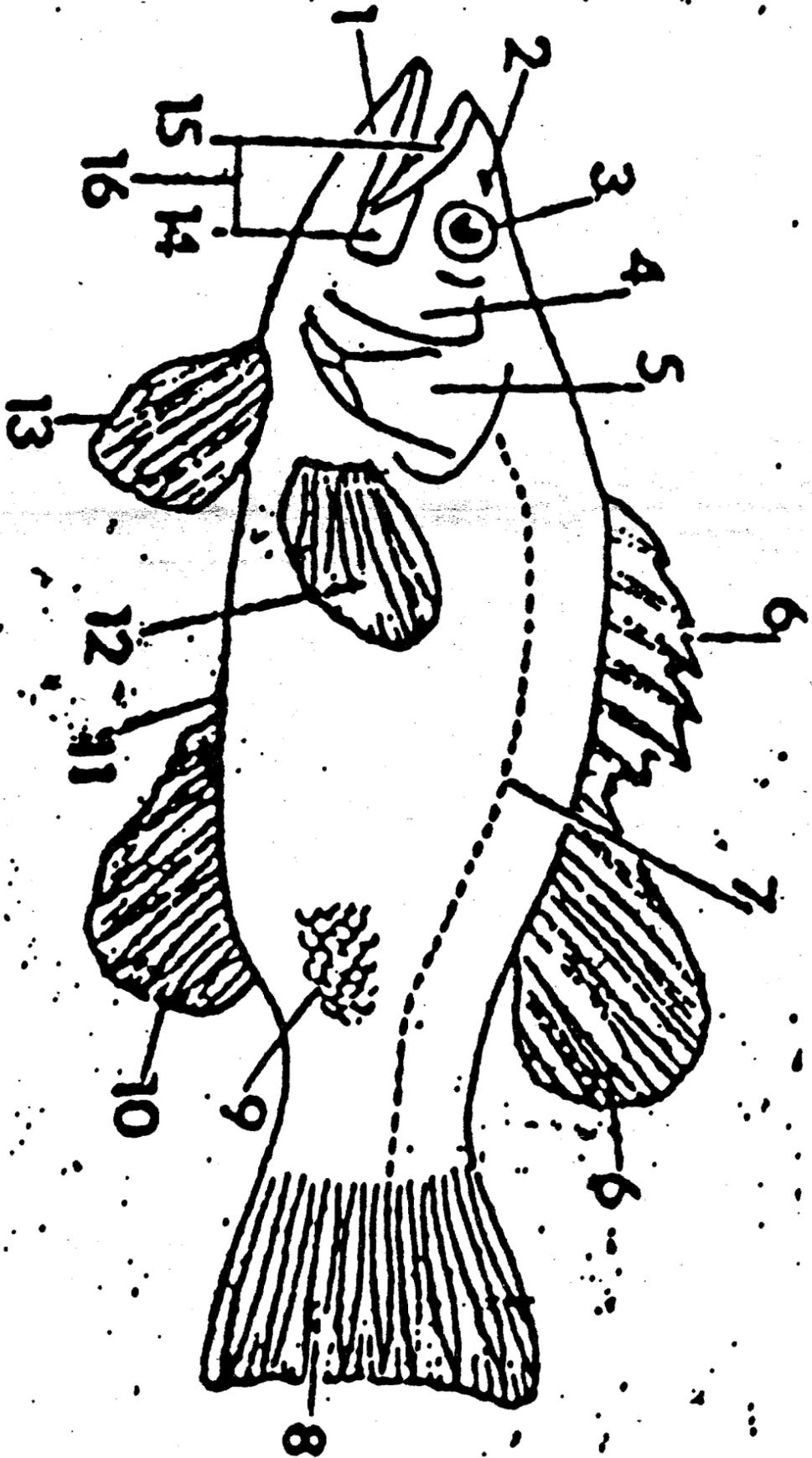


The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

Vol. 8 No. 11 • University Community's Feature Paper • Dec. 5, 1986



fish 1b: 1 mandible, 2 external naris, 3 eye, 4 cheek, 5 operculum, 6 dorsal fins, 7 lateral line, 8 caudal fin, 9 scales, 10 anal fin, 11 anus, 12 pectoral fin, 13 pelvic fin, 14 maxilla, 15 premaxilla, 16 upper jaw

CHILLED

There are second class citizens at Stony Brook. They are those who cannot go home for the holidays. They may be foreign students, whose homes are thousands of miles away, independent students who have no other home than their dorm rooms, or students simply too burdened with finals or research to be able to get away from campus for much or all of the holiday periods.

All are discriminated against by the University. They are not physically thrown out of their rooms over Thanksgiving break, but the University makes their stay as inconvenient and as unpleasant as possible.

For those on DAKA, their last meal was dinner on last Wednesday. Supposedly, since these meal plan students don't have large refrigerators for their food, due to part of the Dorm Cooking Policy, or pots to cook in, they are expected to starve, or better yet, leave the University.

Since the University expects all first year students to survive the first week before school starts without a meal service, they expect those unlucky few who are stranded or choose to stay at Stony Brook to tough it out. It's alright, the Administration seems to say, we all have homes with well stocked kitchens to go home to for Thanksgiving. If some students can't have more than a Domino's pie that night, well, they should be thankful they can get any thing at all on a holiday.

But for those tough enough to survive on delivered Domino's pies and Seven-Eleven bean burritos, the stay was still made tougher: at Friday at 4:00am, they cut off the heat and hot water.

We understand that when the heat has to be shut off

for Physical Plant repairs, it's best to do it when the fewest students are around, but this doesn't excuse neglecting the ones who stay. Heat outages, planned and otherwise, are obviously far from uncommon at Stony Brook, and something can be done to help alleviate the disturbances caused by them. The administration should have enough concern to purchase some inexpensive space heaters to be used by those students who are affected during the heatless days and nights when the school's infrastructure is being repaired. Outrageously expensive? We think not, since the University would have to buy at most only 150 to 200 heaters to heat an entire heatless building during the semester, or all the remaining on-campus students over a break.

The heating problems, though, serve to help bring to the surface other problems confronting campus. While the administration has been thoughtless and bureaucratic once again, they aren't the only ones neglecting their responsibility to students.

Polity started the year with an unusually high amount of promise. With a history of abysmal management behind it, President Gunning and his Council's move to clean Polity's act by replacing most of its professional staff was surprisingly welcomed. The hopes Polity had created for itself have not been fulfilled. Polity should, for instance, be working to get the proper amenities for those students neglected on the holidays as well as working to meet those student needs during the semester that are left unanswered.

We understand how easy it is to get caught up in the

crisis of the moment and allow needs that don't broadcast themselves to be ignored for louder, though far less important issues. Polity still has time this year to prove it has as much ability and concern that it appeared to have at the semester's beginning. It must set its priorities. It must commit itself to defending student rights and meeting student needs and deal with procedural, internal administrative business on a strictly secondary basis.

Let Polity prove its intent by using its 50% representation on the Faculty Student Association board, which runs the meal plan contract, to get meals served on holidays even if only in one cafeteria. Let Polity, with its new lawyers, initiate a class action suit for all -students to force the University, as de facto landlord, to provide heat and hot water to make the dorms fully livable, and to recover money rebates for all the times the heat was shut off.

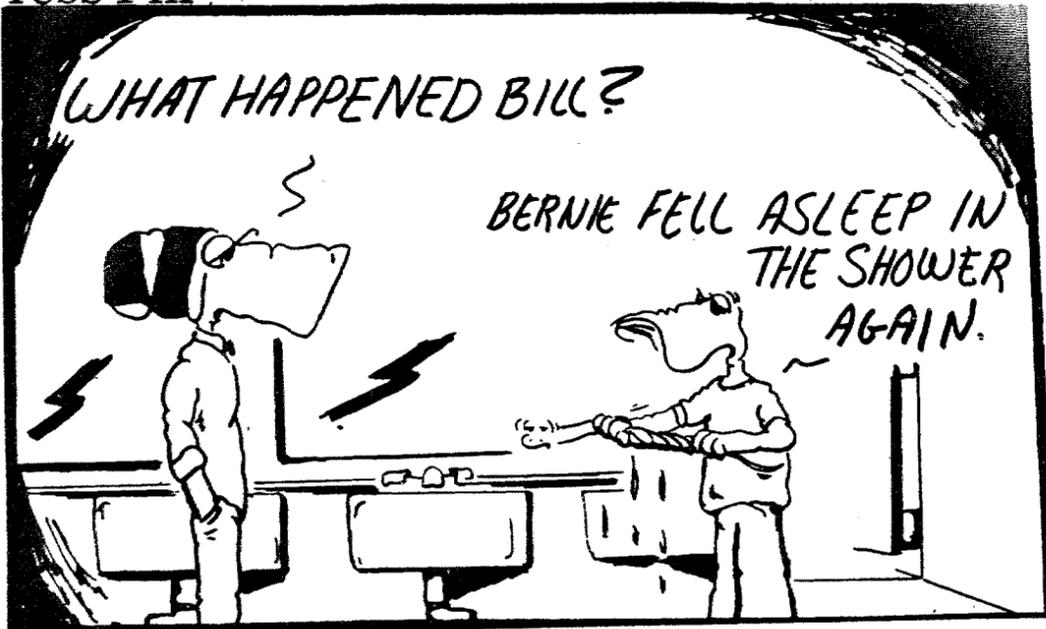
And as for the administration, let them shut off the heat at Shorewood, the state-supported Presidential home, when it is shut off on campus. Why should Marburger mind if the University cuts off his heat and hot water on the holiday weekends. After all, he has relatives to go home to also, doesn't he?

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Photo Box



Press Pix



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Mutation

Teach-In on Irradiation of Food

by Quinn Kaufman

What we don't know about chemicals seems to be an issue lately at Stony Brook University. At NYPIRG's Teach-In given Tuesday night in the Fireside Lounge of the Union, the topic of food irradiation was discussed.

As of April 14, 1986, the FDA has approved the use of food irradiation, using nuclear waste, rather than the fumigation process to preserve food and kill germs. Fumigation was banned because it used the cancerous chemical EDB.

The food irradiation process at first glance would seem to be a godsend to major food manufacturers, such as Campbells, Beatrice, Welch and Kraft, who would profit because of its ability to preserve the shelf life of canned goods and kill bacteria.

Food irradiation allows gamma rays to penetrate fruits, vegetables, wheat, potatoes, spices and pork. The building of six new irradiation plants in Oklahoma, Hawaii, Iowa, California, Washington, and Florida has begun, yet it is of major concern for environmentalists and anti-nuclear groups because the irradiation process involves exposing food to radioactive isotopes from nuclear waste.

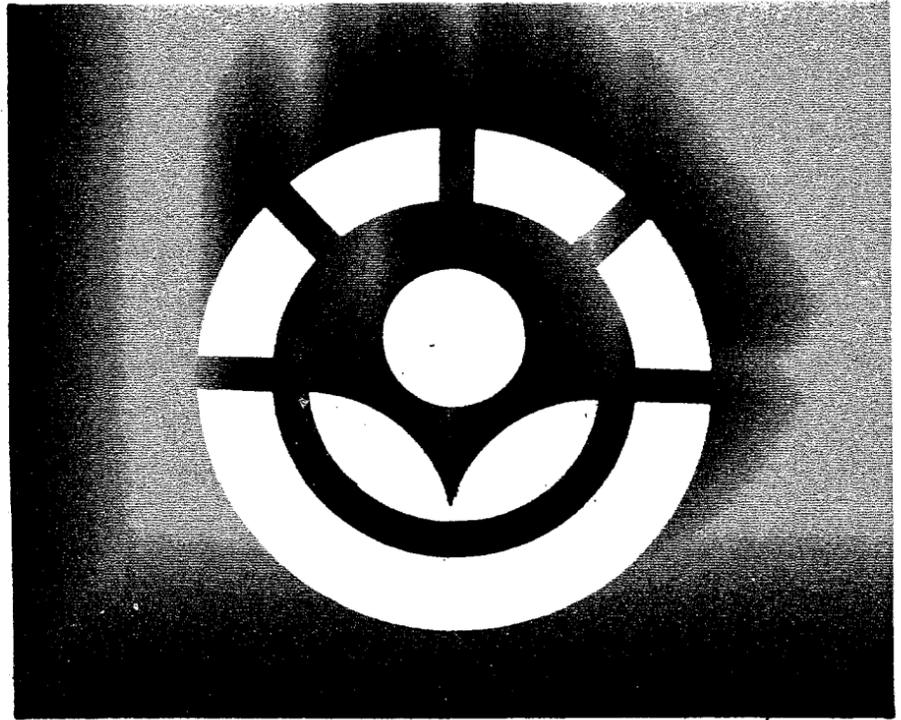
NYPIRG's spokesperson for their food irradiation project, John Savagian spoke at the gathering and informed the packed lounge on the safety of gamma-rayed food, the effectiveness of the irradiation process and possible alternatives to food irradiation.

Savagian explains, "we just don't know if it's safe because of FDA testing on lab animals." According to Savagian, Togaguchi, asserting that radiated food is safe, maintained that since only a small party of the animals have died and since there's not much radiated food out there, why worry? But as those at the Nuclear Teach-In learned, "a mutative cell is a mutative cell and all you need is one to get cancer."

During the Teach-In, the NBC-banned documentary entitled *Danger: Nuclear Waste* added to the pessimism concerning food irradiation. The film exposed many clandestine issues. It brought to the surface questions about the motives behind the main advocates of food irradiation, the Department of Energy. It also reiterated the extreme harmfulness of the radioactive waste used in irradiation.

The film shows so much of an excess of nuclear waste that the plants no longer know where to dispose of it... "we could be creating a radioactive monster with no cage to keep it in." Hence comes the substantial concern from Savagian that because plutonium, a by-product of nuclear waste, used for nuclear weapons is on the decline, the Department of Energy may be using food irradiation as a front to obtain plutonium. They might do this because the FDA has ruled that they can have no access to plutonium directly from nuclear waste.

Besides the conveyed impression by Savagian that the Department of Energy



and other types of electronically produced gamma-rays. As gamma-rays from isotopes pass through food, the cell division is halted and the ripening process of fruits and vegetables is hindered and bacteria is destroyed.

Investigators find that while it may kill bacteria with large doses of radioactivity, tomatoes and strawberries are the only truly effective recipients of food radiation. Citruses and apples discolor and radiation makes some vegetables, such as potatoes, more sensitive to decay. Savagian refutes the idea of effective irradiation stating that, "if preservation of food were to last 3 to 4 days longer than usual, would it justify the use of dangerous nuclear waste. Would it really be worth it?"

1988 will see irradiated food in the marketplace with a warning symbol — a broken circle with an abstract flower imprinted within it — identifying it as gamma-rayed food. According to Savagian, "everyone will see it's ugly face and there should be an uproar of protests." He then asked those in the audience who would eat a product with a nuclear symbol on it to raise their hands. Of course no one did. Savagian continued, "would a grocer want a reputation for selling

gamma-rayed food?" Except for the profit that food companies will benefit from prolonged food shelf-life, the fact that people are totally health-conscious and are fearful of nuclear energy may confront grocers and cause them to lose more money by the loss of customers than a gain due to increased profit. After all who wants to ingest themselves of gamma-rayed food, when other less harmful and expensive means of fumigating food may exist. According to Savagian, "All hidden issues will be analyzed and only then will the decision be made as to whether radiated food is the way to go, and even then only if it's proven-safe and not just theoretically safe!" The evening was concluded by 9pm with Savagian suggesting that, "In order for food irradiation to work it has to jumpstart into a major industry, we can stop it before it stops us."

For more information on how to prevent irradiated food, contact Joe Malave at the NYPIRG office at 246-7705 or write to: President Reagan
The White House
Washington DC 20500
or phone him directly at (202) 456-1414 or (202) 456-7639 and support the Bosco Bill.

"Innocent lab animals that were fed gamma-rayed food had birth defects, kidney diseases, decreased lifespan, and loss of fertility."

Concerning precautionary steps with irradiation, all is not well. The FDA, who usually takes precautionary measures before approving any issue regarding drugs or chemicals, failed on this one. Since the 1940's thousands of studies have been done concerning the dangers of radioactivity. According to Savagian, "testing procedures for irradiation were narrow and in some instances fraudulent." Out of the thousands of studies conducted, only 441 were submitted to the FDA, and only 69 were actually accepted. Out of the 69, 37 of these studies proclaimed that eating gamma-rayed food was safe. The remaining 32 said it was harmful. Contributing further to discrepancies was the disposal of all but five of the safe studies. It was these five studies on which the FDA's favorable ruling was based. When Savagian confronted the head of the Food Regulations division, Clyde Tagoguchi about why only five studies were used for the basis of such a monumental issue, Tagoguchi stated that theoretical calculations on what radiation does to food were used; not normal for the FDA.

The only tests done before the irradiation was approved were done to lab animals. URPs (unique radiolytic products, or altered food molecules) are a product of chemical changes that occur in irradiation processes. Innocent lab animals that were fed gamma-rayed food had birth defects, kidney diseases, decreased lifespan and loss of fertility. Further contributing to potential perils are benzene, aflatoxins and peroxide which are present in radiated foods. Benzene is a carcinogen, and as for the unknown URPs, no one even knows if they're harmful or not. Presently arguing against the safeness of radiated food,

may be using food irradiation as a blanket under which lies the ulterior motive of securing nuclear weapons with increased access to plutonium, there is the other obscure issue that supporters of the proposal see as the nuclear waste solution.

Presently there are 100 nuclear plants and nowhere to dispose of the radioactive waste. Transuranics, which contain plutonium and iodine-129 are found to be extremely dangerous in radioactive waste of high and low levels, thus disposal of nuclear waste is a major procedure. It must be discarded in dry areas, since water can transport waste throughout an environment. It was thought that by 1991 waste could be put into glass containers but that idea was discarded when it was realized that glass changes form over time. Besides the fact that the six new plants being used for food irradiations are reputed for nuclear accidents is Savagian's proclamation that the Department of Energy is using food irradiation as a means of disposing of nuclear waste. Also of danger in the irradiation scheme is that the plants will be in highly agricultural areas and that the fuel rods needed to radiate the gamma-rays will be transported by vehicle. Savagian states, "nothing can contain nuclear waste... years ago radioactive waste was considered so dangerous that they talked about burying it or shooting it off into space... all sorts of hair-raising ways of keeping waste away from people. Now they're talking about spreading it around the country, putting it in irradiating facilities near people's homes. It's ludicrous!"

At the Teach-In irradiation effectiveness was discussed. The gamma-rays which pierce the food come from three sources: cobalt-60, cesium-137 (military nuclear waste),

Jolt

by John Dunn

Sick of food ads proclaiming their product to be low-calorie, low-sodium, low-everything and sugar-free? Hate the words diet and caffeine-free? Help is on the way for those trying to escape the health kick thanks to Bev-Pak, bottlers of Jolt Cola.

Jolt's slogan is "All the sugar and twice the caffeine." According to Joseph Hyatt, sales manager for Bev-Pak, it is for "a lot of people" who want a zippier taste in their soda. The makers of Jolt were, as their product says, "inspired by the need for a better tasting soft drink!" For Jolt the secret is pure cane sugar, which was used in soft drinks for years until they switched to the less expensive high-fructose sugar.

Exactly what does twice the caffeine mean? For Jolt it means 70 milligrams of caffeine as compared to the 40-75 mg in regular soua. Depending on how it's brewed,

a 5 ounce cup of coffee has 65-155 mg of caffeine. Apparently, they're stretching it a bit on the "twice the caffeine."

Of course the most important thing is the taste. The findings of my taste comparison were "so?" There's not much difference in taste with other sodas; it tastes similar to C&C Cola. Evidently, they also have all the carbonation of other soft drinks. However Jolt has failed to recapture the zip and afterburn that the old Coke used to have. It does have more caffeine than regular soda, an effect that can be felt after drinking a few. Try having rum and Jolt's at your next party for an interesting upper/downer effect.

Jolt can be purchased at the St. James Beverage Center and at Pathmarks with prices ranging from \$1.99 to \$2.19 for a six-pack. On campus, Stony Brook Pretzel Service is considering offering Jolt.

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Talking About Love

Dear EROS:

What exactly is toxic shock syndrome? Are tampons that cause it still sold?

— M.P.

Dear M.P.:

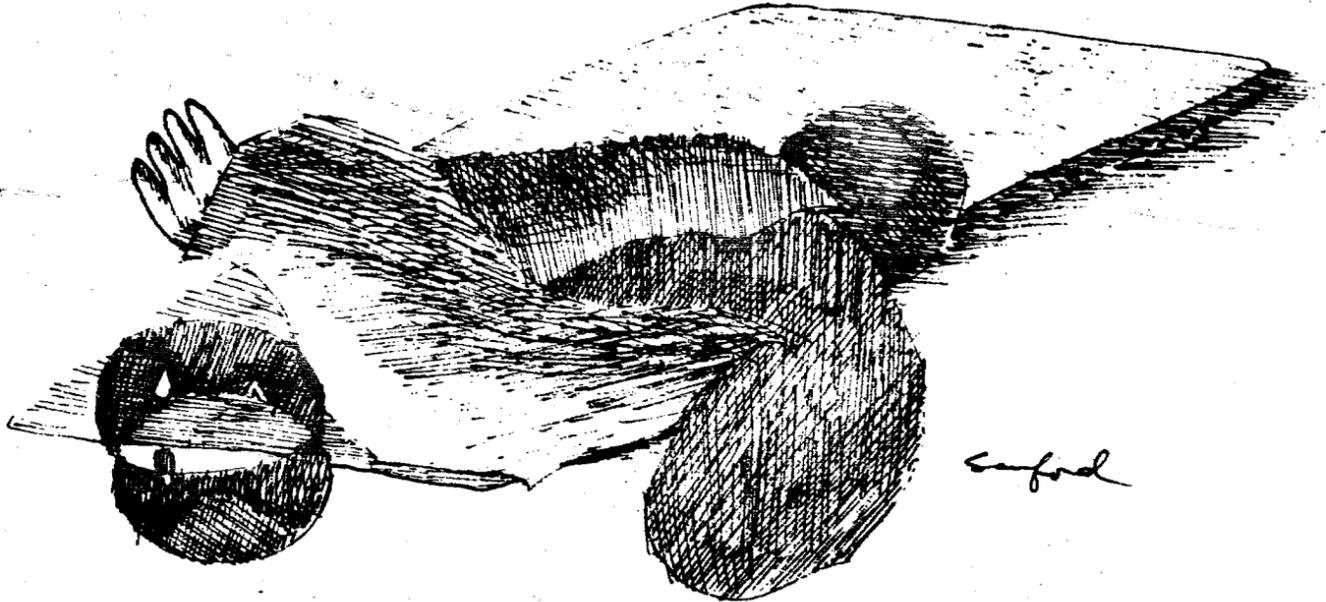
Toxic shock syndrome is a rare but serious disease. Although only a small number of women have gotten TSS, a few of them have died. TSS is caused by a bacterium *Staphylococcus Aureus*, which infects some part of the body, often the vagina and produces toxins (poisons) which go into the bloodstream causing a bodily reaction.

TSS results from causing an environment for this bacterium to exist. Leaving anything in the vagina for more than 24 hours, such as tampons, a sponge, or a diaphragm increases your risk.

This disease is a syndrome, or group of symptoms. The symptoms are:

- high fever, usually over 102 degrees;
- vomiting;
- diarrhea;
- a sudden drop in blood pressure which may lead to shock;
- a sunburnlike rash which peels after a while.

If you get any of the aforementioned symptoms while using a tampon, sponge or diaphragm, see a clinician or doctor immediately.



Dear EROS:

How often should I check for testicular cancer? Do younger or older men mostly get it?

— Nervous

Dear Nervous:

Testicular cancer is the most common type of cancer in men between the ages of 15 and 35 years. It is responsible for one in seven deaths in this age group.

Testicular cancer is one of the most curable types of cancer if discovered early. You can protect yourself by watching for early signs.

The first early sign of testicular cancer is usually a painless, hard bump about the size of a pea. It is found on the front or side of the testes. Some times a change in consistency of the testes occurs or a slight swelling can be noticed.

A normal testicle is egg-shaped, somewhat firm and smooth, and absent of lumps. A soft tube-shaped structure (the epididymus) lies at the back of the testes, toward the top. It feels a little firmer than the testicle, but it's not hard and moveable the way a lump would be.

All men should examine their testicles once a month. To check for a lump you have to systematically examine each testicle. After a warm shower or bath when the skin of the scrotum is most relaxed, carefully feel over each testicle with both hands. During your testicular self-examination, you are looking for any changes in the size or consistency of the testes.

If you discover a lump it may or may not be cancerous (malignant). However, you should see a clinician or doctor immediately to have it checked.

EROS

Letter

More Nicaragua

Open letter to Juan Carlos Sanchez:

Once again I am compelled to respond to your reactionary, pseudo-intellectual, politically incorrect fantasies printed in the *Statesman*. The members and friends of GALA have never publicly supported the democratically elected Sandinista government of Nicaragua neither have we condemned them for any reason. We are not Internationalists, we concern ourselves with our own well being and existence in this pseudo free society called America. But, since you insist on continuing the Reaganite tradition of disinformation, I will supply the facts.

FACT: Nicaragua (unlike America) does not interfere with the private sexual activities of its' citizens. The Sandinistas don't believe in Sodomy Laws. As Nicaraguan Interior Minister Thomas Borge has told gay Boston City Councilor David Scondras: There will be no laws against homosexuality.

FACT: There are homophobic attitudes in Nicaragua, (just as there are in America). Yet how can these attitudes be blamed on the pro-gay Sandinistas when they existed (and flourished) under C.I.A. backed Somoza and the Catholic Church?

FACT: The National Sandinista Television has televised the first sex-education TV series in the history of Latin America. Topics included family planning, abortion and lesbian and gay lifestyles. Has the American government or the public education system ever made a serious attempt at educating this society about alternative sexual/emotional orientations or lifestyles?

FACT: Hundreds of North American lesbian and gay people have travelled (and permanently moved) to Nicaragua to help the people rebuild their nation. The Pledge of Resistance, a special gay workers brigade

to Nicaragua, has served as educators, farm workers, etc. As these activists have reported in the latest edition of *Gay Community News*: The condemnations of "anti-gay" nations such as Cuba, Nicaragua, etc. have never been made against American backed neo-fascist nations such as Paraguay and Chile, where anti-gay violence at the hands of the government (and society in general) far surpasses the "anti-gay violence" or "oppression" that exists in Nicaragua under the Sandinistas.

FACT: You wish to condemn an entity that oppresses lesbian and gay people, Mr. Sanchez? Why not level your attacks against the homophobic, bigoted entity known as the Roman Catholic Church hierarchy? It is the Church which has largely propagated the homophobic attitudes still found in Nicaragua (and in America).

FACT: The new Nicaraguan Constitution, which is currently being written (and which involves the input of ANY Nicaraguan citizen who wishes to get involved), will automatically include equal rights for womyn (unlike the American Constitution), equal rights, by the way, that will make "the ERA look like Jim Crow laws."

The people of Nicaragua have pledged their lives to defend their right to self determination. As one Gay male observer in Nicaragua said: "As hard as we must struggle, we also need to assist those whose struggle is literally one of life and death. And we must remember that the forces that would like to strangle democracy in Nicaragua are the same forces that were behind the Sodomy decision of the Supreme Court."

The Gay and Lesbian Alliance is dedicated to freedom from government oppression, the liberty to live our lives as we are so inclined, and true justice for citizens, if this is interpreted as support for the Sandinista government of New Nicaragua, so be it.

Raymond Melville
Co-Chair GALA

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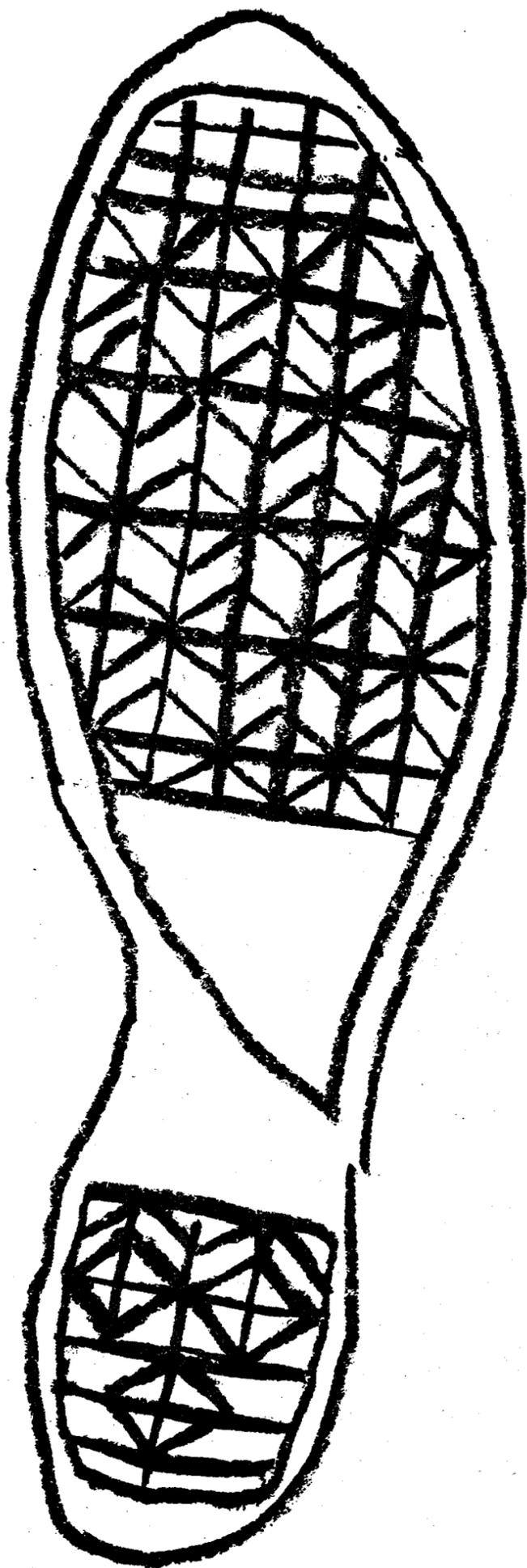
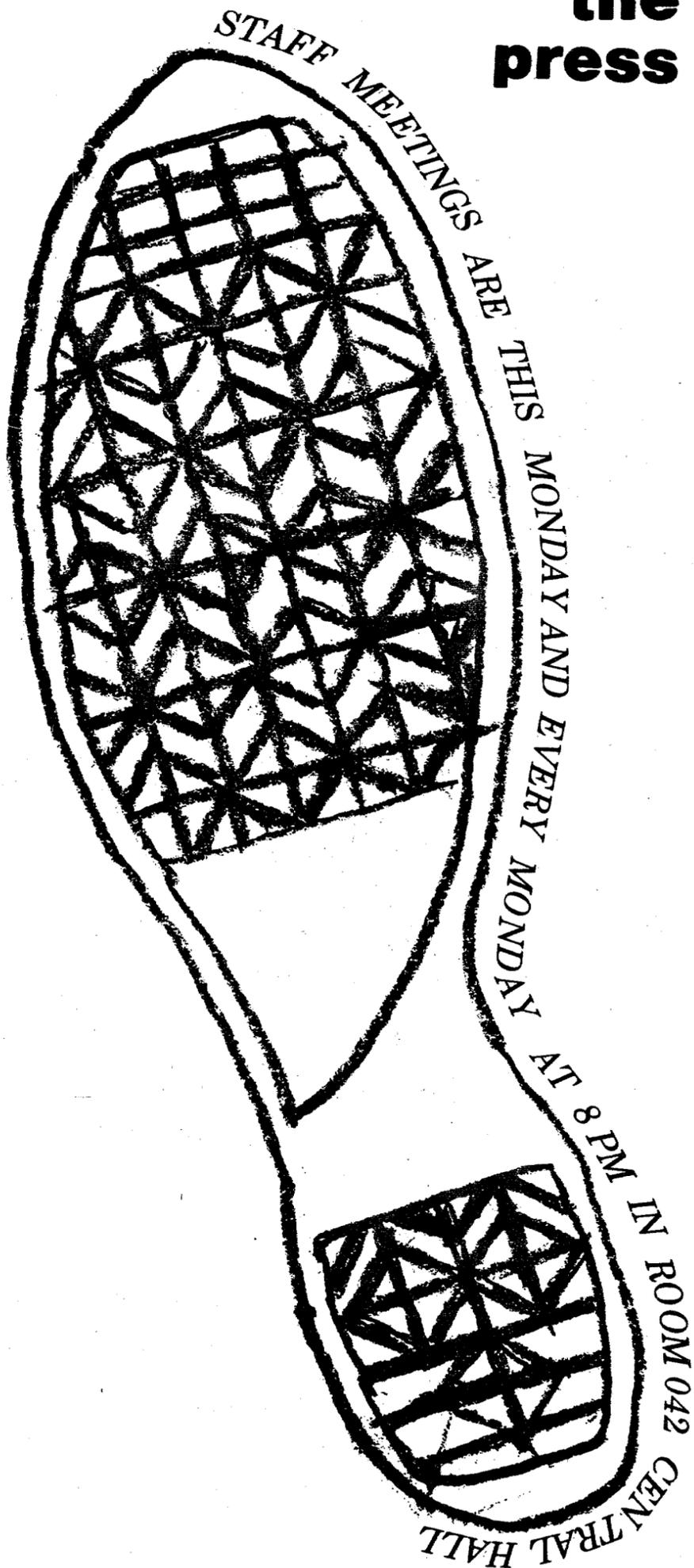
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STOMP

on
over
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the
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*Wear
Old
Sneakers*

Alcoholism & Al-Anon

by Marc Salzman

Alcohol is a drug which many students are familiar with, and which they abuse very often. Alcohol leads to many deaths related to drunk driving; even the smallest amount of booze in the body can cause a loss of hand/eye coordination and timing. It also induces violence (bar brawls), police trouble (disturbing the peace) and even the loss of work (absence because of hangovers). Alcohol also leads to alcoholism, a disease that progresses to uncontrolled drinking of alcoholic beverages. The alcoholic becomes physically addicted, and has serious effects on: the alcoholic person (it results in loss of job, family and self-respect, and can ruin a life), society (violent crimes, motor vehicle crashes, health and social service costs), and family and friends (divorce, crime, delinquency, even suicide can result).

The lives of family members of alcoholics are strongly effected. They lose focus on their own life because they are extremely worried about the alcoholic member of the family. There are many cases where the non-drinker feels guilty about their relative's drinking problem which can lead to attempted suicide because of denial; many are successful. Growing up, and being a member of an alcoholic home is extremely difficult. There is no show of affection, and no one ever talks about feelings; just a lot of pain, grief,

aggravation, and depression.

Al-Anon family groups are formed for the family members of the alcoholic. Al-Anon gives these people the assurance that no problem is too great to overcome. It tries to make these people realize that alcohol is a drug, that they are weakened by it, and that they have to separate their own lives from the behavior of the alcoholic. The way Al-Anon tries to accomplish their goals is based on the Twelve Steps of Alcoholics Anonymous.

The Twelve Steps are: 1) surrender (admit you are powerless over alcohol), 2) belief in a higher Power (faith in a higher Power), 3) acceptance (a decision to turn over will to a higher Power), 4) knowledge of self (a moral inventory of ourselves), 5) honesty and trust (admit the exact nature of our wrongs), 6) willingness to change (be ready to have God remove all those defects of character), 7) facing reality (humbly ask Him to remove our shortcomings), 8) change in attitude (make a list of all persons we have harmed and become willing to make amends to them all), 9) compassionate action (make direct amends to such people wherever possible except when to do so would injure them or others), 10) taking responsibility for ourselves, 11) spiritual growth, and finally, 12) gratitude (conquering fear.)

Al-Anon is an anonymous group and all last names are confidential. Cynthia is a 15 year old member of the group and she told me her story. As she related: "My sister is an alcoholic and some nights she would come home really wasted. I love her so much, I would cover up her problem by cleaning up after her. The next morning she would have a terrible hangover, so I would take care of her. Also, my parents are alcoholics, and my mom and dad would have a bottle next to their bed when they would fall asleep. They would go to sleep drunk every night, and would be drunk as they awoke, and throughout the entire day. I couldn't take it anymore, and I tried to kill myself. At the last second I realized that my parents are alcoholics and it has nothing to do with me. So I backed out of suicide and went to Al-Anon for support and assistance in dealing with them and with myself. Today, my life is getting into proper perspective, but I still have a long way to go."

Alcoholism is a disease of the body, mind, and spirit. The most important goal of Al-Anon, and other alcoholic groups, is to keep the three essentials of the human being alive, with assistance from a higher Power. For more information and helpful material about Al-Anon, write to:

Al-Anon Family Group Headquarters, Inc.
P.O. Box 182
Madison Square Station, NY 10159-0182

Still More on Nicaragua

by Robert V. Gilheany

Progressive students at Stony Brook have adopted Ciudad Sandino as a sister city in Nicaragua. Last summer, two Stony Brook students, Naomi Moro and Jackie Renda, brought a shipment of medical supplies to the town of Ciudad Sandino, which is north of Managua. They donated a microscope and a baby scale to the health clinic, and a sack of children's toys to the day care center. All the items were purchased with money donated by Stony Brook students.

This semester the Ciudad Sandino project organized a coffee house at the G.S.O. Lounge. Moro and Renda were introduced at it and they gave background information on the project and invited everybody to the Nicaraguan Perspectives panel discussion. The first performer was Mike Rocklyn, an energetic folk singer who belted out songs for an hour. They included political satire aimed at President Reagan, songs on his experiences in the U.S. Navy, and a ballad about microwaves to the tune of "Michael Row Your Boat Ashore."

Mike Rocklyn wrapped up his act to a big round of applause from the forty-plus crowd that packed the Lounge. Following him were twelve acts that ranged from a story teller to American and Spanish musicians to poetry readings. Though the Spanish folk music was unintelligible to most of the audience, they grooved on the melodies.

Skip Spitzer did a good job of letting people know about H.O.L.A., Hands off Latin America, and their agenda to educate the Stony Brook community about U.S. intervention in Central America. H.O.L.A. was also involved in the Nicaraguan Perspectives panel.

Paul Halprin, a Stony Brook student, wrote a poem specifically for the coffee house. When he said, "The name of my poem is 'Who's Going To Carry The Torch?'" someone from the audience responded, "Mitch Cohen!" Paul Halprin's poem was about the family breadwinners being murdered in both an American City and in Nicaragua.

The interest in the Central American subject on campus has been ignited by Congress's approval of President Reagan's policy of funding the contra rebels.

The Somoza family ruled Nicaragua from the 1940's to 1979, when the Sandinista revolutionary forces overthrew the right-wing Somoza regime. (The contras are the remnants of the Somoza National Guard.)

Two summers ago Nicaragua held its first free election. Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega defeated six other challengers as president. His chief opposition, sensing defeat, boycotted the election, which was internationally monitored.

The Ciudad Sandino project hopes the supplies it sends down to Nicaragua will help heal some of the ravages of the war being waged by the contra mercenary forces trained and funded by the U.S. government through the C.I.A. In the past five years, the contra terrorists have murdered 30,000 people. Almost all the Nicaraguans have been personally touched by rapings, tortures, and murders by the contras. Because the contras are funded by our tax dollars, the terrorism is being done in our name. The people of the Ciudad Sandino project are saying, "Don't kill in our names."

After the poet, I sang a Fred Small song, "The Peach Dragon." It was about a dragon that eats nuclear weapons. Mitch Cohen read some poems, including one entitled, "The Nuclear Family," and Glen Coleman did a couple of old Phil Och's songs on his acoustic guitar. They included "I Ain't Marching Anymore," and an updated version of "Here's to the State of Mississippi," titled, "Here's to the State of Ronald Reagan." Glen finished with a Todd

Rundgren tune, "I Won't Go To War No More." The crowd went wild. Marbie Ortiz and George Noble ended the night by reciting poetry in Spanish and English.

Everybody in attendance had a great time and people became now aware of the Nicaraguan Perspectives panel discussion. The coffee house will occur once a month from now on.

What Happened to...

by Marc B.

Ever ask yourself what ever happened to...? or where did ... go? Well, after delving deep into the stuff that piles high in government offices, I have found out where and what has happened to many of the T.V. commercial characters of the '70's; the ones that have grown on us.

What ever happened to Charlie the Tuna? After searching the Pacific, I found out. Charlie went to Hell, no stop along the way. He fell out of the spotlight in early '79, and just swam around, until 1981. He was convicted for halibut molesting. He cornered her in a coral reef and fondled... well, you can imagine. He was convicted and Neptune sentenced him to Hell. Sorry, Charlie.

Remember, "Give it to Mikey"? Mikey also fell out of the spotlight in early '79. Later that year he disappeared from his mother. It was in '82 when I found him on a trip to Ecuador. I saw a sign, "Give it to Mikey, he'll snort anything!" Following the sign, I found him strung out on coke, valiums, and bananas (whole bananas). He begged for a fix of Chicita, but I didn't give it to him.

I took him back to the states, to the Nancy Reagan Drug Rehab Center, where he accidently got hooked on Pepto

Bismol. Luckily, he was soon cured. Now he is making a comeback, and watch for him on the circuit and Letterman Late Night.

"Don't squeeze the Charmin." Mr. Whipple, where are you? I thought the ordeal of Mikey was bad, but the worst is yet to come. Mr. Whipple left us in late 1980; left no address or forward for his travels. I heard he went to Las Vegas, so I followed. After searching everywhere, I finally found him and it was an awful experience. His fingers were permanently clawed and boney. I followed him back home and discovered he was living in sin with 77 rolls of Charmin, only 58 he was 'married' to. He lost his mind. I tried to get an interview with him but he wanted his wives to talk. Needless to say, I sent him to an institution. After 4 years he has done well. He only needs one roll a day.

One new note: Theodore of the Chipmunks was arrested yesterday for drug dealing. He pleaded innocent, but when his college record was brought up: dealing, orgies, homosexuality, and a conviction of abuse - he tied a girl up in his room; he was convicted again. When he was questioned, he broke down and said, "All I wanted to do was to be a lawyer." Oh, well.

A Fast Death

by Kevin Guiffrida

The scene is a college dorm located at Stony Brook University. The topic of conversation is the possibility of raising the speed limit from 55 mph to 65 mph. Ironically the attitude is negative.

Rich enters the room and says, "Look at this article. They're really going to do it."

Gina asks, "What?"

"They're going to raise the speed limit 65 mph. No more speeding tickets when I go upstate to my summerhouse over the summer," an excited Rich says.

Carmine angrily interrupts, "I suppose a few hundred dollars are more important to you than life."

In an attempt to calm Carmine Gina says, "Carmine, Rich doesn't know, he don't mean no harm."

"Know what?" Rich asks. Mike enters the conversation and tells Rich that Carmine's friend was killed in a high speed automobile accident this weekend. Rich quietly says, "I'm sorry, Carmine. I didn't know."

The tone in the room is very quiet until Mike decides to break the ice. "I lost a friend the same way, Carmine, and I

feel that the speed limit should stay right were it is."

Gina puts her arm around me and looks at Carmine as she quietly responds, "If they make the speed limit 65 mph that means that people are going to do 75 mph, and that is very scary."

Rich, who's face has now turned red, changes his earlier opinion, "Fortunately I have never lost a close friend or family member due to such a tragedy. From listening to people who have, I want to say that a few extra hours of driving is worth it even if it only saves one life."

Carmine approaches Rich, grabs him in a headlock and says, "Hey, I'm sorry, I just needed to blow off some steam, I shouldn't have jumped down your throat like that."

Rich breaks out of the headlock replying, "Don't be silly, Carmine, I think I learned a valuable lesson today. Thank you."

As Mike and Gina leave arm and arm followed by Rich and Carmine there is a lesson to be learned.

If you have ever been to a wake of a person who died in a high speed automobile accident you have already learned the lesson.

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melts

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LIVE

continued from back page

the opportunity to hear them, but even Gabriel seemed a little bored. Listeners who only know Gabriel through his new top-four nonsense, sat quiet and apathetic through the older repertoire, only to jump to their feet and dance whenever Gabriel launched into one of his hit singles.

Although the older tunes (he played most of "Security"; not the record's real name) were refreshing next to the emptiness of the material from his latest disc, they seemed devoid of any real feeling. All flash and no spirit. It seemed that he played his older material only because the crowd wanted to hear it, not because he really gave a shit about what he was doing. The show was tight - too tight. Too choreographed, too rehearsed, too perfect. So perfect that it wasn't any fun. Gabriel didn't look like he was having fun; he must have been through every song, every rehearsed step a thousand times. The concert was routine, no spark, no feeling that anything special was going on. I would have been just as content watching a taped concert on the boob-tube.

Youssou, an African singer, opened for Gabriel. He sang along to sophisticated rhythms laid down by three, sometimes four percussionists. Playing with verve and tenacity, and a sincere care that was sorely missed in the night's top billing. Youssou surprised an unwelcoming audience. Wearing traditional African dress, Youssou's repertoire consisted mainly of anti-apartheid songs, supplemented by a few traditional African folk tunes. His group danced and swayed to the flowing rhythms, bringing a taste of summer into New York. He also had some hot spastic chick who looked like she was masturbating into the faces of the front row. Perhaps she was dancing in a traditional style, but all she really did was look foolish while turning on the fifteen-year-old white high school boys from the Island who salivated at appropriate intervals. I would like her present at my next party, though.

Steven Nash — Wildlife Illustrator

by Mary Rafferty

Initially, I hadn't planned to cover Stephen Nash's lecture, but found myself attending it for the sole reason of evading my ARS 161 class, (this being the alternative given to us by our professor). Five minutes into his talk, however, I found myself very much involved in what this man was saying and fifteen minutes into it I was searching my pockets for pen and paper to write about it.

This lecture, "Anatomical and Biological Illustration," was given Wednesday in the Art Gallery of the Fine Arts Center from 12:00 pm to 1:00 pm. Nash covered a number of topics structured loosely in a chronological fashion around his own work. The talk was presented in slide show format, including anatomical sketches, medical illustrations, nudes, and a considerable number of animal renderings.

because a work might in any way be concerned with the conservation of animals, or is even merely labeled "scientific art," it lacks passion or spirit.

Nash spent a good deal of time discussing the practical contributions artists have made over the centuries. As far back as Darwin (and probably even further), art has been a means of identifying certain species - an important step in organizing kingdoms for study of our environment. Men like DaVinci were to show us how to use art for medical purposes - the intensive study of the human anatomy, or, for that matter, all animal's anatomy.

As illustrator for the World Wildlife Fund, Nash has combined art and science and has participated in a number of campaigns throughout the world initiated in order to make the public aware of the danger of extinction of certain species. The project's

"...scientific art can be appreciated not only for its practical functions, but because it is also aesthetically pleasing."

At the moment, Stephen Nash is a visiting research associate for the Department of Anatomical Sciences at Stony Brook, and perhaps more relevant to this particular lecture, he is the illustrator for the World Wildlife Fund's Primate Program. Although he discussed animal art on several different levels, from the rather liberal depictions we see in comic books to the technically precise sketches done by draughtsmen of Victorian times, his main concern is with showing the undeniable practical and very much extant connection between art and science. He provides more than sufficient evidence needed to upset the unexamined belief that

received an extraordinary response, namely in countries such as Brazil, Peru, and Zaire, largely due to Nash's designs for T-shirts, posters, and stickers.

Nash handles his subject impressively. The lecture was not only interesting, but humorous as well. His drawings and paintings show that Nash has an intense care for his subjects, as demonstrated by his intricate precision with detail and his use of soft, beautiful colors.

His work is proof in itself that scientific art can be appreciated not only for its practical functions, but because it is also aesthetically pleasing.



Sid & Nancy Junkies In Love



by Nicole Erdos

Alright, so I have a bad attitude. I walked into Sid and Nancy expecting another adolescent flick full of sex, violence, punk rock, and more sex. But it was really a good movie.

Sid and Nancy is a romantic punk drama about the affair, and eventual death, of Sex Pistol Sid Vicious and American groupie, Nancy Spungen.

It was the technical quality of the film that struck me first. It was nothing like the home movie I had expected. One of the most well done scenes was a 30-second shot of Sid and Nancy kissing by a garbage dumpster with debris falling around them like manna from heaven. The characters were at ease in their surroundings, and it definitely takes talent to make a garbage scene so amorously and sensually appealing.

Also adding tremendously to the success of this film were the amazing performances of Gary Oldman and Chole Webb as Sid and Nancy. Playing a junkie is admittedly a challenging enough role, but to play a junkie in love and to play one so believably shows a high degree of ability. Going in, I wasn't sure if I could really subscribe to the idea of junkie love, but I came out of the film actually believing that these two loved each other more than Romeo and Juliet.

The intensity of the acting and of the subject matter could have been too overwhelming to be fully convincing, but an almost Shakespearean interjection of comic relief avoided that catastrophe. The transition from hysteria to humor and back again was so smoothly executed, that I was unaware of how emotionally manipulated I was until sometime after the movie was over.

I only have two minor complaints about this movie. The first is that the impersonation of Sex Pistol Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten wasn't wonderfully authentic. The second is that this movie gives the false impression that all punks kick over tables when they leave any public place. But these aren't overwhelming problems, and unless you're highly idiosyncratic, they really aren't bothersome. This was one of the best movies I've seen in some time, and it's definitely worth the \$6.00 and the trip to New York. (Sid and Nancy is currently playing at the 57th street Playhouse.)

Read
the
Press

BILL BOARDS

by MARC BERRY

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE WINDY FALL DAYS WHEN I HEARD THE NEWS, THE NEWS THAT WOULD ROCK STONY BROOK...

AND INDEED IT DID....

OH DEAR.

THERE IT WAS ON THE FRONT PAGE!

THE PRESS

DAKA USES PROFITS TO FUND PUBLIC SAFETY

MARBURG CALLS SPECIAL MEETING: INVESTIGATION! SCANDAL!

APPARENTLY DAKA HAD BEEN BUYING CHEAPER FOOD, AND USING THE PROFITS FOR THEIR OWN USE....

THEN THROUGH SHADY DEALS... IN THE DARK OF NIGHT.

REST..

THEY HAD SET UP A SCHEME LIKE... NO OTHER

GUNS?

GUNS, GUNS FOR PUBLIC SAFETY FROM THE DAKA PROFITS OFF OF STUDENTS.

GUNS'R US

WHERE DO YOU WANT 'EM?

NEXT TO THE M-16'S.

IT SEEMED THERE WAS A LEAK AND SOME DOCUMENTS HAD TO BE REMOVED OR DESTROYED!

WHOOO, SHREDED THE INDICES, PLANS AND DOCUMENTS JACK..

GOOD WORK NO MISTAKES

SPECIAL PRESS MEETING WAS HELD.

QUESTIONS?

IS IT TRUE THAT DOCUMENTS WERE DESTROYED?

IT'S ALL BOB'S FAULT HE DID IT!

POLITICAL B.S.

NO. NOT TRUE AT ALL.

THIS SOUNDS VERY FAMILIAR

ONCE AGAIN BOB FRANCIS WAS BLAMED FOR ANOTHER ADMINISTRATION BLUNDER.

THE DOCUMENTS WERE NEVER RETRIEVED, THOUGH THERE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE COPIES KEPT, THEY TOO HAD "DISSAPARED" INTO THE SEA OF RED TAPE

WAS ALL THIS TRUE?

WAS THERE A COVER UP?

WAS GUNS FOR WIENES THE TRUTH?

ADMINISTRATION KEPT ITS LID SHUT AND NONE WAS HEARD.

I WONDER WHY?

BUT I HAD MORE IMPORTANT THINGS, ON MY MIND, LIKE WHEN IS LUNCH? WHAT IS MY G.P.A.? WHERE IS MY HEAL CARD?

Mikky

THATS IT I'M THROUGH WITH WOMEN, I'D HAVE IT, NOPE!, NO MORE FIN, END, OVER

HEY THERE HANSOME WHATS DOIN' GOING MY WAY?

WELL, NOBODYS PERFECT

J. THOMAS 11-24-82

Switch Him Off

Peter Gabriel Tries to Hold the Light

by Craig Goldsmith

"I'm weary - lay your hands on me," sang Peter Gabriel as he jumped off the stage into the arms of his adoring fans.

Weary is definitely the word for Monday night's concert at the Garden. After two hours of watching the aging Gabriel dance and cavort around the stage, looking a hell of a lot like a herky-jerky puppet tied to unseen strings, I was worn out. And a bit bored.

I feel badly though; I like Gabriel. A lot. He was sensible enough to leave Genesis in order to pursue his own vision of music. Even at his worst he puts his student, Phil Collins, to shame, but Monday's show was not half what I expected. Maybe the show was under par because he tried too hard, or maybe because he performed too many of the synth-pop dance tunes from his new record (which sucks except for "Excellent Birds," the song that he co-wrote with Laurie Anderson a few years back. But more on that later.) In any case, the fans at the Garden appreciated him. The commotion raised in order to bring Gabriel out for encores was one of the loudest foot-stomping events that I've felt in a long time. I wish I could have shared the audience's enthusiasm, but then most of the audience seemed to be young high school students who must have shown up to hear Gabriel play his top ten dance singles.

His stage show was impressive, though - multi-leveled platforms, tracked dollies that suspended lights directly over Gabriel; a

computerized, synchronized hallucinogenic demon that beamed into the audience's skull. Pretty lights don't make up for a show lacking in spontaneity and spirit, however. He posed and danced in perfect harmony with his masterpieces.

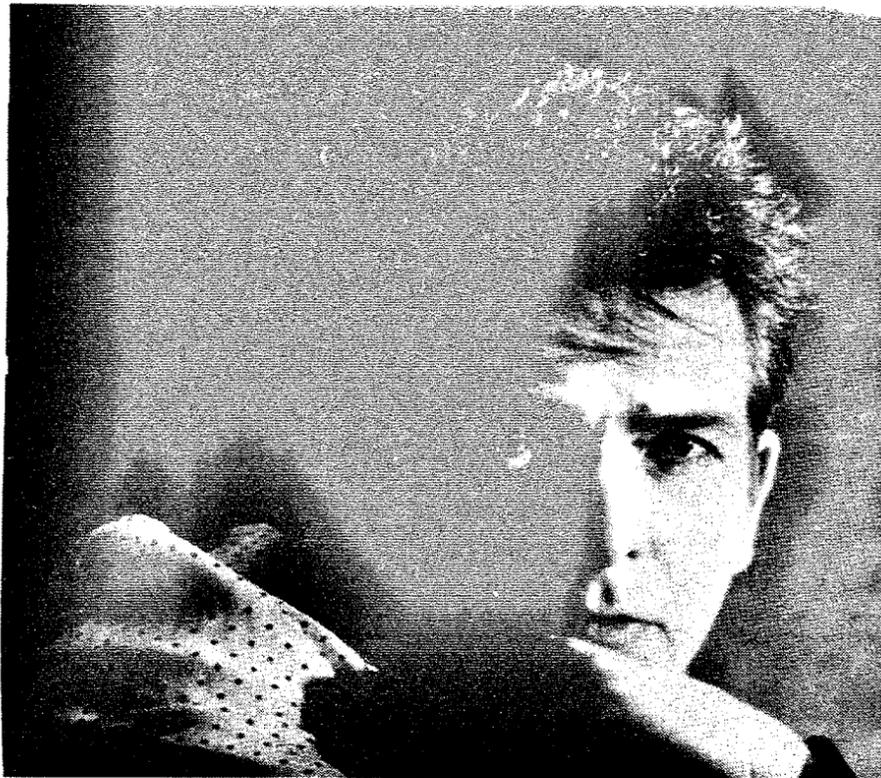
duplicate the affected performances of conceptual multi-media artists such as Laurie Anderson, but without the necessary ability. His attempts make him look silly rather than complementing his music. His

one medium paled even further next to the presence of New York City citizen Laurie Anderson, who joined Gabriel for "Excellent Birds," the duet that first appeared on Laurie Anderson's record "Mister Heartbreak," in 1983. The pair re-recorded the tune for Gabriel's most recent disc.

Laurie Anderson was the highlight of an otherwise uneventful evening, and her duet with Gabriel was fantastic. At the risk of truly pissing off Gabriel fans, Laurie Anderson's solo performance of "Excellent Birds" three years ago at the Beacon put Monday's rendition to shame. Gabriel's arrangement was poor, as was the sound quality. Come to think of it, the entire show suffered from either over-driven speakers or poor mixing - Gabriel's voice was often lost in a haze of over-strong drum-beats and an over-amplified bass.

It's surprising that a man who shocked the music scene by leaving Genesis just as they were beginning to make it big in order to pursue non-mainstream musical tastes is turning out such blatantly commercial music. Gabriel was quite popular producing his own brand of oppressive, pessimistic, world-weary, chants and dirges hung loosely on African rhythms. If he wanted to strike out in a new direction, why resort to formulaic dance songs that, unfortunately, sound like cleverly disguised Phil Collins' covers? It's changing the face of his audience as well. Listeners who showed up to hear Gabriel's more mature pieces were given

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Gil Scott Heron

Professor of Bluesology

by Paul Clarke

I earned the right to hear the Blues. Colette had agreed to go to the Gil Scott Heron show but she was nowhere to be found. Days of phone calls and messages in her mailbox had left me with nothing but two passes and one person to use them. All dressed up but no one to go with.

7:30; one shot left. I headed over to her office in the Union. No luck. Jennifer was across the room. "Wanna go to the concert, no strings attached." Sorry, got to write a report. Fuck. I turned to Joe.

"Hey, Joe, what are you up to?"

"Got some work to finish."

"Is it due tomorrow?"

"No."

"Then forget it, I've got a free ticket here with your name on it."

"I don't know..."

"How many times are you going to get to groove to Gil Scott?"

"Well..."

"For free?"

"What time did you say the show starts?"

"8:00"

"What are we waiting for? Let's cruise."

At 8:30, the stage was still bare and I needed a bong hit.

8:45 and I really needed a bong hit.

9:30 and the opening act strolled onto stage. Linton Kwesi Johnson wasn't a name I'd heard before. They say he is "one of Jamaica's brightest rising poets," but I'd never been to a poetry reading. Hell, I'd never even read poetry (voluntarily).



I never heard of Walt Whitman or Emily Dickinson rocking, but Johnson rocked. He rocked about being cut in London's Black ghetto. I didn't even know London had a Black ghetto. He rocked about fire bombs at Black children's birthday parties. He

rocked about racism in a country that had outlawed slavery 20 years before America. But then there weren't any blacks in England proper until 1950.

His voice lilted, like he was just about to break into a song. "I bet he'd be incredible in front of a reggae band, Joe."

Twenty minutes later and Johnson tells us, "My band isn't here but I brought a tape with me." Two more poems and an encore followed while AV played his canned music. It was a relief. After forty-five minutes, a lone voice gets mighty tiring.

Twenty minutes after he left the stage, they tell us that Herron won't be here for forty-five more minutes. Johnson, though, will perform another set. I need a bong hit.

"What was that, Paul?"

"I said I need a Bong Hit."

"We have 45 minutes."

"My room is five minutes away."

We came back just in time to hear Gil Scott introduce himself to the campus as the distinguished "Professor of Bluesology."

For over an hour he laid his rap on us. Sometimes it was in prose, sometimes it was poetry; all the time it was funny. There were those who said they were disappointed. They came expecting a concert but got a funny man with rhythm who tacked on four songs at the end.

I was awed, though. Maybe I was just too incredibly mellow or maybe Gil Scott threw one of those curves that make live performances so much better than canned video. To each his own.

With our friend Marianne, whom we had met at the show, Joe and I downed a few beers at Tara's after the concert. We talked about how Gil Scott let us know how it was to grow up black in a white man's world, about pain in Johannesburg and lies at home with "rappin Ron."

Marianne was disappointed with Heron's patter, but we were rapt. None of us, though, regretted getting a lesson from the "Professor of Bluesology."

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