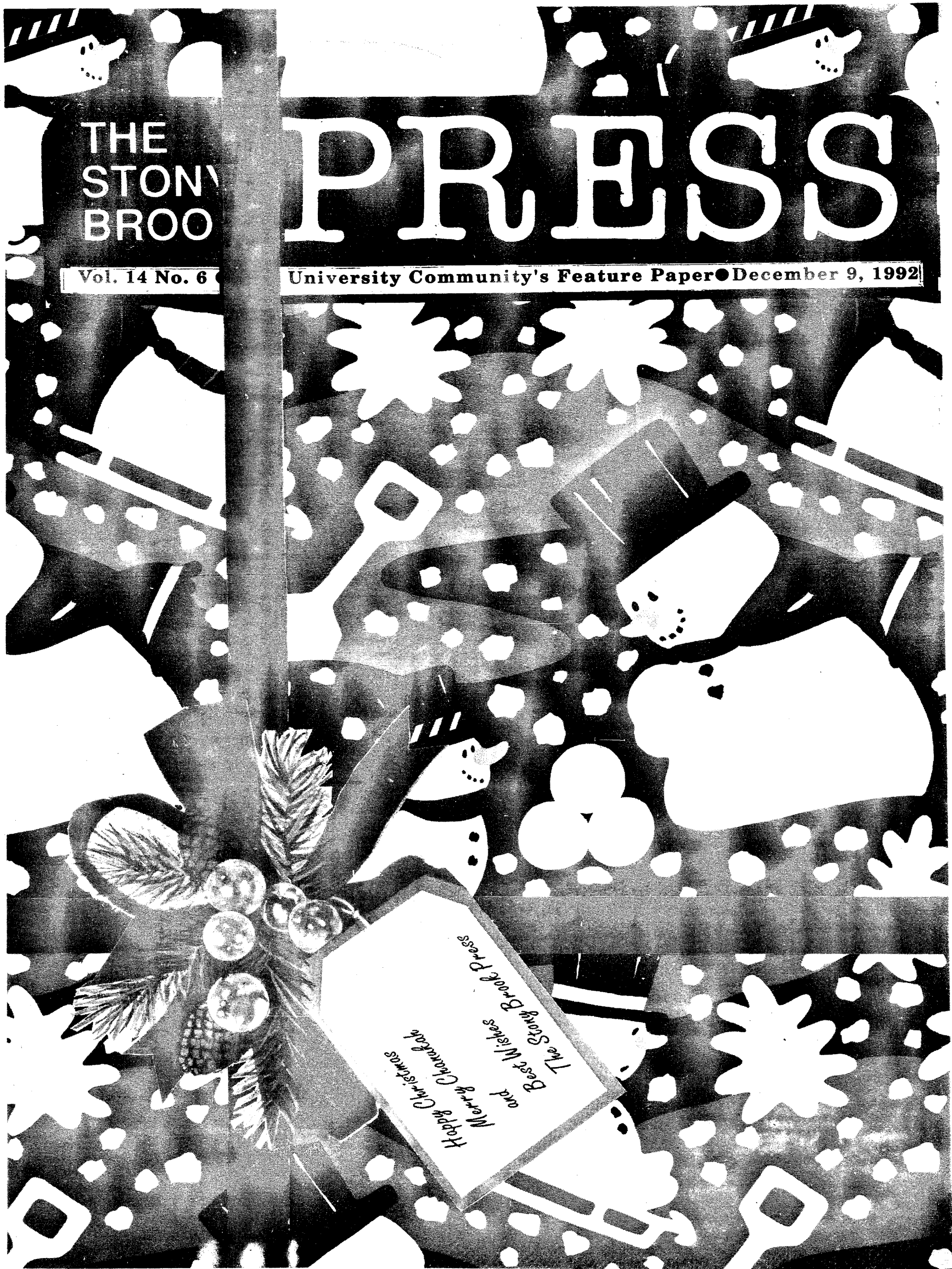


THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. 14 No. 6

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MIPB to Revise By-Laws

By Greg Forte

In response to pressure from Hillel's denial into the Minority Planning Board, MPB is now in the process of revising its by-laws. MPB felt that the present by-laws are too vague, and that there is no clear definition of who or what classifies as a minority on campus. Presently, the Student Judiciary and members of Hillel and the Jewish community are meeting to discuss the recent decision and to strengthen the relations between MPB and Hillel.

According to Keith Babich, a staff writer for *Shelanu*, "I hope that when the by-laws are re-written, they are written in an un-biased manner."

On October 21, The Minority Planning Board voted not allow the Hillel Student Organization to its membership. The result has been increasing tensions between the Board and the student group.

According to Ernesto Isaac, chairman of MPB, their was no one reason why Hillel was denied, but, that its application was discussed extensively. Most of the Board members concluded that Hillel was more religious than cultural. Most of the organizations represented by MPB are cultural and not religious. Hillel had originally applied to MPB, saying that Jews classified themselves as a minority and that they should be allowed entry onto the Board. The original vote to allow Hillel in was one in favor, nine opposed, with fourteen abstentions. Although Hillel can re-apply for admission into MPB, it has declined to do so at the present time. There is no word yet as to when the new by-laws will be finished, but they will most likely not be

revised until the Spring semester.

This issue was brought up at a Polity meeting over two weeks ago, in which Hillel addressed the Senate about MPB's decision. At the meeting, Hillel claimed that its denial into MPB was unjust. Allegations from Hillel about why they were denied come possibly from the group's not wanting to support Khallid Abdul Muhammad's speaking engagement on campus last semester, and that the relations between black and Jewish clubs have not been close. Hillel had demonstrated against Muhammad, the New York City representative of Minister Louis Farakhan, in which the student group opposed his being given student money to speak on campus. Many of the member groups of MPB were in favor of him coming to campus.

Other reasons that were given at the meeting, including that Hillel had not demonstrated a desire to work with other student groups. Hillel responded to this by saying that they had held various forums on campus with black organizations in order to bridge gaps. However the MPB vote and various MPB members' reactions to this at the Senate meeting clearly indicated that they felt what Hillel had done in the past was not good enough. At the meeting, they stated that Hillel must do more in order to be admitted into MPB. Hillel members responded by saying that they would never be treated fairly by the MPB board and that the only solution was to have the Senate make the decision to allow them membership. This unofficial proposal was found to be unacceptable by both the Senate and by MPB.

Presently, members of both Hillel and Polity's

Judicial Board have been meeting in an attempt to increase communication and cooperation between the two. *Shelanu* Executive Editor Hagai Yardeni said, "We are making progress." The meetings are to foster understanding of both sides."

In the last issue of *Shelanu*, in an article entitled, "MPB's Decision: Unjust," Hillel claimed that the tone of several remarks made by Board members "strikes a delicate chord among Jewish people." Hillel had printed that some of the remarks said by members of the Board, such as, "How do we know that you don't have a hidden agenda?" or "You have Rosh Hashanah off while we have to fight to have Martin Luther King, Jr. Day off," outraged its members. The Board had allegedly accused Hillel of having a "hidden agenda," and that their reasons for joining were not clear.

The Minority Planning Board is made up of a 24-member student group representing 14 student clubs on campus. Some current members of the Board are: Blackworld, UNITI Cultural Center, African-American Student Organization, African Student Union, Gospel Choir, Club India, Lesbian, Gay Bisexual Alliance, Haitian Student Organization, Minorities in Engineering and Applied Sciences, Asian Student Organization and Minorities in Medicine.

Hillel has announced that it will re-apply to MPB after the by-laws are revised.

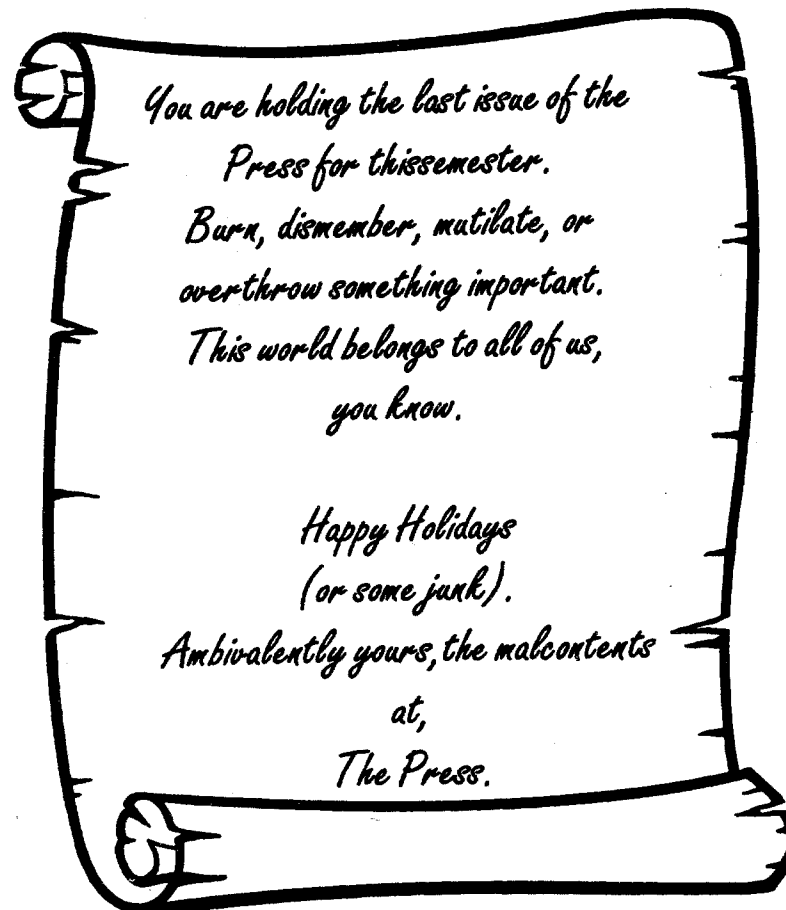
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SPJ



TA's and GA's

To Unionize Or Not To Unionize

By Shari Nezami

The time is approaching for graduate student TA's and GA's to vote for or against unionization. The last day for the ballots to reach the Public Employees Relations Board (PERB) headquarters will be December 17th. Though it seems at this point in time that the majority of grad TA's and GA's are in favor of unionization as a means to empower themselves, strong opposition is being voiced by some graduate students on this campus who believe that the losses incurred by TA's and GA's as a result of unionization will far outweigh any gains that such a move would provide.

In 1984, SUNY graduate TA's and GA's petitioned PERB for the ability to unionize. At that time they chose to affiliate themselves with the Communication Workers of America (CWA) Union, which has since helped them to organize and work in the effort to get where they are today. According to one GSEU organizer, George Bidermann, the vote to unionize "is the first step in bettering their (GA's and TA's) situation." Graduate student research assistants (RA's), who number about 2,000 in the SUNY system, will not be part of the voting process, because in 1984 SUNY raised objections to their being covered under the same category as other graduate employees. SUNY argued that since RA's were funded through research grants, mainly coming from the Research Foundation (a private not-for-profit organization), they were not considered to be state employees. Ideally, if SUNY were to drop this objection, RA's could also be part of the unionization process if they chose to be. Of course, the GSEU wants the added membership, and so they are encouraging RA's to support the move to unionize. RA's themselves would be able to start the unionization process if 30% of them statewide sign a petition to show to PERB "sufficient interest" for them to review the case. However, according to Monica McTigue, former Graduate Student Organization president, in order for the status of RA's to change, GSEU and CWA would have to

"change the Research Foundation's charter so that it gives up its not-for-profit status and becomes a state agency. The Federal Government Court of Appeals ruled that we weren't state employees. In order for them to change that, they would have to spend millions of dollars fighting the decision. I don't think they want to do that for a couple of hundred extra members."

If grad TA's and GA's do unionize, they will have to pay the union 1.15% of their salary, this coming out to about \$100 a year, assuming the average salary of a GA or TA is between \$9,000 to \$10,000 a year. These dues, however, will not be collected until a contract is negotiated with SUNY, approved by GSEU members, and agreed upon by both parties. This is expected to happen some time next fall, at the earliest. Since GSEU is affiliated with CWA, a portion of the dues paid by its members will have to be paid out to them. The agreement with CWA is as follows: the first year, CWA will receive \$.50/member/month; the second year this will increase to \$.75/member/month; the third year it will go to \$1.00/member/month; and from the fourth year on the dues will be split, 60% will remain with the GSEU and the remaining 40% going to CWA. GSEU members can also vote to discontinue its affiliation with CWA at any time. However, at this point in time, Bidermann feels that CWA is the way to go: "they have over 650,000 members, and they've worked with us since 1984. They provided the legal expertise which helped us win. They haven't gotten paid a dime so far and they represent TA's in Texas and Oklahoma. If it weren't for CWA we would've never gotten to this point." According to GSO President Norah Martin, attacks against CWA are invalid inasmuch as they accuse CWA of merely using the students. Martin feels that "In the short run, I don't think they can use us—we don't make enough money." However, McTigue feels that the coordination committee provided for GSEU by CWA is not experienced enough in handling student issues. She goes on to say that, "according to the research which I have done on CWA, it seems that they have a reputation for signing up stray groups and not really helping them. We all know that they have other reasons for doing this, they have big plans for New York State...CWA has a long history of not representing groups [they sign up]...CWA is not a very good parent...I wouldn't want these people sitting down at my negotiating table."

Graduate TA's and GA's also need to keep in mind that under New York State Law, as state employees, they are unable to strike. Their contract will, however, entitle them to binding arbitration. If they do go to arbitration, according to Bidermann, "we set up the negotiation team, so we decide how many of their members will be there. With CWA, we get a voice we wouldn't have on our own, having their lobbying power on our side in Albany and in Washington D.C. Lastly, it's just an affiliation, it's going to be run by the students. They (CWA) are the ones we chose in 1984. They carried us for 7 years." Many grad students, remembering the strikes of 1987, feel that striking is one of the best ways to voice their concerns and demand action from Administration. According to Fred Meyer, by unionizing, GA's and TA's are "entering into a contractual agreement with their oppressors. The GSO is a powerful organization with a huge budget that grad students should unite behind and utilize its power."

One of the major concerns of all grad students

has been a loss of teaching lines. The Administration has made it vehemently clear that if it were forced to provide some TA's and GA's with increased pay and benefits, it would be made up for by cutting lines. Acknowledging this as an important concern, Norah Martin responds that "part of negotiation is realizing what you're losing as well as gaining." She goes on to state that "I think all students will benefit from unionizing... if conditions for the GSEU members improve, then conditions for all students will improve." However, there are others who don't see it this way. Monica McTigue comments, "they're hoping that they'll be able to twist the arm of the legislature. They won't be able to do anything. All SUNY and the State Legislature have to do is wait them out. They have millions of dollars and they don't care, they can sit the students out, they're not going anywhere. Look at the Physics department, there are 50 TA's in Physics. Only 20 are paid by state lines, those other 30 aren't included in any of this, they're not protected. Line cuts may not affect the sciences as much, because they'll always get private funding, but it will be devastating for the humanities. What will a degree in English mean from a department that no longer exists?"

As December 17th approaches, the debate can be expected to get heated on both sides. At the last GSO meeting, Fred Meyer proposed a resolution to deny support for the GSEU. The resolution was voted down by an 8-4 vote, with two members abstaining. Meyer, however, feels that this is an indication of the lack of support for GSEU. "It's significantly less than 2/3 of students who support the unionization move. This proves that their support is not as high as they've been leading us to believe." According to organizer George Bidermann, about 54% of Grad students support the unionization process. "The biggest issues here," said Bidermann, "are the ability to work collectively and get a written contract with SUNY specifying how long they [grad students] will be employed... so that when they have a grievance against an employer they'll have a venue, they won't feel as if it's them against the administration, that they're supported by others." Opponents of the GSEU feel it's just the opposite. Fred Meyer states, "Most grad students are in their twenties or early thirties—how much health care do you need when you're in the prime years of your life? As far as day care and health benefits are concerned, the percentage of grad students with families or children is minute."

In the words of Monica McTigue, "In order to empower, you have to hold knowledge in your hands." Before voting, grad TA's and GA's need to research both sides of the issue carefully and see what the costs and benefits of unionization are.

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Who's the Minority Here?

When the Minority Planning Board (MPB) voted not to allow the Hillel into its membership, Hillel exploded with animosity. Was it unfair that they were rejected? The answer is no. If the MPB Board feels that Hillel is a religious, and not cultural, club, and therefore does not belong in the Board, then they have every right to reject them. Hillel members must remember that applying to an organization doesn't guarantee membership, but only an application review. The idea behind the way that the application process in MPB is carried out is that a group has to show: why it wants to be there, what it can do to make a difference, and what it can do to improve the organization. If MPB felt that Hillel didn't "measure up," so to speak, then they had every right to reject them. Hillel is not the first group on this campus to be rejected by MPB. Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Alliance (LGBA) applied three times before they were accepted into MPB.

First, MPB never said that Jews were not a minority, as reported on the front cover of *Statesman* Nov. 16. What they did say in their decision was that they did not feel that the Jewish population on this campus was underrepresented.

Hillel behaved like a bunch of spoiled brats when it was rejected. Instead of appealing the MPB decision, members of Hillel went directly to the Senate and cried that they were being discriminated against. They should have gone back to MPB and appealed their decision as various other groups have done in the past, LGBA and Club India being two examples. However, Hillel chose to waste numerous Senate hours debating a dead issue, hours that instead could have been devoted to more important student issues. Also, the fact is that the Senate couldn't do anything about it, even if it wanted to. The Senate has no control over MPB's decisions.

The idea was to bring together groups that were similar in their composition to have a unified voice on this campus. When a group is by itself, it has less power than if it were to be united with others groups on this campus. What Hillel's statements and actions have resulted in is Jewish students fighting against Black students. There is nothing worse than seeing students up against one another, and losing sight of the real enemy on this campus: the Administration.

MPB is an organization created on this campus to allow under-represented groups to come together and thereby gain more power than if they worked independently. Clubs on this campus have more power if they stick together than if they

go their separate ways.

The second question is why Hillel would want to join MPB. Do its members feel that they are not being represented fairly on this campus? Is it that they are getting the run-around by Polity, or is it because they have a hidden agenda, as members of MPB have accused?

And what about when Dr. Khalid Muhammad came to campus. If Hillel had been part of MPB at the time, it would have presented problems in the decision to bring Muhammad to campus. It was disturbing to read in *Shelanu* that one of the reasons that Hillel was rejected was because of its opposition to Dr. Muhammad. That is not a reason, but an excuse. It would be a conflict of interests if MPB supported his coming to campus, while Hillel would be holding a demonstration against Muhammad. That would have divided MPB, rather than allowing more co-operation to take place within the organization. On the other hand, the comment may have been justified, for groups usually want to make sure that all of their members have the same goals and the same agendas. If not, the group itself may be fragmented by in-fighting and nothing would ever get accomplished. This, of course, is not an acceptable rationale for MPB's denying Hillel membership. MPB exists for the purpose of supporting minority interests, not for the promotion of political causes or leanings.

Have tensions between the Jews and Blacks in the last few months been on the rise? Recent events have increased the animosity between Blacks and Jews here at Stony Brook for no very good reason. The question is why? *Shelanu*, it would seem, should want to create harmony and understanding between the Jewish community and other members of the Stony Brook population rather than blow issues out of proportion and increase conflict.

The result of all this fighting has been that MPB has agreed to revise its by-laws in order to make them more clear. This came about as a result of attacks made by Hillel members charging that the guidelines for admission are too vague. MPB has agreed to revise them, and maybe when that's done Hillel will re-apply, and possibly, it will be accepted, and maybe it won't. If they are not accepted, let's hope they don't waste more Senate time crying that they're being persecuted, because the fact is that they have been treated just as fairly as every other group on this campus.

Letters

"Collegiate Times" column by Martin Anderson
Distributed by the Collegiate Network, a program of the Madison Center

Today's university students seem to be a forbearing, forgiving lot. Subject to callous exploitation and victims of one of the biggest rip-offs in America, they are remarkably silent. And perhaps for good reason, for if they speak out and protest, they are all-too vulnerable to retaliation from faculty and administrators.

The victims of the rip-off are the undergraduates, especially freshmen or sophomores, the ones who are often taught and graded by other students—teaching assistants as they are euphemistically called. In a variation of the old bait-and-switch game, the universities entice potential students and their parents with tales of exceptional teaching by erudite and sometimes world-renowned professors. But when the checks are written for \$5,000, \$10,000, or sometimes over \$20,000 for a year's education, and the students are safely enrolled, the reality they find in the classroom is not exactly what the catalog describes.

These hopeful, expectant young men and women all too often find not a professor standing in front of them but a graduate student (sometimes an undergraduate student). While these pseudo-professors rarely lecture in the large halls, they often lead the smaller class discussions where the real teaching should occur. They grade examinations and courses; they even counsel students about some of the most important choices in their lives. Is this a university education? Is this what students and parents pay tens of thousands of dollars for? Is this why students studied so hard — to be taught and counseled and graded by men and women who have not yet earned their degrees, who are not yet qualified enough to be

hired by the university as a professor?

The consequences are serious. Undergraduates are cheated of the quality education they have bought and paid for. Grades lose much of their meaning, for no one cares very much for one student's view of another, and this may be one factor in the rampant grade inflation that makes a mockery of everyone's grades. The bottom line is a cheapened degree. As long as few people catch on to the fact that university students are taught and graded to a significant extent by other students, and that high grades are commonplace, the value of the degree will hold up. But as the word spreads, and it will, the value of many college and university degrees will become more and more suspect.

Perhaps the worst news is that it now takes the typical undergraduate close to six years to earn this quasi-bogus degree. The four-year bachelors degree has become a relic of the past, largely due to the unavailability of courses when needed and inept counseling and guidance.

Graduate students may not be cheated, but are exploited ruthlessly. Many of them are coerced into either teaching or performing research tasks for their professors. Approximately forty-four percent of all financial aid to graduate students comes in the form of "teaching assistantships;" an additional thirty-eight percent is available for "research assistantships." When economic coercion fails, an increasing number of universities resort to making a certain number of semesters or quarters of teaching a requirement for the doctoral degree. The problem with all this is that teaching, even badly done, takes much preparation and time, and the time a graduate student spends teaching a professor's classes or doing a professor's research is time stolen from the pursuit of the Ph.D.

The results are predictable, tragic, and little spoken of.

The normal, accepted time to earn the Ph.D. is three to four years. Today, after one has received the bachelors degree, the median time it takes to earn a doctoral degree is 10.5 years. For women the time is 12.5 years. For African-Americans it is 14.9 years. The typical student is middle-aged before completion of the requirements for the doctoral degree.

In one sense, these statistics are the good news. Half the men and women who struggle through the Ph.D. gauntlet take longer and some of them are old when they finally receive their degree. It gets worse. We worry about dropout rates of twelve or fifteen percent in our high schools. The dropout rate today for our doctoral degree candidates, many of the brightest young men and women in this country, is fifty percent, with most of them dropping out after spending five, six, seven, or more years in pursuit of the Ph.D.

There is a way to stop the cheating of undergraduates and the exploitation of graduate students: simply prohibit the use of students as professors. "Impossible," the universities will say, "we couldn't afford it, and besides, the graduate students need teaching practice for the day when they become professors."

But the universities could afford it, by providing the same level of financial aid to graduate students, with no strings attached, if only they required their professors to teach more than a few hours a week. As for teaching "practice," less than half of all doctoral recipients ever go on to become professors. Furthermore, the time to practice should come after receiving the degree, not while pursuing it. Do medical students practice surgery? Do law students practice in court with real clients?

Some politicians have called for putting God back in the classroom. Think how much we could accomplish if we just put the professors back in the classroom.

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Along the Color Line:

Race and the 1992 Presidential Election

The shadow of race is always present in American politics, and the recent presidential contest was no exception. Yet the curious reality is that in the political aftermath of the racial uprisings in Los Angeles in April-May, 1992, the most costly and violent social explosion in American history, that none of the major candidates really addressed or confronted the fundamental racial crisis in this country. As political critic Alan Ehrenhalt observed: "In every presidential election since 1968, the middle class concerns of race and crime have at the center of campaign debate. This year, they have scarcely been discussed."

George Bush's public record on race relations is filled with ambiguity and cynical opportunism. As a student at Yale University nearly five decades ago, he led the fundraising drive for the United Negro College Fund, providing much-needed support for historically Black colleges. As a local Republican leader in Texas, he placed party funds in a Black-owned bank. But Bush was ready to jettison any commitments to Black equality, depending upon the circumstances. In 1964, he vigorously opposed the Civil Rights Act which outlawed racial segregation in public accommodations. In his 1988 presidential campaign, Bush benefited from the racist-inspired Willie Horton political advertisement. As President, he vetoed the 1990 Civil Rights Act, attacking it as a "racial quota bill."

Ross Perot received some surprisingly strong support from Blacks at the beginning of his independent candidacy. For months, Jesse Jackson openly flirted with Perot, and his Rainbow Coalition nearly endorsed him. In June, a national survey of African-American voters from 18 to 34 years old found that 21 percent favored Perot. But a negative reaction against Perot developed when it was learned that the Texas billionaire opposed

affirmative action. When the Electronic Data Systems corporation was under Perot's ownership, the company had barely one percent Black and Latino managers and administrators. Perot inflicted irreparable damage upon himself, as far as African Americans were concerned, after delivering a dreadfully paternalistic speech before the national convention of the NAACP. Perot referred to Blacks as "you people"—a statement reflecting both his personal and political distance from the real problems of African Americans.

Clinton's relationship with the Black community was far more complicated. Growing up in a rural, impoverished family with an abusive, alcoholic stepfather, Clinton's personal experiences gave some insight into the inherent unfairness of class and racial oppression. As an idealistic college student at Georgetown University, he assisted poor, rural African Americans participating in a civil rights protest in Washington, D.C., led by the Reverend Ralph David Abernathy. As Governor of a small Southern state, he cultivated cordial links with African American constituents, appointing more Blacks to governmental positions than all previous Arkansas governors combined.

Clinton could speak with compassion and power in his denunciations of racism and economic inequality, something completely alien to both Perot and Bush. In the aftermath of the Los Angeles racial revolt of April-May, 1992, for instance, the Democratic candidate declared: "The Republicans, when they needed to prove Michael Dukakis was soft on crime, brought out Willie Horton. The Republicans, when they needed to cover up for their senseless economic strategy that is driving income down for most American families while they work harder, blame it on quotas so there can be racial resentment instead of honest analysis of our economic

falsehoods....We have made a great deal of progress for those of us who live in the mainstream of America. But what has happened beneath that? Beneath that, there are those who are not part of our community, where values have been shredded by the hard knife of experience, where there is the disintegration of family and neighborhood and jobs, and the rise of drugs and guns and gangs."

But Clinton's advisers, painfully aware that no Democratic presidential candidate had received a majority of the white vote in nearly thirty years, sharply advised Clinton to distance himself from the problems of lower-income Blacks in general, and from Jesse Jackson in particular. This was the reason for Clinton's calculated public break with Jackson over the "Sister Souljah" controversy. Clinton also embraced changes in welfare laws which would deny increased payments to poor mothers who had additional children while on welfare. Throughout the campaign, Clinton deliberately distanced himself from Jackson, even avoiding being photographed with him.

Clinton's failure to achieve more than 50 percent of the white vote will push him even further to the right as his administration begins. African-Americans and other people of color must immediately pressure Clinton to respond to their needs, if racial unrest and the recent violence of the streets of Los Angeles is to be avoided in the future.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of Political Science and History at the University of Colorado, Boulder. "Along The Color Line" appears in over 250 publications, and is broadcast by more than 60 radio stations internationally.

Bush Grows A Heart:

U.S. To Send Troops To Somalia

President Bush has gotten much more human after losing the election—he has abandoned partisan politicking in favor of constructive, principled policies. We might owe our debt of gratitude not to George, the decent man, but rather to another in a long series of cynical, calculated moves, this time one in which the failed president gives to posterity the "kinder, gentler" image that he promised in '88.

Even if is genuinely concerned over the plight of the Somali people, his decision not to do anything about them may have been due to his pre-election anxiety over introducing any policy that might stir up controversy. His anxieties seem to have been unfounded. Not only has there been a conspicuous lack of opposition to the proposed deployment of 30,000 U.S. Marines to help insure that the hundreds of thousands of starving Somalis receive aid, but also such an action by Bush before the election would have given the public the impression that he has the capacity for sympathy for the downtrodden, the perceived lack of which can be seen as having cost him the election. In addition, he could have appealed to conservative nationalists through such a show of military muscle.

Whatever the reason or delay, we will now be sending men to Somalia to guard relief supplies and to oversee food distribution. In his blanket advocacy for this move, Bush may have gone too far. Anarchy, in the most complete sense of the word, rules over Somalia; the countryside bristles with well-armed roving bands of thugs and brigands with nothing to lose and loyalty to no one but themselves.

These apolitical guerrillas will not hesitate to fire on our troops because their raiding of food supplies and territorial ferocity constitute their livelihood. To give up this way of life would mean for them to become as low as the starving people, their lives spent hopelessly living in filth and getting sustenance from relief agencies. In addition, any of these guerrilla bands would be quite loath to disarm itself because, absent any official authority, its members could have no guarantee that other bands would do likewise. So, aside from the (morally obligatory) task of getting food to the starving, our Marines will have to contend with a belligerent, heavily armed resistance that knows we don't have the stomach for much fighting.

While this action is a good first step, and one that will help stem the horrifying tide of Somali suffering, it is not enough. There is no indication that either of the two factors contributing to the famine, drought and anarchy, will abate any time soon. A much larger effort must be undertaken by the world community to give the country some real stability. Some kind of government must be set up, and given credit and other forms of assistance in the interest of eliminating, or at least reducing, the guerrilla threat. Secondly, a massive civil engineering and educational effort must be undertaken to get irrigation to Somali farmland and teach its residents methods of maximizing food production. The people must be given their lives back, or all of our horror and harping about sympathy and morality will be for naught, and worse for its dishonesty. Failing that, sooner or later, our government will pull the Marines

out of Somalia, and let the people starve/shoot each other to death.

Morality, when invoked by a government as a basis for policy decisions, must be absolute, as in World War II, when we put our country itself on the line against an evil in Europe that had not directly attacked us. If our government decides to do the right thing and get food to the starving, we should not stop halfway, but rather work to the best of our ability to prevent such horrifying events in the future. While we're at it, we should make a few relatively risk-free and preannounced bombing raids over Belgrade. They would probably cause Mr. Milosevic to reconsider his policies in Bosnia-Herzegovina. Such an action would certainly ease the sufferings of Bosnian Muslims and send the message that Serbian or any other "ethnic cleansing" (sic) will not be tolerated. After all, morality should be impartial. The time is well past due for us to be the good guys again.

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The People In Your Neighborhood

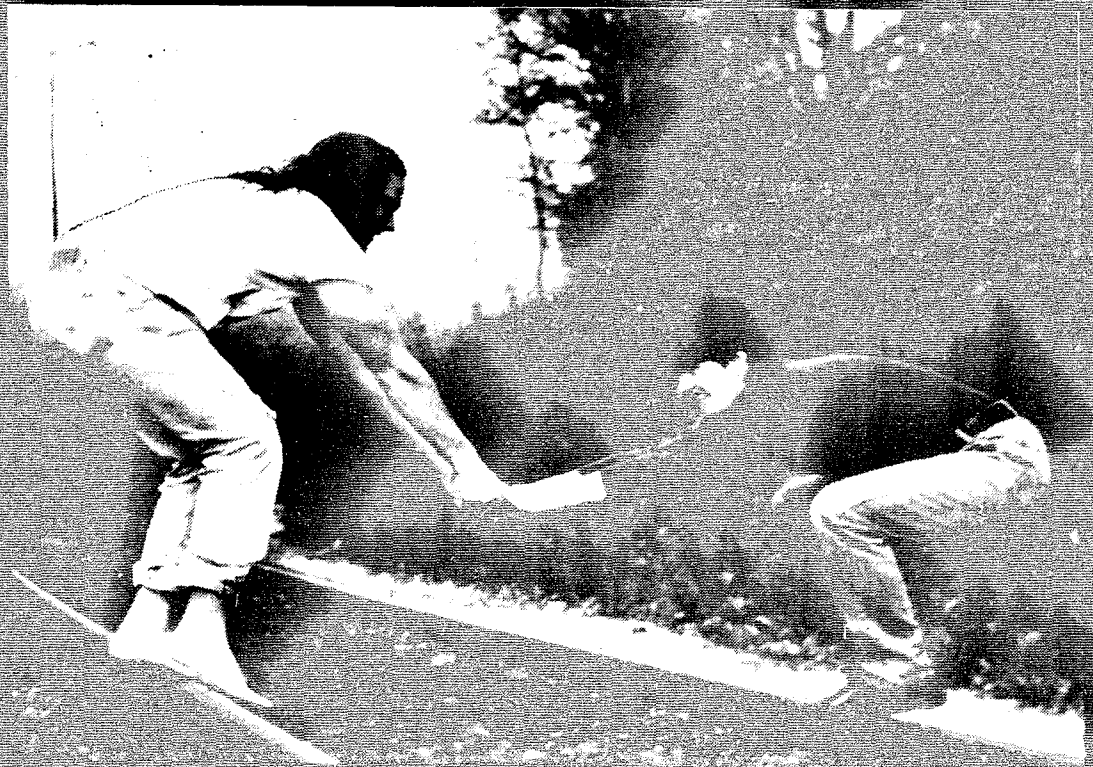
**“There are mystically
in our faces certain
characters which
carry in them the
motto of our souls,
wherein he that can-
not read A, B, C, may
read our own
natures.”**

-Sir Thomas Brown
Religio Medici



Last issue, we featured a few of the more interesting visages of Stony Brook's faculty. This time, the Press turns it's photo-eye on the student body, wherein we find some truly unique individuals.

by Garrison



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Barbara the Terrible

Awful, terrible, disgusting, dripping with slime
too incredibly wonderful to mention,
she devours whole continents with each step,
and lays waste to cities. Barbara the Terrible,
swordless, requires just a glance to melt bones
and enslave souls, which no restraint could ever
forestall. She grinds her foes into hamburger meat,
and her lackeys garnish them lovingly to be served
at gala luncheons at the Imperial palace. Being
such a meal is almost beyond the level of fantastic
that mortals can handle.

Barbara the Terrible caresses the armor from
battleships, and rips them asunder
with a blown kiss.

The oceans draw away from her feet, fearful that a
touch might make them forget themselves and,
daydreaming, drift away into infinity.

Turning her head, the gilded strands of her hair
part space itself; she ignores the existential booms
that follow in her wake, leaving the reconstruction
of the universe to her worshippers.

She has wrested from God his domain, and,
incapable of even envy, He simply slinks into an
inconspicuous corner, where he might get an
occasional peek at the bottom of her boots.

Not satisfied with the
universe, her terrible glory has expanded the realm
of the possible into a temple to herself.

She is without mercy;
the conquered simply vanish from being to
avoid causing her displeasure.

Her raiments have refused the sun's offer of its
golden radiance, instead drawing their glory
from the ecstasy at being permitted to touch her
without perishing. Daily her sphere grows,
and soon

her influence will be without limit.

I think she's pretty cool, myself.

-Sensate Mass

THE SCHEDULE

by Scott Skinner
(Dedicated to Sarah Cassetta)

It was a fluke, his being here. Normally his schedule called for attendance at biology, but the professor was involved in a motorcycle accident and class was cancelled for the day.

Jack circled the cafeteria slowly with his tray, looking for an empty seat. The tables were filled with the unfamiliar faces of students whose schedules did not coincide with his own. He found an unobtrusive table in the corner, and sat down to eat lunch.

"Jack?"

The girl's face was pleasant and vaguely familiar. A second later and he remembered.

"Jill?"

"Yes"

"Hi. Um, would you like to sit down?"

Jill placed her tray down and sat opposite to Jack. The last time she had seen him was when they were making out their class schedules during Orientation.

"Gosh, I've never seen you eat here before."

"Yeah, I usually have class now but my professor fell off his motorcycle and the class was cancelled."

"Oh wow. Which class?"

"Biology 101."

"Really? I'm in that class, too. Which section are you in?"

"One."

"Oh, I'm in section two. That's too bad, but maybe we can study together sometime."

"Yeah, that would be great."

Jill ate her food quickly, deliberately, as if she was in a hurry.

"Do you have class soon?"

"Yes, I have this stupid lab on Tuesdays and Thursdays. It only leaves me ten minutes to eat."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Jill smiled, "Don't worry about it, it's just my stupid schedule."

Jack saw that she was almost finished, and felt a sense of urgency. "So listen, how is your schedule on the weekend? Maybe we could study together..."

Jill seemed pleased with the offer. "Well, I'm free Friday nights from six to nine." She wiped her mouth with a napkin. "At nine I have to babysit."

"Huh. Fridays are no good for me. I have to work late. How about Saturday afternoon?"

Jill stared off into space and then shook her head. "No, I have swimming practice and then I work. Um, are you free anytime Sunday during the day?"

Jack put his hand on his forehead and moaned. "Uhhh. Sundays are the worst. I have to help my parents around the house, then go grocery shopping, then work. What about Sunday night?"

Jill frowned. "Sunday nights I have to do my laundry and wash my hair."

Jack shook his head and chuckled. "Well, let me see your class schedule. Maybe we could find time during the week."

At this suggestion Jill seemed pleased. She handed him her schedule while glancing at her watch.

Jack took out his own schedule and placed them both side by side on the table. The papers were both checkered with boxes, some highlighted and some not. He glanced at one, then the other, then back again. "Huh." He held up the two schedules and a soft light filtered through the free boxes, the ones that were not highlighted. "I don't believe it." Slowly he moved one schedule over the other until the free boxes from Jill's lined up perfectly with the highlighted boxes of his own, and vice versa. The soft, diffused light was quickly cut off.

Jack looked up at Jill, who was glancing at her watch and looked anxious to leave. "Our schedules," he sighed, "are totally opposite."

Jill pursed her lips and sighed, while Jack handed back her schedule. "Well," she shrugged, "I wish I could stay but I have class now."

Jack gave her an insipid smile. "Maybe I will see you again sometime."

Jill returned the smile. "I'm sorry." She got up to leave, then added, "It's our stupid schedules."

"Well, it was nice eating with you."

"Yes, it was good to see you again. Take care."

Oh well, thought Jack, it was a fluke anyway, his being here.

Jack folded up his schedule and put it away.

FOR THE TOASTER
OVEN
WHO MADE ME
THE POP TART I
AM TODAY

by Catherine Krupski

I dodge your eyes,
you avoid me.

Does it have to be so cold?

I feel OK-
What about you?

"Nothing serious," you said.
I said, "Fine, nothing serious"

We hung out.

Did I crowd you space
-without knowing?
-without meaning to?

We seemed to be alike,
but now so different:
the things you know,
the things you do-
They frighten me.

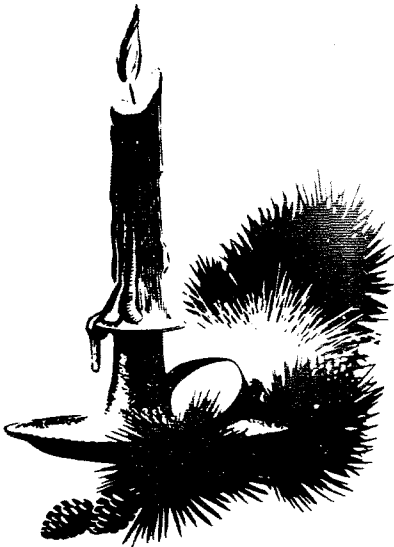
Maybe its just
the cold hard truth
and I'm naive.

Maybe its you.
Maybe its the both of us.

As you race right by,

I've stopped to smell the flowers.

I guess when we met up,
you were just taking a break.



The Invisible Man

by Samantha Smith

I am in love with an invisible man
but I love him, how I love him.
He is more a man than anyone

I've seen-
saved people and said "twarn't
nothin,"
made me well when I was sick.
How I wish I could heal his soul,
make him whole as he should
have been.

Does anatomy make one a man?
I have seen one ten inches long
but he ran away from reality;
told me he had to play with his
swords and guns
and had no answer to what is
important.

And yet, this was a man.
Mom asks me if I have a
boyfriend now-
I cannot answer her, or she will
ask questions.
I just say no
but that is a lie.

Why can't they understand
my brave invisible man
Why can't they understand me
I can see what the others cannot
see

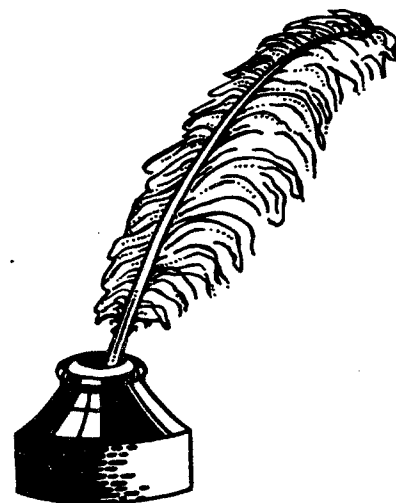
I see the invisible man.
He's taller than ten inches
he doesn't have to pretend.

Dare Not Stand My Ground
L. Capitano

I opened the bedroom door.
It's ransacked;
the apartment missing
all but the kitchen chairs.
From just the other room
we slept.
Slept through the noise,
who was it?
The etageres are gone!
Must be that madman;
that husband of mine.
God, if he'd opened the bedroom
door,
the shock, the terror that
would rip through the house.
My life would be in danger,
his too, the man
that slept through the noise.

Those etageres are trouble.
He's obsessed with their heritage.
From his Uncle,
His favorite dead uncle.
I leave him everything
except a few odd pieces.
Etageres left in the garage,
unused, unnoticed,
until they're gone.

Now they become the fight,
one I don't care to encourage,
a man I don't care to enrage.
A hot blooded Italian,
seeing red.
Those dam etageres,
take no chances,
send them back.
Lose the battle, lose the war,
save yourself.



EPITAPH

by Garrison

On doubtful ground I stand against my peers;
A fight for every breath within this grasp
of fear: The dread that one might understand,
And see the thing I really am: a child.

No more, no less; a simple, fright'ed child
A boy who wander'd off in to the night;
He sought to face the devils of his dreams
This boy who wanders off, and now is lost.

Would that I could reach this boy beneath
my mask; I'd take him up in to my arms,
and say to him "I'll keep you safe and warm;
Never will you walk alone again!"

AND PIGS WILL FLY AND SNOWMEN DANCE IN HELL!

I am a fool and fools should hold their tongues;
I cannot reach this self within myself-
'Tis lost and weary; dark and rent with pain.

ANGER! FURY! This is where I stand!
I'll not concede nor bare my breast to thee!
From this point forth I live by one decree:
I WILL NOT BE HURT AGAIN

Cast Under the Influence of Sweet Dreams

Beyond your purple heart of stone
you turned your back on a love esteemed so true;
you countered my tears with eyes of misfortune-
believing yourself to have been overwhelmed with
torments of distrust.

How could you leave one who gave herself eternally to you;
like a goddess provoked by the treachery of mortals,
whose devotion destines her for her final fall... a fall
into the clutches of fear and anger..betrayal and death.

What began with the swell of the oceans scent ended within
the confines of a winter's night on a city street;
passive as the 116 days I grew upon, within, and near you
I say farewell to the fading cliché of love.

For in months, halfway around the world, will I think to say
that memories have left me within the chambers of my own
heart... sustained and breathing ...clinging to the life that
has saved me so far.

Erotic as our love has been, behold the pain that now
overcomes it;
shelter yourself from the punishment you shall now receive:
a life evolving around a core of loneliness.. experience now
what I have sustained and may you never wake from your
dreams...

Michelle—

Ode To A Dead Catfish (A Post-Romantic Holocaust)

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

Beautiful catfish, once you swam with your
brethren,
but now you are dead-are you going to
heaven?
To me you are human as I look at your
smile,
your wiggly whiskers, your eyes of stale
bile.
I wish you could join me wherever I roam
but I live on the land, and the sea is your
home;
what kind of funeral should I hold for my
friend
where fishes and humans could gladly
attend?
Even burial at sea seems disrespectful
when the hungry masses wait for a
mouthful
of your flaky white flesh.

You were not caught by human hands,
but yet you washed up on these sands
like a pirate's dream
a mother's scream.

The gulls will pierce your shining skin
to eat the weeping heart within,
yet I will stand alone on the beach
as our fates are not within our reach,
and I will watch the crying gulls
as I put pencil to paper

dependency:

A disease of the personage
disintegrating the essence
of time's creation,
dissimulating sovereignty.
Weakness from within bares
weariness of the fight.
Solace lost,
fear takes hold
leaving adrift
the best;
shoring up the questions
without answers.
a loss of self.

{this poem was submitted with L.
Capitano and L. Sugrue, but has no by-
line}

Middle Eastern Desert Dreams

Sketch a prayer that only you can see,
a prayer so secret, cast in infidelity;
emotions cast astray as we forget our commitments....
or shall I say, laid them aside at the foot of our temple.

Middle Eastern spells beseeched upon me
with powers beyond a vision screened;
cast your eyes upon a woman so true,
a woman deemed eternally real.

Our love becomes enshrined within a lust,
one granting treats beyond reality;
how can I say it tends but for the moment...
believe me I could never want more.

Entreat me within reality before I lapse into ecstasy;
stand by my side as I drift in between;
help me to understand a loss and interpret my gain;
beseech upon me my request... to establish some sense within
my confined Middle Eastern Desert Dreams.

Michelle—

Stolen Dialogue

by Samuel Custodio
c 1992

"Hah! Did you see the look on his face?!"
"Yo, Roy. That was cold-hearted. That boy ain't done nuthin' to you."
"Why you trippin', Ray? Ain't nuthin' but another dumb-ass white boy. Besides, he could get hisself a new bike any time he wants. All he got to do is ask."
"Like you asked him for this one, right?"
"You wuz standin' right there. You heard me throw down my polite request. I said, 'You gonna give me that bike, right, white boy?' And he said, 'Do I have a choice?' And I said, 'Sure. You could be lying horizontal, bleeding out the side-a your head.' I think he made the right choice. Matter of fact, that boy was downright ANXIOUS to give it up."
"Just cause he's white. Man, you ain't nuthin' but a common thief now."
"What...? You'd rather I be chumpin' suh'in off a brother? Don't be calling me no thief, now. I ain't NO-body's thief."
"Look who's trippin' now? You done TOOK that ten speed away from the boy, talkin' 'bout leaving his head busted in the gutter.... What you call that if not thieving?"
"A...Strategic acquisition."
"What?!"
"That's what them Wall Street boys call it when they do it. I hear them talking. I read the papers-I could read, you know."
"C'mon wid your dumb self."
"Yeah, yeah, check it out. I'm just-what they call-broadening my base of liquid assets, you see."
"I seen 'Wall Street' myself, Brother Wonderwords, but that don't give me the right to snatch other people's rides."
"The right?! What rights you got, Ray? The right to stay poor your whole sad life? Not me. 'Sides, ain't like that boy's folks couldn't afford another one."
"Tha's not the point, Roy."
"Tha's the whole point. Nuthin' but the point. Look at this bike. Gotta be worth at least TWO 'C' notes, if not three. You know how long I'd have to work to get me one of these?"
"You mean, assuming you had a job."
"Don't front me, Ray. I gotta job. Scoutin' opportunities. Tha's my job. Like this one."
"We been boys a long time, Roy. Since grade school. I never took you for no thief, though. Wha's up with that?"
"Times is hard, my brother. Today, you got ta find out what your marketable skill is right quick, you understand, then jump on that bad boy before some-one else does. Me? My skill is this face. Scarred up and mean. That and the 9mm stuffed in my pants'll make you wanna quake in your Nikes, brother. Straight up. Ain't nuthin' you could do but to give up the goods. And white folks? Their skill is being at the wrong place at the wrong time. They got that down to a science."
"And you right there to show them the error of their ways."
"Somebody's got to. I's what you call...the echo system."
"I think you mean the Eco-system."
"No, I mean the echo system. Like 'echo'. I take his bike, right? Then his fear ECHOES to others like him to stay clear of the hood. Only, they never do. So, when I see them standing all misplaced and all, my rage echoes to others like me that the unsuspecting prey has once again tripped the trap. Their rage echoes to other brothers. And theirs to others. And there you have it. Echoes after echoes. Rage after rage. All them raging echoes make the world go 'round.'
"And so it goes..."
"And so it goes."
"Fear echoes to rage echoes to fear echoes to rage..."
"And it just don't stop. No way. No how."
"Til we all die..."
"Til the very WORLD can't help but BLOW up with all the noise."
"And where will you be then, Roy?"
"Wishing that white boy well, Ray, from either heaven or hell."
"And which one do you suppose that might be?"
"Word. Let's just say I'll steal across that bridge when I get to it."



...waiting for slack tide
L. Sugrue

In a
sea of turmoil with the moment,
time dynamically changes
all that seems real.

Convictions most fleeting
when questions take hold.
Where's the shore line
when the tides change so quickly?

of the lost..insight thru experience
offers limits.
The sea changes predictably.
Enjoy the whitecaps.
Knowing slack tide will return.

Anger Being Silly
by Scott Mintzer

That goddamn shopping cart in the road.
I hit it so hard, I could have dropped a load.
That goddamn shopping cart in the road.
There it was, so I swerved, not hard enough,
not enough nerve.
I hit it with my mirror square.
Now that mirror isn't there.
That goddamn shopping cart in the road.



Darkness.
It was so mysterious.
I used to fear it.
Sometimes I still do.
You never did.
You loved it.
Invited me into it.
Got me to like it.
I learned in it.
Had fun in it.
It felt so scandalous.
Suddenly, light trespassed
Into the darkness.
Our darkness.
You turned away,
Further away from me.
If I only knew-
You are the darkness.

-C.L.K.

The Circle Strong

by Peter Miegom

The white man.

Long ago.

Beautiful.

Let the music dominate him

Not the reverse.

Didn't own the music.

Didn't put his name on it.

Dancing and circling to the rhythm of the music.

Sharing the music.

Cool, white dancers.

Cool, white musicians.

The white man.

Long ago.

Beautiful.

Connected.

To the animal people,

The insect people,

The bird people,

The plant people.

Not superior.

Not more intelligent.

Not more highly evolved.

Considering them his equals.

All, his relatives.

Children of the same mother, the earth.

Points on a circle.

The white man.

Long ago.

Humble.

Getting down on his knees.

Getting them dirty.

Giving thanks to the deer

For giving of himself so that he may live.

Giving thanks to the earth

For giving of herself so that he may live.

Doing the ceremonies.

Making the offerings.

Sacrificing himself.

With gratitude.

With respect.

With respect to all living things.

With respect to the earth.

With respect to the Great Mystery.

In connection with all these things.

Giving something back in return.

The white man.

Long ago.

Beautiful.

Connected.

To the earth.

To nature.

To that from which he was born.

To his mother.

To woman.

To the soil.

The flesh and bones of his ancestors.

Never thinking of hurting her..

Never thinking of destroying her rivers, her lakes.

Loving her. Caring for her. Respecting her.

The white man.

Long ago.

Beautiful.

Connected.

To past and to future.

Walking in a sacred manner.

Feet touching the earth.

Remembering ancestors.

Thanking them for their wisdom.

Telling stories in circle around the campfire.

Dancing for the future.

Looking ahead.

Keeping eyes open.

Keeping ears open.

Listening.

Taking care how he steps.

Feet touching earth.

Remembering future generations.

Remembering the soil from which they will come.

Telling stories in circle around the campfire.

Passing on knowledge.

Passing on wisdom.

Taking great care

Of Mother Earth

Of the soil, of the water, of the forests, of the
children

So that they may live.

The white man.

Long ago.

Beautiful.

Connected.

To his neighbour.

As a brother.

As a sister.

As a child of the same mother.

Not above him.

Not below him.

Meeting in circles.

To discuss.

To come to decisions.

To teach, to learn, to work together.

Not against each other.

The white man.

Long ago.

Beautiful.

No need for lines.

No need for rulers.

Not looking to divide.

Not looking to rule.

Keeping no one in line.

Points on a circle.

One not above the other,

Sharing everything.

Owning nothing.

Harmony maintained.

The earth maintained.

The circle strong.

To Be a Man Samuel Custodio

A clever young boy
thoughtful as the depth of his ebony skin
stops his short walk
pole vaults his chin
and takes in
the scratching of tall buildings on a gray firmament.

A curious woman
of wrinkled porcelain
splashed loud with imported silk
bends into the face
of this misplaced
Ashanti warrior child
and starves his hungry eyes.

"Would you like an office up there?" she smiles
sweet and nutty as Pecan Pie.

He knits a stare that inquisits... Why?

"Well then,"
she redirects in mock surprise,
"what would you like to be when you're that size?"
swelling her head and heritage high.

This brown-sweet boy
by and by
squeezes his daddy's work-rough hand and
regarding her disturbance with impatient sigh
quips, "To be a man,"
and waves good-bye.

A'mist Those That Have Samuel Custodio

Beneath the quilt of august night
that snuffles dark and heavy the land of milk and
honey
it occurs to me like dome forgotten memory
I might have wrenched a hasty turn in life.

A midnight mist breathed from nearby beaches
steals across the salty dunes of this quiet island,
across the buried Native runes of this long island,
and plants chilly kisses on my naked chest,
wrapping it with tentative caresses,
like those of unpracticed lovers
probing at each others pangs of need.

In the jaundiced eye of this peevish porch light
droplets play in the drowsy sway of an invisible
coastal breeze.

Weightless motes of perfect light,
they are,
molecules of mourning hope
fallen from the crystal eyes of Heaven's angels.
They soak my pajama-thighs through and through
with the chill of God's disdain.

These playful pellets spray above my low -hung
head
till grave gravity lays waste their windless flight,
and landing,
light lightly upon obsidian quills that bristle my neck
stiff.

So gossamer a mist dare not weave its wisps in the
city.
Oh no.

But out here
wet night descends
like an invocation of dark alchemy,
like a soundless wide-eyed noise
that numbs you with the hoary roar of its silence.

No siren screams.
No feline screams.
No human screams.
Only the queer loquacity of sinister insects,
crazy crickets and foul-mouthed cicadas,
conniving from earthy crevices,
retorting rudely on the rape of lights
that now blight their grassy resort.
Such exoskeletal sanity shattering chattering
drives a city boy wild.

Meanwhile,
within this sheltered New England Cape,
this New World escape,
sweetly snores the scented object of all my breath-
less will.
Rib of my soul,
she is my city sister.

Her lung moans billow wrinkles of light
that crease familiar
this displaced night.

Said The Milk Carton Photo Samuel Custodio

Hey Mister
said the milk carton photo
to the busy businessman,
yeah you
with them gold links cuffing those wrists:
Can you help my momma find me?

I've been snatched away,
swept up in a gasp —huhhh! (look at the original
and change font)
Summer sidewalk
still damp with child sweat,
sweet as the smile on that beat-up Barbie doll
that's still out there
probably
waiting for her man;
Ken came clutched with me you see.
Can you help my momma find me?

My body hurts bad
cause that awful manboy,
that strange stretched-long
crazy boyman
bad breath
big and strong
stubble rough
temper tough
monster face man,
crushed and crumpled me
like Momma does to them bills
she gets in the mail...
at least...

I think she still does.
Can you help my momma find me?

It's hard because
this carton depiction
don't capture the affliction
of all these black and blue inflictions.
I don't look like that no more.
I ain't been that happy since...
I ain't seen my smile in...
God-ha!... (Change the font)
please get me home...(font)
Can you help my momma find me?

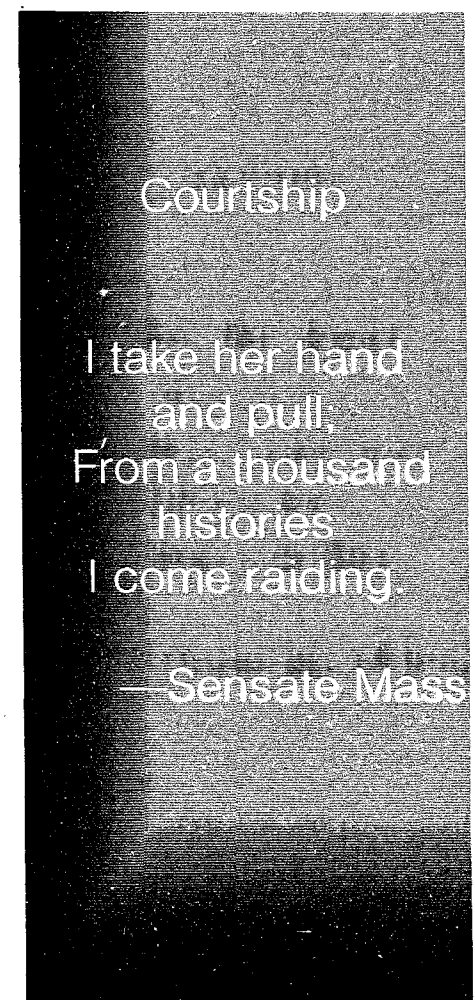
If you took that sharp nose of yours
outta the money papers for just a minute,
you might soon see these hopeful eyes
pleading with you to pick up on my scent.
Just look at me,
that's all.

My milk of life is almost gone.
Just a drop or two left to cream up the gourmet
ground I hear
brewing in that high-tech machine—
My momma uses a plain ol'pot! (font)
soon this empty vessel will be tossed aside,
dropped like the tears from Momma's eyes,
so sour and filmy with pain.
Can you help my momma find me?

Poor Momma
is a poor momma.
Her shout don't have
the clout yours would have,
no doubt,
if you suddenly found out what her pain's all about.
Can you help my momma find me?

Though your nest rips clouds
in guarded ivory towers,
Don't be fooled;
you could do much for us
earth bound
clipped-winged creatures
down here.
Just notice us.
Just notice me.

Once.
That's all.
Look at me.
LOOK!—at me. (font on "look")
Now...
Can you help my momma find me?



ANOTHER DREAM

by Garrison

The cool night breeze
Carries the sound of a distant train;
A triumphant whistle of hope:
"Come! Follow me!
Together we'll find your dreams!
Boarding takes but a half-spoken wish
On a lonely star..."
My heart quickens; freedom?
O, what joy to see a flicker of hope
In an endlessly darkening soul;
With bated breath I wish...
I hope...

Alas, all hope is an illusion,
And wishes are tears.
I am here,
And here I will stay;
Rooted like a gnarled, rotting tree
In barren lifeless soil.
As the tree is the soil,
So am I the life I lead:
I can no more refute it
Than the tree can abandon the soil;
Still, I pray
Freedom like an axe
Will come and set me free!
Till then,
Let me rest here in your arms
And dream another dream.

Morning Blues

Behold the wake of morning blues,
your body so removed from its present place;
leave not your mark on my bed,
but instead within the confinements of my heart.

Internal doubts remain to be seen as my disorder,
as my bed remains such a shallow place;
who would think that making love brings out the
voice of one's own self-love.

So your love is proved as a conquest whereby
those of less experience are no more important - but,
ultimately less becomes more as youth confines one
to the innocence of the heart.

There is no rush to deem the flame burning bright
as our time together will never cease;
use your large hands to engulf instead my vulnerability-
not just the flesh of love presented before you.

At times your treatment may be unjust,
but to me that is a matter beyond my envisioned sight;
love works in many ways...towards your favor. of course,
with my love as your support.

Beat with me as an individual you treasure;
keep the smile of love vividly relinquished,
as you keep your place within my morning blues.

Michelle—

Radiation Therapy

by Andrea Beyer





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^:00 PM in the small gym
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now available in the
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Deadline December 17th.

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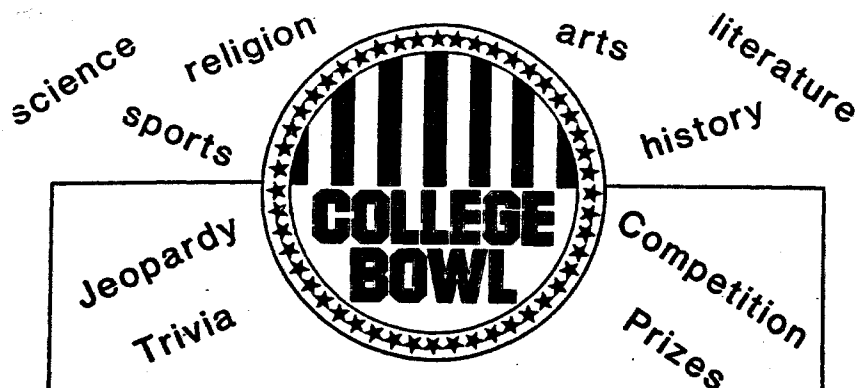
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NEW MUSIC

Brothers and Systems (Netwerk)
By Joanna Rasmussen

If you are among the ranks of those who've not yet given in to House music, perhaps a preview of Transcontinental Weekend by Brothers and Systems is in order. Tom Third and his computer are the mind and soul behind B&S, giving us more than repetitious keyboard loops and a beautiful voice. On the contrary, we are provided with a widely diverse range of musical styles.

"All About Me", "What You Want", and "Soulfood", three tracks possessing the charm of what I like to call "Flower Power" Hip Hop, feature The Last of an Ancient Breed on the mike. Also featured, Alvin Watts sings leads on both "1/2 4 Me, 1/2 4 U" and "Rhyme and Reason" with a

traditional House style that leaves me wondering, "Where have I heard this before?"

A compilation of musical elements back the captivating voice of Zulema Clas. Her serene vocals in "Word" float above the melody of a jazz piano together with latin horns and percussion. "Opium Dentine", containing the same latin/jazz elements, combines with a funky Hip Hop beat. Oddly enough, both cuts remind me of the soundtracks for "West Side Story" and

"Breakfast at Tiffany's" composed by Henry Mancini.

Brothers and Systems, signed by the same folks who bring you Consolidated, provides an introduction for all you apprehensive House listeners out there. Instrumentally rich and enjoyable, Transcontinental Weekend is, by far, more than just an unfortunate waste of recording material.

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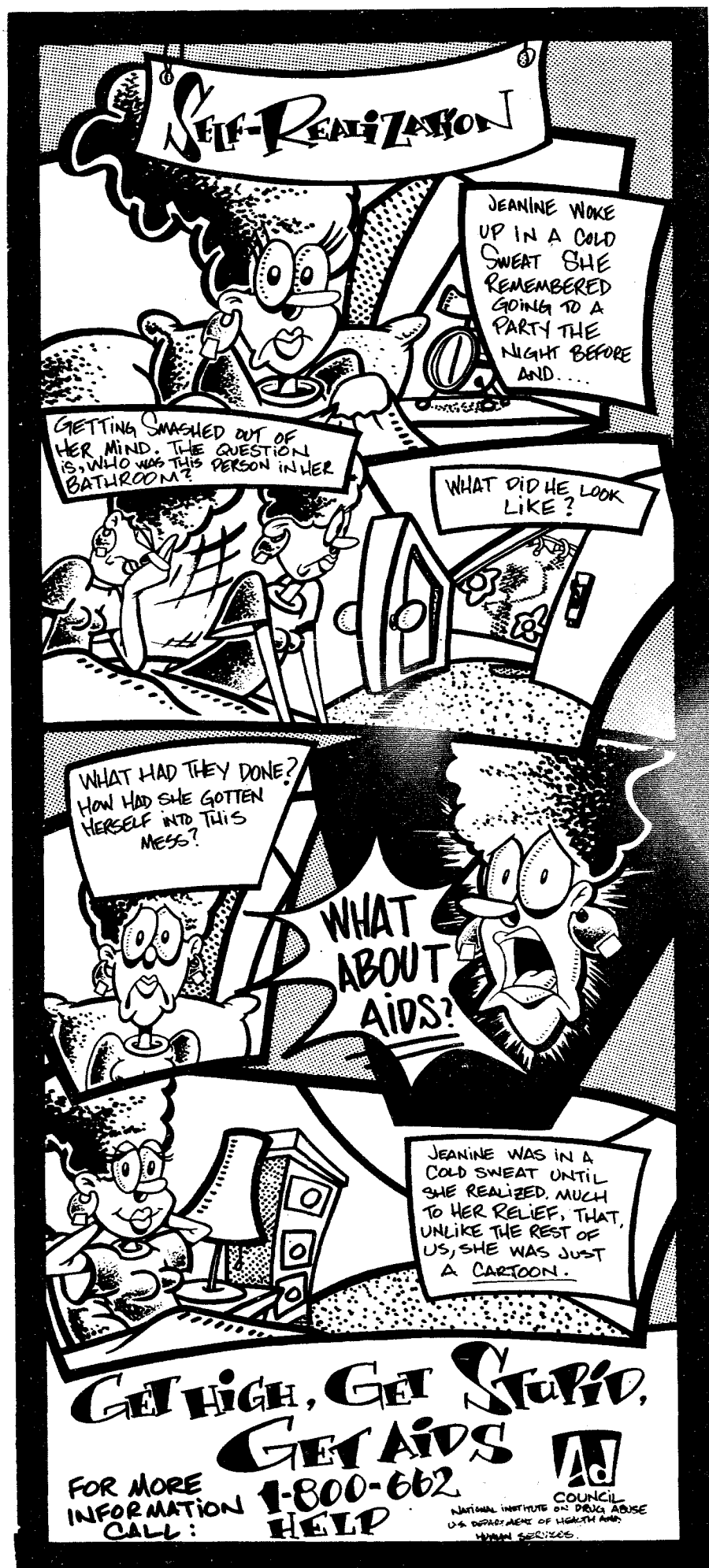
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Brothers and Systems



SOMETHING PHISHY AT STONY BROOK

By tamara blain

Special to the Press and to Mankind in General

OK, man, oh, oh, oh...whoa man. Wait, this is bitchin'. Take a coupla hits of ass-id, hop in the mental time machine, and you'll land at the Phish show in the old Gym at Stony Brook. Stardate: sometime two weeks ago. OK, you've got a ticket, now you've just gotta figure out what color it is and which door that means you're supposed to go through. Aw, fuck! You forgot your weed? Well, there'll be plenty more inside.

All right, you're in and the music starts. This rhyth-

mic blend of hillbilly and rock has the audience dancing. Everyone is jumping up and down even though Public Nuisance is trying to keep them in their seats. Feels like you're in Tennessee, huh? Plenty of long-skirted, sandaled, tie-dyed, Deadheads around. Check around and you'll see some seventies left-overs here and there. And, if you really squint, you'll even spot some normal college students who might just be from Stony. The atmosphere is groovy.

Peace and love are at the tip of your tongue. Is this what Woodstock was like?

Whoa, man. You know you didn't take any hits and you know you haven't smoked yet. Or did you do both and forget? Gotta be this music that's fucking up your head. Sounds like the Grateful Dead; no, actually it's a little more far out. Sounds like a long trip into that place you never wanna come down from; and now it's changing into a bad trip. Your brains feel like liquid metal being poured onto shards of broken glass. Just as you're about to fall off the bleachers in pleasure/pain ecstasy,



you get pulled back into the music by the foot-tapping beat that brought you here in the first place. You're in that heaven/hell you've secretly been searching for. Man, you never wanna leave now. So you don't. And you watch as they (Phish) take everyone from journey to journey while traveling themselves. Even Security is beginning to feel the effect. Soon they're swaying and clapping right along with you. You go around and lock all the doors to the Old Gym from the inside. Anyone who's not in, never will be now. Phish has taken control of everyone's minds and the experience goes on forever.

Photos by Michele Wohlman

Main Street Becomes Sesame Street

By Catherine Krupski

Theater Three on Main Street in Port Jefferson became a scene of chaos on Saturday, November 14. Dozens of little people crowded the lobby, eating candy bars while holding their mothers' hands. They were all waiting to see one of the few human superstars of their age group: Maria from *Sesame Street*. OK, I was a little psyched to see her, too. Like millions of other people, I grew up watching *Sesame Street*. Let's face it, Mr. Rogers is a geek. There were two acts that afternoon, and, of course, the best would be last.

Before the show started, one actor came out and told us that we were "not at home watching TV or watching a movie, but real live actors," so we would have to be VERY quiet. Act One, entitled *Scrambled Eggs*, started a little late (just think of all those little kids confined to their seats while waiting and you'll know what I mean). It was written by Jeffrey Sanzel, and had five other actors go through several skits that were not only entertaining, but educational in teaching societal values to small children. Topics included feminism, conformity, and safety. They went through *Little Red Riding Hood* three times. The first time was just to rehash the basic plot, the second time was to point out all of Red's errors, and the third time was to show safety options. It was like how a parent should read with their child, together and talking with them about it afterwards.

We also learned to accept responsibility and that we shouldn't put things off. This was demonstrated by the overdue book scenario. The fear of returning an overdue book can really mount. Although Act One was short (not even thirty minutes), it was perfect for children who are used to commercials and pause buttons on the VCR.

After a five minute intermission and more candy con-

sumption, the highlight of the afternoon took the stage. Of course, she started with the theme to *Sesame Street*.



Sonia Manzano

Everyone knew the words. To further reinforce her distinguished status as a true-to-life *Sesame Street* star, she brought messages from Big Bird and Oscar. She sang several songs, and even had some kids up to participate (I was obviously overlooked). She went for

obvious laughs in her routine. To introduce the topic of her Hispanic ethnicity, she said, "You know I speak Spanish, where am I from?" All of the children yelled, "SESAME STREET!!!" at the top of their lungs.

I seriously think stardom has gone to her head. At one point, she wanted all the children to stand up and dance. How did she ask for the help of the adults? "Come on, grown-ups. Help me today. I help you every day." A bit of irony came into her performance when she sang a song (with the help of three youngsters) about accepting people's names: "Maria is my name and I like just the same..." But her name really isn't Maria, it's Sonia Manzano. Go figure.

Way before her thirty minute routine was over, the kids were restless: running up and down the aisles, dancing, you name it. I was sorely tempted to trip those little demons as they sprinted past my aisle seat. It was clear to me that all that sugar consumed prior to the show and during the intermission had finally been absorbed by their six-year-old digestive systems. I also think that they anticipated a cameo by Grover.

This was a fun Saturday afternoon, except for my attempt to leave the theater. All of those super sugar-charged angel-turned-brat children flocked around Maria like flies on road kill, causing utter gridlock. She was waiting in the lobby to say good-bye to us. The waiting seemed eternal as parents clicked their instamatics. I heard one mother say, "Maria won't be very happy if you cut the line." I grinned; nasty, yet effective.

This theater was amazingly clean, if you think about all those kids eating candy and chewing gum. Theater Three also puts on plays for the adult world as well. "Prelude to a Kiss" will be running in the spring, and, for the holidays, "A Christmas Carol." It's always good to escape to civilization, and this isn't a far trek, so go out and get some culture.

Dysfunctional Fables

The Zebra And The Tiger

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

(with apologies to all good nature-documentary fans, who know that zebras live in Africa and not India)

A zebra suddenly appeared in the jungles of India solely to amuse the author. Not aware of geography or alternate realities he was disoriented and frightened, so he chose to hide until he could think more clearly. Thanking God for his stripes, the zebra dove into the tall grass and used the tried-and-true camouflage trick—stand perfectly still and let your surroundings do the work.

The day progressed, and the zebra began to question the sanity of the other animals in the jungle. They gamboled and frolicked out in the open for all the world to see. Didn't they know that if they kept on like that the lions would catch them? Ah, well...he would be safe, at least.

Suddenly he heard a strange growly voice behind him. "You're a very strange water buffalo," it said. "What sort of animal are you?"

"I am a zebra," replied the zebra

proudly. "I come from the plains of the Serengeti, but today I woke up in this — GREEN place."

"This is India," rumbled the voice. "It is a place like no other in the world."

"I see," laughed the zebra. "Look at all those silly animals out there, playing out in the open

without a care in the world. Don't they know that the lions will catch them?"

"There are no lions here," the voice growled. "They do not care for such humid weather."

"Yes, it is kind of sticky." The zebra turned around, but could not see anyone. "Wait a minute—where are you?"

"I do not like to play with the other animals," purred the voice, "so I stay here nice and still and wait for them to come to me. Come a little closer—then you'll see me."

Innocently the zebra stepped toward the voice but still could see nothing—only a pair of green-gold glowing eyes. "It's very rude not to show yourself when you talk," he brayed. "Where are you?"

Without warning another striped animal leapt upon the zebra and gobbled him up, then lay sleepily in the grass with a full round stomach. "And now I realize it is very rude," he belched, "to play with your food."

MORAL: When in India, do as the Indians do.

MORE IMPORTANTLY : Never underestimate your enemies—they wear the same clothes that you do.



COMICS

FESTER BOIL

X-mas sing along x-travaganza cont'd (dedicated to Mr. X himself Georgie Bush)
*(sing it like that Chestnuts roasting on an open fire song)



Crack rocks
roasting on an open
fire

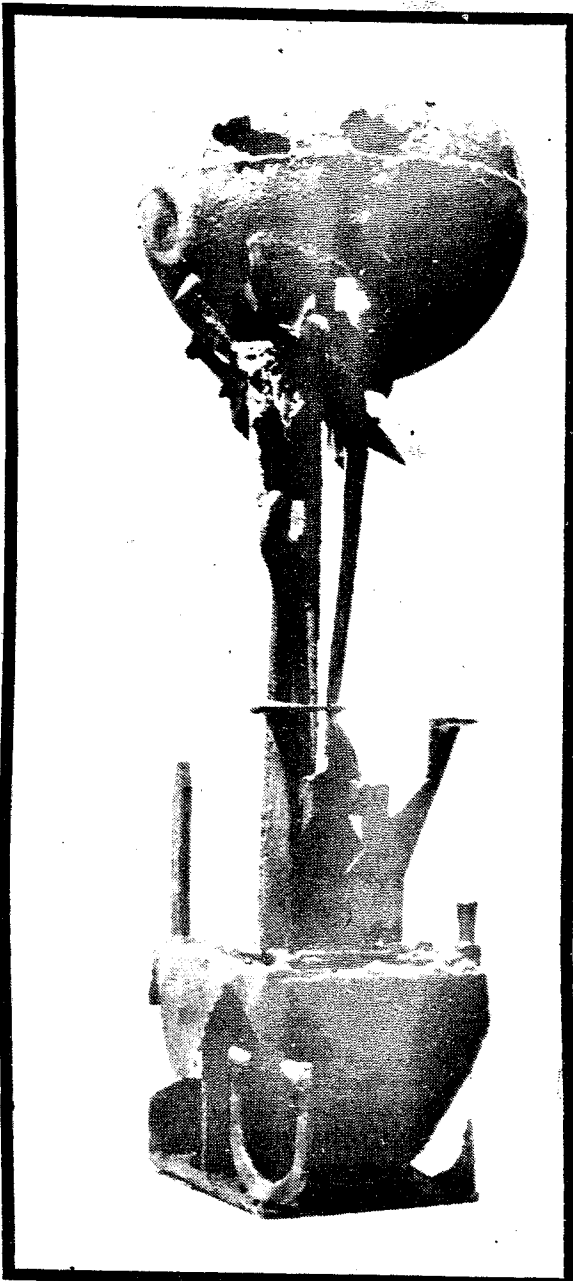


Jack Knife jabbing
at your ribs



Oh now Festy be nice,
and give your old aunt
Uglyfreak a big
hug and a kiss! MERRY
CHRISTMAS, MERRY CHRISTMAS

A World Of Abstraction



"World On Edge"

by Catherine Krupski

The new exhibition at the University Art Gallery in the Staller Center for the Arts is a collection of artwork by George Koras, a recently retired Stony Brook professor. Many of the sculptures on display resemble chunks of ice placed under hot water: only some areas melt through, while other parts have sharp points or branch over from one end to the other. You stare at one for a while, and, hey, it really looks like something. Don't you wish you could keep that image? It is art. Just as you contemplate storage in the freezer, it melts in your hands. It was art. Those images, not made by accident or water, have been made permanent in various metals.

George Koras came to Stony Brook in 1966 to teach sculpture after having attended the Academy of Fine Arts in Athens and working for Jacques Lipchitz in New York City. His phenomenal background is certainly reflected in his work.

His exhibition features works in many different media, but sculptures of bronze and aluminum predominate. However, the colors of his works don't resemble the widely recognized Crayola versions of these metals. *Embracement*, a sculpture showing two people so close that they become one, has a very deep brown, wood-like color. Also, the surface is so smooth, I was convinced it was carved wood. *Anguish* and *Werewolf*, made out of aluminum and bronze, respectively, looked like unfinished wood carvings. The feeling I got from *Anguish* was intense. Koras shows a unique talent in such scul-

tures as *Anguish*; he can be vague about some of the details, but clearly scrutinizes over the central aspects to elicit the exact feeling he wants you to have.

Many of his sculptures are of animals, depicting the fight for survival, the victorious conqueror over its prey, and the defeated. The bronze *Irritated Bird* is very life-like and frightening with its spread wings and threatening claws. The *Pained Animal* is a survivor and will share its agony with the viewer.

His Greek ethnicity and training shine through in the sculptures, *Phoebus* and *Athena*. The former is a very conservative sculpture compared to everything else in the exhibit; he told me later he had been commissioned to make it.

Although this is not a complete display of his work, there seemed to be a pattern of evolution in the style of what was shown. The earliest work featured was a very traditional oil-on-canvas, made in 1949. Aside from *Athena*, this is the most traditional of his works. As he matured, his sculptures become smooth, flowing statues instead of the earlier

works of branched metal and sharp geometric shapes. *Victim*, made in 1959, depicts the carcass of a dead animal, belly up, with a spear sticking through it. The bronze "bones" in the sculpture were very real, but cylindrical and stick-like. The animal's entire framework is exposed and I was lead to believe that it had been dead for a long time. *Divided World* is another example of his earlier work. It depicts the planet Earth, but instead of being solid and round, it features a web-like planet. The amount of effort that must have been necessary to create these intricate forms is amazing.

He also did some brilliant sculptures that are fun to look at. *Venice* is one of them. It looks like a beautiful fairy tale; capturing the kind of enchantment you would want to escape to. Koras' romanticism brings a soft side to much of the abstract harshness already on exhibit. His *Don Quixote* is saddled up and ready

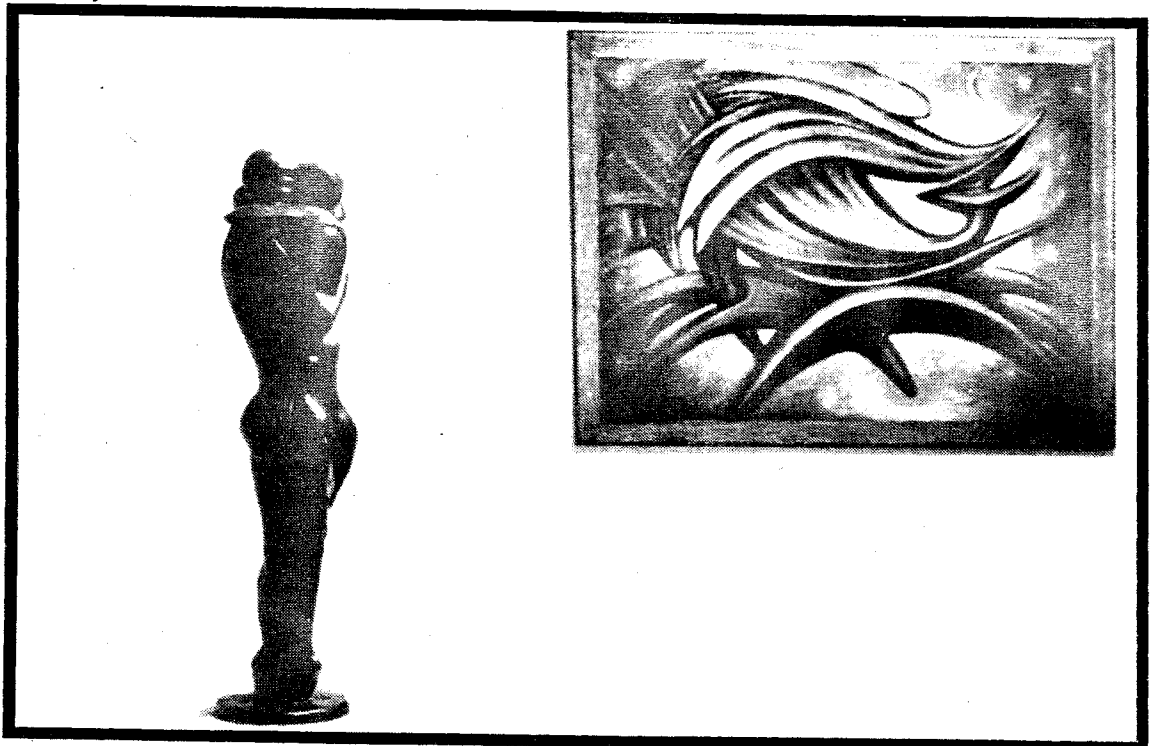
surface isn't smooth. The lines of the sculpture are coarse and unrefined. *Lovers* is made of bronze, but



"Irritated Bird"

is a natural green color. Its surface and outline are soft and smooth. These works show the difference between love and reproduction. *World on Edge* demonstrates the contrast of outline, and makes a statement. The roundness of the earth balanced on sharp geometric tools clearly shows the viewer nature vs. civilization. The planet is damaged from being placed upon the tools.

He admires Pablo Picasso and considers Marcel Duchamp one of the most important figures of modern art. I found his work to be an ideal for all others to emulate because Koras, not comfortable with common forms of art, found new means to express himself in ways that met his standards. His artistic ability comes solely from within; he looks inside himself for inspiration. His contributions to the art world are extraordinary. This display will run until December 16.



"Embracement" & "The Kiss"(Background)

Photos: Joanna Rasmussen

for a battle with a windmill. *Lovers* and *Mating* were made in 1985 and 1980, respectively, and although they have the similar shapes, they give off totally different moods. *Mating* is made of aluminum and its