, searching in the anxiety of uncertainty as how to proceed and at the same time attempting to hide the very same anxiety lest embarrassment seep in, a bit worse an emotion, I suppose. She spied me, and the darting stopped, and I was again amazed, as I often am, at how fast people can think, when they're of a mind. She must have prepared herself for this eventuality, knowing that the place was my particular haunt. But her reaction was quick. There must have been memories and guilt and plans with consequences and pending decisions nagging at her, all at the same time, yet she managed, in the fraction of a second, to become bold and noble, and greet me with her eyes and a movement of her skull, as if there were not time and hurt between us. I saw she had in tow a stranger to whom she was attendant. I wondered what would have been her reaction had she been alone. But, then again, she would not have ventured into my haunt alone. I then thought, perhaps as quickly as she, of her beauty yet also of her rankness, of her reduced breasts and their feel, how surgery had required the emigration of her large nipples away from the palps beneath them, so that I pleased her off-center. There was also, in my mind, the way that she would cover her stretchmarks with her forearms, demurely but with a small shame, which I tried my best, verbally, to disspell, and yet enjoyed, perversely, since I had not caused them. Since I first saw them, though, I have acquired scars of my own.

The woman with the ravaged torso moved toward me with a determined smile on her symmetric face. I had to turn from such a smile. I looked down at my clasped hands. Useless, I thought. In front of them was my whiskey in its ice, shining. Me analgesic. I began to look back up and noticed the fold-up ad for Samuel Adams Beer. Someone had written on it, 'For a good time, call 632-' and nothing else. And then they

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were there and Sheila saying, "Still coming here, I see." I tried to think of something witty and a tone just as phony nice. All I thought of was a ditty, but describing her or me, I didn't know: barlight, unbright, first whore I see tonight. "Hi," I said. She half-turned to her companion and said to me, "This is Boo." I looked at that woman, and I sighed without sound or movement. Her first glance told me she hated me. I noticed they hadn't sat yet. "Boo who?" I asked. "Siddown, please," I said. "Boo Ray Anderson," Sheila said. "We were at the symposium, and Boo and I are going into the city, but we missed the four eighteen." Boo had very short hair and an angry blush to her cheeks. She was in a uniform of sorts. There is no standard issue, of course, for radical lesbian feminists, but like adolescents they keep a close watch on each other. The marine sergeant's hair, the big, no-nonsense eyeglasses and the midcalf woolen skirt with matching jacket, the plain shirt buttoned to the top. She animated her angular face with ugliness, and her demeanor with sulphurousness and lambent bad breath. Without all that, she'd have been attractive, and I had no doubt that she was not a lesbian. "Boo is visiting from Purdue. She read a paper at the symposium."

When she finally spoke, there was a twang in Boo's voice but a beauty there, like metal slid along a string. "Did you read a paper at the symposium?" she asked. "No," I replied. "I wasn't even there." "O," she said, and she turned away with a sneer. I looked at Sheila a look she recognized, and she tried silently to tell me to stop, but I was already saying, "And what was your paper about, Boo?" "Never mind him," Sheila said. "It's about medieval philosophy," Boo said. "You wouldn't understand." A throat of silver and a mind of tin, I thought. Sheila managed to get out the warning of my name: "Kevin..." But I was already saying, "Medieval philosophy, eh? Let's see. Uh, your paper wouldn't have anything to do with, say, uh, literature and castration?"

Boo looked at me with scared surprise. "Don't pay any attention to him," Sheila said. But I could see that Boo was now with it; her brain was now working quickly, and she smelled a rat. "What? Who are you? Do I know you? Who told you about my paper?"

"Nobody," I said. "It's just a trick," Sheila said. Sheila was exasperated; I was ruining things. Tears would be next, I knew, if I kept it up. All right, I thought, and I gave in. I had made my point; I was not yet unstung. And now Boo was genuinely confused. She sincerely wanted to know. I wasn't going to tell her. It would have made Sheila cry. Ah, the good old days. So now that I had turned Boo on, I would have shut her down, but I let Sheila have control, and she said, mollifying, "Kevin wrote a pretty interesting paper about beauty. He has some good ideas," she said to Boo. "And what are they about, pray tell?" Boo asked with what I determined was a shallow reserve of irony.

"Not anymore," I said. "They're no fun. I don't find them so cute anymore." There was silence.

"Can't we get a drink around here?" Boo said. Now that I'd been a cad, I'd play the gentleman, keep them off balance, give Sheila a chance to explain about me, and extract myself from that horrible woman's gaze. It would have been cruel to have sent Boo for the drinks. I took their order, walked up to the bar, and heard quick whispers behind me.

"How's it going over there?" Jen asked me with a devilish smile. In reply I rolled my eyes and pretended to shudder.

"So how's about going to that movie with me, after you get off?" "And before you do?" she asked with again that smile. "You're a demon, Jen Dubisky," I said. "A temptress from hell after the soul of a poor drunken, innocent Irishman. Ah, the trial and tribulation. Willya go though, willya? You wouldn't leave me by my lonesome."

"Innocent," she said. "Why don't you take out Sinead O'Connor over there?" she said, indicating Boo. "She dresses like my mother."

I shifted on her, quickly. It's an old trick. A fake right, move left, and then the spin. "I was playing guitar this afternoon," I said. "And the image of you came into my mind. I no longer had to think of what I was playing, and without my even knowing it, my hands went doubletime. My eyes went up in my head and right here in the middle was a moving picture of you, a lot like you're looking now. And the music was beautiful."

"O, stop it," she said, just as she was supposed to. And I thought of how just two weeks before, on the first nice day of spring after the nasty winter of 94, how I'd sat before her in this same orientation with my hands clasped uselessly before my iced whisky and before her, in an attitude of useless prayer. I'd been thinking about my pain, not wallowing in it, but merely

thinking about it and its connection with grace and beauty.

"So. How's Sheila?" Jen had said. A tiresome question except when coming from a beautiful woman, and I think she sensed that too, somehow. She knew already about Sheila. A test for my reaction. Laboratory rats and double rats! I'm found out. Shee-it. Fuckin ay minus. I stared past her.

"Doughknow. Haven't heard." I glanced back at her. There it was, the obligatory but still thrilling pout for

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my lost luck. And again I turned my gaze to the large front window and between backwardly painted letters I saw the Spring in light green tufts against the gray and gloom of this island. I continued my litany with just a tinge of forlorn tones, "Not hide nor hair of her and not a word, not since early November. That's the simple way of it."

She tilted her head to the side and down and raised her eyes at me. I wondered had I shown her that move, as coquettish as I impish. "And would you take her back now?"

On purpose, I blinked and rounded my eyes. In actual and feigned reflection. "No," I said finally and slowly, a slow shake of the head, my lower lip pulling up over my teeth. "There'd be no future in it. I'd have to sell her my soul first." And reflect further, picture-in-picture, mirror upon mirror.

"What do you mean?" Had I ever meant? I guessed not. It was then that I fell for Jen, a bit, but slowly, still falling. I thought of the men who came into this bar, who gathered round her desperately. Hers was a friendly and beautiful face, the one that their television sets promised them but never delivered. Once in a while one of them would notice the other five or six of them and leave quickly and embarrassed. She noticed them all the time and so did her boyfriend, who felt the need to greet her with a long kiss—to let them know—and had him squeeze their hands a little too hard upon meeting.

I returned to the booth with a white wine for Sheila and bourbon for Boo, who wasn't about to let a man drink her under the table. I could see that they'd formed an alliance against me and that the game had therefore taken on new dimensions. "Sheila was just telling me your theory about beauty and the perpetuation of the species." "More of an hypothesis," I said. "What was it she said you call it, 'the spark of love'?" "It ain't that calculator in your back pocket," I said. "What do you mean by that? I'm not even wearing pants." "Did you ever notice that the farther west you go, the bigger the sky gets? Makes you feel smaller." "What the hell are you talking about?" Boo asked. "Do you have any idea? Calculators and skies, my O my, she said as coyly as she could." "Well, well, lackaday," I said. "This conversation is useless," Boo said. "He has an idea, if he cares to tell us," Sheila said. "Do you think you can handle a sense of beauty?" I asked Boo. "Hell, you can't even control your anger." "I think you're an absolutely disgusting man," Boo said. She began gathering up her pocketbook. "That makes two of us," I said, "and I'll add that I have exactly the same opinion about you, word for word. Goddamn lousy disgustingly adolescent halfman with lockerroom talk about beauty. Fucking Purdue. You obvious twit."

"I'm out of here," Boo said, blushing in anger. And she rushed out before I could see her tears, into the rain and the cold and across to the train station. I dared not look at Sheila for the whole time it took Boo to cross the street and reach the windy platform. "You know something," Sheila said. "That's the only thing in the whole world you do well." "Actually," I said. I'm a pretty good drinker." She looked at me hard, but I was prepared. "Yeah, yeah, I know, because I get so much practice. O deathly green eyes, where is your stingalingaling?" What I think I meant was, Where are your tears? and I was rewarded with their waxing sparkle. But the ugly truth meant itself to her, whispering in her ear that her eyes could no longer harm me. She too left before making a display of her shame. What life could have been were she the kind of woman who could stare me down through her tears. But I didn't break down. I had already been, earlier that day, overcome.

I'd spent the hour earlier dozing away from the pain. And an hour before I spent with pain, now an old, reliably bad friend. He comes without calling first and leaves just before the time I can get drunk enough to make him go. It had started with concomitant flashes of heat and a wet knife way below the belly, followed by a hot sweat and then a cold sweat in the heat, knucklebiting, moaning, cursing pain. Then testicle crushing, swooning pain. And before that an hour in music, fascinated with the power to create an individual note, to bend it and shake it, to make it of unidentifiable pitch, to have it be here and gone, here and then gone, here and maybe again there. And I had had the image of Jen right here in the middle, and the notes then did begin to carry on of themselves, to leap and scatter to their own tunes. And it was beautiful and crazy, and beauty had leaned up and whispered in my ear that I did not know that woman, but

that I might look on her, if I pleased, but would not be let out of a whisper's care.

And an hour before, beauty was driving me, its sobbing slavey, to her lap. And she was to perpetuate herself with me, for I was overcome. An hour before I'd gotten a call at work from my surgeon, who told me my number was up, the number indicating disease. He continued in his robotic tones, which angered me until I realized that he was merely being wise in refusing comfort, as any humanity is beggary in front of mortality. The number was an indicator which had been up three times in a row and, so, now constituted a trend. Three times, like the cock crowing, like triad and trinity, like wedding banns. It occurred to me that he had forgotten that he had told me all this before, and he went on about the best case scenario, which really scared me. And he went on some more and began to sound positively chipper, and that was scarier than his earlier monotone. And he went on about diapers and impotence and bullocks. □

First thoughts of you

By Cesar W. Caro, Jr.

As I look in your eyes, and see such beauty.
I can only think, of being yours truly.
I've come to see you, with a special thought.
With a love on fire, that must be caught.
You are so gorgeous and yet so witty.
That I've dreamed of a date, that went so pretty.
With your warm embrace, and a loving smile.
I've fallen in love, so deep, but yet so mild.
What I am trying to say, is let's give us a chance.
To share love, emotions, and yet a slow dance.

A Queer Darkness

By Jibonananda Das

A queer darkness
haunts this world today,
When, those that are most blind,
possess the power of vision.
When, the world is dysfunctional
without their advice,
whose hearts are devoid
of all love, goodwill,
and sensations of pity.
Those, who cherish a deep faith
in eternal man,
In natural luminance
those who behold
Great truths or ideals,
Or Art or endeavors,
Their hearts are nothing
but mere diets,
for vultures and wolves.

Translated by Farida Sarkar

Pain, Lust, and Life

By Richard D. Cole

I had always been different from the other children at school or summer camp or where ever I found myself. Somehow I was always the odd ball, sticking out like a sore thumb. This stigma stuck with me right to the end. Somehow I was different. I saw the world through different eyes than other people. It was like I had some kind of filter altering all of my perceptions; tainting how I saw things and therefore twisting how things came out. I first started to realize all of this some time during high school. I wrote an essay about a summer camp experience I had that made it all too apparent.

It was the summer between sixth and seventh grade. I was at "Heart's Bend," a summer camp in Newfane, Vermont. Heart's Bend was not like other summer camps that I had been to, and I doubt that there is any other like it. I went to this summer camp for four years. There is something about those four summers that has affected my personality in a significant way. I can not be sure what it was exactly that had such an effect on me, but after Heart's Bend I was never the same again, nor did I wish to be.

I can not stop them; no matter what I do, the words keep on going through my mind. I am sitting here in English class trying to keep my mind on what Mr. Frevola is saying. But I can not; it is not that he is boring, but that the words of *her* song keep on scrolling across the insides of my eye lids as I sink deeper into that well known depression, due to the loss of a world long lost but greatly loved.

"The seasons they go 'round and 'round, the painted ponies go up and down, captured on a carousel of time." Harriet sang with a smile on her face. We were all sitting around

the campfire up by the lean-tos; every one else was singing and smiling, except me. I was sitting there watching them have a good time, but my mind was elsewhere. I was wandering through a fantasy world that I had visited so many times before, but had never been able to find in reality. Harriet was sitting just twenty feet from me singing her song, totally unaware that in my mind I had undressed her and was gently feeling the soft skin of her freckled body.

As I sat there, I felt my penis growing into its erect state and I felt that all too familiar feeling of rage, anger and hurt that came over me with this erection. I slowly got up trying to hide the bulge in my shorts, which I felt quite sure was visible to everyone there and walked towards the woods. On reaching the edge of the dense forest, I started to run. I was running from all those people I had left behind; it was their world, I did not want to be a part of it anymore.

"I hate this camp. I hate Lindsey. I hate Kim. I hate Lorren. I hate Harriet. I am going to run away from all of them. Faster they are after me! They are going to hunt me down and make me... No! I will not let them. Faster! Faster! Faster!" I was thinking to myself as I ran. The more I ran, the more paranoid I became and the faster I would run.

Through this running I was trying to beat any evil out of my body. I thought that if I felt pain I would be a better person in the end. As I ran through the forest the pricker bushes would claw at my ankles making them bleed. Twigs and sometimes whole branches would snap into my face causing large welts to appear.

Eventually, I would calm down and sometimes I just started to cry, not because of the extreme pain that I was in, but because I pitied myself so much. When I finally came to my senses, I realized that I was about two miles from the camp. I would start on my way back. As I walked, I thought about what had happened and why it happened. I promised myself that it would not happen again. But I knew that it would.

It was on one of these runs from reality that I found the "old barn." At first I was not sure what it was. I was running up "the back pasture" and the barn slowly started to show itself over the top of the hill. It looked so morbid. What a word, morbid; it is the way of so many things in life.

"I will meet you up by the old barn after lunch dishes. OK?" I said to Lindsey. She just nodded her head and started to walk away towards the main house.

"Hi!" I said panting as I lay down on the old mattress next to Lindsey. I was completely out of breath after hiking up the back pasture which led to the now dilapidated "old barn."

"What took you so long?" Lindsey asked me with that funny look which she often wore when she had something on her mind.

"I was in the barn grooming the horses and I lost track of time. How long have you been up here?"

"Oh, not too long. So what do you want to do?"

"We could continue looking through those boxes over there. Or we could climb up to the third tier like the other day and pick up where we left off." In this barn were many relics of a life long past, and long forgotten. During our many hours of exploration in this barn, we had come across boxes filled with letters and other



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personal items collected over a lifetime by a person whom we assumed was no longer with us on this planet. We had spent many happy hours reading over these letters of a person we did not know, but felt that we came to know very well. There were also many other things in this barn; old pinball machines, old cameras, and many old antique furnishings.

When Lindsey and I went up to the old barn we did many things; however, our time was usually consumed doing one of three things: we either looked through the above mentioned boxes, played with the old games we found in the barn or made out. Now we come to one of the main reasons that we went up to the barn. It was the perfect place for us to go and make out or just be by ourselves. We loved to go up there, take off all of our clothes and just lie on one of the old mattresses. It was so free, so natural, we were so young.

"Last one up is the first to strip!" Lindsey screamed tauntingly at me as she ran towards the ladders that led up to the second and third level.

"Ha! Ha! You wish!" I replied in an equally taunting tone of voice as I raced up the ladder after her.

"You will never catch me."

"Just you watch me!" I said as I grabbed onto her shoe, "I got you now!"

We were now even on the ladder and neither one of us could move, so we called a truce and climbed up to the third level. Once up there we quickly started a game of spin the bottle. Soon we were both nude, lying there, looking out, down onto the green pasture with the cows and horses grazing so peacefully. The animals below seemed to be in another world, and in a way they were. Here we were, this girl and I, laying here in our nakedness, in this barn, a forbidden place; we felt so much power going through us. We started to make out, and at first it was so scary; what if someone were to find us here like this? We knew what they would do to us, but knowing the trouble we could get into only made us want more of this feeling... this feeling of power and lust and most of all, at least for me, of Godliness.

I have suffered from this experience and the many others like it that I had at Heart's Bend. It is not that these were bad experiences, but rather they were so good that everything else suffers in comparison. I know that it is true that one can have too much of a good thing.

I never did touch Harriet's freckled body, or make love to Lindsey, but those feelings of pain, lust, and being removed from the rest of the world, continued for the rest of my life until that night. There had been many girls, women, that I had been involved with. I did not sleep with all of these women, but the same emotions, the same joys, the same pains, occurred in each of the relationships. And in the end, I was all alone. In the end, we are all alone, or at least that is what I liked to think. In the end, it was all for waste. All of the time, the energy, the pains, it all meant nothing. In the end, I was laying there, bleeding to death... alone.

Submissions to *SB Magazine* are being accepted for the Fall semester.

The First Day's Sun

By Rabindranath Tagore

The first day's sun
had asked
at the awakening of the soul,
"Who are you?"
I had no reply.

Years rolled by,
The last day's sun
uttered the last question,
On the west sea coast,
in the stillness of evening,
"Who are you?"
Still, I had no reply.

Translated by Farida Sarkar

(Rabindranath Tagore was a great Indian poet who won the Nobel Prize for his poetry anthology, "Gitanjali," in 1914.)

Cease all talk!

By M.V. Manas

Stay state
feeling great, but horribly lonely
talk low, talk high, it won't get past me!
easter seal lips tough incorporated tired depressed
not knowing scenarios wishes hopes wondering why
touch the sky get me high still hopes untouched
too tough rough enuf stuff to laugh be turned to
returned save me rave me rape me it doesn't matter
sex is in, isn't it! I wanna be the big still
untouched tough enough for you flip illusions
big hand scarry eye promise me that there's an end!
Cease all talk and I promise you I'll stop!

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February

The following selection is called "February" it is from a collection of stories currently being written by Matt Corenetta, a History major and graduate student of Stony Brook. The entire collection is entitled, In Our Time Again, 1993.

The book is due out in the fall.

The mercury in the big thermometer dropped to the daily low. In the distance a weak sun was trying. There was no telling, but for the light bleeding up into the inky sky from the east. Still, the streets were obscured in a relative darkness that would last until seven o'clock. The town was waking, but gradually. There was movement but still no sound. Slowly it all changed and then suddenly- blue light turned to gray light and more movement and then sound- as the drunks left their after-hours bars in all directions and the workers roared and stretched, infusing the once silent dawn with a rattle of productivity.

Jake was all too much dreamy headed and dizzy. He was cold and tired and romantic and hungry. He faked-smiled as he shuffled down the street from the bar. He laughed a nervous laugh inside and knew that another morning was passing and he had yet to re-connect. He continued to walk in fantasy, smiling and laughing lean romantic superior-than-the-rest laugh. He lit a cigarette as he squatted next to a corner lamppost. He felt like Bogart or maybe like some swarthy sea captain with itchy wool and whiskers and sea foam mixing with the tobacco smoke as it went down.

While he dreamed he lowered his right hand into his pocket finding that there only remained a crumpled, part-torn ten dollar bill. He looked at the bill then at himself, and then inside himself and inside others and dreams of others and then... He gradually felt a creeping stinging of the chuck-chuck, clop-clop..."good morning!!!!",

robot-like, morning people. The sun was a bit higher and stronger by this time and Jake slunk off to his car with his money and his thoughts.

Jake loved the winter. He loved the real cold that came just before dawn. He loved to just whiskey away the cold with the dawn they served. It was the whiskey that came double-sized and warm with warm women and dreamers in the dark almost empty bar. These were the "losers" the "couldn't get on trackers". They were the smartest and the most beautiful people in the world, just as long as the sun stayed down and one more whiskey was poured before the real cold came. But the light always did... Always the light did... It did always come. Then there was nothing left but to retreat vampire-like to bed, or... maybe even stop at a diner and read the paper with coffee, steaming black with two sugars and a big warm paper spread out over the table decorated with hundreds of little boomerangs or overlapping multi-colored triangles or some crazy design that was of no importance to anyone.

In a diner there would be more clop-clop and "good morning!!" and well dressed earners would eat like pigs intent on dipping english muffins into fried egg yolks or into coffee... intent on the paper and athletes, and politics. Perhaps intent on something sinful that would come to mind in the diner. There was always something going on in a diner. Because of that, Jake felt that to be truly righteous he should eat at home- you couldn't trust someone who could not cook for themselves- that was all bunk anyway. He was thinking too much because he was alone now. He had to get over to a good diner- a good Greek diner. There in a diner among all the reel, there would be enough action and noise to preserve the anonymity and peaceful thought which Jake believed only night could truly bring. There had to be enough people however. A diner in the morning with only a dozen or so people to soak up the light and space was a perfect hell for Jake. Christ! He would have to go straight to bed if he saw that.

He turned the engine over and spun off into the advancing morning. The trees were bare and the streets cold, slushy, and dirty. Everything seemed black and gray with the sun adding something feeble in its manner of lighting the whole scene. Jake

saw this and felt as when he was a child and used to go down the basement with all the fluorescent lights on. He remembered how he was still scared, even when the place was lit like Yankee Stadium. Perhaps even more scared then in the dark? He didn't know but it was a chilly feeling- it was an illness or something that damn basement.... Some things were as they were, light or dark. "Ah! That's horseshit!" said Jake to himself, "The night is better and this fuckin' winter sun is blinding me!"

Jake wanted to make it all over. He wished that he had the power to order the sun down and ask for the night to roll in with a soft jazz marking its progress. He thought hard on this as he constantly shifted the radio dial searching for some kind of song that would caress him. He kept picturing...in his little phrases of music- there were images whenever he stepped outside himself. Then he stepped again... This time outside of himself and his car.

He saw them both traveling, brilliantly shining, yet nameless and colorless, rolling to a destination that maybe did not exist. And then... like a director's cut he immediately saw a pastel blue sky and a woman, with a Mediterranean nose and jet eyes, preparing lunch and humming a song. Jake did not know the tune but he recognized it... he understood it. And the sky!... An almost surreal brighter than blue sky and vague friends and acquaintances dancing and laughing and bathing in the color... and the little wrinkles when she smiled and she and he were together there... There were little fried tubs of fish, and salad and fresh fruit to clean his dry winter skin. There were rotten insides and rotting flesh being cured and replenished in this place. Jake knew that he was there before. It was at the junction of his experience and fantasy. And maybe some of his drinks were there too.

Jake slowed the old car as he approached the diner. By this time the streets were bright and the trucks were already crowding the side roads and avenues. The peace of the morning was penetrated by a thousand annoying wails of human activity. Winter dawn was again twenty-three hours away.

Jake tried to look inside the diner. He hoped to see it full of people like a city diner. This way he could walk in and nobody would notice him. This way he could feel good about staying up all night. Right. He would be the rugged unshaven individualist, or maybe even the handsome artist. Maybe he would even catch the eye of some unhappily married woman. And then they would secretly inquire about him, gray-suits and the blue-collars alike.

Jake thought these things in the short time that it takes to pass a diner window in a slow moving car. When he rounded the next corner he decided to park and head in.

Ah! If only life could constantly be as entering a place or taking a first drink, if only... Jake mused as he struggled to open the heavy steel-glass door of the crowded diner. He grabbed a headline from the jumbling piles to the right of the counter. The papers were shoddily

Continued on next page

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February continued from previous page

stacked and they practically blocked the entrance. He could see it now... The newspaper man was grumbly-tired and sick at heart. He probably did not ask for his customary 5:45 a.m. coffee and most likely only mumbled a good-morning as he half assedly threw the bundled news in the door. It looked like a hell of a mess and Jake decided to neaten it up before he sat down to a table. Two minutes later, like the fickle child that quickly tires of any new toy or activity, Jake decided to quit. Deep down he feared that he was making an ass of himself.

He spied an empty table in the way back shadows of the crowded room and moved quickly to take it. □

A Mind's Journey

By Richard D. Cole

A man waits,
alone... for the end to come.
He feels old, but in fact he is quite young.
He is laying on his back, staring at the ceiling.
To the man the ceiling appears alive.
The wood slithers like a snake.
The knot holes open to engulf him.
Right before he disappears inside...
he hears the music
coming from an unknown source.
It's an enigma... No, it is Enigma.
The vision is still very real.
He is now a bird.
Soring above the mountains
in a spot that he knows well.
As he glides over a pond
the music moves him to look to the west.
The sky is dark
and the clouds of death are descending upon him.
He tries to flap his wings.
He feels so at ease soaring in the sky,
but he can not. He is going to crash.
Before he hits the ground he turns into a cat.
Once on the ground, as a cat,
he climbs the side of the mountain with ease.
His fingernails
dig into the soft wet earth like claws.
He is down on all fours
sacattering along like a beast on a hunt.
Or is he the hunted?
Who is to say?
And his life goes on
beyond his control.

A SAD Sonnet

By Joe Fraioli

Spellbound, I gaze upon her eyes as she gently reads my words.
At this very moment, I grow limp and feel myself getting lighter.
O yes, I am only paper, something abused by even the birds,
But presently, I still hope, that maybe she'll hold me tighter.
For I helplessly pray that I may be baptized by her tears.
But is a poem such as I, strong enough to provoke such emotion?
Blind and concealed, her name lingers where she now peers.
Look, the ink is my blood and it's flowing like an ocean.
It searches for my desire, to see her for eternity
And become devotedly, her treasured love and possession.
I feel more pain rush by as she continues clutching me
For I am just a victim, of both my torment and obsession.
I am only a poem in truth, therefore my feelings I must forestall,
But I am still possessed by a dream, that one day I may be hung on her wall.

Note: This poem is acrostic. A message is spelled out when one takes the first letter from the first line and adds it to the second letter from the second line, etc.

THIRD STREET PROMENADE

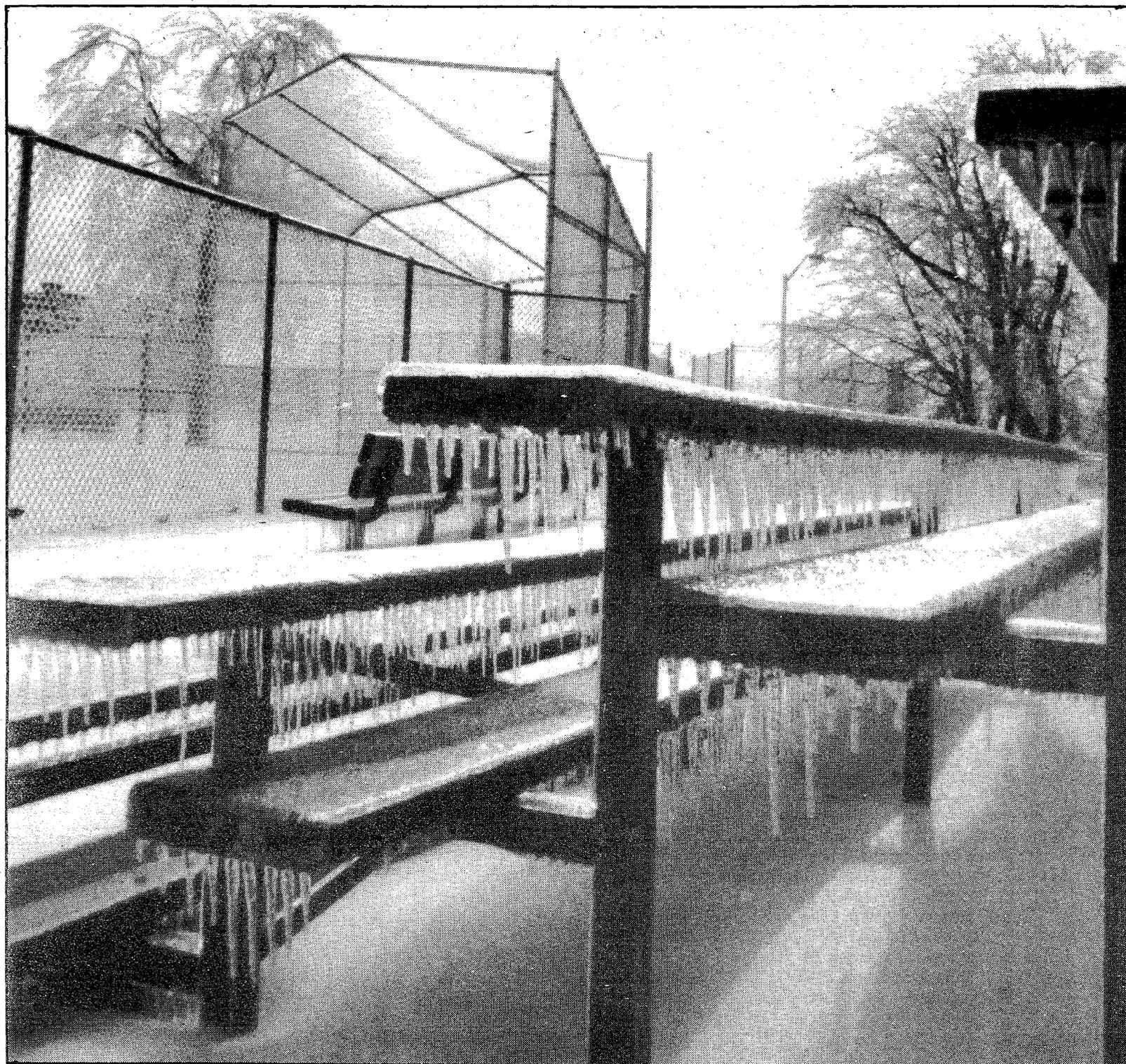
By Cliff Kurkowski

Heavy crowds of glancing faces,
blue and whites keeping the peace.
Neon...Ferrari...Lamborgini.....
Crips and Muscles reign the streets.
The promenade was built on
blood, sweat and tears.
The tired and the forgotten
carry the flame very near.
With cups and signs,
and the music that they play,
Money is scavenged with hopes and dreams,
for a better day.
Passing by are the rich and the foreigners
all smiling with glee,
while stepping on a piece of cardboard,

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Remember this?



Studying Abroad is a Learning Experience

By Kevin Meagher

Pretty soon it will be time to start thinking about that great American university tradition—Studying abroad for a semester or a year in some faraway land. For those going somewhere overseas next Fall, it's the first major opportunity to fend for yourself with all the ties that bind temporarily severed. I don't want to reiterate all of the concomitant clichés cultural exposure, meeting new people, learning another language all of which are true, but to give some helpful advice I think will give someone an edge in the meeting people game over there. I have participated in two programs: one in Graz, Austria and one in Tuebingen, Germany. They were both excellent ways to live abroad for awhile and experience a different educational system. Putting aside all the logistics, there is one very important facet of your experience that is ultimately under your control, meeting the people of the country and really becoming a part of their culture—at least for awhile. In real terms, this means making a friend or two who stick with you during your stay. It is not easy, no matter how much of a 'people person' or how outgoing you are or think you are. There is something that will confront you as an inexperienced American at a foreign language university that will

become so frustrating, and eventually may take away something from your experience—in hindsight, of course. This is the pack syndrome, a rough translation from the German and a denigrating expression I heard from my friend in Germany. It works like this: the tendency from day one is to hang around all the time with the other Americans, or Canadians, or any English speaking denizens of the country you meet during the orientation program. What will you speak 95% of the time? Why English, of course. Do not dismiss my theory, please. It happened to me my first time in Austria. I actually made a good friend with a chap from India; we were more interested in having a really good time immediately, in the pubs—than in developing some patience in acquiring some language skills. Result? I learned nothing of the way the good people of Austria speak, nor did I make any Austrian friends.

Many semesters later and after sundry German courses in the USA I decided to spend my last undergraduate semester in Germany. This time it was different, brother. When I got to Tuebingen I was thrown into a language prep course all foreigners are required to take in order to study at German universities. The 20 or so other students in the class were from various colleges around the US. We formed

a beautiful group of enthusiastic Americans on parade in the city, checking out the highs and lows of the town. Nothing wrong with that, of course. When the month long crash course was over, the German students began arriving at the university to register for the semester (just imagine the end of August at USB). They all speak a language and it's not what one learns in German 199; it might as well have been Esperanto, even after years of German in the US. At this point your friends are the people from the orientation program; they are security, always there to play with and talk to—in English, of course.

At that point I made a conscious decision to break off from the pack; something not that hard to do, since everyone is scattered around in different dorms. I put up signs advertising for a conversation. A few days later Hans, a writer struggling with his first book, called me up about the advertisement. We hit it off right away and began a friendship that would last my whole stay in Germany. He introduced me to his circle in Tuebingen and a chain reaction began. I met his friends and branched out like a blossoming tree. Yes, I almost wax poetic about it now because of that early attempt to separate myself from the pack and establish myself as a sort of lone wolf. This way I appeared less boisterous than the gangs of Americans roaming the streets

(remember: we speak English louder and with more rising and falling intonation than Germans speak German, so in a foreign land we tend to stand out). Breaking away from the pack early in the semester gave me extra confidence, even in the academic department. Some of my American comrades panicked mid-semester because they realized they had no real German contacts and, just like at USB, when the work starts to pile up mid-semester people close up and get into their own routine that they establish at the beginning of the semester. The confidence I had mustered made me relaxed and able to court Claudia, a beautiful redhead who came back with me to USB for some R&R this past Fall.

Back here at Stony Brook I work for the Office of Foreign Students Services—I constantly deal with people from all over the world who come to USB to do just what I did in Germany. In general I would say that the happier people are the ones who make contacts outside of their own ethnic group, who branch out from their own cultural and linguistic bubble to experience the different flavors of people out there and who do more here than just work with a slide rule. I think I have made my point: stand on your own two feet and be willing to take a chance over there with your own wits and charm as an individual. Do not follow the pack and I guarantee you will not regret it.

Letters

Thanks For The Help

To The Editor:

Dear Frank:

I just wanted to take a moment out of my day to thank you for your extra help. It is not very often these days that one encounters such friendly service that goes beyond the call of duty. Anyway, the article you sent me is for a friend who lost hers years ago and figured she couldn't get another copy. Well she'll have it on her birthday, come 5/21/94, thanks to you.

Patricia Stewart

Actions Were Not Inconsistent

To The Editor:

In regarding to your editorial of Thursday, 28 April 1994, I would like to say that I know there are inconsistent actions in Polity. However, I was not inconsistent Wednesday night. When I brought the motion of impeaching Crystal Plati, I **REALLY** meant it!!!

The reason I rescinded that motion, because I was **HEAVILY** pressured to rescind by a few Senators (including Vincent Bruzzese). Hence, I know Polity is an inconsistent world. (Then again, everything in this world is not consistent). I am not part of this inconsistency especially on Wednesday.

David Samuel Shashoua
Polity Senate Secretary

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There are only two more issues this semester for you to express your view. Send Letters and Opinions to *Statesman*, 075 Student Union, Campus Zip 3200. All Letters and Opinions Must Be Typed, and Also Have Your Name and Telephone Number Printed On Them For Verification.

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With Ary Rosenbaum

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Statesman

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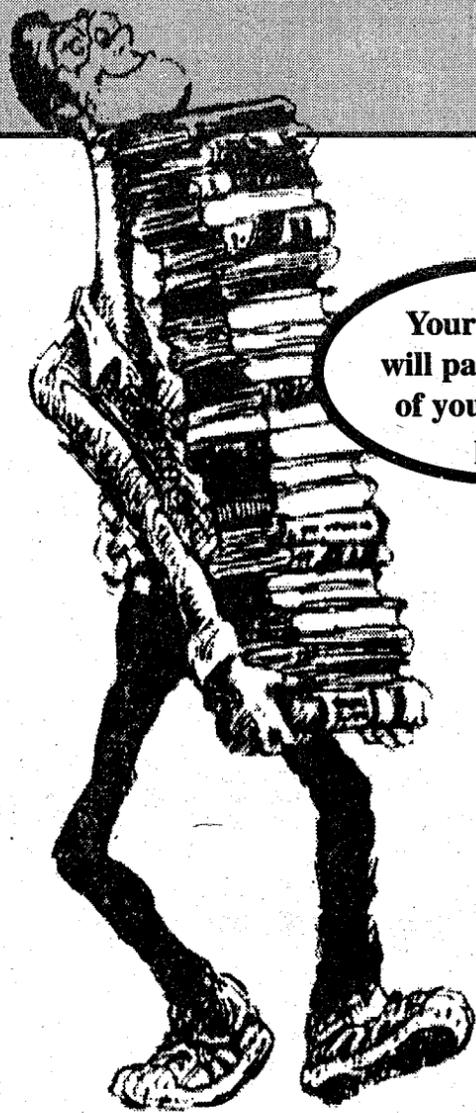
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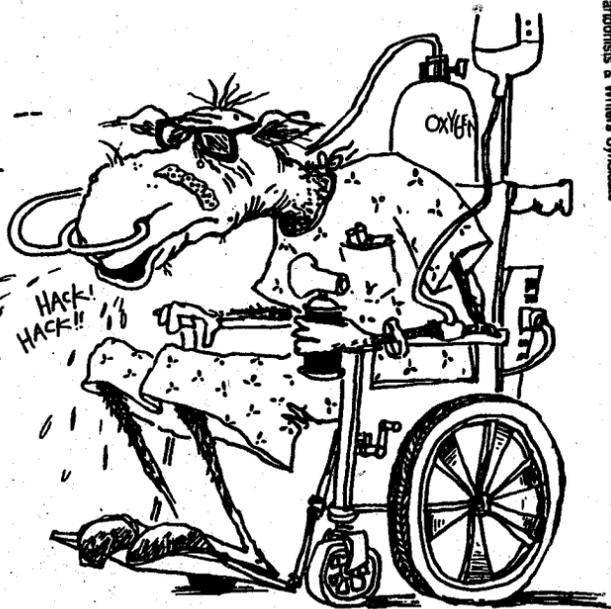
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Holyfield, the Whole-Hearted

This week I am going to write about two things that I do not normally write about: pro sports and my personal life.

When I saw the headline on the back page of *Newsday* - or maybe it was in the *New York Times* - anyway, the news of Evander Holyfield's retirement surprised me. At the time, I had only read the headline and knew that he lost the title. After some thought, I decided that his retirement was not all that surprising. After all, he is getting on in years (as far as good boxers are concerned, except for maybe George Foreman) and, though very determined, not up to the standards of heavyweight boxing.

Then, I read the story, and the story seems to be becoming all too common. Holyfield was reported as having a heart condition, and his doctor recommended to him to give up his profession. Sadly, but intelligently, Holyfield agreed.

The problem was discovered when Holyfield was admitted to a hospital just hours after losing his two heavyweight belts to then-challenger Michael Moorer. The former champ was brought in to treat dehydration. An examination revealed a kidney bruise, and further testing disclosed the heart condition.

The condition has been described by Holyfield's personal physician as a "stiff heart," in which the left ventricle is noncompliant and does not properly pump blood. Just days later, a tiny hole was found in the fighter's heart, furthering the cause for concern. Doctors have said that the condition, one that Holyfield was born with, is not life-threatening, but agree that the ex-champ should retire.

On my weekly radio show on WUSB, one of my student pro-sports panel experts, Jay Kash, mentioned how ironic it is that Holyfield, well-known for his "heart" and determination in and out of the ring, is retiring as the result of a heart ailment.

Holyfield, no doubt, will not go down as the greatest heavyweight fighter in history. That is because Holyfield was not a fighter, but a "fighter." The man was not the hardest puncher, not the quickest by hand or foot, not the most skilled by any measure, but the man had ...well, heart. Holyfield won his belts, not by knocking other boxers out or by out-boxing them. He won them by beating them. Holyfield had the determination, the desire, the never-say-die attitude, the heart.

Holyfield is everything great about boxing.

He threw everything but the kitchen sink at Foreman, a much bigger and stronger (though older) boxer. Holyfield hit him with everything and could not bring the big man down. Foreman hammered Holyfield with some mammoth blows. To each fighters' credit, neither went to the canvas. It was probably one of the greatest

heavyweight fights ever... until not-too-long after.

Holyfield-Bowe I was almost the same fight, only better. Bowe, as opposed to Foreman, hammered Holyfield more often. Still, the over-matched Evander lasted the full fight.

Even greater about the retiring champion, he had abilities beyond the ring. As far as boxers go, only Muhammed Ali may have spoken more eloquently. As far as boxers go, none surpass his caring nature to his fellow human beings. Holyfield, beyond being the King of the Ring, was an humanitarian extraordinaire. Though he will most likely become a commentator for other matches and a spokesman for the sport, his presence in the ring will be sorely missed.



SCARLET AND GRAY

Thomas Masse

Home Is Where The Heart Is

Holyfield's condition literally strikes close to home, for me, in more ways than one. First, and most recently, my mother was diagnosed with a condition similar to Holyfield's. Tests that were taken when she went to the emergency room of a Massachusetts hospital showed her left ventricle pumping at 20 percent normal capacity. Second, less than a year ago, a local hero to people in Boston, Celtics star Reggie Lewis, was struck down by a heart condition.

My mother aside, Lewis and Holyfield (among others) are two examples of what seems to be an ever-more-frequent problem in athletes. Of course, athletes are not the only ones affected (as seen in my mother's case), but athletes are the people we view as the fittest of the fit. They are the bodies indestructible. They are the ones who do not have physical problems beyond injury.

Sadly, no matter how fit you are, some diseases, particularly those that are genetic, do not know or care how fit anyone may be. Lewis and Holyfield show us that no one is indestructible. However, while we cannot repair all of the damage, we can usually prevent further damage. Unfortunately, Lewis did not proceed with caution (and his doctor was a moron). Holyfield, hopefully, will learn from Lewis' mistake.

Stadium Stuff

For those of you who missed it, Dr. David Burner is performing his unamusing antics again. *Newsday's* Sunday, April 24 issue contained more of Dr. Burner's ramblings.

Dr. Burner seems to think that our present field is adequate enough for Stony Brook. Then again, Dr. Burner has been at Stony Brook for years beyond count, and has obviously lost contact with the progress of the world outside.

There were just over 1,100 students at Dracut High School (MA) when I graduated as part of a class of 251

students in 1986. Dracut, the town, then had a population of about 26,000. The football field (Beaudry Field) had a seating capacity much larger than Patriot Field at Stony Brook does now. Two or three years after I graduated, D.H.S. installed lights for night games and events.

I don't know if anyone noticed, but Patriot Field doesn't have lights. It seats 2,000 - if we're lucky. There are no restrooms with running water. The press box is a travesty. The whole place is a mess. Never at any college that I have ever attended or visited, did I find a field that was smaller and more poorly-equipped than my high school. Yet, we have one here at Stony Brook.

A new, functional stadium will come at absolutely no cost to Stony Brook. The capital needed for building the facility would come from a portion of the New York State budget earmarked for new structures. Since Stony Brook already has the funding for the new Student Activities Center, the University has no other proposed new building to spend money on. If USB does not get that funding for a new stadium, then another SUNY school will begin construction on some building from which we will never receive benefits.

So why not build a stadium? Can you imagine that with such a stadium, the Student Activities Board might even have a decent place to host a concert? Can you imagine having someplace where we can have outdoor graduations and not feel like they're second-rate?

I'd like to mention one other point in Dr. Burner's babble. The esteemed professor claims that Stony Brook will not play football against the Ivy League schools. Is Dr. Burner privy to some kind of inside information that the rest of the world is not? Is he a prophet? Does it have something to do with his book being published by the Harvard University Press? Just how can he be so sure?

I'm sure we will all hear more from both side of this and the entire D-I issue in the future.

Lyric of the Week

To you, is it movement or is it action?
Is it contact or just reaction?
And you, Revolution? Just resistance?
Is it living or just existence?
You - it takes a little more persistence
To get up and go the distance.
I'm not giving in to security under pressure.
I'm not missing out on the promise of adventure.
I'm not giving up on implausible dreams.
Experience to Extremes.
(from "The Enemy Within" by Rush)

19

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Stony Brook Statesman Monday May 2, 1994

Lacrosse Sunk By Navy

The lacrosse team lost its third consecutive match in less than two weeks, this time falling to the United States Naval Academy, 12-6, at Annapolis, Maryland. Navy (8-5) was ranked eleventh in the nation prior to the contest. Stony Brook lacrosse is now 3-8.

The Brook's third-leading scorer, freshman Robb Aitchinson, netted three goals in the loss. Freshman Chris Kollmer, the team's fourth-leading scorer, notched two goals and an assist, and

freshman Courtney Wilson, who leads the Pats in scoring, added one goal and an assist. Freshman James Covino also had an assist.

Junior goaltender Steve Cox had 17 saves on the afternoon.

The Patriots have two games left on the season. First, they travel to Adelphi on Wednesday. Face-off is scheduled for 3 p.m. The Pats season finale is at home Sunday against power-house North Carolina. That meeting is scheduled for a 1:30 p.m. start.

Softball Splits Two With Albany

The Lady Patriots grabbed their fourth win of the season, splitting a double-header with Albany, Saturday. Senior captain Kerry Diggin scored on freshman Jennifer Arnold's single to break a 5-5 tie in the top of the seventh to give the Brook the first game win 6-5.

The Lady Pats gave up five runs in the sixth inning of the second game, allowing Albany to eek out the nightcap win, 11-8.

Stony Brook softball is now 4-16 on the season.

SCARLET AND GRAY

By Thomas Masse

His column is so good that it would make his idol, King Kong Bundy, avalanche a midget.

(See WrestleMania III)

Baseball Captures Title, 20 Wins

BASEBALL, From Back Page

five runs batted-in in game one, and seven-for-five with nine RBI's and five runs scored for the day. Marcus was three-for-two with three runs scored in game one, and seven-for-five with five ribbies for both games. Economou batted 1.000 in three at-bats in game one. He drove in four and scored two. In game two, Haag was three-for-three with three RBI's, Balsamo was four-for-four with one ribbie, and sophomore Chris Livingston went four-for-three with four stolen bases (two in one sequence).

Haag said that he was looking forward to yesterday's scheduled double-header at rival Old Westbury. "They're the biggest two games of the year," he said. "There's been a lot of trash talk. Everyone has to take all they've got and put it on the field [Sunday]." Late results, if even the games were played because of the weather, were not available.

The Patriots were at Mercy College, Thursday, and lost only their sixth of the season, 7-6, in eight innings. The Brook had only seven hits in 32 at-bats. Livingston and Fiermonte scored two runs each, and Haag drove in two RBI's in the defeat. Sophomore Tim Lynch went the distance and took the loss.

Looking ahead, the team has their work cut out for them... again, playing seven games, including three double-headers, in the next six days. Yesterday, the Pats were scheduled to travel to Old Westbury for two. Tomorrow, the team hosts Queens College at 3:30 p.m. Thursday at 3:30 p.m., the Brook is hosting Mt. St. Mary in a double-header. The match-up is Stony Brook's last home stand of the regular season. The Patriots end their regular season on the road for another double-header, Friday (1 p.m.) at New Paltz.

"If we can get another 5-2 week, that puts us in great shape for the ECAC's and NCAA's," said Senk. He added that, "We have a good team and we represent the University in a positive way. I think we put on a good performance and I hope that the University will come down and support us."

The Patriots are 20-6 overall and 7-1 in the Skyline Conference.

Stony Brook Statesman Monday May 2, 1994

Two essential ingredients for a perfect date:
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Patriots Action - This Week

Monday, May 2

No Patriots Teams In Action Today

Tuesday, May 3

Softball at Southampton, 4 p.m.

Baseball versus Queens, 3:30 p.m.

Wednesday, May 4

Lacrosse at Adelphi 3 p.m.

Softball versus Hunter, 3:30 p.m.

Thursday, May 5

Baseball versus Mt. St. Mary (2), 3:30 p.m.

Men's Tennis at NCAA Team Championships at Redlands, CA

CA

Friday, May 6

Men's Tennis at NCAA Team Championships at Redlands, CA

CA

Women's Track & Field at NYSWCAA Championships at Brockport, NY

Saturday, May 7

Men's Tennis at NCAA Team Championships at Redlands, CA

CA

Women's Track & Field at NYSWCAA Championships at Brockport, NY

Brockport, NY

Men's Track & Field at Brown Invitational at Providence, RI

Men's Track & Field at CTC Championships

Sunday, May 8

Lacrosse versus North Carolina, 1:30 p.m.

Men's Tennis at NCAA Team Championships at Redlands, CA

CA

Men's Track & Field at Brown Invitational at Providence, RI

Men's Track & Field at Jesse Owens Classic at Columbus, OH

OH

Home games in *Italics*
(2) indicates double-header

Sports Trivia Question of the Week

We are appalled. Only two students even tried to answer the somewhat difficult question. The question was "Who was the first person awarded Coach of the Year honors? (Hint: The year was 1972, the sport was crew, and the coach is still part of the Department of Athletics)." The correct answer is current women's tennis coach and associate professor in the Department of Athletics, **Paul Dudzick**.

We hate to finish the semester on something of a sour note, but this ends *Statesman's Sports Trivia of the Week*. We would like to thank our sponsors, **Stony Brook Pretzel Service** and **Sports Complex Concessions, Inc.**, for their support of our contest (You haven't experienced Stony Brook until you've experienced a Stony Brook pretzel). We would also like to thank all of our readers who participated.

Join us next semester for more food and fun. We leave you with this one very easy question: *How many NBA championships have the Boston Celtics won?*

Men's Basketball
head coach,

Bernard Tomlin

joins Tom this week on
"Statesman Sports
LIVE!"

Thursday at 2 p.m.
on WUSB, 90.1 FM,
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Station of the 90's*

"Get Off the Bench
and
Into the Game!"



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Statesman SPORTS

20-Win Champs

Patriots Earn First 20-Win Season and First Skyline Conference Championship

By Thomas Masse
Statesman Sports Editor

The Stony Brook baseball team beat Manhattanville twice in Saturday's double-header, 16-2 and 12-8. The wins gave the Patriots their first-ever 20-win season and their first Skyline Championship in the three-year-old conference.

"I'm really happy," said head coach Matt Senk after the two-win afternoon. "Where we've come in four years with our program is a tremendous accomplishment for our players and our coaching staff."

Game-one winning pitcher, junior Mike Robertson, agreed. "We had a lot of goals this season," he said. "It's a notch in our belt, but we still have a lot left to do." Sophomore Erik "Boog" Haag added, "winning the conference was one of our goals. Another was to win 20 games."

In the first game, the Pats jumped out to a 2-0 on runs scored by junior catcher Dave Marcus and sophomore shortstop Joe Nathan. Marcus walked and stole second on an error before being driven home by Nathan, who singled home Marcus and came home on a long single by Haag.

After the Valiants scored two of their own in the top of the second, the Patriots exploded for 14 unanswered runs.

In the bottom of the second, freshman third-baseman Will Bernanke led off the inning with a single. He was followed by freshman second-baseman Spyros Economou, who pounded a 252-foot home run to right-centerfield. Ultimately the game-winning hit, the two-run dinger gave the Patriots a 4-2 lead. Later in the inning, freshman outfielder Jason Fiermonte and Marcus scored on a Nathan double.

After Manhattanville went 1-2-3 in the top of the third, the Brook sent 13 batters to the plate, bringing home eight of them. In order, Bernanke, Economou, senior Sal Azzariti, Fiermonte, Marcus, Nathan, Haag, and sophomore Mark Balsamo chalked up runs on the scoreboard. In that inning, Economou completed his three-for-three game with a triple and a single - just missing hitting

for the cycle by one at-bat.

The Pats coasted for the last three innings, getting as many players on the field and to the plate as possible. Rounding out the scoring were freshman Sam Jalayer in the fourth, and freshman Frank Colon in the fifth.

Robertson went six innings, giving up five hits and two runs, while striking out four and walking one. Only one of the last thirteen batters he faced reached base. The lone runner was a victim in the following double-play that ended any further threats by the Valiants. "I started a little shaky," said the winning pitcher. "It's very easy to pitch with a lead like that. The team played great defense. I couldn't ask for anything more."

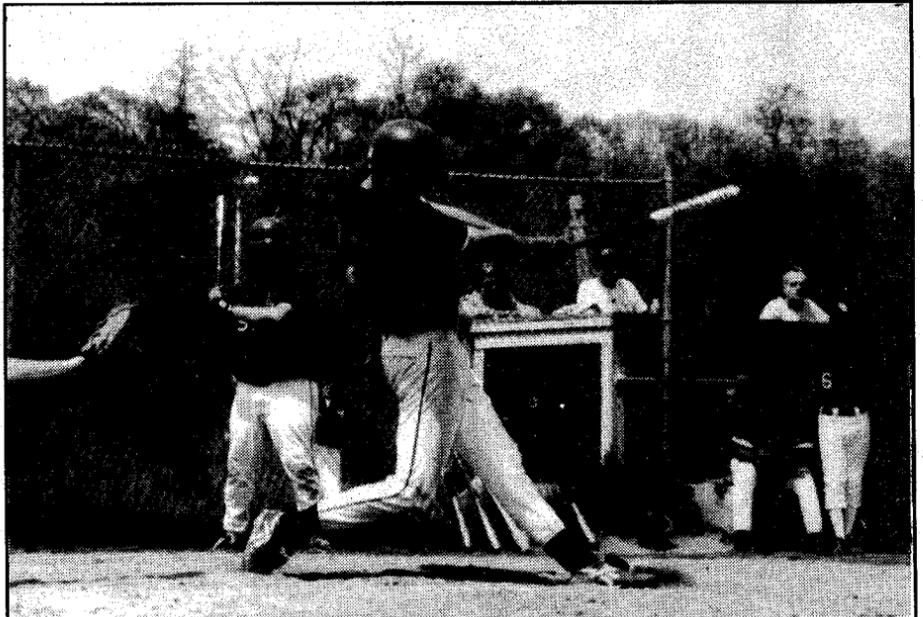
Robertson was replaced by sophomore James Mezey, who took out M'Ville 1-2-3 in the final inning, striking out one, to earn the save. "I would have liked to have finished the game," said Robertson. "But [Senk] is the coach, and he makes the decisions."

The second game, while reaching the same conclusion, was closer than the score indicated. One spectator noted, "If I hadn't known the score, I would have thought that Stony Brook was losing."

The Brook again peppered the Valiant pitcher for the first three innings for 12 hits and 10 runs. To compliment those stats were two double steals, two single steals, two wild pitches, and two errors. At the end of three, the Patriots appeared to be on their way to a second blow-out, leading 10-3. But, the fourth inning was all M'Ville, and the Valiants pulled to within two.

Starting pitcher Carlos Quiroz gave up five runs, and was additionally hurt by two Stony Brook errors and two wild pitches of his own. However, the Brook got through the inning and held the visitors to one last run in the top of the seventh. They added two runs of their own in the fifth to end the day's scoring, giving the Patriots their 20th win of the season.

"The only disappointing thing is that didn't get everybody in the game like in game one," said Senk. "In the first game everybody got a couple of at-bats." Haag could not find an explanation for the



Sophomore shortstop Joe Nathan (top) was one of many batters to hammer Valiant pitching Saturday. Junior Mike Robertson (bottom) pitched six innings in game one, giving up only two runs while striking out four.

apparent let-down in game two. "We pounded out the hits and played with the same intensity," he said. "I can't put my finger on what happened."

On the day, Robertson and freshman

Mark Goodman (relief in game two) picked-up one win each, and Mezey was credited with the save in game one. At the plate, Nathan was four-for-three with

See BASEBALL, Page 14