

The
Stony
Brook

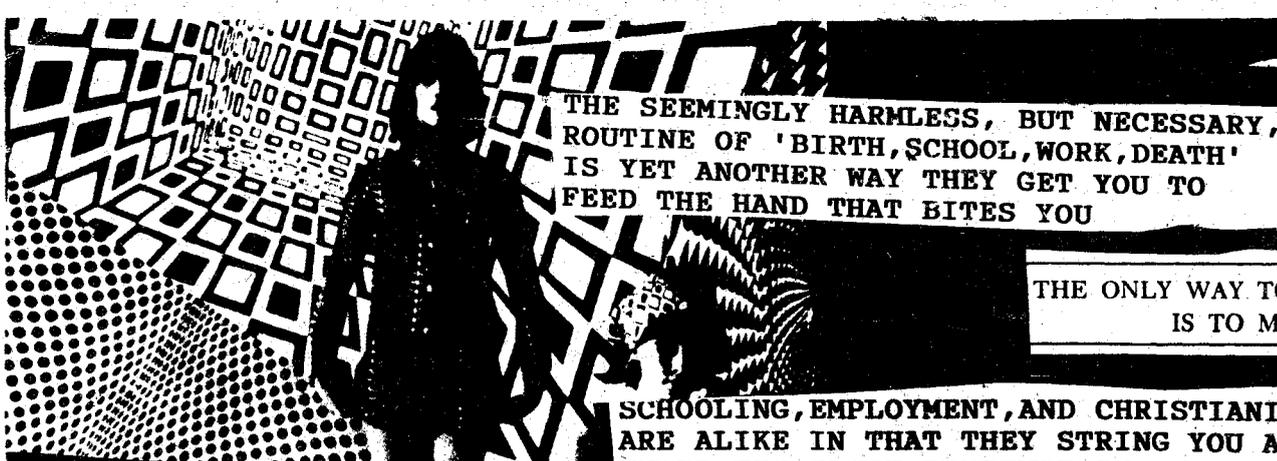
PRESS

Vol. XV, No. I

The University Community's Feature Paper

September 14, 1993

Chris Delvecchio: In Memorium



THE SEEMINGLY HARMLESS, BUT NECESSARY,
ROUTINE OF 'BIRTH, SCHOOL, WORK, DEATH'
IS YET ANOTHER WAY THEY GET YOU TO
FEED THE HAND THAT BITES YOU

THE ONLY WAY TO SUPPORT A REVOLUTION
IS TO MAKE YOUR OWN.

SCHOOLING, EMPLOYMENT, AND CHRISTIANITY
ARE ALIKE IN THAT THEY STRING YOU ALONG
UNDER THE FALSE PRETENSE THAT YOU MUST
ENDURE YOUR PRESENT DISSATISFACTION TO
ENJOY WHAT COMES LATER



EVER FEEL YOU'RE BEING WATCHED?
WELL, THAT FEELING WILL SOON SUBSIDE,
THEY'RE TRAINING YOU TO WATCH YOURSELF
FOR THEM

You'll Love Him and Your
GLADIRON When You
Sit and Iron Shirts
in 4½ Minutes—
Flatwork in Less
Than 2 Minutes



Our schools may seem useful: to make children into doctors, sociologists, engineers—to discover things. But they're poisonous as well. They exploit and enslave students; they petrify society; they make democracy unlikely. And it's not what you're taught that does the harm, but how you're taught. Our schools teach you by pushing you around, by stealing your will and your sense of power, by making timid, square, apathetic slaves out of you—authority addicts.

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DESPERATE MEASURES

By Grem Blanston and Sensate Mass

You've just come back from going out with your friends for yet another night of safe, drunken, sadly celibate fun, and you've managed somehow to return to your room. On the door, more felt than seen, is a sock. From inside the room you hear odd-sounding animalistic noises, the springs of a bed singing lasciviously. Your roommate seems to have taken over your room and is utilizing it in a fashion that would make it extremely awkward for you to enter at this time.

Many of us are familiar with this scenario. You could wait outside, but all that racket might make you start thinking about Marge again. You could try opening the door anyway, which could lead to: 1) you seeing someone's hairy bobbing ass and; 2) you feeling stupid. You might even try coughing loudly or whistling in order to alert your roommate to your presence. However, this coitus interruptus might lead to worse problems with the already-strained relationship you have, as well as your roommate retaliating in some way, say selling all of your textbooks or hanging you off the balcony by your shoelaces. ("Say, those shoelaces nylon? No reason.")

The only safe alternative is to find somewhere to wait until you can crash in your own bed. Luckily for you, there are a variety of places where you can pass this time. Generally, when you are in this position it is best to have people to support you, people who will help you pass the time, or maybe just keep you reasonably upright and make sure you make it back to your bed and not choke on your own vomit and die like Jim Morrison. Tough shit. If you happen to be in a room that has been tripled, consider yourself lucky, because there will be one other hapless victim nearby. What follows is a list of options on or near this campus as well

as their positive and negative aspects.

On-Campus Options:

Surprisingly, the University at Stony Brook has inadvertently provided several places for you to pass the time. The Library is open until twelve and offers bathroom facilities and couches in the commuter lounge. Its drawbacks include mysterious odors (couches, librarians, squatters, etc.), and the sudden realization that your roommate forgot to bring his sheets from home *again*. Anyone can revel in the night air of Stony Brook; a walk could be just what the doctor ordered. Perhaps you could steal some car stereos while you wait. After Midnight, there are late study hours (until 2 AM) at Central Hall, but it's bad enough having a class there. Health Sciences Center is open twenty-four hours, although it is a bit of a hike.

Pros: it's free...

Cons: you're spending Thursday night in the *Library*, and all your friends can see you.

Movies

The movies usually allow you to return to your room with little fear that your roommate is participating in any activity but sleep. Unfortunately, going to the movies at 1 AM will have the same effect on you. Nothing quite like the feeling of being awakened, woolly-mouthed and disoriented in a movie theater when you thought you were in your room, by the cool greasy shaft of the usher's flashlight. Unfortunately, your feet are permanently stuck to the floor.

Pros: the seats tilt back.

Cons: your neck doesn't.

Bars and Clubs

As far as clubs go, do you really need to be turned down *again*? Bars, on the other hand, offer a wide

variety of alcohol. This might be good if you don't have to drive.

Pros: all the girls are gorgeous.

Cons: they actually look like Marge.

7-11

Conveniently located, and a perfect choice if your roommate is, uh, quick.

Pros: Open 24 hours.

Cons: they won't accept your meal card.

Waldbaum's

Another 24-hour sanctuary. Here you can while away the hours to the trance-inducing beat of subliminally altered muzak. Cabbage and Spaghetti-O juggling gives you the audience you've always wanted. Plenty of reading material and wide open aisles to roam.

Pros: a great place to Rollerblade.

Cons: man in bad suit keeps following you.

The Stony Brook Press Office

A center for lively and intelligent discussion of the events of the day with some of the most clean-cut and together people on campus.

Usually open all night, they have a cool radio.

Pros: That Union *je ne sais quoi*.

Cons: Now you've *really* hit bottom.

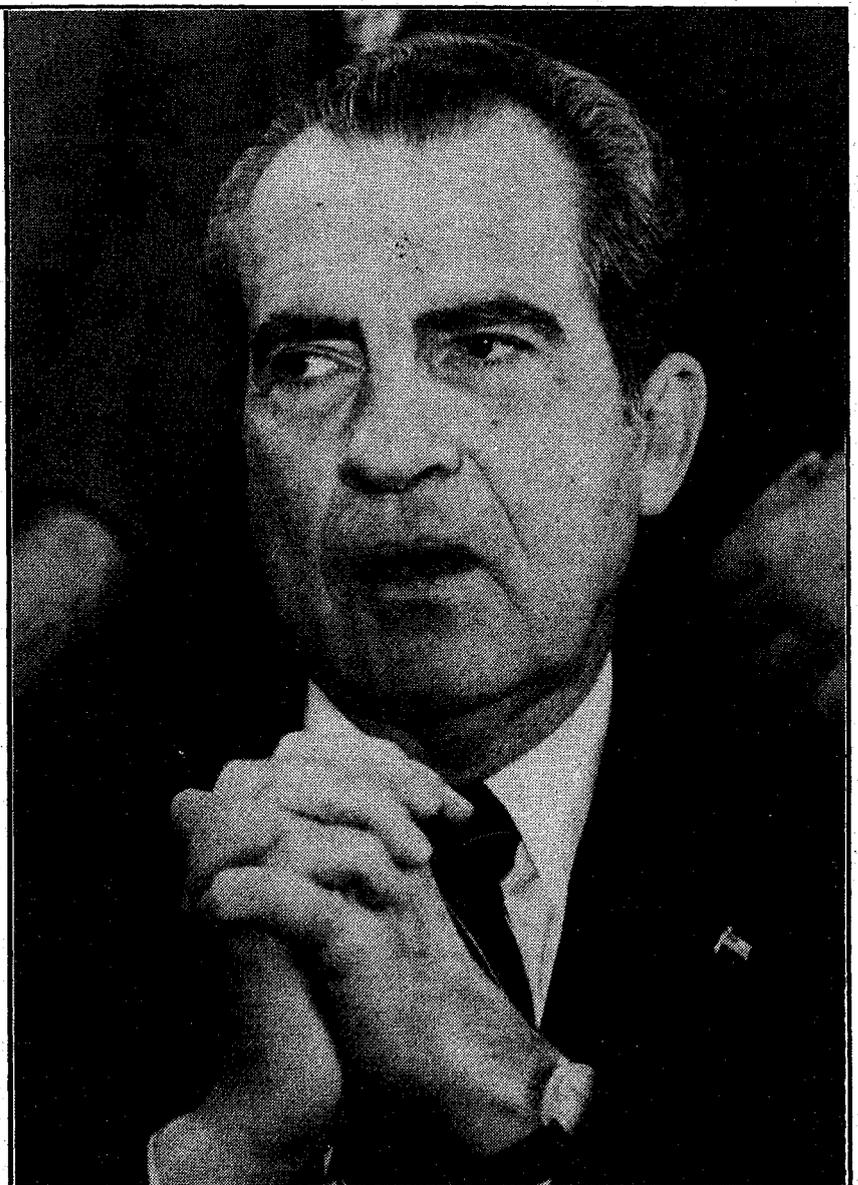
Jail

A quickie homicide or bank robbery can give you at least one all-night stay in the New York State Hotel. Unlike other options, you get a free Continental breakfast with this one (better than H cafeteria). This is also good because the only person with whom your roommate could possibly sleep is you.

Pros: He's the strong, silent type.

Cons: He won't respect you in the morning.

Don't
Be A
Dick.
JOIN
THE
PRESS.



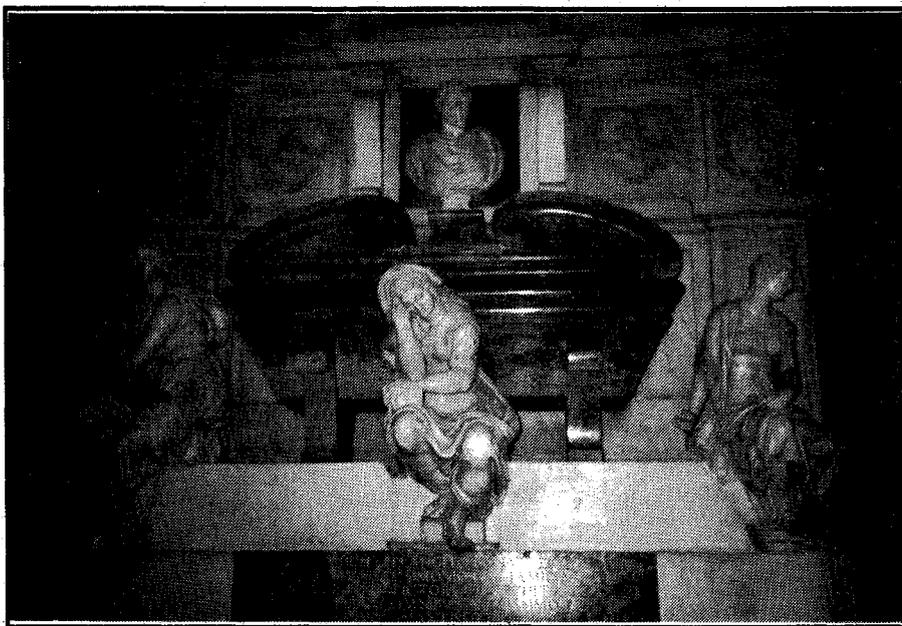
A World Apart

Discover the Joy of Studying Abroad

By Michelle Bussé

City of weathered cloister and worn court;
Grey city of strong towers and clustering spires;
Where art's fresh loveliness would first resort;
Where lingering art kindled her latest fires.

Like to a queen in pride of place, she wears
The splendor of a crown in Radcliffe's dome.
Well, fare she well! As perfect beauty fares;
And those high places, that are beauty's home.
(Lionel Johnson)



Perhaps there is no one who can at this moment actually grasp the romance of Oxford, England within Matthew Arnold's "sweet city with her dreaming spires", unless of course one has visited this site of history, architectural beauty and genius. For me, the experience was extended beyond a mere visit. I have spent the past seven months within Oxford—as a scholar, an admirer, and participant in English culture and education. Having been back only four weeks, my mind constantly reflects on what I hope to share and enlighten one upon. Therefore, do not turn the page as of yet, because I hope to also give seniors a prospect of career opportunities if they are beginning to feel a slight sense of melancholy at the impending doom of graduation and the future job market.

Through SUNY Brockport I was chosen to participate in a study abroad program as an associate student at Hertford College. Oxford is composed of more than 30 separate colleges, so in fact there is no "campus"—a fact that confuses many visitors. The college lies opposite two of the most prestigious sites in Oxford: the Radcliffe Camera (the most widely photographed image within Oxford) and the Bodleian Library (at which no one can borrow a single book as most are original editions).

The academic year runs from October to June and is divided into three eight-week terms: Michaelmas, Hillary and Trinity. I was a student for the later two although my stay should have been only until April. The convincing factor was the foundation of the Oxford teaching system itself: tutorials. Tutorials, which normally last one hour, are given each week to students within the tutor's or "don's" home. One usually presents an essay each week, depending upon the subject conveyed. For myself, an English major, the tutorials (of four separate topics) ranged within Tudor and Stuart history, Victorian feminist literature and travelogue works, and a comparative study of Austen, the Brontë's and Shakespeare. The idea is to encourage independent and critical thinking, as well as employing efficient techniques in acquiring secondary information through the many libraries within Oxford. Although I knew I had clearly exceeded the

potential I once thought defined at Stony Brook, Oxford itself created invaluable relationships with students (pretentious as some may have appeared!), tutors and others of the European community.

Away from the diplomatics of Oxford and onto the pleasures. Since there is no evident barrier to drinking anytime of the day, except perhaps if you are under the age of sixteen, life after tutorials is signified within the countless individual college pubs and local taverns. The names are endless: The Horse and the Jockey, The Lamb and the Flag, The King's Arms, The Turf, The Eagle and the Child (which Lewis Carroll frequented), and countless others. The single biggest disappointment is that by Her Majesty's order, not one drink shall be served after 11 PM. So in fact, at precisely 11, there is a mass exodus to the nearest "donor stand" with the best "chips" (fries, to us) and "jacket potatoes" (potatoes with the works). And they detect Americans through such trivial mistakes: do not ever make the mistake of uttering "fries" or the polite "can I please have..." because you will be politely termed "a sucker" very blatantly.

ly.

And may you never criticize their love for music of the past. Although I once thought Abba bearable when I was seven, the English love them to this day. I think that may have to do with the time lapse they're often accused of participating in. Only recently have they gotten hold of such movies as *Dracula*, *Scent of a Woman* and *The Jungle Book* or music as that of Nirvana, Whitney Houston or House of Pain. I do believe the English are lacking within some areas of culture as compared to ourselves, but education and the classics of the past are vitally more important to their well-being.

Within my seven months I was also in possession of some vacation time. I utilized my tutorials as a preparation for such visits within Europe. I always pondered what Italy embraced as her own. I visited the magnificent "dooms" (domes?????) or cathedrals of Milano, Firenze and Venezia; witnessed the endless canals of Venezia (not to mention getting lost in people's backyards as each street becomes a dead end within water); and the final resting sites of Dante, Galileo and Michelangelo. You have not endured a train ride until you travel the winding tracks of North Italy, through encompassing mountain passes and descents into motion sickness. Nonetheless, you must watch out for those frisky Italian soldiers—they simply worship American women.

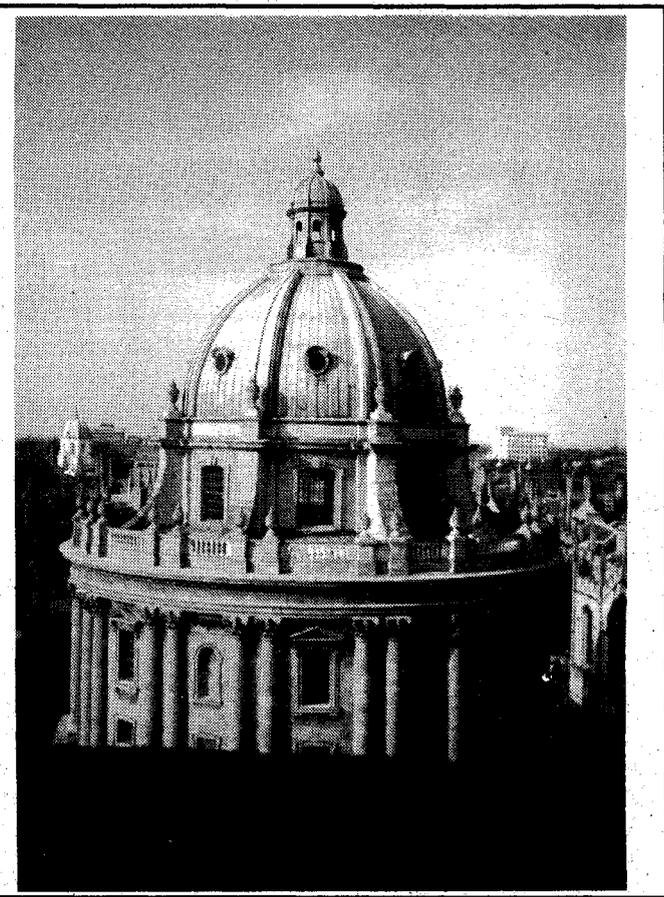
Onto the Alps, I passed briefly, as I visited the country of Germany, mainly the city of Berlin. Berlin is everything you would not expect. It is inhabited by people who are quite friendly and more than willing to speak the little English they know. The music scene is tremendous there—this is the one place within Europe noted for its techno scene. However, my desire to see Berlin rested within an early childhood desire, as my father was born there. I longed to visit what he had once known as forbidden to him and the rest

of the world: East Berlin. Remnants of the Wall remain in little significance today, but their power remains intact. The city will never let you forget what has happened to those who strove for freedom, unrestrained, in the past. Nonetheless, I could not have imagined a more impressionable place to visit. Amsterdam, what can I say.... it is a city that will keep you on a "twenty-four hour high," no matter how strong willed you may appear to be. And France, a nation of lasting beauty, not within the people, but instead within art, architecture, and food.

I also traveled extensively within Great Britain, Scotland, Wales. The cities of Bath, Stratford, London, and Stonehenge, are just a few to mention. Where else can you envision Roman occupation, Druid fantasy, or ornate British history all within your scope? I can continue with so much more but I sense I may be too infatuated with a country I longed to stay in.

However, more importantly than just the mere sightseeing opportunities available is the fact that jobs are readily accessible for those of us who are willing to take the chance. As a matter of fact, I was offered a job to teach English Literature in eastern Germany. As of now, many countries, especially those in Eastern Europe, are revising their teaching standards to that of the West. I have had friends who merely walked into universities for a job and were given a position on the spot. Language barriers are not such a problem as one can merely pick up what has to be utilized at the time. Needless to say, I have kept my position open until after graduation in May. At this time, American capitalism is so prevalent within Eastern Europe that teaching positions are not the only available careers. If one is involved with international economics, business management, or linguistics the need is there. Or, you may do as I have done: work in an ice cream café so I could travel Europe at my leisure without scrounging off my parents. If there is a will, there is a way!

I have never realized how much exists in this world to experience. After only attending school here for two weeks (which has been a chaotic bureaucratic mess), I am more than eager to return to a part of the world where one's imagination may run ceaselessly. Nonetheless, my first stop will be to return to Oxford whose "presence overpowers the soberness of reason." So if you are confused about your situation



RUNNY AND GROSS

(Crummy little pizzas and other fine dining...)

If you recall the editorial in the last issue of the Press last semester, we were a bit peeved at ARA's unilateral decision to raise the meal plan rates without telling students. Their rationale was based upon, presumably a reduced economy of scale due to reduced enrollment. Also, they alluded to plans to improve the quality of the food and the convenience of dining facilities (whether we could afford it or not). Well, here it is, the next semester, and time to take a look at what ARA hath wrought, and what we got for our \$100 apiece.

Most notably, a Burger King "Expressway" service has been added to the Roth Quad cafeteria. Besides leaving out of consideration all of the vegetarians and vegans on campus, the quality of the food served there isn't very good. Some of the Presstaff bopped on down to have it "our way right away," and took a gander at how they do things there. First off, our burgers were cold. Given the fact that the burgers remained in the bins for 20 minutes or more (we checked), that is hardly surprising. In a "real" Burger King, anything older than 10 minutes gets chucked.

ARA has expended a great deal of energy in "improving" Papa Joe's as well. Instead of burdening students with the dizzying prospect of choice, the menu has been reduced to the crummy little pizzas otherwise known as "Itza Pizza Solos." The enormous expense entailed by the purchase of the big bin in

which they petrify has been more than made up by the fact that only one, or at the absolute most, two people are required to cook them, not to mention the enormous energy savings realized through the innovative practice of partial cooking. Instead of having honest-to-God pizza available in the Union, the unlimited wisdom and munificence of ARA has seen fit to restrict its availability to Roth Cafeteria, and the convenience of Tabler (home of many of the remaining cooking students) and Hendrix residents.

The Union Station Deli is among the most unchanged of campus dining facilities, and probably doesn't deserve mention in this context, except for the fact that they've removed the "bagel island" in favor of placing that arguably most important food item of all behind the deli counter, so that one must wait in line to get them. Adding insult to injury is the fact that, as a cost-saving measure, they have seen fit to adulterate the cream cheese with milk or something, making it runny and gross.

Another blow to "convenience" was the closing of the Fanny Brice Food Mall, the only place on campus where one could get a burger cooked to order, or use "meals" for a la carte food items. It was also quite convenient for Roosevelt Quad residents... However, this closing does make room for the long-awaited reopening (by January?) of the Graduate Student Lounge, a far better

use for the facility than anything ARA could think of.

The only opportunity for decent food has likewise been taken away from resident students through the removal of Subway and Station Pizza from declining balance service, now being wholly replaced by "Itza Pizza Delivery Service."

All right, so there is a slightly negative slant to this article, and, perhaps the critique of the quality of ARA's food offerings is a bit harsh. Tough. Aside from the Bleacher Club (the only food venue besides Humanities Cafe ARA didn't mess with), there isn't much of anything to be had with a meal card that is worth eating. Cafeteria food is just that—cafeteria food.

Maybe the ARA folks really *couldn't* make ends meet with the \$850 per student they were getting last year (up from \$750 the year before). Maybe something happened in the world of institutional food to increase the prices by 10%+ in each of two successive years. Maybe they were really worried about putting food on their own tables. WHO CARES! The only reason ARA won the contract to provide food service here at Stony Brook was that they signed a contract (made a *promise*) to provide service X at price Y (\$750/student). In the real business world, they would be sued right off the face of the planet if they tried to pull a stunt (oh yeah, *two* stunts) like they did here by raising their prices, *and* they would be held accountable for

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**KICKBOX
NAKED**

the quality of the food which they supplied. Neither seems to be the case here, with an Administration all too happy to shirk its duties to the students, its employers. Bon Appetit, fellow victims!

Letters

Fred Forgets Homework

Dear Mr. Preston,

We are four "first year students" who attended Saturday's Convocation Speech. We are graduates of the NYC high school system and were excited about having the chance to hear Dr. Joseph Fernandez speak as we have heard him speak before in the City.

We were somewhat embarrassed however by your calling him Dr. Hernandez (THREE TIMES) in your closing remarks. In a word, he was "dissed" by the campus. I hope that this inattention to details is not indicative of your leadership style.

Ordinarily, we would sign our full names to a letter like this but as we are new to the campus, we are afraid of repercussions. Please take this in the spirit that it was sent.

Sincerely,
John

Sal
David
John

cc: John Marburger
Jerry Canada
Brice Hool
Carmen Vasquez
Stony Brook Press

Wanna Buy A Bridge?

Dear Editor:

On behalf of the entire dining service staff, I would like to welcome you to Stony Brook for the academic year '93-'94. We look forward to greeting new students as well as welcoming back returning ones.

My staff and I have been hard at work all summer and are very excited about the plans we have made for the new school year.

We ask that you please take a moment to read our article as well as

stop by our literature tables to familiarize yourself with the full range of services we provide. At your request, we have added some new dining selections to your choices.

We also ask that as you continue through the school year, please remember that communication is the key to providing you with an excellent dining service. We encourage your comments and questions regarding any aspect of our service to you.

A dining service staff member is always available to answer your questions or you may use the comment cards found in any of the food service locations.

We are here to serve you!

Sincerely,
John Rainey
(Director, Dining Services)
Burger King Right Here in Roth!
"So Close You Can Taste It!"

Yes, it's for real! Campus Dining Services, due to popular demand, now introduces Burger King in Roth Food Court. The restaurant will be one of the *BURGER KING EXPRESSWAY* facilities designed to bring the popular fast food brand to our Stony Brook University customers where they live, work and go to school.

The setting is ideal for locations such as Roth Food Court where space is at a premium. It will feature a new kitchen design with on-site broiling and image enhancing elements including product photography. It will offer a core Burger King Menu.

"We are pleased to bring the world-famous Burger King products to the Campus," said Senior Food Service Director John Rainey. "We are looking forward to a long and friendly relationship with the campus community."

Come join us and remember **Sometimes You've Gotta Break the Rules!**

Along the Color Line: South Africa in Transition

By Manning Marable

In the initial months of 1993, the political situation inside South Africa seemed headed for collapse. In the previous year, the country had experienced 8.5 politically-motivated deaths per day. Last April, Chris Hani, the leader of the South African Communist Party and a popular spokesperson for the African National Congress (ANC), was murdered by a white racist outside his Johannesburg home. Despite his militant reputation as former chief of staff of the ANC's military wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe, Hani had been in the forefront of a national campaign calling for peace and nonviolence.

Hani's murder was followed by the untimely death of another prominent ANC leader, Oliver R. Tambo, reinforcing the environment of crisis. Upon learning of Hani's death, ANC president Nelson Mandela warned that "our whole nation now teeters on the brink of disaster.... We must not let the men who worship war, who lust after blood, precipitate actions that will plunge our country into another Angola."

But in recent weeks, despite the growing danger of political terrorism by the Neo-Nazi Afrikaner Resistance Movement, progress toward a post-apartheid society has been maintained. The number of political assassinations and killings has declined by one-half nationwide so far this year. In January, the ANC and the ruling National Party reached an agreement which would permit minority parties with at least five percent of the national vote to share in governing the country. ANC general secretary Cyril Ramaphosa denied at the time that this was a "power sharing" agreement, because the majority party within parliament would get its way on the lion's share of the issues.

Nevertheless, this historic compromise meant that the National Party of F.W. de Klerk, the major architect of the hated apartheid system, would be permitted to have junior governmental status throughout the remainder of the century. In June, the ANC and the National Party agreed to hold South Africa's first democratic election in mid-April, 1994, in which voters from that nation's black population of 30 million will cast ballots. No one doubts that Mandela will become South Africa's first democratic president.

As the ANC and the National Party move closer to the election, many of the old parameters of debate have shifted, creating unlikely political bedfellows. For example, for many years the ANC was critical of apartheid-style authoritarian capitalism, and favored the democratic nationalization of large corporations and businesses. But fearful that its socialist politics might frighten away American and European investors, the ANC has moved its economic program decisively to the right. As quoted in *Third Force* magazine, ANC Foreign Relations Director Thabo Mbeki emphasized the ANC's new support for private market economics: "The issue of investor confidence is important. You can't threaten to nationalize property and expect people to invest. Economic growth is urgently required and it will necessitate massive foreign investment." By contrast, the South African trade union federation COSATU opposes any compromise which would undermine the living standards and wages of black workers.

This delicate balance between political accommodation and militancy is seen in the political language of Nelson Mandela, who continues to appeal to all currents within the ANC's broad and often-conflicting national constituency. Mandela cooperates with de Klerk on constitutional matters and increasingly on the economy,

aware that the ANC will soon have to assume responsibility for the government. Yet to his more militant supporters who followed Chris Hani as their hero, Mandela continues to promote activism. At a New York anti-apartheid meeting last November, Mandela noted critically: "If we ever forgot our source of power which is the masses of people, both inside and outside of the country, then we would be committing suicide." Elements of South Africa's growing nonwhite middle class and professional elites have a clear interest in backing constitutional reforms and compromises with the white ruling class. It is highly possible that South Africa will become another Zimbabwe, in which nonwhites will be permitted to assume control of the government, while the real instruments of power in the economy and corporate sector will still remain under white domination.

The new developments within South Africa have generated a growing debate among the veterans of the anti-apartheid movement here inside the U.S. Some activists favor the ANC's emphasis on compromise and cooperation with the capitalists. Last year TransAfrica, a prominent African-American lobbying group, staged an ANC-sponsored tour of black business people to South Africa to promote investment possibilities. The real challenge will be whether political freedom will also bring economic and social justice to the masses of African people. Only then will the oppressive legacy of apartheid be ended.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Political Science, and Director of the African American Studies Institute, Columbia University, New York. "Along the Color Line" is featured by over 250 publications and 75 radio stations internationally.

Customer Service

This year, Campus Dining has Customer Service first in the list of priorities. The goal is to achieve customer satisfaction by providing the highest standards of excellence on our products and services. Campus Dining has enhanced a training program at all levels of personnel in order to guarantee you satisfaction.

To mark the beginning of a new and exciting attitude within Campus Dining, all cafeterias underwent some changes.

Roth Food Court

Roth Cafeteria will be featuring four different concepts and will now be known as Roth Food Court serving Allegro Pasta, ITZA Pizza and Delivery, Kosher Dining as well as Burger King.

The Student Union

THE CHOICE IS YOURS in the Student Union which offers a variety of selections to cater to the various needs of the students who traffic this popular hang out spot.

Papa Joe's

Have you got a tight schedule? Do you only have 15-20 minutes in between classes and you're starving? Say "Good riddance" to the long lines! Stop by the new PAPA JOE'S featuring ITZA PIZZA, a new solo express service designed for maximum efficiency. Want some veggies to balance that diet? No Problem! There are new salads to go.

The Union Station Deli

Are you a coffee connoisseur or do you just want a good cup of coffee to wake you up before an 8:30 am class? The Deli is the place to go. Gourmet flavored coffee is right at your fingertips. Try our new bakery section filled with goodies produced right in the Deli.

Bleacher Club

Who says dining has to be boring? Want to hang out (Continued on page 8)

In God We Trust?

by Sam Chu

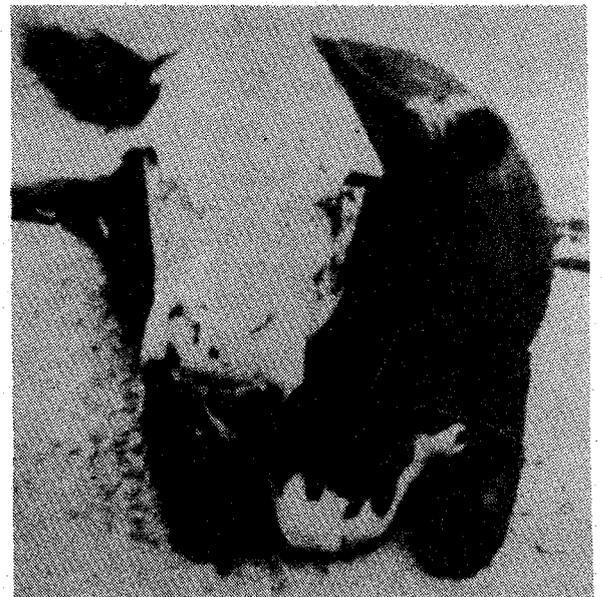
Two weeks ago when President Clinton returned from his vacation, he held an interfaith prayer breakfast for 100 religious leaders at the White House. At this breakfast he addressed the issues our country faces and said he wanted to mark a "New Beginning" motivated by tolerance and religious and moral faith. This poses a question that has come up time and time again: Is religion compatible with the principle beliefs of the United States?

The President went on to say that freedom of religion doesn't mean the nation should be free of religion. He also said that he is 'animated' by his faith. As a nation of diversity, a nation that separates state and religion and as a nation that prides itself on being fair, is it in our best interests to be lead by a religiously "animated" man?

Religion is not bad, by any means, but it is simply incompatible with our governmental system. President Clinton was wrong in even mentioning a religious direction for the United States. Take for example other instances in which government and religion become intertwined. In current events, Muslims are being persecuted in Bosnia, in the Middle East wars are being fought over religion, lives claimed in the name of god. Ireland has been warring for years over Christianity. In the past, there was the Holocaust, the Crusades, the Diaspora and countless others. This is what religious involvement in government ultimately heads to.

Even if we get past the examples of history, we must look into other factors when examining the validity of a nation guided by religion. When we elect government officials, we confer upon them the responsibility of making rational and fair decisions that will lead our nation to better things. Does religion hold true when

compared to these ideals? The Bible is one of the most fantastic examples of irrational, backwards thinking in human literary history. It preaches that women are less than men, and homosexuals should be abhorred; it tells us that we should be guided by someone or something that we've never seen or heard and that our planet was created by magic. Completely rational, right? Wrong. Religion is good on an individual basis, helping many people get by in their everyday lives; it keeps them going spiritually. In terms of President Clinton's being guided by religion for the rest of his term, however, he might as well find Nancy Reagan's astrologer.



Labors of Love: Chris

By Robert V. Gilheany

Chris Delvecchio was a wonderful, relentless activist, one of the most special people ever to come through Stony Brook. His presence, work, humor, and companionship have touched the lives of many people. Chris was killed at the Grand Street subway station in Brooklyn—electrocuted on the third rail on the night of Monday, August 9.

Chris's life was about activism and creativity that came from the heart. I first met Chris in 1987 in the Student Union at a literature table; a friendly and sparkling spirit, he was active in the Hunger task force that worked with Oxfam, and was in a group called APEX (I forgot what the acronym stood for). When he was in high school, he ran toy drives for the Little Flower orphanage. Chris's work grew into clothing drives for squatters in New York City, and he became a leading member of the Red Balloon Collective.

In October 1989, the Hunger Task Force and Red Balloon organized a bus to Washington D.C. for the Housing Now march. This demonstration focused on homelessness in America and what Reagan/Bush weren't doing about it. Chris really shined as he put together the trip, and filled up the bus. There were over 100,000 people at that demonstration. He fell in love with Josie on the bus and they lived in G and H quad for a semester.

The Emergency Committee Against the U.S. War in El Salvador was constantly doing actions on campus resisting the government's funding and support for the death squad regime in El Salvador. Chris and Tim Dubnau did great work together. They had different styles of organizing, but I thought they complimented each other. Some of the actions they pulled off were a confrontation challenging then-congressman Tom Downey to take a leadership roll in the House opposing the funding of murderers. They also brought FMLN representative Arnaldo Ramos to the Fireside Lounge. After the talk questions, answers, and discussion followed. Around that time he was involved in the fight to ban Coke on campus because of its ties to the Apartheid regime of South Africa. He even put a few Coke machines out of commission.

1990 was the 20th anniversary of the original Earth Day. A huge event by corporate liberals was being planned in Central Park. This event allowed polluting corporations to flaunt themselves as environmentally concerned. In response, Greens from all over the Northeast and a coalition of other groups, including the Red Balloon Collective, formed the Earth Day Wall Street Action. The Wall Street Action was in planning for months and we mobilized a lot of people to come out to it. An event on campus was put together to announce and get Stony Brookers to take part in the Wall Street Action. It was the Earth Day Wall Street Action Coffeehouse. Speeches, live music, and poetry happened at this event. Chris was always up for reading his poetry at the coffee houses.

Two affinity groups came from the campus to take part in the action; they can roughly be described as Red Balloon and the Philosophy grad students. The Wall Street Action was a vibrant, spirited, loud demonstration. Over 1,600 people took part and 208 were arrested for blocking stockbrokers from getting to work. Part of this action was to shut down the Stock Exchange for Earth Day. Chris was in my affinity group, and I was the support person for the group. In actions where there is a likelihood of arrest, affinity groups are set up so people can look out for each other. As a support person I had to avoid arrest, keep track of who had been arrested, and call the lawyers. Chris was arrested at the action; I had to give Josie's dorm address so his father wouldn't find out. This particular action

was one of my favorites in my activist life.

In the summer of 1990 members of the Student Action Coalition for Animals and Red Balloon started renting a house off campus. Chris was part of this collective house. Chris became a vegan and an animal liberation activist. His lover and comrade, Shoshanna Wingate, moved back to N.Y. and into the house. She is a great poet and activist; together they were fantastic leaders of the anti-Persian Gulf War, both on campus and in the City.

In the period leading up to the war and the slaughter itself, our house became a planning and organizing center; people were in and out, we went back and forth to the city to meetings and demonstrations. We were tuned in to the mainstream corporate network news/propaganda mill, and got good information from Pacifica News, WUSB, and the New Liberation News Service. Everyone kept up on anti-war demos all over the country and world. The Stony Brook Coalition for Peace in the Middle East was formed, teach-ins were organized, and speakers such as Michio Kaku and Kathy Boylan came to campus for an event that packed the Engineering lecture center. We learned a lot, including who the undercover campus cops were.

That was a great time for us. With all the stuff going on, we knew our phone was tapped and our house was being watched; we had a 16-year-old runaway crashing in our living room who hooked up with us through our organizing of Ward Melville high school students. John was a great kid, and he took part in all of our actions.

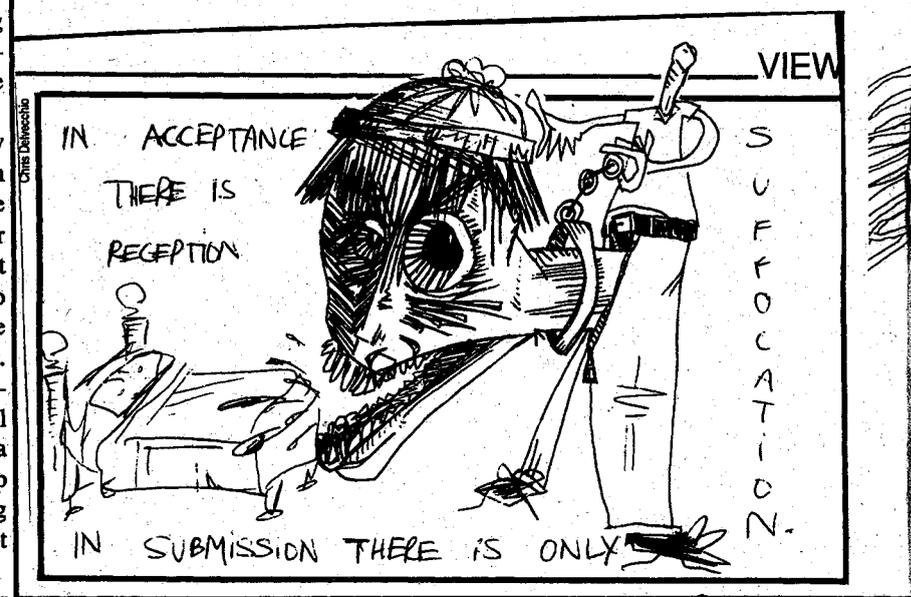
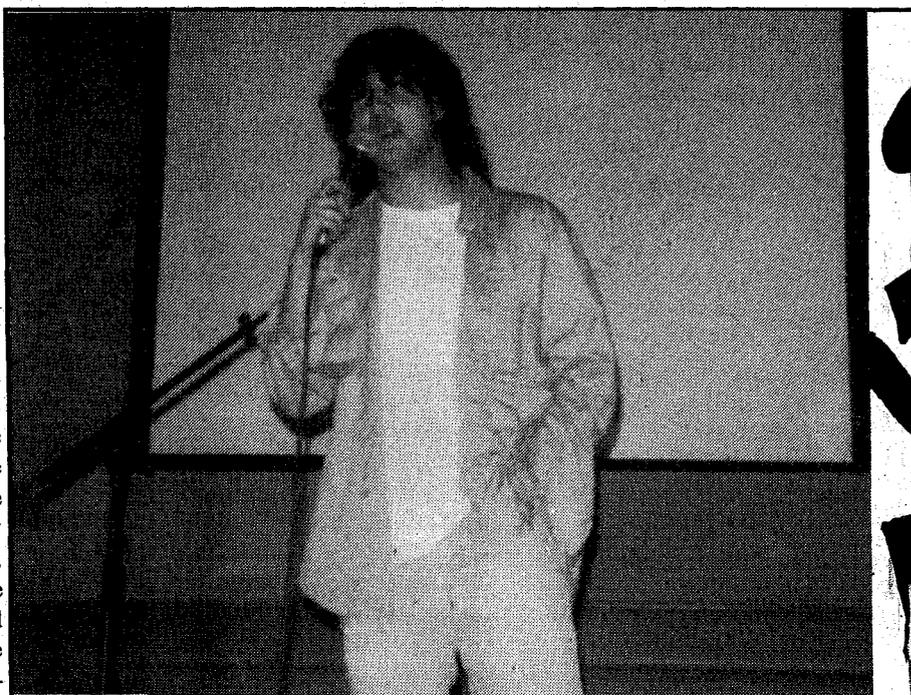
Chris and Shoshanna were key people who were on the mediation panel put together to mend the split in the national anti-war movement. Meetings were held at the Bract forum where the two sides, the Coalition and the Campaign, were brought together. Their differences were not settled—there were two national marches on Washington—but a message was sent to the leadership of both camps that egos splitting what should be a unified front would not be tolerated.

The Stony Brook Coalition for Peace met at the house and planned an action at Smith Haven Mall. On the day of the event, 100 of us gathered at the center of the mall. At 4 PM we took out our banners and drums and chanted, singing anti-war songs. Within minutes, 300 pro-war mall-mongers came after us. A heated confrontation ensued, after which we marched outside, sang more songs, got interviewed by news people, and had ice balls thrown at us. Then we went home. It was a very exciting and successful action. It made local T.V. and page 6 of Newsday.

After the war, a lot of Americans took part in grotesque celebrations of genocide. One such spectacle took place at Stony Brook, so a counter-presentation was in order. Chris, in his typical chutzpah and yippie spirit, threw his body on the line. He put himself right in front of this pro-war show that featured people organized in a military fashion and marching in formation.

Chris went in front of it with a sign that read "another commie fag for peace," with pink triangles and lefty symbols. As they went to march, he ran out in front of them with his sign, doing a funky-happy dance. Half the people in the procession were telling Chris that they were going to "kick his ass."

Chris had a close friend, Todd Weisse, with whom he would get together and bounce jokes off at a thousand miles an hour; they always had a special spark between them. Todd is a courageous activist. We all met at Stony Brook, Todd is active on many fronts, but mainly he is involved with ACT-UP New York. He has been arrested in 8 different cities at ACT-UP actions.



In fact, he was on the cover of El Diario, being carried away by cops at the St. Patrick's Day parade last March. One day after work at the house, Shoshanna told me that "Chris and Todd got arrested." "What for?" I asked. "They disrupted a Congressional hearing." They disrupted the Senate confirmation hearing of Supreme Court nominee Justice David Souter. I was shocked, proud, and extremely worried; I thought that they would get jail time for that. Shoshanna was worried also. The action was pulled off by ACT-UP, and the defendants were known as the "Souter 12." We put together a benefit at the Fanny Brice theater that featured the 1.6 Band (a hardcore band) and jazz band Pilt Down Man, plus poetry by Billy Capozzi, John Shindler, and others. Over 150 came out for that.

Chris was acquitted, but Todd was convicted and got only 6 months probation. What a relief. Todd was the

Delvecchio 1969-1993

only one convicted who refused to apologize.

Chris liked Phil Ochs, the Butthole Surfers, The Church of the Sub Genius, Woody Allen movies, and the French situationists. He loved music, varieties of it, and Alice Donut he liked particularly. He played the drums really well, and for a while he was in a hardcore band called "Shit for Brains." He liked his movies, too, especially "Last Exit to Brooklyn," "Love and Death" and "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife, and Her Lover." Chris knew a lot about Charles Manson; he had read "Helter Skelter" years ago. There is a page in the book that shows the number of ways Manson changed the way he looked, something like 30 times a year. Chris

activist. She got the longest sentence ever handed down for anti-nuclear weapons activities. The experience has radicalized her. He spoke of her at a meeting a week before he died, saying that she was paroled recently. She took a fake gun into a bank, had \$25,000 laid out on the floor, and gave a money-is-the-root-of-all-evil talk, set the money on fire, and turned herself over to the police. Chris told this as if he was telling a joke, but I could see the hurt in his face. It takes a strong person to write to political prisoners.

Chris and Shoshanna moved to the Bay Area of California in the summer of '91; she went out there to take care of her father, who was ill. She got involved in

anti-Operation Rescue work and he found himself in the People's Park struggle. Chris and I exchanged a lot of letters over the past two years. He wanted all of us direct-action leftists to keep in regular correspondence with each other, building a solid community of resistance coast to coast. His idea of community or resistance is due to the influence of Mitchell Cohen of the Red Balloon. At the time of his death, Chris was beginning to cultivate an appreciation of radical theories—he struggled with theory, always someone who did things from the heart and tended to be a little impulsive. He hooked up with Food Not Bombs, and worked as a phone canvasser raising money for organizations fighting AIDS.

Pablo, a friend and activist from the Bay Area was arrested in Peru. He and two freinds were visiting an anarchist in a Peruvian jail. After their arrest Chris was on the phone, telling everyone that money was being raised to get them released. Chris told us to get the bail money sent to "Love and Rage," an anarchist newspaper. Thanks to Chris, Pablo got out and made it back to the U.S.

The last thing Chris was involved in was the formation of the Infoshop in Berkeley. The Infoshop will offer activists access to a vast range of publications and information on what other activists are doing worldwide. Chris wanted people involved in struggle to have support from each other. The

Infoshop will also serve as a meeting and work space to do political work.

Chris and Shoshanna always loved each other, but their relationship was stormy and they split up. She moved to Vermont, and he did work in Berkeley, where he met fellow activist Charlene Paul. The two were married in February at Reno, Nevada. Chris headed back east for most of the month of August. He went to the regional anarchist gathering in Philadelphia and then headed to New York in great spirits. He was happy to be back in New York; he stayed with friends in the city and spent time at my house; and tuned into the kinds of activism we all were doing. He was looking forward to the Bread and Puppet Theater Festival that takes place in Glover, Vermont every August. Chris planned his trip east around the anarchist gathering and the Bread and Puppet theater.

The circumstances of Chris's death are suspicious. That Monday night he went with members of Red Balloon to an ACT-UP New York meeting. After they left they split up on the subway. He was found on the third rail of the Grand St. station in Brooklyn, on the "L" line. His bags were found on the subway station benches—so he wasn't trying to cross over to the other side of the tracks. Considering where he was coming from, and the fact that he was wearing a button that read "Women get AIDS too, ACT-UP" there is a real possibility that he was stalked and gay-bashed. There is a private detective on the case, and the Lesbian and Gay Anti Violence Project has made up leaflets asking for information and for witnesses to come forward. We handed out those leaflets at the station and talked to people there, finding the people there very supportive. ACT-UP and Red Balloon are pressuring the police not to close the case and to treat it as a bias incident.

In Ray Levasseur's letter, he said that Chris's life deserves to be appreciated and celebrated. Chris was an example of how to live fearlessly; he was never going to become part or parcel of bourgeois society. For people who didn't know him, or knew him only a little, he is an inspiration for those who would stand up for their beliefs and convictions. He showed us how to live by your wits and never sell out.

There is a connection between Chris's early work for the Little Flower orphanage and his inclusion in the Souter 12; it's his heart, that was the source of his activism and life. Chris never had a lot of money. He had a lot of love—he gave it and got it back and was very selfless. For people like me who were close to Chris, there is still an enormous feeling of hurt and loss. We have to carry his spirit with us in the work we do. I will have Chris with me as long as I walk on this planet.

I saw a man who stood on the White House lawn dousing himself with lillies and lighting himself into laughter, hysterical at the shrieking feet of those whites who wear their crosses on their sleeves, with their spinning swastikas neatly pinned behind their eyes.

I've heard of those who've sliced the throats of their razors to see a stream of revolution spill off the tiles and into the mountains of that tiny land we call free.

I know of cages from whose teeth flow tears, rage, and sedation tenants who refuse to feed the hand that bites us all.

I know of crimes so unspeakable they must be shouted, of a land whose streets are paved with those without homes.

I know of a land numbered by the staccato upheaval of chorused consumerism, of those who mutter "love" under their breath while riding off into a gray horizon, sweetened with steel, and preserved through war.

Chris Delvecchio

Editor's note: the letter referred to in this article appears on page 8.



took 3 of those pictures and a picture of Marburger behind his desk and put them together on the back of a Red Balloon "disorientation manual." Chris would try to catch a concert every now and then; we caught Henry Rollins at CBGB's, and Jimmy Cliff at the Westbury Music Fair, but most of all Chris liked to make his friends laugh. He had a quick, playful, and sometimes biting sense of humor.

Writing to political prisoners being held in the U.S. was one of the most noble things Chris did. Some of the people he wrote to were Ray Levasseur, a member of the Ohio 7 (they did bombings of military targets in the 1970s, no one was hurt). He got 40 years to life in prison. Right-wingers and racists get a year for similar offenses. Ray Levasseur wrote a beautiful letter about Chris which I took the liberty of publishing here.

Chris also wrote to Helen Woodson, a plowshares

U.S. Foreign Policy

Get Real(politik)!

By David Yaseen

While the citizens of Bosnia continue to be killed, raped, and tortured, the United States government and NATO fiddle and play with themselves, awaiting the conclusion of a deal which will legitimize the unprovoked forceful seizure of land. Meanwhile in Somalia, the U.S. tenaciously clings to justifications for its continued military presence, citing the attacks upon its and U.N. soldiers on the part of the clan of one General Aidid, and the political "chaos" which still exists in the country. Not that there is political chaos in Bosnia, or anything—there are no politics whatsoever that do not derive from the barrel of some form of firearm...

At any rate, in the one case, the people of the country are begging and pleading for U.S. intervention, while in Somalia, there are daily protests of our military presence there—they can't get rid of us fast enough. This after we went in to feed their people! Such ingratitude.

It should be obvious to the astute follower of world events that we have some ulterior motive behind our presence in the Horn of Africa. It has been suggested that there are large oil deposits in Somalia which we would be quite happy to lay our hands on, especially given the fact that, there being no real government there, any regime which we set up would most likely hand over its resources very cheaply. Another possible explanation is that, given Somalia's strategic position, not only in the dead center of the Middle East, but also bordering upon that area's most strategic waterways, we may have an interest in "setting up shop" there for the indefinite future, to deal with the threat of pan-Muslim fundamentalism and to keep the oil flowing into our greedy little country.

Either way, the United States's objective is to hold and maintain a base in Somalia, to protect our military and economic interests. Whatever comes out of Washington about Somali human rights or political sta-

bility is utter bullshit. We are not in the business of securing human rights, as we are showing in Bosnia, nor do we want any shape or form of self-determination for the Somali people. We like 'em fine divided and demoralized. Aidid is a perfect foil to our stormtroopers of corporate imperialism, just as Hussein was in Iraq. Milosevic in Serbia we've all but ignored, although he openly sanctions acts not seen since the worst days of the Nazis or the Khmer Rouge. To us, he's just another Serbian with big hair, trying to make both ends meet. Probably in the State Department's opinion, it is best for all concerned that the Balkans are held between two strong powers, as opposed to two strong and one weak (the weakness of which we, the U.S. and U.N. engineered through our weapons boycott of Yugoslavia, fully possessed of the knowledge that both Serbia and Croatia are more than self-sufficient in the armaments category).

And still we as a country rest only slightly uneasily in the knowledge that Bosnia is a mess which we would do well to stay out of, and that we're saving Somalia's bacon by ridding them of the hateful Aidid, whose "crimes" are unknown to us (though we're pretty sure that he's not very nice). Cold war thinking hasn't really left this country's decision-making institutions; instead of the American Capitalist Way, we're making everything safe for the New World Order, engendering division and (evenly-balanced, "stable") conflict that makes both sides of any issue desperate enough to sell cheap and buy dear.

As a country that enjoys such luxuries and wealth as are the envy of the rest of the world, and which has the power to manipulate the latter to its own interests, we are, in some sense, justified in using that power to preserve what we have. It makes sense that we, as a country, are not willing to give place to the rest of the world if we can help it. There is a limit to the extent which "humanitarianism" should be used as the basis for a

prudent nation's policy, if it is not to give away the store. It is a safe bet that few in this country, no matter how liberal, would advocate the distribution of our wealth indiscriminately to the less-fortunate countries of the world. Intelligence should dictate how our power is used, to serve both our long-term interests and our sense of morality, if perhaps mitigated by practical considerations.

But neither of these maxims now guide our hand in dealing with either Bosnia or Somalia: in the former case, we have set ourselves up to deal in the future with a Serbia emboldened by world inaction in the face of its rape of Bosnia, and which has obvious designs on another half-dozen or so of its neighbors; in the latter our government continues in its slavish devotion to Big Oil and its unrealistic promise of an indefinite supply of energy through increasingly-hostile foreign suppliers, and its sponsorship of policies that make us as a country utterly dependent, ecologically unsound, and technologically backward.

Remember Iraq, which was touted as having the fourth-largest army in the world, but which we would attack immediately if not sooner? Compare that to our government's hemming and hawing about the "Vietnamization" of the former Yugoslavia which it is said would follow any form of U.S. military intervention on behalf of the Bosnian people, and what do you get? More smoke-and-mirrors politics from on high. It is uncertain what our leaders are afraid of—by and large, this country loves oil, and wouldn't be terribly happy facing the threat, now made terrifyingly real by the World Trade Center bombing and related aftershocks, of a united sphere of Islamic Fundamentalism. Simply stating our real aims wouldn't seem to be very politically incorrect—we never balked at describing the world in terms of economic and power relationships during the Cold war, did we? Ah, but then we had an enemy...

Chris Delvecchio Remembered

[This letter was sent by Ray Levasseur, a political prisoner, to Mitchel Cohen of the Red Balloon Collective]

August 23, 1993
Dear Mitchel,

The word of Chris' death left a nasty bruise on my emotions. I hate the empty feeling left at the loss of a friend. I hate the thought that I'll never get a chance to meet Chris. When I began to think about it though, we did have a meeting of the minds and spirit. Perhaps closer than many others who live under the same roof. There have been too many deaths and losses over the years for me to mourn without end. Too many years in the gulag to stay down for long. Besides, Chris' life deserves to be appreciated and celebrated.

It's been helpful that you were caring enough to write me the circumstances of his death—as much as could be determined—and to include some remembrances. I took all Chris' letters which I'd saved and reread them. It was uplifting, as the young brother possessed a wicked good sense of humor, even when his ass was in the wringer. Sensitive, caring—it was just about a year ago that Chris introduced me to Rosebud Denovo. After she was killed he wrote me a beautiful remembrance of her, though for some reason, he didn't want it published.

I kinda felt like his big brother as he was

always asking me for advice on life, love, and political struggle. It wasn't particularly significant that he's black and I'm red. Like you said—he was a bridge-builder at a time when few want to labor and give of themselves. He struck me as very unselfish—a giver, not a taker.

He'd written to me from the Bay Area in late July, then shortly before your letter arrived, I received his last missive, dated August 4, posted August 5. "Hello from Brooklyn—my favorite part of New York. I feel invigorated and would live here if I could afford it." He went on about numerous subjects, sounding as someone who expected to see a lot of tomorrows. He'd already been to the anarchist gathering in Philly and enclosed his comments about it. He said he was looking forward to going to Bread & Puppet ("One of my life's treats...Something about 'em boosts my spirits.") He'd mentioned previously that he'd been a frog once. I reminded him to have a helping of that wonderful homemade bread with garlic butter spread (we used to take our kids to Bread & Puppet while safehousing it in the Northeast Kingdom).

He wrote of leaving NYC by August 20th to return for INFOSHOP events. He reminded me to send my letters to his new Berkeley address—a subtle Delvecchio hint that he'd like something waiting for him. Enclosed with his final letter was an early-70s postcard of master war criminal Henry (letter continues on page 10)

Letters from page 5

with your friends and watch some movies? Big screen TV, music, and a relaxed, friendly atmosphere make Bleacher Club the place to be. At Your Request, it's back to the good old time favorites: chili, macaroni & cheese, tacos and more!!!

End of the Bridge Restaurant

This all time favorite offers elegant dining with restaurant setting for those who want to dine in style. Our bar service caters to the 21 and over crowd who can't get a way to the New York Clubs. The music is great, a drink with Monday Night Football is a plus and Karaoke lets you show off your talents so who says you have to travel 40 miles to the city to have fun?

Kelly Cafeteria

Can you believe it? The taste of the islands comes to Kelly. Due to overwhelming student requests, a "touch of ethnicity" has been introduced in the menu. Kelly Cafeteria now offers a variety of foods specializing in Caribbean, Asian and Latin Selections on a daily basis. Don't be doubtful! Experienced chefs assure you authenticity. Aside from the traditional menu, there will also be a Vegetarian line on an expanded basis

in this Dining Room.

"H" Cafeteria

Say good-bye to the days of joining a line a second time if you want more. At student requests, "H" as well as Kelly Cafeterias no longer have limitations on how much you can eat. We know you won't abuse it, so now it's a totally self-serve operation. From grilled to order breakfast to fresh fruits to desserts galore, it's all there for you!

Humanities

How could we forget that most comfortable little cafe with so much to offer? Nachos and open soup of the day suggestions, sandwiches made to order, chips and candy all to help to make you feel at home. Personal size pizzas made from scratch are perfect for the students who just want a change of pace from the cafeterias. And if you just want a cup of coffee, a danish and a social atmosphere, take a walk to Humanities; you won't be disappointed.

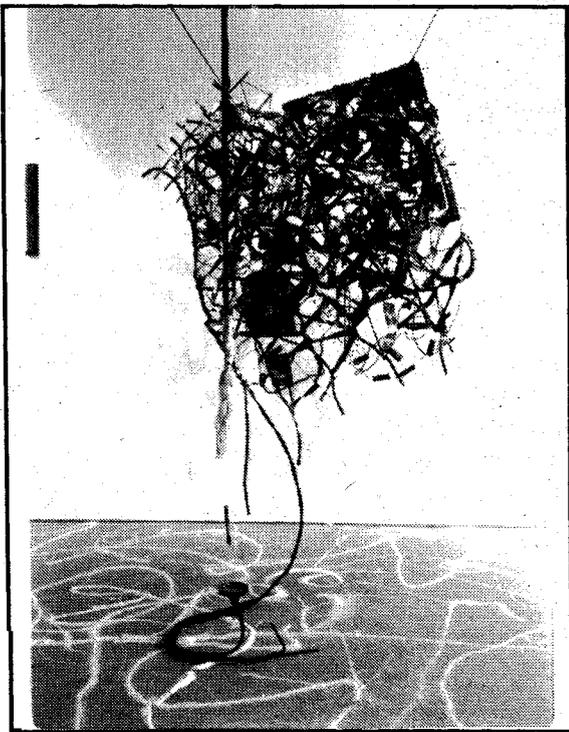
QUESTION
AUTHORITY.

The Erasable Life

Karl F. Kneis Returns with a New Exhibit

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

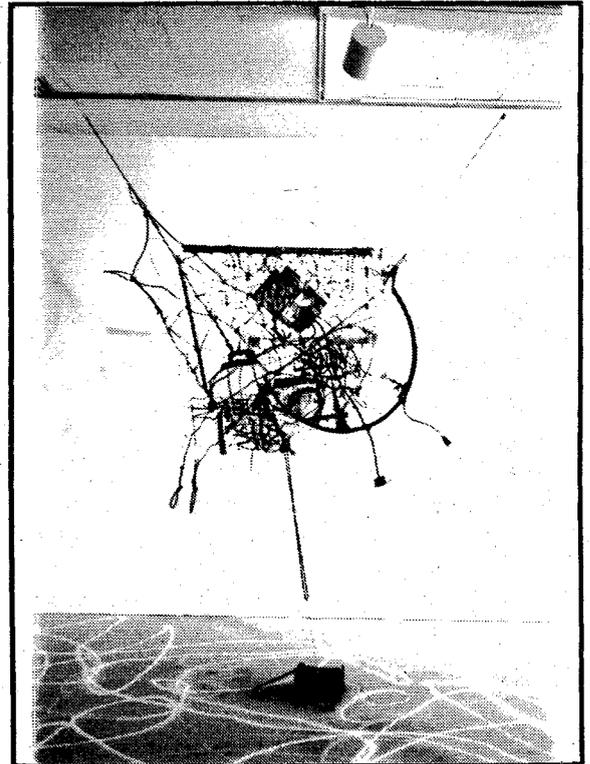
"Your way or no way," Karl F. Kneis guarantees to the public. "A detoxic exhibition about Concretion Aesthetics and the Erasable Life." He calls the new exhibit "Pronograde Art," which will be displayed at the Melville Library Gallery from September 6 through September 24. Unfortunately, this exhibit is not complete without performance artists, and on Saturday, September 11 from 6 to 9 PM. The performance art group Notus will provide the comb for this tangled bunch of wires and computer parts which some call art. It is a shame that Notus could not perform at least twice a week with Kneis' exhibit,



because few people will venture inside the gallery due to fear of the unknown.

The windows and walls of the gallery are plastered with enlarged newspaper clippings about archeologists in ancient Sumeria and their research. They symbolize how the past, present and future always affect our behavior and what we create. Although we might like to ignore these factors they exist in our minds, and in passing sometimes we stop to think about them. This is why the majority of these articles about ancient Sumeria are at the beginning of the exhibit; to catch our eye and make us wonder what they have in common with the rest of what's in the room. Archeologists always study the past to help them learn about the present and hypothesize about the future. However, for the masses dreams and works of the past and future can disappear with the blink of an eye, hence the term "the Erasable Life."

A confusion of welded chicken wire, computer parts, jagged metal and other bric-a-brac hang on the walls, hiding small photographs of women and paintings of flowers. There is no beauty to this work, only the message that technology and its waste products blind us to what is simple and lovely in nature. As we work in the present to improve the future, we often bury the past in our pathways to progress. It takes a trained eye and enlightened mind to reclaim our past and learn from the old ways in order to improve our lives. Unfortunately, in spite of the environmental movement, the media still encourages us to own three cars and live in suburbia, where people destroy the rainforests and abandon their cultures passively in their armchairs while poisoning their children's minds with materialism and technological advancement for short-term profits. It is a dark and mind-boggling future we have ahead of us because of what we destroy and create today with our new technology.



In sadness and intimidation we do not look up to a god but down to the Earth from where we have sprung. Swirls of sand lead to sandpiles under each sculpture and our feet drag in this sand, unintentionally creating new patterns as we travel around this gallery of life. It shows that we create and destroy at the same time without being aware of it while both feet are in the present. Should you have an urge to sit and build something from the sand, feel free—better to be aware of your actions than not. Anyone who creates is an artist, as this exhibit proves. Add a little something to Kneis' universe; you could only improve it.

Son of the Pink Panther

By Lee Gundel

(MGM) Starring Roberto Benigni, Herbert Lom, Bert Kwouk, Robert Davi, Claudia Cardinale and Deborah Farentino. Written by Blake Edwards, Madeline Sunshine, and Steve Sunshine. Directed by Blake Edwards.

Italy's Roberto Benigni is a comic genius well suited to his role as "the Son of France's greatest detective," in this, the latest installment in Blake Edwards' Pink Panther series. He is such a natural at the-art-of-how-to-be-a-klutzy, immerses himself so *completely* in his own little world, and is so oblivious to the havoc that he wreaks, that it makes you wonder if he is, in fact, the son of Jacques Clouseau.

Edwards starts off the film with the customary (and in this case, quite extraordinary) animation sequence of the Panther and the Inspector getting into each other's hair, which he then uses to as a highly effective ***segue*** into the film proper (the cartoon Clouseau, while riding his sputtering, periodically exploding (!?!)) bicycle around in the French countryside, becomes the "real" Clouseau...). In customary style, his cycling almost causes an accident with police commissioner Dreyfus (played by Herbert Lom), and an Avis van full of none-too-nice criminals who are busily in the process of kidnapping the

beautiful princess of Lugash, and who are obviously considering killing the Commissioner in order to avoid detection—and killing Clouseau out of sheer annoyance.

As it turns out, they obviously should have killed



them both while they had the chance, because the rest of the movie's plot revolves around 1) finding the princess and rescuing her from her kidnappers (in which operation Clouseau plays an instrumental role since he's the only one outside of Lugash who has ever seen her), 2) the disclosure of Clouseau's true identity (since he is not aware that he is the son of the Pink Panther), and 3) a pretty silly (not to mention highly unlikely) romantic subplot which involves both Dreyfus and Clouseau meeting (and, believe it or not, *marrying*) the women of their dreams.

A word of warning is in order, though, — this is not the best picture ever released by Blake Edwards. Far from it. There are some pretty big holes in the plot, and sometimes the humor falls short despite even Benigni's and Edwards' genius. But the parts of the movie that really work are terrific, and worth the price of admission of anyone who is either a fan of the Panther series, or who has a good sense of humor and is looking for some real, gut wrenching laughs that won't be an insult to your intelligence...

Fortunately, too, most of the film's problems result from its awkwardness in dealing with the passing of the mantle of "France's greatest detective" from Clouseau, Sr. to Clouseau, Jr. But now that Edwards has taken care of that task, the next Pink Panther film should be, well,—a classic!

FROM A DISTANCE: JOHN FERREN EXHIBIT IN STALLER CENTER

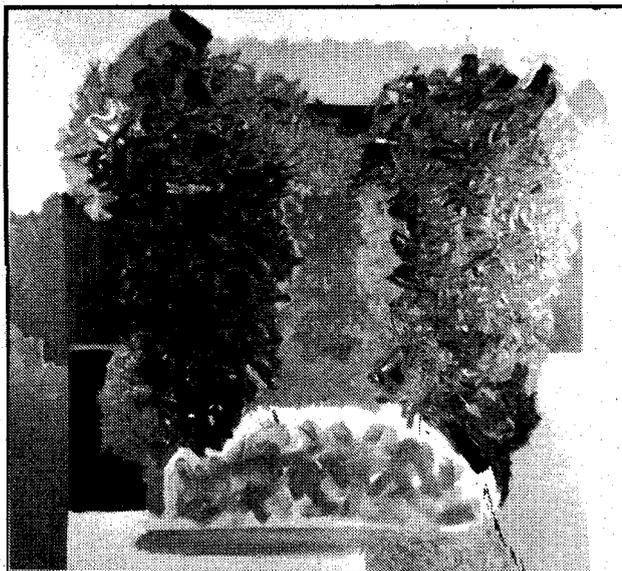
By Catherine Krupski

Images From Nature, the new exhibit in the University Art Gallery in Staller Center for the Arts, by John Ferren consists of 21 expansive canvases exploding in color.

I know the photos accompanying this article of this art exhibit don't look appealing. In fact, they look like a nightmare. The truth is, the colors leap out at you and the black and white photos don't do it justice.

Many of the abstract paintings are crazy with so many colors that you can't stand from it at the same distance in which you read the card on the wall. Take a few steps back and watch the canvas unravel its image before your eyes. This does not mean that all of the pieces in the exhibit will make complete sense, because they don't.

I found it discouraging when what I thought could have been an abstract on a fruit salad was actually entitled *The Garden II*, made in 1959. The colors were so vivid and appealing and vegetative, and that thing in the corner of the canvas really did look like a pineapple...

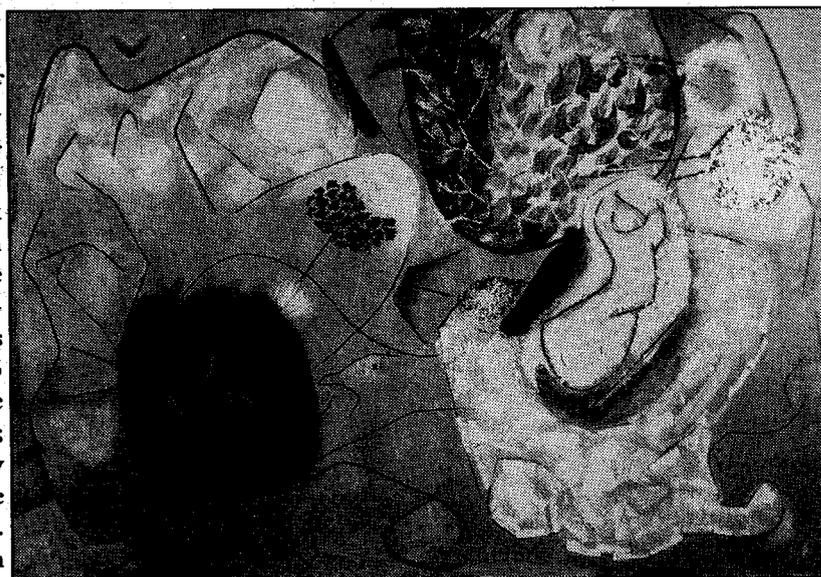


Tandil, 1959. Oil on canvas.

The colors of *Sierra*, mostly shades of red, are intoxicating. The array of colors of any of the pieces will draw you to it. *Valley of the Kings* has a transition of orange throughout with black, dark gray and light gray lines, from top to bottom to contrast the background, but not dominate. The combination is clever. He explained in 1965 his true intentions when he picked up a paintbrush; "Color has always been my thing, and this...the mystique of the time held against me. Early abstract expressionism had to be somber, black and white, you see.... Color demands control. You can't slap the colors on over one another.... So the color always kept a certain element of discipline in my work." Ferren's paintings are also interesting in how he was able to arrange the figures and select colors that complement the shapes. Usually, one draws the figure on the canvas and then paints it. Ferren had stated that they were "intertwined."

My favorite painting is *Image: Dog Walker*. Again you have to stand away from the painting to see the image of a person wearing a hat with the brown mass next to it, which is the dog. I think that I liked this one the most because I could make out the images.

The Abstract Spirit: John Ferren (1905-1970), a publication about Ferren, features an introduction to abstract expressionism and a lengthier text describing his life, art and expressionism. "For Ferren, making art was a kind of 'pilgrim's progress,' a perpetual search for 'personal truth which can be more than personal.'" "He was convinced that unbridled spontaneity was yielding painting that was outworn and academic. This led him in 1956, at a



Sierra, 1952. Oil on canvas. Better in color.

time when it was very unfashionable, to introduce a conceptual component - a contained, symmetrical infrastructure - into his impulsive Action Painting." It was also during the 1950's that artists would ask "What was the commitment of the artist and to whom?" and Ferren believed that a "deep personal commitment is the only social reality."

Ferren also taught modern art. He also worked with Alfred Hitchcock for "The Trouble With Harry" and "Vertigo."

While the images in this exhibit frightened me when I first walked in, the depth and intensity of the colors drew me to many of the canvases. John Ferren's artwork is an example of how precise paintings are good, but abstract expressionism releases you - kind of like coloring outside of the lines.

This exhibit runs until October 23. It is one section of a three-part survey of Ferren's career. If you are interested in viewing the other two sections, one segment, featuring his early works, will be at the Pollock-Krasner House until October 30. Creations completed in the 1960's are on display at the Godwin-Ternbach Museum of Queens College until October 31.

RECORD REVIEW: NEGLECT

By Sam Chu

Neglect, a Long Island based hardcore band has released their greatly anticipated "Pull the Plug" 7" EP. Neglect has been playing clubs for a few years and has developed quite a following in the L.I. hardcore scene, known mostly for their eccentric and always exciting live show. "Pull the Plug" was released earlier this summer, it only includes two songs, "LSS" and "No Tomorrow", but you don't get much better hardcore than this.

"LSS" (Life Support System) is a song about



growing old and the lack of a point to the way people live their lives up until the day they die. The guitar and bass are excellent for this song and The vocals are harsh and penetrating. "No Tomorrow" is a commentary on the absence of direction society has, and the sites that the world is headed no place but down.

"Pull the Plug" is hardcore at its best. Check it out, it isn't very expensive, you will definitely get your money's worth. Neglect is also one of the best live bands around, so if you get a chance go and see them also.

(letter continued from page 8)

Kissenger in the buff, which he'd salvaged from Long Haul's dustbins.

When he wasn't trying out a new angle on a political or existential slogan, he signed his letters "love." The only picture I've ever seen of Chris was in the RB or other periodical—a rather grainy shot of some pranksters with Chris half-hidden behind them. I remember telling him that hiding from the camera showed a propensity for the clandestine. I'll miss him, man—the young brother's passion and commitment don't come easy or often. Most of all, I'll miss his friendship.

I'd appreciate it if you'd keep me posted of any new details or developments in the circumstances/investigation of his death.

I recently finished 2 articles for distribution. My outside contacts will send you one for sure—both if the piggy bank allows it.

Yours,
In the eye of the storm,
Ray

Ray Luc Levasseur, 10376-016
U.S. Penitentiary
PO Box 1000
Marion, IL 62959

Dysfunctional Fables

THE CRICKET AND THE CATS

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

dedicated to Lisa Fishman, who taught me about music and Laurie Anderson

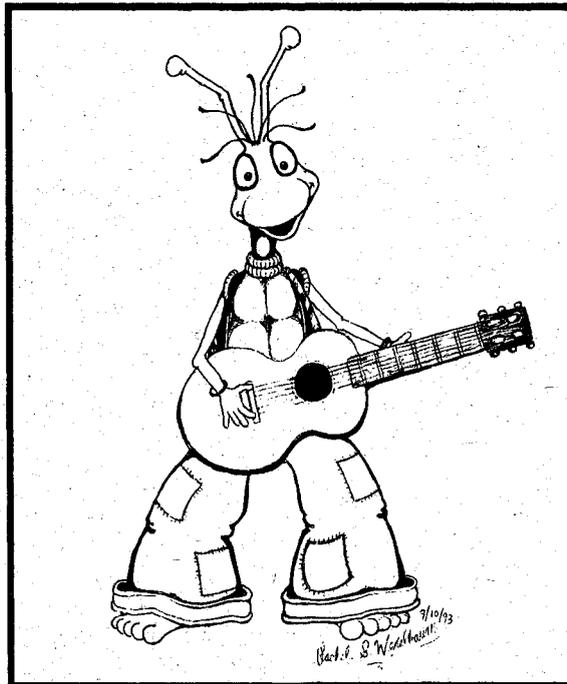
In the shrubbery which surrounds the abandoned buildings of the campus, there exists an alternate world—the world of wild musicians. High off the inferior marijuana smoke from the squatters and revolutionaries who inhabit the abandoned classrooms and dormitories, the little creatures find time to express themselves. All through the night we can hear their wails, squeaks and howls conflicting with our booming human “music,” and some of us find the harmony. Others have no ear at all...

On Sunday nights the animals would practice together, just as the humans would try to get some sleep. The cats owned all the musical instruments, so they felt that they had the right to play whatever they wanted, as loudly as possible. Everyone else had to follow their lead, for the cats believed that only they could play the true music of the wild and would not tolerate any young upstarts with a new style. In fact, they usually ate those who followed their own tune, and the smaller animals were afraid to compose any new pieces. As a result, all of the evening concerts began to sound the same, and the humans steadily grew more and more annoyed.

One evening a new musician arrived in the belongings of an incoming freshman. He was a cricket from Russia who had traveled around the world to hang with other artists and find new sounds. Cricket preferred to play alone, but he also enjoyed jamming with those who had talent. As he wandered around campus to familiarize himself with his new surroundings, he was approached by a lanky orange tabby with a beret who handed him a flyer which said:

KONCERT TONITE!

THE KOOL KAT BAND WILL PLAY ITS
GREATEST HITS
AT THE KITTY KAT KLUB
Cricket's heart beat in anticipation, and that night he went to the concert.
When he arrived at the Kitty Kat Klub Cricket lit a cigarette and sat in the audience, hoping to enjoy



some good music. The cats appeared on stage with their instruments, sneered snootily at the audience and began to play. Cricket cringed at the high-pitched yowls and screams of the cats, and he could not understand how the others could listen to this noise. The smaller animals were like zombies, just swaying mechanically back and forth to the feline cacophony of self-aggrandizing lyrics. Cricket wrinkled his nose in disgust—at least in Russia the

music of the masses was decent, even if it was propaganda for an authoritarian regime. He had to do something about it, for the humans outside were growing restless and talking about shotguns...

Quickly (with his super cricket legs) he jumped up on to the stage in the midst of the Kool Kat Band and grabbed a guitar. The audience drooled in unison, then shook themselves out of their stupor as they heard the songs of a foreign land. They knew he was singing about love, they felt his nostalgic tears for his home, but without understanding a single word. Even the Kool Kat Band stopped playing and listened in surprise, for they had never heard anything like it before, and a hush fell over the entire campus.

Then a strange thing happened. The Kool Kat Band left the stage and sat in the audience, leaving Cricket in the spotlight. They handed out their instruments to the spectators, realizing that the only reason they went into the music business in the first place was to rebel against their parents. When asked later that evening if he wished to become their leader, Cricket shook his head humbly and replied, “I simply like to play. If I can play alone or with all of you makes no difference...as long as I can play what I feel.”

MORAL: A well-sung beer-hall song is better than an off-key symphony.

MORE IMPORTANTLY: To earn the right of freedom of expression it is necessary to learn how to express yourself. Then there is something to defend.

CD REVIEW: Plan B

By SamChu

Plan B, a pseudo-techno/rock band, has released its latest offering. The Imago Records release, *Cyber Chords and Sushi Stories*, is an attempt at combining techno with traditional pop rock guitars. If you can listen past the irritating vocals, some of it can be quite enjoyable. The album's strongest points are the jumpy techno beats, the guitars are sound, but nothing special. The CD has a strong underlying message that people in charge hardly ever know what's going on (it's true), that is probably the best part of *Cyber Chords and Sushi Stories*.

The most noteworthy songs are “Life's a Beat,” “Telecom Communication Cripples,” “Cops Pin the Rap on Batman,” “If I Was a Girl” and “Jump in the River.” “Life's a Beat” is a song that focuses less on the techno end of Plan B and moves much slower than the rest of the CD. The use of choir-like background vocals adds to the song tremendously. “Telecom Communications Cripples” is the first song on the CD and starts off with a fast pace, if this song was an instrumental, completely vacant of vocals it would be better. “Batman” is the most innovative song on the CD,

and Plan B's most successful use of background noise. “If I Was a Girl” was the best song, and is the CD's best example of a pure rock song, good guitars, good vocals (only good vocals on the whole album), good song. “Jump in the River” is a cover of the Sinead O'Connor song; the original version was better, but Plan B's cover deserves some merit.

The remaining songs on the CD are either very (very!) average or just plain annoying. “Skip the Instructions,” “No Justice, No Peace” and “Close to Nothing” were less than good, but “Little Hitlers” was just bad. These songs still retained an A+ message, even though they were swamped in mediocrity except “Close to Nothing.” It wasn't close to anything.

Plan B's *Cyber Chords and Sushi Stories* is not a great CD, but it does have some quality songs. This band has a major identity crisis; that's not a bad thing, but they don't deal with it gracefully through their music. They end up sounding like EMF meets Def Leppard.

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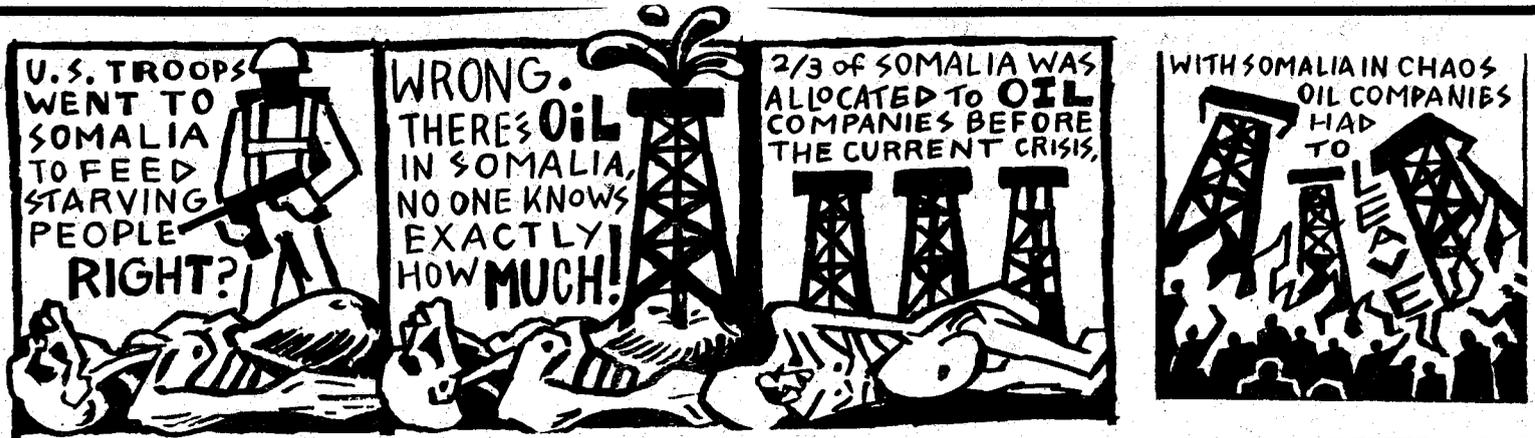
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