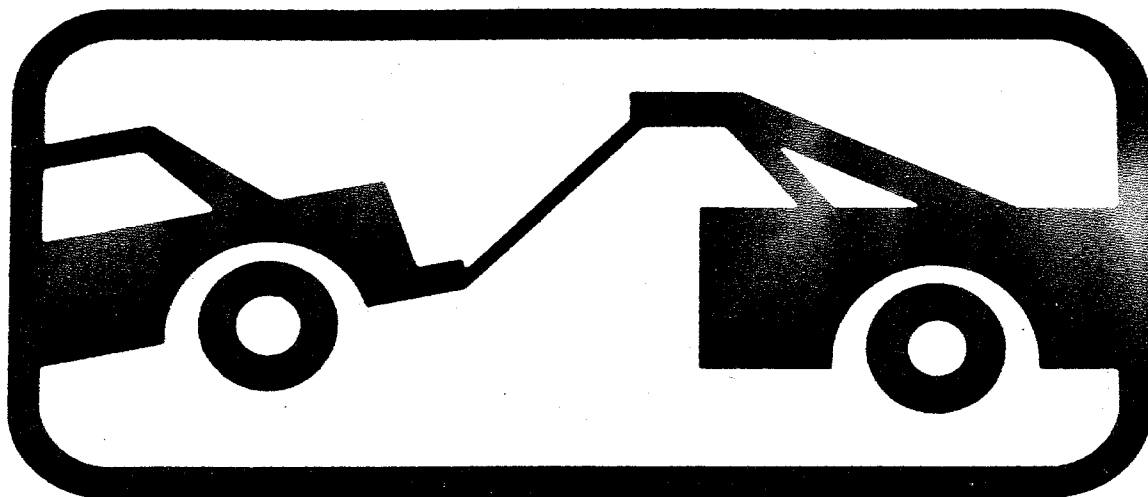


THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 10, No. 8 ● University Community's Feature Paper ● Feb. 2, 1989



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FREE PARKING

Here's an idea.

What if the administration, in its infinite wisdom, decided to dismiss Public Safety's traffic department and deregulate campus parking? No more commuter stickers, no more faculty/staff lots, no more limited time in the Fine Arts traffic circle. No more anything. The hell with it. Park where you like.

What would the repercussions be?

Well, for one thing, handicapped students would end up jockeying with the masses for spots close to the academic buildings. Not good. Let's say *those* parking areas (and loading zones, fire lanes, and such-like) get attention from Public Safety proper. That takes care of that.

But what about resident students? They might get screwed. The Kelly/Roosevelt lot is a damn sight closer to the academic mall than either North or (far-off, exotic) South P-Lot, so odds are we'd see a few quad residents forced to stretch their legs when parking during commuter crunch periods. Maybe we could bring back a little regulation here. Two stickers: "I live here." and "I live somewhere else."

That leaves faculty, staff and commuters. Now, let's see. *Normally*, faculty and staff get to park somewhere in the vicinity of the academic buildings. Makes sense. That's where they have to go. That's

why they come here every day. And *normally* commuter students have to park in North or South P-Lot. Makes sense. That's where they have to...

Wait a minute.

If *both* faculty/staff (it's easy to just lump them together, isn't it?) *and* commuters have an equal need for access to campus, why is it that *one* group has been granted entrance to the happy parking grounds and the other banished to the nether regions of the earth?

Good question. Maybe there's a good answer, but probably not. Faculty/staff get paid to come to Stony Brook (or "USB", as the hipsters over at Admin now call it). Commuters *pay* to come here. Which group is more justified in claiming a better parking spot? (This is, of course, a loaded question.)

Commuters (and residents) cough up slightly less than two grand a year to maintain the privilege of being USB students, but they are still treated like unwashed vagrants whenever they dare leave their vehicles anywhere within A-bomb blast range of the university itself. Convicted criminals, they are scolded, ticketed, and towed back to the outskirts of the campus where they *belong*: far, far away.

But we're *deregulated* now, remember?

That's right. No more grunting, hardass traffic

cops. No more prowling tow trucks. Nothing between you and a convenient parking spot but a few thousand deregulated vehicles with the same goal in mind. Nirvana!

Well, maybe. It would certainly beat what we've got now, at least from the standpoint of commuters. The standard response to complaints about parking always seems to be: "Parking problems? But South P-Lot is always empty!" Right. *You* park there, pal.

Gerritt Wolf, Dean of the Harriman School, had the bright idea of constructing a second student union in the wasteland that is South P, but apparently no one was listening. His oasis concept or something similar (say, an endless carnival with free beer) might be enough to encourage use of the lot, but little else will do it.

Instead of building the field house on top of the old Center Drive faculty/staff lot, perhaps our wise administrators should have dumped the thing in South P-Lot (thus insuring that someone would eventually *want* to park there) and extended the old lot into the field house space. But they didn't. And we aren't really deregulated. So things still suck.

Don't they?

Cover Photo by Aaron Zimmerman

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Letters

The Wasteland

To the Editor:

Having retired from the Nassau County Police Department and seen more than my share of murders over the years, I know when I pass the wide yellow tape wrapped between the trees that a crime has been committed. This yellow tape is used for major felonies and murders, so I was surprised to see the yellow tape in the South Setauket Pine Barrens!

It seems that the crime in question was the destruction of a part of the South Setauket Pine Barrens—an area 50 feet wide by as far as the eye can see long. Trees, plants, shrubs, and everything green is missing! This is commonly referred to by civic groups as "Surveying with Bulldozers"!

I was wondering if this is what Hochbrueckner and Marburger had in mind when they supported the AVR Southgate Proposal for the Pine Barrens. The destruction of the land was so complete that

there were no trees left to put the yellow tape on, so some government agency put up metal poles to hang the yellow tape!

Patrick J. Corr,
Chairman, Route 347
Advisory Committee,
Stony Brook

Skinned

Dear Editor:

I am deeply impressed that you put an ad from the Humane Society about the horror of fur coats in your November 10th issue. Often, consumers have little knowledge about what they purchase, and every little bit of enlightenment helps. For anyone out there who might be thinking of getting a fur coat this season, please consider the following:

Animals caught in traps (beavers, foxes, wolves, etc.) often die from freezing, attack from predators they can't escape, blood loss, or starvation. Others chew off their leg or struggle ceaselessly until the trapper comes and bludgeons or strangles them to death

so their fur won't be ruined. Many leave behind dependent young, doomed to starvation. Often these steel traps catch pets and other domesticated animals which are discarded by the trappers as "trash animals." Each fur coat bought this season guarantees the setting of about 10 more traps next season.

Animals raised on ranches fare no better. They are kept in close, miserable confinement for the extent of their lives. They are usually suffocated or electrocuted to death. On some farms, foxes have their tongues cut out and are bled to death. Persian lambs are skinned alive to keep the curl in their coats. Baby goats are placed in boiling herbal liquids to make "kid gloves." Leopards and lynx have red hot irons thrust up their rectums.

While all this goes on, the fur industry publicizes the glamour, sophistication, and luxury of fur coats...

Does this make sense in an era where clothing material is so varied that people wear everything from plastic to canvas? Do we need to wear fur? I think not.

Bob Doyle
Biology,
Applied Math

The Stony Brook Press

Editor-In-Chief Kyle Silber
Managing Editor Karin Falcone
Associate Editor Quinn Kaufman
Business Manager John Dunn
Editor Emeritus Craig Goldsmith

News and Feature: David Alistair, Robert V. Gilheany, Lee Gundel

Arts: Quentin Busterkeys, Miriam Kleinman, Robert Rothenberg

Graphics: Allain Atienza, Ed Bridges, Sanford Lee, Joseph Sterinbach, Aaron Zimmerman

Proofing: Alexandra Odulak

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Phone: 632-6451
Office:
Suite 020 Central Hall
S.U.N.Y. at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-2790

Behavior Modification New Towing Signs a Warning

by Robert Rothenberg

Signs threatening parking violators with towing have been posted at campus entrances in response to an increasing number of illegally parked cars. Their purpose is to change the commonly held belief that parking offenders "just get a \$7.50 ticket," according to Herb Petty, Assistant Director of Public Safety. "Many people who park illegally know they park illegally and think that they'd only get a ticket," Petty said.

The signs do not reflect increased enforcement, but are a warning to violators that they may expect to be towed. An article in the January 25 issue of the University's official news weekly, *Currents*, ended:



Image: Aaron Zimmerman

"...Public Safety is designing and will be implementing a new evening ticketing-towing program, particularly around residence halls and the Stony Brook Union." Regarding this statement, Petty explained that enforcement during the evenings would be

increased due to improvements in evening programs and activities at the University. "It's wall-to-wall cars in the evening hours," he said. Because many academic buildings do not have adjacent parking lots, students tend to park in handicapped spaces, on grass and sidewalks, and block driveways and dumpsters near classes.

"Handicapped parking is really something I'm trying to crack down on," Petty stated, adding that a car without a handicapped permit or plate in a handicapped space is not only parked illegally, but forces a handicapped person to park illegally as well. On the first day of classes, according to Petty, five cars were towed—all illegally parked in handicapped spaces.

Other problem areas are Roth Quad (near Life Sciences and the Computing Center), the inner quads and fire lanes (especially Kelly Quad and Harriman Hall/Graduate Chemistry), and academic buildings such as Psychology and Social and Behavioral Sciences. To enforce them at night, one traffic officer will be on duty.

"We tow cars to modify behavior," Petty said, clarifying that the aim of ticketing and towing was to "steer cars in appropriate lots."

"We don't make money off this [ticketing and towing]," he added, "...we are a non-profit organization." The towing company (currently Kelly's Towing of Saint James) is hired under contract through bids and paid per car towed. If the budget is exceeded (as it has been in the past), the company cannot be paid unless more funds are approved. Ticket revenues go to traffic enforcement.

The towing priorities enforced 24 hours a day are (in order of importance): vehicles blocking University operations (parked in roadways, obstructing traffic or loading docks); vehicles in handicapped spaces without a permit, vehicles blocking fire hydrants and dumpsters, vehicles in inner quads and fire lanes, and, finally, vehicles parked without a permit in faculty/staff and resident lots (between 8AM and 4PM).

There are four traffic officers on duty

Parking Regulations

A NO PARKING sign means you may stop only temporarily to load or unload merchandise and/or passengers.

A NO STANDING sign means you may stop only temporarily to load or unload passengers.

A NO STOPPING sign means you may stop only in order to obey a traffic sign, signal or officer, or to avoid conflicts with other vehicles.

—NYS Dept of Motor Vehicles
Driver's Manual

during the day on the main campus, said Petty. All parking fines are \$7.50, except for vehicles parked in a handicapped space or blocking a dumpster, which incur a fine of \$12.50. The fee for towing is \$40.00.

Public Safety will also continue to enforce the policy of withholding resident permits from freshmen and sophomores unless proof of employment and need for a car can be shown, although the verification-of-employment process has been "streamlined," according to Petty. The policy has been enforced since last semester because more resident students have cars now, and all resident lots (excepting Tabler) have inadequate parking.

Petty revealed that there are no plans to

lay down new lots, although "potential to build a parking structure" in the former women's softball field (behind the field house construction site) exists. The open grass in front of Roosevelt Quad was also considered for a lot of 100-150 spaces, but it is used by resident students for recreation.

The parking lot that was lost to field house construction has been made up for with the Center Drive faculty/staff lot. Resident students may use the lot after 4PM, according to Petty, and in the summer the lot may be used by commuters. However, he cautioned, "it's something I do. It's not written in stone."

Rising STARS

by John Dunn

The University Library is in the process of implementing its new computerized catalog system. Last fall, a contest was held to name the system, with over 600 entries received. The winning entry, "STARS" (STony brook Automated Retrieval System) was submitted by Denise Clavin, a computer operator with the Information Systems Department in the Hospital, who received \$100 for her effort.

Clavin said, "I wanted something with Stony Brook in the title." That, combined with a dictionary and her knowledge of computer systems led her to her winning entry.

STARS will allow users to search by trad-

itional subject, author or title indexes, as well as keyword and boolean searching. When all modules are operational, access will also be provided for detailed copy and volume holdings, current serial issues, pre-order, on-order, and in-process items along with circulation status. STARS will be initially available to users of the main, music and science branch libraries, with data from other campus libraries, such as Health Sciences and the Institute for Advanced Study of World Religions, being added to the data base.

Currently the database consists of 650,000 titles, including all main and branch library holdings since 1974, along with older titles that are being entered under a continuing conversion project.

The library will also be helped by acquiring an improved processing system that will provide better management data, making the library system more efficient.

When the online public access catalog is fully operational, users will be able to access the system from dedicated library terminals to be located at the entrance to the stacks (by the circulation desk) in addition to the reference room. There will also be a dial-up access to STARS from either dorm or office computers on campus or from off-campus computers.

The system is based on the NOTIS software developed at Northwestern University and used by over one hundred libraries, including many large research libraries. According to Raeann Walls, an employee of

the University of Delaware Library which uses a similar system, it's easy to use. "It's a pretty self-explanatory system. We've had it for four years and it's made research much easier for the users. They are told whether or not an item has been checked out as well as a number of other things. There haven't been many complaints."

Charles Simpson, Assistant Director for Technical & Access Services at the University Library, said that the present timetable for STARS calls for the circulation and reserve modules to be implemented in the fall of 1989. The online public access catalog is planned to be ready around that time, to be followed by the acquisitions and serials modules.

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Sanction of the Victim

by David Alistair

Towing. An act of institutional aggression that depersonalizes and objectifies its victims. Like rape. The only option a grim submission to the inexorable. The sensation of violation, of powerlessness is acute.

If you don't know what I'm talking about, then it hasn't happened to you. You've bucked the system. You've got the knack. You possess the instinctual knowledge required to avoid the towing sweep. On a bad day you might get a ticket for parking on the grass.

Big deal.

Well, that was me, too. That is, until I became one of the unlucky.

How I lost the power I don't know. When it happened I didn't really care. There's nothing quite like your first time. You go out to your car and it's not there. Not there. Your car is *not there*. The psychology of the process, intentional or not, is brilliant. Whenever you discover your vehicle has been towed, it is inevitably at a time when you were actually planning to *use* it. You have someplace to go, something to do. But you've been thwarted. You can't go *anywhere* or do *anything* because they came and took your car away. Your plans are now irrelevant and it becomes intensely obvious to you that no one cares.

So you're frustrated, and it begins to dawn on you that not only can you *not* do what you were going to do—no matter how vital it might have been to the preservation of life and limb—but you're going to have to do something else entirely: namely, get that car back.

Now, if you're like me, you've just lost your towing cherry, and you're trying to think rationally about what an old pro would do in a similar situation. Well, if you make the assumption that your car has, in fact, been towed and not stolen (a hazy distinction, at best), the place to visit is clearly Public Safety. When vehicles cause the public to become unsafe (like, say, when commuter-stickered cars park in faculty/staff lots instead of on the moon where they're supposed to), the people who remove the threat are the traffic department boys, diligent ticketers and towers of these aberrant, sociopathic automobiles.

So, with all this in mind, you'll no doubt hasten to the Public Safety suite in the Administration building where a

charming and well-mannered (ha!) office clerk will inform you that, yes, your vehicle has been towed to the South P-Lot impound area, but you'll just have to sit your ass down until the paperwork arrives.

When it *does* arrive, what can be done? What alternatives does one have at this juncture? Well, basically, you can either pay the fine on the ticket tucked under the windshield-wiper of your car (wherever it might be) and the forty dollar towing fee (not to mention whatever outstanding

“The assumption is that there are no circumstances so extenuating that towing becomes inappropriate.”

traffic debts you might have on your account) or you can leave your car to rot in hell.

Here, you're guilty until proven innocent. It's an old joke, but in this case quite true. Granted, the odds that a traffic officer will unjustifiably initiate towing proceedings are relatively low, but it does and will happen. No law enforcement arm is perfect. And suppose, just suppose, that you were parked legally and correctly, but, due to a persistent ground fog, your car was ticketed and towed by a confused

Public Safety officer. What are your recourses?

Carless and fuming in the Public Safety waiting room, you have none. It's either pay now or forget about the car until litigation has been resolved. You are guilty. You are wrong. The assumption is that there are no circumstances so extenuating that towing becomes inappropriate. After the fact, you might be able to convince an appeals officer that your unconventional parking behavior was, in fact, justified. In that case you get a refund check and a sheepish grin from Public Safety. “Gee, sorry ‘bout that. But you know how it is. Sometimes you just have to sacrifice humanity and flexibility for institutional efficiency.”

Yeah. Too bad about that dentist appointment, too. Too bad you couldn't get rescheduled for a month and the wisdom teeth you were about to have pulled became impacted and infected. Too bad you had to miss three weeks of classes because you were either doped up on straight codeine or incoherent with pain. Too bad.

Obviously, this is hyperbole, but the point is that once you fall into the gray area of parking offender, your *personal* problems and inconveniences are of no concern to anyone. No one—but no one—is going to cut you any slack. For example, if you opt to pay the fines (as if you had some kind of choice), you are free to go get your car. Which is in South P-Lot. Which is on the moon. Sure, Public Safety will *meet* you there (on the hour until 5PM, by appointment thereafter), but you'll have to get there on your own steam. So either you scam a ride or catch a bus or you hoof it. *How* you get to your impounded vehicle is your problem.

That's typical of the process. It might infuriate you, but as far as Public Safety is concerned, you are a criminal. Punishment is meted out immediately because innocence is so rare, and the few innocents who might get sucked up are irrelevant statistical blips.

It might be *inconvenient* to develop a less immediately judgemental system of discouraging parking offenders (like maybe deferring payment of fines to a time when you might actually have the money on you), but on a campus so completely oblivious to the commuters' need to park somewhere remotely like close to the academic buildings, it doesn't really matter. Students will always park on the grass and in faculty lots because the moon is just too far away.

Footnotes

ON CAMPUS

The Message

Be alert for the many events scheduled at Stony Brook to mark Black History Month (yes, it's now February, so listen up). Until February 16 we have: the annual celebration of Bob Marley Day on Friday, Feb. 3; the Distinguished Lecture Series featuring Randall Robinson—“one of the nation's foremost spokesmen against apartheid”—on Tuesday, Feb. 7 at 4PM in the Staller Center Recital Hall; and Bernice Johnson Reagon—civil rights advocate and multi-talented performer—appearing on Feb. 8 at 7PM in the Poetry Center (Humanities 239). Also on the 8th are the films *Ceddo* (7 and 9:30PM in the Union Auditorium) and *Martin Luther King's Christmas Message*. On the 15th and 16th, authors Sandra Maria Estevez and Kaleelah Karriem & Zayid Muhammed will read. And that's just the half of it.

Nomenclature Revision

You might not have noticed, but in all the hot news releases and in the pages of the university newsweekly, *Currents*, the hip new catch-phrase for the State University of New York at Stony Brook is no longer “SUNY at Stony Brook.” Finally recognizing the awkwardness of that bureaucratic mouthful, the gang in Public Relations have come up with “the University at Stony Brook” or USB (shades of WUSB, the college radio station) for all their official blurbs-disguised-as-articles. In the words of Dan Forbush, associate vice president for Public Relations, “It's been called all kinds of things... We're simply going to be consistent.”

Brandenburg Blowout

If you've got nothing to do this Saturday and there's twenty bucks burning a hole in your pocket, you might want to check in at the Bach Aria Festival and Institute performance at the Staller Center. At 8PM they're threatening to play all six of J.S. Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, and this time we think they're serious. If you can get in (the number to call is 632-7230), keep an ear cocked for No. 3 (the others pale in significance).

More Fine Art

Please your eyes by visiting the MFA Show '89 at the Staller Center Gallery (quite a nice space) before February 25. The Art Department is showing off the diverse works of several of its Master of Fine Arts candidates—with pride and a bold, interesting catalog. See the work of John C. Casper, Laura Gritt, Aaliyah Gupta, Erwin Regler, Russell Weedman, and other people you never heard of. (It's free.)

Everything that Rises

John McPhee, a writer of popular geographical tomes, will enlist his wife Yolanda for a dramatic reading of his book, *Rising from the Plains*. The presentation will take place February 6 in Harriman Hall at 3PM. McPhee, whose articles have appeared in the *New Yorker*, has “broadened the geographical horizons of millions of Americans.” If you aren't one of them, maybe you'd better check this out.

OFF CAMPUS

Five Men and Two Women

Theatre Three in Port Jefferson will soon be holding auditions for its production of *I'm Not Rappaport*, the story of two elderly men—one Jewish, one Black—living on the Upper West Side. The supporting male roles of a mugger, a drug pusher, and a tenant's rep, and supporting female roles of a nurse and the old Jewish guy's daughter are up for grabs. It is, however, requested that you refrain from calling. Just do this: show up at 412 Main St on Sunday, February 12 at 1PM with a two-minute monologue, photo, and resume.

Out of Bounds

It's like Boot Camp, Summer Camp, the Peace Corps, and a wilderness retreat vacation all rolled into one. It is, of course, that one-of-a-kind experience known as Outward Bound. The program is a physically and mentally challenging experience putting twentieth century suburban man in the “vast majestic wilderness” under the tutelage of qualified instructors. And, for a price, you can take courses from dog sledding to sailing, in scenic locations all across America. But make no mistake, this ain't no party or Spring Break orgy—cigarettes, alcohol, and “other drugs are not allowed during the courses.” If you believe you're ready “to serve, to strive, and not to yield,” you can call (toll free) 800-243-8520.

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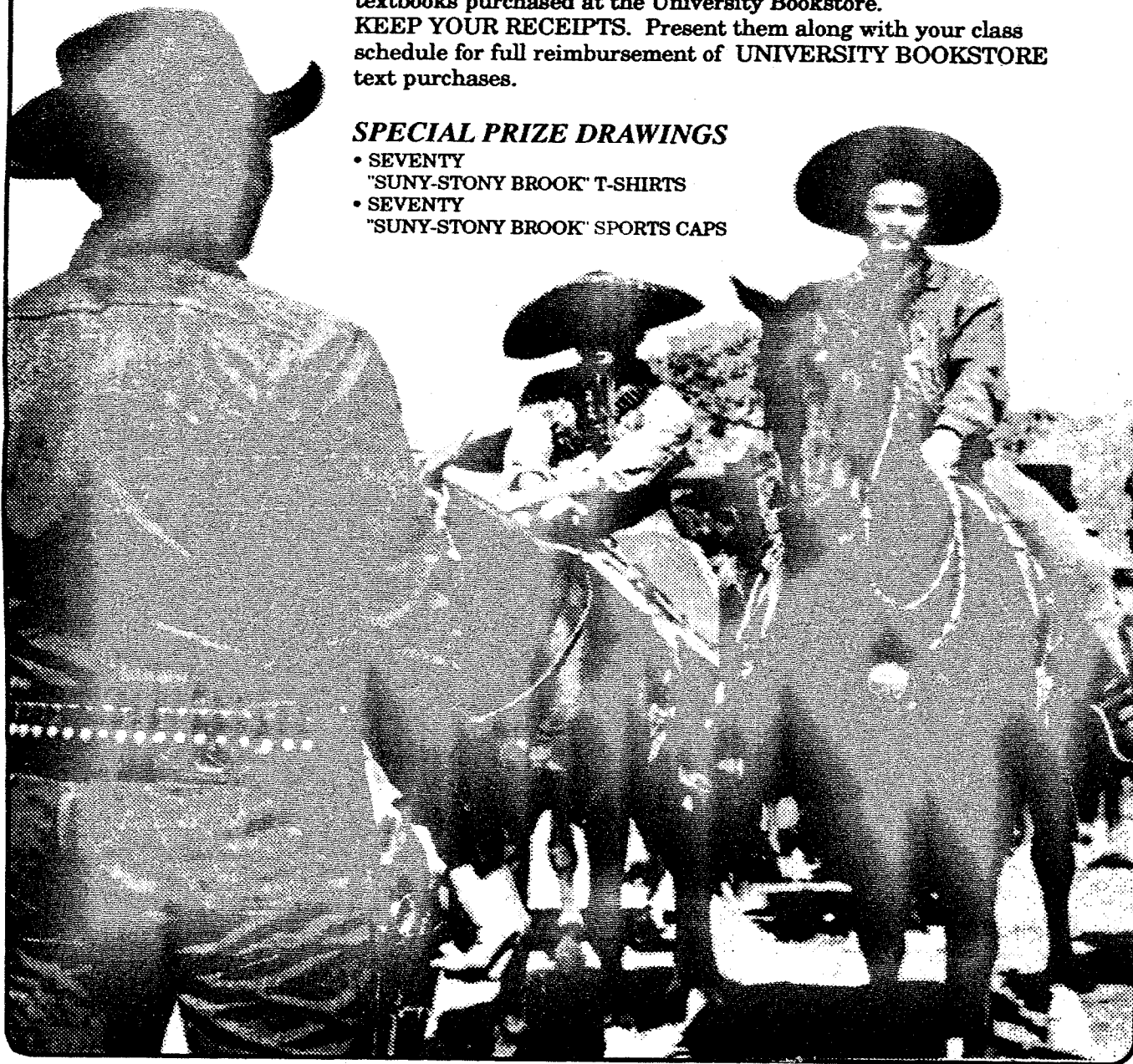
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STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT **Stony Brook**

Childhood's End

by Mitchel Cohen

For Christian conservatives, the hapless haploid spermatozoa and the inconsequential ovum zygotically fuse into an innocent human being at the moment they shake hands with each other and agree to exchange addresses and phone numbers. Concern for the rights of blastula accelerate through one, two, many meiotic episodes, reaching its crescendo at The Great Purge...at which point all consideration for the spawner and spawnee, known in modern day ideologically-laden parlance as "mother and child," comes to an abrupt and traumatic end as conservatives get on with the business of stuffing the previously innocent lifeforms into the uniforms demanded by the pursuit of the holy dollar, the nuclear family, nuclear power plants, and nuclear war. The mother, once holy in pregnancy, now is made into a social pariah, cast out of the garden and onto the heap until she can once again prove her *raison d'être* by providing another bit of fodder for cannon or wage-slavery nine months later, if she functions at maximum utility as a *real woman*.

The categorizations are slightly different for Jews, like my parents, for whom human life first begins at twenty-six, when you get out of medical school.

For too long the left has composed accounts of the lives and times of its movers and shakers as though they were born full-blown like Pallas-Athena from Lenin's mind with sword in hand smiting fascists and capitalists, taking a break during the commercial to go off to France to ski with Marcuse at St. Moritz, and returning to write about it for the *New York Review of Books*. Their biographies often go something like this: "Born in 1818 to middle-class but struggling parents in a manger, X has a relatively happy/unhappy childhood. Got Ph.D. from University of Berlin/Berkeley/Harvard in 1841. Wrote a few poems, debated religion with young Hegelians/Leninists/anarchists/Trotskyists; wrote manifesto in 0 A.D./1848/1871/1917/1968 with famous collaborator and life-long friend/disciples, and took part in revolutionary uprisings." From there on, these sexless, historyless and sterile beings emerge through intellectual and sometimes physical combat, as though their early years are uninteresting and at any rate inconsequential to the attitudes, beliefs, analyses, and talents they later develop.

Such is the prevailing wisdom, bedecked in the cloak of objectivity. Since every admirable trait is by definition rational—that is to say, *male*—based on long years of arduous contemplation and commentary on events, any hint of underlying non-rational connections to earlier years—say, through dreams, desires, habits, family, emotions, sports, poetry, fantasies and especially in connection to sexuality—taints the "scientific" project we value above all else. And so, with science as the Modern Age's state religion, we eschew those awful feminine, unscientific and non-rational themes that underlie who we are, why we do what we do, and what life is

all about. Life is, is it not?, a carefully selected and uncomplicated meander across an open field, from Point A to Point B. Along the way, various neon Causes and Effects appear with trombones blaring and classificationists poring over them with magnifying glasses to discern their objective category. "Aha! Effect!" "No! No! Cause!" Over such switch-tracks rumbles the great locomotive of history, furiously scientific and perfectly predictable (once it passes, of course). And no one on it was born before the publication of their first manuscript. Don't trust anyone under 70.

Okay, so I'm being melodramatic. The fact is, however, that adults writing books about other adults rarely trace the etymology of conscious revolt back through the years to childhood. Have you ever read anywhere of Lenin's adulterous sexual lust for Olivia de Havilland, as he begged Zinoviev to introduce them while in exile in London? How about Marx's drinking binges with his friend Weitling, during which he smashed street lamps, and was chased by burly cops through the back alleys. As Weitling said: "I couldn't believe that fat boy could run so fast. You should have seen him scurry over the walls." No, we hear, instead, only of Marx's supposed railings against "adventurism" and Lenin's carefully prepared denunciations of "infantile communism," nihilism, and anarchy. Agreed, these incidents were not the defining characteristics underlying their ideas; but the fact that self-appointed biographers have felt the need to censor lustful, drunken and emotional aspects of their lives has occurred not because they viewed such qualities as irrelevant, but as *contemptuous embarrassments*, and so they must be suppressed.

Which is unfortunate in more ways than one. Not only do we lose some good gossip that humanizes the gods and helps contextualize their ideas, but the contempt for real life involved in such censorship has important political consequences as well. As Alice Miller writes:

Contempt is the weapon of the weak and a defense against one's own despised and unwanted feelings. And the fountain-head of all contempt, all discrimination, is the more or less conscious, uncontrolled, and secret exercise of power over the child by the adult [and the child within the adult—M.C.], which is tolerated by society (except in the case of murder or serious bodily harm). What adults do for their child's spirit is entirely their own affair. For the child is regarded as the parents' property, in the same way as the citizens of a totalitarian state are the property of the government. Until we become sensitized to the small child's suffering, this wielding of power by adults will continue to be a normal aspect of the human condition, for no one pays attention to or takes seriously what is regarded as trivial, since the victims are "only children." But in twenty years' time these children will be adults who will have to pay it all back to their own children. They may then fight vigorously against cruelty "in the world!"

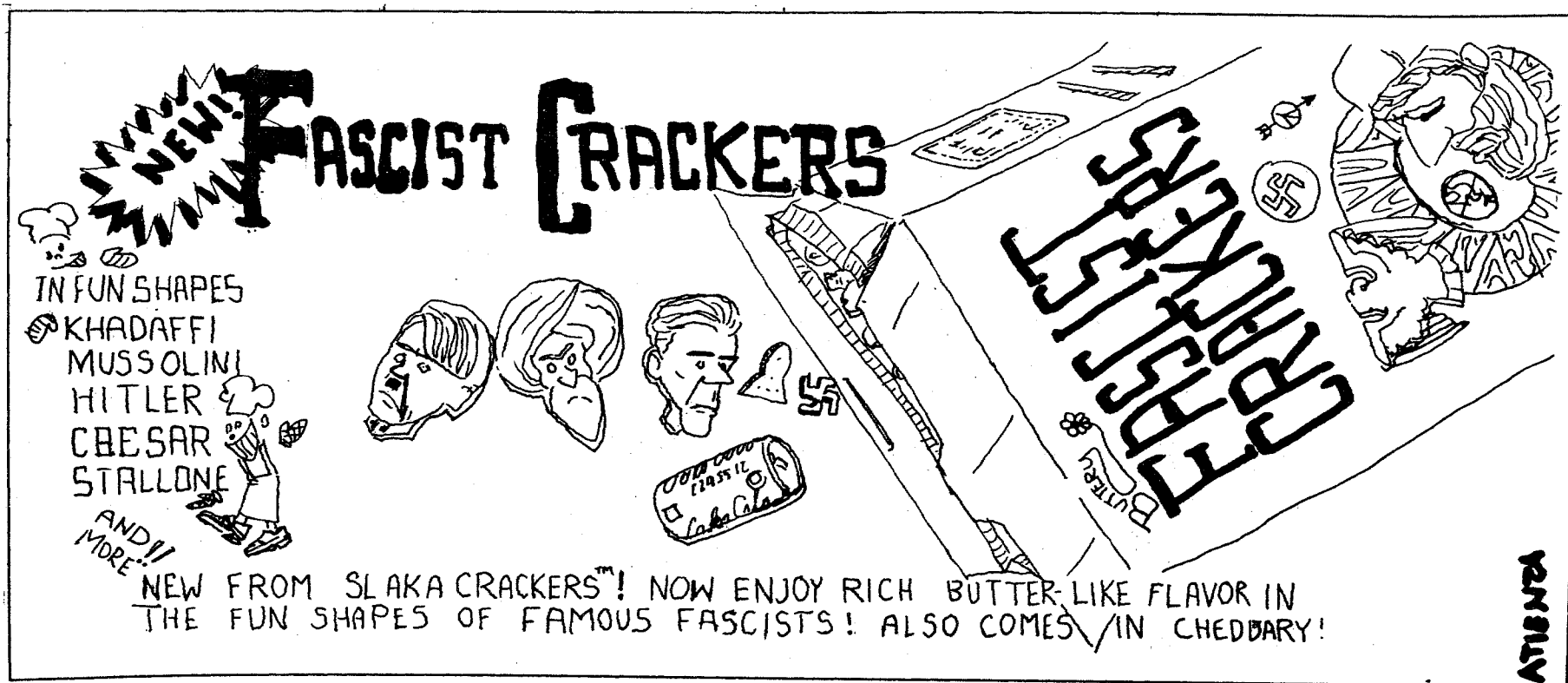
and yet they will carry within themselves an experience of cruelty to which they have no access and which remains hidden behind their idealized picture of a happy childhood...

"Society" not only suppresses instinctual wishes but also (and above all) it suppresses particular feelings (for instance, anger) and narcissistic needs (for esteem, mirroring, respect), whose admissibility in adults and fulfillment in children would lead to individual autonomy and emotional strength, and thus would not be consonant with the interests of those in power. However, this oppression and this forcing of submission do not only begin in the office, factory, or political party; they begin in the very first weeks of an infant's life. Afterward they are internalized and repressed and are then, because of their very nature, inaccessible to argument. Nothing is changed in the character of submission or dependency, when it is only their object that is changed.†

If we are going to change the world, we'd better strive, at the same time, to change ourselves and to bring up our children differently, to make ourselves fit creatures capable of living in the new world we're trying to create, and not weak-egoed conformists subservient to the whip of middle-class values, official state ideology, and capital's interests. To do that requires us to understand our fears, dreams, emotions, sexuality, and childhoods. Some of the most difficult and necessary to answer questions that come up repeatedly in organizing are "When did you become conscious?" and "How come you became a radical when others, in similar circumstances, didn't?" What makes a person different from others? A lot of it has to do with our early years, the ones few write about with honesty, choosing to skip over them as quickly as possible to maintain the veil of adult Rationality—that contemptuous clatter of egos in Academia—devoid of emotions, dreams, lust and the "contamination" of childhood sexuality.

It's quite clear to me that, even with the spate of new and excellent books about the 1960s, we still need to address those questions, and develop a willingness to march to the barricades within at least as enthusiastically as we parade, decked in beads, torn jeans, berets, mohawks and nose-rings, to the barricades outside. Why are people dogmatic? If they disagree, why do they do so in such destructive ways in our culture and in our movement? Why are we so manipulatable? Where do our fears come from, upon which the system plays? We can find new approaches to these and other questions by examining our own early years. At the risk of seeming ridiculously "New-Agey," let me say that one of the things we're fighting is, after all, the right to our own childhoods.

† Alice Miller, *The Drama of the Gifted Child*, [a misleading title, since the book has nothing to do with what that title implies. The original, and far more accurate title is *Prisoners of Childhood*, Basic Books, 1981, pages 69 and 101.



CLUB CALENDAR

Thursday, February 2

● Lounge Lizards
at the Knitting Factory

Yellowman
Pato Banton
at S.O.B.'s

Hypno Love
Wheel
Better Than Death
at Maxwell's

Cecil Taylor
Feel
at Sweet Basil
—thru Feb. 5

Ashes
This is This
Plug Bunnies, Inc.
at the Right Track Inn

Friday, February 3

● Live Skull
Miracle Room
at the Knitting Factory

Little Buster
and the Soul Busters
The Robert Ross Band
The Worms
at the Ritz

Pat Methany Group
at C.W. Post University

Saturday, February 4

● 7 Seconds
False Prophets
Slaughter Shock
Warmjets
at CBGB

Scruffy the Cat
The Nils
Gutterboy
Gracepool
at the Ritz

Volunteers
at the Right Track Inn
—and Feb. 11

Sunday, February 5

● Our Gang
Dirge
Bug Out Society
Slapshot
at CBGB

Monday, February 6

● Les Paul Trio
at Fat Tuesday's
—every Monday

Tuesday, February 7

● Tito Puente
at Blue Note
—thru Feb. 12

Friday, February 10

● Nick Cave and
the Bad Seeds
Wolfgang Press
at the Ritz

Dumptruck
at CBGB

Saturday, February 11

● Masters of Reality
Mescal Rising
at U.S. Blues

Molly Hatchet
at the Ritz

John Zorn
Blind Idiot God
Stripminers
at Maxwell's

information ⊕

□ **Angry Squire** (212) 242-9066
216 7th Ave
□ **Automatic Slim's** (212) 691-2272
151 Bank St.
□ **Beacon Theatre** (212) 496-7070
74th & Broadway
□ **The Blue Note** (212) 475-8592
181 W. 3rd Street
□ **The Bottom Line** (212) 228-7880
15 W. 4th & Mercer
□ **Bradley's** (212) 473-9700
70 University Pl.
□ **Carnegie Hall** (212) 247-7800
57 St. & 7th Ave.
□ **Cat Club** (212) 505-0090
76 E. 13th St.
□ **CBGB's** (212) 982-4052
315 Bowery & Bleecker
□ **Eagle Tavern** (212) 924-0275
355 W. 14th St.
□ **Fat Tuesday's** (212) 533-7902
190 3rd Ave.
□ **Felt Forum** (212) 563-8300
@ Penn Station
□ **IMAC** (516) 549-9666
370 New York Ave.
□ **Irving Plaza** (212) 279-1984
17 Irving Plaza @ E. 15th St.
□ **Knitting Factory** (212) 219-3055
47 E. Houston
□ **Lone Star Cafe** (212) 242-1664
5th Ave. & 13th St.

□ **Lone Star Roadhouse** (212) 245-2950
240 W. 52nd St.
□ **The Palladium** (212) 307-7171
□ **The Ritz** (212) 529-5295
11th St. between 3rd & 4th Ave.
□ **Radio City Music Hall** ... (212) 757-3100
□ **Rock-n-Roll Cafe** (212) 677-7630
149 Bleecker St.
□ **Roseland** (212) 247-0200
239 W. 52nd St.
□ **S.O.B.'s** (212) 243-4940
204 Varick St.
□ **Sundance** (516) 665-2121
217 E. Main St., Bayshore
□ **Sweet Basil** (212) 242-1785
88 7th Ave. South
□ **Town Hall** (212) 840-2824
217 E. Main St., Bayshore
□ **Tramps** (212) 777-5077
125 E. 15th St.
□ **U.S. Blues** (212) 777-5000
666 Broadway
□ **Village Gate** (212) 982-9292
Bleecker & Thompson
□ **Village Vanguard** (212) 349-8400
7th Ave. South
□ **Westbury Music Fair** (516) 333-0533
Brush Hollow Road, Westbury
□ **West End** (212) 666-9160
2911 Broadway
□ **The World** (212) 947-5850

WUFG 90.1 FM

TOP 35

1. Syd Barrett
2. Pailhead
3. Lou Reed
4. Violent Femmes
5. Waterboys
6. Half Japanese
7. Shinehead
8. Sonic Youth
9. Jungle Bros.
10. My Dad is Dead
11. Donner Party
12. Fall
13. Alien Sex Fiend
14. Danielle Dax
15. Cowboy Junkies
16. Fast Folk (comp)
17. Pussy Galore
18. Royal House
19. Reggae Dance Hall (comp)
20. Too Nice
21. Skin Yard
22. Midge Ure
23. 1,000 Homo DJs
24. Nitzer Ebb
25. Wonderstuff (ep)
26. Elvis Hitler
27. Arms of Someone New
28. Ciccone Youth (ep)
29. Bongos Bass Bob
30. Brazil Classics Vol. I
31. Woodie Guthrie
32. Dead Can Dance
33. Penelope Houston
34. Skaface (comp)
35. Oyster Band

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Doggy Style
Don't Hit Me Up
Triple X

Medium-intensity skate metal with occasional moments of sustained cleverness. Crudely sardonic lyrics and a few kick-ass riffs almost—but not quite—excuse the frequent lapses into derivative guitar pyrotechnics. Doggy Style has been around for a while, and the polish shows in an unfortunate pop-tainted way, but they're still raw enough to crank out bone-crunchers like "Goofy Head" and "I Like You" that rattle the cerebral cortex the way us kids like it.

Triple X Records, 6715 Hollywood Blvd, Suite 284, Hollywood, CA 90028.

—David Alistair



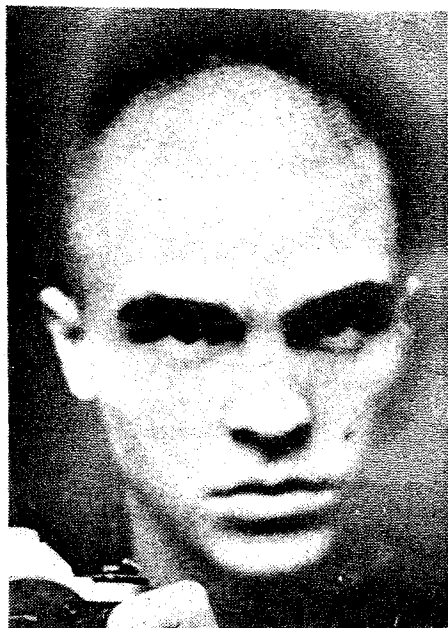
The Downsiders
All My Friends Are Fish
Mammoth

Densely-textured guitar stylings tinged vaguely with psychedelia envelope disinterestedly soulful vocals of the Michael Stipe

variety. In other words, your generic MTV "120 Minutes" band. The Downsiders' second album ain't exactly breaking new ground, but there's a creditable intensity to the music that gets pretty compelling with repeated exposure. Worth more than a listen. (High points: "Pony Made of Ice" and the appropriately stupid cover of the Beatles' "Wild Honey Pie.")

Mammoth records, 5 W Hargett St, 4th Floor, Raleigh, NC 27601.

—D.A.



Unrest
Malcolm X Park
Caroline

One man ongoing collaboration project a la The The, but Mark Robinson's efforts are much more spontaneous, diverse, distilled and interesting. A pleasure to listen to while trying to guess (the first time around) or remember (anytime thereafter) what song is coming next.

Straight rock-n-roll right out of Led Zeppelin (literally) on "Disco Magic." Sardonic heavy metal posing on "Strutter" (right down to dubbed-in stadium crowd yelps). "Impatience is a virtue" the vocalist croons and Robinson sees enough in rock's many manifestations not to settle on one for too long: from Kiss to King Crimson, the Zombies to Minor Threat.

Robinson absorbs efforts from a diverse assortment of "artists" in Washington, D.C., employing new people for new projects.

Fresh from start to finish, *without* resorting to a mere droll assortment of rock "styles" that Mark and his buddies can get it up to.

Caroline Records, 5 Crosby St, New York, NY 10013

—Quentin Busterkeys



The Bevis Frond
Inner Marshland
Reckless

Remorseless use of multitracking, without tedious and tepid overproduction makes this tangibly gothic reproduction, well, just fine with me. One couplet rhymes duke with puke, no thanks to Robyn Hitchcock. Then, as you blink, the Frond nearly becomes Hendrix—before you even flip the record. Ouch! The closing tracks, "Mediaeval Siense Acid Blues" and "Defoliation Part 2," are, right down to the Gotham City snippets, really amazing, man. Surprisingly accessible, definitely psychedelic and real good, too, **Inner Marshland** is just the thing to hear while the chemicals are kicking in.

Reckless Records, 1401 Haight St, San Francisco, CA 94117

—Karin Falcone

This is, like, the postmodern, retrograde sixties experience.

—D.A.

Acrophet
Corrupt Minds
Triple X

A Wisconsin premiere. Yeah, they do the thrashing speedmetal thing. They don't make no new rules and they try to attempt at fucking with the present ones. "Blinded by the darkness you see/trapped in thought can't break free." So stop thinking about it. Where's the attitude? It ain't even rude. My mother liked the guitars.

The production is on the cut. Acrophet should work with Griffy Greif some more. The lyrics are too descriptive (say more with fewer words, guys). A promising effort from a suburban mini-mart shrouded in darkness. Where the hell is Brookfield, anyway?

—Q.B.



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Raising Hell

continued from back page

that kind of hocus-pocus—up to a point.

The film coasts along pretty successfully on the velocity generated by director Tony Randel's stylish, disturbing visuals, stalling only when the audience is allowed enough breathing space to notice the many gaping holes in Peter Atkins's basically interesting (but ultimately lame-brained) script. **Hellbound** doesn't concern itself too much with the careful (if imperfect) grounding in reality so integral to the first **Hellraiser** movie, opting instead to create a fantastic, violent never-never land as soon as possible. The most effective scenes are rather like hallucinations, isolated and individually coherent: dripping, skinless Julia padding about in Channard's spotless white apartment, desperately delighted to be able to see and touch again; the swift, violent transformation of curious occultist to pincushion-head Cenobite; the Victorian bedlam lurking beneath the hospital in a steam-tunnel complex for the incurably insane. With the exception of the omnipresent threat of the prowling Cenobites (*PLEASE don't take me back with you! PLEASE!*), disparate images are what frighten, not storyline sympathy for the plight of the characters.

In fact, the more ambitious **Hellbound** gets about its plot—for instance, dragging in some last-minute pseudomystical jive about an evil god-force called Leviathan that rules the Cenobites' labyrinth—the less interesting it becomes, and by the time the completely stupid apocalyptic conclusion limps across the screen, with Channard transformed into a truly dumb-looking *new* Cenobite spoiling for a fight with the *old* Cenobites, and the inmates of the asylum driven completely bonkers by the supernatural emanations of nearby Leviathan (in mob scenes so poorly staged it's difficult to believe), it gets kind of hard to give a damn.

What saves **Hellbound** from its own idiocy, though, is not only the reiteration of concepts from the first film (including the unnerving pain/pleasure duality personified by the Cenobites and cleverly echoed in the **Dr. Phibes**-like sexual relationship between Channard and Julia—easily the most intriguing part of the story), but the inventiveness of the sequel-makers in throwing enough neat stuff on the screen to keep the audience more or less distracted from the vacuousness of the film as a whole. Often this enthusiasm to dazzle at all costs results in ridiculous, irrelevant excess (check out the movie's coda), but it's rarely boring and...it usually works.

Both Clare Higgins as Julia (reprising her role from the first film) and Kenneth Cranham as Dr. Channard offer solid performances as the new creepy couple, almost excusing the soap opera woodenness of William Hope's Idealistic Young Doctor (who, thankfully, gets killed off early on) and Ashley Lawrence's Kirsty (equally insufferable in **Hellraiser**).

So far, for all its faults, **Hellbound** ranks high on this season's list of Films That Did Not Suck. For mindless entertainment it beats **The Naked Gun** and for thoughtful reflection on the human situation it gives **The Accidental Tourist** a run for its money [see accompanying review]. Of course, local multiplexes have already ditched it to make room for the January deluge of "quality" cinema, but the determined can probably find **Hellbound** in exile at second-run theatres everywhere.

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The Accidental Tourist

So you read all the drooling blurbs for **The Accidental Tourist** and you thought, "Hey, sounds like my kind of movie! Funny...bittersweet...jam-packed with Oscar-caliber performances and brimming with incisive commentary on the condition of man in today's modern society. What more could a literate film-goer like myself want?"

Well, you're not alone, buddy, but let's just put a stop to all that baloney right now. **The Accidental Tourist** is one major dud.

Lawrence Kasdan, who has done some good things, or at least some things no one could completely condemn (like, say, **Body Heat** and **The Big Chill**) has made his **Big Statement** film. Of course, he got the **Statement** itself from the Anne Tyler novel of the same name, but that's picking nits. Kasdan's **Accidental Tourist** is about an introverted travel writer named Macon Leary (William Hurt) whose wife (Kathleen Turner) leaves him after his son is killed during a restaurant hold-up. He is then relentlessly pursued by an eccentric dog-trainer (Geena Davis) who, as any fool can see, is exactly what this bozo needs to loosen him up a little. You know this is serious business because a sincere New Age string quartet is always playing in the background and the characters get really deep things dialogue, like: "Things just happen." Yeah, man. Also (*IMPORTANT!*), the protagonist has a very cute dog.

To be fair, even though the performances

by Hurt and Turner are lackluster (and, in Turner's case, actually baffling) and Geena Davis's gleeful screwball sloughs off her charm like leprous skin halfway through the movie, there are a few good moments in this otherwise vague and long and unctuously self-satisfied film. One of them is when Macon makes a specific effort to avoid emotional entanglement with the dog-trainer chick, but ends up spasmodically spilling his guts to the very person he's been trying to shut out. Another is the discovery of one of the Leary family's weirder traits: an utter lack of any sense of direction.

The main problem with **The Accidental Tourist** is its half-assed narrative structure. Stuff like that can work, but not in a film with a story so completely dependent on background information and interrelated incidents. Here, it's just sloppy. Kathleen Turner, for example, is almost entirely lost in the shuffle, and when her character reappears—with no acknowledgement that the film has ignored her for an hour and a half—we have virtually no idea who she is.

The film starts jerkily, without conviction, and ends the same way. The conclusion is labored and insulting and does a good job of erasing whatever small virtues the movie might possess. A few laughs here and there make the whole thing reasonably tolerable, but with so much promise and so much hype, it's astonishing just how worthless **The Accidental Tourist** really is.

—K.S.

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AT ALL). OUTRAGED
LETTERS GLADLY
ACCEPTED.

“Ah, the Sweet Suffering!”

Hellraiser 2

by Kyle Silfer

The horror film today has pretty much devolved into a quick-thrill demographic-pleaser aimed at those twitching adolescents forever willing to cough up six bucks for neat scenes of exploding body parts. **Hellbound**, however, a sequel to last year's **Hellraiser**, does its best to at least plausibly excuse all the special effects carnage.

If you caught the first movie (adapted and directed by Clive Barker from his short story “The Hellbound Heart”), you know the basic gimmick: a Chinese puzzle box, when solved, summons the Cenobites, four demonic torture-masters from another dimension who guarantee their charges the ultimate sensual experience. **Hellbound** picks up where **Hellraiser** left off, with Kirsty, the Plucky Young Heroine, convalescing in a sanitarium run by the sinister-looking Dr. Channard and having some pretty severe flashbacks consisting mainly of footage from the first **Hellraiser** film. Here we discover, briefly, that Kirsty's father and several other innocents were murdered by the evil lovers Frank and Julia (Kirsty's uncle and stepmother, respectively) for bodily fluids to be used in reconstituting Frank's corpse from the blasted, sentient particles remaining after his long sought-after, thrill-of-a-lifetime encounter with the Cenobites. Their plan meets with disaster, however, when Kirsty, after inadvertently solving the puzzle box, convinces the slaving demons to take Frank back with them (again) instead of her, and during the ensuing confrontation (in which both

Frank and Julia are quite spectacularly offed), they do.

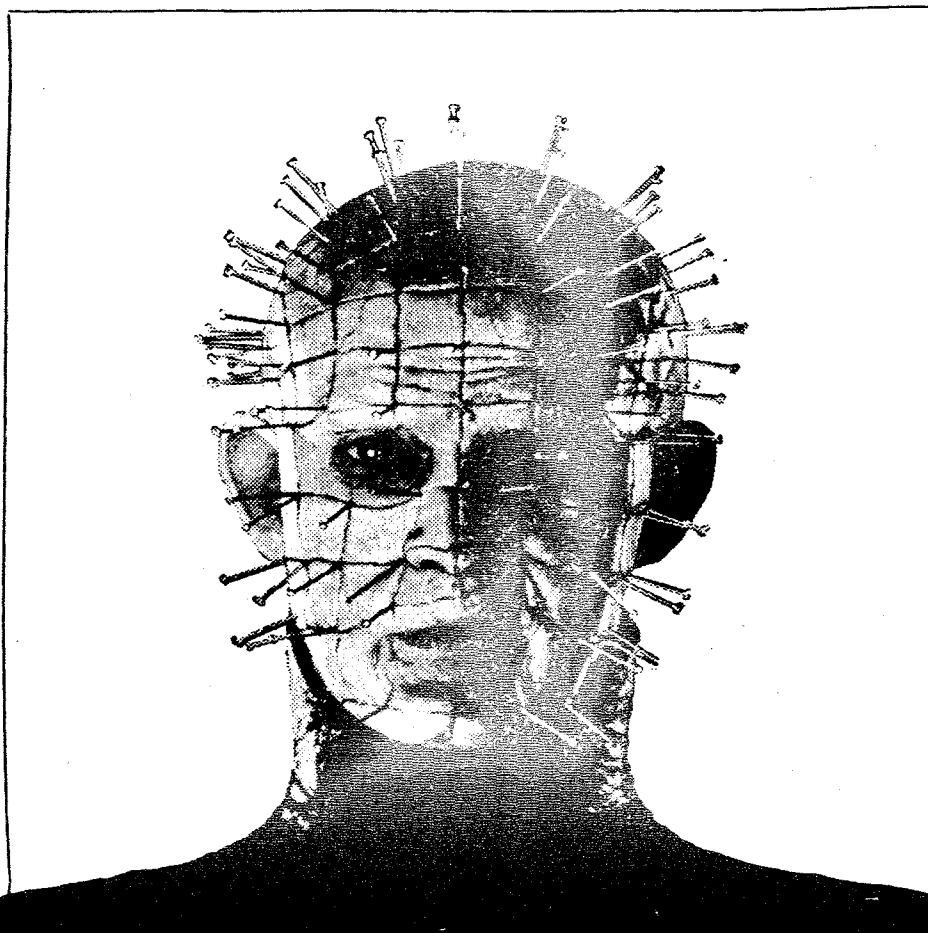
Okay.

With this information, Channard (who turns out to be an amoral occultist just dying to meet these Cenobites he's heard so much about) arranges for the gore-splattered mattress upon which Julia expired to be brought to his Sanctum Sanctorum. There, following the Frank-and-Julia revivification plan, he messily brings Julia back to corporeal existence and sets about obtaining his true goal: a personal introduction to the Cenobites themselves. (Meanwhile, back at the hospital, Kirsty is paid a visit by her father's tormented ghost, who asks, in no uncertain terms, to be rescued from hell itself.)

That's where **Hellbound** actually starts. The plot, such as it is, revolves around the efforts of Kirsty (and an Idealistic Young Doctor with the dope on Channard) to avoid death at the hands of scary Julia and seek entrance to the labyrinth of the Cenobites, wherein, they believe, Kirsty's father languishes. Luckily, Channard, who also wants in, has lots of magic puzzle boxes and access to a mute, puzzle-solving genius inmate (a big plus), so a successful entry is soon effected by both parties, and things soon begin to get completely out of hand.

Hellbound asks a lot from its audience. First, that it assimilate the complex plot of a completely different film, and second, that it use that information to suspend disbelief of the many totally whacked story elements in the film it's actually watching. Luckily, **Hellbound** is well-crafted enough to allow

continued on page 11



—Spotlight—

Rasta Woman: Sister Carol

by Kibret Neguse

No, Sister Carol is not a performing Catholic nun, nor the songful sibling of the writer, but a “sister” in the purest sense of the word. A woman who is uniquely gifted, authentic, and endearing, one for whom you would hold the highest respect. She has the ability to demand your attention, and you will hear it in song, witness it on stage, and, most recently, view it on the silver screen.

The Jamaican-born Sister Carol calls herself “The Black Cinderella,” which is also the title of her very first song released several years ago. As the fictional character depicts a transformation of “ordinary” to “noteworthy,” so has the talented Sister risen in popularity to become the cultural proponent of the message in reggae music. At a time when potentially progressive-minded reggae artists are making quick bucks from lyrics rich in vulgarity and nonsense, Sister Carol is releasing songs brimming with moral fortitude and social responsibility. With such titles as “Down in the Ghetto,” “Get it Straight, Africans,” and “Remember When,” one can instantly recognize the seriousness of her songs, and yet many other tunes reflect a light-hearted and good-natured quality.

These attributes were also noticed by filmmaker Jonathan Demme, who while attending a Judy Mowatt concert at SOB's in Manhattan, was immediately impressed by Sister Carol when Judy called her up on stage to sing a duet of Bob Marley's “Screwface.” This led to her subsequent appearance in the highly rated film **Something**

Wild, released a few years ago. Sister Carol also recorded the title cut of the soundtrack, a version of “Wild Thing.” Last year, another film by Jonathan Demme entitled **Married to the Mob** was released, and Sister Carol landed an even bigger role as Rita, the proprietor of a hair salon in Queens, N.Y.

I mention the salon in particular because,

“...brimming with moral fortitude and social responsibility.”

quite visible in the back of the store, there hangs a colorful green, gold, and red (Ethiopian) flag with the likeness of the Honorable Robert Nesta Marley enveloping it. Now, anyone who knows Sister Carol must also know that Bob Marley is her greatest inspiration (next to the Almighty and her family of course) and, like countless others, she is helping to spread the universal message enlightenment since his physical departure

from this earth in 1981.

This message is manifested through the philosophy and teachings of Rastafari, the faith which Sister Carol, Bob Marley, and hundreds and thousands of others worldwide adhere to. The name Rastafari is the precoronation title of H.I.M. Emperor Haile Selassie I of Ethiopia. In Amharic, “Ras” is a title of nobility meaning “lord,”



Married to the Mob

or “the one,” and Tafari is defined as “to be feared.” Thus, Rastafari translates as “the one who is to be feared.” Through the prophecies of Marcus Garvey in the late 1920s, many of Garvey's supporters in Jamaica found biblical evidence that Rastafari is the returned Messiah in this dispensation of time and began to study His teachings. Invoking themselves as the present-day Nazantes, or ancient priests, Rastas then

and today abstain from certain vanities, such as cutting and combing the hair, and restrict themselves to exposure of life vibrations, thus a vegetarian diet and a dislike of funerals. Most importantly, Rastas know the bible as the chronology of African history, and how the lineage of all mankind can be traced throughout.

More of the often misunderstood lifestyle of the Rastafari can be seen and heard at the 5th annual Bob Marley Day here at SUNY Stony Brook (to be held Friday February 3rd, a Black History Month presentation). The event honors the birthdate (February 6th) of this revolutionary legend, a man before his time. Daytime events start at noon in the Fireside Lounge and, as always, will feature Marley's music, Caribbean cuisine, lots of rub-a-dub dancing, and 'nuff culture. The Suns of Jubal will also perform their acoustic sounds of reggae at some point during the day, all for free.

The highlight, as you guessed, is the appearance of Sister Carol and the Hi-Life Players in the Union ballroom at about 9 P.M. Not only will this be the welcoming of Stony Brook's first female reggae artist, but the introduction of the first in what I hope to be a long line in the finest cultural performers honoring us with their presence during the next decade or so of Bob Marley Day at the Brook. Sister Carol is an ideal role-model for today's severed social structure, for people of all ages and origin, and when you join in the festivities of the evening, we can all reinforce the idealism of the most important race: the human race.